

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 6 THE HORNED RIDER

The grass rustled briefly, and Nella popped up with her cloak hastily wrapped around her torso. “Young lady!” she said severely. “Don’t you know better than to sneak up on people like that?”

The blonde appeared not to notice. She was too busy staring at Clay, blinking hard and looking confused. “Have I met you before?”

“In Broken Arm,” he answered curtly. “‘What’s your excuse for eating,’ remember? You were quite rude about it.”

“What, as rude as this?” Nella demanded.

“Close,” he said. “Maybe you two haven’t met. Bryony, this is Nella, the fair flower of our little village. She’s sweet, charming, friendly, polite, and probably a lot of other things you’re not. Nella, this is Bryony. She belongs to that Callanthan woman who blew through a few days ago.”

“Charmed,” Nella said frostily.

“I’m sorry,” Bryony responded, blinking away tears. “Aren’t you the boy with the bad leg?”

“I got better. Aren’t you the girl with the bad manners?”

“I guess I got better too. Please, I need your help. They’ve taken Lady Elira.”

“Who has?”

Bryony tried to shrug and winced in pain. “Men on horseback. Their leader wore a mask—a human skull with goat horns.”

“Oh, *him*,” Nella said contemptuously. “I know *him*. He comes down to the shore

once a year to trade. I never saw anyone so stingy—never made a penny off him or his men.”

“Plainsmen are like that,” Clay said. “They tend to think women are only good for packing tents and making babies. If they gave your mistress a rough welcome, I’m not surprised.”

“Frankly,” Nella added, “I think Mister Skull-face would rather fuck his horse.”

“You’re joking,” Bryony said colorlessly.

“No, really. Well, maybe not his *own* horse. But when a plainsman becomes chief of his clan, they have a ritual where he has sex with a white mare and then slaughters it. It’s supposed to have something to do with their gods, but I think they just get a kick out of it. I saw it once—from a safe distance.”

Bryony looked sick. “That’s disgusting. What do they do with the poor mare?”

“Eat the meat, drink the blood, burn the rest as a sacrifice.”

“Fortunately,” Clay said, trying to sound jaunty, “they don’t do that with human captives. Still, not people you want to mess with. What was your mistress thinking?”

The blonde sighed. “You know how she loves collecting strong young men. Someone in the last village told her where she could find some, and she just couldn’t resist.”

“And plainsmen are not the kind of people you turn into sex slaves,” Clay said. “Especially if you’re a woman and not a horse.”

“So what happened?” Nella asked.

“We marched into their camp just as usual—‘Make way for the Countess!’ and all that. But nobody seemed that interested in my mistress, and when she started picking out young men, the leader said ‘Seize the wench!’ and they just overpowered us. Poor Kavro got a chest full of cracked ribs, and one of the bearers might not walk again. A few of us made a run for it, but the riders chased us down.”

“How did you get away?”

“Fell in a ditch full of thorns,” Bryony admitted. “They rode right by me. It took me hours to wiggle free and go for help. Please—you’ve got to help me find someone. We’re not too far from that village, are we?”

“Those people know better than to mess with plainsmen,” Clay said grimly.

“Maybe there’s something we can do,” Nella suggested.

“Three of us against a whole troop of mounted warriors? Sounds like a fair fight.”

“Not that, silly.” The redhead patted him on the cheek. “I’m thinking of something else, my magic man.”

“Oh, no. I am *not* using my power on those horsemen. Maybe it works on men, maybe not—but *I* don’t, and that’s final.”

“Clay! Not that either. What I mean is... you can grow all sorts of things, can’t you? Not just these?” Nella gave her breasts a squeeze through the coarse gray fabric of her cloak.

“Well... yes.”

“And your mistress has how many servant girls exactly?”

“Five, not counting me,” Bryony said. “What are you planning?”

“I think I know,” Clay said sourly. “It’ll be spectacular, if it doesn’t get me killed first.”

Nella took a moment to dress properly, and Clay put on most of his clothes. Seeing Bryony shiver in the night air, he gave her his sheepskin jacket to wear over the shreds of her own clothing. “All right,” he said in a surly tone. “Keep low, keep quiet, and watch my back.”

