

The Case of the Citraceous Countess



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The Case of the Curvaceous Countess

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San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London



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The Case of the Curvaceous Countess

One of the Mysteries from the Case Files of the Silver Gauntlet

Examiner Kendrick reined in his horse sharply. “Hold up! I’m sensing something.”

His partner and wife, Lady Katherine, followed his lead and halted her mount. “I feel it, too,” she said. Each of them laid a hand on their wands in case this represented an arcane attack. Then after a few seconds they perceived a certain glow in the air before them. “A sending,” Lady Katherine declared.

Indeed, all in a rush, the manifestation resolved into a clear, slightly transparent image of their superior, Lord Raine. In the sending he was dressed in the same distinctive blue tabard that Kendrick and Lady Katherine were wearing. It was trimmed with silver and showed an embroidered device of a silver gauntlet. The two riders relaxed a bit, but only a bit. If Lord Raine was expending enough energy to make a sending all the way from the Crown City, it had to be important.

The illusion began to speak. “Well met! I need you to divert from your circuit and head immediately to Castle Carvain. The Countess has gone missing, and the locals are baffled. They need full Examiners there before the trail goes cold.”

Kendrick and Katherine nodded, for this was their duty. The realm they served was steeped in magical energy, but relatively few had the talent to perceive and manipulate it. Those who could, however, could easily turn their gifts against the common law. Against such perversions of the Art, the kingdom was patrolled by circuit riders of the Order of the Silver Gauntlet, mages charged by the King’s Justiciar to investigate allegations of crimes aided and abetted by magic.

“We shall proceed with all haste to the county seat, m’lord,” Katherine assured him.

“Thank you,” Raine replied. “I’ll dispatch an errand rider to reassure the settlements on your regular circuit about the delay in your arrival.” There was a moment’s pause, then, “And congratulations to both of you on your recent wedding.”

Lady Katherine dimpled. “We are still rather giddy, m’lord – at least in the evenings.”

“I won’t keep you two longer, then. I hope you resolve the matter quickly. Such a disappearance among the high nobility makes folk uneasy. Let me know what you find.”

“Aye, m’lord,” Kendrick assured him, and with that, the sending shimmered and vanished.

He pulled their travel map from his cloak. “Ahead to the next crossroads, then left, m’lady,” he announced.

“Indeed? Shall I lead, m’lord?” Katherine asked archly. She nickered her horse up to a canter, momentarily leaving her husband behind.

Kendrick made a moue at his own error. It was hard not to call her “m’lady” after having done so for several years. Unlike himself, his new wife was also of the lofty aristocracy. It should have been impossible for them to wed, but Katherine was the youngest daughter of a house that had



had a string of financial reverses. There was no dowry left for her to attract a marriage-alliance for the house, so she had been free to marry Kendrick for love. As her husband, he was allowed to simply call her “Katherine” and omit the honorific. Indeed, she much preferred that he do just that. But she still had to remind him of that often enough.

He flicked the reins and sent his mount chasing after its stable mate. From behind, Kendrick admired his mate. She had long, raven tresses with natural waves. They streamed out behind her like the tail of a dark comet as she rode before him. Her pert bottom bounced erotically upon her saddle, and Kendrick could not help but daydream about serving as her mount himself.

That evening as they relaxed in bed from their afternoon of hard riding, Katherine was still teasing her husband about his faux pas. This was hardly fair since she had never had a chance to develop a similar bad habit. Kendrick had a round, guileless face surmounted by a mop of sandy blonde hair. No one in the realm would need a genealogical chart to tell that he hailed from the yeoman class. Katherine would never have occasion to call him “m’lord” by accident.

“Was our wedding so unmemorable that you’ve already forgotten that you’re my husband nowadays?” she taunted playfully. She rolled him into his back and knelt beside him. “Or could this be but an elaborate ruse to coax me to remind you of our wedding night?” She put one of her soft, fine-boned hands upon his maleness and fondled it expertly.

Kendrick head was thrown back onto his pillow as his muscles tensed involuntarily. Of course Katherine was trained in making complicated spell gestures, but it was uncanny how quickly she had learned how to stroke with her fingers, rub with her palm, and run her thumb across the rim of his cock, all at the same time. He decided to enhance his wife’s playful mood. “It must have been something wonderful, because it left me rather stunned. But the actual details are a little hazy to me now.”

“Does this bring back any memories?” she asked as she flung her leg over him. With a final deft flick of her hand she made the angle of his already firm cock correct and slipped it into womanhood. She settled herself firmly upon his hips, eager to feel him within her.

She was absolutely gorgeous. Kendrick gazed up lovingly, taking in the sight of his afternoon fantasy partially fulfilled. He reached up with his hands to caress her beautiful, elegant face. His fingertips brushed her aristocratic cheekbones. “This part I remember perfectly.”

His hands drifted downwards a bit, along her throat, but then paused at her understated breasts. He let his thumbs stroke the nipples, lightly, back and forth. “But I seem to remember something was different on our wedding night...” He let his voice trail off with an insincere uncertainty.

Katherine giggled at way her husband angled for a special treat. With an incantation, she cast a charm upon herself as she had on her wedding night. She fed a bit of magical energy into the spell, watching her lover’s face as her small bosom roused itself.

Kendrick’s eyes lit up as his waiting palms were pushed back an inch by the growing curvature. “This seems familiar, somehow,” he allowed.

“Truly your memory must be hazy,” Katherine observed, “or else by now you would have moved out of the path of the... AVALANCHE!” With that shout, she poured a flood of magical energy into her spell so that her breasts surged into unnatural abundance. Kendrick’s arms were pressed back and then borne down by twin walls of advancing flesh. He felt his torso and then his shoulders buried by their warm weight.

Katherine began to move her hips, unknowingly completing her husband’s afternoon fantasy of having her ride him. She chose a pace and an angle to suit herself, knowing





that her husband would be well contented, buried under her swollen bosom. Indeed, Kendrick luxuriated in the massage created by the slow undulations Katherine's motion was inducing in the heavy but yielding boulders she'd given herself. The gentle pressure waves within her flesh rolled over him like the soothing surf of a warm ocean.

Down below, her lately virginal entrapment held him in a honeyed grip. It pulled on his cock in the same rhythm as the tremors pulsing into him through her breasts. Kendrick just let it happen. He enjoyed this occasional chance to relax into a passive role and let Katherine inundate him with sensation. He drifted along, letting her overwhelming femininity raise him towards his peak. At a certain point, he felt a rhythmical squeeze where she held him inside her body. By that he knew that she had reached her own fulfillment. He let himself go then, fully cooperating with her body's demands that he climax in turn. He filled her with his coming, to the point of overflowing her.

Kendrick felt the weight on him decrease as his wife released her spell and let her bosom return to its natural state. "Has your amnesia been cured?" she asked.

"Definitely," Kendrick said. "It's all come back to me."

Katherine bent her head down and brushed her lips against her husband's. "There's just one thing wrong with loving that way. We can't kiss!"

The next morning the Examiners traveled quickly and by the tenth hour they had arrived at Castle Carvain. The Count, presumably having been warned by a lookout, was waiting for them when they arrived at the main gate. To Kendrick's eye, the Count appeared to be in his mid-forties, but strong and vigorous. This was not surprising; feudal landholders had military obligations, and most male scions of noble families were warriors first and administrators second. The Count's face was a portrait of dreadful anxiety, genuine if Kendrick was any judge.

"Thank the Light you're here!" he exclaimed as the Examiners drew close. "My wife has been missing for three days. You've got to help us!"

"We will begin immediately, m'lord," Kendrick assured him. "Please have a groom take our horses while you conduct us to a private room we can use as a base."

A few minutes later, the Examiners were in the steward's office, ready to work. "I'll scry for the Countess, while you collect the basic facts?" Kendrick suggested to Katherine.

"That will be fine," she agreed.

