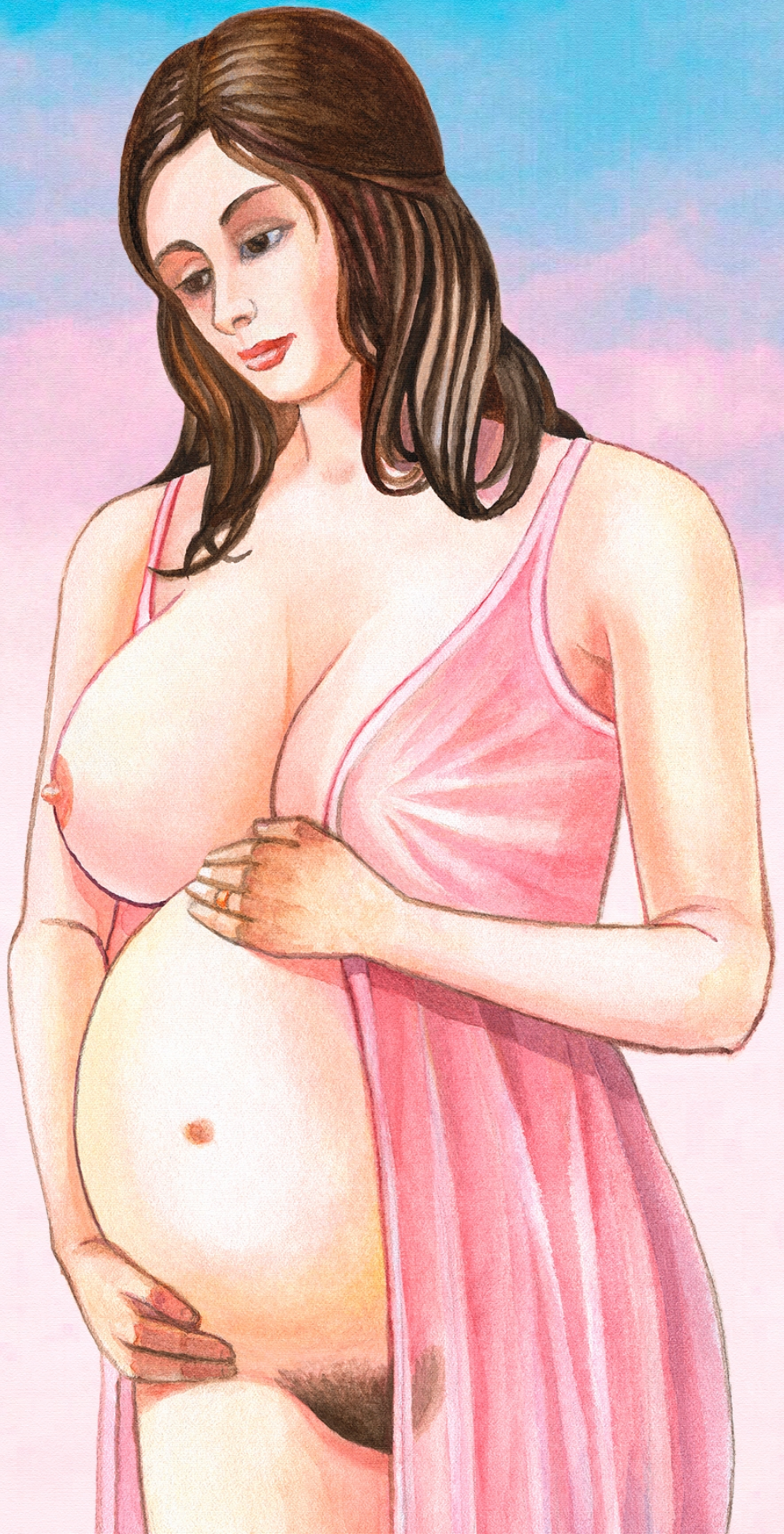


WISH GRANTED



Author: RawlyRawls

Illustrator: M-Slava



Wish Granted 2

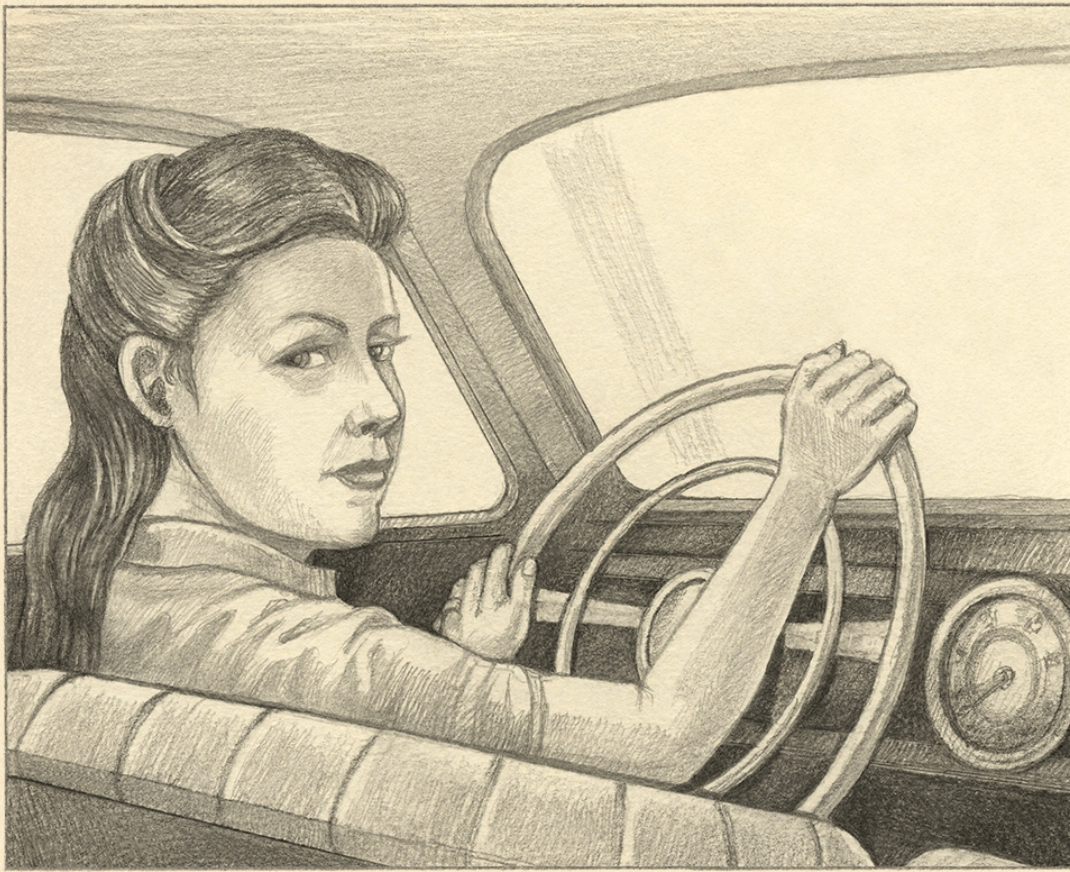
Illustrations by M-Slava

Written by RawlyRawls

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Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

