

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted

In a small town on the outskirts of a wooded land, a sorcerer busied himself around a room of artifacts and odd-colored concoctions. Neat silver hair tinged with age and experience tickled at his ears. He would need to trim it soon before it became too much of a bother. Around his body drifted a black cloak glowing with the light of a rising night sky. On a table sat a large leather bag faded from centuries of use and repair. It was one of his few possessions he didn't care to use magic to fix. Murmurs fell drifted through the air as he ran through his list to pack.

Watching from the sidelines was his apprentice, Minerva. She'd been summoned to the workshop but was yet to be addressed. It wasn't easy talking to him when he was so preoccupied; she didn't dare speak before spoken to. Restless, she played with her flowing sleeves and brushed them against her dress. It matched her master's in fading from purple to black with silver stars dotting the fabric. There was a matching cloak, though it was reserved for special occasions.

Finally he spoke while grabbing several bags of powder. "I'll be back in a few weeks. You are to run the shop, understand?"

Minerva straightened her back. "Yes, Master!"

"Your studies are to be continued in the meantime as well."

Minerva stared at the table. Her master, Akir, had left a mountain of tomes waiting. A wide variety of spells, enchantments, and potions were certain to fill their pages. Manning the shop and keeping pace with her apprenticeship workload was going to be a challenge.

"Minerva?"

She spun back to Akir and sent black hair clinging to her nose. "Sorry! Yes, Master! I'll maintain my studies!"

Narrowing his eyes, he said, "I'm trusting there will be no trouble: no messes, nothing broken, nothing set ablaze. No goblins getting in and wreaking havoc, *again*."

"When have I ever--"

Catching her question, Akir turned his attention to the corner of the workshop where a pile of broken glass remained from the previous night's potion mixing. He forbade the use of magic in cleaning the mess and Minerva was yet to finish the chore.

She blushed at her clumsiness. "Oh... Right." Minerva didn't want to tell him it probably wouldn't have broken if he hadn't been breathing down her neck with eyes like a hawk. Voicing such an opinion could never be done; Akir was too respectable as a sorcerer to risk losing her apprenticeship.

Akir returned to gathering his belongings. The silver-haired sorcerer had been her master since Minerva showed promise as a sorceress. Since then he'd assumed the role of her guardian and teacher, as was customary for so many other masters and their apprentices. However, not many apprentices could count themselves as lucky as Minerva; harboring latent skills in sorcery

was fortuitous in and of itself, but being an apprentice to someone of Akir's caliber was akin to winning the lottery.

Minerva's master was one of five council members of the Sect of Twilight. Together with a network of less-skilled sorcerers, they made up one of two main factions of magic users. Conversely, the Sect of Dawn stood as their counterpart. Conflict was rarely an issue between the two; they differed only in the areas of study. Both possessed combat capabilities, though the Dawn sect excelled at it while the Twilight's devoted studies to the mind and emotion. Akir often reminded Minerva that a Dawn sorcerer would burn an attacking bear to a crisp, but a Twilight sorcerer would make the bear forget what it was doing.

Over the years, Akir had watched Minerva grow into a young woman and an adept sorceress. Her skills blossomed over the years into respectable representations of the trade. Within a few years' time, Minerva was confident she could become a colleague to Akir instead of a student. Reaching his skill level within several decades was laughable.

Akir's council position made for a busy schedule. If he wasn't pouring over old tomes, his presence was required to help resolve more pressing matters. Minerva was yet to see him face a challenge he couldn't overcome. He was as much a role model as he was one of the most powerful sorcerers in the entire country of Ghalrha.

The leather bag was closed matter-of-factly. Donning a hood, Akir approached Minerva. "Keep up your spell practices. There will be an exam on both your incantations and enchantments when I return; I won't tolerate any loss of skill. Don't hesitate to contact me if there's trouble."

Minerva nodded with confidence. "I won't, Master!"

"I'll return in two weeks' time. Don't forget to maintain the protection wards around the shop."

Having said all he wished, Akir took his leave. He exited the workshop into the adjoining storefront where various enchanted items and wares were sold to the general public. A midday summer sun greeted him on the dirt path in front of the building. Watching his twilight cloak wave out of view from a window released a layer of tension.

"He's gone..." she sighed. It was incredible how tense of an atmosphere her master brought into a room. A weight lifted from her chest in the absence of his watchful.