They separated each to their tasks. Kendrick requisitioned a recent portrait of the Countess. He studied it intently for some minutes. With a clear image of a person to go on, Kendrick could locate someone who wasn't magically shielded at quite a distance. First, he let himself drift into a light trance. Then he grounded himself, making a metaphysical connection with

the earth. Such a connection was helpful when delicate spellcraft such as this scrying needed to be done. Small random energy fluctuations around him that that might complicate his search could then drain harmlessly into the earth through the grounding. When all was ready, he sent a questing thought far and wide seeking its match in reality. But after diligent effort he received no impression. He roused himself and went to find his wife.

She was ready to compare notes. “The Countess was last seen at dinner three evenings ago. It was generally her habit to sew with her ladies after dinner, but it was not so regular a thing that they fretted when she did not appear that night. But when she did not come to bed at her usual hour, her husband became concerned. A search was made, gradually becoming more thorough. No trace has been found since.”

Kendrick gave his information. “My scrying was completely negative, so it’s likely she’s either she’s out of my range, shielded against scrying, or dead.” He paused to reflect. “The Count seems genuinely worried, but that can be feigned. Were they having marital difficulties?”

“The servants say ‘no’. In fact, it’s said she and the Count were acting rather like newlyweds. The Countess had the services of the Mammarian Circle two months ago.”

“The Mammarian Circle?”

“Remember last year I mentioned that the breast growth charm I use could be made permanent if maintained continuously for an entire cycle of a woman’s moon days? The Mammarian Circle are specialists at that very thing. Four sorceresses cast the spell while linked, sharing the effort. Then they take turns maintaining it morning, noon, and night for a month. Then it’s forever.”

Kendrick raised an eyebrow. “Interesting. But if not internal strife, what about external? Does their House have any enemies?”

“None I’m aware of. House Carvain has traditionally avoided getting into feuds with the other great houses.”

“Then it’s time to search for physical evidence. Our customary habit, m’lady?” he asked, meaning that he should examine the scene with mage sight while she looked for clues mundanely.

She shot him a reprimanding glance for his use of the unwanted honorific, but all she said was, “Aye.”

The Examiners first checked the entrances and exits to the castle. In connection with this they spoke with the court mage. “I’m only a journeyman,” he said, “not masters like yourselves, but I don’t think an intruder could have entered without tripping my alerts.”

“Could someone from the inside have gotten out?” Kendrick asked.

“Yes,” the journeyman allowed. “The spell is keyed so the family, the steward, and the chamberlain can come and go at any hour.”

Soon after, the Examiners proceeded with the Count to his bedroom.





As soon as they had entered, Kendrick said, “Whoa! Now there’s an aura!” He crossed the room and stooped to look at a garment on top of a cedar chest. “This is strange. This breast band is not enchanted itself, but there’s an enormous energy about it – as if it had been near powerful magic for a long time.”

The Count spoke up. “It was the one the Mammarian Circle gave my wife to wear home from Norton Town. It was the only one she had so large, so she wore it night and day until her ladies could sew new ones.” He pointed towards the floor in the middle of the room. “I remember it was lying on the floor the night she went missing – right over there.”

Katherine came over. “What you’re seeing makes sense. It was adjacent to the Circle’s spell as they maintained it from afar.”

Kendrick looked dubious. “Maybe you’re right, but the aura seems a bit strong for that.”

Katherine picked up and examined the garment closely. “It’s torn,” she said. “The stays have split.”

“Let’s check the best case scenario first,” Kendrick said. “Suppose that your wife is well, but left on a private errand in a hurry, traveling far enough by now that she’s out of range of my spells. She would have needed money; does she have a strongbox for personal expenses?”

“Yes,” the Count said. “It’s over here.” He went to the table on the far side of the bed and opened a metal box with one of the keys on his belt. Then he stood still, looking confused.

“Has the money been taken?” asked Katherine.

“No!” the Count said. “There’s a lot more here than there ought to be!”

By mid-afternoon, the Examiners had concluded their preliminary round of investigations without finding any additional substantive clues. With no better avenues of inquiry at hand, Kendrick addressed the Count. “M’lord, I notice you’re wearing a particularly ornate wedding ring. Could it be that your wife has one like it?”

“Yes, in fact. They’re heirlooms of the House.”

“In that case, I ask to borrow yours briefly. Such rings, having the same design, being cast from the same block of metal, and worn for years by lovers, acquire a great affinity for each other. That affinity is rarely of help to us since criminal mages know about it as well. But every once in a while, someone shields a victim from scrying, but doesn’t shield their wedding ring.”

The Count took it from his finger. “Anything to help you!” he said.

Kendrick took the ring and began to work his seeker charm. A few minutes later his eyes flicked open. “I found it!” he declared. “It’s a few miles north of here.”

The Examiners went directly to the stables where their mounts had been quartered with the House's riding palfreys. They headed out following the guidance of the seeker charm. After they'd gone a few furlongs, Katherine, who like many nobles had been training in hunting as a hobby, pointed something out. "Look at these tracks. A horse left along this path at a gallop about three days ago." She dismounted and looked more closely. "And the same horse returned a little later, walking."

"How can you tell that?" her husband asked.

"The pattern of the tracks and their separation reveals the horse's gait. The imprint of a particular raised nail in the same location on the right rear hoof tells me it was the same horse. And I know that the walking tracks were made later because in places their imprints overlie the earlier made running prints."

"Nicely reasoned!" said Kendrick, impressed.

Katherine dimpled at this praise for her investigative skills. "Thank you," she said. They continued to follow the trail, which generally followed the direction of the seeker charm.

After a time, Kendrick whispered, "We're getting close – perhaps in that clearing up ahead." They proceeded warily. When they reached the open space they could see a silken garment lying on the ground ahead of them. The Examiners drew their wands and advanced slowly onto the greensward. While Katherine hung back to keep an eye out for trouble, Kendrick moved closer to what turned out to be a nightdress. Following the guidance of his seeker spell, he discovered a golden ring gleaming in the late afternoon light in the grass adjacent to the nightdress.

"The ring is here," Kendrick said. "Let's secure the area." The two made a careful check with both their senses and their powers to make sure they were alone before settling down to assess whatever evidence might be present at this scene.

They focused on the garment first. "It's been ripped," Katherine noted. "One of the main seams has given way."

"But not by her own hand, I'd say," Kendrick added. "If she were rending her own garment by choice or necessity, the tear would be here. If you were wearing the thing, it would be very awkward to get your hands into position to make the tear we're looking at."

"So, possibly it was torn off her by another. What can we make of the ring?" Katherine asked.

"If she was set upon here, maybe she cast it aside as a token to be found by searchers. Or if her assailants were magically astute they may have taken it off and cast it aside so that it would not gain an arcane connection to them by more time in their presence."

"Those do seem likeliest," Katherine agreed. "Our customary habit, sweetheart?"

"Aye, m'la... Aye."

Katherine frowned at this further slip up. "You're making scant progress,





love,” she said with irritation. She turned and began methodically inspecting the vicinity for helpful traces.

After a minute, Kendrick spoke up. “The nightdress has the same sort of residuum as the breast band we observed earlier. It hasn’t been spellcast itself, but it was adjacent to a powerful transfiguration. Strangely, the residuum is evenly distributed over most of the front of the garment, not just at the chest.”

Katherine murmured acknowledgement, then continued her minute inspection of the grassy sward. Nothing seemed foreign or out of place at first, but after a bit, she began to feel as if she were missing something. Kendrick interrupted that thought, saying, “There’s nothing unusual about the wedding ring.”

She tried to get her interrupted impression back. She stood up and stepped away from where she’d been poring over the vegetation. Suddenly, she “saw the forest for the trees.” There were two slight depressions in the turf, each about seven feet across, a few inches deep, and overlapping in a region adjacent to where the garment had been found. Before she could mention it, Kendrick blurted out, “By the Light! This whole region has been splashed with ectoplasm. With mage sight I can see that the nightdress is near the center of a circular blast.”

