

Take Responsibility (Hyper Preg)

By FoxFace

A Commission for Allornone

Two sisters couldn't be more different; Mary is uptight and responsible, Pauline sleeps around and parties. But when Pauline gets knocked up unexpectedly, she comes crying back to her older sister, begging for help. But when Mary tries using a spell from an inherited spellbook - one she doesn't even believe will work - it will change both their lives in ways they could not have foreseen . . .

Take Responsibility, Part 1

Mary and Pauline were sisters only two years apart, but they couldn't be any more different, not just in appearance but in their entire lifestyles. Twenty-four year old Mary had always been the responsible one; she was a thin athletic woman who aimed to excel in all important avenues of life. She was working on her Masters of Finance degree following a very successful Bachelor Degree result, and she devoted much of her time to this pursuit. Yet even despite all this study, she still found time to play hockey *and* basketball once a week, scoring highly for her teams and often being the difference between defeat and victory; and when she was present, it was always the latter. With her short bob of brunette hair and stern expression, she had a certain power to her expression that captured one's attention.

However, she wasn't exactly a curvy woman; she had a flat chest and behind in part to her physical activities, in part due to simple genetics. She claimed she had never minded, but it did sometimes hurt when her longtime boyfriend Steven sometimes lingered his gaze on her more attractive sister.

Twenty-two year old Pauline was another matter entirely. The younger sister was the yin to her sister's yang. She was a party girl, a dedicated extrovert who loves social catchups that went way past midnight, and was often getting tipsy not just with her girlfriends, but with handsome boys too. She too was at college, focusing on a Bachelors of Psychology degree, but her focus on the course often wavered, despite her having the intelligence to pass it. She often did the bare minimum, preferring instead to text her friends, arrange get-togethers, and flirt with men she was interested in. And whereas her older sister had an attractive, albeit lithe form, Pauline had inherited their mother's curves and then some. She had large Double-D breasts and wide hips that led around to a perfect peachy butt which she just loved to wiggle in view of cute boys. She focused on fashion, wearing cute outfits and hot dresses that conformed to her voluptuous features, and she was also a classic blonde,

which got many of the boys' engines revving in her presence. She didn't exactly discourage them.

The sisters had always been close, but ever since they entered adult life, they had drifted slowly apart. The first reason began with Mary getting her long-time boyfriend in Steven, who was a kind (if-traditional) man who wanted to settle down and start a family. Mary had absolutely no intention of doing so anytime soon, but she liked Steven, particularly since he was also business oriented like her. But it meant that she and her sister spent less time together, and it was the first wedge. The next reason, and the far greater wedge, was when Pauline turned twenty-one, and was able to go out drinking at clubs with her friends, and boyfriends. Mary had never approved of such behaviour, but Pauline loved going out partying, and didn't care how drunk or flirty she got. Soon, Pauline was addicted to having sex often, and had a list of bootycalls, fuckbuddies, and hot hunks she could call up. With her good looks, particularly her ample bust line which was further enhanced by her low-cut tops, she was very popular out on the town. Mary was constant in her disapproval, especially when Pauline's grades began to drop.

"You can't keep going this way, Pauline! You're going to waste your future!" she said during a heated argument. "You're wasting your time with all this - this ridiculous behaviour!"

Pauline crossed her arms, furious. "Excuse me? You're just jealous that I get all the attention because I've got bigger boobs than you."

"Are you kidding? This has nothing to do with my boobs!"

"Oh yeah, then why is Steven always looking at them? Why don't you just give him those kids he wants instead of bothering me all the time. Maybe then your boobs will be half as big as mine. Hell, just getting laid might make you less uptight."

Mary nearly blew a vein in her temple. "You're wasting all your potential Pauline, and one day you're going to come begging to me for help because all your slutty actions will come home to roost."

"Uptight bitch!"

"Stupid whore!"

The dynamic between them further soured, with the two refusing to speak to another for months on end. Mary would occasionally see Pauline walking in some new skimpy outfit; a short skirt showing off her perfect legs, a tight crop top revealing her taut stomach and pulling tight around her large breasts. She was often accompanying some handsome footballer or hunky student. The two would share a look, and Pauline would speak briefly to her latest boytoy, before moving to Mary. Mary would simply grab her books and leave before Pauline could approach her. She didn't want to accept her sister's attempts to reconcile until she was humiliated and apologetic. Eventually, Pauline got the message, though Mary saw her crying in public several times, comforted by her girlfriends. Mary knew

she should apologise, but deep down her pride wouldn't let her. She wanted to be able to say 'I told you first.'

Another month later, she got her wish.

Mary was shocked when the knocking guest at her door turned out to be Pauline, her younger sister overcome with tears and wearing an uncharacteristically baggy hoodie.

"Pauline? What's happened? Are you okay?"

Her sister looked at her with red eyes. "C-can I c-come in?"

Mary nodded, and let her sister in, not sure what had happened. She brought her over to the couch.

"Where - where's Steven?" Pauline asked.

"He's working late. It's just me. You don't have to worry about him 'staring at your boobs', I guess."

Pauline shot her a look, and Mary realised that the comment was undeserved. She may have disliked her sister's behaviour, but she didn't want to be cruel about it. She wanted to be *right*.

"Okay, that was a bit too harsh," she admitted. "What's going on? Are you okay? Did someone hurt you?"

Pauline shook her head. It pained her to say what she had to say next. But more than that, the entire situation scared her.

"Well, Pauline? What is it?"

"I'm . . . pregnant," she whispered.

"Sorry, what?"

"I'm pregnant!" she declared, and tears brimmed in her eyes. "I don't know who the father is. There's a few different guys it could be, but I'm fucking scared Mary. I don't want to become a mother, and I don't want to get surgery or anything, I don't believe in that shit. God, I was so careful. I made sure they all wore condoms and everything!"

Mary managed to hide her smirk with her hand, pretending to be shocked and concerned. In truth, she was surprised this development hadn't come earlier; perhaps some small part of her had actually *wanted* this outcome. It was, in many ways, the ultimate way to prove to her sister that Mary was right and Pauline was wrong. She shivered a little in excitement at the prospect of extracting a full apology from her younger sister, but she had to slowly make her way there.

"My God, I can't believe it," she said, sounding a little false. "Are you sure?"

Pauline nodded. "I've done seven tests, all different. All positive. I'm really pregnant. I'm knocked up, Mary. I - I didn't know who else to turn to."

Mary examined the baggy hoodie. It hid Pauline's shape. She hadn't seen her younger sister much recently, but was it possible this was not just a recent discovery?

