

## Sorry to Knock You Up (Impregnation TF)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Jacob is blessed and cursed by a witch who discovers his major impregnation fetish. Now, every time he masturbates, he'll be unable to stop himself from thinking about a woman he knows. When he ejaculates, that woman will not only be immediately knocked up, but magically know that he's responsible. Now Jacob must try and hold his new 'gift' in, even as his arousal is cursed to increase until he gives in. And unfortunately for her, his best friend Hana is often in his lustful thoughts . . .*

### Sorry to Knock You Up

Jacob dashed to the stall, wincing from the discomfort in his pants. A few heads turned his way, but no doubt it just came off like he just really, really needed to go. The truth was far more vulgar.

"F-fucking close!" he grunted, shaking hands fidgeting with the latch. Finally, it locked, and he sat back down upon the toilet. He worked quickly to unbuckle his pants, releasing his erect penis, which was practically throbbing with arousal. He'd made it so far, the longest record yet - a whole week! It had taken a level of willpower he might never be able to summon again, and already he was regretting it, despite knowing the costs of failure if he gave in.

*Maybe if I just tease it,* he thought. He reached a shaking hand out and began to stroke his cock.

"Ughhhh . . ."

*Bad idea. Oh shit, that was a bad idea. It's so f-fucking sensitive!*

He gripped the head of his penis more firmly, slowly wrapping his hand around his mast and beginning to slide it up and down, unable to stop himself from masturbating.

"Oh God," he managed, squeezing his eyes shut as the deep-seated need overpowered him. "I can't s-stop. Can't s-stop it."

It was too late. He knew it the moment he went to the stall. His dick had been hard on and off all day, and it was impossible not to think about the women in his life. He had to think of one now, but he couldn't think about *her*. No, not again. Not after what he'd done the first time.

*I need to think about s-someone else. A girl I've t-talked to recently. Someone I can - ahhh - imagine fucking and getting all kn-knocked up!*

The woman came to his mind instantly, and guilt followed. It wasn't a 'girl' at all, but a mature woman. Kate Briggs was her name, the owner of his favourite local diner. She was in

her late thirties or early forties, already married and with two kids, and she knew Jacob by his first name, knowing him as a regular customer for the last four years. She had a thick MILF kind of look to her, and a real sweet attitude. She'd asked him about his day while serving him coffee all the time, and always remembered his favourite waffle order.

Now though, he was betraying her, imagining her naked, riding his hard cock, her wide hips in his hands. He was fucking her, getting her pregnant.

*"I want you, Jacob!"* she cried in his imagination. *"I want to get knocked up with your big babies! I want you to breed me. Impregnate me. Give me a round belly and big, full tits full of milk! All yours!"*

It was too much. For all that he'd held off for a week, Jacob couldn't do so anymore. His penis needed to be pleased, and the fantasy in his mind was all too real.

*God, I want that. I want to knock her up! I want to impregnate that sexy - NGHH!*

He came, gasping as he did so. His balls tensing, ready to release their hot seed, but even as he seized up, gripping the side of the stall from the delirious pleasure, no cum shot from his manhood. There was only the faint wisp of green dust shooting forth, and then his balls were emptied.

"NNghhh," he grunted. "Ahhhh . . . ohhhh."

Jacob's body finally calmed down, the release was incredible but even better was the *relief* from having such constant damn arousal. He panted, murmuring near-silent words over and over again.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Kate. I'm sorry to knock you up."

But there was no way of stopping it, of course. He could literally sense it. He could see it, in his mind's eye, and feel it too. Feel her very emotions.

*She's just heading to the back to grab another stack of buns for the lunch rush. The chilli steak burger has been a surprising success lately, but as she bends down to open up the box she suddenly falters. Something is coming over her, and she can't understand what it is until her vaginal passage suddenly becomes slick and damp, as if her arousal has immediately kicked in, skipping all the foreplay. Kate moaned, clutching the wall and trying not to make a loud racket. She gyrates her hips, blushing with humiliated embarrassment and glad she's alone as a powerful series of orgasms sweeps through her. Her wet pussy is suddenly flooded with hot semen, shooting deep into her waiting womb. Her body trembles as the first sperm arrive at the heart of her uterus. She isn't even ovulating right now but it doesn't matter; the eggs are somehow there. And the first sperm leaps in, burrowing into her egg. In that moment she is conquered. Bred. Fertilised. Impregnated.*

*Kate gasps, eyes bulging as the last of the orgasms sweep through her. She doesn't know how she knows, but she is pregnant. She simply is, and the knowledge is crystal clear in her mind. So is the knowledge of who the father is. It makes no possible sense, but by*

*some supernatural means she understands completely that this new child growing within her belongs not to her loving husband Dax, but to Jacob Jones, the quiet, unassuming twenty something year old with the dark hair and thin glasses who she has served time and time again.*

*“What have you done, kid?” she utters, infuriated at how this impossible situation has manifested. “How have you gotten me fucking goddamn pregnant!?”*

The vision ends, and Jacob sighs in relief and shame. It's happened. It's too late. He masturbated, and now another woman he knows is carrying his child.

“I tried so fucking hard,” he said, placing his head in his hands.

The worst part was, despite the shame and guilt, he never felt better in his life than when he was using his curse and blessing to knock a woman up.

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It all began two years ago. Jacob had just turned twenty, and was still figuring his life out. He was majoring in history and literature at college simply because he didn't really know what to do otherwise, and his family was undergoing a change too. His Dad, who had raised him alone all his life, had just married Tatiana, a cute woman in her mid-thirties with a slight Russian accent and long blonde hair. Jacob didn't know how to feel about his Dad dating a new woman, and frankly didn't want to know if he'd met her through a mail order bride service or something. He knew his Dad had been feeling lonely for some time, but it was awkward having a woman just sixteen years his senior in the house, sharing his Dad's bed and hogging up his father's attention. Worse, the fact that she was quite attractive, with large lips and gorgeous blonde hair and a body that was impressively curvaceous, only made things awkward for the currently single Jacob. She had a daughter who was just as pretty. Her name was Anya, and she was now officially Jacob's stepsister, and that only added to the further complications. She now took up an area that used to be Jacob's room for video games, and was such a fashionista and makeup obsessive. Jacob couldn't stand her, but was equally frustrated by the good looks she had inherited from her mother.

“Don't even think about putting your video game nonsense in this room!” she said with her accented voice, doing her makeup in the mirror. “This is my space now. We don't have to like each other, or our parents' marriage, but at least I finally have my own room. And it is no boys allowed!”

Jacob just snarled. “Your whole family is a pack of gold diggers.”

But Anya just chuckled to herself. “I wish! Mama actually loves Harry. If she didn't, we might actually have a chance to dig for some gold rather than end up in this excuse for a house.”

*Damn her*, Jacob thought, closing the door. *She's such a nuisance. How come people like that get all the good looks?*

His father told him things would smooth over. One day he rested his hand on Jacob's shoulder when the two women were out shopping - probably with his father's money.

"It's going to be okay, son. I know it's a hard adjustment, but we'll get there. You just have to give it time for that Russian ice to thaw, heh-heh. Trust me, Tatiana really wants to be the best possible stepmother."

Jacob could only sigh. "Yeah, I'm sure she does, Dad. But I don't want her to be, no matter how sweet she is. Besides, her daughter is a real brat."

His father guffawed. "I won't lie, I've got a challenge ahead of me there. But we'll make it, as a family."

Indeed, as much as Anya thought her mother could do better, it was clear she and Tatiana were happy to be in better circumstances now, not to mention able to rely on Harry to pay the bills and keep a roof over their heads. This left Jacob effectively isolated: Anya could play the pretty blonde princess, always obsessing over her social media, while Tatiana played the role of doting mother and stay at home wife, always around to clean and cook and do her best to manage the household, and Harry, his father, could feel like he had a family again. Jacob was the odd one out, his space invaded, his time with his father cut short each day by the desires and demands of mother and daughter.

As a result of this, he retreated to his bedroom often, claiming to be playing video games or doing college assignments, but in actuality diving down deep into his most hidden fantasies. For years Jacob had hid a strange fetish of his, one that had existed ever since he was a young teen and his homeroom teacher, Miss Heidecker, had joyfully announced she was pregnant to the class. As the months passed and her belly grew, Jacob had become entranced with the image of pregnant women, and even more with the fetish of being the one to impregnate them, to *breed* them. He never told anyone, not even his closest friend Hana about this. She was also at college and taking similar courses to him. With her ginger hair and cute freckles, not to mention her short, petite body, he had naturally developed a crush on her, but was too nervous to make a move, especially since Hana always talked about *what good friends they were*.

"Sucks that you've got them hanging around and stuff," she said of Tatiana and Anya one morning while they were between classes, hanging out at the college cafe. "I mean, if you're pretty and know how to pull off a good style, go for your life, but I can't respect someone who just obsesses over social media and takes a hundred and fifty selfies a day. Far better to actually have some neurons firing in your brain, right?"

Jacob nodded eagerly. "Exactly! You get it, Hana. I just seriously feel like I'm drifting right now. I can't enjoy my hobbies, I'm crowded out in my own home."

“Have you tried asking out Selene yet?”

The nervous man nearly coughed up his drink as Hana pointed out the cute mixed-race girl serving coffees to the customers. She had a cool alternative vibe, with a hot piercing over her left brow and tattoos down one arm. With her dark pixie cut, she really gave off a vibe of being someone who was simultaneously hot *and* cool at the same time.

“N-no.”

“Why not?” Hana said. “She joked around with you before. I saw you talking that one time about your sci-fi books. I bet she totally would go out with you.”

Jacob didn't have the courage to tell Hana that as much as he liked the look and demeanour of Selene, it was really *her* that he wanted. Selene made her way over at that very moment.

“Hiya, Jacob! Nice to see you, and you too, Hana. Are you two together, or . . . ?”

Hana laughed. “Oh, just platonic friends, us two!”

“Great! Er, I mean, that's lovely to see a guy and girl get along in that way. Hey, Jacob, have you read *Stargazer IV* yet? Seriously, I need someone to talk about it with. The ending is ca-razy!”

