

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted
Chapter 33

Finally reaching a manageable size, Minerva finds Mel. Early into the conversation, Mel discovers how Minerva's ability works after mentioning the word 'milk' one too many times. To keep their chat private and away from the hum of machinery, Mel begins to milk Minerva by hand, eager to test her ability and hopefully keep some milk for herself.

Minerva stood on wobbly legs and felt like she was on the ocean. Combined with Holly's own over-excited milk, they had left the barn's pump at the brink of destruction. Smoke poured from one side of a motor and milk leaked from the top of the holding tank around several bolts.

"I've... I've never..." Holly lay draped across her milking stand. Exhaustion held her in place and sweat gleamed across her naked form. "I've never filled that tank...in one sitting... I thought it might rupture!" Her eyes drifted down Minerva's front. Thirst still lingered in her gaze and she watched Minerva's swollen nipples with desire. "You're more of a cow than most of our village...!"

Such a statement brought a deep blush to Minerva's cheeks. Part of her wanted to check her head for hidden cow's ears. Eris and Tria snickered against the barn wall at such a compliment. Having watched the entire ordeal, their faces were red and minds reeling. They wouldn't soon forget the show Minerva and Holly had provided.

"T-Thanks," Minerva said, abashed. Her dress slid back up her legs and arms. Significant amounts of flesh proved difficult to fit into the bodice, but her hands managed to stuff them down her front. Heavy bulging deformed her breasts along the neckline and shoulders, though her nipples were at least concealed. "That cowgirl from earlier.... The sorceress."

Holly interrupted with a please moo, "Mel?"

"Right, Mel. Could you point me in her direction?"

A sleepy hand waved through the air. "Back on the main road... Down further from where we met and to the left... You can't miss it."

Minerva passed a grin as thanks and moved toward the door before looking over her shoulder. "You two coming?"

"Uh..." Eris glanced at Tria. Her eyes were staring off into space and her body was trembling. "I think we're going to wander around town for a bit... Tria might pass out if we watch you get into it with another cowgirl..."

The sorceress narrowed her gaze. She wasn't sure if having them with her or letting them run around on their own could cause more damage. "Alright... Just don't do anything crazy. We can't stay here long. We need to get to Glomia."

Eris nodded and waved as Minerva stepped outside. It took a moment for her eyes to adjust to the clear mountain sunshine. Beating upon her over-heaped cleavage, it caused her breasts to feel all the hotter.

Word had traveled fast through the village. Few residents weren't eyeing at Minerva or whispering something in the ear of someone nearby. They weren't staring at her; they were staring at her chest. Minerva couldn't blame them when she was still rivaling watermelons in girth, but to see the buxom race so enthralled with her breasts left her with a strange sense of pride.

As Holly had said, it wasn't difficult to find Mel's residence. The sorceress's shop stood out among the village like a sunflower in a field of tulips. An ornate sign hung overhead declaring *The Witch's Bodice: Potions, Enchantments, and Lactation Aids*. A small bell announced Minerva's presence.

"Be right there...!" a voice called from the back room.

The shop reminded her a lot of Akir's. Materials and ready-made items of magical origin filled shelves and tables. Most were harmless or helpful to certain situations. Nothing could be used to do much harm. The large amount of cow-related products amused Minerva the most, especially a basket of special lotion bars and what appeared to be jewelry designed specifically for breasts.

"How can I help--*Oh!*" Mel appeared from behind a curtain. Amusement filled her face when she spied Minerva. "I was wondering when those udders would finally empty out..." She snickered and leaned on her counter. "So that's your normal size, huh? Not bad for a human! No wonder you can produce so much milk."

Guuurrrrgle

Minerva winced and scratched at her chest. Too much pressure would spell doom for her dress. "You would be surprised..."

Mel raised an eyebrow in curiosity and ogled the sorceress's pale bust. "Do you usually produce that much milk?"

Guuurrrrrrrrgle

She cracked a grin and added, "I would just *love* to see you fill up like that."

GUUUUUUUURRGLE

"Mmnggh!!"

Pop!!!

A stitch blew at Minerva's side and she rushed to keep her dress closed. Her breasts were ready to topple free as her nipples squeezed over the cable-tight neckline. Accusation shot from her eyes. "So you already figured it out, huh?"

