

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 7 THREE QUEENS

Tani didn't have the slightest interest in chasing down the countess; that was where Nella guessed wrong. She was barely an hour ahead of her pursuers when she reached the fork in the road, but where they turned right, she went left. And kept on going, as long and as fast as her legs would take her.

Footsore and heartsick after three long days on the road, she arrived at her destination, the walled town of Port Selkie, just before the city gates closed for the night. She was determined to leave this country behind, but the little money she had saved was not enough to buy passage on any ship that would take her far enough. Five tall three-masters were moored in the spacious harbor, and dozens of smaller vessels. She could take her pick of destinations; the trick was getting on board.

The respectable parts of the city were high up on a hill, far from the smells, the sailors, and the crime. Tani passed them by and headed straight for the harbor district. In the early evening, the muddy streets thronged with sailors and longshoremen, peddlers, thieves, and prostitutes—a perfect place to blend in and hide while she explored her options. There was always a way to make money in a seaport, even for a scrawny girl that nobody cared to notice. Somewhere among the sailor dives and brothels, gambling dens and pawnshops, she knew she would find her answer.

She wandered in the streets for about half an hour before finding a promising house. The Merry Mermaid had all the conveniences under one roof: gambling tables on one side, sailor bar on the other, whorehouse upstairs and a thieves' den in the back. The sign was a cracked and weathered oak statue that had once been a ship's figurehead. Bits of

paint still clung to the mermaid's foolishly grinning face and bare, jutting breasts. Warm golden lights peeped out of the narrow windows, and an inviting smell of good wine and roasting meat wafted out whenever the door opened.

The trickle of people entering the establishment were well-dressed and well-behaved: a ship's officer with a woman who looked like a high-class prostitute, a blonde girl wearing a mink stole, a fat man with a beaming smile and about fifty gilt buttons on his coat. The burly doorman nodded to each of them, greeted some by name. That, Tani thought, was likely to be a problem. Her own clothes were definitely not up to standard, and her time on the highway hadn't helped. But there was nearly always a way. She decided to brazen it out.

Marching straight up to the doorman, she gave him a sunny smile and said: "Top of the evening, dear! Is there still room at the gaming tables?"

The doorman's jowly face drooped into a disapproving frown. "Not for riff-raff, there isn't. Beat it."

Tani looked down at her plain woolen jacket and skirt as if she had forgotten she had them on. "Goodness! You can't mean to hold it against a girl because she's still wearing her traveling clothes. I know I'm not exactly dressed to the nines, but—"

"Get lost. This is a respectable house."

Tani cocked her hands on her hips and gave the doorman a glare calculated to freeze a man solid. "I'm a respectable woman, mister. It so happens that I trade in pearls, and I got word that a gentleman inside was interested. So I came here to cut out the middleman. If that's not respectable enough for you—"

"Pearls, huh?" The doorman looked skeptical but uncertain. Time to show him the bait.

"As a matter of fact," Tani said confidentially, stepping in close and putting a hand on his sleeve, "I have a few samples with me. I know you can't let in just anyone... but would 'just anyone' be carrying these?" She fished a small round object from her canvas bag, and pressed it into his hand. "For your trouble."

The doorman opened his palm and peered suspiciously at her gift. "All right, but don't make any scenes. And next time, change your clothes first."

Tani folded the man's fingers over the pearl and patted his fist. "Thank you *so* much. Have a lovely evening!"

As soon as she was inside with the door shut behind her, Tani let out a sigh of relief. The thing she had given the doorman was, in fact, a genuine pearl, left over from her work at Broken Arm, but such an inferior one that it was almost worthless. Unable to find a buyer, she had kept it as a souvenir. A pearl expert would have spotted it at once. Even the doorman was likely to notice once he saw it in daylight. But for now, she had gotten away with it.

