

Mini-Story: Always Knocking Me Up!

By FoxFaceStories

Always Knocking Me Up!

I gestured to my swollen belly as I lay back in bed.

"Dude, you've got to stop this. You've got to wish me back after I give birth!"

Ben just grinned, leaning over to kiss my large mound. He rubbed his hand over it, clearly savouring its tautness. Our two babies kicked and squirmed within my overstretched womb, making me groan.

"Nnggh . . . s-see? I'm so full! I swear I'm going to burst and I still have six full weeks to go! Not to mention these things!"

I motioned to my breasts, which were once more bloated up with milk. Well, to be fair, I could barely remember a time when they weren't full of milk. Light blue veins ran across them, and the skin felt just as tight upon them as my stomach, indicating how much I was producing.

"Why would I wish you back?" Ben said. "You've given me everything I've ever wanted, Penny. A perfect sexy mother for my children. Don't tell me you don't enjoy my big cock in you."

I exhaled sharply, trying to ignore how hard his cock likely was. How much I wanted to shift positions so I could ride it.

"It's just - you're always knocking me up! This is my *sixth* pregnancy, and it's my *third* with multiples. I've literally not gone three months without being pregnant ever since that wish of yours turned me into a woman. When am I going to get a break?"

He rubbed my belly again, and as much as I hated to admit it, it was a relaxing feeling.

"Maybe in a few years, once you've given me a set of triplets?"

"Oh God, triplets . . ."

I hadn't always been a pregnant woman. I hadn't always been a woman. Once, I had been an ordinary man in my thirties named Peter. I worked a solid paying job as a building inspector, and

my coworker Ben was just some acquaintance from work. But when we were sent out to look over a house and test the soil, Ben found a strange glowing rock. He claimed that it whispered to him, promising to grant three of his wishes, but only if they were centred on another person. I thought it was all ridiculous, until he said those fateful words: "I wish Peter was my sexy submissive twenty-year old wife."

In moments, I suddenly found myself as an attractive brunette with big melons and an even bigger libido for my new husband. I couldn't get away from him - literally - and I felt a strange need to be submissive to him. Worse, the entire world remembered me as Penny. For a time, I was forced to live with him, just the two of us, and we had sex like rabbits. Try as I might, I couldn't help but cum long and hard when he ejaculated into me. It was infuriating that he had gotten away with it.

But that was before he revealed his second fetish to me. He'd always had a thing for pregnant women, and really liked the idea of having a very, *very* large family. So he made his second wish, despite my begging: "I wish my wife Penny was hyper fertile, and literally addicted to getting pregnant with my babies."

The rest, as they say, was history. I've given birth to seven children now, and nursed them from my big milky boobs. I love each of them, and have accepted that I'm their mother. Hell, I wouldn't even change back to a man now, simply because my eldest children would be too confused, and I care for them too much. But I'm always so pregnant and full with child, and thanks to his wish I'm so addicted to the feeling that I can barely stand not being pregnant. Growing life inside my womb just comes across as too *right*. It's infuriating!

"You could - could use your final wish to let me stop having babies?" I pleaded. I knew that asking to be a man again would be met with an instant 'no', and besides, that road was closed now that I had children. But the other option remained.

Ben gave me that look that showed me he was weighing something up. "Hmm, perhaps. Perhaps. After a triplet pregnancy, of course. But I could consider that. For now though, why don't you let me show you just how sexy I find you?"

He shifted closer, began to undress. As always, my ridiculous pregnant body was super turned on by him. I needed his dick inside me, *now*. I turned to the side, allowing him access to my already wet tunnel.

"That's right, my beautiful submissive wife," he said. "I can't wait to get you knocked up all over again."

I moaned deliriously as he entered me, my body instantly responding to his touch. He gripped my milky breasts, causing small rivulets to run down to the bed. I'd need to clean those later, but for now I was too turned on to care.

"I fucking love how pregnant you are, *Peter*."

I came as he said it, like the submissive preggo wife he'd made me. And I knew in that moment that he'd never wish me back to being even a normal woman again. He loved me like this too much. Loved getting knocked up. Loved watching me grow. Loved watchined me waddle and complain and develop cravings and fill with milk and stroke my belly, and finally loved watching me wail as I spread my legs and pushed our ladies babies into the world.

I'd always be his endlessly pregnant wife, all thanks to that wishing stone.

Which made me scared about exactly what Ben *would* do with his third and final wish for me.

The End