"Pauline . . . how far along are you?"

The blonde was silent for a time. "Three months. I'm about to enter my second trimester." She raised her fingers and slowly unzipped her hoodie jacket, and pulled the halves apart to reveal her body. She wore a tight crop top - no change there - but her stomach was noticeably a little swollen. More swollen than one would expect of three months, in fact. Her boobs were bulging out of the cups of her bra, looking as if they had swollen up to E-cups. Her nipples had already swollen; they dented the thin material of her bra and top.

"Christ, how long have you known?"

Pauline's voice was almost breaking. "About a month. I thought . . . I don't know. I thought if I ignored them, something might happen. But they're getting bigger."

"They . . ."

She looked again at that slight bloat, the rounded curve of her sister's stomach. It was indeed too big for a three-month belly, at least for a single foetus.

"Twins," Mary realised. "You're having twins."

Pauline nodded. "I thought you could maybe help."

Mary couldn't help it. It was too perfect a line: she cracked up laughing. Instantly Pauline's expression turned from one of sadness, to one of righteous anger.

"What the fuck is so funny?"

Mary managed to push the laughter away, but it still resurfaced as haughty giggles as she spoke. "Oh, nothing! Just that I have tried to help you Pauline, over and over and freakin' over. I've told you to stop partying. I've told you to stop sleeping around. I've told you to take some damn responsibility with your life, and get focused on your studies. What can I say, Pauline, except *I told you so.*"

Pauline looked at her elder sister with shock, momentarily speechless. Then suddenly she zipped up her top and stood.

"Fuck you Mary. I come to you for help, after trying to approach you for months, and you treat me like this? I don't want to end up as a single mother! Can't you stop being so spiteful and help me?"

Mary folded her arms. "This is all your fault, sis. I told you that you'd get knocked up. But maybe I can be persuaded to help you sort out what to do with the kid if you agree to finally apologise to me for all your behaviour, and actually take responsibility."

Pauline glared. "Fuck you. Fuck you. I'm going to find a way to deal with this, and when I have, I'm going to go straight back to partying as much as I want, and sleeping around as much as I want. And maybe, one day, I'll accept *your* apology, sis."

And with that, she stormed out, leaving Mary profoundly unsatisfied.

"I'll find a way to make you responsible, Pauline," she whispered to herself. "You're bringing those twins into the world, I'll make sure you have to grow up and take care of them."

It was a powerful vow she had made that day . . . too bad it was almost impossible to fulfil. Mary continually tried to ambush her sister, bombard her with talking points, direct her towards parental guides and leaflets and pamphlets, but nothing worked. Pauline was refusing to talk to her, and moreover, she had gone back to her old ways. Despite her swelling belly becoming more and more obvious, she continued to dress in inappropriate outfits, and even went out partying a few times. It wasn't the same for Pauline though; she could not drink alcohol, and a lot of guys weren't interested in having sex with a pregnant girl. And some others were a little *too* interested for her tastes. What's more, her breasts were increasingly achy and sore, too tender during sex. Her stomach - now four months along - was a nuisance at times, and her developing babies meant that she was throwing up still in the morning, and becoming overtired at the times she would usually be energetically going out for fun and sexy times. But still, she refused to let Mary see these problems, or that her grades were slipping even further, and that she was in danger of failing her degree altogether.

Mary, for her part, only saw that Pauline was still partying, still having the time of her life, and still not living up to her wasted potential. With every attempt at changing her younger sister's stubborn mind foiled, she was quickly running out of options when it came to making her sister more responsible. Moreover, her boyfriend Steven had found out about Pauline's pregnancy, and was excited by the prospect.

"How good would it be for us to get married, and have our own set of twins?"

She rolled her eyes. "Steven, I love you, and maybe, maybe one day I'll have a baby with you. But it would be just that; *one baby*. And frankly, I'm not even sure I want one. I've got a prosperous career ahead of me, and I don't want to be stuck as barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen; that's where Pauline's future is headed, and it's not a good look."

Steven just sighed. "Okay, babe. Okay. Still, I think you would be an amazing mother. And who knows, maybe Pauline will be too."

He said the last words dreamily, almost as if he were most interested in Pauline's fate than Mary's own. As if he was still viewing her sister as more attractive, even round and knocked up. Perhaps *because* she was round and knocked up.

It was the last straw for Mary. She had to find a way to make Pauline realise her mistake, and to change her behaviour.

The tome was supposedly ancient. Supposedly. It had been handed down to Mary and Pauline from their great-grandmother, a half-blind old bat who constantly yarned on about how the book contained "real spells, true spells, spells I can sense you have the power to weave, if only you read the text right!"

To Mary, it just looked like a dusty old leather bound book with a metal clasp, and half-eroded imprints of dancing crones and maidens upon its cover. In 'ye olden' script was written the words *Booke of Knowne Spells*. It had been lying in the attic of Mary and Steven's impressively large house for some years. She didn't believe in it, and Pauline's interest in it had only been a teenage fad, exhausted when she found out from their great-gran that magic talent supposedly only manifested at adulthood, which was too far away for the impulsive girl.

Mary blew another coating of dust away. To her, the tome simply was another stupid hoax, another silly belief of her great-grandmother's that was tolerated by the family because the woman was rich; a wealth she claimed she received from her dabbling in the book.

"Why am I even doing this?" Mary said, as she began turning the page. Illustrations of dancing demons and satyrs, laughing men and women, children being turned into monsters, all greeted her eyes. Other images were ones of fertility, women growing round and full with child overnight, or men becoming incredibly well-endowed after a simple incantation.

"This is ridiculous," she said again. "I don't even believe in this rubbish, why start now?"

But Mary knew the answer to that already: it was the last remaining resort, however ridiculous, for changing her sister's destructive trajectory. And, of course, for proving herself right. She told herself the former was more important to her, but it still occasionally tasted of a better lie.

"Fine, might as well try it. Not that it will work."

She scanned through the pages, trying to make sense of the olden-style language and the Gothic script. The illustrations were more helpful, and she began to scan the pages that seemed to be concerned with fertility and motherhood.

“Aha! Here we are!” she cried triumphantly, before shushing herself. Steven was watching television, and she didn’t want to get his attention. He’d been hounding her to lay off about Pauline, and, quote, “let her make her own mistakes and learn. You’re just going to make things worse by being on her back all the time.”

She ignored that very advice, having found what she was looking for. It was a spell that concerned pregnancy and motherhood, and its description was perfect.

