

THE DOMES OF CALLANTHA

A Breast Expansion Fantasy
by E. N. Dowd

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

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Chapter 2 THE CLAY-SHAPER

Clay watched, slack-jawed and stunned, as Countess Elira's entourage made their slow way down the muddy street to the guesthouse. He had seen so many new sights today that he felt rather drunk on sheer novelty. Some of them he didn't even have names for, like that curtained box thing the countess traveled in. Some seemed too big for their names, like the huge black and scarlet tent that her servants were putting up in the goat pasture. Or that serving girl, Bryony, who had insulted him as she passed by. Or the countess herself. Or, more particularly, the countess's breasts.

Clay had always been partial to big breasts—the more the merrier—but he had never dreamed of anything as staggeringly sexy as Elira's body. That brief sight of her had filled him with more lust than he had ever felt in his life. His cock was so painfully hard, he thought it might actually explode. For once he was glad that his old sheepskin jacket was too long for him: it covered the embarrassing evidence nicely. Not that anyone would have noticed; everyone in the street was staring at *her*.

As soon as Bryony began picking young men and women out of the crowd, Clay slipped away quietly and limped home. He had a pretty good idea what the countess wanted the young people for, and hated himself for not being good enough. It was his leg, of course. All his troubles came back to that. He couldn't sail on a fishing vessel with a withered leg, or get a real job on shore; couldn't afford a decent house or even decent clothes. A man with a good body had one way of catching girls, a man with money had another, and he had neither.

So he dragged himself down the hill to his hut beside the harbor, where he sat on the

step and patched up torn fishing nets until it was too dark to work. His hands were busy, but his mind was free, and the harder he tried not to think about the countess, the more he couldn't think of anything else. In the end he went inside and flung himself down on his hard bed. He imagined what it would be like to use those magnificent breasts as pillows, instead of a sack stuffed with bits of used-up rope. It didn't help. Neither did the familiar sound of the waves breaking on the rocky shore, though it had lulled him to sleep a thousand times before.

An unfamiliar sound, on the other hand, made him instantly wide awake. It was the sound of a human voice, crying out weakly for help.

Grumbling to himself, Clay pulled on his trousers and shrugged on his jacket, and limped out barefoot to see what the trouble was. A hundred yards along the shore, beyond the end of the village, he found the answer. The wreckage of a small boat was scattered on the stony beach, and a little farther inland, a small human form was lying face down. At first he thought it was a child, but when he came closer he saw it was an old woman dressed in rags. She was alive, but her limbs were covered with cuts and bruises.

"Can you get up?" he asked.

The old woman managed to push herself off the ground and sit up, but she could not stand without help. It looked like her ankle was badly sprained. Clay helped her to her feet and let her lean on his arm. "What happened?" he asked.

"Shipwreck," she said between sobs. Her voice was as dry and cracked as her wrinkled face. "The crew let me on their lifeboat, but then it broke up on the rocks. The pigfuckers said I was bad luck and left me here."

"Pigfuckers is right." Clay waved his free hand at the starry sky. "Look at this weather. If they could lose their ship in a sea like this, the only bad luck is their own stupidity."

"You're one of them pigfuckers too," the old woman said flatly.

"Pardon?"

"A sailor."

"I used to be." Clay scowled. It was not a story he liked telling to strangers. "If those idiots had struck ground a little further up, you'd have all the help you wanted."

"Then get me up there," she demanded.

The old woman's injuries must have been worse than they looked, because she could not walk even with Clay's support. In the end he had to throw her over his shoulder and carry her home, grunting with pain at every lurching step. Every time he slipped or stumbled, the crone rasped out another insult: "Shit rag. Knob gobbler. Pus for brains. Cunt breath." And, of course, the ever popular "Pigfucker." He had more than half a mind to just drop her on the shore and let her die, but the foul-mouthed hag was obviously crazy, and he wasn't about to blame her if it was only the madness talking. He

gritted his teeth, choked back several choice replies, and made himself press on.

His bad leg was in agony by the time he got back to the hut. He put her down on his bed and lit the lamp to look at her injuries. Nothing fatal, but she was very weak and barely conscious. He spent a long time cleaning her cuts and binding up her sprain, ignoring her occasional curses. Then he lit a fire, cooked some porridge and spoon-fed her. Half her teeth were gone and the rest were black, and her breath stank like a corpse. As soon as she was done eating, she sank back on the bed and began to snore, without so much as a thank-you.

