

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 3 THE RUSTY ANCHOR

Tani couldn't hide at home any longer, but she was still afraid to go outside—afraid to meet the faces of the villagers, after what had happened, or failed to happen. Still, life had to go on. She paced up and down the single small room of her dwelling, giving herself an angry lecture.

“Stupid girl,” she told herself, “someone needs to talk some sense into your silly head. What are you afraid of? Someone might see? Nobody notices things that haven't happened. You lost a hope, that's all, and a foolish one. A curse is a curse, and since you can't break it, you've got to live with it. Now get out there and get on with some work.”

“But there's no work to do,” she objected, turning the other way and putting on a petulant face. “The early pearl season is over, and the late one doesn't start for weeks. Where would I go in this horrible place, anyway?”

“Out and about, girl,” her lecturing self insisted. “What you need is fresh air and fresh food, and you're going out to get some.”

“What I need,” she answered, “is a good stiff drink.”

Tani's argument with herself ended in a compromise. She would catch up on some errands, but first she would have something bracing at the village alehouse. So she put on her least ugly clothes, brushed her unruly hair, and marched herself out to the Rusty Anchor.

The owner of the alehouse was something of a joker. Instead of a sign, he kept a length of rusted chain hanging beside the front door, broken off at the lower end. If anybody asked where the anchor was, he would grin and say, “Fifty fathom deep and

covered in barnacles. That's what happens when you let 'em get rusty."

Being out of work for the time being, Tani had to mind her pennies, so she ordered a half pint of the cheapest ale and sat in a corner to watch the village drunks. That was the best entertainment Broken Arm had to offer, and she never had to worry about getting mixed up in the trouble. It was an advantage sometimes to be the flat, scrawny girl that nobody noticed.

At the moment, the taproom was mostly empty. Three old men sat by the fireplace, swilling beer and swapping fish stories. Nella, the village whore, was leaning on the bar, nursing a glass of cheap wine while she waited for a customer. She was red-haired, leggy, a touch on the plump side, possibly a bit scatterbrained, but chronically cheerful. She tended to babble when under strain, which at the moment, luckily, she was not. Tani guessed she was about thirty-five, but had neither the interest nor the bad manners to ask. Farther along, Clay the net-mender was whispering to Ivy, the barmaid, who burst into laughter and went off into the kitchen, shaking her head. Apparently the joke was not intentional, because his face turned brick-red with embarrassment. He downed his drink in one gulp, then marched up to Nella with steely determination in his eyes and leaned in to make her an offer. There was something different about him today, but in the dim light, Tani couldn't quite tell what.

It seemed Nella liked Clay's proposition better than the barmaid had, because she nodded and went up the stairs to her private room. After a discreet interval, he followed her. That left nothing for Tani to do but eavesdrop on the old men's stories and pretend she was not incredibly bored.

Tani didn't like the barmaid much. Ivy was too pretty, too aware of it, and too ready to be rude to a plain girl from out of town. But in the circumstances, when she came over to wait on her table, Tani was glad of the interruption.

"Another half, dear?"

"Not just now, thanks."

"Oh." The barmaid looked mildly disappointed. Instead of clearing off, she hung around Tani's table—not getting too close, as if she were afraid to be seen with the village outcast. But something was nagging at her, and finally she gave in and said, "Mind if I sit?"

Tani shrugged. "They're your stools."

Ivy dragged a short-legged barstool over and sat facing Tani, elbows on the table, chin resting on her hand. She had light brown hair done up in a long braid, a small mouth with full lips, three small freckles on her nose. She had the plump arms that barmaids got from working the pump handles all day, but the rest of her figure was on the thin side. Her green checkered dress was laced up tightly in front, squeezing her breasts together to display more cleavage than nature had equipped her with. Not a spectacular beauty, but not bad either, and unlike Tani, she made the best of what she had.

“I haven’t seen you around,” Ivy said. “I was beginning to think you’d run off with that black-haired bitch.”

“Don’t be silly, Ivy. She wouldn’t take *me*.” Not exactly true, but plausible. To get herself off the defensive, Tani indulged in a little dig at the barmaid. “Oh, that’s right. She stole your boyfriend, didn’t she?”

“Stock was never my boyfriend,” Ivy answered frostily. “Just one of my admirers.”

“Then I guess you’re an admirer short.”

“I can make up for it,” Ivy said. “One thing I’ll say for that countess person, she got the boys’ juices flowing. Even that crazy Clay is coming on to me.”

“You could be as busy as Nella,” Tani suggested cattily.