Something in Jacob was already dying from Hana's words, but he managed to swallow down his burning embarrassment. “Oh, no, I haven't. I'll definitely get into it this weekend. I've been sort of addicted to playing *Fightmaker* later.”

“Holy shit, you've got that? Damn, I'm seriously jealous. You know, we can chat after work if you want? Hell, I'd love to see the game on your screen if you're free sometime.”

Jacob gave an uncertain answer, thanked her for the great coffee, and made an excuse to leave. Hana walked away with him, an embarrassed expression on her cute features.

“What the hell was that about? You had the perfect chance to have a date with her!”

“I - yeah, I guess I just ruined it.”

Hana rolled her eyes. “I really need to be your wingwoman sometime, Jacob. I swear, it's like you're surrounded by women lately but have no clue how to talk with them.”

*You're so right*, he thought to himself. *I just wish I could tell you how I feel, Hana.*

But he was a coward, so he didn't. Instead, he retreated to his room that night after putting up with having to move out of the living room so Anya could take some cute selfies of her new outfit. Tatiana had made some new dish from her homeland. It was good, but what was wrong with potato cake Fridays anyway? It only made him nostalgic for when it had just been him and his Dad.

As his computer booted up, Jacob almost made a deadly mistake. He wanted Hana, and felt like a fool for not taking up Selene's offer. Why pine after a girl who clearly wasn't interested in him? Hana had a boyfriend, damn it! He knew that! Steven, a guy who was

clearly more fit than him. Less lanky in general, in fact. It made his thoughts wander to Evelyn.

*Oh, Evelyn. I know you dumped me because I couldn't be assertive, but you were the only real girlfriend I had. You were so fucking pretty, at least to me. And you were my first, the one that took my virginity. God, it almost feels like I've gotten it again. Part of me wishes you hadn't moved away. Part of me wishes . . . I could have gotten you pregnant. Then you would have stayed with me.*

It was a ridiculous thought, but it was enough to get his arousal going. He pulled up the hidden file on his computer, making sure a second time that his door was locked. Anya was playing some loud Russian pop boy band music in the adjacent room, and as annoying as that was, it at least meant that any sounds *he* made would go unheard.

*Fuck yeah*, he thought, bringing up his collection of videos of sexy pregnant women. *I'd love to get chicks like this pregnant. I'd love to get you pregnant, Evelyn. I bet those boobs of those would get so big and milky. Imagine if I gave you twins.*

It was a stupid fantasy, but one that gave him excitement. He changed tabs, switching to the website *BellyLovers* and bringing up the latest videos and images fellow posters had found. He had almost settled on a girl who looked somewhat like Evelyn, albeit six months pregnant, to pleasure himself to, when he suddenly noticed there was a private message in his inbox. He decided to finish himself up before looking at it, and it didn't take him long to be reaching for the tissue box. This particular gal was enough for him to imagine as his old girlfriend, and God did it make him wish he'd knocked her up, as completely untenable as that would realistically be.

"Yeahhhh, f-fuck yeah," he grunted, wiping himself clean.

He went and flushed away the evidence, then returned to his room. The message in the inbox had him curious; he'd never received a message before. Clicking on it, his eyes widened in terror.

*Hello Jacob Jones. Yes, I know who you are, and yes, I know the kind of things you're into. That includes imagining the women in your life all big and pregnant. I'd like to talk over videochat, as soon as you've read this message. I've got a blessing to pass on to you. If you don't talk as soon as you can, then, well, I'll tell everyone about the real you. Your choice!*

Jacob could have thrown up. He was nearly hyperventilating. Who was this *WitchyWanda* person? How could she know about him? He used the best passwords, spoofed IP addresses, used reputable VPN services, the works! But now he had to talk face to face - well, over a screen, but still - with someone who was blackmailing him with his deepest, darkest secret.

*Oh God. I wrote goddamn fiction about getting fictional ladies knocked up. I have a poster history talking about how much I'd like to get famous celebrities pregnant with endless babies. I have fucking images downloaded of sexy preggo ladies, from college girls to goddamn MILFs! This is a nightmare. I mean, there's nothing illegal I'm sure, but it's the end of my life as I know it anyway!*

He could see that *WitchyWanda* was still online. Heart beating, and checking one last time to make sure the door was latched and Anya's annoying music was still playing loudly, he initiated a voicechat. To his surprise, it was answered almost immediately. His screen flickered, and then suddenly he was looking at a shockingly beautiful woman lounging in a very comfortable-looking sofa, a glass of wine in one hand and an apple in the other. She was wearing a silken robe, the kind that was parted in the centre enough to give a suggestion of large, perfect breasts, and her nipples were clearly outlined against the thin fabric. Her hair was dark and vampiric, her skin porcelain white, her eyes entrancingly pale blue. She grinned at him almost suggestively, and then he heard her voice so clearly it was as if she were in the room with him rather than speaking through his earphones.

"Well, well, well," the woman spoke, her voice sensual and manipulative. "If it isn't Jacob Jones in the flesh."

His skin scrawled, goosebumps signalling his nervousness. "Who - who are you? How do you know me?"

The woman grinned, taking a sip from her wine cup.

"Let's just say I'm a witch. A real one. Wanda the Witch. Sounds like a nice name, doesn't it? Well, I like to think I'm a nice person, Jacob Jones. I give people what they want, though sometimes they don't exactly like what they get. That's the fun of being a witch. I pick my targets very particularly. You see, there are others in my coven, like Morgan the Witch. She loves to punish and transform people for transgressions. Then there's Tila, the Wandering Witch. She actually tries to help people with potions and knick-knacks, and if things go wrong, it's because you didn't read the label. Me? Well, you might say I'm a bit more old-fashioned. I like to sow a bit of chaos just for the hell of it, like the covens of old. I find out the deepest, hiddenmost desires of men and women alike, and I give them exactly what they've been desiring, no matter how impossible. And in your case, Jacob, it's the desire to knock women in your life up, isn't it?"

Jacob's jaw hung. *How does she know this? I don't ever share those particular fantasies online, Jesus!*

But Wanda just grinned devilishly. "Fine, don't admit it, but a witch knows, especially a hag like me."

Hag certainly didn't describe her beautiful vamp looks, but she continued anyway.

“It doesn’t matter, because I’m here to tell you that I’ve got an opportunity for you, Jacob. The power to get any woman pregnant that you desire. Would that be something you want? Be honest with me.”

Jacob nearly terminated the call, but something made him stay on the line.

“I - that would be amazing. It’s impossible, of course.”

“Nothing is impossible for a witch like me. All you have to do is agree, Jacob, and I’ll give you the power to impregnate a woman every time you cum. How hot would that be?”

Another awkward pause. “Very hot.”

“So you agree? You’d like this power? You’d consent to have it?”

His throat was dry. Just the thought of such power.

“I would. Yes, I do. I mean, obviously you can’t so it’s a moot point and-”

But the witch interrupted him. She flicked her hands, and something green dazzled and danced around her fingers. When it was down, she cackled.

“There, done. I’ve given you a curse and blessing today, Jacob. I’m giving you everything you ever wanted. From this day, you’ll have the power to knock up any woman you know. You don’t even have to consummate the act with them. After all, I happen to know you’ve got quite the eager hand on your own pole, one might say. All it takes is for you to masturbate, and the moment you ejaculate, a woman in your life that you’re thinking about will be knocked up by your seed.”

Jacob scoffed, regaining some nerve. “You’re crazy. Look, I don’t know if this is some dumb prank, but we’re done h-”

The witch put up a finger, still holding her apple. She took a slow bite from it.

“A couple more things you might want to know. I’m turning your arousal way up. You won’t be able to stop yourself from masturbating. And, when you do, you’ll *have* to think about a woman you know. You won’t be able to think about a celebrity or a perfect lady in your head, but the real deal instead. And just to make things really fun, when you get them knocked up, you’ll be able to *feel* what they *feel*, and they’ll instantly know it was you, Jacob. No matter how much they know it’s not possible, they’ll know it’s you, everytime. Enjoy your fantasy, Jacob. I can’t wait to see the chaos you sow. This hag will be watching, and I’ll contact you when I’m ready, not the other way around. For now though, don’t ever forget that you agreed to this.”

There was a brief flash upon the screen. For the scantest moment, Jacob saw the horrifying image of the *real* Wanda the Witch. She was ugly as sin, with sagging, bloated features and sickly green-grey skin. Bones jutted from her shoulders, and her eyes were misshapen and watery. She grinned with a mouth of shark teeth.

And then the connection terminated.



*What the actual fuck was that?* Jacob thought. *That had to be some kind of crazy prank. Is she still gonna blackmail me? How did she know so much about me? And what was that weird deal I agreed to?*

He turned off his computer after scrubbing it of as much evidence as he could find. Then, still anxious, he went to bed. It took him a lot longer to go to sleep than he expected after such an ordeal.

He dreamed that he was knocking up hordes of women, giving them beautiful bellies. But not one of them looked happy about it, and soon they were chasing him.

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Jacob woke with his wood hard. It had been a long time since he'd been so aroused immediately upon waking. Hell, his dick was practically *throbbing* from arousal.

*God, that dream. And that weird video chat. It was probably just some weird scammer or something.*

He bit his lip, wanting to get up and shower, but his dick was simply too hard. His balls were practically *pulsing* with need. He could have sworn he had more sperm stored in his testicles than after that whole week he went without masturbating.

*Fuck. That dream was too good. Just a quickie, then.*

He grabbed a few tissues from the nearby tissue box, then began rubbing one out. He shuddered as he stroked his length. He seemed to be so much more sensitive than usual. He leaned into the pleasure, thinking of his ultimate fantasy: a deserted tropical island where he landed with a bunch of women, all of whom yearned to be pregnant. He knocked them up one by one, caressing their bellies each day as they grew. But as he tried to keep this image in his mind, a new one rose up and overtook it, to the point where it was borderline impossible to keep the other fantasy running.

In this new fantasy, he could see Evelyn, his old girlfriend. She was on one of her early morning runs. She'd always been a morning person, and couldn't stand that he slept in. She was in her running shorts and track top, and her hair tied back in a ponytail. She was beautiful as ever, but there was a way she could become even *more* beautiful.