Cursing under his breath, Clay strung a piece of fishing net between two beams to make a hammock for himself. He and his leg needed all the rest they could get. He could decide what to do with the old bitch in the morning.

When Clay woke, the hut was full of sunlight, so bright that it hurt his eyes. His bed was empty; the old woman was gone. As he lowered himself from the hammock onto his aching feet, a voice came from behind him:

“You have done well, and I thank you.”

It was a girl’s voice, throaty and musical. Clay spun around so fast he nearly twisted his ankle. He wanted to ask, “Who are you?” and “How did you get in here?” and half a dozen other questions. But when he saw the owner of the voice, all words left him. She was young and tall and lissome, with bright blue eyes and shining golden hair. Her long dress was so blindingly white that all the light in the hut seemed to come from it. Her face was warm and smiling and impossibly perfect, and she smelled like a field of wildflowers in spring.

“I thank you,” she said again. “You helped a stranger who could give you nothing in return. You gave your own food and your own bed, and your own time and strength. You had nothing to spare, but you did not spare yourself. Such spirits are rare in this world.”

Clay felt himself blush. “It was nothing,” he said awkwardly.

“It was everything you had.”

“It was the least I could do. I know what it’s like to lose your ship.”

“Tell me.”

The girl’s voice was kind, but the words affected him like a command. Half against his will, he found himself telling the story that he hated to tell anyone.

“I was a sailor on my uncle’s trawler, fishing for herring or whatever we could find. We were three weeks out at sea when a storm blew up. The mainmast was struck by lightning, and all hell broke loose. Burning wreckage everywhere. The boom swung around and knocked two men overboard, and a piece of the mast fell on me and crushed my leg. Three of us survived the wreck—hung on to a spar till another vessel came to rescue us. My uncle went down with the ship.”

The girl’s soft fingertips touched Clay’s face. “A terrible loss,” she said sadly. “And

now you go to sea no more.”

“I sit on the shore,” he said bitterly, “and mend other people’s nets. With this leg, it’s all I’m good for.”

“I think you are good for many things,” the girl said, “though perhaps you will not find them here. Your heart is too large for this village.”

“That’s what I used to think. I would tell my cousin we were too big for Broken Arm, and we would get out and be something in the world. He went down with the ship, too. I still have his jacket. It doesn’t fit me, but I can’t afford another one.”

The girl’s smile grew dimples and she raised an eyebrow. “Broken Arm?”

“That’s what they call this place. Says it all, doesn’t it? Broken Arm, broken leg, broken ships. Broken everything.”

“But also a young man with kindness in his heart and skill in his hands, who mends broken things.”

“Nets, sure. Tell me how I’m supposed to mend *this*.” Clay rolled up his trousers to show the damage to his left leg—the shriveled muscles, the twisted knee, the crooked shinbone that had been broken and never properly set.

The girl’s eyes shone with tears. “Many things can be mended,” she said, kneeling before him. A strange tingle ran up his leg as she stroked the withered flesh with her hands. She paused to glance up at his face. “Tell me your name.”

“Clay.”

“Not Clay This or Clay Son of That?”

He shook his head. “I’m the only Clay in the district, I never needed a second name.”

The girl began kneading his calf muscle like bread dough. “You are Clay now, but I can make you a clay-shaper. Shall I teach you?”

“Whatever you like,” he said.

“Then take off your clothes.”

He shook his head. “This is a dream, right?”

“Maybe,” she said in a teasing tone. “But which one of us is dreaming?”

Before he quite knew what was happening, the dazzling white dress was on the floor beside his grimy tan trousers, and the girl’s arms were locked around his neck, pulling him onto the bed. Then they were kissing, and his hands were going everywhere, feeling the smoothness of her body, the softness of her perfect skin. Clay had not been with a woman since the wreck, and never with one so lovely or so eager to please. She seemed to know all his desires before he was aware of them himself. One moment he was kissing his way down her neck, burying his head between the firm, perfect globes of her breasts. Then she was turning the tables, stroking his hard cock, teasing the head with the tip of her tongue. “I love this,” she said, planting a playful kiss on it. “I only wish there were more to love.”

