

Model Girlfriend (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for aabcehm

Peter is an intelligent and cultured History professor who teaches at a prestigious university. Unfortunately, Peter repeatedly clashes with a young man named Blake in his class who only cares about his sports scholarship. Unfortunately for the professor, Blake has gained access to a curse that transforms Peter into a young, busty blonde babe who is utterly submissive and lusty for the jocks' body, and subservient to his desires. And if that's not enough for the poor professor, Blake decides that he wants to show his new girlfriend off to the world . . .

Model Girlfriend, Part 1

The air in the room was tense.

"You need to shape up Blake, or you're going to fail this class!"

"Please, like I care, professor. I'm on a sports scholarship. This college will do anything to graduate me."

"You don't *graduate*, young man, if you don't pass your English certification, and that means my literature and classics class."

Peter Allerman and Blake Cross were alone in the lecture hall, arguing. Peter was a forty three year old professor of English and history at the prestigious Halderfield College. He had black hair peppered with early signs of gray, and a 6'1 tall, fairly fit figure that was just beginning to show its signs of age with a slight belly. He dressed professionally, and wore academic-looking glasses he very much needed to see. He was an intelligent, perspicacious figure who adored the arts, philosophy, and the pleasure of imparting knowledge.

Blake, on the other hand, was a twenty year old student who cared for none of these things. He was 6'2 tall and impressively muscular, with an athlete's body and a jock's mind. He had dark brown hair, a winning smile, and - if the rumours were true - a very large package as well. He cared about few things, apart from playing football, drinking and partying, and fucking as many hot women as he could. On track for a place in the state's football team, he had an easy free ride through the required higher education.

That was, until Professor Allerman got in his way.

"This ain't fair, Prof," he said. "This is bullshit. Every other class is passing me, why can't you do the same?"

"Because you need to learn there's more to life than football, Blake."

Blake scoffed. "I do plenty more than football, *Peter*."

The use of his first name irritated Peter.

"Partying with young women doesn't count. If you really want the life you claim you deserve, then you can pull your head in next year, because you're failing this class. This chat was an attempt to give you one last chance before the mid-year exams."

Blake went red with anger.

"Fuck you, prof. I'll pass, just you wait."

Peter smirked. "How, Blake? Are you going to find another busty blonde 'babe' who'll be hopelessly devoted enough to somehow cruise you through life? Good luck finding someone who'll stay in your lane now that you're going to be a college dropout."

And with that, the argument was over. Peter walked back to his office, and Blake - furious - stormed off to his apartment, fuming. The jock was humiliated. He had cruised through life, and this fucking asshole of a prof was failing him just because Blake didn't give a shit about his class? There had to be some way to put it right. He searched through his contacts for any way to put it right. Any way to get revenge.

He stopped when he saw that his grandma was still in his contacts. She was dead now, and in his mind she'd been a weird old bitch, but she claimed to have understood magic, even left some weird old shit for him back at the family home.

Maybe it was worth looking into? After all, she was always harping on about that one weird rock she claimed could help . . .

It was a week later when Peter heard someone knock upon his office door. He was surprised to see it was Blake. The professor let him in, but found it hard to restrain his frustration: the student had failed to turn in any work, or even respond to the reminder emails regarding his failing grades.

"Mr Cross, come on in," he said, his voice flat. "How can I help you? I must remind you that it is now too late for me to resuscitate your mark. You'll have to consider putting the hard work in for next semester instead. You have the slimmest possible chance of passing, but only *if* you get your act together."

Blake smirked. "Nah, prof, I'm not here for that. I'm just here for an apology."

Peter adopted a quizzical expression. "Very well, I'm glad to hear it, Blake. It takes some maturity to own up to your-

“Oh, I’m not talking about me giving an apology. I’m talking about you giving *me* one. Or else things could get much worse for you.”

Peter stood from his chair. “Are you threatening a professor of this college, Blake Cross?”

The fit athlete simply crossed his arms. “Well, I take it there’s no apologies then, prof.”

“You bet your ass there isn’t. You’ve been rude, absent, and dismissive to my class all year, not to mention your repeated acts of plagiarism that should have gotten you tossed from this college, were it not for those protections you always brag about.”

Blake shrugged. There was a malicious gleam in his eye.

“Well, if you aren’t apologising now, you’re definitely gonna be real fucking sorry soon prof. You see,” - he removed a strange, flat stone with what looked like blue runic carvings upon it - “my grandma claimed she understood magic. And she left me something she called a *wishing stone*. Shall I try it out?”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Blake, this is nonsense, and you’re making a fool of yourself.”

“Maybe, but if it’s my last chance to fuck with you, why not *really* try to fuck with you? I remember that comment you made about me a week ago, *Peter*. And I remember some bullshit about ‘irony’ or something you taught in class. So how about this for a wish . . .”

He grabbed the stone in both hands and closed his eyes.

“I wish Professor Peter Allerman was another ‘busty blonde babe’ who’ll be ‘hopelessly devoted’ to me so I can ‘cruise through life’, so long as she stays in ‘my lane.’”

Peter was about to say something dismissive, perhaps even grab security to drag the fool out of his office, when suddenly the wishing stone snapped in half with a thunderous *CRACK*. Blue sparks of energy escaped from it, whirling about in the air like will’o’wisps, before arcing over the professor’s body. He yelped as they landed on his skin, his eyes, in his mouth and ears and nostrils. He felt the strange pulses invade him, tunnelling down to his very core.

“What the - !? What did you do?”

“Well, I’ll fucking be, prof. I guess it worked.”

Peter was stunned silent as a series of tremors ran over his body. He gasped, groaned, writhed as the strange pulses within him increased in power. He arched his back, falling back into his chair as a pressure built in his hips.

“Ohhhh, Nnggh!!”

With a sudden jerk, his hips expanded outwards. He grunted as they pressed against his trousers, stretching the material. The feeling was matched by an outward pressure upon his waist. He squeaked as it was pulled inward, as if by an invisible corset.

“N-no!” he gasped, only to grab his throat. His voice was suddenly higher!

“Oh, this is gonna be fucking epic,” Blake boasted.

“This - this is *impossible!*” the changing man shrieked, his voice going up another octave yet again, softening in tone to become obviously feminine. Other features were softening and feminising as well: his legs altered, thinning and smoothing and losing their hair to become shapely. His ankles and feet shrunk, his shoes falling off as he experienced the strange sensation of having suddenly dainty feet. The professor tried to grapple with his changes, even escape the room, but he tripped as his clothing became much more baggy on his figure. No, not baggy: he was shrinking! He’d always been relatively tall, but now he was losing height, shrinking down to become 5’8.

“S-stop it!” he said, as his hair extended, trickling down past his ears and onto his shoulders. He was astonished to see it turning a bright, platinum blonde. “Please Blake!”

Blake just smirked, turned, and shut the door so no one else could see.

“One use only,” he said, gesturing at the cracked rock. “And it’s after hours prof. No one else can hear you.”

“P-please!” Peter pleaded. His heart beat rapidly in his chest as a pressure bloomed just above it. His ass ballooned outward, and with a great *RIP* the material of his trousers tore in response to the staring. He looked around, and saw that he now had a huge, feminine ass, perfectly peachy and rounded to match his wide hips.

But the changes at his front were even more concerning.

“N-no! I don’t want to be a b-busty bimbo!”

“Should’ve apologised then, *bitch.*”

Peter looked up at Blake just in time to feel his face change: his cheekbones rose to prominence, his jawline softened. His eyebrows plucked themselves, and his lips puffed up as if they had been stung by bees.

“OOHhhhhh,” he moaned, a reluctant pleasure sweeping over him. His nipples swelled, and a numbness settled over his dick. It was all too much. He shook his head, causing his hair to elongate further down his shoulders and block his view. That was when his chest began to swell.

Peter parted the curtain of hair and looked in horrified astonishment as one by one his shirt buttons pinged off. Rapidly, a pair of large boobs grew into place, getting larger and larger. He grasped them in his hands, trying to somehow push them back in, but it only caused him to moan in response to his expanded and sensitive nipples. They continued to expand becoming heavier and more sensitive, straining the material of his shirt and bursting it apart as they rounded out. They were some of the biggest breasts he had ever seen, and they were *his*. Worse, they were still growing, shooting past Double-Ds to even larger cupsizes, until they felt like heavy melons upon his form. He knew that it was partly the

illusion of simply having them on him, but they took up a sizeable chunk of his downward vision, and blocked off view of his toes.

“F-fuck,” he exclaimed, his voice now a gorgeous sweet soprano.

As if it were an afterthought after the great swelling of his chest, he felt his penis melt back into his body. He shot his hands between his legs, but it was too late: his crotch reformed into a vagina, complete with a set of sensitive pussy lips that he accidentally brushed, causing him to shiver in unexpected delight.

“OOhhhhhhh,” *she* moaned.

Her clothing shifted, altered. Her trousers and shirt reformed, becoming a short black skirt that conformed to the perfect curves of her ass and child-bearing hips, and left most of her thighs on display. Her shoes became low black heels, and her shirt shrunk to become a tight blue crop top that barely contained her perfect bustline. It had a small v-neck that revealed an alluring line of cleavage. Her hair styled itself, and she screwed up her face as eyeshadow and pink lipstick settled on her features.

“Oh God,” she moaned, as the changes settled. “I’m a woman. I’ve become, like, a fucking woman.”

She hadn’t meant to put the ‘like’ there, but it had fallen in naturally. She looked at Blake, terrified, and saw that he had adjusted her desk mirror so she could see herself.

“Oh my God, you’ve turned me into a blonde bimbo!”

She was astonished; she had been in her early forties, but now she couldn’t be older than twenty - Blake’s own age. More than that, she was the sexiest creature Peter had ever seen: her body was the stuff of any man’s wet dream, with large and perfectly rounded boobs that you just wanted to bury your face in, a thin waist that flared out to wide child-bearing hips, a taut stomach and rounded ass, and legs that just wouldn’t quit. Her face was that of a real stunner: full lips and large, bright blue eyes, with a set of cheekbones that framed her cute, rounded face.