"F-fuck yeah," Jacob grunted to himself. "Get you pregnant. Get you b-big and knocked up, Evelyn. Put a baby inside you. Make you mine. You can't even run, just waddle. Ahhh . . ."

The deserted island was gone, now there was only Evelyn in a highly realistic feeling dream. Jacob masturbated more furiously, getting so close to that golden moment. He reached out, still stroking himself off with one hand, as the moment approached. His balls were ready.

*She'd look so fucking hot running in the morning while pregnant. Pregnant with my baby. Growing until she could only walk, not run.*

He reached out again for the tissues, but a moment of panic set in as his orgasm arrived: he'd lost the wad of tissues in the bed, and now it was too late! His balls tensed, his cock throbbed, and his climax arrived, more powerful than any he'd ever had. It was brilliant, causing him to arch his back a little as his dick *pounded*, practically shaking as it expelled its contents.

But no contents arrived. Only a small spurt of what looked like green dust shot from his penis, before vanishing into thin air. It didn't stop the pleasure, which heightened as a strange new awareness came over him, one that transported his mind elsewhere.

*Evelyn runs. She loves running. It makes her feel alive. This morning is just a light 5k, but with the slopes of her neighbourhood it can still get the sweat up a little. She listens to her favourite pop musician, and there's nothing quite like hearing Shake It Off while she herself is shaking off any lingering frustrations from the previous day with a good run. The man that catcalled her? She shakes it off. The car that beeped at her despite her having right of way? She shakes it off. The worries over her application to work at the local veterinarian? She shake it -*

*Ohhhhh!*

*A sudden pleasure hits her. An arousal that comes from nowhere. Evelyn gasps, clutching her left breasts and rubbing it despite how public she is. A couple across the road look at her and begin walking faster. They are the Felixes, she knows them! But she can't help herself, staggering as she does so she has to lean on the nearest white picket fence. Something warm and hot and liquid is running through her, pouring like a torrent between her thighs and up into her uterus. It feels like sex, the best she's ever had.*

*"Mhmm! What's h-happening to meeee!?" she moans, much louder than she intends.*

*But it's too late. She can feel it. Her eyes roll into the back of her head as the orgasms hit her one after another. She can't fight them, but even within the shameful bliss there is the horrid realisation of what has happened. Somehow, impossibly, she is suddenly pregnant. She knows it. Her egg has been fertilised.*

*Fertilised by Jacob Jones.*

*"H-how J-Jacob?" she asks him, as if faintly aware of their mindlink. "H-how are you d-doing this!? WHYYYYY!?"*

*She wails, the last orgasm the most powerful yet. And she collapsed onto her rear, breathing heavily, still clutching her sensitive breasts. She is pregnant. Knocked up. Bred.*

*And she knows it is Jacob Jones' fault.*

Jacob snapped out of the strange vision, breathing just as heavily as Evelyn. He had felt it as if it had been totally real. Every sensation he had shared, right down to her heaving chest, sensitive nipples, and the moment of feminine orgasm. And her thoughts; his former girlfriend was accusing him!

*No way, he thought. It's just jitters. There's no way she's pregnant. Magic, witches, none of that is actually real!*

Steeling his mind from all the recent strangeness, he got out of bed. Sure enough, there was no jizz anywhere. He hadn't ejaculated, despite all the pleasure.

"It's just a coincidence," he said aloud.

Still, when he left his room to head to the shower, he must have looked jittery, because Tatiana noticed him.

"Jacob? Are you alright? You look like you've seen the ghost! Or perhaps the Baba Yaga my mother used to tell stories about."

Jacob just shook his head. "Just a bad dream, Tatiana."

His step mother smiled warmly. It was sometimes hard, how nice she was. It would have been easier if she was crueller, or at least more shallow like her daughter.

"If you're looking to go to the shower, I'm sorry to say my Anya is already there. It's going to be a long one, I'm afraid."

Jacob sighed. He could imagine Anya in the shower, singing her silly Russian pop tunes and dancing away, using up all the hot water. Looking so hot and sexy with her cute curves and wet blonde hair and those full Slavic lips.

*Imagine how she would look pregnant . . .*

He spluttered, shocked at his own thoughts. He'd never gone *there* before. Tatiana noticed his worry.

"Are you sure you're okay? Your father has gone to work, but I can rin-"

"No, it's okay. It's just . . . do you mind making me some breakfast, Tatiana? I'm sorry to ask, but I just feel kind of jittery, and I know you're always insis-"

"Of course!" she beamed. "I told you, I aim to be the best stepmother I can be. We're a family now, Jacob. Pancakes?"

For once, he was appreciative of Tatiana. It wasn't that she was a bad person, or even a gold digger like he sometimes claimed. She was just *there*, taking up time with his dad or being present when he wanted privacy. Seeing her get to work making pancakes for him did make him feel a bit warmer to her, though. He observed her leaning over against the pantry, looking for the extra flour.

*God, imagine taking her from behind. With those hips, it's almost a shame Dad hasn't gotten her pregnant.*

Again, Jacob startled.

*I need to get out of this house. I swear I'm going stir crazy with these thoughts. I wonder if Hana is free?*

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For the next few days, things seemed a bit normal. Jacob continued to feel far more 'excitable' when it came to arousal, but managed to suppress it a bit. After the strange experience he'd had with Wanda the Witch, he wanted to keep a low profile, maybe get a bit more control over his addictions. Besides, Hana wanted to catch up with her and Brett, her boyfriend. It sucked being the third wheel at bowling, and having to pretend not to be interested in the cute redhead, but at least it was something to do, and it allowed him to laugh and spend time with her. Brett was seemingly a good guy, but Jacob couldn't understand why Hana went with a man who was so clearly interested in cars and sports over their shared love of history and literature.

*Is it just that she likes bad boys? I mean, Brett isn't a total bad boy, but he has tattoos! Surely Hana isn't just so shallow to be into him because he's good looking and stuff?*

"That was so fun!" Hana declared when they were done. She kissed Brett, and Jacob had to look away. "And nice turkey there, sweetie. Three strikes in a row! Maybe next time, right, Jacob?"

He gave a sheepish affirmation to this, and bid his goodbyes. He tried hard to stop thinking of Hana in that old way, the one he now felt guilty about. In his mind, it had just been a harmless fantasy. He liked her, and wanted to be with her, so why not conjure up a hot imaginary scenario where he got her all pregnant? But after the encounter with Wanda the self-proclaimed witch, he knew he had to put aside his impregnation fantasies and be more sensible.

Only such a commitment turned out to be far more difficult than he could have imagined. As the days passed, his will eroded further and further, as thought of impregnating women began all over again. Normally, such thoughts were restricted to late night and early morning, or just idle thoughts, but now they seemed to be growing in potency. Hana was so petite and cute that he could only imagine how dominant a bigger belly would be on her. When Selene chatted with him about the latest *Stargazer* book at the campus coffeehouse, he found himself much more involved in their conversation. With that cool alternative chick vibe she had, he began to think about how hot it would be to get her pregnant with his babies, and soon he was hunched over the table, having a longer conversation than expected because he dick was so damn erect.

This state of affairs continued. Hana and Brett asked him to join them for a walk in the park, and Jacob was shocked to find that they had invited a fourth person: a

dark-skinned young woman named Naomi. She was cute, if a bit bigger than most girls he was interested in, but she had a delightful smile and a fun energy.

“I’ve heard so much about you from Hana!” she declared.

“R-really? I had no idea.”

“Yep!” Hana beamed. “I know Naomi here is big into sci-fi, so I thought you guys would enjoy getting together for a spell. Brett and I might have to walk ahead a little - we’re trying to get our steps in - so I guess you guys might just have to enjoy each other’s company for a bit!”

Jacob was instantly hit with the realisation: this was a setup. A surprise date. A meet cute organised by his best friend. And worse, Naomi actually seemed quite sweet on him as they walked together. She actually wasn’t into sci-fi at all, at least not like Selene. She’d just seen some popular movies. He soon came to realise they didn’t have all that much in common, and an awkward silence abounded as she tried to talk about her beautician course.

*Her makeup is pretty good, he thought to himself. And she is nice. She’s just not for me. Maybe if she wasn’t chubby from being, well, chubby, but was instead pregnant. She does have a nice bust. God, with those hips she could totally birth twins. I could fuck her till she was knocked up and -*

He was grateful to get away from her by the end, and though it was clear Hana was disappointed that her planned surprise date for him didn’t work out, Jacob just had to find a private place to take care of the much-needed issue in his pants. He left Naomi with Hana, made some excuse about needing to check something back along the track. He ran away from their confused eyes, but managed to hear Brett’s voice.

“What a weirdo.”

“Don’t say that!” Hana shushed him. “He just struggles sometimes. Don’t take it personally, Naomi.”

*I’m not struggling, I’m just - ugh! Why is my dick so hard? I nearly looked like a goddamn pervert. Thank God for a loose sweater!*

He planned to get to the public restroom way back along the track, but he was throbbing too much, imagining Naomi full with child, her dark skin perfect and without blemish. He needed to knock her up. He needed it so fucking bad. So he committed the ultimate embarrassment: he ran behind a cluster of trees down a bank, away from the view of any potential passerbys.

And he masturbated.

Jacob had never done anything like this, but he hadn’t had a date with ‘Rosie Palms’ for several days now. The image of short, chubby Naomi ballooning up with a baby - no, two

babies! - was too much to resist. Her breasts were already big, imagine how big they would be filled with milk to drink from?

*Yesssss, get her impregnated. Breed her. Make her grow and grow until she had to accept she's not only pregnant, but mine.*

It didn't take long for him to cum. He tried to angle his penis away from himself, to spend his seed upon the spring flowers the ground. Only that's not what happened: instead, that same immense pleasure came over him, his balls shooting forth sperm that never came. A brief green, dust-like mist shot from his penishead, then disappeared from existence just as clearly.

But his seed had gone elsewhere, and in that moment of pure bliss, his mind was elsewhere too.