Even with him gone, Minerva knew she couldn't waste time; Akir would have made sure of it. She approached the pile of books and chores with a searching gaze.

"There is it."

On a list of enchantments to prepare was a particularly challenging request: an advanced potion-based enchantment. If done correctly, its consumption would allow the user to stay awake for months on end without the need to sleep. Such a concoction would take weeks to ferment even in the best conditions.

“He’s testing me already…” Minerva straightened her dress. Had she not thought to look immediately, she never would have found it in time to finish before his return. “Better get started on it first thing.”

Several elements of the enchantment were gathered until Minerva stood at a wooden table worn smooth and dyed over years of use. A large glass bowl would be used to contain the mixture of powders and essences until it was ready to imbue with magical energy. She set to work immediately. However, becoming so engrossed on mixing and carefully studying the recipe, Minerva failed to notice two sly hands reaching around the sides of her body.

“*GOTCHA!*”

Fingers groped her chest without mercy. Large enough to fill the attacker’s grasp, Minerva’s skin bulged into the soft white ruffles of her dress’s bust. Such soft, thin fabric offered little protection.

“*A-Ahh!! Let go!!*”

Minerva scrambled out of the clingy palms in a flurry. A bottle was knocked to its side in her haste, though she was fast enough to catch it before it could roll to the stone floor and shatter. The apprentice sorceress’s heart raced at the narrow catch.

“*ERIS!!!*” she scowled, looking at the intruder with frustration.

A red-haired girl stood grinning. Traditional scholar garb wrapped her body in ruffled whites and tans. A long red braid raced down her back like a streak of fire. Sometimes Minerva questioned why she stayed friends with the scholar for so many years when she continued to bring such unwanted sexual advances.

“Did I scare you??” Eris giggled.

Minerva held the bottle close to her chest; the cushion was sure to be her safest bet after it nearly shattered. “*YES!!* And you almost cost us the ability to fall asleep ever again!!” The thought of dying a slow death of sleep deprivation while descending into madness wasn’t pleasant.

Eris’s eyes widened. “*Oooohhh*, dawnroot essence? That’s strong stuff.”

“*I know*. So don’t grab my chest when it’s out in the open! In fact, just don’t grab me!”

“I was just having fun… It’s hard to ignore them in that outfit.”

Minerva sighed and replaced the bottle on the table, far from the edge and against the backing wall. She had to be careful around her friend; Eris was always handsy and wasn’t ashamed to let it get the better of her. Her attraction to Minerva’s chest started during their sexual maturity when Minerva’s bust saw heavy development while Eris’s saw relatively little. This interest applied to many well-endowed girls when they passed through Eris’s view, though it centered on Minerva the majority of the time. This was not reciprocated by the sorceress, though it did not stop Eris from copping a feel when an opportunity presented itself. Minerva didn’t mind too much when it was in good fun and they were alone.

She pulled her dress up and stared at Eris. “Shouldn’t you be in the library?”

“Not today! Or tomorrow. Or for several months.”

Minerva's eyes lit up. "That's right! Your excursion started yesterday! Have you settled on a research topic yet?"

"Nooooope." Eris rocked on her heels in boredom. "And my Master is really hounding me about finding one."

It was customary for scholars of a certain age to explore the world and contribute to an area of study lacking research. Eris was smart, but Minerva feared her whimsey and go-lucky attitude might jeopardize her chances of advancing in her craft and profession.

Eris looked around the empty workshop. "Where Akir? Out yelled at kids for running too fast?"

"He's on a trip for the council. It sounded like a member is missing or went rogue. He wouldn't tell me everything."

"Wow. *My* master tells me everything."

"You're a scholar. You're *supposed* to be learning everything. Like you would on an *excursion*."

Eris noticed the hint. "Learning stuff can just get so boring! I feel like we were studying anatomy for *years*. How many parts can there be in a human body?!"

"Quite a few." Minerva's words were short as she tried to focus on her enchantment.

Standing at her side, Eris couldn't help but stare down Minerva's dress as she leaned forward. Stirring the bowl sent her chest into swaying motions. Friction against the fabric brought her nipples to points.

Eris snickered. "I did learn something interesting, though! Did you know breasts swell a little when you're excited?"

