

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 9

Minerva finds herself in Kalzar's custody as he takes her to one of the local nobles. She is treated as an honored guest where a lord appeals to her charitable nature to try to win Minerva's favor.

“Mmmn!!! MMPH!!!”

Minerva struggled and squirmed in Zalzar's arms. Abducted in a flash, she was bound and gagged like an exotic animal as he carried her through the back alleys of Lhystra. Beggars and peasants rushed by in a blur, staring at the swollen breasts falling out of her dress and the strange bearded man with a metal eye.

“MMPH!”

“Quiet down back there!” the hired hand demanded.

Minerva grunted. If she could make herself grow, she knew she could render her body too massive for anyone to carry, let alone fit through the alleys. Exposing her breasts in such a way would be worth it if it thwarted her abductor and gave Eris a chance to find her.

Unfortunately, Minerva found it impossible to concentrate on any kind of arousing imagery. Magic was of no use with her mouth gagged, and an enchanted collar around her neck prevented her from using the majority of her strength. If nothing else, she wished she could raise her head from his back; the man reeked of sweat and filth.

“What's the matter?” Kalzar chuckled. “Having trouble pulling off your magic trick? I'm prepared this time.”

“Mmph!”

The helpless sorceress growled as they entered a dark tunnel. The better part of the city sprawled above them, telling her they were delving into the depths of the Lhystra's underground. Various twists and turns through a maze of channels left her bewildered at their true location. Escaping his clutches would be one challenge, but making it back to the surface would be another.

Eventually, Kalzar found a flight of steps hidden within the depths of the underground. A metal gate unlocked by way of a crystal necklace, granting him access into the dark, rising corridor. Minerva could sense the air quality improving as he ascended. Before long, the stone quality improved into a smooth polish belonging only to the wealthiest of homeowners.

“Finally...” Kalzar huffed. Minerva's weight on his shoulder was a hefty burden, and the milk leaking down his back an annoyance.

A wooden door stood before them. Small cracks of light escaped around the frame from flickering torches on the other side. Lowering her to lean against a wall, he opened the door with a jolt.

Kalzar stared at the sorceress, allowing his mechanical eye to focus on her chest momentarily with a smile. “Sit tight! I'll be back shortly.”

He vanished through the door. Leaving it ajar, Minerva could glimpse a wine cellar residing within. Kalzar spoke to a servant with urgency.

“Go fetch Lord Galei. Tell him Kalzar has returned with a package.”

“*M-Mmmph!!*” Minerva struggled and screamed through her gag to draw the servant’s attention, but they were gone up a set of wooden stairs before taking notice. Kalzar paid no mind to her struggling and amused himself by looking through the wine collection.

A door opened at the top of the cellar stairs. Frantic footsteps raced to meet Kalzar. A well-dressed man appeared seconds later. It wasn’t hard to see he came from nobility.

“What have you found? A cure??”

“Even better, Lord Galei.” Kalzar grinned.

He led the noble towards Minerva’s door, throwing it open to reveal the bound sorceress on the ground.

“*MMMPGH!!!!*”

“Good God!! What have you done?!” Galei exclaimed. “This is a girl!!”

He removed his cloak to throw it over Minerva’s front and provide some modesty for her exposed chest. Frantic, he started for her gag.

A hand fell upon the noble’s shoulder and pulled him back.

Kalzar glared. The pain in his back from their previous encounter at the caravan camp was still fresh. “I wouldn’t. She’s a sorceress, and she packs a real punch when she can get a spell out. She ain’t too happy.”

There was no hesitation in Galei. “Stand aside. I won’t tolerate this kind of inhumane treatment under my roof.”

He stooped down to Minerva’s level to meet her gaze. His hair was trimmed and brown, framing a face free of blemish but riddled with worry and lack of sleep. Kind eyes stared back at the sorceress, but they did little to diminish her anger.

“I’m not going to hurt you. You have nothing to fear from me,” Galei promised. “You have my word.”

Cautious, Minerva nodded in understanding.

The noble removed her gag.

“*Dakatar da tar!*”

Kalzar stepped back. “*SHIT!*”

“*A-ACK!!*”

The two men flung several feet into the air before floating steadily. Their feet dangled and kicked as if their necks were held by invisible hands.