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"Found it!"
I shrieked to myself. I pulled into a parking space and slammed on the brakes.

"Oh ... my ... gosh. There you are, Zoltar."

I giggled. Euphoria swept over me. I opened the door and slowly got out of my Mercedes, cradling my pregnant belly with one arm. If you read what I wrote before, you've guessed that it was my son's baby inside me. I ended up letting Billy fill me again and again. That was a colossal disaster brought about by a silly wish. But I was about to put everything right.

I had spent months searching carnivals and fairs for the Zoltar machine. I found nothing. But then, as my belly grew along with my desperation, I had a sudden inspiration. I had originally found Zoltar in my church parking lot.

So, I drove from church to church. And finally, I was looking at the machine again. Indeed, I was standing right in front of it. I took a deep breath, straightened my maternity dress, and fished a quarter out of my purse. I hit the red button to start the thing. A message lit up telling me that Zoltar wanted me to make a wish. This was it. "I wish I could go back in time and never make my first wish with you, Zoltar." I adjusted the ramp and let my coin fly. I missed his chomping mouth. It took me several tries to get one in, but I had plenty of quarters and made the same wish every time. I was prepared for this moment. Eventually my quarter sailed into his mouth. I blinked. I'd done it. All the lights in the fortune-telling machine went out and a card sprang from the machine and landed at my feet. I slowly bent down and picked it up.

It read: wish granted.

"Okay, so how does this work?"

I waited for a while. Maybe I was supposed to leave? I turned away from the machine and walked back to my car.





A moment later, I found myself in front of Zoltar again, holding a quarter, poised to send it down the ramp. Confused, I looked around. "Holy ... moly." I was back at my church. I put a hand on my flat tummy. I wasn't pregnant. I laughed hysterically, throwing the quarter far into the vacant lot.

It was over. Billy and I would go back to being a normal, if distant, mother and son. My life was perfect again. I had a loving husband, accomplished daughter, comfy house, luxurious car, and caring friends. I checked my phone. I had gone back in time to the night I made the wish. I kissed the glass in front of Zoltar's hideous face.

"Thank you, Zoltar. Thank you, thank you!"

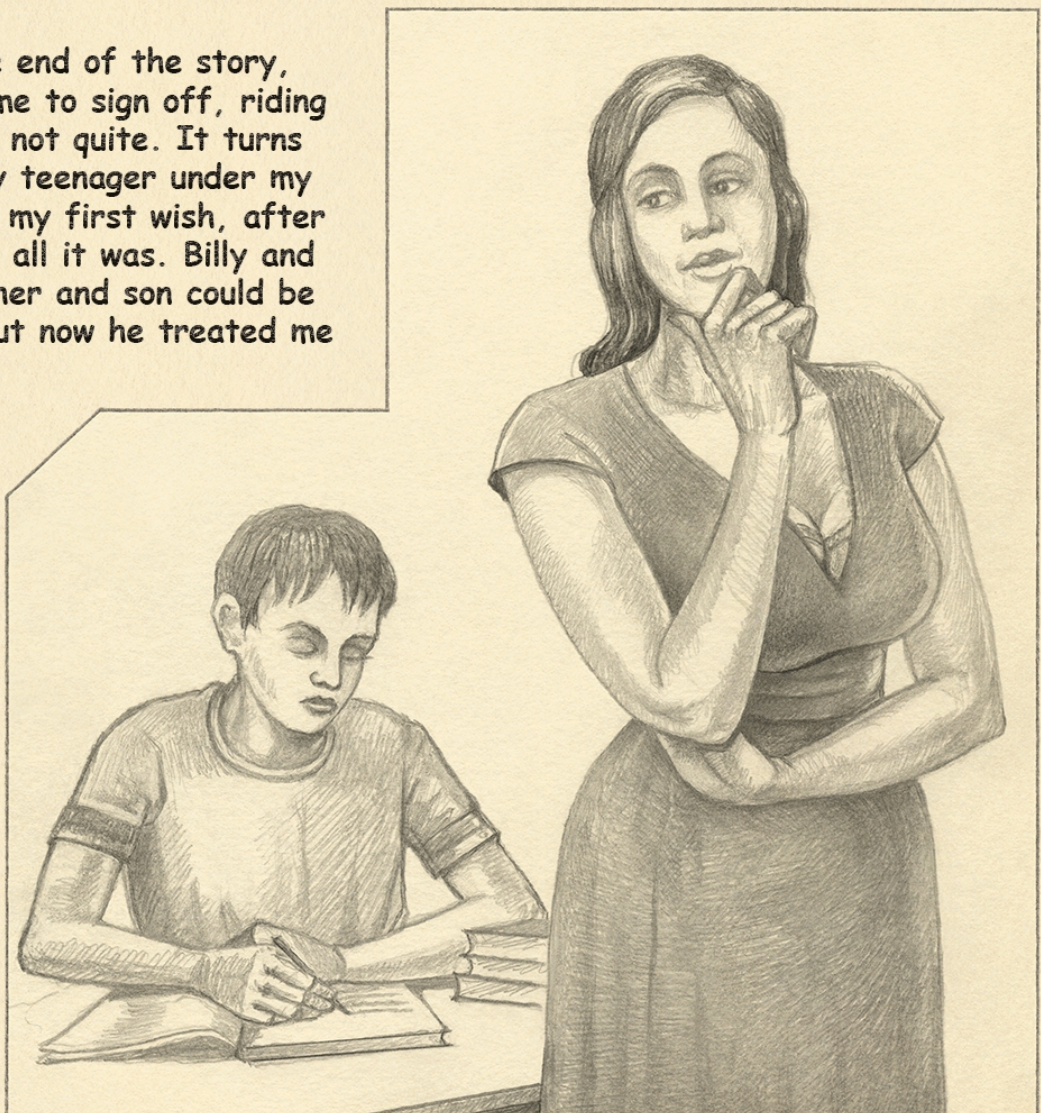
I danced around the parking lot, not caring if other church board members saw me from the main lot. When my jubilation finally waned enough for me to drive, I got behind the wheel and returned to my perfect life.