Color flushed Minerva's cheeks. She could immediately feel Eris's eyes on her. Covering herself, Minerva insisted, "Well mine aren't if that's what you're saying!!"

"Let me check!" Eris stepped towards her with hands outstretched.

"*E-Eris! No! I need to work! This is important! Go read a book!*"

She crept closer but Minerva's gaze was overpowering. Waiting for a later chance to strike, Eris occupied herself around the workshop while Minerva cautiously returned to her enchantment. Several minutes passed until she came to a challenging section of the recipe. Her hands grew clammy at the necessity for a rare and volatile ingredient.

A cabinet with a glass door hung along the wall of Akir's workshop. Containing his most precious substances, he kept the cabinet under magical protection. A wave of Minerva's hand released it temporarily. The door creaked in warning when it swung upwards.

Stretching her arms up, Minerva should have known better than to enter such a compromising position with Eris prowling the room. Eris watched as Minerva's nipples came close to rising over her neckline.

"Are you *suuuuuure* they're not a *little* swollen?" Eris teased, stepping behind the sorceress.

Minerva froze with her hands around a wide jar full of dense marrow crystals. She could feel her friend creeping closer. “*Eris, don’t! I’m not kidding!*”

Hands slithered around Minerva’s exposed chest. Minimum effort was needed to slip the dress off her nipples. “They sure look a little bigger to me!” The pink nubs found themselves pinched between Eris’s fingers.

“*Ngh!*” Minerva gasped. She didn’t dare move with such a heavy container held aloft. Setting it down in haste could knock over other materials in the cabinet. “*A-Aahh!! Eris!!*”

“I’m surprised they haven’t torn through your dress! It must be chilly in here...”

Minerva’s legs were weak. If there was one thing Eris knew how to do, it was bringing sanity to the brink with simple pushes of her buttons.

“*S-Stop! Really! I can’t drop this!!*”

Giggling, Eris released her hold of Minerva’s nipples and stepped away. “I love how flustered you get. Your nipples are so sensitive!”

“No, they’re not!” Minerva lied. “I’m flustered because *somebody is groping me while I’m handling dangerous materials!*”

Watching Eris like a hawk, Minerva brought the jar to the table. Her arms ached from holding it aloft for so long. A brief measurement and several scoops gave her enchantment what it needed and she brought the jar back to the cabinet; the sooner it was replaced, the sooner her heart could settle.

GLUB

GLUB GLUB

Eris noticed a concerning sound rising from the glass bowl. Leaning over the table revealed quickening bubbles churning through the mixture. They rose as thick mounds before bursting in anger.

“You added too much,” Eris warned.

Minerva was busy replacing the jar in the cabinet. “Huh?” Concern filled her voice. If Eris was telling her something was amiss, it was good to listen; the scholar was seldom wrong.

“The marrow crystal; you added too much. This recipe doesn’t take that much.”

The jar was quickly pushed into its original position. “Eight measures!” Minerva said with certainty having checked the recipe multiple times, though it wasn’t beyond her to make a mistake when flustered.

Eris shook her head. “Nooooo, it’s *three* measures. Trust me.” She leaned closer to an open book. “See? It says three; the book is just smudged.”

“*WHAT?!*”

RUUUBBBMMLE

Both girls looked at the bowl when it rattled and growled with bubbles.

“Uh oh.” Eris took a step back. “Minerva...?”

The sorceress knew nothing good would come of this.

“*ERIS, GET DOWN!*”

One step ahead of her, Eris ducked below the table as the bowl thrashed.

BOOM!!!

A dark purple explosion filled the air alongside a powerful shockwave capable of rattling the windows and mortar. Unable to find cover soon enough, Minerva was thrown several feet back by the force of the blast. Her ears rang until the concussion faded away. Dread gripped her heart when rattling came from overhead. Minerva glanced up and prayed.

An ancient ornately decorated dragon's tooth teetered on a delicate mount. Hollowed out, it was one of only a handful of materials capable of containing pure dragon's blood without activating its effects.

"N-No...!"

Minerva squeaked as the tooth tipped over in slow motion. It clattered to its side and broke the seal across its top. Like a waterfall of fate, a column of pearlescent purple goo fell onto the horrified sorceress. It washed a portion of her dress away to expose a nipple brought to immediate attention.

"Ahhh!!!"

