

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 17

No suggestion round held

The tavern creaked with weary age around Kalzar. The first rays of dawn would soon peek through the windows. Most of its patrons had either gone home or passed out in their chairs. Only the bartender remained to keep him company.

“Another...?”

Kalzar grumbled and glanced up from his hand. “Hngh?”

“Another drink?”

“Oh... Sure. Why the devil not.”

His flagon filled to the brim with mead once more. Barely giving the bartender the time of day, Kalzar continued playing with the small cylinder of gold in his hand. It had been a promising glimpse into his and Brayn’s future, but only a glimpse. Now that future was ruined. Nothing remained, save for a distant dream of what could have been.

The bartender stared in wonder. “What exactly is troublin’ ya? Never seen a man frown at a fist full of gold.”

Kalzar drank half his flagon. Thoughts of the massively bloated sorceress clouded his drunken, angry mind. “Nothing you would believe,” he answered.

“I don’t know... I’ve heard some pretty wild stories.”

“I’m still trying to believe this story myself.” Staring into his drink, Kalzar pondered his future. It was going to be rough without his partner’s magical assistance. With a sigh, he started, “Ever seen a woman’s tits so big they--”

CLANK!

CLANK!

A bell rang over the tavern entrance. A disheveled woman entered. What had once been a fanciful outfit was reduced to tattered rags drenched with milk. They barely clung to her body. She sat at the bar, defeated and smothered under a cloud of resentment.

“You reek of old milk,” Kalzar grumbled, hardly looking in her direction.

A death glare flashed from under strands of fallen hair. “And you reek of failure and misery.”

The bartender approached with a new flagon. “Your usual, Marci?”

“Strongest as you can make it.”

The mention of her name caught Kalzar’s attention. Paying more mind to her garb, he looked her up and down. “You happen to run that brothel on the other side of town?”

“Mistress Marci, at your service.” She gave a small bow. “Any woman, any pleasure.”

“I was hoping for something like that earlier. Paid a visit to drown the misery of a recent failed business deal. Imagine my disappointment to find the place destroyed. Giant pair of breasts smashed through.”

She looked at Kalzar, searching for any reaction. “That was my best girl you saw; blown up like some kind of practical joke. I must say, you don’t seem very shocked, if you don’t mind my saying.”

“Well... It’s the second giant chest I’ve seen tonight.”

Marci choked on her alcohol. “The *second*?”

“Aye. Had a nice plan worked out with my partner. This sorceress was supposed to be the key. Might have worked if it weren’t for that damn scholar friend interfering.”

Staring hard and feeling her blood start to boil again, Marci growled, “This scholar... Thin little redhead? Cute to look at but annoying to listen to?”

“Sounds like the one,” he confirmed, finishing his drink.

“Had a girl like that come looking around my brothel for her sorceress friend tonight...” Marci rapped her nails on the counter. “Then she destroyed my establishment and overfilled my best milker. I’m ruined because of her.”

“Join the club.”

Marci looked Kalzar over. His appearance wasn’t typical of a commoner. He was worn and rugged. A bag at his feet looked ready for any situation. “What did you say you do for a living?”

“I didn’t. I’m a man for hire, if you’re asking.”

“A man for hire?” She raised an eyebrow. “And what could I hire you for?”

“Anything if the payment is right.”

“Do you accept revenge?”

This gave him pause. Giving Marci his full attention, he turned to face the broken woman. “I’m listening.”

“This scholar and her sorceress friend of hers seem to owe each of us a great deal...” A dastardly smile crept across Marci’s lips. “What would you say to a partnership? I could use a man with certain talents and...*loose* morals.”

The idea sparked interest in Kalzar. Following the two girls had crossed his mind. If Brayn had been capable of using Minerva’s magic, another sorcerer could as well. “I might be interested.” He looked her over, taking in the tantalizing exposure of her figure in such a tattered dress. “What would a washed-up brothel owner bring to the table, exactly?”

Marci’s grin was enough to chill even his bones.

A dull glow enveloped her body. Watching closely, Kalzar saw ornate designs reveal themselves over her skin. Running over her legs, arms, and neck, they followed every soft curve. Arched points curved across her bust to adorn her cleavage.

FSSSSSS

Steam rose from her sternum. The temperature around her increased by a dozen degrees. Squinting, Kalzar saw the center of her chest glow white-hot as if she had a fire burning within. Exhaling, Marci lifted her hand.

FWOOSH!!

A fireball danced atop her palm. Its heat made their flagons steam and the bartender back away in fear. Firelight played over her milk-drenched body as Marci grinned in the glow of her power.

“I can bring plenty to the table...” she hummed. “The question is, what can *you* offer me on this little hunt?”

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