‘Essence of a Mother’s Grace. Read this incantation aloud to take an expectant mother’s fortune and bestow it on a woman most deserving, that her body may flower upon the first’s fertility, and know the responsibilities that come with it, and the correct manner too.’

It sounded right. Sort of. The wording was a little ambiguous, but it seemed to indicate, to Mary’s thinking, that it would allow Pauline to flower in responsibility, and perhaps even behave accordingly? It seemed to mean that, though again, it was written oddly.

“Not like it’s real, anyway. Well, might as well try it. *Sumta Uma Ferta Imab Wombtalla Inseremos Incantos Arcanos Instillmos!*”

She finished the words, though she stumbled around on them a little.

“Dammit Pauline. Dammit Mary,” she mumbled to herself, and at the very moment that she specified her sister’s name followed by her own, she felt a light jolt in her belly, like an electric shock. It was minor, but she gasped. Steven poked his head around the corner. “Everything alright, love? What is *that* book? Is that the one your grandma gave you all the years back? The witch one?”

“The spells one,” she corrected, “and it was my great-grandmother. And yes, it is. I’m trying to summon an incantation to make Pauline behave better.”

Steven paused, a frown on his face. In that moment, she realised how insane it all looked.

“Honey,” he said. He was a handsome man, if a little ordinary. Short brown hair and a cute goatee, and he always looked good in a polo shirt.

“You’re right, I know. I know. I’ll throw it out.”

“I mean, it’s a family heirloom . . .”

“It’s a stupid old book of curses, and the fact that I’m using it shows that I need to get my priorities in order. I’m hurling it in the trash can, Steven, and then you and I can go out to dinner, treat ourselves, and have a night of wild sex.”

Her boyfriend beamed.

“Now you’re talking.”

A week later, Mary experienced some uncomfortable cramping in her abdomen. She thought it was her period come early, but there was no blood, and it came more intermittently. A week after that, her hunger began to surge, and she found herself eating more than she expected. Far more, in fact. She attributed this, as did Steven, to the fact that she had been getting skinnier as of late; she was sweating it out at sport, but all her stress over dealing with Pauline had meant she was thinning anyway.

“Good to pack on a few pounds,” Steven said, admiring the fresh glint that seemed to be in his partner’s hair, and the fact that her boobs seemed slightly bigger than they had been the previous month. The extra food seemed to be going to all the right places, and Mary didn’t mind either.

Four weeks after she had thrown the book away, letting it be sent off to God knows what trash yard or burning pit, she began to experience some bouts of nausea as well. Assuming it was a cold, she took a few days off study and relaxed, making sure to keep up with her work but giving time to herself. Several times after waking she had to run to the toilet and throw up, and after breakfast she sometimes experiences the same. The cramping had stopped by this stage, but her hunger was only getting more voracious. She was eating nearly double her usual amount of calories, and increasingly they were packing onto her hips, her ass, and her bust. In fact, they seemed to be concentrating in all the areas that women generally wanted them to go, turning her slim figure a little curvy. Already she’d had to buy B-cup bras to replace her little A-cups, and she wasn’t sure when it would stop.

It was after she woke up feeling especially bloated, two months after her ridiculous attempt to cast a spell on her sister, that she began to get suspicious. Mary was always particularly careful with her birth control medication, and she always made sure Steven wore a condom. Still, her various changes were starting to feel less like a few colds and bigger appetite, and more like what she was dearly hoping it wasn’t . . . a pregnancy.

It was only when she travelled to the pharmacy after taking yet another day off work that she confirmed it. She was, impossibly, pregnant. Well, not impossibly, but certainly statistically not likely to happen! She swore in the bathroom, and cursed Steven silently; had he put holes in the condom? But she would have noticed the leakage, so it didn’t make sense. She got up out of the public restroom located nearby, and began to walk to her car. As she passed, she saw Pauline going the other way, and tried to look away. The other woman stared at her anyway, and Mary couldn’t help but gaze back. Both seemed a little unnerved, but Mary was confused; her sister’s belly was flatter than she expected, and she didn’t waddle with twins like she should have been at six months. But she was wearing a thicker jacket, and it could have been a trick of the light.

Still, it made her curious; had she gone against her word and gotten rid of the babies? It made her think about accelerating her own timeline.

She immediately scheduled a doctor's visit to try and understand how far along she was, and what options were available for her, and what - if anything - had suspiciously caused this. When the first scan confirmed what she was carrying, her jaw dropped.

"I'm carrying *what!*?"

"Twins, Mary. My congratulations to you and your partner."

"T-twins?"

"Yes, indeed. Roughly four months along, I'd say."

She couldn't even think of a response. Surely, it couldn't be a coincidence?

In the two months, everything had changed for Pauline. She had been humiliated when she visited her sister, and her best years, which were supposed to be filled with reckless fun and abandon, had been quite literally weighed down by her growing belly. Her midsection had grown quickly with its twin lives in the first four months, but somehow, overnight it was like her pregnancy just . . . stopped. She didn't miscarry, she didn't abort, and she certainly hadn't done anything to her knowledge. But the ravenous hunger - the 'eating for three' - simply stopped. The aching in her chest dissipated. The growth in her gut didn't just pause, it slowly began to reverse.

Over the next two months, Pauline was astounded to find she was going through a pregnancy in reverse, only at double speed. Her breasts reduced from weighty E-cups to perfect, teardrop-shaped DD's. Her belly withdrew, melting into her figure to become a taut midriff worth showing off again. Her skin didn't glow so much, nor did her hair look as totally fresh, but these were small losses. She had prayed and begged to the universe to give her some more years of youth, of partying and sex and drugs and drink and fun, and the universe had, impossibly, answered.

After the last traces of pregnancy had disappeared, Pauline decided to check into a pharmacy just to make sure. As she walked there, enjoying even the movement of her body unhindered by a dominating belly, she caught sight of Mary. She tried to look away, but couldn't help but be struck by the sight of her sister. She looked . . . pregnant. She wore loose-fitting clothing as usual - Pauline often sighed at how Mary always covered up her body - but even with her waifishness it was easy to see her breasts had grown. They didn't exchange a word, but Mary's eyes fell to the ground and she hurried her step.

"Well, I'll be," Pauline said, chuckling to herself. "After all her high horsing about having kids later and not wasting my potential, it turns out she got knocked up too. Nice going sis, hope you enjoy it."

It would have been the best part of her day, were it not for the three negative pregnancy tests she received fifteen minutes later. It was official, she was no longer knocked up. Bye bye twins.