As Katherine considered this new evidence, she stepped up to the place where the garment had been found. The two depressions were in front of her, one centered a few feet to her left, one a few feet to her right. And then, suddenly, she made an intuitive leap, remembering how she and Kendrick had spent the previous evening, remembering how the breasts she had made enormous looked as they bulged out before her.

She removed her tabard and unlaced her bodice. Kendrick, startled at seeing this incongruous action, murmured, “Ahh...business before pleasure, sweetheart.”

“I have a notion. Allow me a moment to test it. Observe that there are two depressions in the soft earth before me.” She cast a spell. Not the body changing spell she’d used the other night; to save energy she enlarged her bosom in illusion seeming only. But her illusion was quite realistic, and her tiny breasts appeared to grow and grow. She continued it beyond the farthest she’d ever experienced with her real flesh, and then much farther. The twin mounds grew larger and larger still, drawn down in illusion as if by gravity. Soon each of them were larger than Katherine herself and were in contact with the ground. Still she let her imagination drive the illusion to depict greater expansion.

Finally, she paused, maintaining the spell, but not adding to it. “Kendrick, please inspect me from all sides and tell me what you see.”

Kendrick roused from the hypnotic scene of his wife growing her breasts to titanic proportions. He walked all around her, observing, “You’re filling the depressions you pointed out exactly. And I’ll guess that the weight you’d have if those were real would be just about enough to drive the earth down that far.” He moved to where he could see her face. “If this hypothesis is true, I can’t say I like it. That ring of ectoplasmic residue, centered right around this spot...”

Katherine nodded soberly. She mimed an explosive blast with her hands as she asked, “Could we be looking at death by breast expansion?”



When the Examiners returned to the castle, the Count could tell by their unhappy expressions that something was wrong. Kendrick dismounted and approached him. He held out both of the wedding rings, and the Count received them with trembling hands. “We have found evidence of foul play, m’lord,” Kendrick said, “the remnants of a terrible spell. While all hope is not lost, you should steel your heart against the probability that your wife is gone.”

The Count wept openly. “Who could have done this?” he wailed.

“We will continue to follow the leads we have,” Katherine said. “But that will take us away from here for a time. We will keep you informed of our progress. We do not presently look on you or any of your household as suspects.”

The Count nodded vaguely in acknowledgement, then dropped heavily into his chair and bowed his head.

With the day spent, the couple headed for the inn. “So we’re agreed heading to Norton Town to question the Mammarian Circle is the proper course?” Katherine asked.

“I think so. I know the proposition that the Countess’ breasts grew until she burst sounds outlandish. But I don’t know of anything else that would leave the pattern I saw with mage sight. And I really do think the abandoned garments show much more aura that one month adjacent to a simple transfiguration would leave.”

“I concur. Let’s leave in the morning.”

They obtained lodging at the inn. The innkeeper was happy to see them: their status as circuit riding Examiners accorded them the best lodging available with the fee paid by the Crown. The couple had dinner, then a hot bath, and finally retired to their room. Neither of them wanted to wallow in the depressed mood engendered by the direction the case had taken, but it seemed difficult to find a way to go about changing it. Finally, Kendrick cracked a sly smile. “I hope this little incident hasn’t put you off breast expansion.”

Katherine snorted. But she was grateful that her mate had found a way to change the subject. With a little gesture she bespelled herself. “Is that so?” she asked. She teased energy into her charm so that her growth was tantalizingly slow. “Does your question imply that you like seeing me become...larger?”

“I could watch it all day,” he assured her.

“You may watch then, if you like,” she said coquettishly. She settled back on her pillow and began to play with her nipples. She tugged and nipped at them, moaning ostentatiously to tease her mate. She added another charm to extend the pleasuring power of her nipples to the entire surface of her breasts. Then her moaning became involuntary.

Kendrick reached out to stroke his wife’s thigh. She moved it away

from him. “You’re watching, remember?” she said. She looked him in the eyes while she raised one cantaloupe sized breast and stuck the nipple in her mouth. She groaned expressively as she suckled herself, and let her eyes flicker closed.

The charm for increasing the size of the breast was something that Katherine had learned only as an exercise in the lore of body control spells, but it had become something more last year. While pursuing a case of seemingly coincidental breast growth among village girls, Katherine had an inspiration to make real use of the spell on herself to break through the barriers of class between her and Kendrick. Since then, though, she had discovered an enthusiasm for it. The spell gave her a deviously erotic tingle that never failed to leave her moist between her nether lips. The way her grown flesh squished under her stroking hands was exquisitely sensuous. And the ability to reach her erogenous nipples with her own mouth – fantastic! She cushioned her teeth with her lips and so she could lightly bite. A thrill like electricity radiated from her bud. A whimper rumbled in her throat while she bit again and again.

Kendrick’s cock was as stiff as his wand as he watched his wife. He had never realized before he’d first seen Katherine bespell her breasts how engrossed he would become with it. She could always seize his rapt attention by straining the seams of her blouse with a growing bosom. He didn’t mind being forced for the moment to just watch – he literally could watch it all day. And besides, he thought with a smile, she wouldn’t be able to resist inviting him to participate for very long.

As if that thought was a cue, Katherine pulled her nipple out of her mouth with a popping sound of suction being broken. “I suppose as long as you don’t stop watching, you could do something else, too,” she said while glancing lasciviously downwards.

“I’m nothing if not versatile,” Kendrick said. He brushed her thighs again with his fingertips. This time she parted them without resistance. Her skin was satin smooth, with only one cute, round pink birthmark to show how milky white her thighs were. Her nether thatch was the same midnight black as the hair on her head. With a simple spell, Katherine kept it always elegantly shaped and trimmed for her husband’s viewing pleasure. The nipple play she had already engaged in had caused her fur to be already wetted with her juices.

With a deft hop, Kendrick positioned his body between those alabaster thighs. While still keeping his eyes on her breasts as he had been enjoined to do, he brought his face down to her lower lips. He didn’t immediately reach with his tongue for her sweet spot – if she could be a tease, then so could he. Instead he flicked at other hidden places, sensitive in their own right, but not that pink nubbin that he knew she was ready to have kissed.

Quite soon, Katherine was squirming where she lay. Recognizing her husband’s ploy, she tried to foil it by wiggling so as to drive her pink pearl against his tongue. It was frustratingly difficult though; he seemed to have



an uncanny knack for anticipating where she was going to move. All at once, without warning, Kendrick seemed to take pity on her. His lips pursed to focus on the target and he tongued her frantically. Her back arched and her toes pointed.

Then just as suddenly, Kendrick went back to a teasing mode, touching everything with his tongue – except for that one place. “You knave!” Katherine squealed.

“I haven’t stopped watching,” he justified, “not for a moment.”

Whatever retort Katherine was about to make was cut off when Kendrick made her protest moot. He reapplied his lips and redoubled his efforts. She hugged her now huge breasts to her as her body tensed, petted them frantically as her mind blanked with the approach of climax. Her hands found the nipples and pinched them firmly just as she was driven over the edge of passion’s oblivion. She cried aloud in her joy.

Katherine just lay there, twitching, for a long moment. Finally she seemed to come to herself again. “I’m still watching,” Kendrick declared.

“Good,” she said. “Just you keep on watching. I’ll give you something to see.” She unwound her hips from under him and pushed him over onto his side. Then she rearranged herself on the bed, lying on her side, facing him with her bosom at the level of his cock. With a murmured cantrip, she held his manhood at more of an angle to his body. Then she buried it in the cleavage between her prodigious globes.