You thought this would be the end of the story, right? It should be time for me to sign off, riding into happily ever after. Well, not quite. It turns out I didn't like having a surly teenager under my roof. There was a reason for my first wish, after all. At first, I thought that's all it was. Billy and I had been as close as a mother and son could be before I turned back time, but now he treated me like an underperforming maid.

So, my life wasn't perfect, but I could live with it.

Other cracks began to show in the façade around me.

My marriage wasn't everything I had thought it was. After a week of tension twisting my stomach in knots, I realized that I was suffering from major sexual frustration.



My wonderful husband, bless his heart, had none of the enthusiasm or stamina that our eighteen-year-old son possessed. I had been blissfully ignorant before the first wish, but now I knew what I was missing. So, of course, the amount of time I spent masturbating skyrocketed. I went from once a month, to every day, to several times a day. And it was Billy's name that I whispered when I found my pleasure. Even that didn't satisfy me.



It became clear how I could kill two birds with one stone.

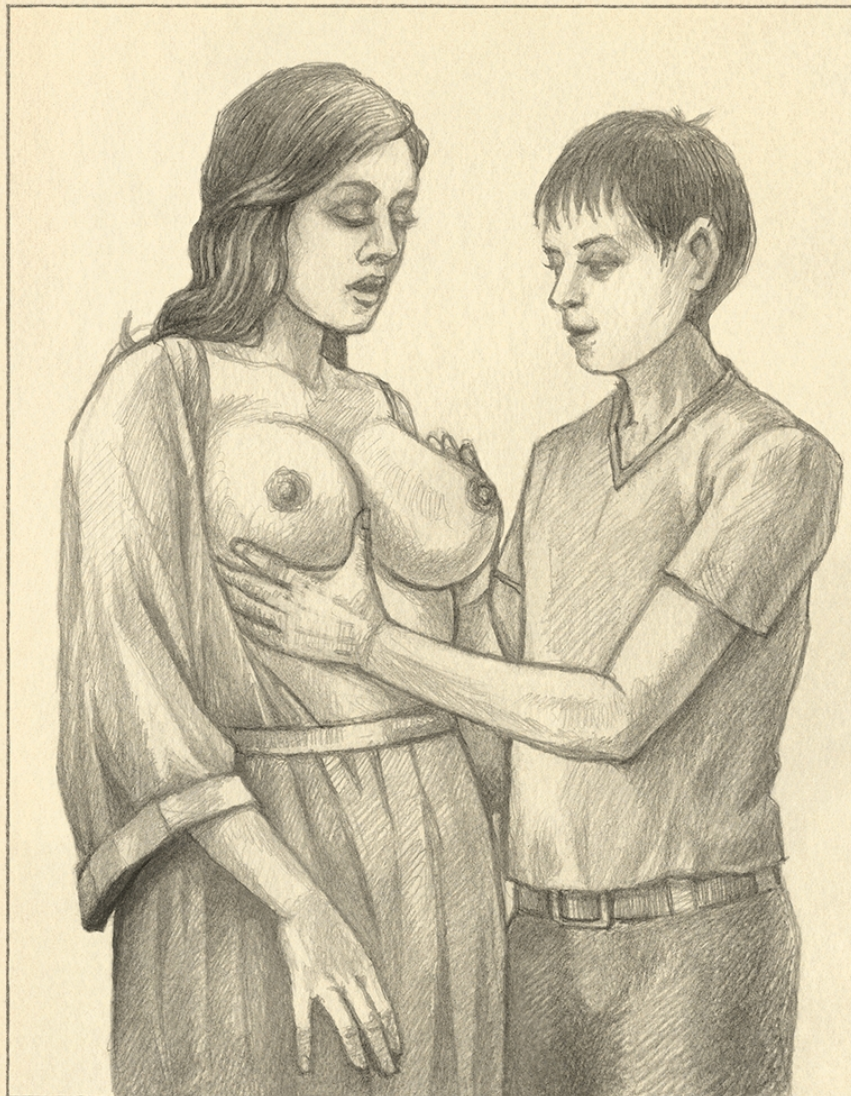
"Billy, can you come in here please?"

Enough was enough. I wore lingerie that I knew he loved and stood waiting for him in my room. I checked the clock compulsively. We would have hours uninterrupted.

"I'm busy, Mom. Can we just ...?"

He stopped in my bedroom doorway, and his mouth fell open. Billy stared at my cleavage, quickly looked away, and looked back again, ogling me.





"I thought about playing coy with you, sweetie. But I know you won't mind if I'm direct."

I gave him a nervous smile. I knew no such thing, but I was hoping. Tension eased when I saw his gaze unable to pull away. I had him. Of course I did.

This man worshipped me as a goddess for months before I foolishly erased it all.

"I'd like you to touch them, Billy."

"I ... I ... um ..."

His gaze darted to my face and then back down to my breasts. He chewed on his bottom lip the way he did when trying to get through some tough homework.

"Go on. I want you to touch my boobs, Billy."

I took a couple steps toward him, swaying my hips provocatively. I lowered the lingerie and let my breasts hang free.

"Will you do that for me?"