“Fuck yeah, bitch,” Blake said, grinning from ear to ear. His voice made her breath a little heavier, her nipples getting a little harder. She had to hold the desk to avoid going weak at the knees, and looking at him only made it worse.

She tried to rally. “M-my name is Lexie,” she said. “I mean, it’s Alexandria! I mean Lexie Lotte! My name is Alexandria Lotte!”

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t say her real name, or even *think* of herself in male pronouns, despite her absolute desire to turn back. Worse, she couldn’t stop looking at Blake in a different way. Despite the horrors of the transformation, the insanity of the change that had just occurred, she was becoming transfixed by his muscles and stature, his square jawline and confident swagger.

“Oh God,” she whispered. She bit her lip, trying to force down the arousal that was already making her crotch wet with anticipation. It was an alien feeling, but she couldn’t stop it.

“Alexandria, huh? Lexie for short? That’s fucking hot. And your last name is Lotte. Well, you certainly have got a *Lotte* to show off, sexy. You’re a total babe now.”

“MMhmmmm,” she moaned. His voice was deep, and it was doing things to her. She tried to avoid posing, but it was like her body knew what it wanted, and she couldn’t help but suggestively thrust out her chest a little. “Blake, I c-can’t help but show off my body to you.”

He drew nearer, and she shuddered as he caressed her face.

“You like that, don’t you, Lexie?” he said, smirking. “The wish worked, and you know what that means?”

“N-no.”

“Yeah you do. It means you’re my busty blonde babe for life. Don’t worry, I made sure to word the spell so it didn’t override your mind completely or anything; the wishing stone can’t kill. But it can make you ‘hopelessly devoted’ to me and all of my desires, and that’s what you’ll be.”

He lowered a hand and squeezed her ass, eliciting yet another moan from her. This was a nightmare, and yet her body was raging with lust. She could feel her new pussy burning with need. She hated every moment of this, but she simply *had to be fucked* by him.

“F-fuck me,” she said, expressing frustration and desire at once.

“Oh, I intend to. Right here on your fucking desk, Lexie. And then you’re going to come live with me as my hot girlfriend, pleasuring me every day of my life. How does that feel?”

His last words were accompanied by a squeeze of her big, sensitive tits. It left her gasping, needing more despite her personal horror.

“That s-sounds horr - horr - it sounds fucking *wonderful, babe. Now hurry up and fuck my tight pussy with your big, hard cock.*”

The words were forced out of her mouth by the magic, but the worst part was that they perfectly expressed her actual, physical need. She bent over the desk, and Blake cleared it so that her heavy tits were pressed against its wood. He pulled down her tiny skirt and feminine panties. Her breaths came quick, building in fear and anticipation. God, she needed this. She needed this so, so bad. It was crazy.

“Trust me Lexie, you’re gonna enjoy me fucking your brains out.”

“Please don’t make me cum!” she begged, but it came out more like naughty foreplay, and before she could say another word he entered her. She groaned as his thick tip pressed her wet lips apart, and suddenly he was filling her entrance completely. It was an

utterly alien experience, and she tried to hold on to her hatred of it, but the sensation was so completely pleasurable. Her sensitive walls parted, yielding to his girth.

“You like that, don’t you?”

She moaned, trying not to say anything.

“Admit it.”

“Mmhhhh . . . I do, Blake! I really like it! Don’t - oohhhh - stop f-fucking me!”

“I’m going to fuck you every day of your life, prof. Just like you wanted to fuck my grades I’m going to fuck your body.”

And then he began thrusting in full. Peter had never felt anything like it before, and her new Alexandria/Lexie self was utterly addicted from the first masculine push of his cock. She whimpered as he gripped her perfect ass, forcing her further over the table. Her nipples throbbed with aching need, rubbing sensually against the desk’s surface, and making her moan ecstatically. Blake’s cock was enormous, like a great rod inserted into her most sensitive parts. She felt utterly submissive to his power, and soon she was giving sensual moans openly, becoming louder and louder.

“OOHhhhhhh you’re f-fucking me s-so hard!” she cried, “I d-don’t want it! But it feels too good! I need you to cum in me, *babe*, I need you to cum in me!”

She whimpered as he pulled out, just long enough to apply a condom. He grabbed her, turning her around so that she was now on her back, him thrusting nine long inches of cock right into her aching pussy. He leaned forward, squeezing her tits, which bounced and wobbled heavily on her chest. His fingers rubbed her nipples, and her pleasure heightened, until she was so delirious with ecstasy that she could no longer speak, just gasp and groan and cry.

“Yeah, you love me grabbing your big, perfect tits, don’t you?”

She could only moan and nod, hating how much she wanted to be able to say, ‘YES!’

She rocked her hips in rhythm with his own, her bliss blooming ever larger and larger, especially as he groped her big boobies. It became all too much, and suddenly he seized, and she felt his balls tense against her. His dick throbbed inside of her, sending her over the edge in the longest orgasm she’d ever experienced. It was so different from the male one, coming in overlapping waves that left her shuddering. It lasted a long time, until she finally collapsed against the desk, half naked and still trembling with post-coital bliss.

“You liked that, didn’t you, my Lexie?”

She whimpered. “Y-yes.”

“And you want me to do more of that now, don’t you?”

“I - I do.”

She couldn’t answer otherwise.

“You want to be my perfect submissive girlfriend.”

“Oh God help me, I want that *so fucking bad*, Blake.”

He gave a malicious smirk.

“Good. Because we’re going back to my place, Alexandria ‘Lexie’ Lotte, and you’re going to live with me there. You’re no longer a professor, babe. You’re a student. But more importantly, you’re my smoking hot, sexy girlfriend who’ll do anything for me.”

She bit her lip, her mostly-male mind filled with horror, and yet equally so with a desire to do whatever this man wanted.

“Yes Blake, *baby. I’ll do anything for you.*”

When Lexie woke the next day, she was briefly confused. Her body felt so strange, and she’d had such weird dreams. Dreams where she’d been fucked by handsome, big-cocked men until she could barely stand the pleasure. It was only when she shifted slightly, and felt the weight of two large, soft boobs on her chest, that she remembered what had happened.

“No,” she whispered to herself. She felt the need to whisper, because her body was lying against the warm, muscular form of her former student, the twenty-year old jock named Blake Cross.

The horror of the previous day came back to her. They hadn’t just had sex the one time. After she had gotten dressed, she felt compelled to follow her new master’s commands, walking back to his car in a sensual, sashaying manner that she couldn’t avoid, and getting in with him. He drove them back to their place, telling her all the things he expected her to do for him: the washing, laundry, the cooking and cleaning. But most of all, what he wanted her to wear for him, and what he wanted her to do to please him. Even as a storm of hatred had continued to brew within her, directed at this monster, she was helpless to the compulsions that made her utterly submissive and incredibly horny for him. She was Alexandria Lotte now, and her new ID and history confirmed it: she even had numerous sexy racks of clothing at Blake’s apartment, which was now apparently her home.

Not that she wore any clothing for long: her horniness was too great, and Blake’s own desires too steep, and soon they were fucking again, at least three more times, before she fell asleep beside him, the magic not even allowing her the dignity of clothes in bed: she could only go sensually naked, his prick between her cheeks as he spooned her.

All of those memories came rushing back, and she felt sick inside. Sick, and a little turned on. She wanted to escape, to get out of here and try to find out if there was a way to turn back, but instead another compulsion lowered her hand down to his crotch. Slowly, she began to rub his large cock, and it began to harden.

“No, no no no,” she whispered to herself, but in truth she felt an even deeper need.

She shifted down, pulling away the covers slowly, and lowered her mouth to his impressive manhood.

Slowly, carefully, and sensually, she began to lick its length. It tasted *wonderful*. She didn't want it to, but she soon found herself sucking its massive girth, even licking his balls, causing him to groan. She didn't want him to wake, but she was lost in her unwanted desire to please her boyfriend. Even that was a compulsion - she couldn't think of him as anything but her dominant partner. Soon he was rock hard, and waking.

"Oh fuck yeah," he said, and his voice made her nearly cum just from how excited he was, "morning blowjobs. You're the best, *Lexie*."

Even the way he said her name turned him on. She tried to say something back in response, something to let him know how full of rage she was, but instead she took his length inside her mouth, deep-throating his hard cock. It took several minutes, during which she rolled her eyes back into her head, trying to stave off the coming moment.

He grunted, held her head, pushing it further down on his cock, and suddenly he blew his hot, warm load right down her throat.

She swallowed it all, even licking the head just to make sure none was wasted. It was salty, and surprisingly thick.

And. So. Fucking. Tasty.

"F-fuck," she said, as he motioned for her to flop against him. Her boobs wobbled with every motion, as she rested against his form. She didn't want to admit it, but her tormentor was incredibly comfortable.

"I want that every morning," he said.

"Sure thing, babe," her body said.

"Don't worry, I'm going to fuck you the old-fashioned way too. And in the ass, when I'm up for it."

"Mmhhmm," she moaned.

"But today we have to go to college, and I'm looking forward to showing you off."

"I - don't want to. I'm meant to be a professor, Blake. You can't do this to me!"

With one look, he silenced her. She looked away, letting him thumb over her sensitive nipples.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to being my submissive hottie, even if it takes some time. You won't be talking about your dumb literature or classics or history any more. From now on you'll be talking about clothes and fashion and lipstick, and how to please me, and my progress in the game. And you're going to make friends with the other babes, I'm sure, thought you'll be the hottest among them. Especially since today I want you to wear a sexy pair of tight shorts with a tight t-shirt to show off that rack of yours. I want the world to be introduced to Alexandria Lotte, who'll always be fucking hot."

She trembled. It wasn't just fear either. She had seen the outfits in the shared drawer space, and she knew the perfect thing to wear to drive people wild.

Especially her new boyfriend.

"I've got just the thing, babe," she said.

Alexandria made a splash on campus. She was a new student, but the world had changed to accommodate her enrolment. Peter Allerman had still existed, but was mysteriously missing: no trace would ever be found of him, of course. The Wishing Stone had made things exactly as Blake had wanted them to be, because the circumstances weren't even that suspicious: in this new reality, the professor had experienced some midlife crisis, got in a car, and taken off out of town.