At this hour, the main barroom was not busy yet, and didn't show much promise. A few prosperous-looking men stood over the gaming tables, betting stacks of silver coin. No point trying to get into a cash game. She would have to stake herself by selling cheap pearls to a sucker, or else find a private game where she could do what her gambling acquaintances called "playing on your muscle." It was a matter of convincing the players that she was good for her debts. If she won, problem solved; if she lost, she would probably get beaten silly and thrown out in the street. The trick was to minimize the risk by choosing a game she was sure she could win.

From the barroom, a corridor led to a row of private rooms, some empty, some occupied by small groups playing exotic games for high stakes. One group in particular caught Tani's eye. Three women in expensive clothes were seated around a table with chairs for six. Their revealing outfits and sultry faces suggested that they were taking an evening off from the brothel upstairs. A deck of large, hand-painted cards lay on the table, but no game was in progress.

"Pardon me, miss," said the one closest to the doorway. Tani touched a hand to her chest in the universal gesture: *Who, me?*

"Can you bring us some more wine, dear? Our fourth hasn't shown up yet, and I'm afraid we're getting frightfully bored."

Before answering, Tani took a moment to size the woman up. Masses of auburn hair were piled high on her head, with two curly locks trailing strategically down her shoulders. She wore a strapless green velvet dress to match her eyes, a pearl choker to match her dazzling smile, and in between, an abundant expanse of milk-white bosom. In fact, everything about her was abundant, from her round face with its hint of a double chin, all the way to her thick, white-stockinged calves. Her areolas peeked over the scandalously low neckline, accentuated by a touch of nipple rouge. Tani wondered vaguely how the dress stayed in place, and whether those boobs ever fell out of it accidentally, or only on purpose.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," she said. "I don't work here."

"Oh?" The redhead looked mildly disappointed. "I heard there was a new barmaid tonight. You're not her?"

The woman across from her, a petite brunette in a violet shift, formed her Cupid's-bow lips into a pout. "I don't think Liana's going to make it, Holly. Maybe this one can be our fourth for tonight?"

The third woman, a blonde, bared her long teeth in a derisive horse laugh. "Don't be silly, Verben. *She* hasn't got anything to bet with."

Tani thought the blonde was the most interesting of the three. Her body was what most men would call perfect: tall, slender, long-legged, with full, curvy hips and generous breasts, and her gauzy white top and short blue skirt showed it to full advantage. She was much less fortunate above the neck. Her long, beaky nose made Tani think of a

ship's rudder, and her wide mouth seemed at odds with her long, narrow face. When she laughed, she looked like a racehorse trying to nibble roses through a trellis.

"Don't jump to conclusions, Kassia," the redhead said mildly. She was looking Tani over with an expression of lively curiosity. "Tell me, dear, do you happen to know your waist measurement offhand?"

"Twenty-two inches," Verbena said positively.

"Sure about that, are you?" Kassia smirked.

"Exactly the same as mine. A dressmaker can always tell."

"Nice hands, too," Holly observed. "Little palms, long fingers. Yes, my dear, I think you can get in our game if you have a mind to."

"What game is that?" Tani asked, trying to sound noncommittal.

"Have you ever played triads, honey?" the blonde asked.

"Not that I remember."

"Ah! Fresh meat!"

"Be nice, Kassia," the redhead chided. "Normally, you would play with a regular deck of thirty-six cards, but our deck is just a wee bit different."

"We play a two-draw game, blind and show," Kassia broke in.

"A what?"

"Oh, dear," Verbena said, smiling kindly. "Do you at least know how triad hands are scored?"

"That much I do know. Three of a kind is best, then three straight in the same sex and color, then three straight in one color regardless of sex—then—I don't remember the whole list."

"Oh, this isn't fair," Kassia chortled. "I love it."

"Have a seat, dear," Holly said with a warm smile. "We'll take you through a practice hand before we start betting."

"So what are the stakes?" Tani asked.