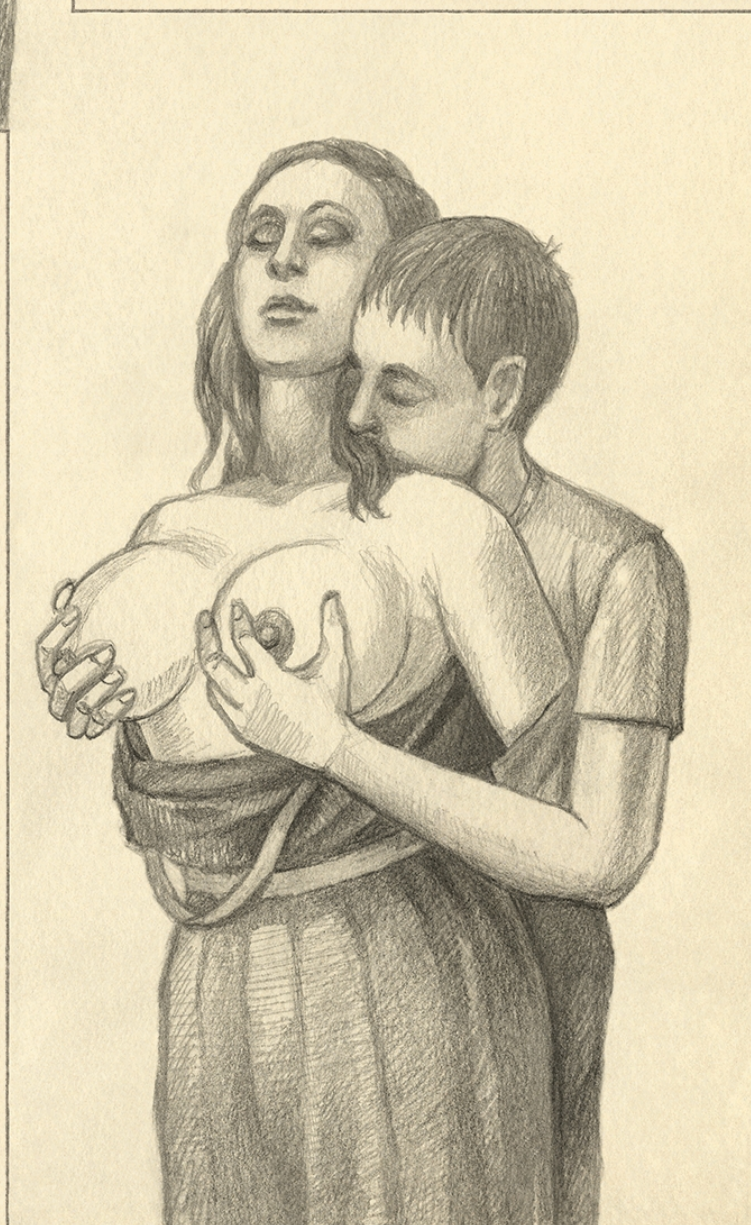
"Oh ... shit ... I ... um ..."

Billy's face went slack when his fingers pressed into my flesh. He looked like he had been hypnotized. I still giggle when I think about his expression at that moment.

Things progressed even faster than when Zoltar had twisted my first wish. I had the advantage of knowing exactly what he wanted and needed.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..."

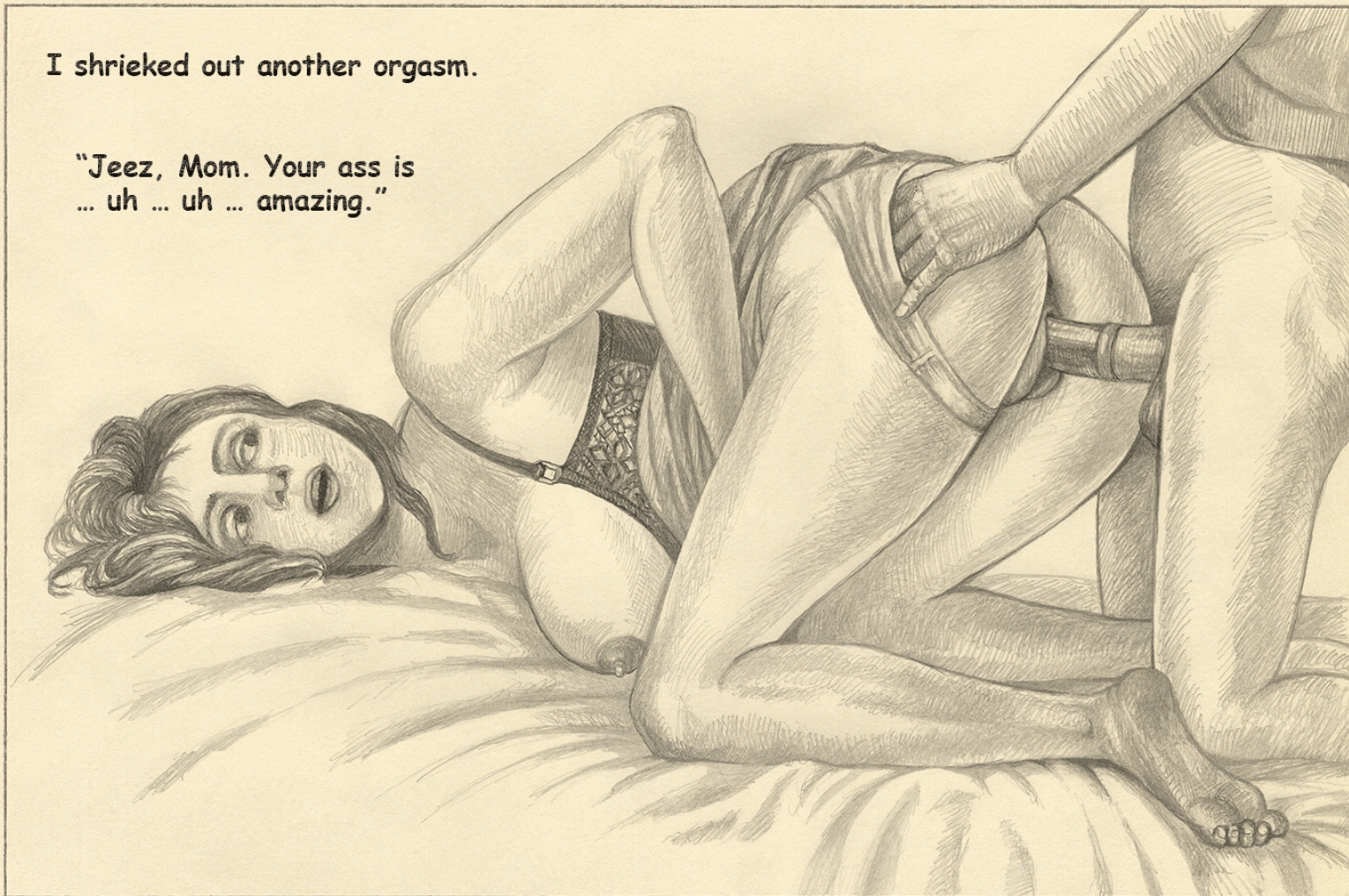
I sounded like a darn animal. I was a respected member of the PTA, on the board of our church, and chair of our neighborhood watch,



