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WISH GRANTED



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by **MSlava**

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." I sounded like a darn animal. Here I was, a respected member of the PTA, on the board of our church, and chair of our neighborhood watch, and I was on my hands and knees in the middle of my marital bed. Up until a few weeks ago, I was a loyal wife and normal mother. But since then I'd piled sin upon sin. It was the middle of the day, my husband was at work, and I pushed my butt back hard against the young man behind me.

"Oh, Billy ... I'm going to ...
lose it ... again."



You see, the man behind me was my son. In such a short time I'd sunk so low. There were four condoms on the sheets around me, leaking my son's sperm onto the sheets. He had skipped school and we had been going at it all day. I ground back at him as I orgasmed again.



"Damn, Mom. Your ass is ... uh ... uh ... huge." Billy slapped my ass and gripped the folds above my hips tighter. Nothing had ever felt so good in my whole life.

"Don't ... ugh ... say that." I thought I had raised him right. But the moment seemed to argue with me.

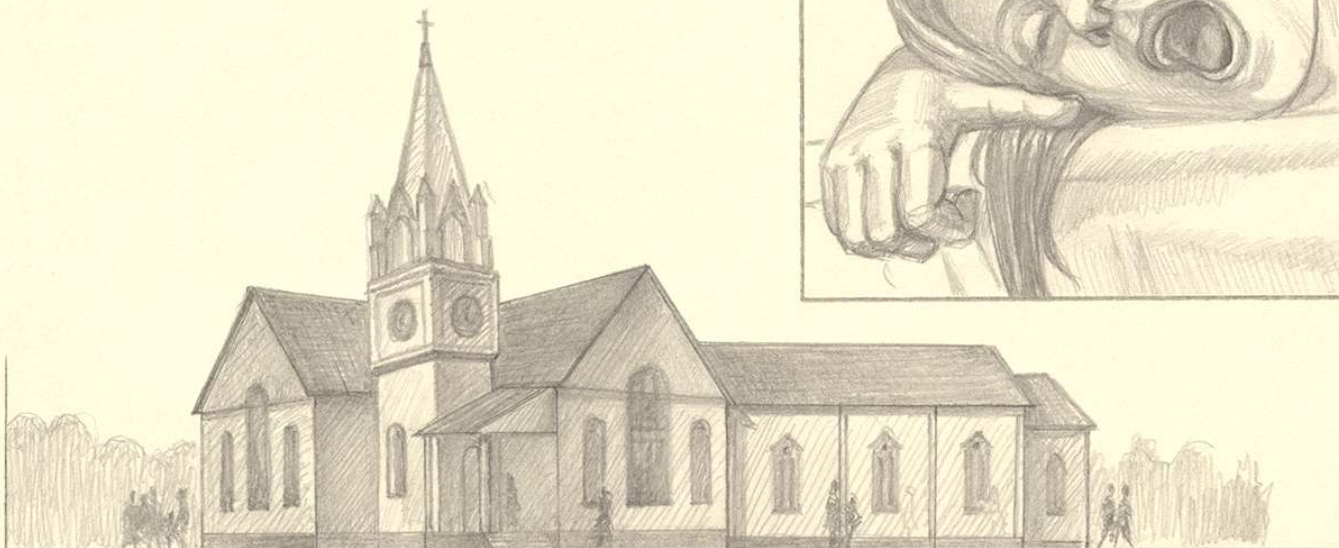
"It's not like ... ah ... ah ... ah ... you're fat. It's just ... ugh ... the perfect mom-bod." Billy pulled out of me, yanked the condom off his penis, and tossed it with the other used ones on the bed. "I'm just going to try it bare for a minute. I can't feel anything with the condom."

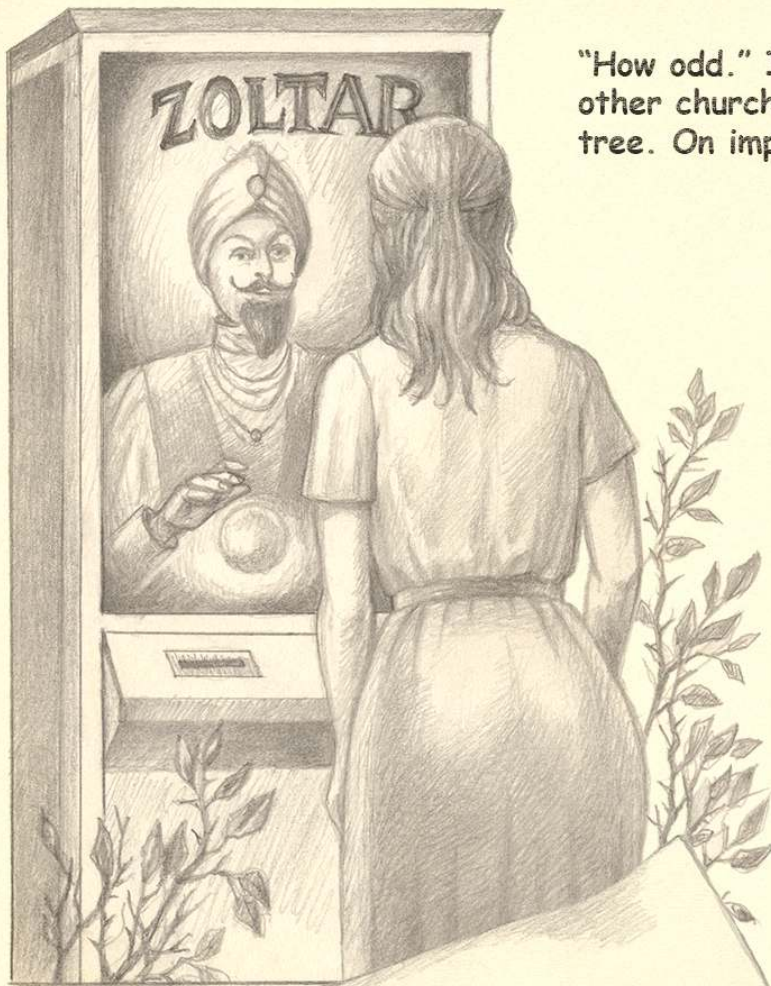
"I told you ... only with a condom." But I didn't resist when he shoved it back in and found his rhythm. The way his penis went after my vagina was a little too close to heaven for me to intervene. "Ok ... but ... ugh ... ugh ... only for ... a minute."

