

Linda's Perfect Wife - Part 3

By TheSpiralledEye

Everything had gone perfectly; Christopher was now wearing his female clothing, breast forms and make up every day. He never even attempted to look like a man anymore; each morning Linda would wake to a clean penthouse and a hot breakfast placed before her on a silver tray, all prepared by Christopher. Some days when she came home he could still be cleaning in his frilly maid outfit and would blush, hurrying off to 'put his face on' so he would be presentable for dinner. Linda had never had such a perfect life, she could not believe it took her this long to convince her husband of his true calling.

There hadn't been a single mention of work or a gaming computer in months; with all the housework and effort that went into perfecting his appearance, Christopher simply didn't have the time. That was exactly what she 'd hoped.

She had hoped it would be him who came to her asking for the next step but after several months she realised that perhaps she'd done her job too well. Christopher would never ask her for anything he thought might inconvenience her, or cost her a great deal of money. As usual she was going to have to take the proverbial reigns.

She waited until the weekend, after they had finished their dinner and Linda was lounging in one of the leather armchairs in the lounge overlooking the city. Christopher came in with two scotches for us each and took up the seat beside me, sighing in relaxation.

"I have been thinking, it's about time we make this new status quo a bit more permanent don't you think?"

Christopher blinked.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," I purred, reaching over to slide my hand up his leg and pressed a finger to his fake pussy, "that it's time we make this real."

Linda wished she had a camera to capture his face when she said those words. His expression was delicious; slightly fearful but so full of want. It was obvious the idea turned him on; but he was still clinging to the last vestiges of his masculinity and trying to make himself at least hesitate before nodding.

“How?”

“With Bimbathyrone of course, it's expensive too but nothing is too much for my girl, not after how great you have been lately. I'm so proud of you.”

He drank in the praise like a dying man drank water.

“I think I'd be okay with that.” He whispered, oh, he was so cute when he held back like that. It was painfully obvious he wanted this more than anything.

“Tell you what, I'll buy you some as a reward if you do something for me.” Linda smiled, “It's time all my coworkers met my perfect wife. I want to host a cocktail party and I'll put you in charge of everything, the food, the decor, hosting. Everything.”

“E-Everything? Christopher gaped, “You'd trust me with all that?”

“Yes, I am sure you're up to the task.”

She watched as nerves danced over Christophers face and she leaned in, giving him a deep kiss that set him moaning.

“You are up to the task, aren't you?”

“O-of course.”

“That's my girl.”

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The sun dipped below the horizon, casting the living room in a warm twilight glow. I meticulously inspected every detail, from the delicate gold and black streamers that adorned the walls to the meticulously arranged bouquets of flowers that perfumed the air with a sweet, floral scent. Each platter of food had been carefully curated to be both a feast for the palate and a work of art for the eyes. I had spent days getting the menu just right; everything

from steak tartare to caviar and prawn cocktails. I had to pick expensive ingredients in order to impress but also not seem like I was trying too hard. I couldn't have Linda's guests thinking she was desperate for approval, not like me.

I still couldn't believe she had trusted me with all this. Despite all my nerves I couldn't help but smile; I really had come far if she thought I could pull this off! With the food prepared and the room ready I straightened my dress, plastered a welcoming smile on my lips, and welcomed each guest with genuine warmth.

Linda waited for her guests in the main living room wearing a stunning black silk cocktail dress; sleek and smooth, it made her look so elegant. I'd selected a dark pink dress for myself, something attractive while not being overtly sexy and of course, Linda had approved, she didn't want to be outshone by her own wife.

Her wife, God it made me so hot even thinking those words. My fake pussy held my traitorous cock in place, squashed against my body. Soon enough though, if I got this right, I wouldn't even have to worry about it again.

The conversations ebbed and flowed as the evening progressed. I mingled with grace, nodding intently as the partners discussed industry trends, mergers, and acquisitions. The vocabulary flew over my head at times, but I smiled and laughed as if I were privy to their inside jokes. Engaging in business small talk was a bit like wading through a foreign language, eventually Linda came and placed an arm around my waist and smiled.

"Do excuse Christina, she's just not the brightest when it comes to business."

I flushed and several of the men laughed.

"Linda! No need to be cruel." one teased but my wife just smiled.

"I'm not, I am a realist, My Christina is beautiful and an amazing cook, the most perfect wife a woman could ask for. She just isn't too bright outside her little domain, and that's fine."

"It's true." I nodded, earning a small stroke across my ass when nobody was looking. "I try but I could never be as smart as Linda or any of you. Why don't I just keep the drinks flowing?"

Linda rewarded me with a kiss on the cheek and I beamed, I was doing well! I was a good girl, and soon those words would be more than just mental triggers to give myself pleasure; they would be true in every sense of the word!

"I can't believe Linda kept us for you, cutie." one of the partners said tipsily, "I never even knew she was a lesbian!"

"Yes well, I am shy." I smiled demurely, "She knew she had to wait till I was ready."