“That’s not funny. What’s the matter with you, anyway? You’re a nice person most of the time.”

“The same thing that’s wrong with all of us,” Tani sighed. “The outside world came calling, and it reminded us that we don’t measure up.”

Ivy giggled. “Who’d want to? Can you imagine trying to work with jugs like those?”

“You wouldn’t have to work, silly. Just lie back and let the world come to you.”

They laughed together, and Tani found herself relaxing. She was surprised the barmaid had ever noticed her, let alone identified her as a “nice person.” They would never be friends, but at the moment they could be company for each other’s misery. So Tani let Ivy talk as much as she wanted. Ivy repeated all the latest gossip, and made a number of cutting remarks about Elira and her entourage, especially the newest members that the countess had stolen from the village.

“You know what?” Ivy said at last. “You’re not so bad to talk to.”

“That’s because I listen,” Tani answered. “It’s kind of a rare gift.”

The sound of a woman’s scream cut off their conversation. It was quickly followed by the pounding of footsteps. A moment later, Nella ran down the stairs, red hair flying, her blue velvet dress in disarray. “Ivy!” she shouted. “You won’t believe what happened. Look at me!”

“You’re a fright,” Ivy told her. “Fix your hair and do up your bodice.”

Nella’s voice dropped to an urgent whisper. “That’s the trouble, I’m not sure I can. Help me, Ivy—not here. Come up to my room.”

“Don’t you have to pay for that?” Tani suggested archly.

Nella stamped her foot. “Goddess! Can’t you be serious? I really need help.”

“Mind if I come along?” Tani suggested.

“Oh, if you like. But please, please hurry!”

The three women filed up the stairs to Nella’s room, which had been done up in a fair imitation of a city lady’s boudoir. Nella threw back the curtains and stood in the sunlight. “Look here,” she said, pointing at her face. “Does anything look different to you?”

Ivy and Tani stood on either side of the redhead, peering at her features. “It’s a little hard to tell through so much makeup,” Tani said, “but I think— Have you lost some weight? You were getting a bit jowly.”

“And those little crow’s feet are gone,” Ivy added. “Why, dear, you look ten years younger.”

“So I’m not imagining things? I really look different?”

“You look *expensive*,” Tani said. “You could raise your prices and nobody would bat an eye.”

“I’ll pretend you didn’t say that,” Nella sniffed. “But there’s something else. Help me with my dress.”

As Ivy had observed, the laces were undone all down the back of the redhead’s dress. As the two younger women did them up again, they noticed that the bodice seemed to fit wrong—too loose at the waist, too tight at the bust. Just an inch or two, but enough to spoil the effect of a garment that had been made to hug Nella’s figure like a coat of paint.

“You’ll have to get this altered,” was Ivy’s judgment.

“Let’s see what’s causing it,” Tani suggested. “Slip out of that petticoat.”

Nella clutched her hands protectively over her bosom. “But I—”

“Don’t pretend you’re modest,” Tani said. “You take it off every day for money.”

“That’s different. It’s just business. This is—”

“Oh, Goddess.” Tani rolled her eyes. “Will it help if we pay you?”

“What? Don’t be silly. I just feel...”

“Naked?” Tani suggested wryly. “Then you might as well *be* naked. Take it off.”

Nella sighed and complied. Tani felt a stab of envy as she looked the older woman over. Undressed, she no longer looked plump—just insanely curvy. All the extra weight on her body seemed to have migrated to those places where it would best improve the view. Her hips flared a bit more, her ass was definitely bigger and more toned, waist narrower and more defined, belly flatter.

The most obvious change was in her breasts, which looked like they belonged on a superbly well-endowed teenager. They were so firm and round that they seemed to float weightlessly on her chest. Though Tani had never seen Nella undressed before, she could easily tell that they had grown. You could hang a man’s hat on each one, she thought, but it would be a tight fit. Tani cupped them in her hands to feel their heft, a thing she could only manage by spreading her fingers as wide as possible. She restrained the sudden urge to do more; she wasn’t sure Nella would go along with that, even for money.

Nella covered her bright pink nipples with her hands and gave Tani a pitiful look. “What *happened* to me?”

“I don’t know,” Tani admitted. “What I do know is that you’re all real, all woman, and I would wrestle a kraken to make it happen to me.”

“It’s funny,” Ivy said. “You looked just the same as usual till...”

“Till you went upstairs with Clay,” Tani cut in. “Did he do something to you?”

Nella’s light blue eyes widened. “Oh, no! I think I owe him five laurels.”