Mel shrugged. "You and your milk reek of magic. I figured there was some kind of trigger." Her eyes lingered on Minerva's engorgement. "One sorceress to another; may I?"

"Hm?"

"See them up close? I can't tell you how intrigued I am, and you don't seem keen on their mannerisms as a whole. Perhaps I could help?"

Doubt scratched at Minerva's mind that the mountain sorceress could provide any meaningful assistance. Scratching at her arm, she requested, "Could we draw the shades? I've drawn enough attention as it is."

“Of course.” The wooden floorboards creaked under Mel’s busty weight when she approached the front of the store. Shades were drawn over the windows after she flipped a sign to ‘closed’. Locking the door, she returned to the counter and withdrew an empty glass container. “Just for a small sample, if you don’t mind.”

A smile cracked Minerva’s face. “I’ve given far more milk for worse reasons.” Even in private, her heart still raced when she lifted a strap from her shoulder. Weight sagged her breasts immediately when their support fell. Bloated globes reached Minerva’s belly button as she withdrew two pale mounds from her bodice. “Have at them!”

Mel leaned over the counter. Her skin blended with the rich stain of the wood. Pushing against the white fabric of her shirt, Minerva mused how much darker the cowgirl’s chocolate nipples were than her own pink nubs.

“*Incredible...*” Mel ogled, bringing her face close. Her hands touched their taut undersides gently before applying pressure and hefting their weight.

“*M-Mngh...*”

“Sensitive?”

“*Always.*”

“I imagine...” Mel pushed them together and let Minerva’s breasts resist each other before allowing them to bounce back and settle. “And how large are you without the aid of magic?”

It was surprising to her that it took a moment to recall her former size. “Uhm... Roughly the size of large oranges?”

“*Amazing...* To think you could go from such small breasts to what I saw in the barn...” Mel brought her fingers and teased a nipple.

“*Ahhh...! Careful...!*”

“*I know, dear... Not my first time coaxing a woman’s udders.*”

Minerva’s nipples tingled before rising to the cowgirl’s touch. It puffed between her fingertips, swelling enough to make Mel’s eyes widen. A doming areola partially swallowed the fleshy nozzle.

“Helra... It’s like they *want* to produce...” Mel was enraptured and took hold of the flask. “Do you mind?”

Pursing her lip, Minerva squeaked, “*J-Just not too big...*”

Mel cleared her throat. “*Milk.*”

Guuurrrrrrgle

“*Mmmmgh...*”

“*Milk...*”

Guuurrrrrrgle

“*A-Ah...*” Minerva gasped and watched her breasts creep down her torso an inch and reach further out. “*Try... T-Try telling them...you’re thirsty.*”

“Really?” Interest flashed in Mel’s gaze. Almost whispering to Minerva’s distended breasts, she breathed, “*I’m dying for a drink of milk.*”

GUUUUUUUUUUURRRGLE!!!!

“MMMNGH!!!!”

Minerva’s hands fell onto the counter for support when milk surged into her breasts. The sudden flourish of weight would have taken her to the ground if not for the added support. Soft, heated flesh collided with the counter with a muffled *pomph!* before her skin crept wider inches at a time. Deep churning paired with the sound of stretching skin to make her cleavage blush a rich pink.

“Hahhh...! Mnnnghh...!” Minerva clenched her hands as her hips trembled. There was something intoxicating about Mel’s breath bathing the front of her chest in moist heat.

As her production slowed, Mel was forced to step back or be forced off the counter. She stared, taken aback by the heaving, sloshing sight. “Heifer’s dreams... You’re bigger than me! I’ve never seen a pair of udders swell like that!”

Groaning, Minerva tried to catch her breath. She used the mass of her breasts to help support her as she leaned forward and tried to massage their sides without Mel noticing.

“S-Sorry... It never...really gets easier...”

A snort came in reply. “You might produce better than any of us, but you can barely handle your own milk the way your hips are shaking.” She took the flask and approached a nipple. It squeezed between her fingers. *“Just a liiiiiittle--”*

SPLRRRSH!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Milk erupted to fill the container in a single breath. Mel stepped back, dripping down her front as dairy soaked through her shirt to make her own breasts painfully visible.

