

SUMMARY: Tristana and her mother are cursed by the head of their family; Tristanas own grandmother. The curse does one simple thing; steals pregnancies and motherly attributes from pregnant women by simply being near them. Mother & daughter '*bonding*' ensues as their bodies are afflicted by the effects of the Mothers Curse.

Contains: pregnancy, rapid pregnancy, pregnancy expansion, pregnancy theft, hourglass expansion, breast expansion, butt expansion, ass expansion, hip expansion, nipple expansion, lactation, lactation expansion, attribute theft, magic, teen angst, motherly love and eventual "mild" incest.

☰ (✓) Breeding a Bride

"Mom, please, please, ***please just shut the fuck up!***" Tristana yelled, right before slamming the door so hard it bounced back.

It was yet another day in the home of two weird witches with obvious familial issues. Trista, short for Tristana Tila Tealeaf Ferta the Fifth, was once again angrily yelling at her mother. She absolutely hated it when anyone bothered her in any which way, which Vivian had a knack of constantly doing. Unfortunately for her mother, Trista thought bothering included anything in between speaking to her, looking at her, and being present in her general vicinity. At nineteen years old Tristana was surprisingly... immature.

With reason, of course. Growing up in a family of long-named witches does that to a girl, every other day some insane magical occurrence drove the teen mad, from magical critters disturbing her sleep to interdimensional portals in the living room. Tristana didn't

want any part of it whatsoever. Tristana was so apprehensive at this point she didn't even **want** to defend herself from these clearly magically inclined threats. Her mother could handle it just fine.

To Vivian, of course short for another long name; Viviana Vanya Vaida Vevere Ferta of the Littlefrog Valley, her daughter was just in need of a bit more loving and some extra guidance. Not only did Tristana refuse to use magic, she wanted to go by Trista instead of the name Vivian had given her! Of course, today's argument was inspired by Vivian simply saying Trista's full name. Vivian didn't like to acknowledge the fact their magical ancestry was tied to having exceedingly long alliteration inspired names, she could definitely admit that. In fact, even she went by a shorter name, that being Vivian rather than Viviana. But it still hurt, especially since Tristana wasn't even that odd of a name. If anything, Trista was **more** strange! But Vivian was too sweet, she would never actually say that to Trista, even if it was true.

Despite her daughter's disinterest Vivian tried her absolute hardest to teach Tristana her various witching ways. But for some god forsaken reason she still was just not having it. She refused every learning experience, brushing them off as something Vivian could easily handle for her. It eventually got to the point Vivian finally admitted to her own mother, another woman with an even longer name, that she needed help convincing Tristana to participate in the family business. Vivian wanted Tristana to **at least** be able to protect herself should anything happen, or magic up her own food if she got hungry.

Vivian opened her mouth to speak, the living room and the hallway just a bit shaken up from her daughter's tantrum. Vivian placed her head against Tristana's locked door.

"Sweetie, I just want you to be happy! If you don't like our magic I'll only teach you a *little bit*, I promise!" Vivian sounded a bit desperate and a bit genuine at the same time, though Trista was already far past the point of reasoning, she wanted absolutely ***nothing*** to do with her moms stupid magic! Tristana geared up to stomp out of her room and straight out the house, she didn't want to speak anymore, not like she really wanted to talk *before* their argument either.

Trista opened the door and geared up to push past her mother, but before she was able to take another step she stopped dead in her tracks. Tristana tried to move again while Vivian stared at her in confusion— she couldn't move! Trista tried her very hardest to escape whatever was holding her, assuming she had just gotten her foot caught on the rug's edge or something.

"Tristana?" Vivian inquired, looking her up and down only to receive an angry look in return. "Sorry! I mean Trista, are you okay?" Vivian placed a gentle hand on Trista's shoulder, only for her to recoil in response. Tristana kept struggling but her attempts amounted to absolutely nothing, her frustrated struggle continued to no avail. Tristana couldn't move her body at all, she was completely and utterly stuck, gripped by an invisible force. It had to have been her stupid moms magic again! Vivian just didn't know when to quit.