“You owe *him* money? What kind of a whore are you?”

Ivy said, “Stop ribbing her, Tani! Here, dear, put this back on and tell us all about it.”

“You won’t gossip it all over town?”

“Of course not,” Ivy lied.

“Tell us anyway,” Tani suggested. Ivy gave her a dirty look.

Nella put on her petticoat and smoothed the frilly fabric over her bosom. It didn’t fit any better than the dress, but in this case she seemed to rather like the effect. Then she cleared her throat and took a deep breath, both of which made her new endowments jiggle. Her petticoat slipped a little, revealing an alarming amount of boob flesh. “It’s like this,” she said finally, and plunged into her story with breathless speed.

“Usually I charge a laurel for a tumble, a quarter extra for special service—a laurel and a half if it’s something really nasty. Well, Ivy, I guess you made that poor boy pretty mad when you turned him down, because he came to me with fire in his eye and said he would bet me *two* laurels he could do something for me that nobody had done before and I wouldn’t mind paying *him* instead. I thought he was just being silly, so I tried to put him off, but he said make it two and a half, and I just couldn’t say no, it was too much like finding money. I mean, all I had to do was act bored and say it was nothing, you lose, ha ha.”

“An easy bet to win,” Tani said.

“That’s what I thought. So I told him to meet me up here, and he came running up the stairs two at a time, and I thought, my, aren’t *you* an eager boy? Then I thought, wait a moment, *Clay* can’t run like that, somebody must have done something to fix his leg. Maybe it was that foreign witch, a lot of weird things happened while she was around. So I told him to strip and I did the same, and I tried to take a peek and see if his leg looked any different, and oh, my dear Goddess!”

“It was different?” Ivy prompted.

“I don’t know, I never even noticed. He had this... this *thing* in his pants. It was like a what-do-you-call-it, those pointy stone monument things....”

“An obelisk?” Tani suggested.

“That’s the word,” Nella said happily. “He was *enormous*. I would have given him a free lay just for the fun of it. But no, he said never mind, that wasn’t it at all, it was something else he wanted to show me. Well, I mean that too, but there was another thing. And we got in bed together, and it wasn’t much like screwing a sailor, I can tell you. He started kissing and fondling me everywhere, almost like I meant something to him, and I was getting pretty well warmed up—didn’t have to fake it at all, mostly. Poor kid, he must have been awful lonely since the wreck.”

“Stick to the point,” Tani urged.

“Oops! Sorry. So instead of just shoving that monster inside me, which I wouldn’t have minded if he did, frankly, he starts asking me all these nosy questions. Like how do I like what I’m doing, and am I happy how things are, and is there anything about myself that I’d want to change? And you know how it is, *no* girl is ever satisfied with herself completely, and especially around my age, which never you mind what that is, but it’s old enough that things start drooping, and the pounds go on where they shouldn’t and won’t stay on where they should.”

Ivy looked over the older woman’s figure with an envious eye. “Looks like you’ve got them all nailed down now.”

“I know! I was afraid I was getting a little bit of a belly, and I mind even if your average sailor doesn’t, so I tell him, and he starts running his hands over it. Not exactly a grope, and not exactly a massage. I don’t know what it was, but it felt *wonderful*. And then I mention that my ass could be a little more toned, like it used to be, but you know, round and juicy, like it didn’t used to be, and his hands are going everywhere and that feeling keeps spreading.” Nella’s own hands were wandering over the same parts of her body as she spoke, but she seemed not to notice. “And he does my thighs, and my upper arms and neck, and then my face—do I really look younger?”

“Twenty,” Ivy said flatly. “Twenty-three at the very most.”

“And then I tell him, if I could have wishes or something, it would be nice to take off a few pounds where I don’t want them, but I kind of love the idea of moving that weight to my boobs, but only if I could still have them nice and perky, like they were when I was younger. And he’s going crazy with his hands, and it feels like a traveling orgasm going all over my body wherever he touches. And finally neither one of us could stand it anymore, and I told him to just fuck me silly, and—well, never mind the details, but I never came so hard in my life. I guess I was that worked up just thinking about all the ways I wanted my body to be. Then we kind of peel apart and start getting dressed, and I see myself in the mirror over there, and I’m yelling, ‘Oh, Goddess, what have you *done* to me?’ And he’s trying to apologize, all big-eyed and looking like a frightened deer, and he runs away down the back stairs before I can say boo. So I came down the front way to find you, Ivy, because I don’t know what to do.”

“Enjoy it,” Tani suggested. “I’m sure I would.”