“S...Sorry...”

She thought nothing of it. Bringing the flask to her nose, Mel inhaled and closed her eyes. She pulled the flask away in a hurry.

“Dear Helra, that’s strong!” She coughed slightly and stood woozily. Minerva noticed an intense erection bringing her brown nipples to tent her shirt. *“I can see why Holly engorged the way she did! This stuff is overflowing with magic and hormones!”*

A soft stretching came from Mel’s stitches. Looking down, she was shocked to find her breasts rounding out with pressure. Worry flashed over her face before the swelling died down. *“I-I might be lucky none of that splashed in my mouth...”* Admiring eyes stared at Minerva. “I can’t believe this came from human breasts... *No offense.*”

She grinned weakly. *“None taken.”* Hands trying to gather her colossal assets and cover her nipples, Minerva wished she was alone so she could relieve herself.

There was a flash of jealousy as Mel leaned forward and caused her chest to mash over the counter and press into Minerva’s. Excitement played in her voice. *“So what’s your secret?? Thought I had the strongest lactation spell all figured out, and even being part bovine, forcing myself to grow this large was pushing the limits! How could you possibly get yours so large?!”*

It was difficult for Minerva to hold back a smile as she inspected Mel’s hip-covering breasts. *“I wish I could consider my largest size anywhere near yours...”*

“I hope you’re joking.”

Minerva chewed on her lip. Milk desperately wanted out after having her nipples fondled. “*L-Let’s just say I faced a mountain of lactation recently...*”

“Are you cursed? I can smell something overwhelming in your milk. I’m actually worried about what’s going to happen to my udders in the coming hours from that single whiff.”

Minerva wouldn’t dare tell most magic users her secret, but there was something about Mel she found trustworthy. A kinship they shared. Lowering her voice, she said, “*Believe it or not... It’s dragon’s blood.*”

Everything clicked then. Mel’s eyes grew until they matched her aching nipples. “Oh, you’re serious aren’t you? This is truly the work of *dragon’s blood*??” She placed a hand over her mouth. “*That explains the way they react to requests and desires... Your breasts produce whatever is needed... Fascinating.*”

A groan came paired with Minerva as she shifted her bust. “That’s one word for it. Had a small spill in the workshop, and the next thing I knew, my dresses couldn’t keep up with me. The only reason we’re here is because we’re journeying to find more and replace it before my master returns...” Minerva frowned and recalled the last few days of swelling. “You never realize how thirsty people are until their words affect you.”

“I know firsthand how thirsty the world can be. Hardly any woman in town hasn’t come to see me about enhancing her capacity or production at one point or another. But gods... To be at the mercy of dragon’s blood... That stuff *merges* with whatever it comes into contact with! It’s not some latent ingredient. Dragon blood remains a living, breathing part of the dragon it came from! It’s not just inside of you; you’re *physically* a part of that dragon now.”

Minerva’s heart stopped. She stared at the cowgirl. “W-What? I’ve never heard of--”

“Most sorcerers aren’t aware of it. It’s such a rare ingredient, and when it’s used, it’s always in something non-living, so it wouldn’t matter anyway. But this... This is completely unheard of. It’s unprecedented! The very core of your nature fundamentally changed!” Mel mused and stared at Minerva’s anchoring bust. “*I’m honestly surprised you haven’t seen MORE physical changes other than the lactation...*”

A swallow bounced Minerva’s throat. She was feeling too hot for comfort. “S...Such as?”

“Well... Draconic qualities, to say the least. It’s hard to know! Maybe scales? Horns? Have you found yourself coughing fire? Maybe more resistant to heat or burns than the normal person? Nails growing faster or more claw-like?”

Nervous, an image flitted through Minerva’s mind of her belly swelling with fire. “*N-No! No! Nothing like that!! M-My breasts only--*”

SPLRRRTCH!!

“*N-Nngh!! Dammit!!*”

“Hey, hey! Easy...! It’s alright...!” Mel tried to calm her fellow sorceress. “Like I said, it’s only a theory! This has never been seen before...”

Minerva felt like whimpering. The heat inside of her felt far too real. “As if bursting from too much milk wasn’t enough to worry about...”

