

Carrlie's Adventures: Chapter 3

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Alar is a world rich in history, culture, kingdoms, villages, knights, wizards, monsters, and races of all kinds. It is a world that had once been under great stress and constant war for many ages, where powerful mages dominated the peoples and monopolized knowledge. These greedy sorcerers fought against each other in what would later be dubbed "The Wizard Wars". The beautiful yet cruel Princess Yama was one of these powerful mages, specializing in transformation and sex magic. The war was eventually won by a coalition of Artificers and Alchemists, whose magic was more stable and easily used by others compared to the more powerful but temporary and study or talent driven magic systems. When the war ended, magic became abundant and democratized throughout the lands, and people were able to use magic to make things a bit less stressful and needy in their daily lives. Soon the Surian Empire was built, tying all the most powerful nations and kingdoms together. The era became known as The

Great Renewal, and during this age of peace, new magic items and charms of all sorts were created. Some even went far enough to change their own bodies with magic. As magic became more commonplace, religion waned and churches became a token of tradition.

As magic became a more and more abundant commodity, its usage was moving toward luxuries, ways to make life easier, and especially ways to look and feel more beautiful. The idea of enhancing one's beauty with magic became very commonplace. Love potions, skin creams, weight loss, changing your hair color, changing your eye color, changing your skin color, changing damn near everything! But most important to many women, changing your bust and butt size. Soon it became mundane to find women with ample endowments by the use of charms or relics or potions, though it was always much harder to find a permanently body changing item. A favorite item to enhance your bust became the standard 'engorgement charm'. Small and portable, cheap and easy to use, and it was always in effect as long as it was on hand. However, because of this massive outbreak of large breasted women in culture, having huge busts became a sign of great wealth, and it became a competition to stay the biggest and most beautiful woman in a city, with some women taking drastic measures in magical cosmetics to make sure they were the one with the biggest boobs.

"Look! The city! We're almost there!" said Carrlie with a very bright smile but tired face.

"RaharaWhahra!" said a massive 6 legged creature that seemed to be a cross between a desert lizard and a turtle. This creature was called a Korak, and it just so happened to actually be Lyla, transformed by Carrlie's will and the power of the violet amulet. Apparently, after about 5 minutes of walking in the desert, Carrlie could not bear walking any further due to her heavy new boobs, so Lyla suggested it would be best if Carrlie rode on her feet instead. Carrlie didn't like the idea of forcing Lyla to be her mount, but since Lyla had offered, she wasn't going to turn a ride down, especially now that she had two enormous breasts that hung just above her crotch and stood out about a foot and half in front, looking great but not making walking any easier.

The two had been traveling through the desert with Carrlie's bag stuffed with treasure for days, and had only just now seen the big city of Tiniba off on the horizon. Lyla had been fine during the journey, since she was currently a beast of the desert, but Carrlie was dried out and thirsty as hell. Perhaps the only reason she had survived the heat was because of a human sized cloth they had found outside the tomb, which was now draped over her, though it almost didn't cover Carrlie completely due to her new bust. Carrlie was starting to see the appeal of getting boobs from an engorgement charm, since they could be taken off, but deep down she felt great pride that her monster mammaries were her own flesh to wrangle.

After another hour or so of travel, the two finally reached the edge of Tiniba, a rich and vibrant city which was a valuable hub and waypoint for merchants and travelers traveling across the desert. The city walls were three stories high and made of solid granite with guards pacing on its top. Its front gates are massive and intimidating, with several guards stationed in front of it, watching over the commoners entering the crowded gate, as many travelers swarm in and out. "It's nice to be back home." said Carrlie as they approached. "Come on, let's head around back, we don't want to go in through the front barely dressed as I am."

The two continued their way around the walls until they reached a sort of market place positioned against the outside of the wall and extending outwards. The marketplace was sort of rundown and shabbytown, clearly this side is where the less wealthy travelers went to buy their goods. Carrie steers Lyla away from the marketplace till they find cover behind a large rock protruding from the ground. Here Lyla changed back into her naked humanoid self.

"I hope it wasn't too bad of a ride with me on your back the whole time." Carrie said as she secured her bag of treasure.

"Of course not mistress! you made me big and strong, I barely felt your weight at all." Lyla said with a big smile. Carrie smiled at Lyla's willingness to serve, but was still bothered a little by how easily she had sort of taken advantage of Lyla.