“That’s the trouble. I do enjoy it, and I’ve never seen anything like it—unless that foreign witch does the same kind of trick, which wouldn’t surprise me. And that means I’ve lost the bet.” A stray thought flitted across Nella’s mind, and she suddenly looked very anxious. “Do you think I’ll stay this way, or will it wear off?”

“If it does stay,” Tani said, “you can double your prices. Either way, I think you need to pay up. Ivy! Where do you think you’re going?”

The barmaid was already halfway out the door. “To find Clay,” she said. “Whatever he’s giving away, I want some before it runs out.” She picked up her skirts and ran.

Tani offered Nella her congratulations, trying not to make it sound bitter, and excused herself before she could start crying. It wasn't *fair!* Boobs blowing up all over the place, and none for her. The curse made sure she would stay flat as a sanded plank. Anyway, she wouldn't get her hopes up again only to have them crushed tomorrow morning. She wouldn't go looking for Clay. She *wouldn't*.

Two hours later, Tani's trembling hand was knocking on the door of Clay's hut by the harbor.

Chapter 4

THE CURSE

Clay was in a state of high confusion. Either he was crazy as a boat with no bottom, or the whole female population of Broken Arm had suddenly gone bonkers. There seemed to be good evidence for both propositions.

First he had tried to show Ivy his healed leg, tell her he could use the same kind of power to make whatever changes she wanted. Of course he bitched it up and she laughed in his face, which was more or less his usual luck with women. At least she hadn't slapped him.

Then he had talked Nella into that ridiculous bet, and even after he did everything *exactly* the way she wanted, she just screamed hysterically and chased him out of her room. "Goddess, what have you *done* to me?" The memory made him cringe.

Just when he had decided to lock himself in his hut and live out his days as a hermit, up popped Ivy again, practically breaking down his door, shoving her tits in his face and begging to jump his bones. At least she went away happy. No big changes, but now she could show a nice flash of cleavage without binding her boobs up so tight it hurt to breathe. Maybe that was the way to go—small changes, nothing dramatic, and just let the word get around.

Or maybe—returning to his first thought—he was the crazy one after all. Maybe his mind had conjured up a fantasy about Ivy just to make his suffering bearable. Maybe the mystery girl was just a dream. Hell, maybe his *leg* was the same as ever, and he had been making a fool of himself by gimping around the village thinking he could walk like a normal person.

If that was an illusion, it was an amazingly persistent one. Every test of sight and touch and strength told him that his left leg was just as good as his right. Even the scars were gone. But things like that didn't really happen—not even with the kind of magic Countess Elira had. And that was more powerful than anything he had seen or heard of.

All right, then, suppose he was insane. The waterfront at Broken Arm was as good a place as any for a mad hermit. Nobody would care how crazy he was, as long as he kept to himself and did good work on the nets. If that was the life he was stuck with, he might as well try to enjoy it.

So when a knock came at the door, he was happy to shout: "Go away! I'm not here, and neither are you."

Instead of going away, the knock repeated, a little louder this time. "Go away!" he said again. "Nobody home. Try the madhouse in Port Selkie."

A high voice outside the door muttered something unintelligible in a nasty tone. Then a fist banged on the door so hard the whole hut rattled. "Clay, open up! It's me, Tani. If

you don't let me in, I swear I'll—"

He opened the door just as the scrawny girl was putting her shoulder into it. She didn't have the weight to break down a bolted door, but an open one was something else again. She hurtled into Clay, elbowing him in the stomach, and they both collapsed on a heap of torn netting.

"What's the matter with you?" they both demanded simultaneously.

"You first," Clay added.

Tani's jaw worked up and down as if she couldn't remember how to answer. Then she bunched her face up into a heavy frown and grabbed him by the ear. "Outside, knothhead. I want to see you in daylight."

Clay's ear went promptly out the door; the rest of him came along reluctantly. There was not much muscle on Tani's frame, but anger made her surprisingly strong. "Sit down," she ordered. "Not like that. Stick out your leg. The other one, knothhead."

She knelt beside him, poking and prodding at his formerly maimed leg. "How did this happen? What did you do with it?"

Clay sighed. The tone of Tani's voice did not suggest that she would be happy with any answer he was able to give. "I didn't do anything. Someone fixed it for me."

"Who?" Tani didn't actually say "knothead" this time. The look on her face said it for her.