“Move with me, darling,” she encouraged. Kendrick was happy to do as he was bid, rocking his hips towards her and away, pistoning himself between her flesh pillows. Once a while, on particularly strong thrusts the tip of his cock just managed to peek out from the upper margin of her cleavage. He watched it all just as he was bid. He drifted towards his own release. For her part, she pushed and pulled on her breasts with her hands in deft counterpoint to his thrusting. “Do you like this, sweetheart?” she asked as he was on the final ascent to orgasm.

With his cock surrounded by stroking, pulling flesh, Kendrick’s concentration was not at its best. “I’m in heaven, m’lady!” he murmured.

Heaven ended abruptly. Katherine sat up in bed, pulling herself out of contact. “You did it again!” she screeched. “What am I to you? A wife or a title?” With a thought she yanked the energy out of her spells. Her bosom deflated, returning to its natural condition, boyishly flat, over the course of a few seconds. Adapting her metaphor to her magic, she said coldly, “T’would seem the magic has gone out of our union!” She yanked the covers around herself and made herself horizontal with her back turned ostentatiously towards her husband.

Kendrick just stared at her swaddled form, stunned.

The mood was still frosty the next morning. Kendrick was steaming from having been left high and dry after such a teasing. Especially since his “fault” was completely unconscious. For her part, Katherine felt herself the injured party. She’d asked him to oblige her with respect to the honorific countless times. Further, for the sake of appearing a couple with Kendrick, she had laboriously purged her speech of the affectations of language used by the nobility. Compared to that, how hard could it be to avoid one





single word?

With neither of them in the mood to apologize, their breakfast was subdued. Only monosyllables and grunts were exchanged. After, they saddled their horses in icy silence.

The Examiners set out for Norton Town. Conversation continued to be spare, and what there was pertained strictly to the case. Around midday they came upon a comfortable spot for lunch: a grassy sward near a stream. The couple ate quietly, but when they were just done, Kendrick sat bolt upright.

“Light’s truth!” he swore. He rummaged in his saddlebags and extracted a small vial. Then he hopped across the stream on stepping stones.

What’s happening?” Katherine demanded. She hurried to catch up to where Kendrick had knelt down at the edge of a toadstool ring. An incandescently white flower was growing at the exact center of the circle.

“Wood sprites have been dancing here,” Kendrick said. “With mage sight one can see this flower is steeped with enchantment. “Let’s see if...” His voice trailed off as he concentrated. He put the vial below the blossom and touched the petals with his wand. An aura seemed to form and then drain downwards towards the vial. It transformed into a few drops of liquid that trickled into the container. “Essence!” Kendrick announced exultantly.

Katherine looked at the bottle her husband held so proudly. “It somehow looks bright green and bright gold at the same time. How bizarre!”

“That ‘two-colors-at-once’ effect is how you know you have essence. You’ve never heard about it?”

“No. What is it?”

“Essence is a kind of concentrated liquid magic. It’s rare to find a source of it. Sometimes it gathers where magical creatures have been or after a powerful enchantment has been done. There are many kinds, each highly aspected to a type of magic. Wood sprite essence is good for enhancing plant spells, for instance. Using up just this small amount, a mage could raise an orchard from saplings to tall trees overnight. We’ll be able to sell this lucky find for a half-year’s pay...” He paused, then added, ostentatiously, “...m’lady.”

Katherine’s eyes narrowed dangerously. “Fortuitous indeed, for if things proceed as they are, it will be useful to me to pay my settlement in

a divorcement action.” She turned her back on him and walked towards their horses.

It was a tense journey the rest of the day to Norton Town. Both Katherine and Kendrick each knew they’d gone too far, but neither knew how to back off gracefully. It was, after all, their first fight. They arrived at their destination too late to conduct their investigation, and took a room at a nice inn. It was a quiet, uncomfortable night in their bed, and both regretted it.

In the morning Katherine suggested doing without their distinctive official costume, and Kendrick readily agreed. “We can seem like prospective customers first and see if they incriminate themselves.” Asking townfolk, they easily found their way to the residence of the Mammarian Circle. It was a very large, well appointed town house at the edge of the noble quarter. “They seem to be doing well,” Kendrick observed. “You’re good with the needed spells. Perhaps you missed your calling.”

“My family would have all died of shame had I chosen such a vocation,” Katherine replied.

“Too shocking to their sensibilities, engaging in breast manipulation?”

“Oh, no, not that,” she corrected. “Engaging in trade is what would scandalize them. Most of the nobility are shameless when it comes to the bedroom. But to buy and sell like common merchants? Unthinkable!”

She stepped forward and opened the door. Within the entry room a young clerk sat at a desk making notes in a ledger. She rose and asked, “May I help you?”

“I am Lady Ambersley, and this is my husband. Could we speak to one of the mages of the Circle, please?”

The clerk glanced at Katherine’s bosom and drew the reasonable conclusion that this was a potential customer. “Please wait in our parlor while I let one of the sorceresses know you’re here.” She curtsied gracefully and pointed the way to the next room.

The Examiners entered the parlor and were both nonplussed. All around the room were busts of women on granite pedestals. And this was true both literally and figuratively for the statues were all bare-breasted, with every style of bosom nature provides being represented. There were breasts





so perky they were almost conical. There were hemispherical globes with classical proportions and udders that elongated downwards under their own weight. Areoles like buttons and areoles like saucers were portrayed, along with everything in between, in both puffy and flat. “A fellow could poke his eye out with that,” Kendrick joked, pointing out bust where the nipples jutted out like two thumbs.

“Lady Katherine!” they heard over their shoulders. The Examiners turned to see a woman in tasteful, expensive mage robes.

“Cecelia, it’s been too long,” Katherine replied. The two came together to embrace briefly. “May I introduce my husband? Kendrick, Cecelia and I studied together when we were journeywomen.”

“Pleased to make your acquaintance,” he said, graciously.

“The Mammarian Circle I’ve certainly heard of,” Katherine said, “but never did I know that you were part of it.”

“Oh, yes, ever since I obtained master status. It’s good work. There’s art to it, and it pays well.” She paused and glanced at Katherine’s understated bosom. “Are you here for a consultation?” she asked diffidently.

Wishing to avoid the lie direct, Katherine temporized. “Suppose that I was. What is your fee?”

“We charge four hundred drakes, regardless of the nature of the transformation sought.” She gestured towards the statues in the room. “These samples are illustrative only. We can produce anything that nature could provide, and you’d be able to see and feel the potential result and make final adjustments before the transfiguration was locked in.”

“Four hundred drakes is quite expensive,” Katherine remarked.

“The key to making the spell permanent is keeping it energized throughout an entire length of the client’s moon cycle. One of our Circle has to be supporting the charm morning, noon, and night. Hiring four master class mages for an entire month is expensive.”

“Are there any discounts available?”

“No, we’re never at a loss for work. In fact, if you reserved a place today, it would be some time before your actual appointment. Our prices are firm.”

“We have reason to believe that there’s a cheaper, quicker way,” Kendrick interjected. “Maybe for select customers?”

Cecelia looked puzzled. “I can’t imagine where you heard that. Though the membership of the Mammarian Circle changes as one woman retires and another is inducted, as an institution it’s been around for a long time. Our techniques are grounded in long, successful tradition. There is no ‘cheaper, quicker way’.” She looked mildly affronted at the very suggestion. Then she caught the look that Katherine and Kendrick were exchanging. Her eyes narrowed. “Are you here for a consultation?”

Katherine faced her. “No, we’re not. We’re here on official business.” She drew forth her badge of office.

Cecelia’s eyes widened. “You became a knight of the Silver Gauntlet?” She turned to Kendrick. “You, too?” Kendrick showed his badge as well. Cecelia blinked, then asked, “But what do you want with us? I thought you only investigated magical crimes.”



“And we believe there has been one,” Kendrick clarified. “A noble lady is missing and presumed dead. A runaway breast expansion spell is implicated.”

“And you suspect us?” Cecelia asked, horrified.