The three of them sneaked through the grass beside the road for some time before the red flicker of a large campfire came into view. A plume of smoke rose into the starry sky, forming a small gray cloud in the still air. From that point they turned aside, keeping their distance until the fire disappeared behind the silhouette of a large leather tent. There were half a dozen tents in the riders’ camp, but it was easy to guess which one held the prisoners, as two dim figures were standing guard outside it, just at the limit of the firelight. They were too lazy or too cocksure to keep watch on all sides.

“Wait here,” Clay whispered, and began creeping toward the back of the tent on all fours. It seemed to take half the night before he was pulling gingerly at a tent peg, gritting his teeth, trying desperately to do the job in silence. His heart was beating so hard, he felt sure the men on watch would hear it. But nothing happened, and he managed to lift a section of the leather wall and creep underneath without being noticed.

It was pitch dark inside, except for a sliver of red firelight seeping in at the tent flap. In the deep gloom, Clay could barely see two rows of deeper shadows, seven in each row—human bodies laid out on the ground like coffins. At this distance he could not make out faces or even sexes, but he could tell they were all bound hand and foot. As he crept between the rows, peering at each shadowed face, he noticed a fifteenth figure lying alone at the far end. He guessed that was the one he was after.

It seemed to take him hours to crawl past the tent flap, afraid the sliver of light would land on him and give him away. Somehow he made it to the spot where the fifteenth figure lay. That one, too, was tied up with thick horsehide thongs that cut into the tender flesh of her wrists and ankles. In between, the huge mound of her covered breasts told him this could only be Countess Elira. Gingerly he reached out and touched her lightly on the shoulder. “Lady,” he whispered. “Lady Elira, can you hear me?”

Her shoulder twitched, and she turned her head to see who had laid a hand on her. “What do you want? Are you one of *them*?”

“Quiet in there, witch!” one of the watchmen shouted. “No talking! That goes double for the rest of you cunts.”

Clay froze and held his breath until he felt sure the plainsman was no longer paying

close attention. "My name is Clay," he murmured when he dared. "We met at Broken Arm. You asked me directions to the guesthouse." He couldn't resist adding, "If you'd stayed there, you would have been better off."

"Goddess!" Elira hissed. "What are you doing here? They'll kill you if they find you."

"I have a plan," he assured her. "But I need to borrow one of your girls."

The countess's answering whisper was sharp with suspicion. "What are you going to do to her?"

"I won't harm her, if that's what you mean. You'll get her back safe and sound. Is it a deal?"

Elira nodded. "Whichever one you want. Just hurry!"

Clay patted her shoulder and backed off the way he came. Just to be safe, he waited until he was almost at the lifted tent peg before he picked one of the countess's girls: a short, slim brunette, wide awake and trembling with fear. "Don't be afraid, I'm here to help. What's your name, sweetheart?"

"Damiana, master."

"Mine's Clay. Hold still while I cut you loose."

He fished his knife out of his trouser pocket, unsheathed it, and slowly sawed at the girl's bonds until the stiff horsehide snapped. Ankles first, then wrists. "Can you move?"

Damiana flexed her fingers and wiggled her feet. "A little."

"Good. Follow me, and by the Goddess, keep quiet."

They crawled out the opening Clay had made in the back of the tent. He led the girl on through the grass until he was quite sure the camp was out of earshot. They sat face to face, cross-legged, while he tackled the tricky job of explaining what he meant to do.

He began by asking, "How do you feel about the countess?"

"Feel?" she said wonderingly. "She's my mistress—my life. She *owns* me."

"Do you like being owned?"

Tears filled the girl's dark eyes. "Please don't take me away from her. I... I need her."

"I wouldn't dream of it," he reassured her, giving her hand a friendly squeeze. "But I need you to help me rescue her. I want... I guess you could call it a diversion."

"Anything," she agreed quickly. "I'd give my life for her. I'd charge a hundred horsemen to save her."

"Now, now, I don't want that. But I have to make some... uh... changes first. You need to survive this, too, and that won't happen without some...."

"Transformations?" Damiana suggested. "That's what Her Ladyship calls them." She sighed and started to undress.

"Wait, what are you doing?"

"That's how it works, isn't it? You're going to change me with sex magic, like Her Ladyship does. Only then I'll be your slave instead of hers, and... and—" The slim

brunette began to weep softly. It seemed she really did want to stay with the woman who had enslaved her.