"I'd never do that, though!" she whined, but Blake only told her to settle, and she did.

After all, the eyes of all the men on campus - and more than a few women - were upon her, gazing with lust. Some of the girls looked too, with jealousy. She was now a student, enrolled in all of Blake's classes and constantly on his arm. Despite knowing the content, despite being a genius in her fields and quite competent in others, her new body made her act like a stereotype: unable to answer anything but the most basic of questions, and often in ways that made her sound quite ditzy, or even bimbo-ish.

"Um, like, wasn't that the guy who wrote the poems? So I think he's saying the world is really corrupt and stuff."

"Ye-es, that's a valid reading, Alexandria. Though I think we need to expand on that . . ."

She was left blushing deeply, feeling pathetic. It was even worse when she found that Blake was the only one she could talk to about her transformation: any attempt to tell others just ended up with her talking about her clothes or Blake himself.

"You have to listen, yesterday I - I - I *had the cutest outfit! A crop top and miniskirt. Blake could barely keep it in his pants, not that I minded!*"

Her former student loved it, and even took the opportunity to grope her openly, slapping her lightly on the ass or taking a photo of her posing with her breasts straining against her top.

And that was just the first day.

Soon the days turned to weeks, and the weeks turned to three whole months. She continued to fail as a student, barely keeping from dropping out, but her new life was consumed with looking good, posing for her boyfriend, and letting him fuck her however he pleased. She was just glad he wore a condom: as horrible as experiencing her first period

was (and thus giving him way more blowjobs and handjob and titty jobs than usual to 'compensate', as he put it), she was terrified of getting knocked up. She was all woman now, and it was a dreadful possibility, one that Blake occasionally liked to tease her with.

"Mmhm, I don't want kids just yet, but it would be so easy to knock you up, you know."

"Blake, don't say that, *it turns me on too much!*"

She wasn't even lying, even if the wish made her speak like she was teasing sex with every word. The thought of carrying Blake's child - this man who had once been little more than a frustrating jock of a student - made her body tingle with delight. Thankfully, even the new busty, bimbo-like body she possessed was not demanding to be impregnated, just yet. She still groaned in pleasure as he thrust into her regardless.

When she wasn't having her brains fucked out, or on her knees giving him a blowjob, or posing for him to take pictures while wearing scandalously revealing outfits, she was compelled to act as the perfect little housewife, even if they weren't married. She washed his dirty clothing, cooked his dinners, cleaned thoroughly. Her body had some talent in this, but the truth was she was driven by a powerful instinct to better herself all the time; to learn delicious recipes, to purchase the best cleaning products, even to purchase sexy lingerie so she could surprise him at home. With her nearly head-sized tits, her sharp facial features, and her piercing eyes, she oozed raw sexuality, and even when she was trying to push against Blake or demand he change her back, her body language was practically begging for sex.

She knew this because Blake enjoyed taking photos of her. He constantly had her dress up in ridiculously revealing outfits, usually tight dresses with low necklines, or tight bikinis that lifted her heavy chest until she looked like she was smuggling balloons. She would itch with a desire to show off her body for him, cocking her wide hip to one side as she rested a perfect hand on it, pouting her lips in a sexy manner while thrusting out her chest.

"Fuck yeah," Blake said during one 'shoot', "now put your hands on your top, like you're adjusted your tits."

"Isn't it enough that I'm stuck as your fucking bimbo sex slave?" she whined, voice more erotic than angry. "Why do I have to show off my body to you? You're already making me fuck you three times a day."

Blake just laughed. He had a malicious laugh. "Because it turns me on knowing Peter is in there, Lexie, and that you can't do a thing about it. Now do that thing where you pull your thong down, not enough to show anything, but *real* close."

And she did so, trembling in fury the entire time but unable to act any different. He then had her wear a blue dress, one with a 'cleavage hole' or 'boob window' that showed off her prodigious cleavage. He made her hold the top of a door frame, giving an expression like

she was lost in throes of pleasure as he videoed her. And as humiliating as it was to have her new voluptuous form captured on tape, she still felt the urge to perform for him.

“That’s enough for today,” he said, putting away his phone. “Now that you’ve got me hard, why don’t you ride me while I squeeze those big, juicy tits of yours?”

She could barely restrain herself more than a second from jumping his bones, and soon she was crying out in pleasure as she straddled his lap, letting his long shaft penetrate her while he grasped her big, bouncing boobs.

“Oh - Blake! I h-hate you s-so much for doing this to mmmmmmm!!!”

And despite her words, she came over and again, squeezing his hips for all they were worth as she orgasmed.

“I don’t care if you hate me,” he said, caressing her beautiful breasts as he lay against her afterwards. “Because I love how much you need it. You’re my horny bimbo. And one day I’m going to make you my horny wife, Lexie. Won’t that be fun?”

All she could do was nod weakly, and try not to want that.

Nearly four months had passed since she’d been changed, and her new ‘normal’ was still not something she was used to. Lexie had some female friends, but even among them she was considered shallow, ditzy, and more than a little too obsessed with her boyfriend. She continued to wear sexy things, even visiting the beach with Blake as she wore a highly revealing blue bikini, and she also attended a football awards dinner on his arm, dressed in a tight green dress that lifted her boobs so that her already mammoth mammaries look a whole cup size bigger. She was becoming used to their continual bounce and jostle, but not the stares that the other students gave them, even her professors.

“My eyes are up here,” was a sentence she said more than once, though never to Blake. It was a refrain she was saying more and more to others though. Where once she would have loved conversing about politics, philosophy, issues of economic or artistic matters, now she was confined to being a bubbly, sexy woman prattling on about unimportant matters.

She continued to pose for Blake’s constant photos, making her ample bust line strain against expensive bras, and her ass outline against tight denim shorts. It was this last action that led to the next big change in her life, when out of the blue the woman received a phone call while shopping for a hot dress Blake had told her to get.

“Hello, this is Lexie,” she answered.

‘Hi Lexie - I assume short for Alexandria Lotte?’

“That’s me!” she said in a too-enthusiastic voice.

'Wonderful. This is Hazel Carter speaking on behalf of Boom! Magazine. I'll be your modelling agent this Friday. I'm just confirming your appointment with us for your first trial photoshoot at 11am. Does this suit?'

She had no idea what this woman was talking about, but a familiar compulsion passed over her.

"Of course!" she said chirpily, "I can't wait!"

'Excellent. We'll have everything ready for you. Just turn up on time and be your pretty self.'

"Can do! Bye!"

She hung up the phone, confused and a little scared. She had to get home quick, and ask her boyfriend what he meant by that. The fact that she thought of his apartment as 'home' now was not something she wanted to deal with.

Blake laughed when he told her.

"Of course I arranged it," he said.

Lexie's eyes widened, and she flung her hands out in anger, causing her big boobs to wobble heavily.

"Why!? I don't want to be a model, Blake! It's bad enough I have to wake you up each morning by sucking your big, delicious cock, but now I have to show off my body so everyone else wants that too."

"Exactly," he said, lowering to kiss her passionately on the mouth. She yielded to him, enjoying the taste of her tormentor's lips. "I want everyone to know how fucking alpha I am to have a chick as hot as you. I want to show you off to the world, and make me money doing it."

She was aghast. She was humiliated. She was angry beyond all measure. Her tall, 5'8 sexy body shook as she raged at her powerlessness.

"You - you can't do this to me! I refuse!"

"You can't even refuse my dick in your pussy," he said. He lowered his hands to his jeans, and slowly unzipped them. "Go on, get on your back. I want to fuck you hard tonight, so you know exactly who is in charge, and how much you want to show off your body."

She staggered back, her eyes locked on his long, hard girth. God, he had such an amazing dick. So much better than the one she'd had. It galled her how much she'd been reduced to this bimbo-like state, addicted to another man's cock, craving it deep inside her. Craving his approval of her every action and pose. She wanted to read, to discover, to learn, but her body craved only the most primitive, bestial, animalistic, glorious act.

She leaned back, removed her panties, and spread her legs for him.

"I'll do the modelling, baby," she moaned, "and I'll be your trophy."

Blake smirked. "That's more like it."

He began to enter her, and in the midst of the pleasure that followed, her willpower melted away.

She almost *wanted* to model, if it made Blake happy.

To Be Continued . . .

Model Girlfriend, Part 2

Lexie was incredibly nervous as she waited to be called up. She was seated at *Boom! Magazine's* photography studio, having arrived for her photoshoot. She was wearing a stylish red dress that hugged her figure, revealing much of her thighs, and her large breasts were almost spilling out of her top. A matching pair of high heels - quite high, in fact - were upon her feet, and she wore a jewel necklace with a small zirconia crystal that sat nestled between her two breasts. Opposite her was a mirror, and she could only sigh at her reflection.

She was drop dead fucking sexy.

Peter had always been fairly successful with women. With his tall height, his intelligence and charisma, and his fairly fit body, he'd had his share of pretty ladies, though he'd never been married. But the woman *she'd* become was so far out of her old league it wasn't even funny. Just tragic.

"What the fuck have I become?" she asked herself. "I'm having to fucking model all because Blake wants me to. I don't deserve this!"

She was pulled from her self-pity by the door opening. A woman in her mid-forties with short brown hair, round glasses and a professional suit entered, hand extended.

"Hello, you must be Alexandria Lotte, right?"

"Please, my friends all call me Lexie," she replied automatically.

"Lexie it is! My, you are a vision in person, aren't you? I can see why you want to model!"

Lexie was forced to give a confident smile, thrusting out her chest a little. "Oh please, I d-definitely want to!"

She cursed her magical compulsions. She had been trying to say she *didn't* want to. Instead she came across as even more eager.

"That's what we like to hear! *Boom! Magazine* is always looking for the next big thing, at least at the local level. Today we'll just do some practice shots, get you in some nice white lingerie - maybe even just some in that hot dress you've got, and see how we go. If things go well, you may just get a double-spread, which I'm sure you'll be happy about."

The only magazine feature Lexie wanted was to be featured in one of her old literature journals, or historical quarterlies. But, of course, her body acted otherwise.

"Oh, that's be *magnificent*," she said.

"Wonderful, we can get you started. I can guess most of your sizing I'm sure, but can you tell me your cup size?"

