

THE DOMES OF CALLANTHA

A Breast Expansion Fantasy
by E. N. Dowd

This story contains descriptions of nudity, body modification, sexual acts,
and ridiculously huge breasts. Don't say you weren't warned.

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Chapter 1 THE COUNTESS

As the procession came within earshot of the village, Kavro trotted ahead of Elira's litter, flourishing his silver-tipped baton. He announced his mistress's coming at full bellow, until his face was redder than his thick mustache: "Make way! Way for the Lady Elira, Countess of Melgarad! Way for the lady in waiting to the Queen's grace of Callantha! Make way!"

Elira smiled to herself. She was not, in fact, a countess, and there was no such place as Melgarad, though the name sounded suitably Callanthan. A real countess would have a bigger entourage, a bigger litter to travel in—bigger *everything*. She looked down at the deep canyon of her cleavage, patted a heavy breast with one delicate white hand. How small her hands looked by comparison! Yes, her girls were fattening up nicely. They were considerably bigger than her head now; big enough to touch her lap if she didn't sit up straight. But not nearly big enough for the part she was playing. She could still walk, if she didn't mind a bit of backache. A real Callanthan noblewoman couldn't stand up without help.

Not that these yokels would know that. She was hundreds of miles from home, and had not begun to put on her act until she was well outside the borders. In the larger towns there was a risk of meeting other Callanthans, who might give her away. It was only in the countryside that she dared to play the spoilt aristocrat. She was not yet powerful enough to hunt openly, except in places like this. Goddess, what a sty!

The settlement ahead was a poor fishing village, a straggling group of thatched huts along the top of a ridge overlooking the sea. Down below was the harbor, where a dozen

leaky little trawlers were moored to a decaying wooden wharf. Elira wrinkled her nose. The wind was blowing in off the bay, and she could smell the rotting fish from here. Charming!

The little procession crept up the winding road to the first huts, where a crowd of fisher folk had gathered to gawk. First came Kavro, still bawling, “Make way! Make way!” Then Elira on her litter, lounging in the shade of the silk canopy. Four muscle-bound bearers carried her, their bare backs and chests walnut-brown from the sun. After the litter came six strong ponies loaded with baggage, servants walking alongside, and a two-horse cart bringing up the rear. She snapped her fingers and pointed down: the signal to halt.

It was obvious that these villagers had never seen anything like her. There were at least fifty of them, the men gaping, the women’s lips pursed in jealous frowns. Their eyes, hungry or lustful or just disbelieving, traced the plunging neckline of her violet dress, the thin silk stretched apart by her ponderous globes, tented in front by her jutting, thumb-sized nipples. She tweaked one with her fingers, enjoying the shocked reaction of the crowd almost as much as the thrill of pleasure that ran down to her moistening womanhood. Goddess, it was good to show off!

Elira suppressed the urge to play and called for Bryony, her right-hand woman and all-purpose maidservant. The flaxen-haired girl came at a half run to stand by the foot of the litter, careful not to obstruct the onlookers’ view. By Callanthan standards, Bryony was dressed demurely. Her skirt came down almost to mid-thigh, and her white blouse was opaque enough to soften the color of her areolas to a pale pink. Like a good servant, she did not look her mistress in the face. Elira suspected that Bryony lowered her gaze chiefly so she could stare at the countess’s breasts. Bryony knew that perfectly well.

“Two of each, I think,” Elira said offhandedly. “Sort them out while I settle in.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Bryony answered.

Elira raised her voice to an imperious holler. “You—boy!” She pointed at a young man in a sheepskin jacket. “Is there a guesthouse in this pigsty?”

“Yes, Ma’am—uh, my lady. Third on the right.” He pointed up the wide, muddy track that served the village as a main street.

Elira snapped her fingers again and pointed forward. “On!”

As the procession resumed its progress, Bryony stayed to sort through the crowd. The villagers smelled of salt and fish and seaweed, and dressed in homespun rags. None were handsome by Callanthan standards. All that could be fixed. The servant was looking for something in their eyes: part hunger, part natural submissiveness. In a place like this, there were always desperate souls who would sell themselves into slavery for a softer life—or for the other benefits that Elira’s magic could provide. Bryony used to be one, and knew the type.

She dismissed most of the crowd with a glance: too old, too young, too prosperous—or too plain for the magic to help much. The few who were left could be sorted with a question or two. “You—boy,” she said to the one in the sheepskin jacket. He took a halting step forward. “What’s your excuse for eating?”

The young man blinked stupidly. “Ma’am?”

“Your work, boy. Are you a fisherman?”

“Used to be, Ma’am. Now I just mend the nets.”