and I was on my hands and knees in the middle of my marital bed. I had been beaten by temptation. "Oh, Billy ... I'm going to ... lose it ... again." There were two condoms on the bedding around me, leaking my son's sperm onto the sheets. At least I had learned my lesson from the first wish. I wouldn't let him have sex without a condom again.

I shrieked out another orgasm.

"Jeez, Mom. Your ass is ... uh ... uh ... amazing."

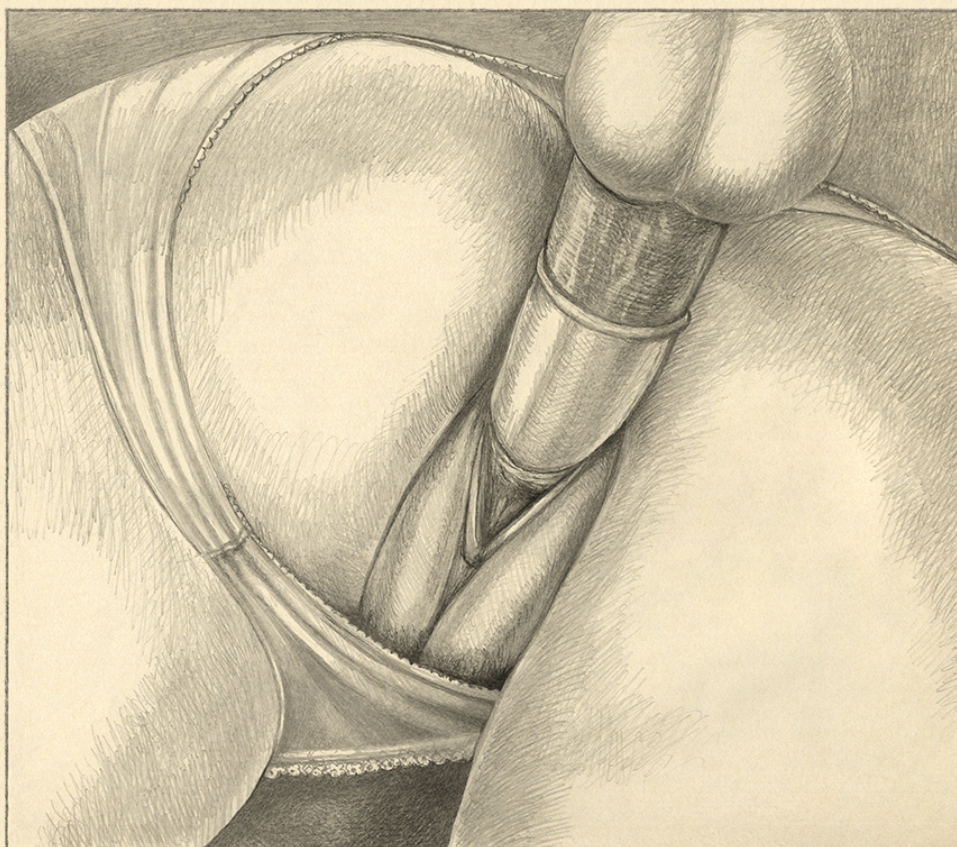


Billy gripped my upper butt tighter. That was something he always loved to do. Joy surged through me at having him back inside me, at our renewed connection. "Slap it ... sweetie."

I had raised him right. So, he didn't give my booty a smack. He was too respectful. It was time to undo some of that training. "Go ... on ... Mommy likes when you slap ... my butt." The sound of his hand on my skin reverberated around the room. "Ow ... not so hard."

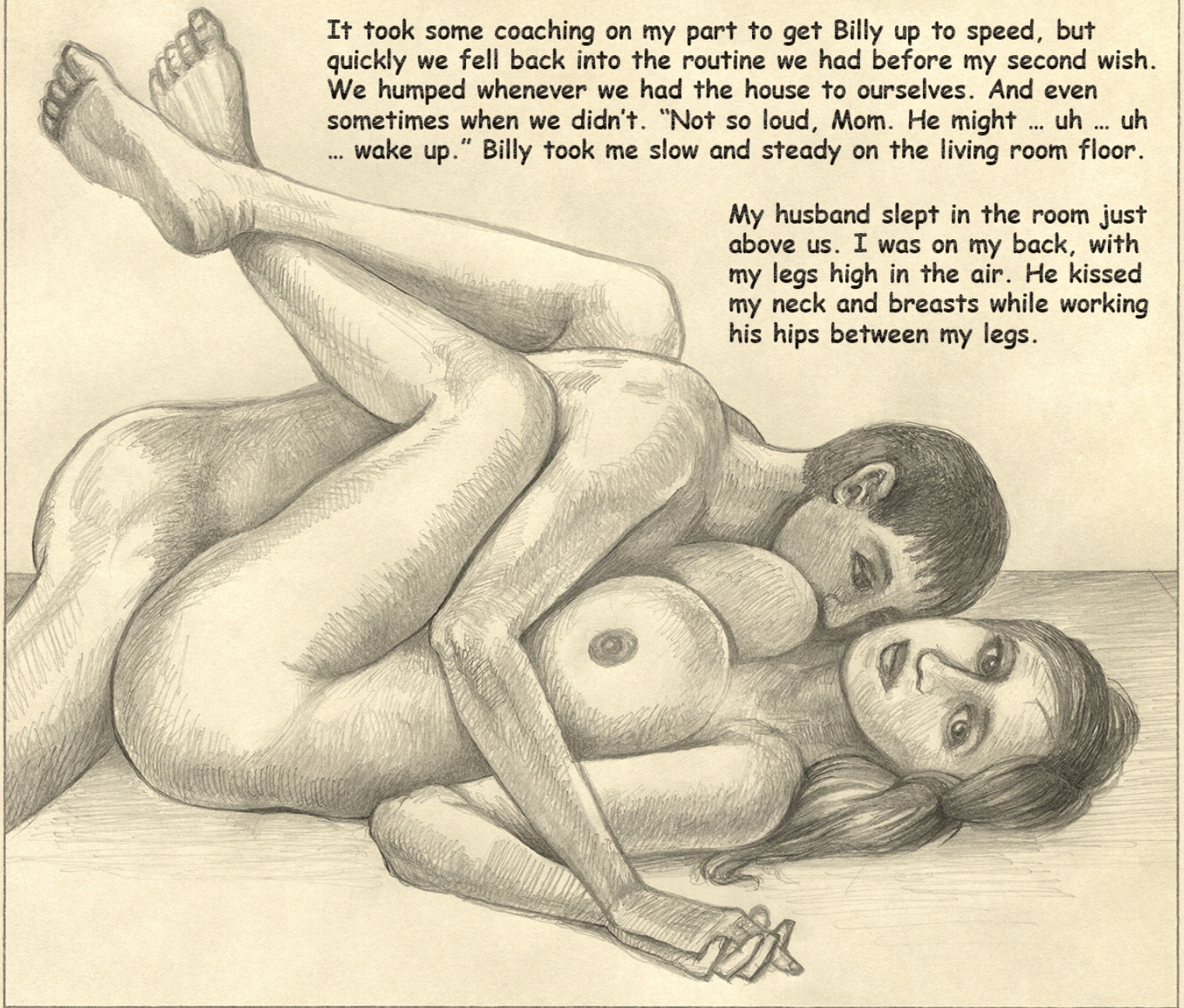
"Sorry, Mom." He pumped his hips and smacked me more gently. "Look at it ripple. You have the ... uh ... uh ... perfect ... mom bod."