“Thank you universe!” she shouted. “And I won’t break my word, either! I’m going to party like I’ve never partied before, you best believe it!”

She left for the mall, to pick out the sexiest clothing and best beauty products she could find. She was going to be extra careful with contraception from now on, but her body was horny once more, and she wanted to go drinking, clubbing, and fucking, in that order.

At the same time as Pauline was getting tipsy with her girlfriends, explaining the crazy coincidence that ended her pregnancy (none of them were convinced, but Pauline didn’t care), Mary was working on an assignment for her master’s degree, and trying to ignore the terrifying fact that she was pregnant. Pregnant with twins, somehow. She certainly felt it; Her belly had a taut roundness to it by this point, a generous curve that looked more appropriate for the sixth month. Her breasts had become sore, and occasionally she felt at them, wincing at sensitive they were, particularly her enlarged areola and swollen nipples. She massaged them idly, not realising that she was stimulating further growth, and did the same to her butt-cheeks, shifting on the spot. She was feeling rounder back there, as well.

“What the fuck am I going to do?” she said. “How am I going to tell Steven? He’s going to be over the moon, and I’m going to have to bring him back down to earth. Fucking pregnant. Pauline better not have realised, or I’ll never live it down.”

She took another sip of her soothing tea, but it wasn’t enough. Her stomach gurgled, and she stood, moving to the cupboard. Once again, she was famished. After all, she was eating for three.

Across town, as this was happening. Pauline had picked out a tall, dark, and handsome man from the crowd. He was a little older, perhaps around thirty, but he moved with energy, and smiled appreciatively at her presence. She danced up against him for several minutes, enjoying his touch, his manly musk. He was certainly ripped, and she decided to turn it up a notch by allowing him to put his hands around her waist, then later, allowed him to go a little lower, and cradle her soft ass.

“Wanna get out of here?” he whispered in her ear, voice low and smooth, like molasses.

“Thought you’d never ask,” she said cheekily.

The ride to his home was via taxi, and it was a good thing too, because neither he - name was Derek - nor she could keep their lusty hands off each other. The driver was glad

to be rid of them when they arrived at the man's apartment. They went inside, already clinging to one another, breathing heavily in lust. Pauline's nipples were hard with arousal as he fondled her large tits and pressed his tongue into her mouth. His strong arms held her, and she pressed her soft, attractive body against him, moaning just as softly.

"Mhmm . . . why don't you go . . ."

She meant to say 'go put a condom on,' but for some reason the words never left her mouth. They just felt all *wrong*. Like she would be denying something, somewhere, in the universe. She took it as a sign, and decided to give in. What were the odds of actually getting knocked up again anyway?

"Why don't I . . . ?" Derek asked back.

She flashed a sensual smile, tousling her blonde hair over one shoulder as she stripped her dress away, revealing her busty body in sexy lingerie.

"Why don't you come over here and fuck me hard."

He did exactly that, and soon she was screaming in passion while he came inside of her.

Mary was trying to figure out how to answer a particular question on an assessment sheet when suddenly her nipples tensed, becoming hard, erect, and aroused. She gasped a little as a warmth settled in her belly, and she clutched herself, suddenly turned on beyond belief.

"What - what is h-hapenning to - OOhhhhh!"

She groaned, feeling pleasure equivalent to sex flooding through her body. It was like she was being fucked by a ghost; she felt as if a large dick was thrusting inside of her over and again. She gripped her desk, groaning, her bloated body flushed.

"MMhhhhmmmmpph!"

She moaned and wailed, trying desperately through the pleasure to figure out what was going on, and hoping against hope that her boyfriend would not walk through the door any moment now. The feeling continued to rise, the invisible thrusting making her tunnel wet with anticipation. She squeezed her B-cup boobs, and to her shock, a pressure behind them rose, and they practically *doubled* in size, overflowing their cups and becoming buxom full C-cups, if not D's! Sweat coarsed over her form, the unrelenting pressure spreading to her hips, which widened by an inch or two, giving her a more maternal, curvy figure.

"I d-d-don't understaaaahhhh!!"

And with that, she exploded in orgasm, clutching the desk as wave after wave of bliss rolled through her core. There was a little electric jolt of pleasure, strangely familiar, that

settled deep in her core. In her womb. It was forgotten as soon as the feeling dissipated; she had other things to worry about.

Slowly, the pleasure fading to a sort of post-coital gentleness, Mary rose from her seat and moved to the bathroom, clutching her slightly rounded belly and holding her expanded boobs in wonder. She gasped when she saw herself in the mirror.

Somehow, impossibly, she had become curvier in mere moments. Her boobs were bigger, her hips wider, and her ass more rounded. Even her hair was longer, somehow.

“What the fuck is happening to me?” she whimpered.

She lowered a hand over her belly, unaware that a third life had just magically joined the other two, courtesy of her sister, over two miles away.

To Be Continued . . .

Take Responsibility, Part 2

Mary hoped that the change was temporary, that it was just a result of some hormonal imbalance in her pregnant body. She went to sleep that night, and the following six nights after that, hoping that her body would restore itself, and the strange, almost ethereal experience of sexual arousal and orgasm would not repeat. Unfortunately for the freshly pregnant woman, neither happened. In fact, both developments ramped up.

"Bigger again!" she cried one morning as she tried to fit her bra cups over her chest. "How can this be? They were snug yesterday, and now I'm spilling out of them!"

It was as if she'd gone from heavy C's to outright D's, large teardrop breasts with swollen nipples and dark areola circling them. They were heavy, and once upon a time she would have been secretly proud of them, equal to her sister in size - or at least near to her. But now it was yet another change that was coming far too rapidly.

"Everything okay honey?" asked Stephen, as she tried to push the rising flesh of her tits back down into the cups. "Woah, is it just me or are they . . . bigger?"

She nodded, clearly frustrated. "They are. They've grown again."

"Already? Wow. Looks like you might need some new bras."

"I'm outgrowing them faster than I can buy them!" she whined. Her chest wobbled on her frame, and she noticed Steven's dick was hardening.

"I'm sorry, honey." He approached and put a hand on her stomach. "It's just a result of the pregnancy."

"But it shouldn't be this fast! It's unnatural!"

Steven leaned over her, and nibbled at her neck. He traced a hand down over her chest and freed her enlarged boobs from their containment. Slowly, he fondled a nipple. She gasped. It was so sensitive! And it felt so good. Her body had never felt so responsive before. It must have been the pregnancy hormones . . .

"What - mmhm - what are you doing?"