"Mom, please just let me leave! I don't care about the damn magic!" Tristana's body suddenly locked up entirely, only her head was able to move and her eyes were directed straight at Vivian. Tristanas eyes went wide as they met Vivian's, fear crossing her pupils as Vivan's movements were driven to a complete halt. Tristanas thoughts raced as her heart quickened, they had both been caught in an ensnaring spell! Trista had learned enough about magic

and her extended family of witches to know the exact kind of spell they were trapped in.

To her fear, she didn't know enough to actually escape it herself. Trista was a gifted girl at heart, her family knew she'd have a knack for wizardry if she tried and Trista knew her mother was the only chance she had at escaping the oddly placed trap.

"Mom?" Trista said expectantly, her voice shaking a bit. Vivian replied quickly— she was already conjuring up a way to escape.

"Don't worry sweetheart, mommas gonna dispel this snare, then we'll see about who cast it..." Vivian spoke calmly. Despite her daughter just unleashing vocal hell on her and immediately afterwards getting caught in a magic immobility spell she had never lost her composure. It wasn't the first time they got caught in a magical trap; Vivian had never failed to escape with the highest degree of calmness. Trista had always admired that about her mother, Vivian never cracked under the pressure and always quickly solved the duo's various magical mishappenings. They both watched as Vivian focused her eyes, eventually creating a flickering ball of light with her mind alone, presumably what she'd use to clear the restraints on her and her daughter. The flicker showed its weakness— witches typically required some source of magic, such as alchemy ingredients, dormant energy, or other objects. But right now, her mind was all Viviana had.

The ball of light expanded, flashes trailing across Vivians own body and her daughters, flashing repeatedly on their immovable limbs. As the ball of light stretched stringlike connections between the two they slowly regained their movement, tethered by the curse-dispelling magic. It wasn't exactly normal to use a curse removing spell on a simple snare but without her hands Vivian

couldn't magic up an easier alternative. Slowly though, movement was being restored through both her and Tristana's limbs.

Before Vivian could fully regain the use of her hands the ball of light was pierced by a bolt of purple energy, completely dispelling the spell in just one moment. The bolt hit the wall with a thud, harmlessly dissipating while knocking over a few living room decorations. Vivian glanced towards the impact and back to where it came from, seeing nothing at all. She began to power another attempt, but a deep, sultry, feminine voice thundered from outside the family's apartment,

"I admire the effort, Viviana! You're truly your mother's daughter!" the voice laughed chaotically, getting closer and closer with each chuckle. In seconds flat an ethereal body bathed in glittering purple light phased through the living room's walls, eventually the figure solidified into... a woman. A ridiculously curvy, obviously pregnant woman with arms spread wide enough to present tits the size of tires and a belly bigger than her entire body. If it wasn't for her imposing height, her apparent pregnancy would cover her amazingly thick thighs.

"It's been awhile Viviana! Mamas missed you!" The woman smiled at the frozen Vivian and glanced towards her dumbfounded daughter.

"And there's my beautiful granddaughter!" The woman pulled them both into a massive hug, completely enveloping them in a massive amount of boob flesh. Without being able to move, they certainly could have suffocated in between her massive tits alone.

"I've been dying to meet you Tristana Tila Tealeaf Ferta the Fifth, I'm your grandmother!" The mature woman was terribly excited, each name slipping from her mouth with glee. It was customary for

witches to recite full names when first meeting another magically talented individual.

"Just so you know, I'm Tila Tealeaf Ferta the Fourth! Your sweet mommy named you after your sweet grand mommy!"

Trista herself was absolutely aghast, she had no clue what was happening in the slightest. Her disgust and disdain was visible, though it wasn't for her grandmother's massive curves— it was for being paralyzed, by magic no less.

Tristana continued to assess her situation. She had just met her grandma and her entire life was explained in that moment. Her grandma was... a GILF to say the least. She didn't want to admit it, but it was true. Ferta looked like she was barely 40 and had the figure of a goddess. Tristana could see every soft curve of her deliciously thick body through her transparent robes, her grandma clearly wanted to show off her body *and* her magic at the same time.