"I ... ugh ... know." Hearing the thing he always used to say to me sent me over the edge. I clutched the sheets and had my best orgasm since the second wish.



It took some coaching on my part to get Billy up to speed, but quickly we fell back into the routine we had before my second wish. We humped whenever we had the house to ourselves. And even sometimes when we didn't. "Not so loud, Mom. He might ... uh ... uh ... wake up." Billy took me slow and steady on the living room floor.

My husband slept in the room just above us. I was on my back, with my legs high in the air. He kissed my neck and breasts while working his hips between my legs.



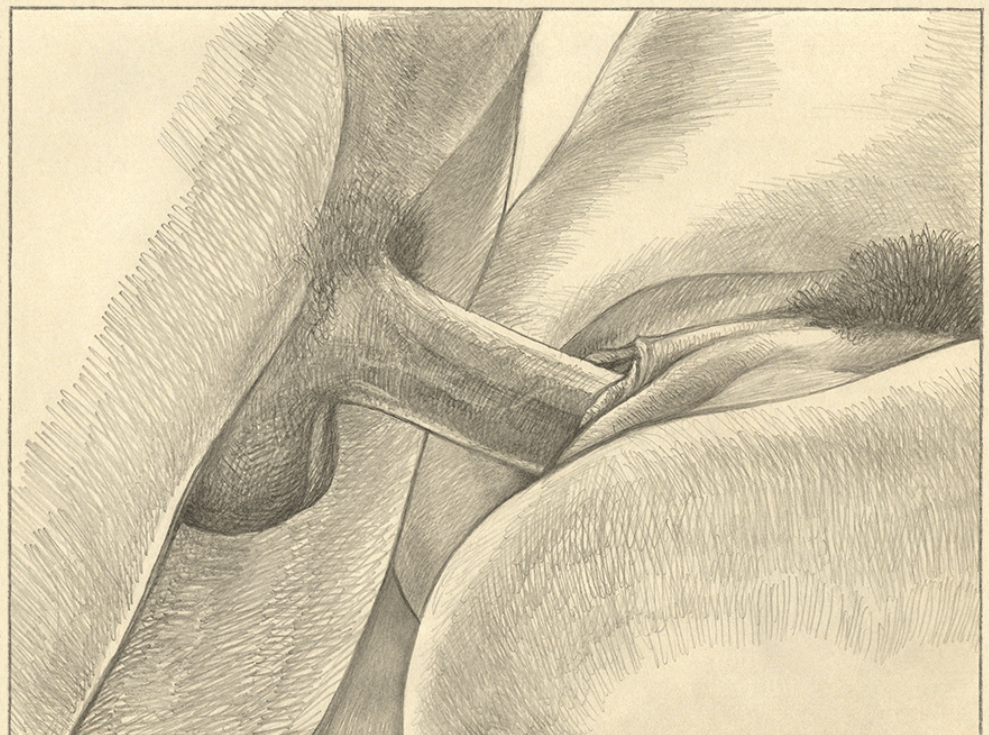
"Sorry ... ohhhhhhhh ... I just can't help myself ... with you." I held his shoulders and locked eyes with him. "I think ... we forgot ... the condom." Billy laughed hard. "Yeah ... I noticed ... I can feel everything now. You're ... so tight."

"Just promise ... you'll do it outside."

I gazed at him with total adulation.

"I ... ugh ... promise."

Billy said the right words, and I'm sure he meant them. But twenty minutes later he grunted out his satisfaction inside my vagina. And I did nothing more than wrap my legs around his butt and urge him on.



Months passed. I'm sure you can guess what happened. First wish ... second wish ... it didn't matter. I was in the same position.

That is, pregnant with my son's baby and riding him reverse. He says people call it reverse cowgirl, but I haven't seen many cowgirls with swollen bellies.

"You've got ... ugh ... ugh ... a red ... handprint ... on your ass ... Mom." Billy slapped me again for good measure.

"Do you ... like it?"

I knew he did, but I loved hearing him say it. "It's amazing. Your ass is so ... ugh ... wide. There's room for ... plenty more."