"Well, I... that is... It's like this. The other night I heard a noise, and I found this old hag stranded on the beach. So I tried to help her, but next morning there was this beautiful young maiden in her place. Only now that I think about it, I wonder if... somehow... they may have been the same person. I know it sounds crazy. Anyway, she did some things—err—I'd rather not tell you about that part—" Clay felt himself blushing furiously. "So the next time I woke up she was gone, too, or they both were, or she was gone again—whichever. And my leg was just the way you see it now. Plus some other changes."

Tani looked like she had taken a big swig of vinegar and was trying not to spit it out. "So. You were healed by a beautiful, ugly, young, old hag-maiden who did things you'd rather not say. Have I got that right?"

Clay nodded humbly.

"And you have no idea where she is now? I want to *find* her."

Clay shook his head miserably.

"Did you even think to ask her name?"

"She wouldn't tell me."

"Knothead." Tani chewed at her thumbnail as if it had personally offended her. Clay felt that he had to say something helpful, or she would be chewing him next.

"She said she was a clay-shaper—"

"Oh, that's a good one. I bet she's a real hoot at parties."

“—No, really. And she taught me how to do it, or some of it.”

Tani spat out a fragment of nail and gave him a searching look. “Did she, now.” It did not sound like a question.

“She did.”

“Then Nella was....”

“My first... uhh...” Client? Patient? Experiment? None of those sounded right.

Fortunately, Tani seemed to get the point. While he was still searching for the right word, she said, “So, you learned how to change people’s bodies, and Nella was your first *uhh*. Am I getting the gist here?”

“That’s right.” Clay caught himself just in time to keep from adding, “Ma’am.” Bad enough that she acted like a scolding schoolmistress; he didn’t want to give her the satisfaction of playing along.

Tani stood up and looked around to make sure nobody was watching. “All right, knothead. Back inside.” She said nothing more until they were both in the hut with the door securely bolted.

“Clay, I have a proposition for you. I saw what you did with Nella. Do it to me.”

“Um.” He was terrified to think how she might react to what he had to say next. “You know, there’s just a tiny problem with this clay-shaping thing. I don’t know if you’re going to like it.”

“I’m going to like the results,” Tani said. “I don’t care about the method.”

“Well, I sort of have to....”

Tani’s eyes narrowed, her whole face hardened. “Don’t you dare tell me you’re going to have to fuck me.”

“Well, since you put it that way—”

“You men are all alike. Look at me! Goddess knows I’m not the girl anybody dreams of. But you don’t mind, you’ll do anyone if you can get an easy lay out of it. I bet you’d have screwed the old crone.”

Clay had had enough. He threw out his chest and crossed his arms. “Look here, young lady. I didn’t do a thing to that poor woman except bind up her wounds and give her food and shelter for the night. I didn’t do a thing to the clay-shaper except what she asked me to do. The same goes for Nella—and I *paid* her for it. I’ve had three women in the last two days, and every one of them looked better *before* I had them than you could ever dream of. If you have to bitch, you can do it alone. I don’t need you or want you. *You’re* the one who asked.”

Tani suddenly looked very miserable, and her eyes brimmed with tears. “I’m sorry,” she said quietly. “You’re right, I did ask. And I guess I should have known. That Callanthan woman does it all with sex magic. No reason why this should be any different.” She swallowed hard, reached out fearfully to touch Clay’s arm. “Do you... do you think there’s anything you can do for me?”

Clay fought down the impulse to pull away. Poor kid, she must be lonelier than he was—or had been. And she'd probably been like that always. He knew now that his power really worked. Surely it would work on her, too—at least a little. For the first time, he looked at Tani closely. He had often seen her in the village, but their paths had never really crossed much. Hello, how about this weather, and did you happen to hear today's price for herring? That about summed up their conversations before today.

Now that he really looked, he realized that she wasn't actually ugly; more like a good thing deliberately spoiled. Her hair, for instance. It was damaged by wind and weather, the color of dirty straw and just about as appealing. It was hacked off at uneven lengths, as if she had cut it herself with pruning shears. But it looked *freshly* hacked off, and now that he thought back, it always looked that way. It never seemed to grow any longer. Her eyes were a tired blue fading to gray, as if something kept bleaching the color out of them. Her body was thin and lanky, bones all over the place, her skin pale and lifeless except for the sunburned places. It was like some parasite—a magic leech, an invisible tapeworm—had sucked all the joy and beauty out of her body, and kept sucking so she never had a chance to recover. He wondered how long she could survive this way, and was surprised to find that the thought seriously upset him.

"All right," he said slowly. "Is the bed in here good enough, or would you rather go back to your place?"