"That's where our cards are different," the redhead explained. "You see, we happened to get our hands on a magic deck. Please don't ask how, or Kassia might tell you the whole story. It's actually terribly dull. Anyway, we bet our physical features."

"Put our bodies on the line, as it were," Verbena interjected.

"I might wager a bit of length off my legs," Kassia said. "Verbena could risk that cute little nose of hers, and Holly can always spare some of her boobs. Do you understand so far?"

"How do you decide how much?" Tani asked. "I mean, how many inches of leg equal one cute little nose?"

"You *do* understand!" Holly clapped her hands happily. "Yes, dear, the deck itself decides that. When each hand is finished, it takes away as much as it thinks proper from the losers, and gives the prizes to the winner. There's a lot of back-and-forth, and

sometimes we hardly know ourselves when the game is over.”

Tani looked from one face to another. “Is that how—?”

“No, no, dear, these are our *natural* selves. The magic only lasts one night, you see. As soon as the harbor bell rings for the last watch before dawn, all the stakes go back to their proper owners.”

“But in the meantime”—Verbena smiled impishly—“a big winner can make a lot of money.”

“You mean....”

“Of course,” Holly said matter-of-factly. “We *are* prostitutes, after all.”

“A job you’re obviously not qualified for,” Kassia added. “But never mind, we’ll let you play just the same.”

“Only because you think she’ll lose,” the brunette objected.

Holly clapped her hands again, sharply this time. “Girls, girls! We won’t have a winner or time for work if we keep bickering. Let’s show our new player the game, then we’ll have at it.”

“All right, everyone,” Holly said, shuffling the cards with her chubby hands. “This will be a friendly hand, so we’ll deal the cards face up. All clear?” The other three women nodded, but somehow Tani thought the redhead was talking to the cards themselves as much as to the players.

“Now, we begin by dealing three cards to each player. Oh, good! We have a triad already. You see, dear, Verbena has a flash.”

Tani nodded. “One of each color—red, black, blue—not matching. That’s the lowest scoring hand, isn’t it?”

“Right,” Verbena said. “If you don’t have a set of three, one way or another, your hand doesn’t count for anything. For instance—what did you say your name was?”

“I didn’t, but call me Tani.”

The brunette leaned over to point at each of Tani’s upturned cards. “Red queen, red witch, black peasant. You’ve got two-thirds of a triad, Tani, chock full of possibilities, but that third card isn’t helping at all.”

Holly nodded. “So next we do the blind draw. Throw away one of your cards, face up, and draw one from the pack. Go on, dear, get rid of that nasty peasant before your ladies faint from the smell.” Verbena giggled; Kassia rolled her eyes.

Holly and Kassia made their discards, but Verbena declined. “A flash isn’t a very good triad, but I’ll stand pat just to show how it’s done.” She made her small hand into a fist and knocked on the table.

“All right, dear, now comes the show draw. Let’s see what you have there—the blue knight, not much of an improvement. Once again we get rid of a card, but this time you don’t have to show it; just put that silly knight face down. Then you pick one of the face-

up cards.”

“I see,” Tani said. “So everybody knows one card that you don’t want, and one card that you do want, and that helps you guess how strong the other players’ hands are.”

“That’s the art of it,” Kassia said. “It’s trickier than it sounds.”

“It certainly is,” Holly agreed, “but not in this case. Pick up the red lady, dear. Now you have a triad yourself. Three red girls, all in a row—lady, witch, and queen. That’s the best triad you can get, except for three of a kind.”

“Beats the daylight out of a flash.” Verbena pushed her cards away.

“And the rest of us have nothing,” Kassia added.

“So where does the betting come in?”

“You make one bet when you get your first three cards,” Holly explained. “After each draw, you can bet again or forfeit. If everybody has a triad—or a good chance, like you had—the stakes can get high in a hurry.”

“I might have bet all three times and lost,” Verbena added. “I didn’t have much of a triad, but even so, my chances weren’t too bad right up until the last draw.”