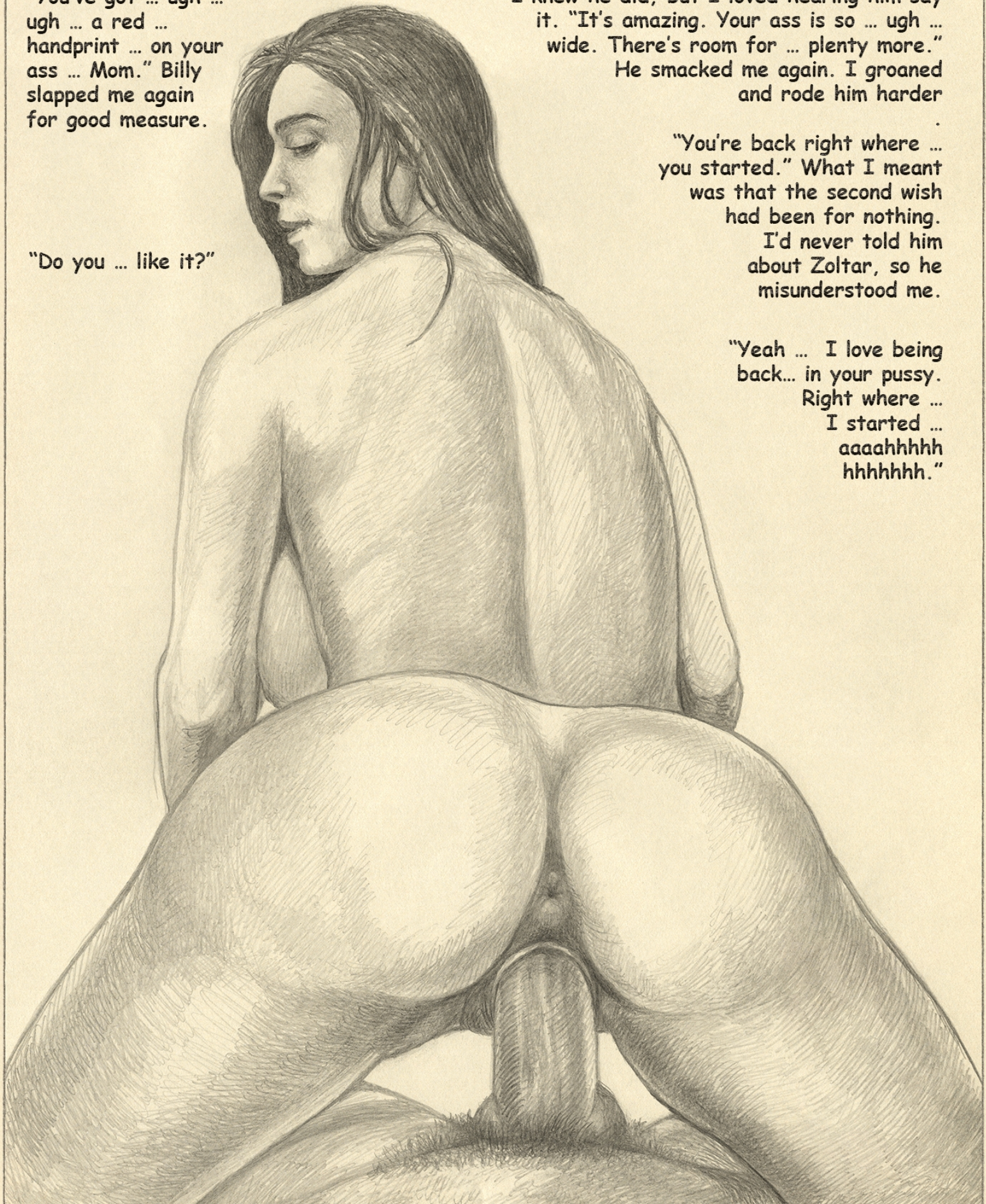
He smacked me again. I groaned and rode him harder

"You're back right where ... you started." What I meant was that the second wish had been for nothing.

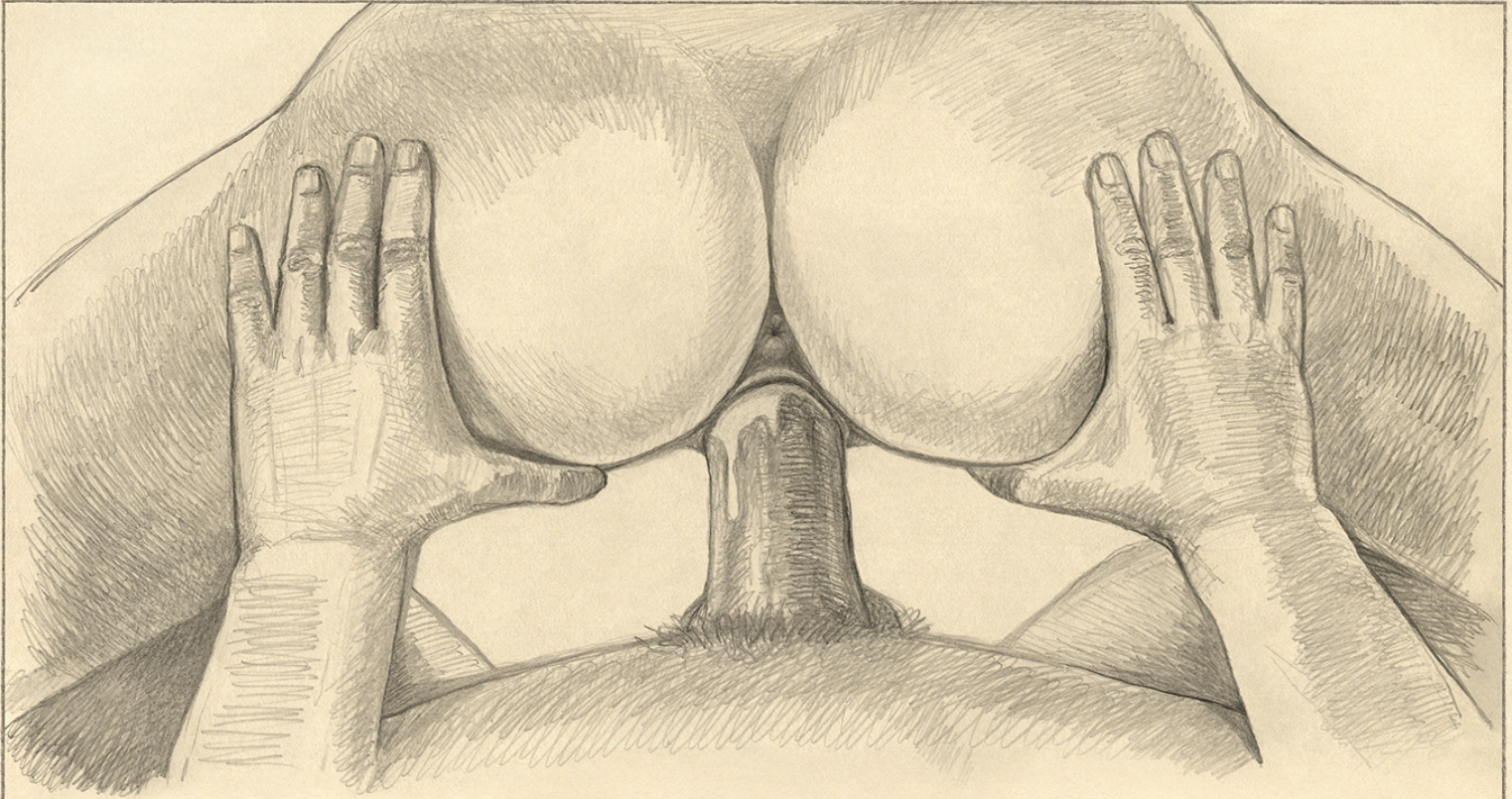
I'd never told him about Zoltar, so he misunderstood me.