Ferta looked just like Tristana and her mother, all three of the women having exceedingly similar faces, though each generation gradually lost curves. Vivian was curvy for a normal human, head sized tits, a thin waist, child-bearing hips and a bubbly ass. Not too much, definitely nothing in comparison to the fertility goddess Trista had got her name from. Trista had always looked forward to eventually gaining her mom's curvy body, but knowing she could turn into a woman as stacked and youthful as her grandma was, Tristana didn't if she was turned on or terrified. Maybe a bit of both.

Tristana looked over to her own milfy mom hoping she would somehow find a way to escape their restraints, the realization it was the grandma she had never met calmed her down a bit, but being frozen was still a bit uncomfortable. Trista thought for a second before she spoke, stammering a bit as she forced out every word.

"I really don't know what to say! You're *clearly* my grandma but... I never thought you'd be so... you know?" Tristana eyed Ferta up and down, receiving a smile and a chuckle in return.

"So can you let me down now? Please?" Tristana smiled with uncertainty, she didn't know what to expect at all and her mom had gone completely silent.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Tristana. I'm sorry about the restraints, Viviana here tends to be a bit **defiant!**" Ferta smiled as she released Trista's restraints.

"By the way, you can call me Mama Ferta dear! It's a family thing honey." Ferta patted Tristana on the back, cradling her gravid belly with her other hand.

"And between us girls, you *and* your mother will both look *just* like me someday. A bit different of course but with ***all the hotness in all the right places!***" Mama Ferta cupped her breasts, very proud of her figure and more than happy to pass it down. Ferta rubbed her belly, an aura of purple magic attaching itself to her hand. Then, Ferta gestured towards Vivian's tits, both Ferta and Trista watching as they visually swelled up a size before the family's eyes.

"See? Vivi's are already growing!" Ferta laughed, Tristana giggling at the magic trick. But Vivian remained silent, she was used to her mothers general perversion, she tried her very hardest to keep her away from Tristana. Unfortunately, she needed Ferta's help to get Trista to begin practicing magic— she'd grit her teeth and bear the lewdity for now. In seconds Vivian grew from her already large head size to even larger, more massive proportions. Yet her sweater puppies were still delectably natural, the soft mounds sagging only *slightly* with her own age. The feeling of her much larger breasts laying against her chest made her begin regretting her decision, though she couldn't move to hide herself or counteract the spell.

Maybe Trista would be better off ***without*** magic? Vivan mentally joked to herself. They were getting off just fine before! Aside from Vivian's scowl, all three women looked very similar to each other; deep black hair, plump lips, and a pretty face sitting on a relatively tall stature. The youngest at 5'7, the middle at 5'9 and Mama Ferta at a whopping 6'0, she had definitely made herself taller with magic, (and by extension, both of her descendants.) perhaps to hold her curves more easily, though her milfy appearance looked entirely natural. The magic running through their very veins assured they'd all live long lives. Assuredly growing to similar sizes of Ferta herself throughout those lives, though evidently a lot of Ferta's stature came from ***frequent, massive pregnancies***.

Vivian stood, unable to move whatsoever but still not speaking. Mama Ferta pouted directly at her, she was clearly disappointed by Vivian's lack of speech.

"You damn laggard!" Fertas voice went from happy to angry in seconds flat, "How can you ask for your mothers help and ignore her when she gets here?"

Tristana stepped away, she didn't want to be close to an angry witch that appeared to be much more powerful than the strongest witch she knew; her mother.

"I sincerely apologize, mother," Vivian finally spoke up, "I just don't want you to do anything crazy to Tristana!" Mama Ferta looked down at her still frozen daughter, looking over her own gravidity in the process. Tristana smiled at her mothers attempt to defend her, though it appeared Fertas anger was entirely focused on Vivian. Trista was avoiding the crossfire by staying silent, taking another step back in the process.

"Do you know what Ferta means, my child?" Ferta questioned, Vivian looking up at her expectantly.

"It means Fertility you fool! Have you never questioned why you have 49 brothers and sisters? Why in the seven stars do you only have ONE child after 40 years?" Ferta angrily gestured at Tristana, who found herself suddenly unable to move yet again.

"A child who refuses to participate in the family's magic at that! I recognize your infertility, but we **both** know I could have fixed it in an **instant!**" Mama Ferta snapped her finger, somehow sending her entire curvy form jiggling in response.