"We're gonna have to work on your independence Lyla, I don't want you to just do anything I say with no complaining."

"Why not? My old master made me do that."

"Did you like Princess Yama?"

Lyla reacted with a strong hiss. "Good point... but I like you a lot more mistress! You're already so much better than she had been."

"Well regardless you need to learn to stand up for yourself, but we'll get to that later. Right now we have to get some clothes for us both. You stay here and protect our stuff, I'll change you into a cat or something so no one comes to find you naked. I'm gonna go into the market and will be back quickly. Okay?"

"Meow" said the large tabby cat with blond fur.

Carrie was taken aback by the sudden change, but smiled. "Not sure I'm gonna get used to that..."

Carrie took out a couple of the gold trinkets inside of their treasure bag and went off into the market. Around 15 minutes later, was back with a brown burlap bag hung over her back. "This will do for both of us till we get settled." Carrie pulled from the bag some very nice clothes, probably about the best you could get in the merchant section they were in. Carrie threw a pile of clothes to Lyla, who had just turned back into her normal pretty self. Carrie then took off the tarp she had wrapped around herself, revealing the smooth surface of her enormous breasts. Carrie took a moment to look at herself, taking in just how big she was. Lyla did the same only with a lustful grin on her face.

The two put on their clothes from behind the rock, Lyla taking a while to put them on since she had only worn the same white dress for about 300 years. "It's a tight fit but it works!" Carrie said as she pulled a very silky shirt over her enormous tits, it was supposed to be worn loosely however it clung tightly to each of Carrie's breasts.

"I hope you don't mind me asking Mistress, but where did you get such a large shirt in the first place? When my old master was about your size, she still had to get all of her shirts custom made." Lyla asked.

"I guess not many people had engorgement charms back then. You see, so many people use breast enhancing charms nowadays that it's not uncommon to find shirts that would seem to be made for giants being worn by women. Though as you can see, they didn't quite have the size I was looking for." Carrlie said with a smirk.

The two left from behind the rock, taking the treasure with them and walking through the marketplace, seeing all sorts of food, items, clothes, trinkets, and jewelry. As they trekked deeper, they reached the city wall, where a much smaller gate could now be seen. The gate entrance was lined with merchants looking to show their merchandise to all those coming in and out of the city from this side. The girls entered through the gate, where it became much louder and busier as people of all shapes and sizes worked their way from place to place. Some men and women alike stopped and watched as Carrlie and Lyla walked past them, most of the eyes on Carrlie... or at least her tits.

This was something Carrlie had always wanted; attention, desire, lust! Now she was finally the one turning heads and she couldn't help but grin as she noticed people stop what they were doing just to get a look at her. As they passed along, Carrlie passed by a group of wealthy and there for busty women, all gapping at her size. Some of them quickly glanced down to their own boobs, only to find that Carrlie dwarfed them all, even with their concealed engorgement rings and necklaces.

"Here we are. Good old Deer's Head Inn & Tavern. My favorite haunt." Carrlie said as they reached a large and weathered building.

"This Inn isn't made of deer heads..." Lyla said, confused.

".....Yes...Right you are Lyla. However, that's just the name of this establishment. Seriously, did they not have Inn's or Bars back in your age?"

"Well yes they did, but I never stayed in one. I was always with my old master in her castles. She never let me off the premises." Lyla said with a sad look.

"Damn! What a terrible witch Yama was. Welcome to your first Inn Lyla! Let's go inside so that we can find ourselves a room and finally get a little rest."

Carrlie pushed the bar doors open with just enough "oomph" that everyone inside turned their head to see who walked in. Just how she wanted. Everyone stopped and stared, even the tavern band came to a halt. Carrlie stood at the entrance for a moment, basking in the light of envy while Lyla's little blond head peek over her shoulder with a smile, clearly understanding the effect Carrlie was going for, as she had seen her old master do it a thousand times before, except usually for a more regal audience. Carrlie took one step inside, and everything went back to its unusual loud self, though the occasional eye drifted her way as she passed through to the bartender.

"Good evening Burten, I'd like a room, the best you got." Carrlie said to the large husky man with a bald head and mustache.

"Well I'm not sure we got any room besides mine that would be big enough for you sweetie, though i'd be happy to let you sleep with me." Said Burten, putting on his usual charm that he so often gave most all women.