*Naomi waits patiently with her friends. This has been a bust. Sure, Jacob was kind of cute in a gangly nerdy way, and he wasn't unkind, but there had just been no connection between them. Besides, she was pretty sure he was nursing an erection in public or something, which was just weird! She listens to Hana prattle on about how maybe a second date might work, when suddenly something hits her.*

*Naomi gasped, shaking a little from an unbearable bliss that seems to have no source. Hana's eyes go wide, and Brett asks her if she's okay.*

*"I - I don't know! I just feel - Ohhhhhh! It's like - sex! God, it's like being fuuuuuuh-!"*

*The pleasure rises, the first of several orgasms that flow through her. She managed to keep herself upright, but only by widening her stance. Still, she bucks her hips, gyrating on the spot and making both of her friends positively aghast at the side.*

*"I c-can't help it! S-something's happening!"*

*It happens. Oh God, it happens. She feel the warm streams of another man's cum flow into her, and moments later the impregnation occurs. She swears she can practically feel the sperm burrowing into her egg. Or is it eggs, plural? Either way, it leaves her reeling, breathing heavily from the sheer delirious joy of it all.*

*"Its h-him," she declared, the knowledge suddenly hitting her. "I know it's h-him! He's gotten me pregnant! Your friend knocked me up!"*

Jacob startled back to himself.

"Holy shit, that was the same as before," he exclaimed. The young man quickly buckled up his pants and ran back up to the path, quickly getting back to the group. He waved his wallet in the air.

"Sorry, I dropped this earlier! Lucky I found it!"

But the scene he came upon was not concerned with such excuses at all. Just like in the strange vision, Naomi was panting heavily, fingers running over her stomach while Brett and Hana looked at her with confusion.

“Uh, what’s going on?”

Naomi suddenly twisted her head, looking at him with shock. “Him! That’s who I’m talking about! Your friend Jacob just got me freaking pregnant, Hana!”

“WHAT!?” the other three, Jacob included, said at once.

Naomi shook her head, straightened a little, but still rubbing her stomach beneath her long sleeve shirt.

“I can’t explain it, he just did! I’m pregnant. I could - I could feel it. I know I am! It happened just then!”

Hana looked from Naomi to Jacob. “Um, Naomi? Jacob wasn’t anywhere near you. And trust me, you guys were still in eyeview while we walked ahead. I would have known if you two had been getting it on.”

“Yeah, I think you must be having a temperature or something,” Brett said.

But Naomi was adamant, pointing to Jacob as he came closer. “I - I can’t explain it, but it’s true! Hana, you have to believe me, I’m pregnant. I really am! I know I am, and he’s the father! I felt his . . . his gunk go into me! It’s gone now, but-”

She seemed to realise the insanity of what she was saying, because she suddenly stopped. “Forget it! I’m going home. Maybe I’m just going crazy from too much walking. I could have sworn . . .”

She left, leaving all three of them standing there. Hana gave a sheepish look to Jacob.

“I’m so sorry, she’s never like that.”

But Jacob’s thoughts were running wild.

*It was just like with Evelyn. What if . . . what if something did happen?*

He buried the thought away. He simply couldn’t handle it right now.

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The need to masturbate continued to rise periodically for Jacob. Try as he might, he couldn’t avoid it. Even when he’d been served by a cute chick at the drive by Fry Buys, he felt his member spring to attention when a cute olive-skinned girl took his order, wishing him a merry day. It was only a brief interaction, one delayed by an issue with his burger during which she gave a cute giggle in response to the situation, but it was enough for him to lock his room and masturbate to the thought of her in his computer chair. And just like the previous two times, he felt her presence.

*She prepares for a hot date. Abigail is such a cutie, and Farah simply can’t believe that she wants to go out with her. Should she go with the red dress, she wonders, or the blue? The blue works better with her eyes, and -*

*And suddenly the pleasure. Suddenly the shakes. Suddenly shock as she feels a tremendous warmth enter her, impregnating her.*

The rest followed as usual. At least Farah didn't know Jacob's name, but she did instantly remember his face. He was the one that had done this to her, the customer she had served earlier that day and shared a silly joke over. Why had he done this to her?

"I didn't," he said to himself in the aftermath. "I didn't. God, am I going insane?"

But the actions of Naomi said otherwise. There was no confirmation of her pregnancy, and Jacob doubted that she actually was, but according to Hana she had become a total recluse lately, waiting for the moment a standard pregnancy test could confirm anything.

Jacob tried to get on with his life. He and Tatiana were getting along a little better, even though Anya was still a total annoyance.

"It'll take time for us to all find our new equilibrium, son," his father told him. "We're heading up to Uncle Jerry's beach house this weekend. He's given us the key and suggested we all take some time together. Now, I know you refused to go last time with us, but please, give it a chance."

*Ugh, the beach house. No internet and I burn like a crisp. And no doubt Anya will spend the whole time whining about not having her social media access. But . . . at least I might get away from all this recent weirdness.*

"Sure Dad," he told him. "I'll go. Just . . . let me have my space when I need it, please. I'm just going through some stuff now."

His father smiled. "Of course, buddy. You can tell me about it, you know. Or Tatiana."

Jacob shook his head. It would be hard enough telling his Dad about the vivid impregnation dreams. It would be far, far weird to admit to his new stepmother that he'd been having dreams about getting *her* pregnant, sometimes in a warm dacha in the middle of a Russian winter. The sight of her in a fur cap and nothing else, her older body swollen with . . .

Well, he'd made extra sure not to masturbate to that imagery, just in case.

The only problem was, it got a lot harder when they went to the beach house. It was a forty minute drive, during which Anya complained again and again about the lack of social media access that was to come, all while Jacob scoffed and rolled his eyes, despite having the same objects.

"Look, can you just stop whining, okay? We're all in the same boat here!"

"I don't want to get in a boat! I want to stay on the beach and work on my suntan!"

"You can do that, darling," Tatiana said. "I know I will."

Jacob could have thrown up from the way his stepmother put her hand on his father's thigh in the front seat.



*God, why didn't I take the spare car myself?*

The next few days, at least, weren't as bad as he imagined. Apart from Anya's whining, he at least stayed clear of her. She'd charged up her phone and iPod and brought speakers, and was glamping it up as much as possible despite the pared down nature of location. Jacob also found his urges rising once more, continuing to build.

*Fuck, I came here to get away from this freaking addiction. What's wrong with me? Was Naomi just a fluke? Maybe if I get out in the fresh air, wear some sunscreen, and touch grass . . . or sand.*

So that's what he did. His father had never been so proud to finally have his son in the boat again, fishing unsuccessfully near the reef but fishing nonetheless. It was wonderful for Jacob too: finally he and his father Harry were spending time together.

"That's the best part about fishing," Harry said. "Even if you catch nothing, it was time well spent. Plus a beer or two."

Jacob chuckled in response. The laughter didn't last long, however, because when they got back to shore, Tatiana was there to show off for her husband, wearing a black and white bikini that hugged her pale figure well, along with a broad brim hat and pair of fancy glasses. Clearly, she'd been spending his father's money, but he didn't seem to mind.

"I knew I married the right woman!" he said, embracing her with a smile.

Jacob and Anya actually shared an eye roll together. They were both clearly thinking the same thing.

*Why did they have to meet each other?*

But then Anya dropped her towel, and Jacob's eyes bulged in response. His jaw actually dropped.

"W-wow," he uttered, without even meaning to.

He knew Anya was pretty. He knew that his stepsister, with her long blonde hair and exotic Slavic features (well, exotic for *him*), was quite popular on her socials for that reason. He'd never looked at those images though, because that would be too weird. But now here she was, wearing a dark blue bikini that emphasised her hourglass figure and lovely chest - Jacob estimated them to be C-cups, at least. Jacob swallowed.

*That slim belly. That trim figure. Imagine it growing a child. My child.*

"Eww, gross! Are you staring at me? You're my stepbrother, for God's sake!"

He was stirred back to reality by her sharp Russian tongue, his cheeks blushing a deep red.

"I wasn't!"

"You were!" she said, stepping forward, breasts bobbing a little. She placed her hands on her hips, as if to tease him. Thankfully, Tatiana and Harry were further down the

beach already, going on a swim. "I could see you looking at my body? Why, like what you see?"

Jacob's jaw dropped again, only for Anya to laugh at him.

"I knew it! Such a sad 'big stepbrother' I have. No wonder you don't have a girlfriend. Enjoy the sight, and know you'll never have it!"

She moved away, letting her hips sway a bit more dramatically, and even bending over to take off her sandals, clearly emphasising her rear to him. Jacob's breath quickened. He was aroused to anger, and to, well, *arousal* as well. She looked at him again, flipping her hair in a forthrightly sexual manner, then blew him a teasing kiss.

"Look at you, spellbound. Ha! You're such a loser, Jacob."

And with that, she entered the waters, heading out to swim. Jacob watched her go, his member already stirring in his shorts, getting harder and harder.

*That utter bitch! And to think I was starting to get along with her mother, and then she reminds me that Tatiana brought her into being. Ugh! She's the worst . . . and so, so, so much fucking hotter than I thought she was.*

Which meant that the compulsions were returning, stronger than ever. Jacob's anger rose, much like his penis, quivering with a mix of hatred of Anya and yet undeniable attraction to her.

*No. I can resist it. I can.*

He was right. He did manage to resist . . . that day. Except that now Anya knew something terrible about him, and she continued to tease him in the following days at the beach house. She made a habit of wearing bikinis around the house, of emerging from the shower in just a towel, and always making sounds that were just a little sexual around him. And each time, it would make him so deeply fucking aroused, and it would give Anya an excuse to call him what he very much was: a pervert, a freak, a gross man incapable of getting a date. She teased him about Hana, and how she'd never be into him, and it was *those* comments that made him the most angry.

"Enjoy the sight of your stepsister in a bikini, Jacob," she said, laying down a towel and groaning sensually as she posed upon it. "I can't wait to tell everyone this on my socials when we get back. My followers will freak. I imagine Hana will find it far less funny though, don't you? Or are you so spellbound by my body that you just can't respond?"

Jacob stormed off. "You're acting just as much a freak as I am!" he called, heading for the water.

Anya just laughed. He wasn't even sure of her endgame; was it just to fuck with his head, or was it to help make things awkward enough that their parents would have to break up. He didn't know, and didn't care. What he did have was an endless need to take care of himself, and the perfect target to finally punish.