"Making love to my beautiful, pregnant girlfriend," he responded.

"I'm a cow," she said, but still she exhaled sharply at his sensual touch. "I never expected to be pregnant. Didn't - ahh - want to be knocked up like Pauline."

"Well, she's not pregnant anymore, right?"

"No," she said, biting her lip he moved behind her, used his other hand to begin massaging her other breast. They were sore and aching, but his touch was a Godsend at that moment. "Sh-should be her. We were so responsible. Why d-does she get off scot free, while I'm - mmmhmm - stuck like this."

"You're not stuck like this." He kissed her neck tenderly. Her nipples throbbed, yearning for more of his touch, and her pussy became damp with need. His right hand

lowered to caress her swollen stomach, their two babies currently resting within. "You're beautiful. You're blessed. And your husband finds you so. Fucking. Sexy."

She wanted to rebuke him. To tell him she was in no mood for sex right now. That he was mad for trying to cheer her up when he knew the plan was to be more secure, wait a few years, then maybe have one kid.

But for reasons that escaped her, none of that meant anything right now. Her body was needy, and just as importantly, so was his. She could feel his hard girth against the small of her back as he held her. They'd never been very passionate lovers, but now she felt a strong arousal, a desire to fulfil her husband's wishes and be the girlfriend he wanted her to be. She turned to face him, and placed his palms on her swollen tits, savouring the feeling.

"Then fuck me," she said. "Make me feel not like a fat hippo. Make me feel *hot*."

He kissed her deeply, and she placed her arms around him, and they made their way to the bed. And somehow, impossibly, what followed was the most rewarding sex of Mary's life. Not because of her intense orgasms - and they were intense - or her own hormones, but because of the way Steven looked at her as she came, and how his own pleasure was enhanced by her pregnancy.

It was only when the last aftershocks of post-coital pleasure left her that she realised how strange it was. She'd never been so submissive in bed before.

"Damn pregnancy hormones, I bet," she said. She rubbed her belly, feeling just that little bit fuller tonight.

"Damn big twins, too."

Another three months passed, and both sisters continued in their lives. For Pauline, it was a life of wild abandon and partying. She had established a wonderful routine, visiting the best nightclubs and finding all the best hotties. With her body restored, her pregnancy ended, and her worries ceased, she became all the more daring with her outfits. Tight cocktail dresses clung perfectly to her body, emphasising her magnificent bustline and rotund posterior. She looked like a pinup in profile, and she made sure to wear things that enhanced that effect. Even her girlfriends were surprised by how much she threw herself into celebrations and sex.

"You've become a real wild child Pauline, even for you," her friend Cynthia remarked, laughing as they chatted at a bar together.

Pauline beamed, ordering another drink before she answered.

“What can I say, Cynth? I had a brief moment in time where it looked like everything was changing for me, and my days of fun and late nights were over. My sis Mary was over the moon, acting as if me being preggers was some just punishment to teach me a lesson. She couldn’t even help me without rubbing my nose in it. And to think we used to be besties! But just because I live my life having fun while she’s got a pole up her ass, she thought I had to ‘take responsibility’ and change all my ways. And each day I was getting fatter and less sexy and gross. It was like a bad dream, but like all bad dreams it ended. So yeah, I’m gonna be a wild child. I’m gonna rule the night and hold off on being like my sister as long as possible.”

Cynthia regarded her. “I mean, being pregnant isn’t *that* gross, is it? Like, I want to have kids one day. And plenty of women can be sexy while pregnant. Think about Di.”

Pauline shrugged. “Fair. Maybe it just wasn’t for me. My tits were blowing up, and anything better than these Double-D Degrees are a bit too much. Plus they were sore. And the kids were kicking. Leave it to someone else, I say.”

Cynthia leaned in close, almost conspiratorially so. “I didn’t even know you could get abortions at that stage. Wasn’t it, like, a little hard to make that decision? I mean, I know you didn’t want to get pregnant, and I don’t want to pry, but is all the partying to do with that? I mean, you’re not - you know - hurting, are you? Like, deep inside?”

Pauline actually chuckled. She lounged back in her chair, allowing her large breasts to rise and fall with measured breaths to attract the hot twenty-something man with the dark skin and defined muscles across the room.

“That’s just the thing, Cynth, I *didn’t* get an abortion.”

“Then . . . then they-”

“Nope, not that either. You’re gonna think I’m crazy, Cynth, but I prayed to the freakin’ universe to undo the pregnancy. I’m talking like a total rewind. And *the universe answered*. Over the next two months, instead of getting bigger, I was getting smaller. Instead of making milk, my boobs went back to these outstanding tits you see before you. And it kept going, until finally I was pregnant no more. Bam!”

There was a pause while drinks were delivered.

“You’re right, I don’t believe you. You’re telling me that the universe took your pregnancy back in time?”

Pauline smiled. “Yup!”

“But you still lost two babies, isn’t that sad?”

Pauline frowned. In fact, there was a small sadness there. A slight hint of loss that pervaded her. It wasn’t the loss of prospective motherhood, she was glad to be free of that. Rather, it was that she didn’t get to at least meet them, in some way. But there was a silver lining, at least . . .

“I’m not sad,” she said. “Because they didn’t just cease to exist. I’ve been thinking about it a lot lately, and what it felt like at the time. The last moment, the very last moment I felt pregnant, as I crossed that threshold to being just me again, I felt them leave me. Not die, not cease to be, but *leave me*. To be somewhere else. I could feel a . . . tether, of sorts, I guess.”

Cynthia exhaled. “Well girl, I got no idea how true that is, or if you’re just making shit up, but I guess I’m happy for you. And if by some strange chance you are right, and the universe did answer you, I guess you can always try and follow that tether, huh?”

Pauline tilted her head quizzically. It had not occurred to her that she could try that. It was true, sometimes she felt the smallest of tugs. She downed her drink and stood.

“Maybe, you’ve given me something to think about, seriously.” She adjusted her perfect blonde hair over her shoulder, and pulled her top down a little so that her perfect cleavage was utterly inviting. “But for now, I’m horny as hell, and I want that guy over there to fuck my brains out.”

Just forty minutes later, he was doing exactly that, and she wailed in orgasm pleasure as he thrust his big dick inside her. As per usual, she felt no need to use protection, and lied about being on birth control. She had no idea why she was compelled to say this, only that it felt somehow ‘right’, and when her man of the night ejaculated inside of her, her orgasm was far more intense, and she felt lost in bliss. So it had to be right, right?

