

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted
Chapter 28

No suggestions taken this month

The last remaining drops of rain pattered against the muddy ground as Marci and Kalzar stepped off their mounts. Night's chill penetrated the bounty hunter's bones, but the former brothel owner kept warm with a gentle glow glimmering within her chest.

"Don't suppose you can spare some of that heat...?" Kalzar inquired, watching as the rain struck the woman only to steam into the night atmosphere. A thick cloak hung drenched over his shoulders, a stark contrast to the thin dress she wore.

Marci scoffed. "Strong man like you asking for an embrace? Didn't think you the needy type."

"You know what I meant. Though if you're offering--"

"Answer is no, unless you want your heart burned out of your chest."

They had ridden day and night to give chase after Minerva and Eris. Rage still burned in Marci's core from her destroyed livelihood. She wouldn't soon forget what the scholar had done to her brothel and one of her top earners. She'd left the building-bursting woman in the care of the rest of her girls in hopes they could coax the ocean of milk from her breasts and reduce her back to normal size, although Marci believed hope was slim for such an outcome. If Eve were to stay at her gargantuan girth, Marci was certain the spectacle would draw crowds of thirsty men willing to pay a pretty penny for a glimpse or exploration of her mounds.

The recent rain had slowed their riding progress. Marci's determination knew no bounds. Energy seemed limitless within the woman. When they had come upon a dilapidated shack along the side of the mountains, Kalzar was relieved to see her horse slow to a stop.

"That cart..." she eyed, approaching the wooden ruins.

A horse was still attached to the cart, parked as if in a hurry. The madam approached the back and found it overflowing with fresh supplies. An insignia burned into the back on the lower corner caught her eye.

"This here; is it the crest of that lord?"

Kalzar squinted in the dim light and wished the moon would emerge from the lingering storm clouds. In the light of a small flame provided by Marci, he could make out the familiar crest of Lord Galei's house. "That's it alright."

The thought of swift vengeance burned in her eyes. Marci's voice lowered to a whisper and she inspected the shack. "They must have taken refuge from the storm. Follow me. Keep your weapon ready but remember we're not here to kill them. That scholar owes me a lifetime of work and her friend could prove a sexual wonder if what you've told me is true."

Her flames died down to leave them under a shroud of darkness. Sneaking up on them wouldn't be easy given the shack's likely noisy nature.

Kalzar took a moment to warn, “Don’t take these two lightly... The scholar isn’t much to be afraid of, but the sorceress can pack a punch. She would have killed me if she had the chance.”

“Shh. Ready yourself and your bindings.”

Marci spied through the gaping doorway of the shack. It was deserted and lacked any form of light. There did not appear to be any form of camp prepared, nor did it appear occupied any time in the recent past.

“Follow me...”

Her steps were like a shadow’s when she entered. The first floor was in a dire state of ruin and reeked of milk. Through a door near the center could be seen a flight of stairs leading to a basement.

Kalzar sighed. “Doesn’t look like they’re--*Mph!*”

A hand covered his mouth in a flash. Fire-red nails filed to razors dug into his cheeks as Marci tightened her grip. Sneering with annoyance, she hissed, “*I told you to be quiet.*”

Warmth trickled down Kalzar’s neck. Her nails had broken the skin. There wasn’t much that frightened the hired man, but there was something about Marci’s ember-like eyes that chilled him to the bone.

“However...” Her grip loosened and pulled away, leaving red cuts on Kalzar’s jaw. “It does appear they’re not present. If their cart is here, they couldn’t have gotten far. I wonder if--”

“Liiiiife...!!”

Marci whipped around. The shack groaned in the wind but no one could be seen. “Who said that? *Show yourself!*”

FWSS!!

A fireball ignited in her hand to prepare for any kind of onslaught. The interior glowed a dull orange from the energy throbbing in her sternum.

“You...bring us liiiiife...!”

“And warmth!!”

The voices multiplied but came without a source. A strange chill seeped through the air, bringing even Marci to shiver.

Kalzar kept a dagger ready with a hand on a pouch of miscellaneous tricks. “We should go.”

“Go? Those girls are here. We just need to--”

“It’s...soooooo cooooooool D!!!” a voice wailed.

WHIISSSSSSS

An ethereal glow shot from the darkness and lunged for Marci. Instinctively she released her firebolt in retaliation.

CRASH!!

It missed, colliding with a far wall and exploding outside to send the horses into a frenzy. Flames danced from the burst to cast leaping shadows around the shack until dying off to leave them in darkness once more.

“What did you see??” Kalzar asked, back-to-back with his partner.

“N-Ngh...” Marci gritted her teeth. Whatever it was, it had dodged her fireball and struck her body. There was no pain, but her chest felt tight. Something was stealing her heat. “*I don’t know... But I don’t think it was something we--*”

“waaarrmmth!!!”

“Pleeeaaase! Give us...comfoooort!!!”

WHIIIISSSS!!

WHIISSSSS!!!!

More glowing specters emerged from the woodwork, darting through the air like frilly spherical fish on the wind.

CRASH!!!!

Marci loosed another fireball. Like the other it proved ineffective.

STRRRRTCH

“Nngh!?”

She stumbled back when they struck her square in the torso. They assigned no force to their blows, yet when they sank into her chest the air was knocked from her lungs. Her glow flickered as if being sucked dry.

STRRRRTCH

Cleavage piled higher across her low-cut neckline. Marci’s heart raced when she realized she was not alone in her body. There was an energy in her breasts, forcing them larger as they swelled to contain invading entities.

“waaarrmmth!!!”

“She is warm!! Full of life!! Just like the milking girl!!”

“A light...in the darkness...!!”

WHIISSSSSSSSS!!!