*I know this is all fake. I know this isn't real. I know Naomi was just having . . . an episode, or something. But if this is real. If Wanda really was a witch. Then I bet Anya would look pretty fucking sexy and be far more humiliating if she was suddenly finding herself preggers!*

It was a terrible thought, but a hot one all the same. He made his way into the water, up to his shoulders and out of sight of anyone. Then, he kept his eye on Anya as she relaxed on the beach.

*So much for dignity*, he thought, as he pulled down his swimming shorts underwater, and began to stroke his hard dick in response to the Russian girl's hot body. Soon he was stroking readily, eagerly taking in her form. His mind was overrun with lust, with a want to see his stepsister humiliated as she bloated up with his babies. Yes, babies. He was aiming for twins.

*Aiming for twins? What does that even - HHNGH!!*

He came, and the mental switch happened almost immediately, that wonderful vision into Anya's world as his seed flooded into her instead of the sea.

*She is lying on the beach, enjoying taunting her ridiculous stepbrother. It would be so easy to keep playing this game all weekend, but she knows she should probably stop soon, before her mama catches her. It's not like he can -*

*"Ohhhh," she moans, not knowing where the pleasure comes from. "Ohhhhh . . . mhmhm! What the - nnggh!!"*

*It floods her, making her writhe upon the beach and stroke her body. She knows. She knows in that very moment what he has done. His revenge upon her. But how? They never did any deed! She'd never let that happen!"*

Jacob opened his eyes, head thankfully still above water. He stared across the expanse of water to Anya, who was getting to her feet a little wobbly and panicking visibly. She stared back at him, fury building on her face.

"What did you DO!?" she shouted.

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No one believed Anya, and in the end even she had to admit it was probably just a case of heatstroke. Tatiana had a long talk with her daughter, and Jacob finally got to spend time with his father again, though things were considerably more awkward this time. Being accused of getting your stepsister magically pregnant somehow will do that for you.

"She's just going through stuff," his father said.

"Yeah," Jacob said, casting his rod out again.

The only problem was that Jacob was starting to believe something was going on. This many times couldn't be a coincidence; Wanda the Witch had done something to him. Was he actually impregnating those women though? He tried to avoid thinking about it too deeply.

Unfortunately, reality caught up to him not long after. Anya was still acting distant, which was A-OK by him, and at least there was a lull between his strange new urges. But then, out of the blue, he received a call not long after arriving on campus. It was Evelyn's number.

"Uh, hello?" he said. "This is Jacob Jones."

*"Jacob. It's me. Evelyn."*

"Oh, hey Evelyn. I haven't heard from you in a while. Um, how's it going? Are you still in-

*"Yeah, I'm still here.. Look, I'm not here to talk about old times, Jacob. I'm here to talk about what happened a few weeks ago. Did anything . . . strange happen with you? On the eleventh?"*

Jacob could definitely remember thinking of Evelyn on that date. It was the first vision he'd had. But he didn't let that slip. His heart was already bursting in his chest, his nervousness rising.

"No, sorry. I can't remember anything around that time. Just studying and putting up with my new 'blended' family."

*"You're sure you don't know anything? Nothing weird happened? You weren't over her for a trip or didn't do anything to do with me or something?"*

Jacob swallowed. "Evelyn, what's this about?"

*"Jacob . . . I'm pregnant."*

The other shoe dropped. Jacob's lungs skipped a breath.

"Congratulations?"

*"I don't want it! But . . . I have to keep it. I can't explain why."*

"Um, sorry? I don't understand why you're telling me."

*"Because I think it's yours! I don't know how to put this, so I'll just say it and you can think I'm crazy like everyone else. Nearly a month ago, I just suddenly seized over while running, and . . . I could feel myself getting pregnant. And I knew, somehow, that it was you. And now I definitely know. Somehow, you got me pregnant. I just need to know what you did and how you did it, and why I can't do anything to get rid of it! It's like my body wants to have this baby no matter what I think!"*

Jacob bit his lip. So it was true. Wanda the Witch wasn't lying. He really was getting women pregnant. But that meant . . . Naomi, the cute girl at the Fry Buys. *God, my own*

*stepsister. I mean, we're not related and only met this year, but that's so wrong! She's pregnant too?*

"I - Evelyn, no offence, but I really need to go."

*"You can't go! This is your baby! I need to know why I'm having it? Is this some freaking sign from God or something? Some kind of new virgin birth - I mean, I'm not a virgin, but we never did the deed lately! How the fuck did this happen? Why am I compelled to go through with this? Jacob, why am I fucking knocked up with your baby!?"*

Jacob hung up. He tried not to panic.

*I got them pregnant. Oh my God, they're pregnant. They're actually having babies. The curse was real. Each time I've been . . .*

He didn't even want to finish the thought. How many women had he knocked up so far? And they were carrying *his* babies, too! God, he wanted Anya pregnant with twins. Could he do that? It felt like he could, at least in the moment.

"Hey, Jacob! Jacob! Earth to Jacob?"

He collected himself. Hana was standing right before him, waving her hand and grinning cheekily.

"Someone was lost in thought," she teased.

"Y-yeah," he said, smiling sheepishly. "Um, how are you going, Hana?"

"Well, I'm wondering where you are, for one. C'mon, we've got a lecture coming up. I want my best friend to sit next to me. Brett's out of town at the moment, so I need some good company."

*That's me, the comforting shoulder. God, I'm pathetic. If only I could get Hana pregnant with my baby then she'd be -*

He shook his head, dispelling the thought.

*No, I need to hold this off. I need to avoid it. Clearly, the curse is real. I could never do that to Hana, no matter how fucking hot it would - ugh, stop it, stupid brain!*

He continued to walk with Hana, chatting about everything under the sun to keep his mind off of what it was now obsessed over.

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Jacob searched and searched and searched and searched. Wanda the Witch *had* to have an online presence somewhere, or at least something he could try and trace. He searched on the *BellyLovers* website, and on other fantasy fetish websites as well. He typed her handle into mystery and paranormal boards, but nothing came up whatsoever. He couldn't remember the names of the other witches she'd mentioned, and he cursed himself for that

lap. Still, he tried to focus his energies on that, because his life was spiralling more and more out of control.

Naomi was pregnant. It was confirmed now. The woman had tried to confront Jacob on campus - twice - before being taken away by security. Hana was worried that she was having a mental health episode over it, because Naomi was *convinced* that Jacob was the father. Only Jacob knew that to be true.

So he continued searching, trying to find any scrap of a clue to overturn this affliction that was giving him everything he wanted in the worst possible way. Anya had started throwing up in the morning and was complaining to her mother about tender breasts. She was tired and not even doing those dumb dances for her social media accounts anymore. No doubt she was piecing together what she already thought was true on that day at the beach: she was preggers, and these were the first signs. She continued to look at Jacob strangely, keeping her distance but occasionally broaching strange topics.

“Did something weird happen that day on the beach?”

“Jacob, do you know anything about magic?”

“Has there ever been a case, historically or whatever, of someone getting pregnant without, uh, doing *it*?”

He tried to be as evasive as possible, even as her stomach began to show the slightest curve. Tatiana was taking her to get tested, likely having a mother’s suspicion about what was happening, and Jacob overheard some of the whispered conversations between his father and stepmother at night about ‘who’ and ‘how’ this might have happened. At least Anya’s more party girl lifestyle would shield him from the list of suspects.

And yet still, the urges rose, at least a couple times a week. Jacob had sworn off his usual sites and fantasies entirely, but still they appeared in his mind when interacting with women. It was getting to the point where Hana was coming up more and more with said urges, the notion of making his cute crush finally full with child utterly enticing.

*No, I can't do that*, he repeated in his mind. *I can never do that to her. Anya was a bad enough mistake. All of them were. But I could never do that to her. She's my friend, no matter my other feelings.*

He just needed to find Wanda. Needed to get to the source of it all and remove this chaotic curse. The only problem was that his urges wouldn’t wait. Again and again that arousal swept over him, often in the most unhelpful locations. He literally had to run awkwardly out of the lecture theatre, much to Hana’s confusion, just so he could rub one out in the bathroom. He only *just* managed to avoid thinking about Hana . . .

. . . because he made the conscious choice to think of Selene instead.

The poor woman literally had a series of orgasms right in the centre of the cafe she worked out on campus, clutching onto a shocked customer as her body was rocked by the

experience. Jacob felt every burst of bliss within her, as well as the horrified realisation that the sweet nerd she had a crush on had somehow done this to her. Selene's mind swirled with confusion; this was like something out of a sci-fi fantasy!

He managed to avoid her, convincing Hana that they needed to go to a new coffee place, even as Selene tried to wave to him to come over. No doubt she really wanted to talk about something *big*.

And yet *still* the curse wore on. Jacob did his best to resist the thoughts, but it was inevitable that they would rise up again, and then he would become almost painfully erect. He could fight it, but there was only victory in the little battles, never the war. And always, *always* Hana was in his thoughts, especially when she continued on her dates with Brett, the pair of them making sickly sweet social media posts together. It was the kind of thing that Anya *wasn't* doing anymore now that she was pregnant. For the first time Jacob was actually feeling sorry for his stepsister, even as her stomach began to visibly start growing.

The family announcement came not long after. As far as Tatiana was concerned, it was the result of just "some boy at a club."

"Anya has decided to keep the baby. I know it's going to make things hard, but I hope we can all work through this."

It was clear she was going to support her daughter, but Jacob didn't expect the same of his father. Instead, Harry placed his hand on Anya's shoulder, and spoke to her like a father.

"It's going to be okay," he said.

*Great, even when she gets knocked up she's still the favourite new child on the block.*

But Jacob didn't really mean it, because he could see the struggle in Anya's eyes, the way she struggled to look at him. She was lying to her mother and his father, and perhaps even to herself.

"Why do you want to keep it?" he asked her later, in the hall.

"I - I have to," Anya said miserably, touching her stomach. "I can't not! I want to get rid of it. I went to a centre . . . but then I walked away. I wasn't in control of myself. What did you do to me?"

"I didn't do anything."