“Suspect is too strong a word,” Katherine answered. “But a particular lead has brought us to your door today, not merely that you are in the trade. We would like your cooperation in the investigation.”

“You’ll have it, of course! We’ve got to get this settled. Just a rumor that we’d even hurt a client would deal us a blow that would take us years to recover from.”

“Thank you,” Katherine said. “I would like to inspect your techniques while Kendrick inspects your business records. Do we need to approach a magistrate for a writ?”

“No! You can see anything you want. We’re even starting work with a new client today. You can watch if you wish.”

“That will be acceptable. Let us gather your colleagues and explain the situation to them.”

Katherine lifted up out the ceremonial gown that had been provided by a maid. It was a brilliant snow white in the main, but trimmed with scarlet ribbon accenting the various edges. As she got it sorted out in her hands, she blushed to see that there were holes at the tops of the breast cups so that her nipples would protrude when it was worn. “In for a penny...” she murmured, as she began unlacing her clothes.

While Katherine was changing into the scandalous costume, Kendrick began to examine the financial side of the Circle’s business. One of their apprentices brought him the documents he asked for, and he began to read. He began with the appointment books. According to the relevant volume, the Countess Carvain had cancelled her appointment and forfeited her deposit. Kendrick thought, Well, we know the Countess did obtain magical breast expansion. Possibility one is the Mammarian Circle did something they didn’t want to make public and created this fake entry to cover it up. Possibility two is that someone offered the Countess a similar service at a discount rate – cheap enough that even while forfeiting her earnest money it was still a bargain. Kendrick’s eyes narrowed. He subscribed to the Order’s teaching, “Follow the money.” If the Circle had taken an off-the-books payment for an experimental procedure, there should be some record of it here in the account books if they were searched in the right way. He opened the cover of the most recent ledger and began to take notes.

The maid conducted Katherine to an antechamber. The four sorceresses of the Circle who were waiting for her there abruptly broke off their quiet conversation when she entered the room. Katherine tried to assess their

mood, but could come to no clear conclusion. They seemed nervous, but whether they were fretting over the discovery of a murder they were responsible for, or just the adverse publicity of an Examiners' inquest, period, she couldn't say.

Each of them was dressed in the same ceremonial gown that Katherine was wearing. The four of them were walking advertisements for their business: their breasts were marvels of mammary perfection. Size, proportion, shape, and firmness seemed to have been hand selected to make the most of each woman's body style. Symmetrical nipples protruded exotically through the peek-a-boo holes in the same way that Katherine's did.

Cecelia spoke up. "Our client is waiting. If she asks, you're a new acolyte, taken on just recently." Katherine nodded. She understood the cover story – if she'd been here for longer, she presumably would have a more flattering bustline.

Cecelia moved to the inner door and led the others into the ritual chamber. The client was already there lying face up, nude, on an altar surmounted by soft cushions. She was a pretty young woman, with blonde hair and aristocratic features. Her breasts, however, were small and unevenly sized. She looked happily expectant.

At the head of the altar was a sculpture of two full, upthrust, perfectly shaped breasts, the whole carved from a single piece of transparent rose quartz. The four sorceresses divided into two groups on either side of the client. Each group held hands between them, then one of them put a hand to the crystal, the other to the client's breast on the side nearest them.

With a murmured word, Cecelia dimmed the magelights that were illuminating the room. In their softened radiance, the sorceresses began to chant. Katherine recognized it as a discipline for calming the mind and focusing one's thought on the task at hand. The pink carving began to glow with an inner light. The chanters were drawing it into their preparations, making it a focus stone for their spell. This seemed right and proper to Katherine. Such a focus would reduce the effort of maintaining the spell for the needed month.

Over the course of some minutes, the internal glow within the carving brightened. The chanting of the sorceresses became more emphatic. Suddenly it rose to a peak and just as quickly stopped. The client looked startled, but she held her peace as the chanters began anew. This time Katherine recognized it as a linking ritual, drawing the four into a communion that would allow them to share the effort of casting, and more importantly the maintaining of their spell. This, too, corresponded to Katherine's expectations, although the Circle's style seemed a little exaggerated.



Now the casting of the main charm began in earnest. Energy with a pinkish cast flicked around a circuit from the focus stone to the mages to the client's small breasts and back again. Gently, the objects of the spell began to change. Flesh swelled beneath the cupped hands of the casters, especially the particularly undergrown mammary on the left side of the client's chest. As the casting continued, it caught up with its partner and both mounds pushed upwards, equal at last. Their shape changed as well, altering from floppy to firm as the moments passed.

Finally, the energy faded to an almost imperceptible glow. Cecelia gestured, and an acolyte brought a mirror to the foot of the altar. "M'lady, would you care to assess what we have accomplished?"

The client sat up and looked at the mirror. Her eyes were wide with astonishment and her lips parted in a smile. Katherine could see why: the client's new bosom was beautiful. The breasts were of a size and shape that perfectly complimented the rest of her figure. For a minute she just wondered at them. Finally though, she seemed to remember the question. "Could these be just a bit bigger?" she asked, gesturing at the pink buds that crowned her new endowment.

"Of course, m'lady," Cecelia assured her. The mages lowered their client back down to the cushions. They renewed their spellcasting, and the pink energy sprang to life again. The light now focused just on the nipples. Each of them perked up as if exposed to sudden cold, but their growth continued on beyond a mere stiffening. They became longer and fatter – not enough to spoil the visual appearance of the bosom – but enough to make any red-blooded man drool at the thought of having them in his mouth. The sorceresses then changed the chant to one that would guide them in a charm to sensitize the buds to pleasure. Katherine easily recognized it; she used it often enough on herself. She was impressed, though, how the mages of the Circle cleverly added thaumas that would tie the sensitization spell to the growth spell, so that the former should last until the latter should end. Since the growth spell would be permanent after a month's time, the sensitivity would likewise be permanent.

The Circle paused again and asked their client to vet their work. This time the customer declared herself completely satisfied. "Then we will perform the final ritual!" Cecelia announced. The mages began chanting once more, but this time their words and gestures were even more powerful and dramatic. Colors and light swirled through the air in impressive display – an impressive display that seemed to Katherine to be serving no purpose. It was all simply illusion as far as she could tell. After a few minutes, all four of the sorceresses brought their chants to a crescendo simultaneously. At the same moment, they cast the first non-illusion spell they had performed since the client had approved their work. It was an orgasm spell, and with four of them hitting her with it at the same moment, the woman on the altar practically lifted herself into the air as her body spasmed in ultimate pleasure.

All the spellcasting came to an abrupt end and the magelights that had been lowered brightened somewhat. Cecelia said, "All the charms have been cast and are well set. We will maintain them for the whole of your next moon cycle, and then the transfiguration will be forever." She gestured toward the acolyte that had held the mirror. "Our assistant will help you to a resting chamber, then show you a selection of breast bands and clothing. She will help you choose fine garments that flatter your new figure." The client nodded and got up. She let the acolyte help her; she seemed a little unsteady on





her feet. Katherine couldn't tell if it was her changed balance that was to blame, or the aftereffects of the fourfold climax that had been granted her.

Once the client was out of the room, Cecelia turned to Katherine. "And that's the way we do it. That's the way it's been done for centuries."

"I recognized everything," Katherine asserted, "but I didn't understand the last part. What was that light show and orgasm spell all about?"

A mischievous smile played about Cecelia's lips. "Well, the clients understand on an intellectual level that they're really paying for a month's work. But they often don't appreciate it on a gut level. That little bit at the end helps them accept that they've gotten their money's worth!"

Katherine rallied with her husband for private conversation. "I watched the Circle perform the traditional ritual properly, even artistically. Although it doesn't prove the proposition that they aren't responsible for the Countess' fate, it doesn't seem like the Circle has motive to develop something potentially dangerous. Their business is already highly profitable."

"And if they are hiding clandestine business, they've been very circumspect. Their books are in order, and I haven't seen any sign of spending around here that isn't explained by their declared income. But... I did find this."