Minerva was beside herself. There was enough of the substance to leave her chest coated in a thick layer of slime. It heated her skin with its magical properties and reflected candlelight in dream-like waves. She didn't dare move, hoping at any second to wake up from a nightmare. Eris didn't dare look at the scene. Turning away and covering her eyes, she could hardly stand to look at Minerva through her fingers.

Not wanting to hear the answer, Eris asked, "I-Is that--"

Minerva's mouth twitched as she searched for words. "Please tell me I didn't just waste pure dragon's blood..."

She didn't need to be told. Both knew exactly what was running over her breasts and into her cleavage. The empty tooth continued to drip overhead, now empty of its precious contents.

Anxiety raced through Minerva. She cursed fate under her breath.

"Are you all right??" Eris asked, stooping down to help her up.

Minerva shook her head. *"NO!! This stuff is worth more than my life!! When Akir finds out, he is going to--NNGH!!!"*

Her body trembled. Intense sensations spread through her chest to make every pore and nerve ending sing. Under the dragon's blood, her breasts seemed to breathe and swell slightly.

"N-Nnngh!!! Ahh!!!"

Minerva rolled onto her hands and knees to clutch at her chest. It burned hot in her grasp and seared with intense sensitivity.

"Minerva??"

"M-My chest!! It's burning my chest!!!"

Feelings of tightness pulled at her skin. Panting and groaning, Minerva endured the event until it faded away several moments later. She rolled onto her back and collapsed in exhaustion. Not a care was given for her skewed dress or the scene on display.

“Minerva...?” Eris whispered. The dragon’s blood was gone without a trace to leave her chest bare and smooth. The scholar looked on in worry. “It... It absorbed into you... *Dear goddess, are you all right?!*”

She stared at the stone ceiling in dismay. Bleary-eyed, Minerva whimpered, “Does it matter?? My life is over when Akir returns!!”

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

The mess from the explosion was cleaned in relative silence. Though Minerva showed little concern for what effects the dragon’s blood might have on her body, Eris was intent on keeping an eye on her friend. After removing any evidence and hiding the emptied dragon’s tooth, the two girls left the shop to be greeted by setting twilight. The cool air brought a sense of peace on their way to the local tavern. It was rowdy and smoke-filled from charred meats, though neither felt like enjoying the atmosphere.

“You’ll feel better after some mead,” Eris suggested upon bringing two small flagons to their table in a corner.

Minerva sat quietly staring into the drink. “I’m dead... My apprenticeship is over... Do you know how hard it is to get *dragon’s blood?* That was passed down in Akir’s family for centuries! It’s the *universal material!* It can be used as a substitution for any ingredient or element! *It’s priceless! And I dumped it down my dress!*”

Her friend shrugged. “Maybe he should have locked it up or something.”

“He *did!!* And *I’m* the only other person he trusted with the security spell!!”

Eris couldn’t speak much to the magic supposedly protecting such a precious item. Looking at Minerva’s chest pushing against her dress, she confessed, “I’m more surprised your body absorbed such a volatile material without any side effects. Are you sure you’re feeling fine? Maybe I should take a look at--”

“*No, you cannot examine my breasts.*”

“I’m serious! Dragon’s blood is so rare, there haven’t been many opportunities to study its effects on humans! Scholars would lock you up if they knew, just so they could see what will happen!”

“Thanks, Eris... Now I won’t just lose my apprenticeship and probably have my magic stripped away, but there is a rare substance in my body doing who knows what! I feel so much better.”

They sipped their mead in contemplation until Minerva spoke. “I have to replace it.”

“Come again?”

“I have to replace the dragon’s blood before Akir returns.”

Eris’s boisterous laughter garnered attention from the surrounding tavern patrons. Minerva did not share in her amusement.

“I’m not joking,” Minerva promised. “Either I somehow replace it, or I lose everything I’ve worked for. I’ll likely end up a peasant after Akir is done with me.”

“I don’t know, being a peasant still sounds better than *dying!* You can’t get dragon’s blood! Do you know how rare dragons are?! Not to mention how many teeth there will be if you manage to find one!” Eris drank more mead. “I think you’re overreacting. Akir isn’t going to banish you or something.”

Minerva shook her head. “You don’t know him like I do. You’ve never seen him truly angry. Losing something like dragon’s blood is the same as a king losing his wealth. He treasured that blood among all else.”