"32F," she said, sighing. It wasn't even automatic, she knew that from the constant way Blake fawned over her tits, and her own getting used to wearing the large-cupped bras.

“Wowee!” Hazel exclaimed. “Lucky girl! Quite the weight you’re carrying around up top.”

“And all natural too,” she replied. They were her words, meant to be sarcastic, but they just came across as proud of her ample assets.

“All the better. Our readers go wild for that - we might even take some modelling videos if you sign off on the online approvals, but we’ll get to that. Do you have any prior modelling experience beyond your social media?”

She shook her head.

Hazel nodded. “Well, modelling is more than just looking pretty. Not to offend, but I’ve seen plenty strike out with looks as good as yours - well, that’s not true. Honestly, I’ve never had a girl like you model for our mag before - but the point remains. They’ve not gotten the job because they couldn’t strut their stuff right. So follow my advice, try to do as I ask, and hold the poses exactly as I call them, got it?”

Lexie nodded. “Got it.”

Despite herself, she was feeling quite excited and anxious. She knew she should be angry at Blake, and she was, but she was also filled with a nervous need to please him, and to do this right.

She *would* become his model girlfriend, no matter how much she didn’t want to.

The next two hours were incredibly full-on for poor Lexie. The former male professor was asked to adopt all sorts of suggestive and alluring poses in all sorts of revealing and sexy outfits, all in front of a professional camera. Despite calling it ‘my camera’, Lexie was shocked to find out that Hazel wasn’t actually the photographer - a man named Dennis was. She was simply the ‘director’ of the photoshoot. It made the woman who had once been a man all the more exposed in feeling, as she adopted racy positions before the clicking camera.

“There! There, that’s perfect! I tell you, you’re a natural, isn’t she Dennis?”

“Very much so, boss. See if she can dip the top down, show a little more of the goods.”

“Did you hear that Lexie? Can you show more of your boobs for us? They’re your best feature honey, and the rest is great too. But we need the viewer to think you could spill out of that dress at any moment, can you do that?”

She blushed heavily before forcing down the shame, and tugged her top lower.

“Perfect! I’ve never seen a better pair of tits, and I take photos of women like you for a living! But you take the prize, dear!”

It made Lexie feel a brief surge of unwanted pride, and she actually found herself going along with it more. To her combined relief and frustration, her body didn't slip into automatic motion. As usual, she experienced compulsion, but she had to personally figure out her poses, try to adopt them as best she could. She was placed in very revealing white lingerie, and Hazel grew briefly frustrated when she couldn't understand what 'sexy serious pout' was, compared with 'sexy serious come-on stare'. Still, she actually stuck out her large chest in pride when she nailed a pose on her own - she held the top of a door frame, cocked her hip to one side, and placed one soft leg in front of the other. She was shocked when she saw the finished image: she was a walking wet dream in heavenly white lingerie, and in that moment she understood the difference between a sexy pout and stare - the former was something her full lips were especially talented in.

"Wonderful! A bit rusty with your movements, and we need you practicing more in heels, but you're a natural, darling."

Alexandria nodded. She felt as if she'd passed a test. She thought so, until Hazel held her back one moment.

"I think we have a winner in you," the woman said, "but I think the *true* test of any would-be model is the bikini test. Have you done bikini modelling before? No, don't answer that, you've already said this is your first proper shoot. Very well - I think we have just the thing to get you into. I'll get Dennis to set up the beach backdrop while we get you organised.

Lexie expected to feel further humiliation, but after the repeated praise from Hazel she actually felt oddly proud of her body. It was the first time, really, that she had truly felt it, beyond the pleasant feelings when Blake praised her tits or ass. She struggled a little to get into the bikini - it made Hazel snort and joke that Lexie had never truly worn one before - but in the end she wore a sexy blue two-piece with thin strings and cups that were a size too small.

"No, we want that," Hazel said after Lexie noted the poor fit. "Look, it lets your wonderful boobs 'spill' out to the sides. We call that 'overflow' and it drives men wild. It also draws that wonderful cleavage together well."

And so Lexie posed in front of a fake beach background. To her surprise, she took the initiative, getting down on all four on the pre-prepared sand and letting her tits dangle. She hit a beach volleyball into the air in such a way that her large chest bounced. She lay back upon the ground, one leg over the other, eyes closed, her bikini top straining to contain her. It was wrong, she knew it was wrong, and yet at the same time her new feminine instincts told her it was all so right.

After all, she had to be Blake's model girlfriend.

Lexie returned to Blake exhausted after an incredibly long day.

“How was it, hotstuff?” her boyfriend said, after kissing her deeply, and grabbing her ass. “Were you gorgeous as fuck?”

“It was embarrassing, it was humiliating!” she said. “I’m meant to be an academic. I’m meant to recite Shakespeare and teach about the advent of Modernism! Instead I was striking poses like a blonde barbie on a fake beach!”

He smirked, caressing her soft cheek.

“Yeah, but I bet you looked hot and busty as all hell right?”

She squirmed in response to his touch, her nipples hardening in her dress top. His eyes wandered to her cleavage, and despite herself she felt turned on as always.

“Yeah, *baby*,” she said, “I was hot as fuck alright. But it was exhausting. I still can’t believe you made me do it. Please don’t do that again! Surely - surely this has gone far enough, and we can start looking for a way to change me back. I’ll give you all A’s, I swear it! Hell, I’ll write a damn recommendation to skate you through to college.”

But her tormentor just silenced her with another kissing, probing her mouth with his tongue.

“Why would I do that, when I have my perfect sexy princess right now? You can talk the talk like the prof did, but the only walk you’re gonna walk is down the *catwalk*. And you’re going to get a *Lotte* of attention, babe. Trust me. So why don’t we celebrate your first modelling shoot with a nice steak dinner - you can make it, of course - and then I’ll show you how much I appreciate that photogenic body of yours by fucking you so hard you turn speechless. I’ll even let you leave that sexy dress on.”

She couldn’t say no, and it was exasperated by the fact that the magic didn’t just compel her, it made her *want* to be submissive to him. It made her aroused to be his plaything, further heightening her own disgust at her fate. She instantly got to work in the kitchen, preparing a dish she had once never known how to properly cook, but now was becoming an expert in. And true to Blake’s word they fucked afterwards, her submissive beneath him, her legs spread wide as he pawed at her heavy tits within her dress, and rammed his long hard rod deep into her pussy. She wailed, her hatred intermingling with her ecstasy.

“I h-hate you s-so f-fucking m-much Blake! OOOhhhhh! But I need your dick in me so fucking BAAADD!”

She came even more than usual.

It wasn't long before Lexie was asked to return for another photoshoot with Hazel and Dennis, this time in a long black dress with a sexy 'boob window' that pressed her chest together. Her hair was styled this time, earrings affixed, and her makeup done to emphasise her beautifully thin nose and sharp facial features. She walked with a little black handbag, hating herself all the while as Dennis photographed her. This time, she noticed that the man was entranced by her breasts.

"Eyes up here, Dennis," she said, and to her surprise he went red.

"Oh, s-sorry. I usually don't - it's just you're something else, Lexie."

She gave a sheepish grin in response. She'd thought he was a perv, but somehow she'd attracted him so deeply it threw his professionalism out the window.

"Goddamn," she said to herself, "I must be a fucking knockout."

She was, because images soon began appearing of her online and in *Boom!* Magazine. Lexie was astonished how quickly it occurred: within the span of just a little over a month, images of her were being plastered around college, and rumours that several of her more suggestive poses were stuck up in the alpha male jock dorms for them to joke over and masturbate to privately. She received ever more comments from men, catcalls and wolf whistles and jokes about her 'best selling features' and 'great tracts of land', and it made her stick closer to Blake, feeling protected by him despite the fact that he'd caused all of this.

After a bout of particularly submissive sex, during which she'd cried out in sweet relief while he thrust into her from behind over the kitchen table, Blake dropped another bomb.

"I think you should drop out of college," he said.

She nearly fell to the ground, especially since she had jelly legs from being fucked so recently. Leave the college? It was her home! Her workplace! A bastion of education, learning, knowledge, all the things she still held dear! Even with Blake around, she managed to smuggle some Tolstoy readings in, though in his presence she was reduced to vapid women's magazines to teach her further haircare. She expressed as much to him.

"Yeah, yeah, but that's all Peter Allerman stuff. You're not him anymore, no matter how much you still have his mind. The Wishing Stone made you mine - part of *my lane*, remember? You're failing college, but you could be a multimillionaire model if we play our cards right, and every dude on the planet will be jealous that Blake Cross gets to have sex with Alexandria fucking Lotte whenever he damn well wants."

She was downcast, but the words escaped her mouth.

"Okay babe. I'll do it. I'll drop out so I can focus on what you want."

"That's my girl," he said, squeezing her tits as he loved to often do. "You're gonna be a star, and make us *both* rich."

She bit her lip. All his attention was making her aroused again. He noticed, held her by the sides of her head, and lowered her down.

“Mmhmm,” she moaned, not entirely reluctant about what was coming next, “do you want me to swallow, babe?”

“Always swallow. It turns me on, Lexie.”

She took him inside her mouth, and cursed his wish for somehow making his semen taste so damned addictively good.

Within another three months Alexandria ‘Lexie’ Lotte was internet famous. Within just one more she had become actually famous. With her perfect hourglass figure, her wide hips, peachy ass, gorgeous face and incredibly ample bustline, she was soon considered one of the hottest women on the planet. The only reason she wasn’t considered *the* hottest, her photographers and eventual managers explained, was because she was a new star, not yet fully established.

It was all a shock to Lexie, having all happened so quickly. She had to learn quickly too - her body compelled her, but it didn’t come with a training manual. She quickly discovered that modelling full time was a heavily demanding career, necessitating advanced knowledge of makeup, acting, charisma, confidence, wardrobing and colour coordination, and - of course - a certain degree of flirting and mingling with the people who made stuff happen. It was exhausting at times, requiring her to travel often, get up at odd times for sunrise shoots, and spend long hours in the cold beach water when wearing skimpy bikinis to show off her body. It reached the point where it was starting to feel like an actual job, and while the former professor certainly couldn’t say she *respected* modelling as a career, she certainly accepted that it *was* one.

