

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 5 THE SEARCH

Yet again, Clay woke up alone. He wished that just once, he could sleep with a woman and not have her sneak out without waking him. Grumbling to the walls of his empty hut, he rolled out of bed, put his clothes on, and stomped out to find Tani. Or Ivy. Or Nella. Someone, at any rate, that he could ask just what the hell was going on. Otherwise, he swore, the next girl was going to end up tied to the bed till morning, and she was going to *talk* before he let her go.

There was no trace of Tani, either in the high street up along the ridge or in the low street by the waterfront. He tried the Rusty Anchor, which was just opening up for the day. Ivy hadn't started work yet, but the owner told him Nella was upstairs in her room, sleeping in.

"Do you mind if I wake her?" Clay asked.

He grinned. "Suit yourself. If she feels like killing someone, at least it won't be me."

"Oh, thanks."

The village whore's door was bolted from the inside. Either she was still sound asleep or she wasn't interested in answering a polite knock. In the end, Clay had to pound on the door and holler before the tired-looking redhead pulled back the bolt and let him in. Nella was wearing a fuzzy red nightgown, a shade darker than her hair. She did, in fact, look angry enough to kill someone, but when she saw who it was, her face instantly brightened. "Oh, it's you, Clay! Come in, darling, come in. Make yourself comfortable. Cup of tea?"

"What? Uh, no, thanks. I—"

"You didn't come to collect on our little bet, did you? I'm afraid I'm a bit short just

now.” Nella smiled wickedly. “Of course, if you want to take it out in trade—”

“No, thanks,” Clay said again. “I was wondering—”

“I bet you were,” she purred. “The answer is yes. Any time you want. For you, no charge.”

“That’s not what I mean,” he insisted. “I’m trying to find Tani.”

Nella looked surprised. “But darling, whatever for? There’s so much more of *me*. Isn’t this better than that skinny little waif?” She untied the sash of her nightgown and let it fall to the floor. Her naked body was just the way he had left it, firm, youthful, absolutely stuffed with curves. He found himself staring helplessly at the ripe globes jutting proudly from her chest. Creamy, flawless skin, firm, youthful flesh: not a trace of sag, just the natural teardrop shape breasts that size were bound to have. It seemed that he had outdone himself. Maybe Tani wasn’t so important after all—

While he struggled to banish that thought from his mind, the redhead pressed her advantage. “Tell me something, stud,” she said in a husky voice, putting her arms around his neck and pressing her erect nipples against his chest. “Does a girl only get one chance, or can you do... more?”

“Come again?”

“That’s just what I mean. If I do cum again, can you give my girls another little boost? I mean, I *love* them, I’m crazy about what you’ve done with them, but now that I’ve tried them on for a while, I think they could be just a little bigger. Don’t you agree?” She reached down to fondle his crotch through his trousers. “Oh, I think you do.”

Clay agreed so hard it was beginning to hurt, but he made one last effort to stay on topic. “Look, can you help me find Tani or not?”

“As a matter of fact, I saw her early this morning, just before I went to bed. Poor thing, she can’t handle being around so much big...”

Nella pushed her tits hard against Clay’s body, bumping him a step back toward the bed.

“Soft...” *Bump*, another step.

“Beautiful...” *Bump*.

“Voluptuous...” *Bump*. He was right up against the foot of the bed now.

“Womanhood.” One last push, and he fell back on the thick feather mattress with Nella’s naked body on top of him. Her ripe melons were grinding into his torso, so much bigger and firmer than before, but tiny compared with what he had given Tani last night.

“Wait,” he said suddenly. “What do you mean, ‘poor thing’?”

Nella rolled off him and sat up, giving him a very odd look. “You know exactly what I mean. She looks like a cross between a thirteen-year-old boy and a skinned rabbit. She certainly has nothing to compete with *these*.” The redhead mashed her tits together and laughed throatily. “I guess she finally couldn’t take it anymore, because when I saw her, she was on her way out of town.”

Clay sat bolt upright. "What! Which way? Did she say where she was going?"

"Down, boy!" Nella licked her full red lips and gave him a smoldering stare. "I can tell you where she went... maybe."

"What do you mean, maybe?"

"And you can give my titties a little more help... maybe."

"Oh." Clay felt his cock swelling even more as the red-haired whore started to slide his trousers down his hips. He let himself fall back on the bed.

"So how about it?" she purred. "Fair trade? Tales for tits?"

