

Beastly Curse (Family to Various Anthro TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Mikan Tsumiki

Alex is investigating a kidnapping case in the woods with her partner. While looking, she comes across a witch who curses Alex and her family for refusing to aid her. Being a tough woman, Alex thinks it mere nonsense. But soon she and her three adult children are going to end up as beastly as the witch supposed her behaviour to be, and rather expecting to boot!

Beastly Curse

Alex Simmons was on a mission. A middle-aged man by the name of Richard Hobbes had gone missing, presumed kidnapped, after a strange interaction with a shadowy figure via CCTV footage. For whatever reason, the agitated Richard had gotten into the car with the figure, who had raced off to the woods. There was no licence plate, and only the chance front door footage of a rural household security cam gave them the evidence to know that the vehicle had gone into the woods somewhere. The only exit was out, and the vehicle hadn't left yet. That meant that Alex and her partner Dave were investigating, hoping to find answers.

"Damn this cold," Gary said, rubbing his vest. "It's not even winter. This forest gives me the creeps."

"Soldier on, partner," Alex said, grinning at him. "We've got a kidnapper to find. We'll comb these woods if we have to, and call in help if we must."

She marched forward, confident and determined as ever. Gary just sighed and followed her.

"Yes, ma'am," Gary said, even though they were both the same rank.

But Alex always had that effect on people. She wasn't particularly tall, being only five foot seven, and to look at her without knowing her one might just see her as a rather attractive woman of forty years old.. She had blonde hair that she kept in a practical ponytail, and hazel eyes that were rather entrancing. Her build was fit and athletic, but there was also no denying that she had a nice chest either; many a fellow officer had tried to remark upon this fact and gotten quite the eye-opening experience as a result. This was because Alex was *fierce*. She had been doing this job for nearly twenty years, and was always ready to get into her uniform and on an important case. She had raised three children, all of whom were adults, the youngest of which were now in college and in their twenties, and done it all while being a single mother after her husband left. She'd given birth to her oldest, Riley, when she

was just sixteen. But being a teen mother hadn't stopped her either. She had done this all while being calm, decisive, and determined, and she carried that like an aura around her. It didn't make her exactly likeable at times - she could be blunt and tactless, sometimes almost like a brute force pushing past others around her - but it did make her *effective*.

"Tire tracks," she noted. "And not too old. Whoever our kidnapper was, he or she went off the road and across this clearing. C'mon."

Garry followed after her, and the pair of them picked up speed, moving quickly through the thick forest. It was only when they heard someone call out that they began actively running, however, chasing down a strange squealing noise.

"Richard! Can you hear us, Richard? It's the police - whoever is there, put your hands up!"

They rounded a hillside, only to find not Richard, or a kidnapper, or a car or even evidence of a crime, but rather an old woman in old clothing, kneeling beside a massive sow that looked grotesquely pregnant. The sow was squealing in an almost human-like voice, clearly in labor. It looked to them with an expression that was almost desperate.

"Thank the Night Mother you have arrived!" the old woman declared. "I may have gone a bit too far with this one. She was quite rude to me in town, you see, and I just knew I had to punish her for her remarks. But now she's in labor, and I haven't managed to get her back to my forest farm yet. I need help delivering the piglets. Please, I shall give you a great reward for it; I have powers to do so."

Alex looked at her partner, who simply shrugged his shoulders and gave an expression that simply said: *This woman is clearly a few fingers short of a high five*.

"S-sorry ma'am," he said diplomatically, "but we're on a kidnapping case. We're looking for a man who looks like this." He held up a photograph. "Have you seen him?"

The woman grinned and caressed her large sow, who whined as another contraction came over it. "This *is* him. Oh, he made the most ghastly comments about me. Saying old women like me are useless to society and need to be more productive. Well, I made *him* more productive, didn't I?"

Alex rolled her eyes. "Listen, lady, have you seen a car come through her?"

"Sure, cars come all the time. It's been transformed since though: I used my magic to make it a bed of mushrooms. I need more for my stews, you see."

The two officers shrugged. This was going nowhere.

"Well, best of luck with your sow," Alex remarked, before moving on.

"Wait, aren't you going to help me?"

Alex turned. "We have a kidnapping case. This is far, far more important than any ridiculous piglet birth. You should have kept her closer to your farm if you were so worried."