She was on her way to becoming a household name, and it all increased when she landed what her new agent called ‘the Big One’ with *Maxim*. Far bigger than *Boom!*, it was *the* magazine for displaying hot women on front covers and large spreads. She wore a red bikini that cupped her large assets, and a number of shots were taken of her pulling herself out of the poolside, water dripping perfectly off her flawless body, her pneumatic breasts like ripe fruit dangling from her body, a perfect curve of cleavage tantalising the reader. As much as she hated what she’d become, she couldn’t help but grin a little at her sexy ‘come get me’ smile in the image. It felt like an actual achievement, as it had taken nearly an hour to get that photo right.

Overnight she was a bestseller, and billboards and ads featuring her likeness began to spread. She was followed by strangers photographing her, and it was with a shock she realised some of them were probably paparazzi.

“Oh God, I’m basically spilling out of my top,” she remarked as Blake drove her out on a date one night. He had deliberately driven her past another great billboard. It featured her in sexy pink lingerie, lying on a bed, her breasts mashed together. A line next to her said ‘*You can tempt a man like I can, if you buy D’Liese Lingerie.*’

“No one can tempt a man like you can,” Blake joked, touching her thigh.

She just sighed, trying to ignore the way he was gazing at her 32F breasts as they strained the bodice of her dress.

“I mean it, babe, *no one can*. Turning you into Lexie has been the best investment. As that internet meme says about you: *you’ve got ‘A Lotte in the right places’!*”

She rolled her eyes, but still thrust her chest out a little, just to emphasise his joke.

“Mmhm, I know. They’re always wobbling. Not that you know what it’s like.”

“Oh, don’t complain. How about tonight you give me a titty job and I’ll massage your boobs so nice you come just from me touching them.”

She groaned at the sentence. Her body was sensitive enough that he could do just that.

And he did.

It had been nearly nine months since Alexandria had been changed into Lexie. She was raking in an enormous amount of cash as a rising supermodel. With her unrivalled figure, her big boobs, her tall height and increasing talent in pulling off the sexy poses and outfits she was made to adopt, it was no wonder she was taking off. But for all her success, the money was all being spent on what Blake wanted, though he always got her to buy sexy things to wear for him. She at least was able to dine out more, though sometimes customers took photos of her in her gorgeous and revealing dresses, but even then there were other frustrations: in order to maintain her voluptuous figure, she was compelled to follow a steady diet to avoid putting on weight. Blake ended up moving them to a much nicer apartment, and to her surprise he ended up dropping out of college as well to live entirely upon her money.

“What’s the point of being a famous footballer when I can be famous for being the one to fuck Alexandria Lotte every day or my life?” he explained as he caressed her thighs, slowly undressing her.

“Oh f-fuck,” she said, as her squeezed her pert ass. “But it’s your education Blake. You’d be - MMhm - a fool to throw it away!”

“You’re the one that cares about that stuff, but I guess not anymore, right?”

She shook her head. If she didn’t play along, he would hold off on fucking her tight, wet pussy, and she needed him inside her. She needed him to thrust into her most sensitive places.

“N-no, I don’t. I’m just a sexy model. Your trophy.”

“Damn right,” he said.

It demeaned her, but the feeling of him sliding his long cock into her depths made it almost worth it.

One thing Lexie found was that she was now being interviewed semi-frequently. Such interviews involved sitting before a live audience, and for this one she wore a casual dark purple top that hugged her breasts tightly, particularly beneath, making their round shape very clear to the audience. It had the effect of making them appear a whole cup size bigger than they already were, and they jiggled easily, allowing her cleavage to show above the dip in the fabric. She wore a loose, stylish skirt with a split in the sides to show off her long legs. With her hair styles in long platinum waves, it gave her a ‘bouncy’ feeling, not just in body but in personality. Whereas once she would have been interviewed for an article on the English Classics Society, or about Greek poetry cycles, now she was reduced to talking about her body. As she entered, her boobs wobbling and her hips sashaying, the crowd cheered and whistled. She sat, holding her top a little to stop from ‘slipping out’. The show host made an exaggerated face of disappointment.

“Welcome Lexi!e” the interviewer said. “It’s so great to have *the* Alexandria Lotte with us today - and as we can see, she has a *lot* to show off, doesn’t she folks?”

The crowd again cheered, particularly the men. Lexie suffered beneath her smile.

“Tell us Lexie, what’s it like, to become a household name so quickly?”

She smiled, as she had been trained to do, and was practically instinctive by this point. “Pretty daunting,” she said honestly. “Less than a year ago I was just some girl at uni, and now I’m being put in ads, having model shoots around the country. I see photos of me on the internet.”

“And how does that feel?”

“A bit embarrassing to be honest! It’s all too much! Everyone is paying so much attention to me and I’m just not used to it!”

She sounded like she was being modest and flirty, but in truth she was trying to express her actual indignation.

“Oh I don’t believe that for a second Lexie, not with looks like that. Tell me if I’m going too far, but you have two . . . very ample assets. A lot of natural talent, I mean. A ‘big’ heart in that chest, very big. Would you mind telling the audience just how ‘big’ you are?”

She wanted to kill him, but she was on national television, so instead she played along. She arched her back a little, letting her breasts strain her top and making the host pretend to have a fake heart attack in response.

“Oh, they’re - well, they’re a 32F cup. But sometimes they feel a whole lot bigger than even that!”

“And they’re totally natural, aren’t they?”

She nodded. As ridiculous as her new body was, she always had a smidge of satisfaction that her bustline was real.

“Yep! Ever since I was a girl. They sort of just . . . blew up one day.”

It wasn’t entirely a lie.

“I bet you hear ‘Lotte’ puns all the time, don’t you?”

“And new ones every day,” she replied. She gave a light, nervous giggle. “But I don’t mind! It’s my job to model and make people happy, after all!”

“Well, you’re certainly making the audience happy right now. Did you want to show off what you’re wearing?”

She didn’t, but she had to. National television. So she stood and, adopting a sexy pose with one hand behind her neck and the other on her hips, she turned slowly and sensually, strutting her long legs. Wolf whistles and cheers echoed from the crowd. God, and it was all broadcast live too.

“My God, the temperature of the room just spiked!” he said, to further laughter.

Jesus, Lexie thought, were these shows always so tacky? She’d enjoyed them as background noise as a man, but she hadn’t realised how casually sexist they were.

The back and forth continued as Lexie discussed her up and coming model career, the soon-to-be-arriving swimsuit edition - “I bet we’re all looking forward to that, Alexandria!” - and her struggles finding the right bra size - “I imagine a lot of guys here would happily help get you fitted!”

She giggled and flirted, performing the expected role now placed upon her. Scarily, she’d found she was actually a pretty good actress when it came to being a slightly airheaded bimbo blonde type, even leaning forward when she laughed so that the camera could focus upon her bouncing rack. Finally though, a question came that shocked her.

“So tell me Lexie, you’ve got a boyfriend, right?”

“Uh-huh,” she answered.

“Now we won’t say his name - he might get murdered by a jealous man here! (more laughter) - but you’re university sweethearts, aren’t you?”

She nodded, smiling despite her desire to do anything but.

“That’s right. We’re very close.”

“I imagine he keeps you *very close*.”

“True!” she giggled, pretending not to get the innuendo. Damn, she was good at this! It gave her a weird pride she certainly didn’t want.

“Any talk of marriage on the horizon?”

She went blank and pouted her full lips, a little shocked.

“Umm, maybe?” she said. “I think I’ll definitely be married to someone in the future. To him, I mean.”

“Are you the type to have children?”

She nodded, a result of the wish. “Absolutely. Maybe not just yet, but I definitely want to have babies one day.”

“I imagine they’ll be very well fed,” he joked, to more laughs and audience groans. She blushed and slapped him lightly on the arm.

“Alexandria ‘Lexie’ Lotte folks! Give her a round of applause!”

She was panting. His tongue was against her feminine lips, just as her mouth was upon his big member. His strong arms enveloped her as they 69’d, her bliss in response to his tongue elevating the bliss of sucking his hard shaft. Finally, after minutes of ministrations, he tensed and came. She came with him, deep throating his cock and drinking every last wad of his issue.

“So,” Blake said as they rested against one another, “you wanted to be married some day, huh?”

She was silent, furious and helpless, unable to shift away. Her breasts were nestled so comfortably against his side.

“And babies? Mhmm, you’re making enough money for the two of us. And I think you’d look pretty fucking hot knocked up with my kids, *professor*.”

A dark chill ran down her spine. Somehow it was worse when he referred to her past, maliciously tormenting her over the intelligent man she was meant to be, reminding her of what a blonde bimbo she’d become. She needed to find a loophole. She needed to find an escape. To put her mind - a mind that still had many male aspects and her intelligence - to use.

“Mhmm, babies,” she said, pulling closer against him and kissing his lips deeply.

Perhaps she would be destined to fall pregnant one day, as utterly alien as that prospect sounded.

But if so, she was determined not to fall pregnant to *him*.

It was a week later that she found her loophole, finally. She and Blake were attending a high-class gala. She was wearing a sexy silken blue dress that pulled tight against her bust and waist, and hung long around her ankles, skimming a little behind her on the floor. She wore long sparkling heels, and her hair was in a cute plait. She wore expensive jewellery, the most prominent of which was a diamond studded necklace descending into her cleavage, drawing the eye. It was a charity event with numerous politicians, businessmen, celebrities and the like, the last of which was *her* category. After that big interview, she'd officially 'made it', and now there were requests for photoshoots and attendance all across the world. Like a parasitic leech, Blake came along, and it was clear that other figures round her new circles couldn't stand him, and couldn't figure out why someone so successful as her stayed with him.

It was especially evident tonight. While Lexie didn't exactly have close female friends still, she certainly had a circle of other female models she congregated around. It led to annoying discussions of makeup and looks, but weirdly she actually enjoyed some of the conversations as well - these were the only other people that understood the stares, the gropes, the effort into posing and getting dressed and so on. But it bored Blake to death, and lacking any other company, he quickly became drunk at the bar. It was after half an hour of being separated from him that she heard a yell.