"There, there," he said, gently brushing her cheek. "You won't be my slave, and I promised to give you back to her safe and sound. But you're right, it *is* sex magic. I hope you don't mind terribly."

Damiana smiled through her tears. "For my mistress, anything."

"All right. You're not a moaner, are you? This will be a lot safer if we're quiet. Here, let me help you with that skirt."

When she was naked, he looked her over closely. Her breasts were smaller than he expected, considering the countess's tastes; with their pale, puffy nipples, they reminded him of large lemons. She was definitely thinner than he liked, though not nearly as skinny as Tani. Her skin was dense and creamy, her hair shoulder-length and wavy, with bangs like Elira's. She had a full mouth and a flawless smile, and her brown eyes looked at him with an expression of perfect trust.

"Do what you have to do," she said softly.

If Clay understood his new powers correctly, he needed to keep his cock safely out of this girl's pussy. He had no intention of making these changes permanent. Nevertheless, he wanted her to enjoy the effects while they lasted. "Tell me, Damiana. If you could change something about your body, just for your own pleasure, what would it be?"

"Her Ladyship likes me the way I am."

"She gave me permission," he said smoothly. "Go on. Anything you like."

"Well... These." The girl touched her breasts shyly. "More of these. A bit curvier down here"—one hand slid down to pat a slender buttock. "But mostly? I wish I could be tall. I mean, *really* tall, like six feet, with miles of legs. I don't like being short."

Clay smiled wickedly. "I think you're going to like what I have in mind."

He stretched out on his side, motioned to Damiana to lie with her back against him. Holding her close from behind, he started by kissing her neck, slowly, sensuously, from earlobe to shoulder, an inch at a time. She began to sigh and coo, gyrating her hips against his pelvis. His right hand traveled slowly down her body, cupping a pert breast, tracing the shallow curve of her slender waist, till he came to her upper thigh and took tight hold. Then he let his power flow.

Damiana gasped. Her whole body writhed and bucked as the changes began. By biting her bottom lip so savagely that the blood ran, she just managed not to scream.

"I'm hurting you," Clay said in dismay.

"Don't stop," she moaned. "Don't—" Then her breath was cut short as a fresh round of spasms racked her body.

If she could have told Clay what she felt, she would have said that every muscle was tearing itself to shreds, every bone breaking. She felt as if she were exploding from inside, filled with a white-hot fire that overflowed her flesh, pushing her outward in every

direction. Damiana had never felt such pain. But she was not Elira's willing slave for nothing. Pain and pleasure were intertwined in her nerves, her organs, her brain. In the suddenness of the moment it was all pain, a searing agony that should have made her black out, but somehow did not. Then she grabbed Clay's wrist, her long nails digging in hard enough to break the skin, and forced his hand to her crotch. As soon as his fingers found her pussy, stroking her with his magic, all the pain turned to blinding pleasure—and the explosion was released.

Damiana began to grow.

For just a second or two, her breasts were puffing up like oversized mushrooms, her legs and buttocks taking on strength and thickness, while the rest of her remained the same. Then the lightning within her spread out and engulfed her whole being, a storm of ecstasy and torment. Her legs were growing longer as well as thicker. She could feel—Clay could even hear—the popping in her back as her spine lengthened and her ribs outgrew their moorings. Red-green lights seemed to explode inside her eyes as her skull started to expand. The sheer intensity of the transformation blew out her last defenses, and her mind was ripped apart by the magnitude of her orgasm. It went on—

And on—

And on—

The ground was shifting beneath her, and Clay, tossing like a flag in a high wind, was beginning to lose his hold. Damiana felt his hand torn away from her achingly lustful pussy, but she was already bursting with his magic and its work was not finished yet. Bigger and bigger she swelled, sprawling over the quaking field, limbs beating savagely against the earth. The longer her orgasm went on, the faster she grew. When a moan of insane pleasure finally tore its way out of her throat, her voice was an octave deeper than before, a hundred times louder. Vaguely she heard Clay fall with a thud somewhere nearby, his curses almost drowned out by her own orgasmic roar.

Finally, gradually, growth and power, pain and pleasure, ebbed away and dwindled to a stop.