"Oh, man. I'm raw-dogging you, Mom." Billy's hips went into overdrive. "So... wet... and... tight."

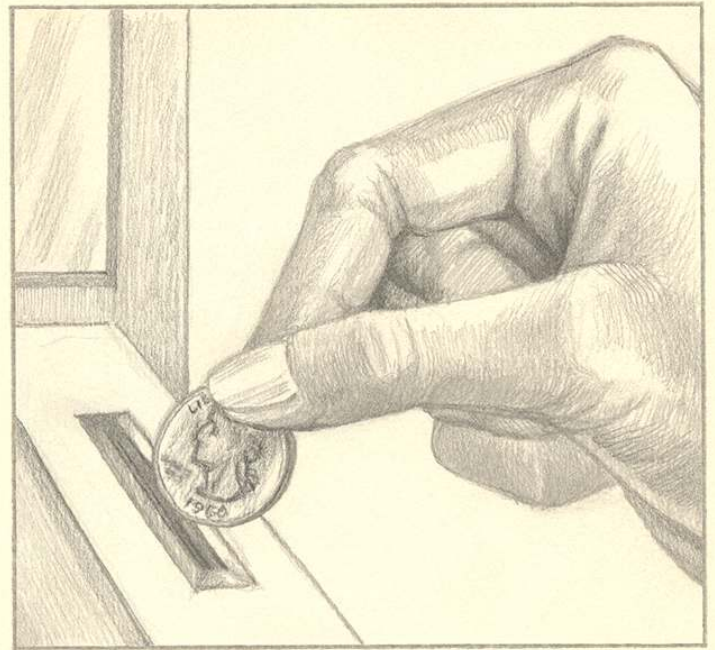
"Please ... don't ... talk like that." I hung my head and watched my boobs flop underneath me. How did I, the perfect wife and mother, end up here?

Well, a few weeks ago, I was leaving a church board meeting when I saw something strange. I always park down on the other side of the parking lot, so no one dings my Mercedes. As I walked to my car, I noticed a light to my left. I went to investigate and under a tree was a fortunetelling machine. Like the kind you might see at a carnival.





"How odd." I looked around, but I could see none of the other church board members from my vantage under the tree. On impulse, I put a quarter into the machine.



Red eyes glowed on the strange face inside the machine. A message lit up telling me to point the ramp at Zoltar's mouth. I figured the man in the machine was Zoltar, so using the mechanism, I pointed the ramp as it requested. Then a message read that Zoltar wanted me to make a wish. Of course, it was all silly, but there was something quite formidable about the machine. So, I thought it over. My life was perfect. I had a loving husband, accomplished daughter, comfy house, luxurious car, and caring friends. It was flawless but for one glaring imperfection. My eighteen-year-old son had grown distant from me in his teenage years. "I wish Billy and I were closer," I said. The face in the machine opened and closed its mechanical mouth and a message lit up, telling me to press the red button. I did. My quarter shot down the ramp, flew into the air, and went into Zoltar's mouth. All the lights in the fortune telling machine went out and a card sprung from the machine and landed at my feet. I picked it up and read that my wish had been granted. "Thanks, Zoltar." I shook my head. Why would I play such a silly game at my age? I then turned and quickly walked to my car.

Things got strange with Billy very soon after that. Maybe I'll tell you the whole story another time, but the thing of it is, I was now fornicating like a dog on the bed I shared with my husband. My son was slamming it into me from behind without a condom. I was on the edge of another orgasm. But the most terrible thing was that I could tell from his trembling that Billy was close, too.

"Pull ... out ... Billy ... ugh ... ugh ..." I really tried to keep his stuff out of me. I really did.

"Oh ... Mom ... oh ... Mom ... aaaaauuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhh." Billy's hips bucked as he lost all control.

I had heard my son reach his climax numerous times over the past few weeks, but he'd never sounded so ... angry before. As he dumped his load in my womb, I felt we had ceased to be two people and become one. I fell to my stomach on the bed, groaning out my own ecstasy, and he fell with me, still firmly implanted from behind.



After a few minutes, he moved behind me again. I let him. I wasn't really sure he could climax again. It had been five times already that day. But sure enough, a half-hour later, we were both howling our pleasure as he let it out inside me again.



Zoltar had given me my wish. I now had the perfect relationship with my son. But I could clearly see the rest of my life would fall apart.

As I panted, with my face pressed against the sheets and his weight on my butt and back, I swore to myself that I would find the Zoltar machine and make another wish to put everything right again.

———— THE END ————