Ah! She thought there was something odd about the way he took that step. Probably a withered leg, poor kid, though it didn’t show with the baggy woolen trousers these people wore. Well, no use taking *him*.

Once the litter moved on, the villagers began to go about their business. No matter; the ones who stayed behind were always the ones worth looking at. Bryony picked out a dark-haired girl with a decent figure; a bit thick in the waist, a bit fat in the arms—nothing the magic couldn’t fix. After talking with her enough to be sure that she wasn’t an idiot, or worse yet, an independent spirit, Bryony sent her up the street to see her mistress. She was quickly followed by two strapping young men, one a fisherman, one a shepherd from the hill country farther inland. Elira had asked for two of each—two boys, two girls—but the women in this place were pretty poor pickings.

She stopped short, suddenly confronted by a waifish girl with a desperate look in her blue-gray eyes. The girl was too tall for a child, but scrawny as a skinned rabbit, and sadly underdeveloped. Her face might have been pretty if it hadn’t been so badly damaged by sunburn. The kind of girl Elira wanted was soft-skinned and buxom, attractive enough to reflect credit on the wealth and taste of a Callanthan countess. But there was something about this one; something that reminded Bryony of herself years ago, when Elira found her in a village almost as forsaken as this.

“What is it, child?” Bryony asked in a bored voice.

There was a hint of steel in the girl’s answer. “I think you want to introduce me to Her Ladyship.”

“She’s not looking for a scullion.”

“Actually, Ma’am, I’m a pearl diver.”

Bryony raised an eyebrow. She hadn’t known there were oyster beds along this coast. “Go on!” she scoffed, eyeing the girl’s flat chest. “You haven’t got the lungs for it.”

“Appearances can be deceiving.”

Cheeky little minx! Bryony forced herself to keep a straight face. “Is there anything else you can dive for?”

The skinny girl cocked a hand on her hip. “Anything you can, Ma’am.”

“I think you need to explain that,” Bryony said with a frown. “Not here. Come with me.”

They walked briskly away from the last of the gawking villagers, a little way into the

open field on the other side of the road. “Go on,” Bryony prompted.

The girl looked at her coolly. “We’re not *all* idiots here. I know how Callanthan ladies keep control of their slaves.”

“Oh, yes?”

“Yes. I saw you staring at your mistress’s tits like a calf at a cow. I know how that kind of magic works.”

“Then you know the Countess will want you in her bed,” Bryony said bluntly. “You’ve done it with girls before?”

The girl smirked. “I told you I can dive for anything you can. Now, maybe you aren’t under her spell as deep as anyone can get. Maybe she hasn’t been using her power to make you more of a woman than nature ever did.” She flicked a glance at Bryony’s chest. “Maybe you’re not in her power at all, and you just stuffed your blouse with a couple of cabbages to make it drape better. But I doubt it.”

Bryony crossed her arms over her breasts, half angrily, half protectively. “Child, you are as impudent as you are ugly. I should give you a good thrashing and send you away.”

“Maybe you could, but you won’t. You see, I can tell those others what they’re getting into—and that they’ll never get out. Tell Her Ladyship that she’s taking me, or she isn’t having any of us.”

Bryony chewed her bottom lip and twisted a lock of her pale hair around her finger. “Very well. But if you breathe one word to those others, I’ll skin you alive.”

“Don’t worry about *that*. I want some of what you’ve been getting.”

Bryony looked down at her own ripe breasts. They were nothing compared to Elira’s, but big enough to attract plenty of attention when the countess was away. Then she glanced contemptuously at the girl’s flat chest.

“You could certainly use some,” she said. “Have you got a name?”

“Call me Tani.”

The village guesthouse was no more than a hut, though bigger than the others, and the dirt floor was probably crawling with vermin. Elira took one look at it, wrinkled her nose, and ordered Kavro to set up her tent. Her bearers set the litter down and went to unload her pavilion from the cart. It was good Callanthan silk: a countess would not let anything less than silk come between her body and the sun. Scarlet stripes to match Elira’s full, passionate lips, black stripes to match her glossy, waist-length hair. As soon as the tent was up, the servants started filling it with furniture from the cart: cushions, lamps, braziers, incense burners, carpets, knickknacks, and most important of all, a huge, soft feather bed with red silk sheets. She put her arms out to her sides and let her four hulking bearers carry her to the bed. One serving girl undressed her, another brushed her hair, a third began to massage her voluptuous body with scented oils. A Callanthan countess never did *anything* for herself. She existed to be pampered.

“My lady.” Kavro stuck his red face in the tent flap. “The first two villagers are ready.”