Panting hard, Damiana rolled over and pushed herself up off the ground. As she rose unsteadily to her feet, sheer altitude made her dizzy. Clay was up and running toward her, an impossibly tiny figure, not even coming up to her knees. That meant—

Damiana had always been good with numbers. If Clay himself had not changed, then she must be—

—*Oh, my Goddess*—

—something over forty feet tall.

“Come on!” Clay was yelling up at her. “We’ve got to save your mistress!”

But she was already ahead of him, shaking the earth with twenty-foot strides.

The best way for a captive to leave a cell, Elira felt sure, was on her own two feet,

cold, proud, and unbowed. The second-best way was kicking and screaming; that at least showed she was resisting. But when the two plainsman guards came for her in the tent, it was so sudden that she had no choice but to go out the worst way—carried like a sack of flour. Before she could react, they had dragged her halfway around the dying campfire and dumped her face-up at their leader's feet.

The man with the horned skull mask was sitting astride a saddle that had been propped on a sort of backless chair frame. Elira supposed that was these people's idea of a throne. In his hand was a spear with a wicked steel head. His eyes showed no expression as he looked down at her through the eye sockets of the mask. "Up," he told the two watchmen. They hauled her to her feet and set her facing him. Her hands and feet were still bound, but they were taking no chances: their gloved hands gripped her like claws, digging painfully into her elbows and shoulders.

"What do you want from me?" Elira asked, but he cut her short.

"Be silent, witch. Your voice shall put no spell on us." His voice had a weird sound, muffled and reverberating at the same time, and he spoke in a flat, lifeless tone. "I am the Horned Rider of the Golden Manes. You trespass in our lands and prey on my men with your magic. For this you have earned death."

She looked up at him with contrition in her face and tears in her eyes. "Forgive me, Horned Rider. I meant no—"

"Be silent!" the masked man roared. "I know your kind. You come to steal my riders, make thralls of them by dark arts. We are free men, and suffer no living creature to enslave our wills."

Several of the plainsmen had gathered around the fire to listen. "Hear me, riders! This woman's guilt is plain. She has done witchery and trespass, and she shall not live to see another sun. Her thralls shall be taken to the seashore, to be put aboard ship for the slave marts of the south. A fitting end for those weak enough to submit to a witch."

"Please—" Elira sobbed. This was not how the visit of a Callanthan countess was supposed to work out.

"Quiet!" one of the guards snapped, giving her a backhand slap across the temple. She would have fallen down if the other one's grip had allowed her to move.

"Riders!" the leader ordered the men gathered around. "Bring the captives. Those fit to travel will come with us at dawn. The rest—"

A long, deep sound like the trumpeting of a bull elephant broke from the east, drowning out the Horned Rider's voice. Most of the plainsmen ran for their horses, yelling in fear and alarm.

"More witchery!" the Horned Rider shouted after them. "Find me the creature that fouls our plains, and bring me its head!" He dismounted from his saddle throne and headed for the roped-off paddock where the horses were waiting. His pace was a proud, stately march; a Horned Rider ran for no one. Before he reached the enclosure, the distant

roar was replaced by a rhythmic thunder that sent tremors through the ground, like a giant approaching in full stride.

The two watchmen released their grip on Elira and ran, leaving her to fall flat on her face. That is, she would have fallen flat if her gigantic bosom had allowed it. Her breasts broke her fall, though she rather wished they hadn't. They would probably be sore for days.

The thundering sound grew louder and closer. Suddenly a voice boomed out, too huge to be human: "Ladyship! What have they done to you?"

Elira thrashed her tied-up legs and wriggled her hips, trying to flip over on her back. When she finally managed it, she was staring up at a naked giantess towering over the little cluster of tents. The giantess was so tall the firelight barely reached her head, but Elira could just make out dark hair and an enormous face that reminded her of—

"Dami!" she gasped. "Damiana, is that you?"

If the giantess heard, she took no notice. Two more strides took her right over Elira's head on her way to the paddock. The tents shook like jellies in the wind of her passing. Horses were rearing and neighing in panic. Some dragged their pickets and galloped off into the night, others held still just long enough for their riders to mount up and flee. The leader, leaving dignity behind, broke into a run at the last moment, but before he could reach his warhorse, a huge hand swooped down from the sky and snatched him right off the ground. His legs windmilled in mid-air, still trying to run. The giantess shook him like a kitten, sending his spear and horned mask flying.