Mel hummed. “I’m not sure you *could* get to that point... Dragon’s blood is one of the most magically saturated substances in nature. If it’s capable of pushing you to produce as incredible amounts of fluid as you say, I wouldn’t say it’s out of the realm of possibility that it’s been keeping your body together as well.” Her hand extended and pressed into Minerva’s flesh, testing its surface. “Feel that tightness?”

“N-Ngh! Mhm!”

“I would LOVE more milk.”

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“MMNGH!!!” Her eyes sprang open and she grappled with her breasts as they swelled across the counter. Solid as a rock, Mel’s hand remained steadfast and allowed the breasts to push against it with all the power its pressure could muster. Minerva’s skin tensed, fighting to stretch and bulge around Mel’s nails. *“W-What are you doing?!”*

“Just watch.”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“Nnnngh!!! Y-You’re pressing too hard!! They’re too tight!! T-They’re gonna burst!!”

STRRRRTCH!!!

Guuurrrrgle

Her lactation ebbed, ceasing to leave Minerva breathless. Mel’s hand remained, sinking deep into her drum-tight bosom. “See?”

“They... They don’t feel like they could hold another drop!!”

“But they have, correct? They’ve held far more.”

Minerva whimpered and nodded.

“Exactly. And if I’m not mistaken, you’ve become obscenely wet over the course of my little experiment.”

Her face turned red. Beneath her dress, Minerva’s thighs were indeed dripping with her arousal. *“Y-Yes...”*

“This tightness you feel is false. It’s very real, but it’s not an indication of your actual limit. It’s your human body reacting to the dragon’s blood. Your body knows you’re larger than you’re supposed to be, and as a result it’s making you aroused to help force you to expel the milk and lower the pressure. But it doesn’t know the dragon’s blood is also allowing you to reach such sizes and beyond.”

“I... I-I don’t quite understand!”

Mel smiled. “The dragon’s blood will make you as large as it deems necessary to fulfill a given task. Your body might not agree, but it’s only crying wolf. As much as you may feel like you’re on the brink of exploding, I’m confident it’s impossible. Unlike with my own augmentation spell; it can only assist my body so far. If I sleep in too late after a night of pleasure, I’m in trouble.”

“That’s... *Ngh...*” Minerva rubbed her breasts, unsure if she felt relieved or anxious she could get even larger than in the caves. “*That’s good to know...*”

“However I suspect an orgasm is powerful enough to override the dragon’s blood and render it momentarily inert, forcing your chest to expel its contents as your body resets. Does this match what you’ve seen?”

Minerva didn’t think she could blush any deeper. She only nodded.

“Now I’m curious. You said you’re traveling to replace the dragon blood you absorbed. I’m assuming you’ve already tried extracting it?”

“...Excuse me?”

“Extracting it from your breasts. It’s still within you. In theory it should be removable with the proper technique.”

“*I had no idea!!*”

“Would you like me to try?”

Minerva leaned on her breasts and sank her hands deep, scrambling across the counter. “*You can do that?!?*”

“Of course!! All these udders engorging around here every day? Half of these girls let themselves get so big their nipples completely stop up!” Mel laughed. “I’m no stranger to extraction magic!”

“*YES!! PLEASE!!*” Minerva’s heart raced. “*WHAT DO WE NEED TO DO?!?*”

“Whooooaa! Easy!” Mel calmed her and began clearing off her counter. “You would think you’re a milk-heavy cowgirl about to have a calf...” Setting several items on the floor, she motioned, “Lie back. It’s only a spell. I’ll just need something to contain the dragon’s blood.”

With Mel’s assistance, Minerva managed to climb onto the counter and recline. She had to hold the sides of her breasts to keep them from falling off the edges, creating a mass of milk-heavy weight filling her view. Excitement was causing her contents to run in thick streams as Mel prepared a suitable container. By the time she was ready, Minerva’s breasts had dwindled to manageable melons.

“Ready?”

Minerva nodded, more than excited to see their quest end with such fortune.

“There’s no guarantee I can separate the dragon’s blood from your body, but I’ll do my best. It could be fused too deeply.”

“I’m willing to try *ANYTHING* if it means I stop growing every time someone mentions milk.”