“What if nobody has a triad?”

“Then everybody gets their bet back and the next player deals. The fewer players, the more often that happens—which is why we needed a fourth. Five is even better. Six gets a little chaotic.”

“All right,” Tani said cautiously, “that sounds clear enough. Let’s play.”

They cut for the first deal, and Kassia won. When Tani picked up her cards, she found herself staring at a handful of nothing. Blue knight, blue maid, black thief—not so much as a pair to work with.

“Your bet, Verbena,” Kassia said impatiently.

“Sorry.” The brunette drummed her fingers on the table while she pondered her cards. “Hair.”

“Color, length, or style?” Kassia prompted.

“Color.”

“No bet,” Holly said.

“No bet?” Tani asked. “What does that mean?”

“I don’t want to be a brunette tonight,” Holly said.

“Any player can reject a bet if she would rather not win it,” Kassia explained. “Try again, Verbena.”

“Umm... weight?”

Holly nodded. “I’ll fade that. Your bet, dear.”

“Me?” Tani said nervously. “Oh... waistline, I guess. Is that all right with you ladies?”

Nobody objected. Holly patted her heavy breasts and said, “I can always spare some of these.”

“Declare it,” Kassia snapped. “You know the deck doesn’t understand pronouns.”

Holly gave her a disdainful look, and said in a voice like cut glass: “Breasts. Size. Two each.”

“Dealer bets height,” Kassia said. “Your play, Verbena. Draw blind, show your discard.”

The brunette tossed a low red card on the table and drew from the pack. Her lips pursed in a secretive little smile. Tani got rid of her lone black card, hoping to draw a flush, but got the red king instead. Holly’s discard was another black, but Kassia dropped the blue peasant. If nobody picked that card up before Tani’s next play, she could take it and have three blues—a passable triad.

“Bets,” Kassia called out.

“Complexion,” Verbena declared.

“Good bet,” the blonde observed. “I’d like some of those rosy cheeks myself.”

“Hands?” Tani said uncertainly.

“Be more specific, honey,” Kassia said.

“Um... fingers. Length.”

Holly smiled approvingly. “Excellent choice, dear. Anybody not want to be a redhead? No? Then I bet hair color.”

“Dealer folds. Verbena—draw from the table, discard blind.”

The brunette took Holly’s black discard between a dainty thumb and forefinger and placed another card face down. Tani tried not to sigh in relief as she picked up the blue peasant. Holly knocked on the table. “I’m pat,” she declared.

“Last bets,” the blonde said.

“Eyelashes.” Verbena’s lashes were long, dark, and alluring, as she demonstrated by batting them at the amused-looking dealer.

“Can I bet waist again?” Tani asked.

“Not unless you double,” Holly explained. “We’ll go into that later. Would you like a suggestion? You have a lovely voice.”

“I didn’t know I could bet a voice.”

“It’s a physical feature, it counts,” Kassia said. Her own voice was slightly harsh, as if she had been drinking too much sour wine for years. “Maybe next hand, I can take it off the winner.”

“All right, voice.”

“Eye color,” Holly said. “No objections, I hope? It goes well with the hair, I find.”

“Eldest hand shows,” Kassia said. “Verbena, that’s you.”

“I know, I’m not asleep.” The brunette laid down her cards: red soldier, blue wizard, and the black thief Holly had thrown away. “Flash, all boys.”

“That beats a plain flash,” Holly explained for Tani’s benefit, “but loses to a straight or any flush. Your show, if you can beat that.”

Tani laid down her cards. "I have a flush. Knight, maid, and peasant, all blue. Is that good?"

"Better than mine, dear." Holly tossed her cards on the table. "Blue flush, take your winnings."