"I can give you a blessing! I have the power!"

Gary clearly thought this lady was nuts, but he hesitated. "I could stay back and help her," he said. "It wouldn't take long. We've got radio contact."

"You're kidding me!"

"Both of you!" the witch demanded. "I'll need both of you. Why won't you help me?"

Alex huffed. "Because we have more important shit to get to. We're on a kidnapping case and don't have time for bullshit - pigshit - like this. Gary, stay if you want, but I'm following these tracks."

Gary indicated he would follow her soon once he got the sow out of breach, but the witch just glared angrily at Alex.

"You show beastly behaviour, young woman! For that alone, I curse you and your family line! You will become beastly to match your attitude, and you will be productive like my sow, in order to repent and give back what you have failed to aid. I'll leave you less animal-like than this one, but only because you have a partner who cares. Regardless, you'll soon feel what it's like to be at someone else's mercy."

Alex just snorted. "Sure thing, crazy lady. Enjoy your pig."

And with that, she wandered off.

The only thing she found after hours of searching, even when Alex reunited with her, was a large mushroom bed. By that point, the witch and the sow were gone - according to Dave, it had given birth to thirteen squealing piglets.

"No luck finding anything," Alex said, beginning to head back with her partner to their police vehicle. "Maybe I really am cursed?"

They shared a chuckle over that.

Riley had inherited her mother's forthrightness. She was slightly shorter than her mother, with neck length ginger hair and inherited hazel eyes. Aggressive and sarcastic, she knew she could get away with it because of her good looks. Guys always liked her for her impressive figure, especially her nice D-cup breasts. She was just heading out from her mother's house, and decided to leave her Mom sleeping rather than say goodbye since she had apparently been weirdly tired after her search through a forest the previous night. Instead, Riley dropped off her two siblings to the college they were at, then drove to work. It

was a big retail store and she was due for a promotion too. She arrived early and made a big deal about snatching customers up to look at pieces of furniture, fully knowing that her rival Jayla was vying for the same position. It was either going to be her or Jayla becoming floor manager, and Riley had long decided it should be her. She was tougher, better looking, and had more natural charisma. Most of all, she took no shit.

"Are you seriously poaching customers off of me?" Jayla asked several hours into the day, when there was finally a small lull in the business.

"Not poaching, just *taking*," Riley boasted, thrusting out her prominent chest. "If you really wanted those customers, you would have tried harder."

"You're seriously fucking with my numbers here!"

But Riley just grinned. "Of course I am. That's the point. I'm going to be on the big ticket for this promotion, and you won't be able to do *squat*, Jayla."

"You - you fucking pig!"

Jayla fumed, but she didn't need to for long, because at that very moment Riley felt a strange series of pressures over her body. Her skin prickles, her nose seemed to swell wider,, and various body parts *swelled*.

"Ohhhh," she moaned, clutching her body.

"What's wrong with you? Oh my God, Riley, you're skin is, like, turning pink!"

Riley had no way of knowing it, but the witch from the wood's magic had activated. She had put herself in a position over someone, putting them at her mercy. Now, she would be at *theirs*. And just as Jayla had said, her body was starting to become quite pig-like.

"Oh God, oh God what the f-fuck! Ohhhhh! NGHH!!!"

Her ears flattened, extending as they rose upon her head. Little pink hairs began to appear along her cheeks and brow, even as her skin became further pink in turn. Her breasts, already large, began to inflate yet further, and a number of lower points began to prickle, tensing, growing.

Jayla was astonished. She ran away, squealing even as Riley's changes advanced slowly yet implacably. She looked at a nearby mirrored surface and choked out a sob - her fingers were fusing in an odd way, her nails getting harder and thicker, and her nose was looking more snout-like.

"What the fuck is happening to m-meee!?" she squealed, hog-like.

Others in the store were looking her way, as were several customers. Jayla ran, leaving the store and getting to her car as soon as possible, even as her body swelled further. She needed to get away. She needed answers.

A voice in her head boomed: "*The beastly curse is upon your family bloodline.*"

Riley just cried out, forcing herself to adjust the seat. She took off at lightning speed, trying to ignore the strange bubbling sensation in her belly.