Without the mask, Elira saw, he was an unimpressive young man with sandy hair and a weak chin. She didn't have a chance to look at him for long. Damiana—was that really her? But *how?*—hoisted him up to her own eye level and fixed him with a furious gaze.

"Wench!" he yelled. "Unhand me! I am the Horned Rider of—*oogh!*" Her fist squeezed tight around his chest, emptying his lungs. Somehow he sucked in enough air to say: "Know your place, woman! *Put me down!*"

His words did nothing to lessen Damiana's fury. "My place? My *place*? Little man, my place is wherever I choose. Let my mistress go!"

"She is a witch and a—*urk!*" Damiana squeezed him even tighter.

If anyone had asked, Elira's slave girl would probably have admitted that she was not quite in her right mind. She was still disoriented from the changes, from the sheer hugeness of her own body, the smallness of everything around her. Her emotions, her urges, all were magnified along with her flesh. A giant rage filled her giant frame, more anger than she had ever felt or knew what to do with. She was angry because her countess was a prisoner, because her fellow servants were captured and hurt—because this Horned Rider was such a conceited, loudmouthed *ass*. He didn't have the sense to quit squawking. She was also angry because Clay had given her the most intensely sexual experience of her life, and then *stopped*, not even giving her a proper fuck. So *horny!* She desperately

needed to finish herself off.

So the newly-made giantess changed her grip on the little man in her hand, taking him firmly by the legs. Damiana didn't mind having sex in the clean grass, but the plainsmen's camp was not a tidy place. Looking around, she decided that the best thing to do was sit down on the leather roof of the Horned Rider's tent. It buckled and ripped, the tent pole snapping under her weight, the contents crushed to powder. Not a comfortable seat, but better than the bare ground. She spread her twenty-foot legs, squeezed a three-foot boob in her free hand, and with a moan of anticipation, stuffed the plainsmen's leader in her gaping pussy, right down to the ankles.

The Horned Rider squirmed and struggled inside her. So many sensations! And so many feet of sensitive vagina to feel them all with. Damiana had never imagined as much pleasure and pain as Clay gave her when he made her grow. This pleasure was almost as strong, but without the pain. Crushing the little man's feet in her hand, she used them as a handle for her living dildo, thrusting him in and out, in and out, fucking herself with his entire body.

In her insanely aroused state, it did not take long for her to find the release she craved. As she came, she bellowed so hard that the rest of the tents were blown down, and the last few plainsmen in the area fell flat on their faces. Sighing with enormous satisfaction, she pulled the fainting man out of her pussy and tossed him aside like a dirty handkerchief. He fell on the wreckage of a tent, breathless, stunned, and soaked to the skin with her juices.

Morning was breaking as Nella and Bryony found their way to the ruined camp. Clay was already there, freeing the other captives. Damiana had cut Elira's bonds before he arrived, and was now wandering over the grassy plain with her giant strides, retrieving the lost baggage ponies and the two carthorses. When she returned, she laid Kavro and the injured bearer tenderly on the cart, then lifted up Clay and pressed him against her colossal breasts, almost smothering him with a grateful boob hug.

"Who's the big girl?" Nella asked, regarding the giantess with a jaundiced eye.

"One of Elira's," Clay called down to her. "Her name is Damiana."

"Like the plant? That's an aphrodisiac, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't know."

"How long will she stay like that?" Elira asked anxiously once the giantess had set him down beside her.

"I don't know," Clay admitted. "I've never done anything quite like it."

"I hope it isn't too long," the countess said, craning her neck to examine the looming figure. "It'll cost a fortune to feed her."

"Worth it, though, don't you think?"

"Definitely," Elira answered warmly. "All right, everyone. We'd better get out of

here.”

“Where are we going?” Bryony wanted to know.

“Let our new friends decide. At the moment, I think I trust their judgment better than mine.”

As for the riders of the Golden Mane, when they had finally rounded up their panicked horses, they gathered for a war council at their women’s and children’s camp, five miles away. They quickly decided to migrate a couple of hundred miles inland, to a nice safe territory where no witch had ever set foot, and nobody had heard of the Callanthans or their magic.