They lay back, gasping, him holding her bountiful breasts, and she shivered in delight. If only her sister could see her now.

At that very moment, a very pregnant Mary was gasping in the aftermath of a series of intense orgasms that had wracked her body unexpectedly. She had gasped and groaned, clutching her now E-cup breasts, kneading her large, sensitive nipples as she was invisibly pounded between her thighs. Her panties were positively soaked, and her nipples pushed hard through her bra, outlining against the dress she was wearing. She had to regain her composure, before turning to the drive through service, where a very alarmed server was staring at her.

“S-sorry,” she said, practically cooing as a lovely little orgasmic aftershock hit her, “It’s just my b-babies shifting, ahh.”

“Um, sure ma’am,” the server said. He hurriedly took her order, and she received the large platter of burgers and fries she’d ordered, her face as red as a tomato. She left the drive through lane ashamed of what had just happened, but before she could even head home, she had to pull over again. As always happened with these random bouts of bliss, she

felt a strange tensing in her stomach. No, in her *womb*. Like another small kernel of weight was added to it. She panted, shifting in her seat as the odd sensation continued to form, like a knot, inside her. It was the *eighth* time it had happened to her.

“S-so much p-pressure,” she grunted. She clutched her stomach, which utterly dominated her figure now. It was huge, far bigger than twins, and yet whenever she wanted to investigate it, to go see a doctor, she felt a sharp compulsion not to. It just felt . . . not right to let them interfere.

She arrived home, waddling slowly and cradling her back with her spare hand. Steven was waiting, having just arrived home late from work.

“Darling!” he announced, and he made his way forward to help her. She thanked him; she felt utterly bloated and flushed, but the way he held her and kissed her lifted her spirits somewhat.

“You shouldn’t be driving around late at night in your condition!” he said, helping her to the couch.

“I was just t-too hungry,” she said. “It’s getting more and more. This belly is getting more and more. I’ve gone from a hippo to a fucking whale.”

Steven gave her a sympathetic look. “And yet you still look so beautiful. I love these dresses you’re wearing lately.”

He passed her a burger, and she began digging in. Still, she gave him a sweet smile in response to his compliment. For some reason, all his sweet little encouragements meant so much more now, particularly when she was hormonal. It made her want to please him even more, and part of that involved changing up her wardrobe to a dress sense he loved. Steven got a real kick out of how sexy he thought those 1950’s and 1960’s wives were, with their figure hugging dresses that went to just above their ankles, and the waist belt that cinched in nicely. She had taken to wearing them more and more, especially as her belly filled more and more with the twins.

As with their much more active sex life, which involved more than a few morning blowjobs, it just felt *right*.

That rightness freaked her out. Something was wrong with her, she knew it. She was too big for twins; hell, her body looked like it was on the way to growing quadruplets. As the last couple of months advanced, it was like her rate of growth was increasing exponentially. Just as she’d said, her boobs had continued to expand, surging to become even larger than her sister’s, and they felt increasingly ‘full’, as if on the verge of producing milk. These changes were matched by a growing roundness in her ass and widening of her hips that her boyfriend just loved. Even her hair had grown unnaturally fast, flowing down her shoulders and possessing a gorgeous sheen. She had taken to wearing it in an elaborate bun, just like those housewives of old.

But the biggest change, of course, was the sheer size of her belly. She felt dominated by it. It was heavy, and her babies shifted and squirmed continuously, sometimes causing her to yelp. It made getting changed hard, and sometimes she was rather embarrassingly reduced to being barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen. She'd never been the main cook in their partnership before, but increasingly that was the role she was comfortable in, especially since she had taken maternity leave from work, and suspended her studies for now. It was simply too hard to stay on top of things, with a large mound that stuck out ahead of her, a taut dome that was rippling with life, so much so that she could have sworn there were three or even four children in there, not two. But when she told Steven, and he recommended a doctor's visit, that strong push came to put it off. And so she did.

She finished her burger, sating her appetite. Her stomach was tight, the pressure a burden on her body. She winced a little, still feeling that new 'pebble' within her.

"So damn pregnant," she sighed. "God, I feel like I'm nine months along, Steve."

He sat down next to her, and rested his head against her belly. Within, the lives kicked and squirmed, causing him to giggle. It made her giggle too.

"Geez, you lot are already conspiring against me," she said, poking her belly. "You better get used to Mom being the more bossy one."

"Yeah," Steven replied, "but you've been a lot less bossy lately. I like this pregnant you."

She folded her arms over her prodigious breasts.

"You just like that I've got tits nearly the size of my own head, like Pauline."

He shook his head. "No, nothing like that," he replied, placing a hand on her belly and caressing it. It was a calming sensation, and it calmed the living contents within it too. "You're just more . . . lively. I don't know what switch flipped when you got knocked up, honey, but I love it. You're cooking meals, you're eating more, you're relaxing, and you're also . . . well, our sex life has been a lot more frequent."

"Very frequent," she said with a grin. "I don't know what's gotten into me. It's not natural. It's like I'm turning into your perfect little wife, churning out babies for you. Even wearing all these 50's preggo housewife outfits."

There was a brief pause, during which she sighed in contentment as he caressed her stomach. There really was no feeling like it. Then she realised he hadn't said anything.

"What?"

"It's just . . . you called yourself my wife. We never really did decide on marriage. I mean, I wanted it, but you seemed unsure."

"Well, I want to," she said, and her eyes widened. She hadn't meant to be so nonchalant, and yet as always, it was the *right* thing to do. After all, she considered, it would be the *responsible* thing to do, before the babies arrived.

“Are you serious?” Steven asked. “You’ll marry me? You’ll be my wife? The mother of my children?”

“Ship has sailed on that last one, but yes, I’ll be your wife, Steven. I . . . want it, now.”

“I’m glad you’ve come around, then.”]

She bit her lip. “No, you don’t understand. I - I want it *now*. Oh Jesus, why aren’t I married to you? It’s totally irresponsible. We need to get married this weekend Steven, next weekend at the latest.”

“Woah now, that’s a little fast, isn’t it, I assumed that-”

She stopped him talking by pulling him close and kissing him deeply and passionately. Her nipples tensed, desiring his touch.

“Please Steven, I need it. I want to be your wife.”

“Okay then, Wow.”

“No, not wow. Help me up. I’m going to do that thing you keep asking to do. I’m going to bend over and let you take me from behind, so you can *feel* this belly. Feel what you’ve done to me. Think of it as a bribe to get married quickly from your future wife.”