"Get your fucking hands off me! I'm here with Alexandria Lotte! I'm the guy fucking her and her big tits! You can't throw me out!"

Two security guards were hauling him out, and it was clear he was a drunk as a skunk. A number of guests looked at him with utter distaste.

"Oh my God, Alexandria, isn't that your boyfriend?"

To her astonishment, she shook her head.

"No, not anymore."

Her eyes went wide. Blake made a pleading look her way to intervene and say something, but the compulsion to do so was only slight. Present, but not overpowering. What had changed? She appeared stunned, and one of her model friends helped lead her away as Blake continued to yell. She thought on his original wish,

"*So long as she stays in 'my lane'*," she quoted. "Holy shit."

"What is it honey? Are you okay?"

She glanced about, feeling as if she were about to burst with joy.

"So long as I stay in his lane. But I'm not in his lane anymore, am I?"

Her model 'friend' Stacey, as she might as well have started considering her, looked at her quizzically.

"Uh, no way girlfriend. You're way out of his league. Please tell us this is your wake up call. You can do soooo much better, particularly at a party like this."

"Yeah," she said, heart beating in excitement, "you're right. I can do better than him."

And she could! She could be free of Blake Cross once and for all! It wouldn't make her male again, but his foolish desire to throw Peter's wish back in Lexie's face had given her an out: by no longer being in his same social class, or 'lane', she was now free to no longer be his submissive woman."

She began to tear up, and Stacey comforted her, along with some of the other girls.

"I'm free," she said.

At least, that's what she thought. But as the night went on, that same magical compulsion began to creep back in again. The desire to return to Blake, to be his again, his submissive sexy, naughty bitch who would do anything for him. She began to grow damp with need for him, and the prospect of slinking back to him filled her with terror. He'd likely punish her by getting her knocked up that very night.

She tried to think of a solution, attempted to stay at the part as long as she could, mingling and chatting and fulfilling her networking, posing for photos and showing off her designer dress.

"There has to be a way to be free of him," she said to herself, as she readjusted her makeup in the mirror. The need was getting stronger and stronger already. "There has to be a way."

She was so nervous on the way out of the bathroom that she practically tripped over a man's foot and began falling to the ground.

"Whooooaa, easy there!"

Two powerful arms reached out to grab her, pulling her upright. She shivered in response to a man's touch, leaning against him as he righted her. The man was roughly thirty years old - technically about ten years older than her now - and ruggedly handsome. He wore a professional suit, his hair was dark and well done up, and he had a square jawline and strong body. He was about 6'2, which made her body excited. He had an undeniable alpha male quality to him. That warm feeling in her belly directed itself toward him.

"Thanks," she said, "I feel so silly!"

"Not a problem. Happy to catch a gorgeous woman such as yourself. I'm Drover. She shook his hand. My, he was strong.

"Alexandria Lotte," she replied.

"Oh, I know who you are. I apologise for being so forward, but I'm a *big* fan."

"That's so nice of you, Mr Drover."

"Please, call me Howard."

"Howard, that's a lovely name. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm the founder of DRTech, and its CEO."

She widened her eyes. DRTech was an up and coming tech company she'd heard of. Already, it was making big splashes in the business world. The man was probably worth tens of millions.

"Holy shit," she said. "I just sort of show off my body and model."

"Don't sell yourself short. You've captured the eye of the world, and right now you've captured mine." He smiled, confident and dashing. "Tell me, Alexandria—"

"Lexie."

"Tell me, Lexie. Do you have a date tonight?"

She hesitated, caught between two pulls: one towards Blake, the other towards this man. She inwardly sighed, realising the catch in her loophole. Thanks to Blake's wish making her a submissive, sexy blonde, her new body *required* her to have a big, handsome man to be submissive to. If she was to escape Blake's influence, it would only mean that her existence would revolve around a new master in her new social sphere. She could have screamed, but already she was breathing a bit more heavily, sticking her ample chest a further, drifting that little bit closer. She needed to make a choice, even though neither would bring her freedom. Either way she would end up as a submissive trophy, destined to pleasure her man.

But at least she could exert some control, even if it was in this one choice. She could take the gamble, and better yet leave Blake *fuming*, his wish blowing up in his face.

She slipped her arm around his and looked up into his eyes. They were a wonderfully piercing blue.

"I do have a date," she said, "*now*."

He grinned again, and despite her frustration with her continuing need for a man, she pressed closer against him. The pull towards Blake faded slowly, replaced by a need for this new, magnetic figure. But the need for Blake wasn't gone entirely just yet. There was one more step. She took a heavy breath, knowing what she needed to do. With a flutter of her eyes and a sexy pose with arms on his chest, she looked at him imploringly.

"Hey," she said, the role of the sexually charged supermodel easily slipping over her, "do you want to get out of here, get to know each other a little closer?"

"Lexie, I'd want nothing more."

Her new mate, her new male master - even if he didn't know it yet - began to lead her away.

Her body burned with desire for him already.

Model Girlfriend, Part 3

Blake was furious, practically shaking.

“You - you can’t do this! You’re *my* girl, Alexandria! You’re meant to be hopelessly devoted to *me!*”

Lexie smirked to herself as she continued to pack her things.

“I’m still hopelessly devoted, you *dick*, but at least it won’t be to *you* anymore.”

Howard was waiting outside next to his stylish black SUV. She’d asked him to come with her and look after her safety as she grabbed her things, and he’d agreed. It had been a week since their first date, though ‘date’ in this case was a highly charged one night stand during which he’d taken her back to his place and fucked her senseless as she begged for more. Blake had a big dick alright, but to her shock and unwanted arousal, Howard’s cock was even *bigger*. She had moaned and groaned as he slipped inside her, parting her tight tunnel wonderfully as she gripped him with her thighs, riding him with wild abandon.

It had been the start of a romance, one she knew she had to foment as fast as possible. Blake was furious at her for staying at the party, and when she returned early in the morning, having pleased Howard as much as she could, she had to force herself to give her tormentor a sexy blowjob and swallow his cum to make it up to him. But all the while, even as she deepthroated him, she was plotting. She had gotten Howard’s number, and after she left on a ‘modelling’ job, she instead gave him a call and arranged to meet again.

“I had a great time last night,” she purred, her body tingling in remembrance. She’d been dominated by him, and against her male pride she had *loved* it.

“Me too. You were - wow, you were something else.”

“Would you like to meet again?”

“I’d like to do more than that. Let’s grab a meal and get to know one another.”

She had met him wearing the sexiest red dress she could find. It was a designer number from a previous photoshoot, and it had a deep v-neck that showed off much of her inner boobs and generous cleavage. It wasn’t tight, allowing her chest to wobble and jiggle with even the smallest of movements, and its backless design meant her gorgeous skin was exposed all the way to the small of her back. She put on matching red lipstick, and went in for the figurative kill.

Howard hadn’t stood a chance. It sickened her, really, to be stuck in her sexy female form, giggling and flirting with this multimillionaire who was feasting upon her with his eyes. She knew she had a greater intellect than him on many matters, but instead he led the

conversation, treating her as if she were a young starlet who was naive about the world. And frustratingly, she *wanted* him to take the lead, to order and pay for her, to treat her to a good time like a gentleman treats a lady.

But the plan had worked. She'd enticed him, and it was clear he wanted her for more than just a quick lay. Howard Drover wanted Alexandria Lotte upon his arm and, she suspected, was in the market for a gorgeous, sexy trophy wife. It was the best of all terrible options: at least she could live in the lap of luxury with someone who never knew the man she used to be.

And so it was that after just a week of constantly meeting up with him, she was already confident enough to leave Blake and stay with her new boyfriend.

"You bitch. You absolute *bitch*," Blake screamed.

She had gathered all her necessary clothing, her ID and wallet and some pairs of shoes (God, she hated how much her new self craved lots of shoes to wear), and was lugging her case out the door. Blake followed threateningly, and it actually made her quite afraid of her former student.

"I should have wished your free will away entirely."

"You just about did, you asshole," she snapped back. She indicated her body. "Because of you, I've had to put up with being some big-titted blonde Marilyn Monroe type! I've had to suck your damn dick and swallow your cum more times than I can count! I've had to scream and cry out while you fuck me because you made sure this ridiculously busty body would love it. Would *need* it. And I couldn't fight it - I didn't *want* to fight it - because my libido is like that of a nymphomaniac, and I'm addicted to pleasing 'my' man. Well, I found a loophole in your damn wish. It even lets me talk how I want with you. I'm no longer 'hopelessly devoted' to you, Blake! Now, I've got Howard fucking Drover to look after me!"

Blake fumed, his skin turning red with rage.

"You think he'll be any better? Big man millionaire. He wants a bimbo trophy wife, same as I do! You think he's not gonna want you to suck his cock each morning, make his dinner, eventually get you knocked up with his babies?"

She dropped her bag, annoyed at her weak woman's strength. Her boobs wobbled heavily on her chest as she thrust her tits out and adopted a sexy pose that practically *gloated* about what Blake could no longer have.

"I know all that you moron, but sometimes *revenge* is the best we can ask for. And this is revenge, Blake, for everything you've done to me. If I'm going to be stuck as a big-boobed supermodel for the rest of my life, unable to pursue the things I want, then I can at least take satisfaction in the fact that you'll never have me again. Every time you see me on television, or in those comedy bits in the cinema, or in a magazine or ad, or hear about

me in the news as the 'world's hottest woman' or whatever, then you'll be reminded that I no longer belong to you, and another man is enjoying everything *you* wished for."

She picked up her bag and sauntered out, her hips swaying sensually from side to side, ass shaking as it always did. It would be the last time Blake could appreciate it.

"I'll fucking kill you!" he called.

"Go ahead! Enjoy the rest of your life knowing you're the loser who killed the lady every guy on earth masturbates to! See how long you last in prison when I'm on half the jail calendars."

He was silenced, and she left, stepping out of the apartment and into Howard's car. Her body instantly felt calm in his presence, and her breathing slowed as his protective manner settled over her.

"It went all right?" he asked.

"As well as it could," she muttered.

He placed a hand on her thigh, and she cooed a little as he rubbed over it.