"Harr harr. Come on Burt, dontcha recognize me?" Carrlie said

Burten squinted and then gave a blink of disbelief. "Carrlie?! Carrlie is that you? God lord woman, what happened? I see you finally caved in and decided to get yerself a titty charm like the rest of them, haven't yea."

"Nope, these are the real deal Burt."

"Yeah, I'm sure, now let me see the charm."

"I don't have a charm Burt"

"Oh yeah, well what do you call that?" Burt said as he pointed at Carrlie's purple amulet, the magic item which forced Lyla to do her bidding.

Carrlie looked back to Lyla, who had been walking about the Inn in fascination, but now her focus was on a very pretty barmaid who happened to be gawking at Carrlie and her enormous boobs. Carrlie thought about what Lyla might do if she took it off the violet amulet. Would she leave, stay, destroy? Carrlie suddenly realized that Lyla was the only person she had enjoyed spending time with in ages, and Lyla seemed to sincerely like Carrlie back, though it was hard to tell because of the amulet. Carrlie turned back to Burt, who was still waiting for an explanation. Slowly Carrlie decided to take off the amulet, knowing it wasn't right to keep Lyla captive anyways.

"Well I'll be damned!" Burt shouted as Carrlie took off the amulet while her breast size stayed the same.

"See! I told you!" Carrlie said before she was about to put the amulet back on, but then stopped. Carrlie looked back at Lyla once more, who was now looking back at her, their gaze locked. Lyla's face was in disbelief. A moment passed by and then Lyla smiled warmly. Carrlie waited for a sec, thinking to herself and then smiled back and put the amulet in her bag instead of on her body.

"So as I was saying, the best room you got?" Carrlie said with a grin.

"Hmmf, that will be 200 silver a night if you want our best room Carrlie."

"Awww, but that's so much!" Carrlie said as she squeezed her bust towards Burts face with her arms. She had always seen other girls try to get men with this tactic, and now seemed like the perfect opportunity to try.

"Umm..well, I yah..I might be able to drop it to 100 a night, but only because you're such an old friend." Burt said with difficulty as he had trouble realizing that there was a world out there other than Carrlies boobs.

"Thanks!" Carrlies said with a wink and a smirk as Burt gave her the key. "Oh and if you could send room service with some food too that would be great. I'm starved". Carrlie then turned around and called for Lyla to follow her as she went off towards their room.

Lyla followed Carrlie as they walked toward the back of the inn, her mind deep in thought while keeping a smiling outward expression. She was free... but only for now... how long until Carrlie put the amulet back on? Should she steal it from Carrlie and run? No... she liked

Carrie... a lot. But for the first time since escaping, Lyla realized that she was in a whole new world, one not ruled by wicked wizards. Her future was clear and open for maybe the first time ever. Lyla wanted to go and explore the world she had never gotten to experience before, but Carrie still held the amulet. What if Carrie didn't want to let her go? Or what if Carrie did let her go, would she really want to leave?

The two finally reached the room labeled 15 and entered. It was actually quite a nice room for such a shabby Inn. The bed was big and comfy, it had plenty of furniture and two wash rooms. Carrie sat herself on the big bed, and began unloading things from their treasure bag, organizing items by what they would keep and what they would sell. Carrie only laid a few items in the 'keep' pile though, including the a few items that she had no idea what to do with, the bottle of "boob-juice" that had given Carrie her current boobs, the necklace of "Giant Tits" that Carrie had used before the boob-juice, the amulet of Lyla's heart (Lyla kept close watch on that one), and the round glowing orb that had been on top of the mummy's tomb.

Carrie picked up the amulet and looked at it for a bit. Lyla was deep in suspense, not knowing what to do. If Carrie put it on, she may never get a chance to escape again, but if she tried to steal it and run away, she might hurt Carrie's feelings! Lyla was so confused at that thought. She had never truly felt fondness before, but now she felt it for Carrie, even without her wearing the amulet! Lyla stood and waited, her body starting to slightly shift its shape and colors sporadically because of all of her mental stress. Suddenly, Carrie walked up and held the amulet to Lyla. Lyla gasped but didn't take it, not knowing if this was a trick.

"I figured that it'd be wrong to keep this from you since it is your... heart. You deserve to be yourself." Carrie said, scratching her head and blushing as if she was asking out her first date.