Katherine took a folded parchment from his hand and opened it. "Someone else canceling their appointment with the Circle? I recognize this handwriting." She hastily turned it over. "Yes, it's from my cousin Pearl. It's not surprising she had an appointment – she has the classic Ambersley bosom." Katherine gestured at her own barely rounded décolletage self-deprecatingly. She looked up, suddenly concerned. "This could represent danger. Her branch of the family is not in as tight a financial condition as mine, but she might well listen to someone who promised to give her a womanly bust at a bargain price."

"This isn't something Pearl wrote here at the Circle's quarters to provide a cover up. Look at the courier's seal. This was dispatched from Ambersley Town." Kendrick met his wife's eyes. "My intuition is screaming at me: get to your cousin at once."

"You saddle our mounts. I'll explain our haste to the Circle, but admonish them that our investigation here may not be over."

The Examiners were soon on the road, heading north. They pressed the pace, using good equestrian technique and some magic to get the most out of their horses. They rode on into the night, but when the larger moon was close to setting, exhaustion forced them to lay up at a hamlet to rest. But as soon as false dawn was in the sky, they were on the road once more. At mid-morning their nearly foundering horses clattered up to the castle. The guards lowered their weapons when they recognized Lady Katherine, "Praise be!" one cried. "There's trouble in the keep – magical trouble."

The Examiners dismounted and thrust their reins into the hands of the guards. They followed the sound of shouts and wailing as they sprinted up the stairs of the main keep to the women's bower. When they burst into the room, they beheld a terrible sight – the family was gathered helplessly around Pearl, each of whose breasts had grown larger than she was herself. And each was visibly growing moment by moment.

"Everyone, fall back!" Kendrick yelled. His wand cut the air as he summoned power with it. "Perdo vim!" he cried, and launched a general purpose counterspell. A blast of



golden energy sped towards the terrified woman. A shimmering radiance spread from the point of impact on the right breast, and for a moment it seemed that the growth paused. But then the radiance retreated, seeming to be chased back to its starting point by an aura that was somehow brilliant pink and inky black simultaneously.

“Essence!” Katherine hissed. “But what kind of essence could do this?” There was no time to puzzle at the moment – if this couldn’t be brought under control, her cousin would suffer the Countess’ fate. “Rego corporem,” Katherine shouted, flicking her wand. She tackled the problem from the opposite direction than her husband. She invoked the size controlling spell, but commanded contraction rather than expansion. The growth slowed, but only slightly. The hostile spell fought with Katherine’s commands like a live thing.

Minutes seemed like hours as the Examiners fought. They were slowly losing ground despite their best efforts. Finally, Kendrick said, “You’ll have to hold it alone for a while, Katherine. We need to figure out what we’re fighting or we’re going to be ground down.” As if to second that declaration, the floorboards creaked ominously under the shear weight of the room-filling globes of flesh that pressed down on them.

“You’re right. We need a scrying.” Katherine set her jaw and tried for channel even more energy through herself into her spell. The headache she already had threatened to split her head open. She bowed her head and pressed against her temples with her palms. With a supreme effort she redoubled her concentration.

Kendrick had the opposite problem. He had to relax and open himself up to the world of his othersenses, and relaxing in the middle of a life or death struggle requires a discipline few possess. But Kendrick was one of those with such discipline. With gentle finesse rather than brute power, he coaxed an essence manifestation from the spell they were fighting. Then it appeared: an image of an impossibly beautiful and exaggeratedly shapely woman floated above Pearl’s gigantic bosom. The phantom woman sported tiny horns and a long red tail.

“Succubus!” Katherine croaked through her tightly set jaw.

“What kind of madman would mess with demonic essence?” Kendrick asked rhetorically. “Like its source, it’s dangerously unpredictable.” He raised his wand again, but this time he wove thaumas specific against demonic magic into his counterspell. This time when the blast from his wand hit Pearl’s pale flesh, the pink and black radiance that rose to fight it was forced to give ground.

Over and over, Kendrick threw his counterspells. Even though at a certain point Katherine fainted from the strain, Kendrick finally exorcised the last of the demonic taint. His strength was nearly gone and he sagged to the ground and lay panting. The curve of one of Pearl’s mammoth mammaries loomed above him like a wall. A nipple the size of a pumpkin shaded his face.

It took the Examiners hours to recover somewhat from their siege. When they had pulled themselves together, and with Katherine nursing a steaming cup of elf leaf tea for her overstrain headache, they went to question Pearl. “What am I going to do!?” she wailed hysterically when she saw them. Her predicament was even more impressive now that the Examiners could assess the situation with the crisis past. Each breast was larger in diameter than a tall man. The rest of her body could barely be seen from the front. Certainly she was quite pinned in place by their weight.

“First answer me a question, cousin,” Katherine said. “Did you go to see the Mammarian Circle? Did they spellcast you?”

Pearl winced and hung her head, which caused her face to rest against the pale wall of her breast. “No,” she said in a tiny voice. “I was going to go, but I didn’t.”

“Then the answer to your question is, you will call on the sorceresses of the Circle to travel here to use their usual techniques in reverse. And you’ll pay whatever they ask.”

Pearl’s eyes became a little less wild on hearing this sensible suggestion and realizing she wasn’t going to be stuck in this room for the rest of her life. “Tell us the full story, from the beginning,” Katherine said.

Pearl seemed to pull herself together and her voice calmed a bit. “The family was seeking a marriage-alliance for me, and it was made generally known that I had an appointment with the Mammarian Circle. The family felt that it was a particularly propitious time to negotiate with the other great houses since a number of likely scions are about to come of age. They wanted to remove a potential objection by possible bridegrooms.”

Kendrick blinked. He could well understand the idea of a young man desiring a wife with a shapely bosom, but the clinical way Pearl was describing the process of mate selection seemed otherworldly.

“I was disbursed enough funds for the services of the Circle, and I did mean to go, but then I was approached by a wizard. He told me that he had heard of my appointment with the Circle. That didn’t seem odd since like I said, it had been bruited about. He offered the same service, but much less expensively.”

“Did it not seem too good to be true?” Kendrick asked. “Did you ask why he did not just set himself up in competition to the Circle?”

“I was wary at first,” Pearl insisted. “But he pointed out that some young men would balk at the thought of another man having laid hands upon a potential wife’s bosom before they had. That seemed to adequately explain the secrecy he suggested. And I wasn’t asked to turn over any money until after I was satisfied with the result and a full cycle of my moon days had passed.” She tried to shrug, but the vast weight of her breasts kept her shoulders from moving all that much. “My dowry was lean by traditional standards, and it seemed to make sense to try to save money by allowing him the trial of it. It seemed to succeed – I looked beautiful. When a





month passed without incident, I paid the promised fee and cancelled my appointment with the Circle.”

The family elders gathered nearby opened their mouths to upbraid Pearl, but Katherine raised her hand for silence. “Recriminations can wait!” she demanded firmly. “Right now we must continue with our questions. Time may be of the essence... literally!” When the elders had subsided, Katherine began again. “Apropos of that, please describe the ritual he used.”

“It seemed simple enough. He laid hands on me and spoke an incantation. My breasts quickly assumed an appealing size and shape. When I was satisfied, he produced a vial of liquid that strangely seemed both pink and black at the same time. He poured out one drop on each breast and had me spread it evenly across the entire surface. That was it.”

“That’s how he maintained the spell without assistance – through the power of demonic essence. But he would be the veriest fool not to understand the chaotic nature of his ingredient.” Katherine looked pointedly at Pearl. “You’re not his first victim. Had we arrived only a few minutes later, you would have died as Countess Carvain died. She was attenuated to a ghost, her vital spirit stretched over too much flesh to keep cohesion. It would seem he’s guilty of negligent homicide at the very least.”