"I could bring the count up to 50 right now if I wanted to!" Ferta yelled, "And I kinda do want to, **just** to prove my point!" Ferta threw her hands onto her belly, reciting a quick unintelligible incantation and rubbing her pregnancy in a quick circular motion. Almost instantly Mama Fertas flesh expanded and bulged out further, adding an entire new baby to her already packed belly. It appeared completely taut and round, as if Ferta was already ready to give birth.

The mother daughter duo looked on wide eyed, one far more surprised than the other.

"And I can do it again!" Mama Ferta surely wasn't lying, with one more rub her belly doubled in size, her tits plumping up and her hips spreading outwards pushing her broodmother physique to its limits.

Vivian and Trista watched as their ancestors' nipples hardened underneath her see through robes and milk trickled down her skin—she always kept her lactation at the ready. Mama Ferta decided to rub her stomach once more and it swiftly grew another size up, she looked damn near overdue with **ten** now!

Tristanas mouth dropped open, her grandma was beautiful yes, but she had **never** imagined magical power like this! ***Her grandma had literally created life in front of her very eyes in an instant!***

Vivian though was not impressed, she was #27 out of all 49, now who knows how many children, she was completely used to this display. In fact, she'd done similar to others! Witches all required some form of energy to cast their spells, though their magics ended up being quite a bit more powerful because of it. This family however, used pregnancy to do so. Using the energy of life itself resulted in extremely powerful spells, which began Ferta's pursuits many, many years ago.

Ferta had taught her entire school of siblings powerful magic with an emphasis on fertility, Mama Ferta desired to pioneer a new age of witchery by creating and training such a large family of witches, magic would advance greatly, leading to a golden age for all who practice it. From exorcists to witches and from sorcerers to alchemists. Even the simply generally gifted would benefit, at least in her point of view.

In parts, Ferta was right. All of Vivians siblings had ended up inventing amazing things, making amazing discoveries and creating even more amazing spells. And they all started increasingly large families of their own. Each descendant of Mama Ferta was gifted in every way, especially in the fertility department. Mama Ferta had ingrained in her very DNA immense amounts of fertility, curves, libido, virility, height, and an instinctual **hunger** to sire children. DNA enhanced by magic was certain to pass on forever, though Ferta limited growth enough to not bypass the regular human population.

To Ferta, the best part was it was all entirely genetic with no extra spells required. All of her family line would naturally grow into fertility god and goddess proportions with the actual fertility or virility to match, no matter how distant they grew. But her problem child Viviana was a special case, one that was entirely infertile– and she needed *correcting*.

Vivian herself had not succumbed to the desire to breed. She had one child, Tristana, after a heart wrenching break up with the father. Rather than pregomancy, Vivians talents lay entirely in the offensive spell category. Vivian could easily defeat a small army with just her mind and a magical conduit, but she could never make her mother happy despite her immense power.

"Ah, yes, immense power." Ferta said, very clearly reading Vivian's mind. "You always were my favorite Vivi, shame I had to find you like this. Imagine how much power you could wield if you had a conduit!" Ferta sighed, rubbing her belly before caressing the side of Vivian's face. She was right, Viviana was an insanely powerful witch, but she could be leagues above even Ferta herself with the power of pregnancy.

To her mothers great disappointment, after having Tristana– Vivian had become infertile. It wasn't that she didn't *want* to be a broodmother and use the power it entailed, Vivian just couldn't, and she could never allow her mother to cast a fertility fixing spell– especially since Ferta orchestrated her breakup in the first place.

So, Vivian allowed herself to enjoy life with her singular child, every day ignoring the carnal desire to give birth, knowing she couldn't get rid of Fertas magical DNA programming. Trista felt it

within her as well, though it resulted more in frequent flirtations and flings than anything else.

Mama Ferta knew this of course, she wouldn't allow her child's foolish pride to get in the way of her pregnancy craze!

"I've had enough Vivian, I allowed you the time to try and fix your own fertility. But my dear daughter, I've waited long enough. For your punishment, You and Tristana Tealeaf here will **both** be siring children, very, very soon, my dear." Ferta's happy attitude was completely gone, replaced by a visage that managed to strike fear into both Vivian and Tristana despite the downright lewd display trying to do everything but.