With a tray of cocktails in one hand and a plate of hors d'oeuvres in the other, I manoeuvred through the crowd, offering refreshments to the guests. My heart raced as I approached a group engrossed in a discussion about the latest market fluctuations. Balancing the delicate task of offering drinks while trying to follow their conversation was a feat of multitasking that I hadn't quite mastered.

"Would you like a cocktail?" I asked one gentleman, my tone carefully balancing friendliness and professionalism.

He smiled, accepting the glass with a nod. "Thank you. So, what do you think about the current economic climate?"

Caught off guard, I blinked. My mind scrambled to get out of the gutter.

"Oh, well, I believe there are definitely interesting dynamics at play," I replied, hoping my vague answer was sufficient.

His knowing smile hinted that he might have seen through my facade, but he graciously changed the topic, saving me from my own lack of expertise. I glanced over my shoulder at Linda, she had one eye on me as always and simply nodded for me to keep going. As the night continued I felt myself getting more and more desperate; I had to get those pills, I had to truly become Linda's perfect wife. Just the thought of it had me salivating.

When at last the final guest left it was close to two in the morning; my feet ached from standing in heels all night but it was nothing compared to the ache inside me, if nothing else I needed her to make me cum. As the door closed I felt her take hold of my shoulders and lean in to whisper in my ear; her lips brushing against it.

"You did so well." She murmured. "Let's go to the bedroom for your reward."

I shivered, I meant to agree with her verbally but all that came out was a little moan. Linda chuckled.

“Don’t worry, you earned that reward.”

I couldn’t believe it! The miracle drug that would finally turn me into Linda’s wife forever. No more shame or pretending, I would be totally female at last! Her perfect wife, her good girl; forever.

I stripped down, flinching a little as I took off the fake breasts and pussy; I felt strange without them, half formed. But the little pills in Linda’s hand were going to make that all go away soon enough.

“I got the fast acting kind, it’s very expensive but I think you’ve earned it.” Linda said smoothly, motioning for me to open my mouth which I did without hesitation, allowing her to place the pill on the tip of my tongue.

It tasted sweet and I swallowed it down without a second thought.

“It’ll start in a few minutes.” She told me, “Lie down, I am going to watch.”

I’d put our very best satin sheets on the bed just for this occasion, laying on them made me feel all the more sensual. Linda sat in a chair by the table, legs crossed neatly at the ankles and her eyes never leaving my body; it seemed she was awaiting my transformation just as much as I was.

I felt hyper aware of every pore in my body, perhaps that is why I felt the change as soon as it started. I expected it to be a prickle under my skin but it was deeper than that; I could feel something deep in my core changing, moving outwards until my skin began to stretch and my muscles began to change.

The process wasn’t even painful, in fact it was delightful! I stretched, moaned and arching my back as my breasts began to grow there. I could feel the tissue swelling like balloons, finally taking on that beautiful heavy shape I so admired. Within a few minutes they were the same size and shape as the fake ones I had been wearing for weeks now, only real and the pleasure of their forming left me a whimpering, desperate mess.

Knowing that we’d only just begun made my head spin. I could feel pressure moving down from my newly formed chest, cinching in my waist and widening my hips into a perfect hourglass. I had no doubts that when the process was complete I would have a perfect figure; Linda would have made sure she got the highest quality Bimbathyone; only the best for me and by extension her.

My thighs thickened and I felt the rest of my legs reshape themselves as the hair thinned and became almost translucent. I had been shaving for weeks of course but now even the tiny remnants were gone. It was all happening so fast now, I couldn't keep up. My whole body was thrumming with pleasure and I moaned and writhed, my fingers fisting into the satin sheets as they turned soft and dainty.

My scalp burned for a moment as the hair grew longer, it was already reaching my shoulders after weeks of growing but now it piled up at the side of my head. I couldn't be sure how long it was but knowing that soon I could style it any number of ways made me so happy.

My insides tightened, the ecstasy was building now and that pleasure buried deep in my core seemed to shift to between my legs. Despite how turned on I was, I wasn't hard, in fact my cock was shrinking. Linda watched with eyes full of fire as the length disappeared entirely, back up inside me along with my balls leaving only a wet, wanting hole behind.

My new pussy lips formed and my insides seemed to coil in on themselves; I felt as though I were right on the edge. A breathy gasp pushed through my lips as I felt my new clit form and a second later I watched as Linda stood and leaned over me, swiping a finger along the length of my new folds.

That was all it took, I came, a small stream of juices squirting out of me as I did so. It felt better than all the orgasms I had ever experienced as a man combined and Linda smiled down at me; I'd made her proud. That knowledge made me cum again.

"You look delicious." Linda purred, "Absolutely perfect."

"Haaa...I feel perfect ahhh!"

She was stroking me again; I never knew just how sensitive pussies were. Fuck, I could barely think.

"That's it, moan for me."

I did. I couldn't have stopped myself even if I wanted to.

"Now, you are going to lay here while I explore as long as I please."

"Yes..." I whimpered.

"Good girl."