“Maybe she should have kept it in a more secure cabinet then,” Eris mumbled.

Minerva put her head in her hands. “I’ll be cast out of the Sect. My entire life has been devoted to becoming a sorceress. I’ll have nothing if I lose that.”

“You’re barely nineteen.” Eris watched some of the patrons roughhousing then asked, “Wait, you’re not *actually* serious, are you?”

Minerva nodded and finished her drink. A slight buzz had turned her cheeks pink. “I don’t have a choice.”

Eris thought momentarily. “Fine. Then I’m coming with you.”

“What?!”

“Think about it! It’s perfect for my excursion! We’ll travel Ghalrha and learn about dragons and their habitats! If we even see one, I mean. Plus I can’t let you go alone; you’ll never survive! You’ve got the magic and I’ll bring the brains.”

“Eris, I can’t let you--”

“I’m coming whether you want me to or not.”

Minerva stared at the redhead. She could try arguing, but when Eris wanted something, there wasn’t much you could do to stop her short of using a length of rope and a large rock or sturdy pole. Given such a daunting task, Minerva found some relief to have the company.

“Fine...” she sighed. “Welcome aboard the Doom Wagon!”

Eris laughed. “Hear that, dragon?? We’re coming for your blood!”

“We also have only two weeks.”

“*TWO WEEKS?! We’ll barely make it out of town before we have to turn back!*”

“Akir said he would be back in a few weeks. If I die trying, it’s still better than having to face his wrath.”

Eris groaned. “We’ll need to teleport to pull something like that off.”

“I’m a sorceress, not a miracle worker. We’re going to have to go by foot.”

Two weeks wasn’t nearly long enough time to find a dragon, let alone fill Eris’s excursion requirement. She jumped up to approach the bar. “We better get some more mead then... All this talk about finding a dragon just to get roasted alive is making me thirsty.”

“*EEP!*” Minerva jumped in her seat and straightened in her chair.

Eris thought nothing of it until she returned with two sloshing flagons and found Minerva doubled over with her arms wrapped around her chest.

“Minerva...? Is something wrong? Thirsty?”

“*N-Nngh!!*”

Minerva’s breath was quick and labored. Over the roaring tavern, Eris thought she could hear gurgles coming from the sorceress’ body.

“*Nnngh!!! Ohhhhh goddess, my chest!!*”

Eris sprang into action. Setting the flagons on the table, she approached her friend. “Is it the dragon’s blood?! What’s wrong??”

“I...I don’t know!” Minerva moaned and hugged her breasts tighter. They felt full and round against her arms and pushed back with minds of their own. “*My chest feels...nnngh!!...s-so tight!!*”

Minerva leaned back and rested her head against the wall with closed eyes. Against her arms pushed two full mounds of pale flesh rising like dough. Eris’s eyes bulged watching the globes swell larger and strain Minerva’s dress.

“What’s...What’s going on...??” Minerva moaned. Forcing her eyes open, she rolled her gaze down. “*OH GODDESS!!*”

Cleavage filled her vision. Fearful, she dropped her arms from the heaving masses and let them fall naturally. Usually ruffled and loose, the front of her dress stretched smooth against their rounded shapes and accentuated two thick nubs.

“*E-Eris?? What’s happening to my chest?!*”

Skin rose and bulged around her shoulder straps. Heaping into a shelf, it wouldn’t take much before the melon-sized mammaries sprang free. Several eyes were upon her from around the tavern. Watching the girl grow out of her dress was the best entertainment they’d seen all night.

POP!

POP!

“*A-Augh!!!*” Minerva cried out when her nipples found freedom. Wiggling from the release, they sent bolts of energy through her body and moistened her thighs.

Eris stared intently at the fleshy quivering nozzles. She knew their appearance from anatomical studies and recognized the pale veins appearing along Minerva’s chest as it continued to engorge. Swallowing against a dry mouth, she began to say, “M-Minerva... I think they’re filling up with--”

SPLUUURRTCH!

“*AAAAHH!!!*”

Minerva arched her back when milk sprayed from her chest and pattered over the table. The scholar stared wide-eyed at the breasts dwarfing her head.

“*They’re so hot!!! Goddess, they feel SO FULL!!*” She stared at the fluid spraying from her body. “*Is that MILK?! W-Where is it coming from?! Eris, what’s happening to me?!*”

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

Minerva stumbled out of the tavern with the support of Eris's shoulder.