Half a dozen sensations competed for Tani's attention—a tingling in her scalp, heat in her lips, an erotic feeling in her small breasts, as if an invisible lover were caressing them under her clothes. They were not quite enough to distract her from the changes flowing over the other women's bodies. Holly's gorgeous auburn hair faded to the dull straw color of Tani's own, and her eyes went from emerald green to a tired blue-gray. She tugged at the low neckline of her dress, which now came an inch higher on her bust, hiding the areolas that had so impudently peeped over the fabric. Kassia shrank slightly in her chair as she lost an inch off her statuesque height. The color drained out of Verbena's face, and her lips went from deep rose to a pale pink. Her long, dark eyelashes turned almost invisible.

"Beginner's luck," Kassia grumped.

"And congratulations on it, dear!" Holly said warmly. "Verbena, your deal."

"Wait!" Tani rummaged for the hand mirror in her bag. "I want to see what I won."

"I'll allow that," the brunette giggled. "It's a bit of a shock the first time."

It *was* a shock. A stranger stared at Tani out of the mirror—quite a pretty stranger, with emerald eyes and short auburn hair, a smooth, rosy complexion and natural ruby lips. Her breasts, though not large, were at least respectable now; nobody could honestly call her flat. Height didn't show in a hand mirror, but her legs were just enough longer that she had to shift in her chair to stay comfortably seated. A tear glistened in one of those beautiful green eyes and started on its way down her face.

Tani's voice was choked with more emotions than she could readily handle. "Thank you, ladies. Thank you all."

"No trouble, dear," Holly said. "It's only a loan, after all."

"New deal!" Verbena caroled. "Take your cards and place your bets."

Tani's second hand looked promising at first. But when Verbena picked up her own cards, her face looked so triumphant that all three of her opponents folded after the first draw. "Game face, honey, game face!" Kassia chided her.

"Sorry," Verbena said impenitently. Her slim body was richer by an inch added to hips and bust, an inch off her waist. If she won any more, that violet shift would struggle to contain it.

Tani lost several more hands in a row. Her waist was definitely getting thicker, she was back to her original height, and Kassia took away the rich auburn hair she had just won. It was all terribly confusing, and she found herself peeking in the mirror to remember what she still had left to bet. Kassia's firm, full breasts had grown at least three

inches fuller at Holly's expense, and Verbena was almost unrecognizable. The former petite brunette was a taller, curvier blonde now, and it was downright spooky when she moved her lips and Tani's voice came out. At this rate, Tani would soon have nothing left of her original self—nothing anyone wanted, that is—and she would have to leave the game with a bag over her head.

Then fortune changed. It was Holly's deal, and she favored Tani with a blessing as rich as her own full figure. Red queen—blue queen—black queen: the best possible triad, matched only by three kings, since "boy" and "girl" cards were ranked equally. Tani tried hard to conceal her excitement. Kassia bet the rich auburn hair that had formerly been Holly's. Verbena risked an inch of her legs. "Eye color," Tani offered, since she still had Holly's green irises. The dealer bet her ass—literally.

Nobody folded on the draw. Kassia risked another inch of height, Verbena offered her wasp waist. "Hand shape?" Tani suggested after a moment's hard thinking.

"Fair bet," Kassia agreed.

"Hair length," Holly declared. "Kassia, your draw."

There was a minor sensation when Tani knocked on the table to stand pat. Kassia raised an eyebrow. "Aha! New girl has a triad."

"A natural at that," Holly observed. "If I may offer the new player a bit of friendly coaching? You're in a strong position, dear. Since you got your triad on the deal, you won't want to discard or draw anything. That means we can't guess what kind of triad it is, except by what we can figure out from the cards we can see. For instance, everybody can tell that you haven't got three wizards, because Kassia just dropped one."

Verbena nodded. "You could have just about anything."

"Or you could be bluffing," Kassia said. "I bet legs—thickness—thigh and calf muscles."

"Hips," Verbena said.

"Lip color," Tani countered.

"Dealer bets skin tone. Does anyone object to alabaster?"

