

## Mini-Story: This is All Your Fault! (Friends to Trophy Wives TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

Erica and Ivy are two gorgeous, pregnant trophy wives lounging at the pool. But what most people don't know is that they are victims of a wish they both made, one the former men never expected to end up like this! Naturally, each blames the other for their current predicament . . .

### This is All Your Fault!

The two gorgeous women soaked up the sun's rays by the pool, relaxing in the marvellous light and heat. It almost made them comfortable in their bodies. Almost.

"God, you look utterly divine," Richard said.

He leaned over Erica's form, having just dried himself off from the pool, and smiled down at her. She couldn't help but smile back. As much as she wanted *not* to be attracted to this man, her body just couldn't help itself.

"*Speak for yourself,*" she found herself saying, before lifting her arms up to draw him near. He kissed her passionately, his tongue sliding along hers, his hands tracing over her bare skin and even the surface of her bikini top. She couldn't even blame him: her breasts were large and fucking *perfect*, heavy and ripe. His hands lowered further, tracing over the large bulge in her stomach. Movement fluttered within, making her moan softly in that way that always embarrassed her.

"You're so fucking sexy knocked up like this," he whispered in her ear. Fuck, it turned her on.

"Mhmmm," she moaned. "Stop it. I need to relax for a bit."

He squeezed her breast playfully. "Don't relax too long. I want to fuck my gorgeous trophy wife. You know how much I love it when you ride me while you're pregnant."

She bit her lip, trying to control her breathing. God, how things had turned out. He squeezed her ass and stood back up, his large erection *very* obvious. She would have to attend to that later. She always did, and the worst part was how much her body enjoyed it.

Ivy, just a few feet away from her, was getting the same treatment from her own partner. Her light form was a wonderful contrast to Erica's own dark skin. Where Erica had lovely black curls, Ivy had fiery orange waves and cute freckles. But she was just as deliciously busty, and while she didn't quite have Erica's rotund behind, her wide hips more than made up for it. Scott was planting his hands on those hips at that very moment as he made out with his sexy red-haired wife. He had to be mindful of her mound: she was even

more pregnant than Erica was, a fact that made the dark-skinned woman simultaneously amused and, for reasons that escaped her, *jealous*.

"I told you that you'd enjoy it here," Scott said to Ivy.

She giggled, a behaviour she literally couldn't stop herself from indulging. "*Oh, you're so right, Scotty. You're always so right. That's why you're the man in charge.*"

She hated being so submissive and so deferential, but she *was* this man's perfect trophy wife. She was wearing a green bikini that revealed her buxom curves and fertile form, and she positioned herself as he kissed her so that his face was right between her breasts.

"Ohhhh," she groaned, "*I love it when you do that.*"

"I know you do," he said. "And that's why I love you too. Once you're done relaxing out here, I've got some things I'd like you to try out in the bedroom, honey."

"*Anything you want, honey. You know I just live for you.*"

The two men winked at one another before walking back inside the manor. It was owned by Richard, but Scott had his own expensive and expansive getaways, the two men being highly successful alpha males with great success in their business. Naturally, such men wanted only the most beautiful and submissive women to hang on their arm and carry their babies, and they couldn't have found a sexier pair than Erica and Ivy. In fact, the two men often marvelled that it almost seemed like the women were *made* for them, on account of how submissive, horny, and deferential they always were. The fact that they had incredible bodies with hourglass figures, childbearing hips, and faces that could belong to a supermodel only made it all the better.

Of course, what the men didn't know was that these two women *had* been made for them, in a sense.

"This is all your fault!" Erica snapped, as soon as the men were out of sight and she had control over her vocalisation again.

"Oh, great, this again," Ivy said, rolling her eyes. She rubbed her enormous pregnant stomach idly, shifting awkwardly to one side so she could face her pregnant friend.

"Well, it is," Erica continued, shifting also. She grunted several times, once more reminded just how womanly and pregnant she was from the many jiggling mounds and the large taut dome she now possessed. "It was *your* wish that got us here, after all."

"Oh yeah? And you were the one that found the ring!"

"Well, the ring was just a magic ring. It didn't *have* to turn us into goddamn pregnant trophy wives."

Ivy snorted, lowering her sunglasses so she could fix her emerald eyes on her old friend. "Oh please, the wish didn't turn us pregnant. As you might recall, we got knocked up the old-fashioned way."

Erica sighed, and not altogether in a sad way. They both remembered just how vigorous those early days had been. Suddenly finding themselves with husbands, finding themselves desperately attracted to husbands, finding themselves being ploughed again and again happily by said husbands. She shook her head to get rid of that delightful image.

“Yes, fine, but that only makes it worse! Like I said, you were the one that wished for us to ‘always have a sexy trophy wife with us.’”

“Well, how was I supposed to know that the ring would interpret that as literally making us the women?”

“Because *no one* is *always* with someone else! The only way to have a sexy trophy wife *always* with you is to *become* her. It’s obvious!”

“Then how come you didn’t say anything, Eric?”

“Ugh, don’t remind me of my old name,” Eric said. “It’s not like I have any use for it anymore, *Ivan*.”

Ivy just grinned in that cheeky way, stroking her pregnant stomach idly. “Well, I actually prefer my new name, even if being a trophy wife isn’t how I expected life to go.”

“Like I said, your fault.”

“Keep blaming me, then. It’s not like we’ll ever find another magic ring, Erica. Might as well just learn to enjoy it.”

“Even if we have no free will?”

Ivy turned so she was on her back again, enjoying the way the sun shone upon her lovely skin. “I’m not saying it’s perfect, just that we might as well accept it. In a month we’ll be giving birth, after all.”

Eric chuckled. “At least I only have *one* baby in me. Best of luck birthing twins. That’s karma for your wish.”

“Well, I hear that Richard wants a much bigger family than Scott does. You’ll beat me in the long run. Enjoy getting knocked up for the next ten years.”

Erica groaned. “Ohhhhh, this sucks.”

“Speaking of sucking, do you think we’ll be on our knees before our husbands later?”

“No doubt, among many other things. God, at least if I have to live like this, I’ll live knowing my best friend has to go through the same thing.”

Ivy giggled. “And me as well. Still friends?”

“Still friends. Even if this is all your fault.”

“Please, you were the one that found the-”

But then both of them heard their husbands call out from inside, obviously impatient to treat their wives to some physical intimacy. And neither woman could disobey, both feeling a strong arousal and sense of compulsion come over them. Slowly, they managed to sit

themselves up, hold their stomachs, and rise to their feet. They looked at one another's pregnant forms, looking delightful in their respective bikinis.

"Well, duty calls," Ivy said, shrugging with amusement.

"We'll resume this debate later," Erica replied.

"Oh, of that I have no doubt," she said.

The two former men walked inside, ready to please their powerful husbands. And for all their incessant complaining about their magical fate, neither could deny how excited their bodies were for what was to come. They both side-eyed one another, seeing the blushing cheeks and half-hidden smirks, both giving quiet mockery about how utterly submissive and trophy-like they had become.

"Don't say a word," Erica said.

"I won't if you don't," Ivy replied. "Have fun. I know I will."

"Even if we don't want to," Erica sighed. She smirked in her friend's direction before heading upstairs to where she knew Richard would already be waiting, his large dick ready to enter her, his strong muscles ready to envelop her, his dominating sensibility ready to make her *his*, as always.

"But seriously," she whispered to herself, just before her sexy husband came into view. "This is definitely, *definitely* all Ivy's fault."

Not that she cared too much in the minutes to come, as her husband ravished her hormonal form. That part, at least, almost made the wish all worth it.

**The End**