"Ohhh," Clay gasped as his giant member sprang free. It didn't seem like he was going to have much choice.

"Then you can start making me bigger... and riper... and rounder...."

"*Oh!*" A thrill of pleasure spiked through Clay's body as Nella lowered herself onto his raging erection. Her tight, well-muscled pussy clamped down hard, milking every inch of his shaft, her whole body bobbing like a piston, hips gyrating as she ground herself against him. She leaned forward, using one arm for support while the other hand groped and caressed her wildly bouncing tits.

"Come on, magic man," she panted, pushing her breasts closer to his face. "Grow me some more. Make me as big and full and heavy as you want. As big as that foreign bitch, I know you were staring at her, I know that's what you like. Make me bigger, oh yes, and bigger, yes, big big big...."

His hands flailed, trying to grab her shimmying melons, but he could only manage to brush them with his fingertips. It was enough. Sparks of power jumped like invisible lightning from his fingers to her swelling bust, priming her with magic. And when he came, it felt like a flood of jism shooting straight from his cock through her body and into her huge, pulsing mammaries – filling her up with hot white fluid, as if she were lactating in reverse. With every pounding heartbeat she swelled bigger and bigger still, clutching at her own expanding curves with greedy fingers, till her whole body clenched and shuddered with the cataclysm of her climax. Then she let out a long, slow moan like a balloon losing its air, and her body slumped forward onto his.

She passed out with his penis still inside her, her new breasts mashed against his chest. The massive globes were still proud and firm, still had that teardrop shape without any actual droop, though they were twice as heavy as before. At a guess, Clay thought, they were nearly as big as gallon jugs—say, six or seven pounds of luscious boob flesh apiece. The full weight of her torso resting on them was barely enough to squash them slightly out of their natural shape, forcing an extra inch or two of light pink skin to bulge out on all sides. They covered the full width of *his* chest, never mind hers. Her head had flopped forward to nestle between the twin pillows of her cleavage, with a smile of sheer bliss on her lips.

"Wake up, Nella," he said, shaking her gently. "Come on, this isn't funny. Tell me

where to find Tani.”

Nothing seemed to rouse the redhead until he simply rolled over on top of her, pulling out his detumescent member with a loud wet *plop*. That, at least, got her attention. “Hey,” she said weakly, “I wasn’t done yet.”

“You’re done for now,” he said firmly. “Tell me where Tani is.”

“You’re no fun,” she pouted. “All right, if you insist, I’ll take you to her.”

“Take me? Oh, no. You’re going to tell me, and I’m going alone. I need to move if I’m going to catch her.”

“Mmm,” Nella objected. “All these years I’ve waited for someone like you, and you think I’m just going to let you go? I’m coming with you, silly. I haven’t finished with my magic man yet.” And from that position she would not be budged.

For an exasperating hour, Clay sat on the bed trying to be patient, or paced up and down trying to keep his impatience quiet. Why did it always take a woman so long to get ready for anything? Tani must be miles away by now. Did Nella *have* to rummage through her wardrobe for absolutely every stitch of clothing she owned? He began to feel like they would never leave.

In fact, the delay was not entirely Nella’s fault. If her first time with Clay made it hard for her to fit in her clothes, the second time made it impossible. Try as she might, she simply couldn’t stuff her enormous new boobs into any of her dresses, and none of her coats or blouses would close across the bust. She almost managed it with a pretty little turquoise frock—not the most practical thing for traveling, but she thought it would do in a pinch. By heroic efforts, tugging at seams and loosening straps, she could just squeeze one breast far enough in to cover the nipple and most of the areola. But as soon as she tried to cram the other one in, the first popped out again.

By this time the floor was covered in discarded dresses and tossed-aside fripperies, and Nella was left with a stark and embarrassing realization. She literally had nothing to wear. As much as she liked the idea of flaunting her new body, wearing nothing just wasn’t an option.

She sighed. There was only one chance left, and she didn’t think much of it. “Clay, darling? Magic man? Do you think you can do me a teensy little favor?”

“What now?” Clay snapped.

She gave him an apologetic little simper. “Sneak downstairs to the cloakroom and see if anybody left a coat behind?”

Grumbling to himself, Clay went. He returned with a fat man’s gray woolen cloak, a braided rope belt, and a few other odds and ends in a sack. The cloak was roomy enough for a pup tent, and scratchy besides, but Nella found that if she belted it tight at the midriff and wore a silk slip underneath, it was just endurable. She eyed herself critically in the mirror. “How do I look?”