“Very well. Just close your eyes and relax. The more still you stay, the easier this will be for both of us.”

Minerva did so and calmed her breath. She could feel Mel’s hands hovering over her. The heat from the cowgirl’s breasts bathed her right side.

“*Zana dagla chyku...*”

She jolted. Tingles pricked within her breasts. Her hands tensed but she remained still.

“*Zana dagla chyku...*” Mel’s voice grew stronger.

“N-Ngh...!”

Heat welled. Minerva grimaced, recalling the Mother’s effects at the convent. Her breasts were resisting.

“Zana dagla chyku...!”

“Ahh!”

Energy jumped within her mounds. An invisible force was pulling them upward as if several ethereal hands were grabbing them from within their cores. Her nipples drew into the air, elongating her breasts.

“Zana dagla chyku...!!”

Grrummmmbbbllll

Fire raged within Minerva. Even with her eyes closed, she could see an illumination emanating from her cleavage. Her breasts were glowing a dull red.

“Zana dagla chyku!!!!”

The glow strengthened with Mel’s command. Her breasts pulled and stretched as the dragon’s blood clutched at her body. *“M-Mel!”* Minerva squeaked, body roiling with heat. Steam erupted from her throat to burn her lips and hiss at the air. Invisible forces pulled her spine into a bridge. Her pelvis ached and throbbed. It felt as though burns were forming on her inner thighs. Coals danced over her skin as they rubbed together.

“ZANA DAGLA CHYKU!!”

HSSSSS!!

“NNNGH!!!!”

Smoke rose from her dress. Light as bright as a comet burned from her bust. Two illuminated points showed through even Minerva’s closed eyelids: her nipples as they glowed like a blacksmith’s melted iron. Her thighs spread apart as she feared they might catch on fire. An inferno blazed between them. Across her entire being, Minerva felt as though her body could ignite.

“ZANA DAGLA CHYKU!!”

HSSSSSSSSS!!!!

The lace of her dress singed black. Smoke poured from her skirt. This was no pressure within her breasts: it was outright resistance. They felt ready to explode with heat.

She couldn’t take any more. Smoke from her throat burned her lips as she screamed, *“No more!! NO MORE!! Mel it’s too much!!”*

“ZANA DAGLA CHYKU!!!!!!”

FWOOSH!!!!

SHRRRIIIIP!!!!

“AAUUUGH!!!!”

Fire ignited. A terrible ripping of fabric sounded from between her legs. At her tormented scream, Mel ceased her magic as flames engulfed Minerva’s form. The pulling and heat within her breasts immediately started to dwindle.

“*Put it out!!! PUT IT OUT!!*” Minerva yelled. The sorceress sat up, smacking her dress to smother the fire. Panic fueled her as smoke and cinders flew into her eyes.

The flames died out. Gasping for air as her lungs felt full of ash, Minerva rolled onto her hands and knees, coughing. A dull glow remained in her breasts as they hung beneath her, swollen and aching. What remained of her dress fell off her body as her back heaved with painful coughs.

“*Did... Did we get it out?!*” she rasped, eyes watery.

Mel was silent, standing off with a clenched hand to her mouth.

“*Mel?!*”

“*I’m... Oh dear... I’m afraid we’ve meddled where we shouldn’t have.*”

“*What are you--*”

Schhfff

Schhffff

Something moved between her legs, colliding with her knees and feet. It scraped across the wooden counter with a dense, leathery weight.

“*W-What? Mel?! WHAT HAPPENED?! Tell me what you--*”

Minerva followed the sorceress’s eyes to her backside. Protruding from the base of her spine at the top of her cheeks was the thick, scaly base of a dragon’s tail. Crimson scales lined the serpent in thousands of tiny glimmering shields. Small spines raced down the center before ending at the tip four feet away. Longer than her legs, its underbelly was lined with rows of elongated soft beige scales. The base of the tail stood thicker than her thighs, arching from her back before plunging down a slope of scales.

“*I...*” Mel paused. “*I think we found those draconic side effects...*”

Still bleary-eyed and coughing steam from her throat, Minerva stared at the swaying dragon tail in horror. “*WHAT IN GODDESS’S NAME IS THAT?!*”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

What happens next?