They agreed that Clay's hut was good enough and more convenient, since it was closer to the outdoor plunge baths on the waterfront. As soon as he was done his bath, Clay went home to wait while Tani made herself as presentable as she could. He was more than half afraid she wouldn't show up, and slightly afraid that she would.

An hour later she arrived, carrying a small canvas bag, and they locked themselves securely in the hut. Tani wanted to shutter the lone window, but Clay assured her that nobody could see in unless they came closer than anybody had any business to; and anyway, he needed the light. She accepted that and sat on the bed, as far away from the window as she could, looking shy and uncomfortable.

"Will it help if I undress first?" he asked in what he hoped was a kind voice.

"Oh, Goddess. I don't know what to say. I didn't even think about..."

"I've got to see what we have to work with," he pointed out gently.

"I know," she answered irritably. "It's just.... Turn around, will you?"

"Of course." Clay turned his back on her and pretended to take great interest in a patch of lichen growing on the wall. When Tani announced that she was ready, he turned to look, and he smiled. "Silly girl! There's nothing ugly about you. You're underfed, that's all."

Tani gave him an exasperated look. "If it were that simple, don't you think I'd have fixed it by now? I've eaten a five-pound trout at one sitting. I've gorged myself on cakes

and fat pork. I never gain an ounce. Just like this sunburn never goes away, no matter how much I stay out of the sun, and my hair never grows out no matter how long I go without cutting it.”

“That *is* strange,” Clay admitted. “How long has this been going on?”

“I don’t honestly remember. My memory only goes back four or five years. But the very first thing I remember is a woman with blood-red hair, giving me this evil laugh and saying she had cursed me. I’ve been like this ever since. Who knows what I was like before? *I* don’t.”

“I see. So what do you want to be like after?”

She raised her hands and gestured vaguely. “Beautiful all over? I saw what you did for Nella, I trust your taste.”

Clay sat beside Tani and took her hand gently. “I’ll be honest with you. I don’t know how far my power goes, or how much I can do against a curse. I’ve never tried anything like it, you see. But I will do whatever I can, and I hope you’ll forgive me if I fail.”

“There’s nothing to forgive,” she answered warmly. “I’m grateful that you’re even trying. Just one thing?”

“Name it.”

Tani cupped her barely visible breasts. “These. Make them bigger. A *lot* bigger. I’ve always loved big boobs—”

“You’re in luck. So have I.”

“I mean, *really* big. I die a little every day because all I have are these. More than anything else in the world, I want a pair of big, fat, round, jiggly knockers.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“But that means—Clay, how much do you know about anatomy?”

“Enough,” he said casually. “I’m not a *complete* knothead. My uncle sent me to school, you know, with the idea of making me his first mate one day. I had to learn astronomy and navigation and all sorts of things. After that, I served a year’s apprenticeship under a ship’s surgeon. I never qualified, or I wouldn’t be mending nets, but I know my way around the human body.”

“Clever boy!” she said, smiling. “If I’m going to have the boobs I want, I want to carry them without hurting my back. Can you manage that?”

“Easy,” he said nonchalantly. “That’s all in the belly muscles. If I make those strong enough, your back will practically take care of itself.”

“You sound pretty certain.”

“A sailor does a lot of heavy lifting. I know what every muscle in the body has to do—learned it the hard way.”

Tani took a deep breath. “All right, Clay, I put my body in your hands. Do your best—and thank you!”

“Don’t thank me for the meal till you’ve tasted my cooking.”

“Bring on the first course, then.”

Clay leaned in for a kiss. Tani squeezed her eyes shut as if she expected it to hurt. He tried to ignore that, and just thought about her pale, chapped lips growing redder, fuller, softer. The thought of Countess Elira’s sensual mouth flashed through his mind, giving him a pang even now. He forced it out, concentrated on the present moment until he was sure his new partner had been quite thoroughly kissed. Then he stopped to inspect his work. Not bad, not bad. Just a little more flesh on the bottom lip; one more go ought to do it.

From there, he worked his way all around Tani’s face, smoothing away the roughness with his fingertips, turning the angry red of sunburn into the pink bloom of healthy skin. Unlike Nella, she was too young to have any genuine wrinkles, but there were worry lines on her forehead. He wiped them away with a touch of his palm. His hands were tingling as he worked, and when he ran them through her damaged hair, the tingle intensified to a dull throb. “What color do you like?” he asked.

“Please yourself,” she said a little roughly.

He decided on a rich golden blonde, thick and glossy, a mass of loose curls falling nearly to her waist. Her hands and feet were fine once he rubbed away the calluses and softened the skin. The rest of her body would be trickier. He needed about twenty more pounds to work with. How had he managed that with the mystery girl? The others hadn’t needed it.