“Fine,” Clay grunted.

“I do not. You’re just saying that to be nice.”

“All right, you look like a raincloud with boobs.”

Nella smiled in spite of herself, and favored him with a pirouette and a curtsy. “Why, thank you, magic man!” she giggled.

Clay glanced at her bare feet. “You’ve got a decent pair of boots, I hope?”

“Of course.”

“Put them on and let’s go.”

“But I haven’t had breakfast yet.”

“Here.” Clay pulled a loaf of bread and a hunk of smelly yellow cheese out of his sack of odds and ends. “We’ll eat on the run.”

“I haven’t done my hair.”

“The wind will undo it anyway.”

“I haven’t done my face.”

“Fix it later. I can make it look any way you want.”

“I haven’t—”

Clay threw his hands up in frustration. “Look, are you coming or not? Tani isn’t going to wait up for us. If you’d rather stay here, just tell me which way she went and I’ll leave.”

“But—”

“Alone.”

“But—”

“Now.”

Nella gave herself five whole seconds to seethe in silence. “All right,” she said through gritted teeth. “Now. But don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“Warn me about what?”

“Nothing,” she admitted. “I just felt like saying something stubborn.”

They went west along the road, the same way Countess Elira had gone. Clay set a brisk pace, but Nella began to have trouble keeping up. A cool sea breeze helped them stay fresh at first, but then the road turned inland through a stretch of thick woods and the wind died down. By midday she was drenched with sweat, obviously limping, and he had to let her call a halt. “Take off your boots,” he said, trying to keep his concern out of his voice.

“I’ll be fine,” she lied.

“Sit,” he ordered, pointing at a fallen log beside the road. She obeyed, and he knelt in front of her to unlace her boots. Her feet, unused to long hikes, were swollen and beginning to blister.

“All right, we can’t have this. Let me try to fix it.” Clay ran his hands over Nella’s

delicate feet, wiping away the damage, letting just enough power trickle through his fingers to toughen her soles and soothe her aching tendons. "There. Temporary, but it will do for now."

By way of thanks, she gave him a teasing look. "Why not make it permanent?"

"To do that," he said gruffly, "I'd have to fuck you again."

"Why not?" Her lips pursed in a coquettish smile. "I bet there's a lovely place for it back there in the trees."

Clay looked like he was about to say a very firm "no," but he seemed to change his mind. "All right. But first pay me the five laurels you owe me."

Nella's smile changed to an angry gape. "Oh! You—*thing!* You know I didn't bring any money with me."

"That's right," he answered. "I guess you'll just have to wait, then. Come on, move. We still have a lot of miles to catch up."

That afternoon they passed through two more villages, one with a guesthouse, the second with a proper inn at a fork in the road. They stopped at the inn just long enough to describe Tani to the nosiest-looking locals and ask if she had happened to pass that way. Nobody had seen her, but as the innkeeper frankly admitted: "If she's as plain as you say, I might not notice if you stripped her naked and put her in my bed."

"What about Countess Elira?" Nella asked. "Black hair, bitchy, a whole herd of servants?"

"Tits like prize pumpkins?" The man held his rough hands a foot in front of his chest to illustrate.

"That's the one," Clay said.

"Sure, everyone noticed *her*. Came in yesterday, left this morning. Carried off my best chambermaid."

"That sounds like her," Nella agreed. "Which way did she go?"

"Right fork." The innkeeper indicated the road with a jerk of his head. "Took her own sweet time leaving, too. Does she owe you money or something?"

"Or something. Thanks, you're a dear." Nella pressed her ripe bosom against the man's chest and gave him a resounding kiss on the cheek.

"You're in a friendly mood," Clay said as they left the inn, walking side by side down the right fork of the road.

"It's cheaper than leaving a tip," she explained. "Works better, too."

"I can imagine. So why are we chasing the countess now?"

"Because Tani is chasing her too, I'll bet my last laurel on it. Or would if you hadn't rushed me this morning and made me leave my purse behind. You can't make a girl pack up and leave town without the necessities of life, even if you are a magic man. It just isn't done."

“Never mind that,” Clay interrupted. “What makes you think Tani is going after the countess?”

“Because I saw her face when she was leaving. She looked like she was ready to murder somebody because the titty fairy handed out goodies to everyone but her, and she didn’t care if she got caught, either. She wants that woman’s magic.” Nella gave Clay a shrewd sidelong look. “So why are *you* going after Tani?”