"Glad you're away from him. I promise you Lexie, I'll treat you better than he ever did, especially when you're living with me."

"I know," she said, and it was true. She did know that. "I just can't wait to pay you back for getting me out of there, baby. I've already got a gorgeous dinner in mind."

He grinned as he started the car. "How traditional of you. I *love* traditional women."

"Mmhm, I bet you do."

Yeah, she bet he did. She was internally rolling her eyes.

"And maybe after you serve up a nice dish in the kitchen, I can show you how a real man treats his woman."

She blushed, taking a breath and allowing her breasts to rise and fall heavily in her top.

"I want you to treat me like your trophy girl," she said automatically.

"I intend to."

The car took off, and Alexandria allowed his and her words to settle in. She was this man's trophy now. It was the choice she had made, and now she had to live with it. Blake's apartment - her apartment really, she'd cut him off once she was with Howard - disappeared into the distance in the rear view mirror.

There was no going back now.

It was a month later.

Lexie moaned as her boyfriend sucked and licked her sensitive nipples. He caressed her ass and the small of her back with one hand even as he pressed his face into her magnificent chest. The feeling was utterly wonderful, little pulses of pleasure vibrating through her form. She felt utterly his as he continued to tease and stroke her perfect body, utterly submissive to this handsome alpha male who was dominating her in the bedroom.

They were in one of several of Howard's houses, and his large double King bed was luxurious beyond compare. She was wearing sexy black lingerie that offset her long blonde hair perfectly. Howard was once again proving himself a superior lover to Blake in every way: he was forceful and dominating, but in a way that bolstered her bliss rather than prioritising his own. He was a master of foreplay, so much so that she mentally took notes on the off chance she ever turned back. The way he had expertly unlatched her bra with one hand had made her nipples throb with desire. He was obsessed with her tits, but groped them just hard enough to make her squirm in delight, but not so much it hurt sometimes, as Blake had done. She was burning with arousal, gasping in her sexy soprano, almost on the verge of cumming just from his playing with her tits.

And then he pushed her back to the bed. She moaned, her body even further turned on by his forcefulness. She spread her legs automatically, giving him the greatest access.

"You really are the sexiest goddamn creature on the planet," he said.

"Mm-hmmm," she agreed, biting her lip and rubbing her tits to turn him on further. His cock was massive, throbbing just a little, and she couldn't help but reach out one of her hands to stroke it. God, she could put it in her mouth right then and there, if her damned pussy wasn't so hungry for it.

"And the horniest," Howard continued. "You're such a naughty girl, aren't you?"

"So naughty," she said. "So fucking naughty. I want you in me."

"I know you do. But I want you to beg for it. I want you to beg to be my trophy, Alexandria. Don't you want that?"

She didn't. And yet she did.

"I want it so bad, Howard. You're such a man! I want to be your naughty, submissive girl! I want to fucking marry you!"

She had blurted it out, but it only lit a further passion in him. He beamed, smug in his dominance as he caressed and squeezed her breasts, lowering down to nibble on her soft neck.

"I want to marry you too, once we've gotten to know each other. You're exactly what I want in a wife, Lexie. Beautiful, busty, submissive, traditional. I want a woman who'll cook and clean and model, who'll be on my arm at parties and galas so everyone is jealous of me. I want other men to wish they had you, but only / do. I want to fuck you each day, and for you to suck me off every morning, and better than you ever did for him. And I want to knock you

up with my babies after you become my perfect bride. Tell me you want that, Lexie, and I'll come inside you."

It was a nightmare. It was not the future she should have had. It was a life of looking beautiful, of being sexy and servile, of becoming a wife and mother. It was everything she had never imagined, and never wanted.

But none of that mattered, because to her wish-ridden body, it was fucking *hot as hell*.

"Please give me that!" she begged, "please make me your sexy trophy wife!"

"My wife, and future mother of my children?"

She was so wet, so horny it defied comprehension. She needed his cock more than she needed life in that moment. She needed to be *filled*, and in more ways than one.

"As m-many as you want! I want your babies! I want you to knock me up!"

"Good," he said, still smug, holding her arms in a way that rendered her powerless, sublimated to his control. "Because I've always wanted a really big family."

And with that, he entered her.

The two bucked and moaned, thrust and gasped. She slid her hips, grinding against his so that she could take as much of him into her being as possible. He fell just short of her cervix, and it turned her on to think that when he came, his seed would be so immediately close to entering her womb and fertilising her already. He groped and sucked upon her sensitive tit as he thrust, and they wobbled heavily.

"Aahh - Ahhh! - Ah! Ah! AAHH! Oh God, Howard! I'm coming! I'm going to fucking cum!"

"Do it! I want to hear you orgasm, Lexie!"

"I can't - oh, you're s-so fucking big! I want your big dick to cum right up inside m-m-meeooohhhHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

She exploded into orgasm, far more powerfully than Blake had ever managed to give her. She shook, her heavy bosom trembling, her nipples rubbing sensually against his chest and heightening her ecstasy. She collapsed backwards, helpless to the pleasure, unable to stop it from rendering her incapacitated.

It was a while later when, wrapped in his arms, his fingers brushing tenderly over her large breasts, she realised he hadn't used a condom.

"Oh God," she whispered to herself, tracing a finger down to her stomach. "Oh God." She hated that the thought excited her as much as it frightened her.

She wasn't pregnant. As much as the risk had been a terrifying delight, she had her career, and she wanted to focus on it as much as she could before she was tied down further. For as much as modelling and showing off her busty, curvaceous form was embarrassing to her, it was also an area where she could at least have some skill and power, able to flaunt her assets in a way that at least gave her some ownership over them, rather than being reduced purely to eye candy on her future husband's arm. At those times, she felt like a vapid display item rather than a being of intelligence, always giggling and focusing on her looks, and being unable to participate in the financial conversations her boyfriend was party to. It was irritating, especially as she knew she had a lot to contribute, and much as Howard was head over heels for her, she suspected he also viewed her as a ditzzy, good-natured beauty rather than an equal partner in mind.

So Lexie continued her modelling. She was free of Blake, but not free of her new role in life. Her popularity continued to expand massively: she starred in adverts, live comedy sketches (as the sexy punchline, naturally), and various talk shows and even movie cameos (often considered the very best bit of an otherwise bad movie). She was voted by numerous publications and popular websites as the 'Hottest Woman in the World' or the 'Sexiest Woman Alive' or at the top of the list for the '100 Most Bodacious Babes' and what not. It was, of course, humiliating. A life of constantly wearing some combination of skimpy, tight, revealing, or alluring outfits, all of which were designed to sell clothing and fashion and makeup. She was an absolute pro when it came to modelling, able to bat out photoshoots with an easy professionalism that made her far more popular than more established women who liked to act like divas. Her interviews became the stuff of internet legend: GIFs and clips and memes went viral about her incredible 'assets', particularly when she had to respond to embarrassing questions about her favourite position in bed, or her most successful advice for enticing a hot guy, or her favourite kind of date.

Of course, the whole time her career continued to skyrocket, she was ever more deeply in a relationship with Howard Drover. The man was richer than she would ever be, even now that she was making millions. His company only grew in size, but thanks to his controlling interests and business acumen, he was always free to accompany her on shoots, or take her on holiday getaways to tropical islands, where she wore revealing leopard skin bikinis or tight one-piece bathing suits for him. Even at his lavish home he had an large and expensive hot tub. She often found herself enjoying it, lounging in her favourite dark blue bikini - yes, she had favourite outfits now, it was impossible not to after so much time parading about in them. It drove Howard wild to find her in there, perfect body wet, large breasts almost spilling out of her bikini top. They made out in the tub far more than once, and like Blake, he loved her doing personal photo shoots for him, though he was simply enjoying her at least, not actively tormenting her. Despite herself, she occasionally enjoyed

being able to display her body, emerging dripping wet from the tub and sauntering towards his camera, turning him on to the extreme.

"You are the sexiest being alive," he said, pulling her against him. It made her tingle to know her man approved of her. She was helpless to his affections and control, and at this point had given up on fighting it. She may never love him, the way a woman is meant to love a man, and she may always wish she was a man again, but it was too hard to keep resisting. It was so much easier to just give in, and accept that she would be hopelessly devoted to pleasing this man for life.

Such a future was confirmed quicker than she imagined. Within just three months of her dating him, he went down on one knee and popped the question. They were on a private island beach, her in that same favourite bikini, perfect curves on display. He directed her to look at the sunset, and when she turned back he had the ring box in his hand.

"Alexandria Lotte. My Lexie. You are the most sumptuous, perfect woman in existence. Do me the pleasure of being my perfect wife."

Her heart beat rapidly, her soul conflicted. But there was only ever going to be one response.

"Oh Howard, oh of course, yes! I'll be your wife! I want nothing more!"

She wrapped her slim arms around him, pressed her large tits against his naked chest, and made love to him right there. It would be a lie to claim that even the thought of becoming his wife - to be owned by him - didn't turn her on. After all, she'd been expecting it, and was helpless to say anything but yes.

They were married just another two months later in an expensive and elaborate ceremony in Hawaii. She wore a gorgeous wedding dress that showed a tasteful amount of cleavage, and that night, they abandoned any last remaining use of contraceptives, not that they used them all that often anyway.

"You're mine now, fully," he bragged as he fucked her from behind in their luxury suite by the sea.

She moaned, pressing her hips back against his manhood, savouring the way he stretched her walls and slid against her most sensitive nerves.

"I'm - oohh! - yours!" she exclaimed.

"And you're going to get pregnant," he grunted. "I'm going to knock you up, Lexie. You want that, don't you?"

She didn't. She truly didn't want to become a mother, no matter how fucking *hot* the idea of carrying this man's babies was. Of being literally pumped with life. Of *belonging* to him in the most primal sense.

And yet . . .

"Mmhhmm . . . I d-do!" she wailed. "Get me p-pregnant! I want a belly full of your babies, H-Howard!"

He came inside her, and she whimpered in pleasure, delirious from his thrusting. She was a wife now, a submissive wife of a powerful CEO, a trophy to be paraded around. And soon, whether she was impregnated that night or another, she would become a broodmare as well. She could already see it: he would want her naked, barefoot and in the kitchen some nights, just for the raw sexuality that image contained. And despite hating it deep within her, she would feel just as excited to *be* that image too.