She jabbed him in the chest. "I know you did. I'm growing *your* baby! You put this inside me! I'm going to be a young single mother because of *you*! I don't know how I know but I *do*. You're behind this."

Jacob sighed. "No one will believe you, and you won't believe me."

Anya's jaw fell, but he was already walking away.

"Trust me, I can't help it. It's a goddamn curse, Anya. You should keep clear of me."

He tried to masturbate to her later that night, but it didn't work. For some reason, a lady who was *already* pregnant just didn't work as a target. He could get turned on by it, of course, but the final thoughts would be about someone else, someone who could be impregnated.

"S-sorry!" he gasped, releasing at the thought of one of his cute classmates, a girl named Sabrina with flowing brunette hair.

She didn't turn up the next day for the lecture, and he didn't blame her. It was yet another woman who knew him that he'd gotten pregnant.

*My social circle is shrinking even as they start to blow up! I need to find Wanda, but I also need to avoid getting Hana pregnant. I need - oh God, oh fuck - I need more women.*

And so began Jacob's most guilty series of actions yet. In his quest to satisfy his cursed cravings and avoid impregnating his best friend, he began to become more outwardly social. He started walking through the nearby parks, or driving to an adjacent town and talking to an attractive waitress, and even going to book conventions and libraries to meet new people. New women. The key thing was that they couldn't know his name or trace things back to him. They would always know *the man* who had gotten him pregnant, but judging from Farah's case, that didn't translate to knowing his name or exact location. When the urge came, he would run and find the most private location he could find, stimulate himself, and answer the call. Then that utterly addictive rush of impregnation would occur, and the woman in question would gasp and moan in a very public manner, knowing in that moment she was knocked up.

It became a pattern, and it gave him weeks and weeks of material. It got him out of the house too, and away from Anya. Her belly was starting to show a lot more, and when he'd last seen Naomi she too was obviously going into her second trimester and getting bigger each day. Things were fucked up enough as they were, and with Evelyn blowing up his phone with the occasional angry text about how big she was getting, he could only hope that she didn't pay him a visit.

*Maybe a library book has the answers to Wanda. Maybe some hidden site I haven't found. Maybe a local occult group or something!*

He continued to search, continued to fail, continued to knock up women weekly. He even started making fake accounts for online chat sites to talk to women - be they fellow nerds, influencers, or girls you had to pay to talk to while they dressed up all sexy for you. It aroused Jacob, but each time he climaxed he would shut down the chat immediately, bathing in the experience of getting them pregnant.

And still, it continued. Tatiana helped Anya each day with her growing belly, and Jacob couldn't keep his eyes off of her, or her growing breasts. When it turned out that she



was having twins, the poor woman was practically in shock, and once again she accused Jacob.

“Why did you do this? You have to step up and admit it!”

Jacob swallowed, looking at her sexy belly. God, he wanted to see Evelyn’s, and Naomi’s, just to see how they were going.

“Stop looking at me like that!” she snapped. “Seriously, I will find a way to prove it was you.”

“You won’t. Your Mom will think you’re crazy again, and while Dad’s helping you, he won’t forgive you if you put this on me.”

Anya snarled, placing her hands on her wider hips. “Is it a curse on me too, then?”

“No, just on me. I get women pregnant. You’re not the first. You won’t be the last. I’m trying to control it, but it comes out at times. Anya, I don’t like you, and you don’t like me, but I am sorry. I really am. I didn’t want you pregnant, or with twins. Seriously, I didn’t. But that time you were cruel to me on the beach, and showing off in your bikini, and it just sort of . . . happened.”

Anya closed her eyes, rubbing them for a moment. Then she lowered her hands down to caress her belly.

“And now, for that, I have to be a mother? You’re the worst, Jacob.”

“I know,” he said. “I know.”

“What am I supposed to do now? My socials are ruined!”

Jacob bit his lip. He didn’t want Anya to know the whole truth of his fetish, but he couldn’t leave her in the lurch either. He was responsible for this; of all the women, he had gotten her pregnant the most deliberately. Besides, she was turning out so damn lovely. So sexy. When his urges weren’t coming on, he was embarrassed to find himself masturbating to her anyway. A ‘freebie’, he considered it, what with her boobs being D-cups and Anya often wearing tight things that showed off her growing twin belly.

“Look, don’t ask how I know this, because I won’t tell you, but there’s a huge, huge, huge scene online for pregnant women. Guys think it’s sexy, and ladies go gaga over it. Unpackaging mommy stuff, readying the cribs, showing off maternity wear, whatever. Maybe that is something you can use. You’ll probably eclipse your former followers like crazy.”

“I - what?”

Jacob shrugged. “It’s the best I can do. Think of it as a way to work with the curse, I guess. I’m sorry.”

Anya tried to ask another question but was distracted by some kicking in her stomach. Jacob absconded quickly. He was getting the urge just from looking at her, and he only had three new women he’d met recently. He gave a whispered apology to Kaia, the cute

woman at the bus stop he'd met. She already had three kids. Maybe a fourth wouldn't be too bad?

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It wasn't a moral life. It wasn't even the one he wanted, but for a time, as his various 'women' ballooned up with his babies, Jacob's life was starting to find a semblance of order again. Anya was indeed trending online, showing off her big twin belly and acting all excited and motherly, and he couldn't help himself but watch the occasional vid and marvel at her. Anya was starting to lean hard into this new existence, and so it made him hope others were doing well. Hana told him that Naomi had moved back with her parents to help plan for the baby, and was starting to get clucky to meet 'him.' It was weird to think that soon he'd technically be a father.

"Man, I never want kids myself!" Hana proclaimed.

"Really?" he asked her, as they sat with Brett nearby.

"No way. I love my nieces and nephews, but it's not for me."

"You don't want kids either, Brett?" Jacob asked him.

Brett just chuckled. "Nah, no way. Can't fit on a motorcycle."

*God, he's so shallow, and she's laughing with him. Such a shame she won't have babies. She'd look so good with them.*

He bit down the thoughts, and was ready to try and talk about something else, when his eyes went wide at the sight of a woman calling his name as she barrelled towards him. Well, more like *waddled*.

"Oh my God, is that Selene?" Hana asked. "Is she preggers? I had no idea she was having a baby. Wow, I guess you dodged a bullet, Ja-"

He was already moving to intercept her. Selene was just as pretty as ever - no, prettier. The hot alternative woman was wearing a dark, semi-ripped crop top and maternity shorts that left her entire midsection bare, her big growing belly naked to the world.

*Holy shit, her belly button is nearly popped. She looks so fucking hot. And her tits look ripe in that crop top!*

Still, he was disturbed. She had been gone for a while, and Jacob had assumed she'd moved away like Naomi. Instead, the woman caught up with him as he tried to leave the college grounds. Hana and Brett were no longer within earshot, but they were still watching on with confusion.

"Jacob! Jacob! I know what you did!"

He tried to keep his head down, but she halted him with her hands. To his astonishment, there was a broad grin across her features, and her eyes were positively *manic*.

“You did this to me, didn’t you? You got me knocked up!”

“Shh,” he said. “Please don’t be loud. Look, I swear I don’t know what you’re talk-”

“You blessed me! You blessed me with your child. You *chose* me. It’s taken me a long time to realise it, but you’ve *chosen me!*”

*What the actual fuck!? Why is she smiling like a crazy person? Oh God, she is a crazy person. I’ve made her crazy.*

She was practically pressing her belly against Jacob, making him a little hard. He took her hand and pulled her away.

“If we’re going to talk, let’s talk in private. Please.”

“Of course, Jacob, if that is your real name!”

“What?”

He managed to get her around beside one of the less used campus buildings. She was caressing her belly, pressing herself against him in a way that turned him on.

“I know what you did to me. You got me pregnant. Don’t try to deny it. I know it was you: I felt your mind meld with me. Like Spock in *Star Trek*.”

Jacob rubbed his forehead. “Okay, but please don’t freak out, okay? I swear I didn’t mean to. It’s complicated and-”

But Selene was already giggling. “Freak out? Are you kidding!? This is the best thing that’s ever happened to me!”

“I - what?”

She grabbed him by the shoulders, and to Jacob’s complete surprise, proceeded to kiss him. It was a deep, passionate kiss, and he was surprised to find himself kissing back. It was making him hard, feeling that wonderful belly against his loins.

“I can’t thank you enough, you sexy wonderful man,” Selen continued. “I mean, I had a crush on you before, but now I know it was *destined* to be. You have a power, Jacob. I don’t know if you’re an alien, or a God, or some kind of new evolved human, but you blessed me with a child using your new power. I can barely believe it; it’s, like, right out something like one of my science fiction or fantasy novels, I swear.”

*Holy shit, she’s crazy. She’s a crazy person!*

Selene beamed, her eyes fixed on him as she moaned a little, rubbing her pregnant belly against him. Unfortunately for Jacob, it was only making him more turned on.

“Is our baby going to be special? Will he - or she - have a great destiny?”

“I’m - I’m not special myself,” Jacob said. “It’s just a c-curse.”

“Mhmmn, more like a blessing. I know it’s a great power, don’t deny it, Jacob. I felt our minds merge, I felt you bless my womb. God, it turns me on so fucking much that I’m your chosen one.”

“B-but there are others, and-”

“There are others?” she said, but then when she took this in, she grinned again. “Of course, it makes sense. I am one of the blessed. There should be a whole community of us. I was scared for so long, terrified even. I cried myself to sleep. But then it all clicked: this was my fate. To carry the child of a man with special powers. And if there are other women, then all the better, right?”

Jacob winced. *This is not going well, he thought. I need to get away. But she’s so fucking fertile and round and pregnant and - and hot!*

And her fingers were unbuckling her belt as she pulled him closer to the bushes at the outskirts of the campus, hidden away from the view of anyone else.

“Look, Selene, when I get turned on I can’t help myself. I end up - I end up causing another pregnancy.”

“Mhmmn, another blessing. I want to be your first acolyte, Jacob. Your first worshipper. Let me help you bless another. I could be your high priestess, carrying as many children as you want.”

*God help me, that sounds so fucking perfect.*

She unbuckled his pants, and began to remove her top, letting him take in her enlarged breasts and sloping belly. She had a tattoo of a wave on her right side, and it was stretched by her pregnancy. She gave a pleasurable little purr at the sight of his cock, rigid and throbbing.