Steven couldn’t remove his pants fast enough. When he entered her, she was already slick with fluid, incredibly aroused at the prospect of getting fucked. Her held her belly, holding up her dress as she pressed her large chest against the stove top.

“Mmmhhmmm . . . fuck, oh fuck! That’s amazing, Steven! You’re amazing! It’s - oh God - it’s so unlike me, but I can’t help but want it!”

“I’m glad you want it!” he replied, as he thrust deeper. Soon she was lost in ecstasy, her heavy pregnant body overwhelmed with joy as his large member pounded her. When he came, she came with him, her voice higher than normal, a sweet submissive soprano.

Afterwards, he helped her from falling down, her legs like jelly given the weight they supported.

“Let’s go clean up,” he said. “And then let’s work on getting a ring on that finger.”

“Let’s,” she said, still coming down from the sudden arousal, and her own impulsive declaration of marriage. “Holy moly, Pauline would be cackling at me if she saw me. Everything she was going to be - knocked up, forced to quit study and work, unable to party - all things I made fun of her for, are now what’s happening to me. I told her to take responsibility for her babies and change her life around, and now that’s what I’m doing.”

“Funny that, isn’t it?” Steven said, caressing her naked belly idly. “But it’s all worked out, even if it’s sort of like your situations magically reversed.”

Mary froze against Steven, going stiff.

“Like we’re magically reversed,” she said, pronouncing each word carefully. The image of the spellbook came back to her, the incantation that seemingly hadn’t worked. The

translation that was difficult to utter. The same spellbook she had thrown away and had literally no chance of recovering.

“Oh, oh shit.”

The tether was hard to pin down, but its general direction was present whenever she reached out to it with her mind, with her *womb*. Pauline had been working on that connection ever since Cynthia had raised it, and as she drove to meet her sister for the first time in months, she felt it in the air.

“Well, you’re definitely out there, you two,” she said, though oddly, it seemed more than two. How many, she couldn’t say. She’d no idea what that meant.

She was dressed in a tight-fitting crop top that showed a taste of cleavage, a black biker jacket, and tight-fitting denim jeans. It was a sexy look, the kind of outfit she’d chosen to be a little provocative for when she saw her sister again. After months of no-contact, Mary had reached out to her. It must’ve taken effort; Pauline had changed numbers and banned her sister from her social media, but nevertheless a letter arrived at her new place begging her to come over for something crucial to discuss. She would have thrown it in the trash were it not for the many, seemingly desperate and genuine apologies strewn throughout.

I’m sorry I was such an idiot, sis. I was cruel and unfair, and I’m paying the price for it, I think. Please, come see me. Before it’s too late. I beg you. I’m so, so sorry. I want you back in my life, and I think you can help me. Or at least give me answers.

And so she’d set out, and she arrived at Mary and Steven’s place. Pauline took a breath, and knocked on the door.

“Coming!” a voice came. It was her sister’s alright, but it sounded different somehow. Almost higher. Sweeter.

The door opened, and Pauline blanched.

“Holy shit Mary, is that you?”

In front of her was the most pregnant woman she had ever seen in her life. Not grotesquely so, simply large and fertile and rounded, with a stomach that ballooned like an actual beach ball. She was adorned in a blue and white chequered dress with a waist belt and heels. She wore her brunette hair in a bun that was the classic ‘submissive housewife’ style, with a red ribbon to match. Her breasts were hidden behind the material of the dress, but their profile against it left no doubt that her previously flat-chested sister was now far more endowed than she’d ever been.

Mary blushed deeply. She was even wearing ruby red lipstick, which was very unlike her. “Yes, Pauline, it’s me. I’ve - ngh! - changed a little since you last s-saw me.”

“I’ll say. Holy fuck, Mary, you look like you’re about to drop a whole litter. I knew you were pregnant but damn.”

Mary winced a little, and for a moment Pauline thought it was a reaction to her stomach, until she saw a series of movements in her sister’s stomach, outlined against the tight fabric of the dress.

“Things have r-really changed. Ahh! Why don’t you c-come in.”

She turned, and waddled back into the living room, her rounded ass swaying hypnotically. As she turned, Pauline was overcome with the strangest sensation. That tether, the link to the babies that had left her, seemed far stronger now. Stronger than she’d ever felt it before.

“What in the hell,” she said, and she went inside. “Mary, something strange is going on here, I think.”

Mary gave a resigned chuckle, leading Pauline past a kitchen that had several cakes in mid-production, and numerous ornaments being constructed.

“You don’t say, sis.”

“And what’s this about? Steven start making cakes? Who are the decorations for?”

“I’ll t-tell you in a moment,” Mary replied, “but first I need to sit. Carrying a lot of weight at the moment.”

“Yeesh, you are. Are you sure you’re pregnant with just twins?”

Mary gave her a desperate look. “I - I don’t know. Look, Pauline, I wanted to reach out to you to apologise. I meant every word in that letter. I want my sister back. I was a foolish idiot and I said dumb things. On some level, I think I was actually jealous of you.”

“Well, at least you don’t have to be jealous of my boobs anymore, sis!”

Mary gave an embarrassed smile. “Ass too.”

“Ha.”

“But there’s more, more that you need to know.”

“Okay, then lay it on me.”

Mary did, retelling the story of the magic arcanum she’d used to try to make her sister more responsible. She left no detail out, no embarrassing fact by the wayside, and didn’t even try to make herself look good, or reduce the maliciousness of her actions. She discussed her own strange occurrences, the weird tensing in her stomach, the growing compulsion to be a perfect wife, how she was in fact about to become a wife. As she told her story, tears brimming her eyes, Pauline listened, not saying a word. She could not believe what her sister had done, the cruelty in what she’d attempted, yet at the same time her actions had inadvertently doomed herself and set Pauline free. But more than that, as the story was told, Pauline’s jaw dropped. That tether, that connection from her womb to someone else’s, was present. She could sense then, where her children had gone after the

miracle - the one she had placed at the feet of the universe but was in fact a miscast spell from her sister. It was within her sister, too.

"I'm so sorry," Mary said, tears spilling as she finished speaking. "I just don't know what's happening to me. But it's connected to you. And to what I did."

"It is, more than you know," Pauline said. "I know exactly what's happening to you Mary, and why you're so big. You're getting pregnant with *my* babies."

Mary held her belly, tensing a little with the movement, but her focus was entirely on her sister. "Unnnh . . . wait, what?"