The shack glowed with the ghostly presences. They swarmed, growing in number enough to make Kalzar stow his useless dagger. He had ways of dealing with specters, but not in a number bordering on two dozen. Not to mention he had a feeling the ghouls weren’t after him.

“We need to leave!” Kalzar announced. “*This shack is haunted! They’re in a frenzy!! Ghosts won’t stop until--*” He stopped when he saw Marci leaning forward with bloated breasts filling her arms. The dress was far tighter than it had been when they entered the shack.

“*I’m not leaving!*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“*NGH!!!!*”

Several more dove into her distended breasts. Given her ample natural size, their forced growth was leaving Marci with staggering assets. Skin billowed from her collarbones to fill her arms as she overcame watermelons in size. Angry nipples throbbled against the fabric of her dress, though she refused to leave.

“*Where did the milking girl go?!*” she demanded to the swirling spirit storm.

“Her miiiiik!! She...took our milk!!”

“Ran with her life...!!”

“Escaped...!!! Into the mountain...!!!”

WHIISSSSSSSS!!!!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Gaaahhh!!!!”

Marci’s heart raced. Her skin was straining. Stretching as she was forced to grow. They were stealing her heat. Her fire. Her inner flame. Like sponges, the ghosts were absorbing as much flame as Marci could conjure. Frustration made her blood boil. Her chest glowed intense and hot as she was forced to call upon more energy to simply sustain her own defenses or risk losing herself to the invaders. *“STAY OUT OF ME!”*

“But you...are also warm!!”

“Your body...is like a roaring campfire!!”

They dove into Marci once after another.

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

Orange flames enveloped her arms when the pressure grew immense. Kalzar stood back, watching as she struggled to grab the ghosts from the air. Sweat poured down her brow from not only her own efforts, but the work to keep herself upright as her mammaries engorged inches at a time.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

SHRRIIP!!!

A tear shot down the middle of her bodice. Flesh squeezed free and heaved with her movements.

“WHERE DID THE SCHOLAR GO?!” Marci screamed.

FSSS!!!!

A ghost was caught by her arm. Incinerating flames burst its form into a fine mist before it vanished with a windy howl.

WHIISSSSSSS

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Nnnngh!?”

For every one she defended against, five more sank into her bloating mounds.

SHRRIIIP!!!

Kalzar lost his footing over a loose board and fell to the ground. The heat of Marci’s efforts was burning his face. Flames and ghouls swirled around the woman as she sneered in anger.

“WHERE DID THE MILKING GIRL GO?!”

“The mountaaain!!”

“It’s...so coooold!!”

“warrm us!! Pleaaaaase!!!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Marci couldn't keep up. Her breasts were risking immobilization as they bloated out of her dress and extended beyond her hips. Tight, overstretched skin pulled taut to reflect her flames in waves of sweat.

WHISSSSSSS!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

WHISSSSSS!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Kalzar couldn't take his eyes off the sight. It was a battle of hot versus cold. Energy versus death, and the ghosts were winning. Marci's flames couldn't keep up. Dozens of spirits were flinging themselves into her body for her magical heat and they were exacting their toll. Her breasts weighed full and plump like balloons ready to burst. He thought he could see her nipples throbbing against the pressures forcing her expansion.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"NNGH!!!!"

THUD!!

Marci faltered, her weight taking her to a knee. The glow in the core of her chest was fading.

"Feed uuuus!!!"

"Keep us...warm...!!"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"Get out!!!" she demanded.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

They only came faster, taking advantage as the pyromancer struggled on her knees. Flesh ballooned in front of her and rose with worrying firmness. Her areolas puffed in anger and pulsed with overgrown tension.

"Get out of my body!!!!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Your warmth!!"

"Your life!!"

"MOOOOORE!!"

FSSSSSSSS!!!!

Kalzar's eyes bulged. Marci's back started to heave in anger. The air around her boiled and the soaked wood dried to a crisp. Orange rage turned her eyes into roiling magma and her chest throbbed with a dramatic intensifying heat.

He knew he had to protect himself when her hair ignited and her skin turned white-hot.

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

FSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!

"Get out....!!! Get out!!! GET OUT!!!! GET--"

KRA-BOOM!!!!!!

The night shook when an ear-splitting explosion erupted from Marci's core. A boiling wave of incinerating heat spread from her body in a sphere with enough force to throw Kalzar several meters across the shack.

CRASH!!!

The ruin's walls exploded into a storm of debris scattering across the hillside. Much of the floor was torn away in the blast with only the staircase partially surviving. Kalzar's cloak, soaked through moments ago, was now dry and likely the reason for his lack of burns. With his hair singed and much of his eyebrows gone, he uncovered his face to observe the scene.

The ghosts were gone. In their place were rising mists dissipated into the night air. Marci's rage-filled eruption had been enough to purify them where they floated. Across the shack, he could see his terrifying partner stand to her feet. White-hot heat pulsed in her chest as it shrank back to normal and burned away every spirit within her. Green mist rose from her bust: the invading souls leaving this world for good from a body too hot to inhabit.

What few tatters of her dress remained lasted only moments before they burned away at the touch of her skin. Marci approached Kalzar with not a garment left on her body, sauntering while fixing her hair. Sheer power emanated from the towering woman as her eyes glowed with lingering fire. Gazing up at her nude form, Kalzar could see the clouds parting to reveal the moon and wondered if maybe her fiery burst was partly to thank.

Marci stood over him and extended a hand. Kalzar reached out to accept her offer of help. "I can't believe you--"

SLAP!

She smacked his grasp away and left a burn. Scowling at the man enjoying her nakedness, she hissed, "*You can give me your cloak, or I can melt your eyes from their sockets. Your choice.*"

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What happens next?