“I thought... ungh.” Clay was struggling to keep his thoughts in focus. “I thought you

were going to work on my leg.”

“Sometimes pleasure comes before business,” she answered. Then she began licking, sucking, running her fingertips up and down his shaft, just barely scratching the skin with her long nails. Clay shut his eyes and let himself revel in the sensations. Somehow it felt like her hands and mouth were getting smaller. So this had to be a dream after all. A real girl wouldn’t *shrink*.

“Take a look,” the girl purred. Clay opened his eyes and looked down. His dick was *immense*, ten inches at least, and so thick that it made him think of wine bottles or salamis. Its veins bulged out as if they were about to detach themselves and fly away. “You like it?”

“Ungh,” Clay agreed. Somehow the girl crammed the swollen head of his cock into her mouth, sucked greedily until a volcano of hot jism erupted down her throat. Even after that, he stayed huge and rock-hard.

“Mmm,” she said as she slid it out. “It still hungers, does it not?”

“Ungh,” he said.

She went on lazily petting his cock with one hand, leaving the other free to play with herself. She caressed her tits, her smooth flat belly, her little tuft of blonde pubic hair, traced the edges of her pussy lips, spread them apart, ran one naughty finger lightly over her clit. Her mouth half opened in an erotic pout. “Do you want me, Clay?”

“Of course I want you. You’re perfect.”

The pout turned to a mysterious smile. “Surely not perfect. There must be something you would change.”

“Not a thing,” he said truthfully. “I couldn’t ask for anything better.”

“But you will. I am making you into a clay-shaper, remember? You learn by shaping *me*. Turn me into whatever you like. Make me your dream woman.”

“I thought this already was a dream.”

“Then make it the best dream you can imagine. There must be someone, Clay. A woman you always wanted but never had. Tell me.”

For a moment, Clay felt as awkward and shy as a young boy kissing his first girl. She would laugh at him if he told the truth—or get angry—or jealous. Or the dream would disappear in a puff of smoke, and he would be awake and alone again.

“Tell me,” she said again, in that voice no one could refuse.

“Well... There was this visitor in the village. She says she’s a Callanthan countess, but I’m not sure if she really is. I mean, what would she be doing this far from home? They say Callantha is hundreds of miles away.”

“I know where Callantha is,” she teased. “Tell me about this countess of yours.”

“She loves to show off. Even fully dressed, she looked like she was something more than naked. Played with her nipples the whole time we were watching her. Then she picked four of the young people to play with in her tent. I don’t suppose there’s ever a

moment when she isn't thinking about sex."

The stranger wriggled closer to Clay, rubbing her ass up against his throbbing cock. "My kind of girl. What does she look like?"

"Well, she's got glossy black hair down to her waist, and big violet eyes. Lips as red as cherries, puffed out to here."

"Show me on my face. Kiss me the way you would if I had her lips."

Feeling more than a bit foolish, Clay turned the girl around and tried to plant a kiss just in front of her face. But he misjudged, because her lips met his anyway. She hadn't moved her head. It was as if she *grew* to meet his touch. When he pulled back to look, there was no doubt of it. She had developed full, pouting, scarlet lips just like Countess Elira's.

"Go on," she purred.

"Her face was a little wider than yours—across the cheekbones, you know. The hair came down in bangs just above her eyebrows. It was so glossy, it seemed to catch whatever color was around her and reflect it back." He slid his fingers over the girl's face, ran them through her hair, and she changed to match his description.

"Nose a bit smaller, not quite so tip-tilted. Eyelashes so long you could use them as fans. Little hands with delicate fingers. Just a little more flesh on her arms than you have. Little feet, big thighs—legs a bit shorter than yours."

"What about this?" she demanded, planting his hand on her slender ass.

"More," he said. "I didn't get a good look because her chair was covered in pillows and things, but I think she was pretty big and round... uh... down there. Then, um... Ah."

"Um, ah? Go on, you silly boy. What are you holding back?"

"Well, it's like this. She has... uh... tits. I mean *tits*. Everywhere you look."

"Bigger than mine?" the girl teased, arching her back to show them off.