Lyla looked back and forth from the amulet to Carrie, then slowly she took the amulet and held it in her hand, just staring at it, dumbfounded.

There was a long pause and Carrie got sort of embarrassed. "It's nothing big I mean, I was going to give it back to you eventually, I never really liked the idea of keeping you against your will and all... well I guess it is sort of a big deal..."

Finally Lyla looked up with a big broad smile and lunged at Carrie, kissing and hugging her all over (or at least trying to reach around her enormous boobs). "Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! You don't know how much this means to me, Carrie." Lyla started to cry tears of joy. She was truly free again! For the first time in some odd thousand years. Free!

Carrie smiled and kissed back a bit. "I'm glad you're glad." The two stood and held each other for a bit and then started to go about the room deciding what to do now, every now and then making-out again, since Lyla was still very happy. Eventually they got back onto the topic of the items that they were going to keep.

"So what do you think the orb of Katalina does? Anything?" Carries said as she held it.

"Not a clue. The princess owned it for as long as I can remember, but it never did anything, just looked pretty. I think it was connected to some prophecy to do with that old goddess, and I guess Yama did become very powerful, but then she died during the Wizard Wars, so who knows." Lyla said.

"Okay... well what about the 'necklace-O-tits'? What do you say I put it on now, hmm? Wouldn't it be funny to see how big my boobs get?! Hell! Maybe I'll decide to keep them that size." Carrie said with a laugh as she started to put the necklace around her head.

Lyla on the other hand had been rummaging around in the treasure bag for more things, not paying attention to what Carrie was doing. "No, I'm not sure you'd want to do that. Magic never mixes well and technically your boobs are still magical so we don't know exactly what would happen...Oh no!" Lyla had turned around just in time to see Carrie slip the necklace on completely. There was a moment of silence as Carrie and Lyla stared at each other, wondering what was about to happen.

"Oaawwhhhaa!" Carrie moaned as her boobs suddenly burst outwards, swelling up bigger and bigger. They expanded down her waist as she stood up in awe and pleasure, then they became so big that her nipples reached past her the tops of her thighs, stretching her shirt to the limit until "RIIIP!" the shirt was torn apart, but her tits were still going! Their weight continued to rise along with their size and Carrie was forced to put her arms underneath her boobs for support but this didn't last long as soon enough her boobs had become too big and soft to be able to be held. Carrie was forced to let go, and their weight had become so much that she was pulled down to the ground, her boobs acting as a safety cushion as her face and upper body fell on top of her soft and squishy tits. The force of her body against her boobs sent a wave of pleasure down her spine as she let out another moan. Carrie's could still feel her boobs becoming even bigger, but also felt that they weren't just becoming bigger, but were filling up with something. Carrie tried to stand and lift her boobs with some success. She was able to stand up long enough to feel that her boobs had become so big that they now reached down to her knees, before falling over back onto her tits, only this time the pressure of her body upon her boobs was so great that her nipples couldn't hold back any longer, and suddenly a jet of white liquid came squirting out of Carrie's boobs. Carrie's recognized this substance instantly as milk and could do nothing but moan in pleasure and look up at Lyla for some help or explanation.

Lyla was standing on the other side of the room simply enjoying the show. Carrie could feel milk continuing to fill up the insides of her boobs and slowly begin to leak out of her nipples due to Carrie's still present body laying on her tits, effectively squeezing the milk out of her at a slow rate, creating a puddle of milk on the floor. All this time Carrie was in complete ecstasy and seeing that Lyla was certainly not going to help, she decided to just enjoy the experience. However, just as Carrie was beginning to relax, there was a knock at the door.

A few hours earlier, in the bar downstairs, we meet Bridget:

There was a loud "WAAK!" as the doors to the Inn flew open. Bridget turned around to see who had just walked in, and found her eyes centered upon two very large cloaked masses suspended in the air, but their owner took another step inside, Bridget realized that the orbs were attached to a very cute girl with long braided red hair. The two masses were actually her boobs, each of which were so big that they nearly reached her waist. Bridget was entranced, she had seen some big tits before, but these topped them all. They were so beautiful to her that she couldn't take her eyes off them. She wanted them. Badly. Suddenly Bridget came to her senses and blushed, luckily everyone else was staring at the two walking boobs too.