“Boys or girls?”

“Boys, my lady.”

Elira stretched luxuriously, arching her back to thrust her massive breasts out in front of her. “Strip them and send them in.”

When the two young men saw her naked body, they forgot to be embarrassed by their own nudity. Two very promising erections saluted the Countess of Melgarad: hard, eager, throbbing with lust. They were no bigger than average, but that, too, her magic could remedy. “Come here,” she ordered them, and as they climbed onto the bed, she grabbed an erect cock in each hand and drew them closer.

Such *good* boys!

When Tani arrived at the tent, the two “good boys” were leaving with Kavro to collect their belongings. She could see the changes in them already. Their eyes were brighter, their skin glossier and more supple, their muscles just a touch more defined, and their trousers bulged suggestively. If they marched straight away from there and never came back, Tani knew, they would be free to enjoy their new endowments while they lasted, and the village girls would be happy to help them do it. But the look of stupid bliss on their faces showed that they had no intention of doing anything so sensible. No, they would be back, and then they would be the countess’s meat. It was the second dose of the magic that enslaved.

Tani had no intention of being enslaved. She meant to stop at one dose—unless this was the one, the enchantress whose power was strong enough to break her curse. It seemed unlikely, but she was not going to miss the chance. Head high, she strode up to the hulking litter-bearer who stood guard at the tent flap and demanded to see Her Ladyship.

“Ladyship... busy,” the bearer said slowly. It seemed that Elira’s magic had turned his brains into muscle.

Clearly this was no time for long explanations. “Bryony sent me,” Tani said.

The bearer frowned. “*You?*”

Tani put her hands on her hips. “Yes, *me*. And if you don’t let me in, you can explain to Her Ladyship why one of her new girls is missing.”

The bearer’s eyes began to glaze over at the word *if*. Decision-making was not his strong point. Slowly, shaking his puzzled head, he stood aside and held the tent flap open to let her in.

For the moment, Elira was alone. She lay spread-eagled on the bed, staring straight up with a look of sated exhaustion on her face. The scarlet sheets were stained crimson with sweat and love juices, and a thin white trickle of cum was dripping out of her pussy.

Tani coughed politely. The countess's massive breasts heaved and bobbed as she took a deep breath, then lifted her head until she could see over them. "Take off those stupid clothes," she said firmly, "and let's have a look at you."

Tani stripped, trying not to squirm with self-consciousness. Elira's hot gaze flicked over her body like a knife, cutting away her defenses, leaving nothing but a mass of flaws. The countess's rivers of glossy black hair reminded her that her own hair was the same flat, faded yellow as old straw, hacked off at shoulder length, with uncombed wisps sticking out everywhere. Her nose was beaky against her too-thin face, her eyes were tired and colorless. Her body felt like a jumble of ribs and elbows. Too scrawny, too bony, too awkward—too *flat!* She did have breasts—of a sort—just enough to break the plane of her chest, with prominent pink nipples that belonged on a bust like Elira's instead. At the moment, her nipples were shrinking into her body, trying desperately to disappear. Tani wished she could do the same.

"Over here," said Elira, patting a corner of the bed. She propped herself up with her left elbow on a pile of pillows, long legs trailing languorously over the edge of the feather mattress. "Sit, my pet. I don't bite unless you want me to."

Tani obeyed with a nervous smile. The countess's right hand reached up to caress her cheek. Such a soft hand! No wonder she slept on silk. "Oh, yes," Elira purred. "We can make something of you. Such perfect bones."

Tani's eyes widened. Nobody had ever called any part of her perfect before.

"We'll have to put some flesh on them, of course. You need a good feeding, my pet. Do you have a name?"

"Tani, my lady."

"Hmm. It sounds too much like *tiny*, don't you think? Not to worry. Nobody's going to think of you as tiny once we've made a few changes. You know I can do that?"

"Yes, my lady."

"But you have to do something for me in return. Bryony sent word that she had found me a pearl diver. Is that you, my pet?" Tani nodded. "Then you must be very good at holding your breath. Let's give it a try."

The countess's soft hand caressed the back of Tani's neck, pulled her gently down into a kiss. Elira's lips were the softest thing Tani had ever touched, and the most sensuous. She found her own lips parting to admit the moist caress of Elira's tongue. Suddenly they were kissing passionately, arms locked around each other, Tani's thin body grinding hard into the billowing softness of Elira's titanic bosom. She held her breath until her vision began to go dim, prolonging the ecstasy of the kiss as long as she could. Then the countess gave a gentle push and disentangled herself, heavy orbs heaving as she struggled for air.