“Let me take care of that for you,” she whispered.

And then she turned around, pressing a hand upon a brick fence and then pull her panties down to give him access.

“Go on, feel my belly while you take me.”

Jacob cursed himself. He hadn’t expected this level of insanity. Naomi and Farah had been accidents, many other women unfortunate pregnant casualties, and Anya been made pregnant with *twins* out of spite. But now Selene was actively tempting him, and he had given in.

“God, you look so fucking perfect all pregnant like that,” he said.

She giggled, shaking her hips a little. “Go on. Bless me again. I really hope you’re secretly an alien, Jacob. I won’t be surprised. You don’t have to tell me, but I think it’s true. So take me any way you want.”

*Jesus, she thinks I’m an alien. Fuck, what even is my life?*

But that question didn't much matter, because Jacob held his dick, poised it at her entrance, and slid inside her anyway. It was the first act of sex he'd engaged with in a long time, and dear God was it amazing. She was already so slick with her juices, almost as aroused as he was. Selene moaned loudly, rolling her shoulders as he took her from behind. Just as she'd requested, he placed his hands over her belly, felt her breasts, dangling and full from the weight of gravity, sliding his fingers over her maternal curves.

"Yessssss," the delusional woman moaned. "Yesss, just like in the stories!"

"The what!?"

"The stories I began reading after - ahhh - you knocked me up with your powers! I thought I was a freak, but then I realised how blessed I was! And how g-good you feel! F-fuck me, Jacob! I love you!"

*Fuck, I made her nuts! I broke her, or she broke herself, or something! And now thanks to these urges, I can't frickin' stop!*

He thrust into her, matching her bucking hips perfectly, her tight pussy milking his cock for all that it was worth. She let loose some gorgeous, ragged moans as he got closer and closer to cumming. He pawed at her belly, dreaming of seeing it even more fecund, right to the point where labour was imminent. It only brought his climax forward, imagining that moment.

"I'm about t-to cum!" he grunted.

"Yes, master! Yes, use your power!"

And while it should have disturbed him, it only made him more excited . . .

. . . until the inevitable disaster occurred. Jacob may have finally achieved his highest dream of having sex with a beautiful pregnant woman, but the curse Wanda had put on him clearly recognise a target of lust that was *already* pregnant. Suddenly his focus switched without his consent, latching into the first woman he thought about: *Hana*.

*No, anyone but her! But she'd look so hot with my babies. With twins making her all big and waddling, tits full of milk - no! I can't! Stop thinking about her, Jacob! Stop thinking about her red hair and cute freckles and sexy hips and - Jesus, it's impossible! Think of another woman, any woman!*

But none came to mind, even as he thrust more and more, the orgasmic moans from Selene bringing him to the doorstep of climax. His balls tensed, ready to expend his semen into Hana, wherever she was, and finally get her pregnant with his kids. His mind reeled, trying to think of any other woman he could possibly put in place of Hana, one that would arouse him.

And he succeeded, though not in any way that he could have hoped. As his mind raced to think of a woman, the only one he could land on was a pretty blonde older woman

with nice curves, a gorgeous Russian accent, who he had seen in bikinis and dresses and all manner of clothes that fitted her motherly body well.

He thought of *Tatiana*.

“Shit!” he cried, his voice overrode by Selene’s wails.

And then he came.

*She is at the grocery store, picking up some things to cook for dinner. So much more to make now that Anya is pregnant. How did this happen? She’d had her daughter quite young, but never expected Anya to repeat her choices. Still, perhaps things would settle down. Harry was doing so well, and she was so proud of Jacob lately. Sure, he might never view them as a complete family unit, but he and Anya weren’t arguing as much, and he was having dinner with them more often and-*

*And now she groans, dropping her grocery bag. People look her way as the pleasure floods through her, eliciting further loud whimpers of ecstasy. Tatiana is confused. Why is she feeling this way? Why is it so good?*

*She receives her answers moments later. She can feel it. The impregnation. She never imagined having another child, and for a moment she is able to imagine it is Harry’s, her fine husband’s . . . only for the realisation to come crashing down that it is not his, but his son’s. Jacob’s.*

*She is pregnant with her own adult stepson’s child.*

The vision ended, and Jacob fell back onto his rear, slipping out of the pleased Selene. She grunted, clearly still basking in the aftermath.

“Did you cum? I didn’t feel it. Or did you bless someone else? You did, didn’t you? Who was it? Someone special?”

*Far worse than that*, Jacob thought.

“I’ve got to go!” he said, scrambling away. “I’m sorry!”

He barely managed to buckle his belt as he did so, pelting past Hana, who looked at him with confusion.

“Jacob? Everything okay?”

“Fine!” he yelled. “Just fine!”

But it wasn’t. Nothing was fine at all.

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Jacob ducked as another plate crashed against the wall.

“I swear, it was an accident!”

“Bullshit! You knocked up my Mom you gross little pervert! What if she has twins like you gave me, moron!”

Jacob ducked again, and another dish smashed to pieces.

“Anya, daughter, please! Stop this!”

Tatian grabbed her daughter by the shoulders, and it was only because Anya was looking quite pregnant by this point - wonderfully so, Jacob couldn't help but think - that she was more easily restrained. She gripped her twin pregnant belly, which was exposed thanks to how her shirt had ridden up over it.

“It's his fault, mama! He's the one that got me pregnant, just like he did with you! With his magic dick or the curse or something! He masturbates or thinks about us during sex and then poof! We're knocked up! That's why I couldn't tell you who got me pregnant with these babies - you'd never believe me. But I never imagined he'd do the same thing to you!”

Tatiana was looking slack jawed at Jacob. They were at the Jones family home, and thankfully his father Harry was still working, or else this would be even worse chaos. He had hoped by the time he got home that he could explain things with Tatiana and try to head off Anya, but clearly her mother was willing to tell her daughter about the strange occurrence immediately, and Anya had then come clean as well. Mother looked at Jacob with horror, and Anya with disgust.

“Is she saying the truth, Jacob? Did you get my daughter pregnant with magic . . . like with me?”

“It was an accident!” he said, now a familiar refrain. “And it's not magic, it's a curse! I was cursed, okay? And now women around me get pregnant with my kids! It's all an accident, a terrible accident that isn't my fault. I'm trying so damn hard to get all the women in my life pregnant, but it just happens anyway! I didn't intend for it to happen to you, Tatiana - it's all just a crazy witch that cursed me! Like the Baba Yaga or whatever you used to tell Anya about.”

Anya folded her arms over her prodigious belly. A little ripple of movement made her grunt before she could talk.

“Ah. Ngh. At least the Baba Yaga knows she's a monster. You got my mother and myself pregnant!”

“Well, you're making loads more money off of it now, anyway! Your content is crazy good, and you've got three million subscribers and-”

He stopped, realising what he'd just said.

*Shit. Why did I say that?*

“Have - have you been watching my content?”

“No! Maybe! I was just . . . checking it out, to see if you were doing better now. And you are! So maybe everything is fine.”

“Everything is not fine!” Tatiana screeched. “I'm pregnant! I never planned to have another child, except maybe - maybe - one with Harry!”

“Well, I’m Harry’s son. I’m sure you can just pretend with him, right!?”

The tension in the room seemed to snap, everyone falling silent. Tatiana and Anya were now a united front, staring at him, unsure of what even to say. He couldn’t blame them; he’d been getting practically hysterical, and he wasn’t even the pregnant one.

“I think you need to move out,” Tatiana said. “Whatever happens, you can’t be here anymore. Not after what you’ve done, accident or curse or not.”

Jacob lowered his head. “Y-yeah. Okay. I’ll start looking for-”

“No, I’ll find a hotel for tonight. I’ll pay for it; not with Harry’s money, but my own. I don’t know how much this is your fault or you’re a victim too, Jacob, but you can’t be here tonight. You’ll need to come up with a reason with your father. And I guess I’ll need to convince him that he is having a baby with me, since Anya tells me I won’t be able to avoid this pregnancy.”

“You won’t,” he admitted.

She sighed. “Please, Jacob, just wait in your room. I’ll find a hotel and you can drive there. I’ll clean this mess up. What mess I *can* clean up.

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The excuse came easy to his father - Hanahad asked him to stay over. Harry didn’t love it, but Jacob could tell that part of his father was just excited that the two might be dating. Jacob didn’t want to admit the truth, and even if it would make him feel better, neither Tatiana or Anya wanted it to come out. Hell, even the constant texts from Selene made it clear that she loved the secrecy of it.

*‘Where are you now? Do you want to have sex again? You can oil up my belly?’*

The very thought made him excited as he unpacked his things in the hotel room he would be staying at for the next two nights, but that was exactly the problem.

*‘Can’t, sorry,’* he texted back. *‘Need to be careful or else it will happen to someone else.’*

*‘But it’s a blessing! Your power should be shared with the world!’*

He left no message after that, simply laying back on the couch and trying to think of nonsexy thoughts. It was so tiring now, having to fight it. It was like the curse had been satisfied only for a short time with random women he’d come across briefly, and now was surging with a vengeance back to the people close to him. He’d literally gotten his entire stepfamily preppers - one with twins - and numerous other women too. And now Hana was in his thoughts again.

*Think of Brett. Think of sea molluscs. Think of how sucky climate change is. Think of literally anything that isn’t how gorgeous she’d look all full with my babies.*



He did so, slowly calming himself, willing his arousal to end. His dick softened, and he breathed a sigh of relief. But even as he achieved this minor, temporal victory, his phone began to ring. It was a video message, and he was about to reject the call out of misery until he saw that it was from an unlisted number. It was probably going to be spam, but why a videocall then? He clicked the button to answer it.

Wanda the Witch answered, her face glamoured up once more, her expression borderline vampiric.

“Hey there, Jacob. I hope you’re enjoying the blessing I gave you!”

Jacob sneered. “You! You ruined my life! You ruined everything! I’ve gotten so many women knocked up because of you! One practically worships me!”

The woman grinned sadistically. “Marvellous. Simply marvellous. Sounds like you’re living the high life.”