“Don’t stop,” Tani pleaded, eyes still closed. Then she opened them to give him a worried look. “Is something wrong?”

“I need to make things grow... a lot bigger... very fast.”

Tani smiled wickedly. “All right, lover. I’m no sorceress, but I’ll see what I can do.” Before he could explain that she misunderstood, she was stripping off his trousers and giving her full attention to his cock. “Oh, my,” she purred, “Nella was right when she said you had an obelisk. Does lover’s little monument want to grow up big and strong?”

It seemed that lover’s little monument did. Clay thought he had been fully erect already, but that guess was wildly wrong. Tani licked her way around the head of his cock, teasing and tantalizing, practically vibrating her tongue over his swollen glans, while her hands traveled up and down his growing shaft, applying just enough pressure to send jolts of pleasure through him. He felt his whole body growing taut with sexual energy, quivering with the clay-shaper’s power, his skin hot with magic and desire. He felt as if lightning bolts were about to shoot out of his fingers or his cock—as if he would catch fire if he didn’t find release.

Reckless with lust, he grabbed Tani’s wrists and threw her back on the bed. His cock pulled out with an audible *pop* from a mouth no longer big enough to contain it. Pinning her beneath him, he drove his organ into her wet pussy as deep as it would go, felt it hit

bottom. That was the first thing to change. The depths of her flesh seemed to flow like jelly as he pushed in deeper with every thrust, reshaping her vagina until it could happily accommodate his monster shaft. He grabbed her ass cheeks so hard that his fingertips dug in an inch deep, poured his power into them. He could feel them filling out, growing rounder and riper, her hips just slightly wider, her buttocks so heavy and taut that they were lifting her off the bed.

Magic overflowed into her thighs, thickening them to match, until the gap between them disappeared and her formerly skinny legs bulged out on either side, as thick as her waist. She knew what was happening, understood it; he could tell she knew exactly what she wanted from him. She spread her legs wider, lifted them straight up above her, moved his hands to stroke her thighs and her rapidly expanding calves. In moments, they were as full and shapely as Elira's legs had grown from years of supporting her massive endowments.

Clay turned his attention to Tani's torso, strengthening her back and belly muscles, and somehow managed it without adding the smallest fraction to her tiny waist. He knew she would need that help to carry the bust he intended to give her. Again he caught her wrists, squeezed them, felt liquid magic flowing into her from his palms.

Tani was breathing in gasps and groans, so consumed by the feeling of his cock inside her that she hardly seemed to notice the changes in her body. But she kept enough awareness to tell what hadn't changed. "Please, Clay," she moaned. "Give me tits. I want *ti-i-its*."

"Tell me," he growled.

"I want melons," she panted. "I want pumpkins. I want jugs so big I can hardly stand. Bigger than Ivy, bigger than Nella. Oh, Goddess, I want to make Nella look like a *boy*."

Clay held his power in, kept thrusting, thrusting, feeling himself build toward an earthshaking orgasm, but holding back. "Tell me," he grunted between thrusts, "*how much* you want it."

"Oh, Goddess," Tani whimpered. "Oh, *fuck*. I want it so bad. I'll give you anything you want... all I have, *unnh*. I want, I need, *unnh*... I'll be your slave... your toy... *ohhhh*... I need it, please, I need it so much. I'm begging you... *ohhhhhh*... die if you don't... oh Goddess, oh Clay, please. Give it to me... give me tits... *tits... TITS!*"

The last threads of self-control snapped. Clay's orgasm hit like a thunderbolt, his massive cock pouring a torrent of hot cum deep into Tani's clenching and unclenching pussy. She was bucking under him, her shrieks of sheer ecstasy becoming thinner and more ragged as she ran out of breath. Even her pearl-diving lungs couldn't suck air fast enough to cope with the demands of her nerve-shredding orgasms, three four five, too many to keep count. And with every climax that tore through her willingly ravaged body, her breasts surged outward.

They juddered like jellies in an earthquake, growing in spurts, expanding with every

beat of her pounding heart. By the time Clay had filled her with his first load of cum, they were as big as her head. Her arms flailed to find his hips; she sank her nails into his skin to grind his pelvis tighter against hers. She was too breathless to speak, but her hands told him, *More, keep going, yes, more more more*. And his benefactress had given him the power to do it. He stayed rock-hard and huge inside her, kept pounding until he came a second time, and a third. Her insatiable pussy kept shaking her body with spasm after spasm, tossing her like a rag doll, until her breasts grew too heavy to be tossed any longer. With every orgasm, they stood an inch higher above her ribcage, an inch wider across her chest. Each quaking, creamy globe was a foot across by now, overflowing her chest on either side. Her engorged nipples were as big as Clay's thumbs, as stiff as spikes, each surrounded by three inches of hot pink areola. But they looked tiny against the swelling expanse of her bosom.