No one did, so they went through the final draw. Kassia stood pat, but Verbena scooped up her blue wizard and smiled happily. Holly stood as well. "Looks like a showdown," Kassia observed. "Triads for everyone."

"Last bets," Holly announced.

"Tits."

"Jugs."

"Er... boobs?"

"Knockers. I've still got plenty to spare." Holly smirked as she looked down at her jiggling flesh pillows.

Kassia had a determined look on her face. After a pregnant pause, she said firmly: "I double."

"I'm in," Verbena said.

"What just happened?" Tani asked.

"Kassia doubled all three of her bets, and Verbena matched. You can stay in and risk twice as much as you bet already, or fold and lose your original wagers."

Tani chewed on her thumbnail and thought hard. "Can I raise the bet again?"

"You can redouble, dear. That's *four* times your original bet, and there are no more raises after that."

"All right, I redouble."

There was a moment of dead silence as all four players held their breath. Holly was the first to break it. "Ladies, show your cards."

Kassia put her hand down with a firm snap. "Straight flush, all girls—red witch, red lady, red healer."

"Oh! That beats mine." Verbena tossed a straight on the table.

"Well, honey?" Kassia prompted.

"Oh, it's me now? Sorry." Tani laid her cards out one by one. "Red queen... blue queen... black queen."

"Four bitches," Kassia said, staring into Tani's eyes, "and I'm looking right at the biggest one."

"Manners, Kass!" Holly chided. "She's not the one who dealt the cards."

"No, that was you. Did you give yourself three kings to split the pot?"

"Don't be silly. Straight flash, knight high. Congratulations, Tani! I think we've found our winner for tonight."

The changes were setting in. Tani didn't know whether her winnings would make her pass out or just cum on the spot. Her head was burning as a glorious dark-red mane grew down to her tiny new waist. Her hips flared out to overflow the seat of her chair, and the firm round flesh of her expanding buttocks lifted her two inches farther from the floor. Delicious aching throbs cascaded down her legs as they stretched with her quadruple gains, and a spasm of electric pleasure ran up her lengthening spine. Her skin tingled all over as it changed to Holly's milky white, her lips felt swollen and flushed as they turned blood-red.

Then the last bets kicked in. A moan of indescribable pleasure rose from the depths of Tani's suddenly ballooning chest. Tits, jugs, knockers, times four, vanished from the other women and poured into Tani's protesting skin. She hadn't felt anything like this since her night with Clay. Her whole body shook with the force of her orgasm as her breasts quaked, distended, blossomed outward in every direction. Within seconds, her bust measurement grew by a foot. At least twenty pounds of firm new boob flesh filled her skin to bursting while she came and came and came. Her jacket blew open, scattering buttons everywhere, as her plain linen blouse gave up the ghost with a plaintive *r-r-rip*.

Overwhelmed by so many sensations, so much concentrated pleasure, Tani lost her

balance. Her chair tipped back, dumping her on the floor with her long, luscious legs kicking in the air, momentarily pinned under the naked bulk of her new jugs. With so much unaccustomed weight pressing down on her ribcage, she could barely breathe. That only multiplied the sensations tearing through her. Her orgasm mounted higher and higher. Crimson lights swam in the dark as she struggled to keep from fainting in a puddle of sweat and pussy juice. A shorter and flatter Kassia, a thinner and flatter Holly, knelt on either side to help her sit up. She needed all the help they could give.

“Now that,” Holly said, beaming with pleasure, “is what I call a jackpot.”

“My clothes,” Tani said weakly.

“We’ll find you something,” Verbena told her.

“Your boobs,” Tani objected. “Your—your *everything*! I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t be, dear,” Holly said firmly. “We’ll be right as rain in the morning. In the meantime, you have about five hours to enjoy the new you. I strongly recommend that you make the most of it. As for the rest of you—same time tomorrow? Maybe we can get the new barmaid to play.”