Dakota and Sam had no idea that this was happening, or that the curse was upon them. They were both, ostensibly, meant to be in their respective lectures and discussion groups for their courses. Instead, Sam had decided to skip his, uncaring about the latest psychology exam information. He wasn't a bad person, as far as young men go, but he certainly could be lazy, and academics wasn't his thing. He preferred to play videogames on his mobile gaming device, which was what he was doing out in the park space in front of the college. His appearance certainly gave the impression of a gamer slacker: while he was quite tall, he was also more on the chubby side, with slightly greasy hair that fell down to his neck. He had a reputation for not thinking before he acted, which was partly because he'd never been a people person. It was also what was about to get him into trouble, when someone moved to his general vicinity and loomed over him.

"Dude, I don't know who you are, but do you mind turning off the sound effects on that game or maybe using some headphones or something?"

"Why?" Sam said, rather bluntly at that.

He didn't even look up to see the tall dark man standing over him expectantly. "Because this is a college, and exams are coming up, and this is a study space for exams, maybe?"

Sam huffed, feeling put upon. If he had thought for a little longer, he might have considered the reasonableness of what he was being asked, but instead he just turned up the volume.

"I have a right to be here as much as anyone else. Go touch grass, man."

The man threw up his hands. "Fuck it then, have your space. You look like a fucking basement dwelling goblin anyway."

Sam just smirked, but only for a moment. Suddenly, a strange discomfort came over him. He grunted, hands shaking as various changes began. The man took a step back.

"Woah, you *do* look like a goblin. Dude, your skin is, like, going green!"

Sam dropped his game and stood up, only to clutch his stomach in response to some seriously intense pressures. His chest was on fire, and his nose was pushing forward, becoming long and thin. The same was true of his ears, extending backwards and thinning to points.

"What the f-fuck!? What did you do to m-meee!?"

"I didn't do anything! Holy shit, you're growing tits!"

Sam looked down and squealed - his voice going higher in pitch - as he saw that he indeed was growing breasts that were pushing out against his dark shirt. Even as that occurred, a pressure in his spine was pushing down, reducing his height and compressing his limbs.

"There's no way, there's no freaking way!" he cried, but then his teeth cracked and reshaped themselves, becoming pointed and sharp. The other man fled the scene at this point, terrified at the sight of the transforming man. Sam could only wail as his manhood began to retreat, pulling back up inside his body even as his skin became ever more alien - or goblin, in fact - in colour.

"No, no, no, no!" he cried, voice becoming feminine and raspy. Numerous people across campus were staring at him now, pointing and laughing or looking on with horror. Already, his clothes were becoming loose in some places and tight in others - especially around his chest for the latter, which was still swelling.

"Have to g-get out of here," he stammered, getting out his phone. His nails were already getting sharper, like dark green talons, but he managed to dial Riley's number and call it. He needed to be picked up.

As the number dialled, he ran across campus, trying to keep his clothes on and ignore the bounce in his chest. There was a strange pressure in his belly too, but among all the other panicking insanity, he barely took notice of it. A voice was already in his head, making him panic further.

'Your mother's bloodline is cursed now, Samuel. Enjoy your new fate. You will be quite productive.'

Dakota's boring sports science lecture had ended, and he was back on the soccer field, dominating the opposition during their training match. As the youngest of the family, Dakota had a bit of a wild side, not often following instructions, and that included being a good sport on the field. He often bragged or celebrated his victories without considering his other teammates, and part of that was simply due to being less socially interactive than others. Besides, being only five foot five in height had given him quite the inferiority complex at times, and so every victory was a hard-earned battle in his mind.

"Hell yeah!" he cried, scoring a goal after ignoring a number of teammates on the push forward. "That's another point for the Red Pandas! Try to keep up, guys!"

It wasn't clear whether he was saying this to the opposition or his own team, but given that it was a training match, they'd all have to see each other afterwards anyway.

The point was put up on the scoreboard, and play restarted. Jeffrey, one of his teammates, had the ball and was manoeuvring it forwards, ready to pass it to Daniel, who needed the experience. But Dakota didn't trust the pair to pull it off. He surged forward, effectively stealing the ball straight off of Jeffrey, and wound his way towards the goal using every technique he had. With one mighty belt of a kick, with just a smidge of spin applied to it, he scored yet another goal.

"Woohoo! That's another one! We're winning team!"

But the teammates barely celebrated, and the anger fuming off of them was obvious. Still, Dakota wasn't approached about this until break time at halfway point, when both Jeffrey and Daniel approached him.