"Every time I have sex, and it's a lot lately, even more than before I got pregnant, I feel this weird compulsion to not use birth control or let him have condom on. I can't fight it, I've tried more than once, but I can't resist the urge to let it happen. And each time . . . each time a man cums in me, I feel this strange tether form, like something was meant to begin but was sent elsewhere instead. I felt it with my twins, and I felt it just recently when I was getting fucked by this real hot - uh, anyway, I can still feel the tether, especially when I get closer to it. And sis, you're lighting up like a Christmas tree right now. Your spell made you take on *my* responsibility. *You're the one carrying all the babies I've been making.*"

Mary could have fainted. In fact, she felt woozy. "That's - that's crazy."

"But it's true and you know it. It's also why you're becoming like a total trad-wife or something. You're gonna end up a housewife taking care of all those babies; it's what the spell is pushing you to do."

"Oh God, that's why I have such an urge to marry Steven! It's why we're getting married this weekend!"

Pauline pulled back. "You're getting married!?"

"Yes! I couldn't h-help myself.

Mary flushed red. Her babies squirmed within her, and she grunted at their movements. She was so damn pregnant, and now she was beginning to realise it was with far more than just twins. What would happen when they were born?

As if in answer to that question, a sudden contraction ran through her body, a trembling tightness that made her clutch her rounded gut and gasp.

"Ooohhhh," she moaned.

"What is it? What's happening?"

"N-no! It wasn't meant to happen yet. Oh, nnngh! I'm - I'm going into labour!"

Pauline gasped. "We need to get you to a hospital."

She moved to call an ambulance, but her sister grabbed her arm. "No! We need to find the magic spellbook! I'm sure we can do it! Use that - anhhnnn - use that magic tether thing of yours to undo this!"

"I can't undo it, sis! Besides, what would that even look like?"

A vein throbbed in Mary's temple as the tenseness in her womb continued, intensified. "It - it would mean taking them back!"

Pauline blanched, pulling her arm free of her sister.

"What? As if! You're the one who tried to curse me, remember? You just apologised for it. That doesn't mean I'm just going to get super preggo just because you want to go back to being a ladder climber with a pole up her ass."

Mary was furious, and desperate. She had meant her apology, truly meant it, but she wasn't meant to be like this. Surely Pauline was meant to have them!

"It's not fair!" she wailed. "I don't want to be some submissive preggo housewife. I know the spell was wrong, and this is my fault Pauline, but you have to take them! You have to take responsibility!"

Pauline stood, stepped away from her sister as another contraction wracked her body. "You know what, Mary? I will take responsibility. I'm going to be responsible for my own life from now on, and you can be responsible for yours. I'm going to make the decisions I want to make, and you can learn what it's like to have a whole heap of babies to take care of, like a good little wifey."

Mary gasped. "N-no! You wouldn't!"

Pauline gave a simple shrug. "Maybe I can't even fight the compulsion, but I think I just won't try, especially now that I know the shoe's on the other foot, and I can finally teach my sis a lesson in humility."

"You - NGGHH - you *bitch!* This should be you, not me! You're the one who should have to suffer for your lifestyle!"

But Pauline was already stepping to the phone. She dialled the emergency number, and called in an ambulance for Mary. She wasn't heartless, after all. She opened the door, and before stepping out, grinned at her sister.

"I'll shoot a message to Steven as well. I bet he can't wait to have a whole horde of kids. And don't worry, Mary, I'll make sure to have lots and lots and lots of sex so you never have to worry about not being pregnant again. Enjoy the tradwife life!"

Mary went to scream, but instead all she could do was clutch her stomach as it tightened. The kicking within continued, and she knew now what she had begun suspecting a while ago.

There were more than just two children in there. And with Pauline's libertine lifestyle, there would be more to come.

Another contraction came, and Mary howled.

Labour did not take long. In fact, it was almost as if Mary's body was *made* for pregnancy. Steven did make it to her side, and she held his hand as the contractions rolled through her body, pushing where needed. As the final stretch began, she was horrified to feel that first tingle of orgasmic pleasure.

"No! No, not noowowwww!"

The intense sensation of being penetrated even as she gave birth rolled through her, and she moaned in pleasure and pain both as she pushed. As the first of her children began to widen her passage, preparing to exit into the world, she felt a small tensing in her uterus, and a new little pebble of mass settling there. She knew that it was another baby, courtesy of Pauline's night time activities, but she had little time to despair, as she had to push once more.

"It's not fair, it's not aaaaAHHHH!"

But it was too late. Far too late. She was becoming a mother, and she knew that it would never stop. Already, her enormous breasts were swelling yet more with milk for her coming twins. She would have to nurse them, change them, raise them, be the perfect stay at home mother for them. And in just one month's time she would be back, when the next baby had finished its gestation. And then the next. And then the next. She would give birth over and over as each child reached its full nine months, and unless Pauline ever gave up her life of sex and pleasure - an unlikely prospect - this would continue for years and perhaps even decades to come. A life of pregnancy, of breastfeeding, of being her husband's perfect, submissive wife. Barefoot and in the kitchen, and always appearing like the classic 1950's housewife, all smiles and all submissive, especially since Steven had such a thing for her pregnant. She'd be the world's first perpetually pregnant woman, and all because of her envy and judgemental nature.

Another contraction came, and she pushed. With a great exhalation of relief, her first child came into the world. She felt it slide out of her, and its cries were immediate.

"It's a boy!" Steven declared.

She sighed contentedly for a moment, and then the next contraction came.

"Push! Nearly done!"

No, she wasn't. She'd never be done. Not while she was destined to hold the responsibility for all her sister's pregnancies. Nevertheless, she pushed, and with another great sigh, the next child came.

"A girl! Darling, she's beautiful!"

"I want to see them," she said. Her nipples tensed, already wanting to be relieved of their produce. Her babies were checked over first, and when they were found perfectly healthy, they were placed naked on her chest. They were gorgeous, they were precious, and they reached out to her with adoring little hands.

Mary knew it was partly the compulsion, partly the magic. She knew factually, intellectually that she didn't want to be burdened with endless babies. She knew this. And yet, lying their on her chest, mewling like kittens, eyes still closed, it was as if a maternal switch had been turned on. She felt a stirring in her belly of the others still being grown within her, and for the first time she felt as if they were hers, and not just a burden placed by Mary, or from her husband.

"Hello little ones," she said, cradling them. Her chest ached, nearly lactating already just to cope with their needs, and the needs of all her copious amount of children to come. Maybe, just maybe, she could get used to being this way. Certainly, she knew, she had no choice.

Perhaps it was worth a try.

The End