"Enormous. I mean, that's why Callanthan ladies ride around in litters, isn't it? I bet walking kills their backs. Not that I mind. I mean, I'd carry her chair all day for a taste of those... Sorry. I mean, yours are amazing, but I've always—I guess I'm a bit crazy about breasts, and, you know..."

"Just show me," the girl said impatiently. "Put your hands on me and make me bigger. Let me feel the way it feels to be her."

As he obeyed, Clay felt an intense tingling in his palms. It almost felt as if he were pushing some invisible substance out through his skin and the girl absorbed it into her body. Slowly at first, then faster, her boobs swelled up, jiggling slightly, like water droplets forming at the tip of a melting icicle. But instead of detaching themselves and dripping off, they just kept growing as long as he kept his hands on her flesh and his mind on the countess. The girl's breath started coming in ragged gasps, as if her ballooning tits felt as good to her as they looked to him. Or, he thought suddenly, as if her chest was getting too heavy and he couldn't breathe.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

“Wonderful,” she sighed. “Keep on until I turn into your countess.”

She was too big for his hands by now, so he started moving his palms in circles, massaging her as her flesh stretched and swelled. Clay wondered what would happen if he went too far. Would they lose their shape and spread out like pancakes, the way fat women’s boobs sometimes did? Or would they get rigid and overstretched, like a pregnant girl’s belly just before she popped? Yet neither of those things happened. The girl’s breasts remained as perfect as ever, supple and bouncy and perfectly round. There was just more of them. They were bigger than her head now, bigger than *his* head, so huge that they dwarfed her slender torso. Her nipples were as far apart as her shoulders, with boob flesh jutting out another six inches on either side. She was lying on her back now, eyes closed, moaning faintly. From collarbone to navel, and out to her elbows on each side, she was buried in her own mountainous tits.

Her eyes fluttered open as he took his hands away. “Are you done? Am I a match for your countess now?”

“Uh,” he said. “I think I may have gone a little too far. You might actually be bigger than her. If you can show me how to take some back—”

“Don’t you dare!” the girl shouted, clutching her enormous globes protectively. “I love your work, every ounce of it. Now I mean to show you what I can do.” She struggled to sit up, but the sheer mass of her bust defeated her. She could lift her head and neck off the bed, but beyond that, all her efforts only made them wobble and jiggle like giant jellies. Finally she gave up and stuck out a small white hand. “Help me up?”

“I don’t know,” Clay said wickedly. “I think I like you right where you are.”

The girl licked her swollen lips and gave him a smoldering look. “So now that I am here, what do you want to do with me? What would you do with your countess?”

“That’s easy. I want to ride you all day and half of the night. I want to fuck you till neither one of us can move, and then I want to pass out between those incredible tits. I’ll use one for a pillow and the other for a blanket, and when I wake up I want to start all over again.”

“That sounds wonderful,” she purred. “Still, I need you to help me up. It is my turn to shape you, Clay. Let me look at that leg of yours. I promise not to run away—supposing I could run at all. But let me warn you: there will be pain. The harder the flesh, the harder the shaping, and bone is hardest of all.”

“Do whatever you have to—please.”

They reveled in each other’s bodies for what seemed like days, though the light inside the hut never changed. The stranger healed Clay’s leg so perfectly that he could run and jump and carry weights as well as he ever had. He tested it by making her wrap her legs around his hips and slide onto his huge new cock, and fuck him while he carried her

around the room. She smoothed away the scars from his skin, and the roughness in his face left by years on the sea. She made his shoulders just a little broader, his muscles a little stronger, took the calluses off his hands, even gave him back the tooth he had lost in a fight long ago. He turned her hair back to rich gold, gave her back her own face—except for the countess’s over-full lips, which she wouldn’t let him touch—lengthened her legs until she was as tall as he was. He strengthened her back and belly muscles till they were as tough as ship’s cables, and she could carry her massive breasts without clumsiness or discomfort. In between, they fucked endlessly. He came so many times he lost count, and she seemed to be enjoying herself at least as much.

“Do the ladies in Callantha really have tits like yours?” he wanted to know.

“Bigger,” she said. “*Much* bigger. The bigger they grow, the stronger their magic gets, and the more slaves they can keep in their power. And that makes them bigger still.”