“Because I’m the titty fairy,” he said dryly.

“So why didn’t you give her some goodies before she left?”

“I did.”

The shrewd look turned blank. “You what?”

Clay suppressed a sigh. “You really want to know? She came to me yesterday to do her body like I did yours. She asked me for tits that would make you look like a boy.”

Nella gaped angrily. “She didn’t!”

“She did, so I did. I made her so huge she could barely walk. But she fucked off in the night without waking me—and without the tits, it sounds like. Are you sure she looked the same as usual when you saw her today?”

“Flat as a board and twice as hard, I swear.” Nella took a longing glance over her shoulder at the village inn. “Do we have to keep going? My feet are killing me.”

“You heard the man. The countess left Broken Arm what, three days ago? Three days to make the distance we’ve covered in one. If we press on, we can catch her tonight.”

“Clay, I really don’t care. I want a nice soft bed and a hot bath.”

“Well, I do care.”

“*Why?*”

“Because the person who gave me this power did it for a reason. I think that reason has something to do with Tani’s curse. If I can find out why my magic doesn’t work on her—why it goes away—maybe I can figure out what I’m supposed to be doing with it.” He smiled ruefully. “I mean, nobody just hands out magic powers because it’s fun to give girls bigger boobs.”

Nella laughed. “What a shame! It would make the world a happier place. All right, I’ll keep going for a little while. But if we don’t find the countess before dark, I’m stopping. Deal?”

“Deal,” Clay said reluctantly.

A couple of hours later, the road left the woods behind to strike out across the bare northern plains. A glorious red sunset spread across the horizon ahead of them. “Can we stop now?” Nella whined. “If we wait any longer, it’ll be too dark to find a place.”

“Oh, very well. That looks like a good spot over there.”

He pointed at a stretch of meadow sheltered by a low ridge, not far from the road. It was a clear warm night and they did not need much shelter, and the tall grass gave them

all the privacy they could want. Clay repeated his work on the redhead's feet, then reshaped her calves to give her the muscles of a woman who was used to walking all day. He followed that with a bout of sex just long enough to seal the changes and make them permanent. They lay together, naked in the tall grass, Nella resting her head on Clay's shoulder and basking in the afterglow.

"Titties?" she asked him coyly.

"Goddess!" he said angrily, pulling away. "Can't you be satisfied?"

"Hmm, *satisfied*," she said in a teasing tone. "Such a boring word. It's almost as bad as *enough*. I prefer words like *more* and *bigger* and *again*."

"But you're already huge. Aren't they getting hard to carry?"

"You know, I thought they would, but so far they're just fine. Maybe it's because you did such a good job on the rest of me." Nella cupped one billowing breast in both hands, jiggled it experimentally. "Tell me, Clay. Do you think my boobs are as big as Mama Hogg's? She always complains about backaches."

"I don't go around measuring women's busts," Clay said stiffly.

"Only with your eyes," she teased. "Don't think I haven't noticed. You've been an expert boob-watcher ever since your voice changed."

"Guilty as charged," he admitted. "And maybe you're not quite as big as Mama Hogg—but you wear it better. Anyhow, I don't believe it's her boobs that make her back hurt. It's all that extra belly she's carrying."

"Then I shouldn't get backaches either if you make mine the same size," Nella retorted with unassailable logic. "Maybe even a little bigger, since I don't have to worry about my belly—thanks to you. I always kind of dreamed about being the biggest girl in town."

"I'm sure that will bring in plenty of business," he said coldly, eyeing her already impressive rack.

She rolled away from him and sat up, arms folded over her breasts. "You! Just because I'm a whore, you think all I care about is money. Did it ever occur to you that I might want this for *me*?"

"What? I—"

"Listen to me, magic man. I already make as much money as I want, and I've got plenty stowed away where nobody will find it. I could retire right now if I wanted. But I like men, and I like fucking, and I'm very good at it and don't intend to stop."

"Then why—"

"Why do I charge for it? I *love* fucking; I don't particularly love fucking sailors. That's the trouble with living in a tiny place like Broken Arm, everybody knows everybody and they all know what I do. So the only offers I get are from sailors, fishermen, or young boys too shy to ask an ordinary girl. They're all like you, they never think I might want a man just for my own pleasure sometimes. Nobody just asks me for

sex, they all have cash in their hand. If *I* ask *them*, they want to know what's the catch, and when there isn't any catch, they get scared and run. I get *lonely*, Clay, can you believe that?"