Lexie had been Howard's wife for half a year when she woke up in their penthouse feeling oddly nauseous. As usual, they had fucked several times the night before, and she was compelled as always to sleep wonderfully naked against him, nestled in his powerful arms. But unlike usual, she didn't feel a need to wake him up by stroking and licking his cock. Instead, she felt an urgent need to run to the toilet and throw up.

"OOHhhh."

It was a horrid feeling, like a pit in her stomach. She regarded herself in the mirror as she cleaned herself up and brushed her teeth. She was as beautiful and desirable as ever, barely twenty-two years in age and already existing in poster form on the walls of half the nation's teenage boys, clad in her red bikini swimsuit centrefold. Her large breasts wobbled more than usual, not contained by any bra. She winced a little at their sensitivity: they were a little sore. She cupped them, the flesh overflowing her palms, and she winced again.

"Damn, what's happened to my nipples?" she asked herself. They had swollen in size, darkened a little in colouration. Her breasts felt a little heavier, in fact, by almost a whole cup size. They certainly looked it.

"Goddamn period," she said to herself. "This better not ruin that lingerie shoot today. God, what has my life even become? At least I can read some Plato on my break, unless there's one of those beauty tip magazines on set."

It was a naughty indulgence, a terrible vice, but she had become addicted to *Woman's Advice* magazine, and all its fashion tips. She didn't even know if it was the wishing stone's effect or not these days.

Another brief wave of nausea came over her, and she ran back to the toilet.

"Damn period! I've never had one like this before!"

When Lexie learned she was pregnant, she nearly fainted on the spot. Her period was late - not that she was ungrateful for the delay - and her breasts had continued to feel tender, and

her stomach volatile in the morning. She visited a pharmacy, having to outrun various members of the paparazzi dogging her trail, in order to get some aspirin. It was then that she described her symptoms to the woman at the counter. The woman had simply smiled, asked if she was in a relationship, and upon that being confirmed, pointed behind Lexie.

"Might want to try that one, Miss Lotte. Don't worry, I won't tell no newspaper."

She had pointed, of course, to a row of pregnancy tests.

"Oh," Lexie said. "Shit."

A very nervous Lexie returned to her husband's lavish home. She had a driver, of course, but she liked to occasionally exercise her own freedom in movement. It was one of the few freedoms she could enjoy that was also Peter's, back in the 'before time.' The entire trip her stomach churned with anxiety.

"Oh God, I bet I am. I bet I'm fucking pregnant. Holy shit."

Five minutes after arriving and excusing herself to the bathroom, it was confirmed. Her big, strong, sexy husband, who she was reluctantly always attracted to and constantly horny for, had finally knocked her up.

She was having Howard Drover's baby. She was going to grow a big belly full of life, with kicking and moving and everything. Her boobs would get *even bigger* and fill with milk. And she would give birth, a prospect that terrified her. As Peter Allerman, she had always wanted kids one day, but she had never imagined in her wildest dreams that *she* would be the one to carry them, to give birth to them.

Howard was ecstatic when he told her.

"Honey," she had said, lounging in the hot tub in a sexy white two-piece bathing suit, "come here. I've got news for you."

He had entered, clearly aroused as he kissed her deeply.

"What is it, my darling love?"

She took his hand, unable to control herself, lowered it to her belly, and simply smiled. It took him a moment to understand, and then his eyes lit up.

"What - really!?"

She nodded with a sheepish grin. "You've gone and knocked me up, Howard. I'm having your baby."

He had pulled against him, kissed her several times over.

"Oh Lexie, I'm so happy! The first of many!" he declared.

She frowned slightly while he wasn't looking, a hand upon her perfect stomach.

"Yeah," she sighed, resigned to her fate. "The first of many."

The months passed, and despite hoping it was a series of false positives, Lexie's body began to bloom into its pregnant state. Howard was constantly checking her belly, and when it finally began to become first and begin expanding, his lust for her became somehow even greater. Her breasts did indeed swell another cup size, becoming even more generously sized, much to her embarrassment. The paparazzi and gossip columns were quick to figure it out, and soon she had to come clean on talk shows and radio interviews and on social media (God, it was strange having an Instagram account with nearly 500 million followers).

Every man on the planet was disappointed they hadn't been the one to do the deed. She was scared that she'd have to give up modelling; she may not love showing off her body to strangers, but at least the career was *hers*. Thankfully, she needn't be so worried. She was able to finish a ton of photo shoots before she started showing, and when she could no longer hide her pregnancy, she transitioned with ease to stylish and revealing maternity shoots, cradling her ever growing bump.

And it was growing, slowly but surely. At four months along it was impossible to deny that she was pregnant. Her mood swings were leaving her all over the place, often emotional and teary. Howard comforted her, and she found she needed him, saddened when he had to work late. She was at least able to indulge in some Dickens and Tolstoy in her spare time, but the formerly logical professor was thrown through the emotional ringer, and sometimes *Woman's Advice* was all she felt like reading, especially since it had marvellous articles on how to treat your skin while expecting. There were other changes too: her ass blew up, becoming even more rounded, much to Howard's delight. Her skin began to have that maternal glow, excellent for her modelling, and some days she felt bursts of second trimester energy . . . and horniness. Her cravings also began in full swing: burgers were what she wanted most of all. Wonderful, greasy, meat-filled burgers that hit just the spot her burgeoning belly hungered for. There were even paparazzi shots that went viral in meme form about her, as she bit suggestively into a burger in public, some of the sauce ended up in her cleavage.

That moment when you realise Lexie Lotte will never view you as sexy as the way she sees a good burger.

She hated most jokes about her - they were almost always centred on her tits - but that one made her laugh. Howard too.

"Well, I hope you see *me* as sexier than a burger," he chuckled.

She pulled him down to her.

"Mmmaybe. Why don't you show me how sexy you are? These preggo hormones have me going crazy for you."

"Even more than usual, apparently."

That much was certainly true, and perhaps the best thing about her pregnancy. That was, until she felt the first stirrings of movements in her belly. She was lying in bed, cradling her stomach when she felt a little kick. She didn't even realise what it was at first, until it repeated, causing her to gasp.

"Holy shit," she said to herself. She rubbed her domed stomach. It had caused her such irritation, to feel her abdominal muscles separate, to already be struggling to bend over, to have a slight waddle already creeping into her walk. But this . . . she had never experienced anything like this. She caressed her belly, willing the child to move again.

It did, and her eyes lit up. It was the strangest sensation she'd ever felt. A whole life, shifting about within her! Awake and living and growing, dependent on *her*.

"I'm having a baby," she said. Of course she was, she'd known for nearly three months now, and she was four months along in full. But this was the first time it had truly *felt* real. Really real.

She nudged Howard from his sleep, and pressed his firm hand against her belly.

"Babe. Feel."

Lexie continued to swell and grow. She looked beautiful in pregnancy, and soon had as many photo shots cradling her expanding bump as she did without it. She even won several polls that still declared her the hottest woman alive, even with her rounded stomach! It didn't surprise her as much as it once would have: Howard found her even more intoxicating with his growing son within her, and let her know repeatedly in the bedroom, the hot tub, against the kitchen table, and even on his private jet as they flew to the Bahamas. No doubt other men felt similarly.

Still, it was embarrassing. She was not just a sexy, busty trophy wife, but now a deeply pregnant one at that, and there was no hiding her bump. In fact, she was always adorned in tight dresses that showed off her gravid form, emphasising her expanded bustline. She continued her late show talks, her model shows, her interviews, only now her airheaded self that she presented to the world liked to wax on about her excitement to be a mother.

In truth, she was actually terrified.

The thought of lying on her back, feeling contractions as her vagina - a genitalia she was never supposed to have - slowly dilated, and then having to push, push, *push* a new life into the world while she cried out in her soprano voice . . . it was insane. And then to feed that baby with milk from her breasts, and to have to work to recover her pre-pregnancy body. And, far more, to actually be a *mother* to her soon-to-arrive son. Howard continued to tell her

she would be a wonderful mother, and perhaps she would, but it required a lot of research, and she approached this with the same academic research lens as she had with her classic literature studies. It kept her calm as the baby kicked within her, sat on her bladder, or made her weepy and emotional like the blonde dame she was now trapped as. It was a feeling she would have to get used to, however. Howard still wanted “a very big, very loving family,” and while he hadn’t given an exact number, she was resigned to the fact that between her modelling years she would likely be giving birth quite a few more times. After all, she was only twenty two years old.

But at least she still had some power. Some freedom. Some *revenge*.

She was eight and a half months along, adorned in a gorgeous pink maternity dress that pulled tightly around her bump, and escorted by her manly husband in his professional suit. They were on their way to a gala, the last before she nested down in preparation for birth. And it was then that she saw him.

Blake Cross.

Her former tormentor, the man who had set her on her humiliating path, one she could never stray from, had seen better days. He was dishevelled, surprisingly overweight, and his clothes were dirty. He looked at her with astonishment as she passed on the other side of the street. Howard didn’t see, but *she* did.

He mouthed the words, “Lexie?”

She simply smiled, rubbed her belly for emphasis, as if to say ‘*this* is what you lost big boy, now another man gets the *Lotte*.’ She knew her figure was utterly sexy in its fullness, the very image of an expectant supermodel, and the very thing Blake had wanted her to be for him. Before he could even call out, she continued walking down the street, clinging to her husband’s arm, her other hand rubbing her belly in an almost sensual manner, just for show. She was feeling more than a little smug.

“Everything alright dear?” Howard asked.

She nestled against him, letting him see her perfect cleavage from his natural vantage point. She knew it turned him on, and consequently would make Blake furious. She shook her ass just a little more obviously in her tight dress, knowing that it would be the last of her he would see. It carried it’s own message: ‘Say goodbye to my pregnant ass, because you’re *never* getting it again.’

“Dear, are you alright?” Howard repeated.

She smiled up at him, the first little twinges of arousal beginning to grow.

“As good as it can be,” she responded.

After all, it wasn’t the life she wanted, but it would have to be enough.

The End