"Dakota, you gotta give us more play out there. It can't be a training session if you hog the ball the whole time."

Dakota just chuckled, scratching his short brown hair. "I can't help it if I'm a winner. You guys know I'm the Red Pandas' biggest chance at winning the league this year."

"It won't be *us*," Daniel said. "It will just be *you*. We need this training, and we need to work as a team. We can't just have one person be the sole Red Panda. Otherwise the rest of us might as well be on the sides in the mascot outfit."

The confident young man chuckled. "That'd be great to see."

"I'm serious, Dakota," Jeffrey interjected. "We can't keep going on like this. You're not being a team player."

At this point, even Dakota could recognise the irritation of his teammates. If this was family, he'd apologise. His mother had always driven them to success, and that had left them all a bit smug. They were loyal to each other, but it was hard to be so with everyone else.

"Well, maybe I'll be a team of one, then," he said. "Maybe I'll be the only Red Panda the team will need."

He said this victoriously, but a sudden chill came over him.

'The family curse now passes to you for this, Dakota. Time to face some furry justice.'

"What was that?" he said.

"What was what?" Daniel asked.

"I just heard a - NGHH!!"

He doubled over, clutching his form as the ripples of change came over it. Fur began to sprout in small patches across his form, impressively red in colour, though with some lighter stripes as well. The others took a step back.

"Woah, is this a prank or something? Dakota, how are you doing this?"

"I'm - ahhh - n-not! I don't know what's h-happening to meeeee!"

His voice shot up an octave as his face became smoother, more feminine, even his jaw changing shape. But said jaw changed even further after that, jutting forth a little, nose moving with it to give him the appearance of a small, rather cute snout. Red and white and black hairs began to push from the skin there, and his teeth sharpened a little. The two boys yelled, realising that this was no mere prank.

"EVERYONE! DAKOTA IS TURNING INTO A RED PANDA MONSTER OR SOMETHING!"

Dakota groaned as numerous teammates flocked to see him. His body was getting larger, or perhaps it was just the fur causing it to do so. His spine ached just above his pelvic bone, and while he tried to pull away from the crowd it suddenly erupted, tearing out the back of his team shorts to become . . . a red panda tail. It surged outwards, growing and expanding, bristling with red fur topped with a white, furry end. It swayed under its own control, waving with his agitation.

"What the fuck! What the absolute fuck - I've got a tail!"

"He's got a tail!" someone declared.

"He looks like a girl panda!"

"WHAT!?" Dakota cried, only to clasp his newly furry hands over his snout-like mouth. They were more slender now, dark, with claws that were growing over his fingernails. But the voice had been feminine, much more than his usual boyish voice. Worse, twin pressures on his chest were making themselves known, pushing forward to create two large, furry breasts that weighed heavily on his form. They stretched the confines of his sports shirt, their impression obvious even as the fur continued to spread slowly but implacably.

"He is a girl red panda! This is crazy! It must be magic!"

"Couldn't happen to a nicer guy, right?"

Dakota cried. "G-get away from me!"

He shuffled on his furry legs, stumbling a little as his feet changed shape. And then he managed to build some momentum and flee from the field, his increasingly large tail fluttering back and forth in an embarrassing fashion. His teammates hooted and hollered, but the new red panda figure, still changing and losing his manhood slowly, only had one concern in mind. He grabbed his bag by the sidelines, tore the phone from it, and began to

text his eldest sister. He needed to get out of here and find out what was going on, connected to that voice he'd heard.

"I'm going to be sick," he said, his voice now girlish.

Indeed, his stomach was feeling odd. Kind of pressurised . . .

Alex grunted and groaned back at her home. She had overslept past her alarm for the first time ever, and was now late to work. That had never happened, but she had bigger concerns than getting to her shift, because her body was starting to change in ways that she could never have imagined.

"Ughhh, what's g-going on with meeeeeee!?"

She had just woken up, but her breasts were nearly double their regular size, and to her horror another set were growing beneath them. Worse, something was expanding between her thighs, a mass that was bulging outwards with four strange points. The pressure everywhere was incredible, and it didn't stop there either.

"My head, what's happening to my head?"

The tough mother cop shuffled awkwardly to the bathroom, only to be confronted by an eerie reflection. From her scalp two horns were pushing outwards. It wasn't painful, but it was uncomfortable. Worse, her jaw was cracking, altering, *reshaping*.