Nella's eyes were brimming with unshed tears. She clawed them away, cursing to herself. "There I go again, talking about my troubles and nobody wants to listen. Things go so much better when I just act happy. I guess it's a little late for that now."

Clay scratched his chin pensively. "So what kind of men do you like?"

"The likable kind," she answered evasively. The silence that followed was more than she felt comfortable with, so she went on: "I don't like smelly men, or stupid men, or little shrimpy men with no muscle, or men with nothing *but* muscles. I like nice hair and good teeth, and good manners, which you don't often find in a place like Broken Arm, and good conversation."

"It's true, you do like to talk," Clay grinned.

Nella giggled in spite of herself. "Noticed that, did you? I'm good at listening too, believe it or not. I've heard more sailors tell me their sorrows— Never mind. What do *you* like, Clay?"

His grin turned sheepish. "The obvious, I'm afraid. Pretty faces, nice bodies. I always had this fantasy about having the girl with the biggest tits in town."

"You don't mean Mama Hogg!"

He shrugged. "I wasn't thinking of her exactly, but why not? I don't mind that she's fat. Her face isn't bad to look at, and frankly, I'd overlook a lot of flaws for those udders of hers."

"So why don't you?"

"Her husband would kill me."

"Oh, pooh! Captain Hogg isn't a violent man."

"No," Clay said seriously, "but he's a rich one. He owns that big schooner and four little trawlers, and if I piss him off and lose his business, I won't be able to keep myself alive."

"Not by mending nets," Nella agreed. "Maybe we can find you a new trade."

"I don't think 'clay-shaper' is exactly a trade," he said ruefully. "I mean, asking women to let me fuck them so I can give them their dream bodies? It's ridiculous. Look how much trouble I had with you."

"That's because you didn't bring along any samples." Nella mashed her ripe breasts together, creating a canyon of cleavage that started right at her collarbone. "I bet every girl who saw that Callanthan bitch would kill for a pair like these."

"Well..."

"Just let me do the sales pitch." She grabbed her tits from underneath, hefted each one in turn as if she were going to juggle them. "Gather round, ladies, you know what all the boys are staring at! Ripe melons for sale, and I don't mean the kind that grow on a vine."

Pure girl flesh, all natural and all you. Check the weight of these babies, yet they stand up firm and proud. They look amazing, and feel twice as good as they look.”

Almost unconsciously, Nella had begun playing with her nipples, then running her hands around and around the curves of her burgeoning breasts. In between heavy breaths, she paused to lick her lips sensuously. “Ladies, there is nothing more erotic for you or your lover than a pair of big... round... bouncy... juicy jugs. They know it in Callantha, and you know it in your heart. Don’t be satisfied with what nature gave you. You can have so much more. You can be more sensuous... softer... sexier... the woman every man wants and every other woman wants to be.”

Her self-control was fraying by the second. Already her right hand was buried in her crotch, while her left shoved the massive burden of her boobs as high as they would go. She was trying to bury her face in her own billowing breast flesh, gasping in horny frustration because she wasn’t quite big enough to manage it. “So big... so sexy... feel so good you’ll want to come back for even more. Oh, Goddess, *more*,” she moaned. “Please, Clay, I need it so bad. Give me *mo-o-ore*!”

That was all either one of them could take. Clay lunged at Nella so hard they both fell, their bodies rolling over and over in the tall grass, greedy arms groping, limbs intertwining. They came to a stop with Clay on top, Nella’s legs spread wide to welcome his achingly hard shaft.

Just as he was about to plunge in, a woman’s voice yelled for help, so close by that it seemed to be right on top of them. They sprang apart, hearts hammering, hands scrambling in a totally inadequate attempt to cover themselves. Clay rolled and came up in a half crouch, craning his neck to see over the grass. A busty girl with flaxen hair was staring right in his direction, less than twenty feet away.

She screamed in terror. He screamed in surprise. Nella, still lying in the grass, screamed because everyone else was doing it. When all three stopped for breath, Clay took a moment to master his whirling thoughts. The girl’s scanty clothes were muddy and torn, her bare limbs scratched and bruised. Tired, hurt, and terrified, she had completely lost the attitude of cocky superiority that she had flaunted at their first meeting, but it only took a moment for him to recognize her face.

“*Bryony*?” he shouted in disbelief.

“They’ve taken my mistress,” Countess Elira’s servant girl whimpered. “Help me.”