"Oh, yes, my pet," Elira said. "I think you'll do. Are you ready for a dive? I had a couple of visitors just now who left me some lovely pearls."

The voluptuous countess lay back on the pillows and spread her full thighs, pressing down on Tani's shoulders to guide her down between them. Tani found herself facing a pink, swollen pussy, little white beads of cum still pressed between its lips. The air was heavy with musk and incense, but Tani's head was light. She felt dizzy, unable to think, but she knew what Elira wanted, and she wanted to obey. She licked at the line of white beads with the teasing tip of her tongue, then licked a little deeper. Elira's lips parted slightly, and Tani pressed her face in, covering herself with the countess's juice.

She licked her way up to the pink jewel that was Elira's engorged clitoris, blew on it lightly, brushed it with her tongue. "Oh, yes," the countess moaned, locking her fingers in Tani's hair and pressing her head in harder. Tani pursed her lips around the throbbing clit and sucked, while her hand wormed its way into the crowded space and thrust into Elira's pussy, two fingers, then three, then the whole hand up to the wrist.

Elira ground her hips, thrusting her genitals into Tani's face so hard that the younger girl had no room to breathe. But she was not a pearl diver for nothing. Holding her breath, she licked and sucked, teased and tormented, while her probing hand thrust in and out, deeper and deeper, seeking out the most secret pleasures in Elira's stretched and gaping pussy. The countess's breath was coming in ragged moans now, her hips bucking, her fingers knotting and unknotting in Tani's hair. Her orgasm tore a scream of furious pleasure out of her throat, her body going rigid while her drooling cunt clamped down on Tani's hand so hard that the girl thought her bones would break.

But Tani wasn't done yet. She lifted her head to suck a deep lungful of air, then dived back in to give the countess a second orgasm as intense as the first. And then a third.

She was about to go in for fourths when Elira tugged hard at her hair and told her to stop. "Time for your reward," she gasped. "Come up here, my pet."

Tani wriggled halfway up the countess's lush torso, kissing her flat belly as she went, until her face was nestled between the pale, jiggling globes, each one bigger than her head. "Not there, silly," Elira laughed. "Here."

She shifted her body, turning a little to one side, and pushed a fat red nipple into Tani's face. Tani's lips clamped down obediently and she began to suck. She was rewarded with a gush of milk, warm and sweet, as thick as heavy cream, so sudden that she almost choked. She swallowed greedily and sucked harder.

"That's right, my pet," Elira sighed. "Oh, you're good. Suck me dry... *suck*—"

Another orgasm convulsed her body, almost drowning Tani with a sudden gush of hot milk. She had never tasted anything so good. She sucked and sucked, swallowed and swallowed, and yet her belly still felt empty. Elira's milk and all its magic soaked right into her body, saturating her like a sponge. And she could feel the changes beginning.

She felt it first in her scalp, a deep tingling that flowed out through the roots of her hair. She could feel it growing, waving like new grass in the breeze, getting thicker and softer. Then the tingling spread. Her skin, chapped by wind and sun and salt water, began

to feel smoother, her lips fuller, her whole face rounder. The sensation spread to her neck, her arms, her fingers, her thighs. Her ass seemed to be getting fuller, her thin waist just a little thinner. And then—

A tantalizing heat settled on her chest, just under the skin. For a moment it was painful, engorged, as if her flesh had been suddenly bruised. Then the pain grew sharper and somehow turned into a thrill of pleasure. Her nipples stood up as if they were sprouting, and she could feel them pushing farther away from her ribs, digging into Elira's hip. Her small breasts felt like two skin bottles being filled to bursting with new wine, swelling across her chest until they pressed together over her sternum. Oh, Goddess, she had cleavage! She had *tits!*

The flow of milk from Elira's right breast had slowed to a trickle. Tani switched to the left. She seemed to have drunk a whole gallon of rich, sweet cream, and every drop seemed to find the exact spot on her body that needed it most. Her hands were roaming over her own skin now, feeling how silky it was, caressing her new curves. She squeezed her fast-ripening tits to make sure they were really there. Oh, the countess was powerful! Maybe, at long last, Tani had found someone with the sheer sexual energy to break her curse, to turn her from an over-aged waif to the sensuous woman she ached to be. For that, she would happily be a slave. She would drink from Elira's magic fountains again and again, always greedy for more. One day soon, *she* would have tits bigger than her head. Her waist and hips and thighs would be a banquet of curves that would leave men drooling and women wild with envy. She wanted it, she *needed* it, she would die if she didn't get it. If only she dared to hope— If only—

The last drop of milk vanished into her body. So much change, so much *feeling*, overwhelmed her at last, and every fiber of Tani's flesh convulsed in an orgasm so intense that she felt herself black out. But only for a moment, it seemed, because when she came to, she was still sucking weakly at Elira's dry nipple, while the countess cradled her in her arms. Elira's voice was a weak but sated whisper: "Oh, my sweet pet, *yes*. I'm keeping you."