It seemed impossible for Pearl’s pale skin to blanch any farther, but somehow it managed to do exactly that in the face of Katherine’s dire assertion.

“Please describe the wizard you dealt with... m’lady,” Kendrick put so mild an emphasis on the last word that only Katherine would notice it.

“He was in his late twenties, I would say. Shorter than average for a man, but not so much as to be noteworthy. He had black hair and a roundish face. Oh, and a birthmark, just here, on his temple.”

“I think I know this man,” Kendrick speculated. “He sat near us in the audience at last year’s General Conclave...” He trailed off, then murmured a little cantrip to bolster his memory. He gestured at what little open space was left in the room, casting an illusion. When the image was fully formed, Kendrick turned to Pearl. “Is this the individual you dealt with?”

“Yes! That’s him! That’s him exactly,” Pearl exclaimed.

“We have a suspect, then,” Katherine declared.

There was no thought of even trying to press on that evening to confront the suspect. Katherine was still too depleted. Nor did Kendrick even think to try for reconciliation with Katherine. The old excuse, “I’ve got a headache,” would be a foregone conclusion and all too true. Tired as he was, once Katherine was abed, Kendrick was determined to attempt to scry out the location of their suspect. There was a chance it would work; many mages never studied scryshielding. And there was the further chance that if this suspect was only negligent, and hadn’t understood how dangerous his technique was, perhaps he wasn’t feeling a need to shield himself.

It was worth a try at any rate. Kendrick retired to a parlor that had a comfortable chair and composed his mind. He entered trance, grounded, and sent out a searching thought. Soon he felt his attention pulled to the southwest. Kendrick gauged his sensations, and estimated that the target was about 12 leagues away. He checked his map. There was the manor town of Telman's Vale at the appropriate direction and distance. On a hunch, he used the edge of a book as a ruler on the map. Sure enough, the place where the Countess had expired was on a direct line between Castle Carvain and Telman's Vale. She had been racing to the one who had spellcast her for a cure when she'd died.

Kendrick leaned back in the soft chair. He decided to rest for a second before making his way to bed.

Kendrick roused up to the sound of lamentation. He followed it, though he felt rather detached. His steps led him to the bower. He saw Pearl there. She'd been provided with a cushioned divan raised up with a makeshift scaffold. It appeared to make her as comfortable as a woman with breasts taller than she was could manage to be. Nonetheless, she was groaning feelingly. "Is there anything you need, m'lady?" Kendrick asked.

Pearl opened her eyes and saw who had spoken. "Yes, I'm in desperate need. Uhhh..." she moaned again. "The cool of the evening has stiffened my nipples, and only now do I realize how sensitive they've become. The tension within them is so arousing I cannot sleep." She looked at Kendrick with appealing eyes. "Could you not...warm them for me?"

Strangely heedless of all consequence, Kendrick walked around the pale pink wall that was her right breast. Then they came into view: two gigantic nipples. His earlier observations were confirmed; each was the size of a pumpkin. Dark pink they were, each emerging from an areole a yard across. Pearl had not lied about their state. Each was visibly stiff and contracted.

Without thinking about it, Kendrick moved to the protuberance nearest him and put his hands on it. At first touch, Pearl made a happy little gasp. He stroked it lightly, at first. Although Pearl might perceive it as cold, to Kendrick's hands it was full of human warmth as he massaged it. He applied a firmer pressure and heard Pearl cry out with delight.

The vast scale of Pearl's nipple allowed to Kendrick to commune with it in ways he never could before. In this size, it had a rather pebbly texture against his fingers. There were hidden places down where the organ joined the areole, places that could never be found at normal size, but that forced an enraptured ululation from Pearl every time he touched them.

Kendrick lost himself in his communion with the pink jewel before him for an indefinable time. He wanted to touch every part of it, to learn everything there was to know about it. Suddenly he felt something that drew him out of his entrancement. His stiffened cock had bumped into something soft. He glanced down to see his naked erection was conveniently at the



level of the nipple he was fondling. For some reason, it didn't bother Kendrick that he didn't remember taking his clothes off. He began to pull Pearl's nipple against himself. He swiveled his hips to drag his tender side of his prick back and forth across its round upper surface.

For some time he pleased both himself and Pearl in just that way, drifting carelessly. Then his member seemed to catch on something and he glanced down. The tip of his cock was hidden from view in a recess. Then he realized – her milk duct was large enough to receive him. Tentatively, he pressed more firmly and sank himself a little deeper. It felt wonderful: better than the tightest, wettest pussy he had ever been in. He pushed and sank himself in hilt deep.

“Oh, yes!” Pearl cried from beyond the Pink Mountains. “Whatever you just did, don't stop!”

That was all the encouragement Kendrick needed. He seized the nipple with both hands and humped with abandon. He could only guess what he was doing for Pearl, but it had to be good. “Yes, yes, YES!” she screamed. In the wake of this cry, slippery white milk oozed from the opening where Kendrick was pumping. It further lubricated his efforts and increased his pleasure. With his hands, he compressed the nipple inwards, squeezing the duct even tighter around his cock.

That act sealed his fate. No willpower could prevent climax with his cock in the perfect grip Pearl provided. He exploded within her, pumping every drop of his cum into her.

Kendrick woke from his dream at just the right moment, with his cock just starting to pump for his fantasy lover. He shivered and panted for a minute, still partially wrapped up in it. Finally he shook his head to clear it. The opalescent light of early dawn was creeping in through the windows. He was stiff and sore in strange places for having fallen asleep sitting up. Suddenly he remembered his nocturnal reverie and felt his face go red. He was embarrassed to have had an erotic dream about someone other than Katherine. It should have been way too early in their marriage for him to have fantasies about someone else, even someone as exotically erotic as Pearl. Could Katherine be right, after all, he thought. Could it be that the “magic” has gone out of our union?

He didn't mention his dream or his doubts to Katherine when they met for breakfast. But he did relay the news about the success of his scrying.

“I think we should set off at once,” she said. “With each passing day, news about what he's done and that we're in pursuit may reach him. He could decamp and shield himself and go to ground. With little to lose as a fugitive from a murder charge, he might be capable of anything.”

“I agree,” said Kendrick. “I'd like backup from more of our colleagues when facing down another mage, but delay increases the danger, too.”

The sun was low in the western sky before the Examiners had covered the distance to Telman's Vale. By questioning the locals, they learned that the suspect called himself





Joseph Greycloak. Invoking the authority of the King's Justiciar, they had gotten the mayor to assign a few archers to them to cover the exits of the suspect's townhome. Kendrick made a new scrying, and determined that Greycloak was at home, in the front portion of the building. The Examiners made a hasty plan: Katherine should quietly enter by the rear entrance and set up an ambush. Kendrick would enter noisily at the front and try to flush the quarry towards her. Among her body control spells was one causing temporary paralysis, good for taking a suspect into custody.

Katherine kept to the cover of a hedge until she was close to the rear entrance. Then she skulked up to it and tested the latch. It was locked, and some simple precautions against opening spells had been put in place. But those precautions were inadequate to a mage of Katherine's level, and she quietly bypassed them and slipped into the room.

It was a mage's workroom – that was clear at a glance. But it had something Katherine had never seen in person. Trapped by a pentagram inscribed in silver on the floor was the succubus whose image Kendrick had evoked the previous morning. However, reality was not done justice by the image. The captive was the very embodiment of female sexuality. Her curves were impossibly perfect, her skin appeared infinitely soft and smooth. Her smirk seemed to say to Katherine, "Mortal woman, behold my perfection and despair." The demoness laughed musically. She posed and slipped her red tail between her own legs to masturbate.

With an effort, Katherine broke her fascination and focused on the room. It looked like some hasty packing had lately taken place. They were apparently here none too soon. There was only one interior door, and Katherine hastily staked out a spot where she could be partially hidden while covering that entrance with her wand.