"Yeah ... I love being back... in your pussy.

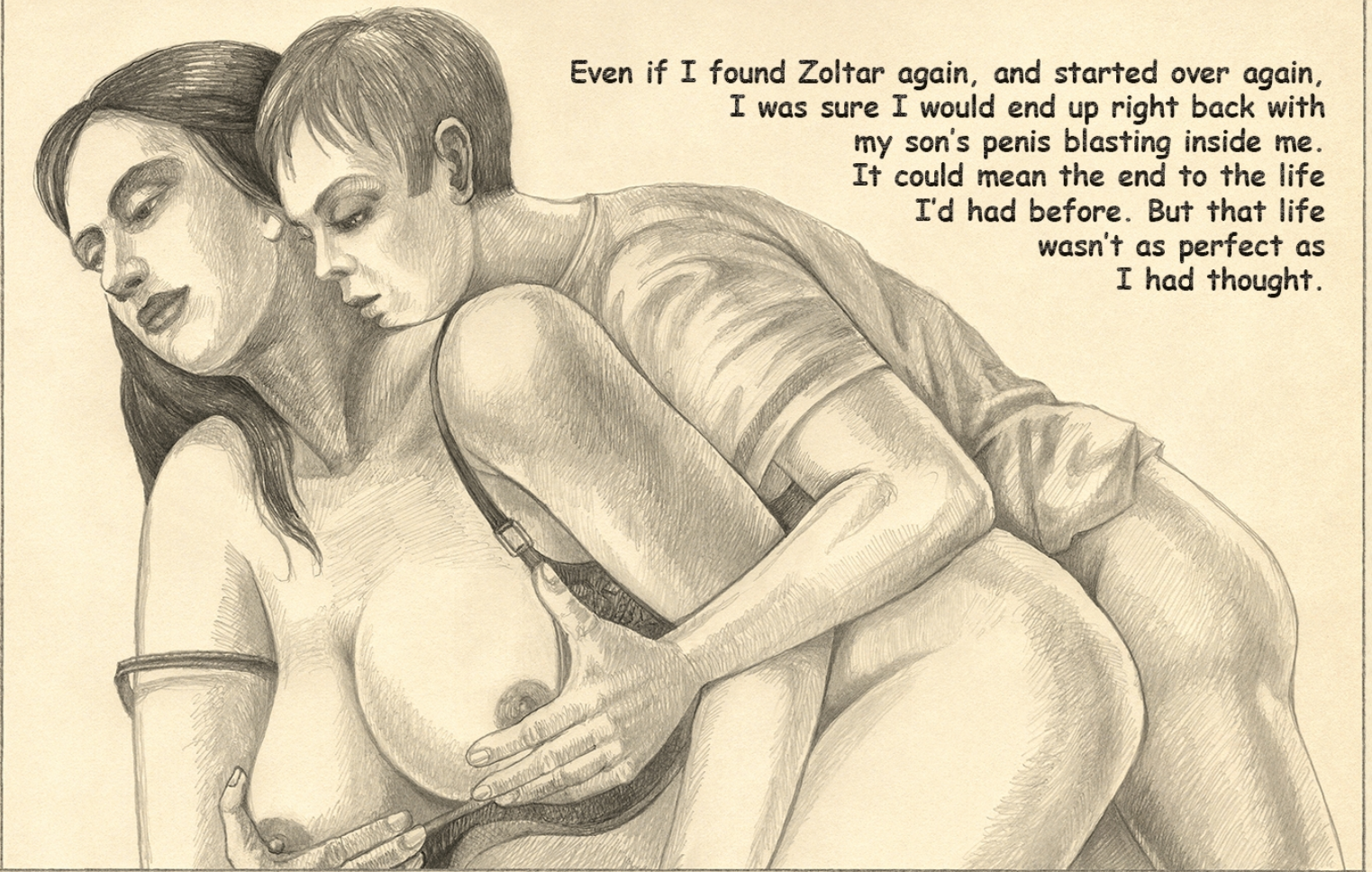
Right where ... I started ...
aaahhhhh
hhhhhhh."



Billy gripped fistfuls of my ass and slammed me down on his penis. The idea had clearly ignited his orgasm. My body trembled as I took his seed. Each time he released inside me I was hit by the purest high.



Even if I found Zoltar again, and started over again, I was sure I would end up right back with my son's penis blasting inside me. It could mean the end to the life I'd had before. But that life wasn't as perfect as I had thought.



When I made my first wish, I knew my son was the missing piece. But there was no way I could know how important that bond would be. My relationship with him dwarfed everything else. It made my church, PTA meetings, and even my husband afterthoughts. It rendered my second wish useless. I wonder if Zoltar knew this when he granted me the second wish. I'm guessing he probably did. He's probably laughing in whatever church parking lot he haunts now.



— THE END —