If it wasn't obvious at this point, Bridget was a lesbian. With brunette hair down to her shoulders, blue eyes, a pretty face, fine physic, and C cup breasts, Bridget was a well off barmaid. She had always been attracted to women since she could remember and always treated her women customers a little better than the men. She enjoyed women with big boobs but was never able to afford any engorgement charms of her own, though she didn't mind much. But now she had seen the biggest pair of tits she could remember and was instantly head over heels for the pretty red head to whom the boobs belonged to.

Bridget watched as the girl went towards Burt, Bridget's boss, and started talking to him. At one point the redhead looked back to another very pretty girl, a blond with DD cup breasts who happened to be smiling at Bridget and must have walked in the room with the redhead without her noticing. Eventually the red head was given a key to a room, called for the blond haired girl, and walked off. This made Bridget ecstatic, because if the redhead had a key, it meant that they were going to stay at the Inn! Perhaps she could get to know the redhead and maybe ask her out with her some time... oh what was she thinking! The girl probably wasn't even a lesbian, much less interested in herself, plus, even if she was, what about that gorgeous blonde that was walking with her? Bridget continued to work the room for a few hours and contemplate how she had no chance with the girl of her dreams, when suddenly Burt called for her. "Aye, Bridget! I need you over here."

"Oh! Alright, be right there." Bridget said in an embarrassed tone, just now remembering where she was. After grabbing a few empty beer glasses from the customers, she swayed her way over to Burt. "What do ya need?"

"I want you to take this dinner tray out to room 15 and ask them if they need anything else alright?"

"Sure, right away." Bridget said as she took the platter from Burt.

Bridget walked off to the back of the Inn, beginning to fantasize about the redhead and her enormous tits and how they might feel. It wasn't long until she found herself face-to-face with door 15 and knocked on the door. "Hello room service, I have your dinner here."

No reply came, however Bridget could hear some strange noises coming from inside...sounded like moaning...but she couldn't tell...maybe something was wrong! She had to help! Bridget pushed in on the door knob and turned it to the right until she heard a loud "click", meaning that the door had unlocked, this was something Burt had installed in all the doors of the Inn, to make sure that he and Bridget could get in everywhere if they had too.

Bridget swung the door open, expecting to see someone in need, and unprepared to find that person to be herself. In the middle of the floor was the redhead, a look of pure ecstasy plastered on her face, lying on top of her own naked boobs which had now become big enough to support her girl's body, and were leaking what looked like milk! A strong aroma filled the hair, sparking Bridget's senses as her primal subconscious went to war with her sense of dignity.

Bridget's brain went numb and she dropped her tray of food, which went smashing to the ground. Moments went by and Bridget could do nothing but stare and breath in the euphoric musk, a sense of total lust building within her. Finally, something within Bridget snapped and sprinted forward to the redhead, grabbing one of her enormous boobs, which were so soft and squishy to the touch, and began to suck hard on its nipple! Milk entered her mouth and Bridget felt a wave of pleasure as the milks' sweat and creamy taste overwhelmed her taste buds. It was so good that she couldn't help but drink more. She was becoming entranced by the taste and aroma of the milk, and the feel of the redheads' tits!

Bridget started to massage and knead the boob she was sucking from, all the while drinking even more milk. Bridget was in total ecstasy and could not believe what was happening, when suddenly she felt the redhead's hand on her thigh! Bridget grew afraid that the redhead might struggle against her and make her stop drinking this wonderful nectar, but instead the hand started rubbing up and down her leg and another hand wrapped itself around her waist as the redhead laid her face into Bridget's lap. The girl wasn't resisting, but instead playing with her!

Bridget was in heaven! She eventually laid down next to the redhead and slid her free hand over to fondle the girl's other boob, while the redhead moved the hand rubbing her thigh to Bridget's butt and positioned her head to squeeze up against Bridget's own boobs. The two continued to fondle and then begin to fuck each other for what to them seemed like ages.

Both were so engaged in each other that neither noticed Lyla had moved and closed the door to the room, watching them warmly with a smile. Lyla knew that there was potential for this brunette girl, and was overjoyed to see that Carrlie and this woman would go so well together. This was good news for Lyla, who had made up her mind now that she knew Carrlie was in good hands. With her stolen heart now in hand, Lyla decided she would go explore the world!