Clay grinned lasciviously. “I think I’d like to see that for myself.”

“Down, boy!” she chided.

“You may not have noticed, but I haven’t been *down* since you first laid hands on me.”

“Oh, yes. That is part of my power. You can stay hard as long as you like, and cum as often as you choose. I am giving you the shaping power for a reason, and not just because you were kind to a shipwrecked old crone. It is touch that shapes the body, but sex that seals it and your seed that makes it permanent. It is much like Callanthan magic, but without the enslavement.”

“Are you Callanthan?”

“I have traveled in many countries, including that one. But no, Callantha was never my home. Anyway, I have made you able to perform whenever you wish, for as long as you like. You may need it. I hope you will enjoy it.”

“So tell me.” Clay made her sit on his knee and held her close while he squeezed one of her overripe melons. “If you really were a great Callanthan lady, how big would these be?”

She kissed him hard, grinding her bosom against him. “Guess.”

“You mean...?”

“Of course.”

She lay back on the bed, reclining on a heap of nets and sacking and whatever else Clay could find to support her upper body. Then he went to work. He poured his new power into her, stroking and caressing, squeezing and sucking, while she grew bigger and bigger. Her boobs pushed out below her waist, her navel, all the way to her knees, spread out over both sides of the bed. Each one was so huge that he could barely get his arms around it. To reach all the way around her and give her a hug would have been a job for three men. Her nipples were crimson and massively engorged, each one nearly as big as an ordinary woman’s breast, with areolas as big as barrel lids. Somewhere along the way, they started to dribble milk, which he licked up greedily. That only seemed to make his

power stronger. He had a wild idea of making her so big she would burst through the walls of the hut—

“Stop, Clay. Stop, stop.”

He took his hands off her titanic bust. The growth came to a halt, but her tits were still quaking from the force he had poured into them. “Too big?” he asked bashfully.

“Oh, no. Not too big. Never too big. I love what you do to me.”

“But you’re more tits than woman now. You’ll never be able to move, no matter how strong I make you. Anyhow, you won’t fit through the doorway.”

“Have no fear, my darling. I can change myself back if I need to.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“Too *horny*. Fuck me right now, before I lose my mind.”

“But I’m not even sure I can reach your pussy.”

“Then dive in and find it. *Now*, Clay!”

After that last bout of fucking, Clay’s body finally remembered how long he had gone without sleep. One moment, their bodies were spasming and bucking as they came together. Then Clay was yawning uncontrollably, falling asleep between the stranger’s breasts. One for a blanket, one for a pillow, just as he had said. He rested his head on one massive mound, and let her stroke his hair and kiss his sweat-drenched forehead while he drifted on the edge of other dreams.

“Do you like me this way, Clay?”

“Like you? You’re a goddess.”

“Tits and all?”

“The bigger you get, the more I want you.”

“You would make a wonderful Callanthan.”

“Will you take me there one day?” he murmured between yawns.

“You shall find your own way. There is trouble in that country, and it needs a clay-shaper to put things right.”

“You sound like... well, like you feel responsible for what happens that far away. Who *are* you?”

“I am the one who chose you. For now, that is all you need to know. Sleep now, my dearest. Tomorrow is not just a new day; it will be a whole new life.”

Clay slept. He seemed to be floating on a sea of billowing tit flesh, his mystery girl growing from horizon to horizon. Then he was falling, falling in the chasm of her cleavage, calling to her for help. When he looked up, her face was so far away he could no longer see it clearly, but he did catch sight of a golden chain around her neck. Far, far below him, on the other end of the chain, a locket hung in the titanic void between her breasts. It seemed a tiny thing, but as he fell past it, he saw that it contained the whole

world and everything in it, sun, moon, stars and all. And her breasts were still growing.

He awoke with a jerk. The light was gone, and his goddess had gone with it. So it was all a dream after all. Only a dream—

Then he looked down. His left leg was as strong as his right, straight and fit and healthy. And his penis, though flaccid and slumbering, was half again as big as it used to be. *Something* real had happened.

Then maybe the magic was real, too. He might really have the power to change a woman's body however he chose. And possibly other powers as well.

Clay got up and put on his clothes, and went out into the world to find out what he had become.