"Noooo! MOOOOO!!!" she cried, even as her new bovine nature became obvious. Her pale skin became even paler, and hairs began to sprout across her form, black and white to mimic a Holstein pattern. Even as this occurred, her now-D cup breasts expanded, becoming heavier and larger, going to full E-cups. Below them, two nipples formed, and a new set of breasts pushed forward. She clutched them with her hands, cupping their soreness, groaning in shock and horror as her fingers also changed, fusing to become a set of hoof-hands.

"This can't be real, this c-can't be. Magic isn't real, magic isn't!"

'The curse be upon you and your family, Alex Simmons. From this day you shall be as beastly as your attitude, and productive as the sow you failed to aid. Enjoy!'

"Who was that? Is that you, old woman? Mo-o-ake this go away, now!"

But there was no relief or respite, and Alex could only cry out in a strange release as a long, ropy tail pushed out from her backside. Her bra and panties snapped, leaving her naked but for her increasing black and white fur. Another trembling surge of pressure, and the mass between her legs expanded, forcing her thickened thighs apart.

"Is that - no, it can't be - I'm growing a fucking udder! UGH!"

Tugging on one of the teats, a long stream of milk erupted, causing her to go weak at the knees. It was a nightmare. It was impossible. And yet it was all too real. And far worse, when she managed to waddle out to the main living room to try and take stock of herself and get herself to the hospital, she saw three inhuman monsters emerging from Riley's car upon the street.

No, it was Riley. Riley and Samuel and Dakota. She recognised the tattered remains of their clothing, despite the fact that they were now a strange, overly busty pig-woman, goblin lady, and female humanoid red panda respectively.

'Behold, the curse upon your line, Alex. All for your sins!'

Alex managed to get to the front door, milk leaking not just from her udder but her enlarging breasts. On the other side were her three adult children, all heavily transformed - still transforming, in fact! Samuel was growing an extra pair of breasts from his green body, and still shrinking in height too. Riley was grunting and squealing as she explained her story, a third set of tits erupted from her figure. And Dakota was panicking as his fur spread, screaming about losing his dick.

"Everyone, stop! Stop!" Alex declared. "We need to drive out to the forest together. I'll explain on the way. We've all been cursed by a witch for something I did. I didn't help her. We need to - Mooooooooo!"

Suddenly, her udder spilled more milk. There was a pressure in her belly she was trying to ignore, even as her feet left her hastily put-upon shoes, now being entirely hooved.

"We need to get there, before we change anymore!"

The three children looked at each other, shocked at what they had become and were still becoming. They were starting to look a little fat too, their bellies protruding.

"Then let's hurry up!" Riley declared, just before oinking.

"Ughhhh, before these tits grow any b-bigger!" the goblin Samuel moaned.

"Or my f-fur!" Dakota whined.

Alex probably had the worst time of it. She was bigger already than her kids, and her breasts even larger than Riley's enormous F-cups, though both women were still growing in that multibreasted department. Her udder gurgled unpleasantly as she fit herself into the front seat, forcing her thighs apart. Milk spilled from her naked chest, embarrassing her children, but they were all embarrassed now anyway; the last of their clothes was falling off.

Alex struggled with her hooved for a moment, trying to see past her enormous double pair of breasts. More fur was spreading, and her ears were becoming downy and soft and long, just like a cow's. Eventually, she found the accelerator and took off. The rest of the

occupants of the car all groaned and complained and begged for mercy, their bodies still bloating up, especially their bellies.

They had to overtake many a car, and Alex beeped the horn and her adult children hurled obscenities. At one point, they even had to force a cyclist pair off the road just to get ahead, and even run a red light, screaming and honking at a pedestrian to not cross the road yet. They were desperate, especially Alex, and she was willing to break the rules she once enforced to save her family. And yet, with each ill act, there was another ripple of changes, forcing all the occupants of the vehicle to change yet further. By this point, they were starting to panic, even as they approached the woods at high speed. Each of them now had a rather taut dome of a belly, one that was continuing to expand. Only Alex had a clear idea of what that might mean from her encounter with the witch. She had been pregnant before, and remembered well what it was like. Something stirred within her, causing her to moo.