When both women had caught their breath, Elira pushed Tani away, not in a rejecting way, but lovingly, giving her a squeeze on her ample new rump as she stood up off of the bed. Tani's knees were trembling, and her insides seemed to have turned to jelly. "Over there, pet," Elira ordered, pointing to a corner of the tent. She wobbled over to face herself in a full-length silver mirror, and gasped in amazement.

The girl in the mirror was *gorgeous!* Breasts bigger than ripe apples, overflowing her hands when she tried to cup them. Skin soft and smooth, glowing with health. Plump pink lips, dimpled cheeks, her face rounder than before. Long, dark lashes—were her eyes a little bluer? And that hair! Masses of fine-spun gold cascaded over her shoulders, locks trailing away down her back, one naughty strand clinging to her new cleavage.

"I—I don't," Tani stammered. "Do I? Do I really look like *that?*"

“And better, my pet,” Elira said proudly. “I told you we could make something of you. Of course we’ll need to repeat the treatment if you want it to be permanent. You don’t mind that, do you, pet?”

“I could do it forever,” Tani said truthfully. She turned from the mirror to face the bed. There was the countess, actually *standing*, breasts hanging almost to her navel, but still jutting proudly eight inches in front of her. Her arms were spread wide and welcoming. Tani ran to her, or tried to; her legs were too weak, and she stumbled into the countess’s embrace. Her new breasts were tiny compared to Elira’s monsters, but they were soft and sensitive and *real*, so real. She could feel them mashing into the yielding mass of those gargantuan pillows, her nipples rubbing hard against those acres of perfect skin. It was almost enough to make her cum again, right there in Elira’s arms.

“My pet, my perfect pet,” Elira crooned, rocking Tani in her arms. “Stay with me, and I’ll make you a goddess.”

“Oh, yes, my lady,” Tani sighed.

But then the countess pushed her away again. She called for one of her servant girls, ordered fresh sheets for the bed and a goblet of wine.

“Not just yet, my pet,” she said kindly. “I still have one more visitor to see, and you need to get your things and say your goodbyes. Meet me back here. We leave at dawn, with or without you.”

“Yes, my lady.”

What good would it do to tell Elira that she had no one to say goodbye to? She had only wandered into this village a few months before, and taken up pearl diving as an alternative to starvation. She had no family here, didn’t really know the villagers. Nobody took much notice of a scrawny girl with hair like old straw, hovering on the edge of things. It would be useless to tell the countess that; useless to tell her about the curse. Oh, if only this time the magic *stayed*—

All that evening in her lonely hut, Tani caressed her new curves, felt the softness of her skin, the fullness of her bosom. She found that if she bent her head all the way forward, she could just pop her nipples into her mouth. Sucking them was *heaven*, even without the milk. Goddess knew how it must have felt for Elira. She brought herself to climax after climax until her fears were drowned in exhaustion, and then she slept.

But when she awoke, the curse was still there. She was only Tani again, the scrawny girl with hair like old straw. Every bit of the magic had gone. Nothing was left but the old, old hurt, too deep and familiar even to make her cry. Still she hunched over and buried her face in her hands, cupped her palms to hold the tears that would no longer come.

As for Elira, the enchantress who called herself Countess of Melgarad, she had only three new slaves that morning instead of four; but it had been good hunting, well worth

the trip. She was genuinely sorry that her pet had not come back. She *would* have made her a goddess. Maybe the little vixen had gone off to play with the village boys, and was satisfied with that. Served her right! Or maybe she was frightened off by the changes, by the prospect of turning into something so beautiful that she would no longer recognize herself. That sometimes happened, and with the most promising subjects, too.

Ah, well. Before the tent was packed away on the cart, and her bearers lifted her litter back up on their beefy shoulders, Elira's three new slaves had taken their second drink from her bursting breasts, and now they were *hers*. Every new slave meant an increase in power, and in the visible signs of that power. When she put on a fresh dress for the day, the weight of her orbs forced the plunging neckline a little wider apart than before. The deep blue silk barely covered her nipples; her scarlet areolas peeked shamelessly out of her bodice.

Elira hugged her breasts and shivered with delight. She might not be a real countess, but she had three new slaves, and she was bigger. That was enough. In the end, it would be everything.

"On!" she said, and her bearers took her away from that village to the next hunting ground.