All the space between their bodies was filled to overflowing with tit flesh, pushing him up and back. One last time he emptied what felt like a gallon of cum into her voracious vagina. Then her body gave one last shudder, and the growth stopped.

At first, Clay thought Tani had passed out from sheer sexual exhaustion. It wasn't long, though, before she opened her eyes and stretched her arms voluptuously, letting out a sated sigh. He didn't remember changing her eyes, but they were definitely a brighter blue. "Please, Clay," she murmured. "I need to see myself. There's a mirror in my bag."

"Of course." He gave her a lingering kiss and squeezed one overripe boob before tearing himself away and letting her get out of bed.

"Can you hold it over there?" she asked when he found the small hand mirror. "I want to see as much as I... oh, *Goddess!*"

Tani's sapphire eyes went wide as she drank in the sight of her new body. Her hands looked tiny as she ran them around the wide curve of her magnificent new jugs. "You made me *perfect*. So beautiful... so big. And it feels so-o-o good. Tilt it down a little?" She turned sideways to see the round, firm contours of her ass cheeks, the juicy abundance of her thighs. Not even the countess had done so much for her, or made her feel so uncontrollably sexy.

Her whole body seemed to have turned into one big erogenous zone. Everywhere her hands touched, sharp tingles of delight danced through her flesh, making her moan with pleasure. Her pussy was already dripping with renewed lust, mixed with Clay's hot white cum. She dipped two fingers in her love juices and licked them off, sighing lasciviously as she tasted their mingled fluids. Her nipples were so hard, they felt like they could cut glass. Hefting one huge breast and bowing her head, she discovered that she could suck her own teat with delightful ease. She had feared it would be too awkward to reach, but it was exactly the opposite. As she ran her tongue experimentally around her areola, she felt her pussy responding with the first light twitch of yet another orgasm.

Tani took Clay's wrist, making him drop the mirror, and pulled them both back onto the bed. "I need you, lover," she purred. "Suck my tits... right... *now*." His rapidly engorging cock showed how eager he was to comply. She grabbed the back of his head with her left hand, ground his face into her billowing breast flesh, while her right hand shoved her other boob up so she could suckle herself. Two mouths, two nipples, a perfect arrangement. It was a matter of seconds before she came again. And again. And again....

Her new body seemed to have made some alchemical change to her appetites. Eventually she was sated, but even that felt different now. It took away the urgency, but not the desire. She felt as if she could fuck forever and never stop enjoying it. Her flesh didn't *need* another orgasm, not anymore, but it would be good to have one just the same. And poor Clay with his throbbing ten-inch cock, so eager, so massive, so *male*... she owed him something. And was glad to pay. She sucked him off to relieve the pressure in his balls, followed that up with a titty-fuck that felt so good she came right along with him. Then they started all over again.

In time, a different urgency began to take over Tani's mind. She had traveled to every country she could reach by land or sea, tried every kind of magic that could possibly repair her body and relieve her curse. No matter how much they changed her, the end was always the same. At daybreak the magic was gone, swallowed up in the same void that sucked away her natural beauty. When she woke up, she was back to her plain old self again, the flat, bony girl that nobody ever looked at.

Maybe this would be different. Nothing had ever changed her like Clay's magic mouth and hands and penis, inside and out. Nothing had ever felt so powerful or so good. She was desperate with the hope that it would last this time, terrified that it would not. And she needed so badly to enjoy it while it did last. She was insatiable for the sheer experience of being beautiful, desirable, a goddess of limitless sex.

On and on into the night, she made herself continue, teased every ounce of response, every drop of cum, out of Clay's flagging body. But an end came. His eyelids drooped, his limbs went limp, and with his head resting in the canyon of her cleavage, he started to snore. Tani gave a sigh that turned into a yawn, and let sleep wash over her, too.

When morning came, Tani's new beauty was gone. Five minutes later, she was gone as well. She took her bag and her cursed body and fled from the village of Broken Arm, crying bitterly. She couldn't stand another moment in the place that gave her such hope and such disappointment. And though she had no idea where to go, she knew she was never coming back.