She pulled to a stop, and apart from Samuel, who was only about four and a half feet tall now, they all struggled to get out due to their sizes. They were almost complete in their changes by this point, looking fully like anthropomorphic animals, except, again, for Samuel, who was something entirely fantastical.

"Why are we getting so f-fat!?" Samuel cried.

"Ignore it, son," Alex said, trying not to moo. "We need to go on - moo! - foot now. Or hooves. Whatever. Quickly, we can find her!"

She rushed ahead, her enormous breasts flopping about, her udder slapping against her legs. The others followed, Riley squealing like a pig as her now-eight breasts, all humongous, bounced and jiggled heavily. A small pig's tail bounced also, as did her large rear. Samuel had to rush to keep up, her belly dominating her - she was now totally female, on the verge of her changes completing. Dakota managed to get ahead, sniffing the air for any traces of an old woman as if by instinct. She was less burdened than the others, but her furry belly was growing, and things seemed to be stirring within it.

"Mom, are we p-pregnant?" the new female red panda asked as they advanced.

"Don't - moo! - think about it!"

"Oh my God, we're pregnant, aren't we!?" Riley added. "Just look at Samuel! He - or she - is more belly than goblin now!"

"Just keep - nghh! - mooooving! We're nearly there - OH!"

They reached a steep bank, and Alex couldn't control her hooves as well as feet. She slid down, as did the others, all of them barely managing to stay upright. By some instinct, they all clutched their stomachs. They toppled into each other and only managed to catch themselves on all fours, their bellies scraping against the dirt of the ground.

"Well, well, what an entrance for my new farm creatures, hmm?"

Alex looked up. Her udder was pumping milk into the earth, as were her four breasts. God, they were so large.

"Y-you!"

"Mom, is this her?" Samuel asked.

She shushed her son-turned-goblin-daughter, instead staring at the old woman, who was sitting expectantly on a rock, as if waiting for them.

"It is me indeed, goblin dearie," the woman said. "I'm the witch of the woods, as your mother and now you all are well aware."

"P-please," Alex groaned, standing up. "Please don't leave us like - moo! - this."

She gestured to her enormous udder and furry bovine form, and then to her children. Each were now rubbing their expanding stomachs in shock. They were getting big - 'overdue in size' big. Or perhaps they were just carrying litters by this point. Certainly, Riley felt as if a bunch of piglets were shifting about inside her, causing her to oink occasionally.

The witch stood, smiling. "Oh I can't do that. After all, the reason why I turned you, Alex, was because you were rude and unhelpful to me."

"Then at least save my children! They d-don't deserve this!"

They all grunted approval, and also discomforted. Their changes were finalising, they could all feel it. By some new magical instinct, they also realised that once they locked in, their new bodies would be permanently theirs, unable to be changed back.

But the witch just grinned. "Oh, sorry, can't do that. You see, they had the chance not to be hit by the curse. They just had to go one day without being rude to people and lording it over them, as you did. They all failed. Which means it's time for your final changes, and for you to join my farm as my pets and breeders, dearies! Enjoy!"

And with that, the final changes occurred. Each family member wailed, cried, groaned, moaned, and grunted as their transformations finished. Alex was left with enormous H-cups on her chest, permanently lactating along with her basketball-sized udder. Riley's eight tits were all massive G-cups, dominating her form. Her belly contained an entire litter of piglets, only a month away from birth. The same was true of Samuel with a little of goblins; she could barely move her belly was so huge, and she too began lactating, unable to stop the rivers of slightly green milk. Dakota was also pregnant, and fully female, and with a litter of

anthro pandas inside her. At least she had the mercy of only a regular pair of breasts, though they were still huge, furry E-cups. Each of the new women were now forever stuck in these forms, on the verge of giving birth within the next thirty days, and to many babies at that! They all took stock of their changes, horrified that this was their new existence. The witch just happily looked over them, however.

“Well, my lovely new dearies, we best get you back to the farm with the others, hm? Not like you can go back to civilisation now.”

Alex gulped, realising the witch was right. She was no longer human, and she desperately needed a pump for her milk. Out here, she and her children would not survive. The only hope was the possible mercy of the one who had changed them.

“I’m sorry, my children, we have no choice,” she said, rubbing her enormous, furry, pregnant stomach.

“Come with me, then,” the witch declared. “And try not to overwork yourselves. Just remember, the first litter is always the hardest!”

The End