No sooner was she set up than she heard an explosion from beyond the door she was watching. Faintly she heard her husband's voice yelling, "Joseph Greycloak, you are under arrest for the murder of Countess Carvain! Surrender now!" Katherine added more energy to the spellshield she had woven about herself. A surge of adrenaline buoyed her as additional detonations shook the house, each one closer than the one before.

The door burst open. Greycloak's face was a mask of panic as he fled. Katherine unleashed her spell with a shouted incantation and flick of her wand. It ran straight and true, but before he was struck, Greycloak reacted. In his fright, he acted instinctively by throwing what he held in his hand. Katherine was defended against spells, not physical objects. Pink and black liquid splashed out of the bottle as it spun in air. Katherine's blouse was soaked where it struck her.

Blinding pleasure struck Katherine like a sledgehammer. All thought was banished in a rush of ecstasy that consumed her. Her breasts surged forward, filling and then bursting her blouse. She watched it happen. She didn't care. All will to resist her doom had been smothered by an unutterable bliss.

Kendrick stormed into the room, ready for battle arcane if the ambush hadn't worked. He saw his quarry on the ground, bound by Katherine's spell. For a moment he relaxed, but then saw the horrible sight of his wife dreamily unconcerned that her breasts were growing out of control. His first thought was despair. With Pearl, he had barely contained the effect of two drops of essence. Katherine had absorbed a whole bottle full.

Suddenly necessity inspired Kendrick with a desperation ploy. He ran up to his wife and then focused his powers. He grounded himself, but this time not in the earth, but rather in the ethereal plane. That otherworldly realm of absolute nothingness began to draw on him through the grounding – he felt his life force being pulled from him. He ignored it and seized his wife's breasts with both hands.

Kendrick formed a conduit with his body. He let the demonic essence flow from Katherine's body into his hands and through his body to be sucked away into the void through his ground. His own vitality was flowing away with it. That couldn't be stopped. But it could be slowed; all he could do was try to fight for every scrap of his own energies, hoping they would last until all the taint had been sucked out of his wife.

It became harder to concentrate as the moments dragged by. The breasts under his hands continued to grow. He began to get dizzy. The room seemed to grow chill, but Kendrick knew that it was only himself that was growing cold. Spots danced before his eyes, but still he persisted. His vision had begun to grow dark when he at last sensed that no more demonic essence was flowing through him. With his last strength, he yanked his grounding, then collapsed like a puppet with its strings cut.

Kendrick was shivering uncontrollably when he came to. It seemed to him that he was cushioned by warm pillows and he reached to pull them closer and draw their heat into himself. He lay, uncomprehending, for some time. Finally he came to himself sufficiently that he noticed it was not pillows that cradled him, but flesh. He opened his eyes and saw Katherine's face close to his own. She was crying, but when she realized he was conscious, she sniffed and smiled. "Oh, Kendrick! You saved my life! What a fool I was, fretting about silly things. You risked everything for me." She hugged him fiercely. "You can call me 'm'lady', or anything else you want, as long as you never stop calling me 'beloved.'"

"Thanks... my beloved," he whispered with a ghost of a chuckle. He squinted to determine where he was. They were still in Greycloak's workroom. Nearer at hand, he assessed the bosom that cushioned him. It would be considered very generous on her frame, but not so huge as to be insupportable. Apparently, though he had removed the cause of the growth, what had already been done had not been undone. He relaxed against them gratefully, and rested.

At length, Kendrick grunted, "I think I might just try to stand." He paused, wondering if he really had the strength for the endeavor. "How goes it with the suspect?"





“Uhh... not as well as we’d hoped.”

Katherine’s tone sounded strangely to Kendrick. “What do you mean by that?” he asked, trying to rise.

“He must have fallen with a hand across the line of the pentagram, and... while we were busy with our own problem...”

Kendrick staggered to his knees and looked towards the pentagram. A swept area on the floor showed how Greycloak had been dragged across the line fully into the pentagram. His robe had been hiked up to expose his hips where he lay unmoving on the floor. Beside him, the demoness smirked while her finger idly traced patterns in the sticky white fluid on her upper chest and throat. There was more of the white fluid all around Greycloak’s body. Gallons, it looked like – more liquid than a human being can lose and stay alive.

“Paralyzed, he couldn’t defend himself...” Katherine said, “and...”

“She titty-fucked him to death!” Kendrick finished, in awe. “In just a few minutes she titty-fucked him to death!” Leaning on his wife, he managed to get to his feet. “Well there’s justice for the Countess, at least,” he said.

They passed closer to the corpse as they made their way to the door. Katherine paused and gestured towards Greycloak’s face. An expression of ultimate rapture was frozen on his face. “Or not,” she said.

The Examiners emerged into the gathering twilight. The waiting troops emerged from their posts to assist. “Take my husband to the inn while I seal this house magically. Then come back and guard it day and night until specialists from the Order arrive to deal with it properly.”

“It’s dangerous, then, m’lady?” the sergeant asked.

“Very dangerous,” Katherine said soberly. The occupant is dead by what he himself had wrought. I don’t want anyone else to suffer his fate.”

“As you command, m’lady.” He took Kendrick’s weight off her shoulders and helped him walk slowly across the green.

Katherine found her husband in one of the guest rooms. He was sipping hot soup and seemed to have recovered his color. She said, “I’ve

dispatched a King's Courier to Lord Raine with a report, and a request for a summoning specialist to safely banish the succubus." She walked towards the bed. "We'll have to stay here until that happens, of course. You need to recover, and we need to brief the summoner and break my magelocks when he gets here."

"You'll get no argument from me. We've been on the go for days now."

Katherine sat on the edge of the bed and drew aside her cloak, exposing her new bosom. Now that Kendrick could see it properly he was quite enchanted. The orbs were full and firm. They were nicely symmetrical and had an appealing cleavage line where they met in the middle. He reached out with his near hand and brushed one lightly with the back of his fingers. He was surprised to see his wife tremble at the contact. "What's happening?" he asked.

"I didn't mention it while you were enfeebled, but their whole surface has become sensitive. As you cuddled against them, my blood became so heated I could barely endure it." She moved closer. "Could you see your way clear to pleasure them in earnest?" she asked ingenuously.

For answer he pulled her down to him, almost spilling his soup before he could set it down. With hands and mouth he tried to touch everything at once. She squealed aloud at the sensations that barraged her. Katherine pressed her chest against his face and tried to smear every inch of her new endowment against his lips. But when Kendrick assayed to actually take one of the plump, new nipples into his mouth and suck, she was thrown into paradox. The pleasure was nearly unbearable, but contemplating its ending was equally unbearable. On the horns of that dilemma, Katherine hung for several minutes. Then the impossible occurred – a new level of sensation rose in a rush and overwhelmed her. The erotic tension peaked and was released in waves that shook her breasts rhythmically.

She pulled out of contact and just twitched like a fish in the bottom of a boat. "Had climax...right here..." was all the explanation she could make. She gestured vaguely at her nipple, where it stood as stiff as a little pink pebble.

Kendrick was quiet for a while and just stroked Katherine's hair gently so that she could fully enjoy the afterglow of this strange new orgasm. At length she roused up. "Now I must do something with them to please the deserving husband." She unbuckled his belt and began unbuttoning his





trousers. She shook her chest so that her orbs jiggled enticingly. “I promise not to take more than you can afford to give,” she giggled.

Suddenly, though, she fell silent. She had undressed her mate to the point where his cock was visible. And there was more visible than ever before! It was at least a thumb length longer, and half again as thick, as ever it had been. They both just looked at it, stunned by this unanticipated side effect.

“Change of plans,” Katherine said suddenly, breaking the silence. She leaped onto her husband and impaled herself on his new spike. It filled her to her depths once she had settled herself fully against his hips. Her eyes went wide, and then slightly dreamy. She sighed, “That’s one fine wand you have there. The magic is back!”

The End