“How can you possibly say that?”

“Well, you can always start a little cult, I’m sure. Or work at a fertility clinic, maybe get busted for fraud down the line when too many paternity tests are taken. Perhaps style yourself as a fixer for women looking for an easy child. Lots of ways to enjoy the fruit - ha! - of your labours.”

Jacob winced, shutting his eyes for a moment. “Please, I just want to be normal again.”

“Oh, normal is so passe. But if you insist, there is one way to undo this curse.”

Jacob seized on this, gripping his phone in both hands. “What is it? I’ll do anything!”

“Even Hana?”

The blood in his veins ran cold suddenly. “How do you know about her?”

“Oh, a hag like me knows many things. You just have to get her knocked up, Jacob, and then convince her to be with you, continually having your babies all to fulfil your super big preggo fetish. I know you can imagine it, right? Her in a wedding dress, waddling down the aisle, her body all gravid with your babies? I bet the wedding night would be a treat. If you do all that, only she will be affected, and you can have the life you want with her.”

*No, that’s not fair, he thought. She can’t just ask me to do that! It’s too cruel!*

But as with many of his urges, this one was rising to the surface. This image was even more enticing than the others he’d conjured of his best friend: she with white lingerie on as he helped her out of her wedding dress, her stomach bulging with life, her breasts full and ready to be suckled at. She would be easily aroused, her third trimester hormones leaving her at the mercy of his touch.

Jacob’s cock hardened, and he stroked it without thinking, causing the witch to laugh.

“Excellent! You’re already on step one!”

“N-no! I won’t do this to her.”

“Then it’s a life of always getting some woman knocked up for you, young man. Enjoy putting buns in every oven. The only way to get things back on track is to veer Hana right off of it. Go on, make her your broodmare. Make her your baby mama. You know you can’t resist it.”

“I - I won’t!”

The woman drank some more wine in her seat, grinning vulpinely. “Well, I guess we’ll have to see, won’t we? Because I’ve invited someone to come help you along. Think of it as a bit of hag help.”

The screen flickered as she laughed, revealing that horrific hag form once more. Jacob reeled, throwing away the phone as the connection severed. He was shaken, but only momentarily. His member was still throbbing, his fingers sliding up and down over his pants before he dove his hand in, rubbing himself directly.

*Just once. Just get her pregnant the once. Brett would probably do it anyway. Why should he get to do it? Totally unfair. I should be the one to put a baby in her. She’d be such a good mother. Such a hot preggo. Mhmm, yessss. Just one baby. Maybe two. Maybe th-three. And I know she could love me. I really do! She can love me and we can be together and end this nightmare if she just - just - NGHH!!!*

He came, unable to stop picturing that perfect, pregnant wedding night, her belly brushing against him as she rode him, moaning in ecstasy at the gift he’d given her womb. At the moment of his magical ejaculation, he knew what he had shamefully done, and was given first row seats to Hana’s own realisation.

*She makes her way out of the elevator. The text was anonymous but concerning. Hana knew that her best friend had been going through a hard time, but surely he and Selene had shared a spark? He was clearly worried about his stepsister bringing babies in the house in a few months, but apparently he was staying at this hotel? She wasn’t sure what to think, but she still knocked on the door.*

Jacob heard a knock even as the vision played. Cold dread ran down his spine. He staggered to the door to hear who it was.

*Hana knocks again, but her hand pressed against the door as an unbelievable orgy of pleasure rocks through her. It comes from nowhere, but suddenly her passage is wet, her body in the throes of the most powerful orgasm she has ever experienced. She moaned, practically wails, shivering against the door.*

The whimpering pleasure from the other door reverberates like an echo in Jacob’s mind. It is so hard to move, like shifting through molasses, while experiencing a vision. Still, he manages to grab the door handle.

*Hana feels it. The semen flows from nowhere into her, sperm rushing eagerly, even hungrily towards her eggs. The first one makes it, burrowing in and inseminating her. She is*

*impregnated in that very moment, and it brings another wave of humiliating and unexpected pleasure. She falls to her knees at the exact moment she falls pregnant, and looks up to see the man she knows, somehow knows to her deepest core, is the man who has just knocked her up.*

Hana looked up at Jacob, and he looked down at her. There was a frozen moment in time as both grappled with what had just occurred, and the guilty look on Jacob's face must have been impossible to ignore.

*Oh my God. That hag. That witch. She set this up. And now . . .*

Hana parted her red hair, gazing at her best friend. The father of her future child.

"Jacob, what the fuck did you do?"

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Two years had passed since that moment. Jacob exited the bathroom stall, feeling sorry as usual for the woman he had just inseminated, but knowing it couldn't be avoided. Perhaps if Hana had forgiven him that night, or perhaps even accepted the necessity of staying with him, then things could have turned out alright. As it was, she instead fell to tears, unbelieving what had occurred, and fled the building. When he caught up with her days later and told her the whole story - even daring to explain his fetish and how that had tied in - she had only been more disgusted.

"You were turned on by the thought of making me pregnant? What's wrong with you?"

"It was just a fetish!" he'd said foolishly. "I never meant - the curse makes me!"

"Then unmake the curse!"

That was when he'd made his second major mistake in the conversation; rather than giving her space to come to terms with the fact that she'd be coming to, well, *full term* one day, he explained to her the one way to break said curse. She didn't take it well.

"No way! Never! You've already ruined my life! I won't accept this! I won't be your broodmare, popping out all your babies because it excites you, just so you can break the curse."

"But all those other women-"

"Don't mean that I should give up my life dreams. I'll - I'll find a way, if I have to, to have this child and still achieve them. You'll never do this to me again, do you hear me?"

He promised, just as she demanded, and then she whisked herself right out of his life. Selene was there to catch him, of course. At that stage, he just wanted to be in someone's arms, and feeling her pregnant beauty made it better. She was a total weirdo about it, of course, but at least it was something. She would go on to become one of his

'regulars' after that; women who instead of fearing his curse instead embraced it, like a troupe of brainwashed groupies. It allowed Jacob a lot of peace in the following two years, and a way to avoid re-impregnating other people in his life.

He'd managed to avoid getting Anya pregnant again, for instance. She'd successfully become a twin mommy to two boys, and now was a social media sensation with her blogs, mommy videos, and postpartum fitness routines. The pair didn't get along, but were on speaking terms at family dinners. Anya made it very, very clear that she didn't want to be pregnant again, at least with his babies, so he better have a 'list' of women to think about.

Tatiana, despite being the sweeter person, was not so forgiving. Because she loved Harry, and Harry loved him, Jacob was still allowed at the household and welcome to dinners, but Tatiana found ways to largely avoid him. She had a beautiful little baby girl named Kira now, and for all intents and purposes she was Harry's child. That was what Jacob's father believed, and Jacob would take that secret to the grave.

Selene was, naturally, already working on her third child 'for' Jacob. She had thrown away a lot of dreams, much to her parents' consternation, to be a worshipper of Jacob. He still wasn't exactly comfortable with that, but he now had a number of women to help fulfil his fantasies when the guilt came back, and who did a great job of seeking out women for him to impregnate. He was even able to ensure that most of them were deserving: whether desperate for a child, infertile and depressed because of it, or simply deserving to be knocked up as karmic retribution for bitchiness and self-centeredness.

Most of them being the operative words here: because of the unexpected and erratic nature of the curse, Jacob still found himself leaving women he just happened to be thinking about with twins or, in the case of one professor in his final year who gave him an A-level pass just to avoid controversy; triplets. Sometimes he just gave in and relished what he was doing. Why shouldn't he just enjoy it a little? It wasn't really his fault. The curse made him, and there was only one way to cure it! And until that day hopefully came, then it would almost be a shame for someone not to enjoy it.

But shame there still was. As Jacob finished up his mall shopping, having already impregnated Kate, he happened to walk past exactly the kind person he always craved to meet, yet always regretted meeting. There was Hana, moving through the mall, pushing a pram with her baby in it. She looked a little flustered and tired, but more beautiful than he could have imagined, particularly wearing the summer dress that she was. It emphasised her round belly, one that was almost at the point of popping now. Her breasts were much larger, easily double their old size, and the sight of how gravid she was took his breath away. Brett had left her early in her first pregnancy, and she had done it alone with the help of her family ever since. But the witch's curse always bent around to her in the end, and now she was

bearing another little baby, courtesy of Jacob's desires for her. He knew, deep down, that she would be pregnant again and again due to his urges, and could never escape her fate.

Which made the nature of their interactions all the more bewildering from his perspective.

"Hana!" he called, moving towards her. "Haha!"

She looked up and blushed, clearly embarrassed by her hyperpregnant state. It was twins this time, he knew. He'd felt that during impregnation; fraternal twins.

"I have nothing to say to you, Jacob," she replied, turning the pram down a different direction.

"I'm sorry, look, I can't help myself."

"Impregnating another woman?"

"I - I've already done that today. Again, it's the curse. If you would just give me a chance again, we could break it-"

"And make me a forever pregnant, forever barefoot and in the kitchen mother?"

"I'm sorry, but it's going to happen anyway! I can't resist you! So, it's either you just give me a chance and I can help or you just have to keep going it alone?"

She paused, running a hand down her perfect stomach. Her baby was asleep, but she was clearly ready to shout if need be.

"The difference is choice. I'll choose to be independent. Even if you keep saddling me with your babies, I'll still choose to be my own woman. Even if I have to give birth to dozens of them, become some kind of super mom for the rest of my life, I'll do it if I have to, and still work to be my own person. I won't give in to your curse. I'm sorry, Jacob. I know it's not all your fault, but I can't give up, not yet."

With that, she walked away, still pushing her pram. Jacob watched her go, and for the first time felt like he understood Hana as a person entirely.

*How could I have missed that fierce independence? How could I have signed away my own freedom when she fights for it so eagerly?*

But it was too late for him, he supposed. Hana would never be with him, and the curse would be his forever.

*Unless she changes her mind, one day. She might change it. She might. Maybe one day . . .*

Perhaps it was a possibility, or just a flight of fancy.

For now, the curse remained.

"Sorry to knock you up, Hana. And I'll be sorry every time, until you come back to me."

**The End**