"I'll make it a fun little game, I've seen your memories and heard your arguments, you **desperately** need some mother daughter bonding!" Ferta perked up and clapped her hands, the frozen Vivian scoffing at her mother. Ferta definitely wasn't the one to talk about *mother daughter bonding*. Tristana remained silent but her eyes widened, why the hell was she getting dragged into this? Trista was angry but clearly wasn't in the position to negotiate, she simply allowed the two to continue their conversation.

"Because you're my granddaughter, silly! Don't think I don't feel all that sexual energy in you— it might even be stronger than mine! And I got fucked right before I came here!" Ferta giggled, allowing the entire mass of her front to jiggle profusely. Tristana smiled— she kinda liked Ferta's vibe! Vivian rolled her eyes at the blatant overshare.

"Well, I know who I like more..." Ferta pouted, freeing Tristana from her magical binds again. "Be more like your daughter, Vivi, and you might come out of this having learned something!" Ferta kissed Tristana on the forehead. Trista stood stupefied, absolutely at a loss

for words.

Mama Ferta snapped her fingers. Both of her descendants were immediately stripped of their clothing and Vivian was finally freed from her binds. Vivian immediately moved to act, "Don't try anything smart, Vivian!" and was immediately shut down. Vivian and Tristana would have to accept their fate at this point. Naked and at attention, the duo stood still. There wasn't much they could do but let Mama Ferta have her way.

Mama Ferta looked over both of their bodies, they could definitely use some improvement! The young Tristana was beautiful, though her body was a bit... flat. In reality, Trista had a great figure, nearly DD cup tits and a nice round ass, but this was still nothing in comparison to the vision Ferta wanted her to grow into. The same went for her bigger-than-headsized daughter, they both needed some work. Mama Ferta chanted much longer than any other spell that had been cast, it seemed she was putting actual effort into her next move. Ferta channeled the energies around her, allowing a tether of sinister, purple light to once again link the mother and daughter. The pair began to glow, though only for a second. The bright translucent glow swiftly faded along with the tether, leaving nothing in their wake.

"The spell is complete." Ferta said simply, lacking her usual whimsy. "For the next three days, you two will play a fun little game!" The whimsy had immediately returned, Vivian rolled her eyes once more.

"Every pregnant woman you walk past will spontaneously transfer their pregnancies to you both! They'll be evenly split among the two of you, but if it's just a basic old singular pregnancy, you'll both receive one child each. No matter how far away you two are

from each other, the spell will still take effect. They won't notice a thing, space and time will shift to accommodate." Both Vivian and Tristana were in disbelief, Ferta was **this** powerful and was using her magic for **pregnancy games!**? She could control life itself!

Ferta could simply just spontaneously impregnate them herself, she was clearly just doing this for her own amusement.

"Don't worry, with my magic I've gathered many, **many** pregnant women into town. I doubt you'll stumble across many without at least twins! Be happy you don't live over in Big City cause you'd be immobile in a day!" Ferta laughed, rubbing her pregnancy again.

"And before you even *think* to just stay inside the whole time... **I've emptied your entire house of all grocery and clothing items!**" Mama Ferta laughed happily, she couldn't wait to see how her descendants would *fill* out!

"And one more thing Vivian, since you're such a smartass," Ferta said with a bit of snark, "I've disabled your magic so you can't just summon clothes and food! Luckily for you, I allowed Tristana to retain her abilities, even if she hasn't ever used them before. You wanted her to learn after all!"

Mama Ferta flashed a wide toothy grin, "Mama left a wallet on the counter babes, good luck! Love you both! I'll be watching!"

With that, Mama Ferta disappeared in a puff of purple smoke, the clothing on both of the women reappearing and the mess from the earlier argument magically cleaning itself. Vivian sighed, she had lost. Her mother had covered all the bases, Mama Ferta had won entirely. Now, Vivian had roped her daughter *and* herself into becoming a broodmother duo... Luckily for Vivian, Ferta had at the very least allowed Tristana to keep her magic, maybe this **would** be a good opportunity to finally convince her to learn? Maybe Mama

Ferta actually was on to something. Vivian looked towards the pouting Tristana, they both kept quiet. It would be an interesting three days.

END OF CHAPTER 1