“*Why shouldn’t I send both of you into a coma right now?!*” Minerva yelled.

Water filled the straining noble’s eyes as he clawed at empty air. “*P...Please... I need...your help...*” he coughed.

Minerva stared, not yet willing to remove her spell.

“*My wife...is--ack!--very sick...*”

The pain in his eyes was evident. Minerva felt no sense of safety from Kalzar, but the noble exuded kindness. His gentle nature soothed her rage.

Slowly she lowered them to the ground and released their breath.

Minerva looked at Galei. "You can speak." She looked at Kalzar, then. "If *you* make a move, I'll throw you through a wall."

The noble rubbed his neck and spoke delicately. "I don't blame your anger after what I'm sure was akin to being kidnapped by my hired hand, but please, hear my plea. My wife is tortured by an illness. Sorcerers and doctors have been unable to find a cure and in a desperate attempt, I hired this man to find an exotic remedy."

"You said *anything*..." Kalzar mumbled.

"I never said you could *kidnap* someone."

Kalzar motioned to Minerva, who flashed a warning glare. "She has an ability, Lord Galei. She produces gallons of milk at a time, so much that it must be done through some kind of magic. I've seen it firsthand; her glands react to the needs of those around her until she's overflowing with the substance. I have no doubt such a product could be used for medicinal purposes." His eye flashed and spun. "I can see magic floating around them like a cloud."

The noble stared in disbelief. Though the sorceress was indeed very busty, it was difficult to believe such a claim. "Is this true? Can you...erm...produce wonders as he has said?"

Minerva pulled his cloak up to her neck. "Yes, it's true... But I don't know about it behaving as a magical cure-all. I would sooner trust my own magic."

He knelt down and took her hand. "My wife... For years she's been plagued by low energy and fever. Some days it's a miracle to find her with color in her cheeks in the morning. Even if there is a small chance, I'm willing to try anything. Do you think your breasts could produce a cure if my wife expressed a need?"

"I-I don't know... Maybe..." Minerva avoided his eyes. Discussing her breasts alone with two male strangers wasn't the most comfortable of situations.

"Please, lend me your gift. Even if only a few drops, I would be eternally grateful for--"

GUURGLE

"Nnngh..." Wincing, Minerva tried to hide her swelling. "*D-Don't talk about it out loud...*"

"See??" Kalzar motioned. "She fills at the mention of it!"

Galei stared in pure wonder. "Incredible..."

"I-I'm willing to try, but you need to untie me and bring my friend here as well. I'm rather pressed for time and can't afford to stay more than a night."

"Yes, yes!! You may have all that you desire!" Galei helped bring Minerva to her feet. "You will of course be compensated for your services as well."

"I-I don't need--*Ah!*"

An embrace from the noble took Minerva by surprise. "Thank you... Even if there is only a chance, I cannot tell you how much hope you have brought to me this day."

RING RING RING RING!!

A bell chimed in the corner of the cellar, taking the noble's attention like a dog.

"It's my wife; she needs me. I must tell her the news!" Galei released Minerva and headed for the stairs. "Kalzar, untie her and show her to the guest quarters. She's no prisoner here; she's an honored guest."

"Yes, Lord Galei," Kalzar grumbled.

"Thank you again! So very much!" the noble cheered before vanishing into the house and leaving Minerva alone with the man.

She could hear his mechanical eye whirring in the still cellar air as she approached her wrists behind her back.

"You could have just said something," Minerva huffed. "You didn't need to kidnap me twice and--*Mmph!!!*"

The gag slipped over her face and into her mouth. Tied behind her head in a flash, Kalzar pulled Minerva into his arms like a snake. Rough hands sank into her breasts to squeeze her flesh and milk.

"N-Nngh!!"

Kalzar chuckled in her ear. "I developed slightly different plans after seeing what these things can do. You'll help his wife, but you're gonna help me a whole lot more."

GUUURGLE

"Mmmngh!" Minerva whimpered as his words and fondling brought milk into her bust.

"You'll keep quiet unless you want me making these mounds bigger than even what you can handle."

Kalzar guided her up the stairs to the door. Listening closely, he waited until all was silent on the other side.

"This way. Galei's resident sorcerer is dying to meet you and see your little talent for himself."

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What happens next?