Entertained hollers followed them until the doors closed, saying, "Hey, where ya goin'?? I'm thirsty for more after that show!!"

GUURRRGLE

"N-Nngh!! Ohhh they're getting bigger!!" Minerva leaned forward from the weight of her chest. Like watermelons, they hung to her belly button.

"We'll get you out of here!" Eris insisted. "Then we'll figure out what's happening to you! It's probably the dragon's blood!"

"You think?!"

GUURRRGLE

They made it through several back alleys before Minerva's legs grew heavy. Sloshing came from her chest as it swung in her arm. Anyone could have followed the trail of milk to find its swollen source.

"I...I don't think I can keep going..." she moaned. *"Eris they're too heavy!"*

Slipping from the shoulder, Minerva stumbled to a nearby barrel and leaned on it for support. Her chest hung off her like swollen fruits. Her only hope, Minerva looked to Eris. *"I-I think you're going to have to milk me!"*

Eris stammered. "I don't know how to--"

"You grew up on a farm, didn't you?? You milked cows with your mom!! You told me so!!"

"That was years ago!! And an udder is different than--" Eris stared at the engorging massed. "Different than those..."

GUUURRRGLE

"N-Nnngh!! Aahhh, Eris, please!! They're getting really heavy!! If I go down, I'm not getting back up!!"

Eris's hands twitched. They wanted nothing more than to grab onto the sausage-thick nipples and pull. She feared it may make it worse, however. "Can't you do some kind of magic?!"

"I can barely talk!!" Minerva glared. "You're grabbing my chest day in and day out, and NOW you're hesitant?! *Eris, I'm begging you!! MILK ME BEFORE THEY GET ANY BIGGER!!*"

"All right!!" Eris's heart raced as she stepped behind Minerva. She couldn't believe herself as she reached around and pressed her hands into her soft flesh. "L-Like this?"

GUURRRRGLE

"I don't care how you do it!! Just get this milk out of me!!"

Leaning into Minerva's rear, Eris reached down and sank her arms into the sides of her chest until her hands found the dribbling pink mounds.

“MMNNGH!!!! C-Careful!”

“I’m doing my best!! You’re not exactly a cow!!”

“Well I feel like one!!”

With gallons of milk swirling against her arms, Eris squeezed and pulled both nipples.

SPLLLUURRCH

“A-AUGH!! MMNGH!!!”

Milk cut into the dirt below in thick streams. The sensations made Minerva tremble in Eris’s embrace. *“K-Keep...going!?”*

Eris began pulling in rhythmic alternating motions.

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

“MMMM!!! I can barely stand all the swelling!! My chest feels ready to erupt!?”

Eris agreed. Based on her experience with dairy cows who had gone too long without being milked, Minerva’s chest was in much the same state.

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

“AAAHHH!!!”

Minerva’s thighs rubbed together in pleasure. Such a thing only drove Eris to quicken her pace and strengthen her grip. This caused Minerva to tense and buck in uncontrollable pleasure as she was drained like a child’s plaything.

“Aahh!! MMNGH!!! E-ERIS!!! C-Careful!!! You’re going to make me--AAHH!!!!”

SPLLLUURRRCH!!!

Milk gushed from Minerva’s chest in creamy waterfalls while her body convulsed.

“Augh!!! M-M-MmmnghhaahhhhHHHHH!!!”

An orgasmic scream echoed through the alley along with a torrent of steaming milk. Eris was awed by the feeling of Minerva’s breasts shrinking within her grasp. Dairy poured from their forms until they fit in her palms as naturally as ever, leaving the girls hunched over each other in a sexual display of sweat and gasping breaths. It took several seconds for Eris to release Minerva’s chest from her grasp, unwilling to let go of its timed rises and falls with Minerva’s breaths.

“Thank you... Eris...” Minerva panted. *“For a minute, I didn’t think I was going to be able to walk anymore...”*

Eris stood back and looked at her hands. Milk dripped from her fingers to make her mouth water. Before Minerva could see, Eris licked one of them clean. Honey sweetness filled her mouth from the thick cream. It was all she could do to stifle a moan while licking her lips.

Drained of energy, Minerva slumped against a wall to the ground. She could fix her dress later; right now, she had to catch her breath. Such sexual sensations had only been experienced alone at night in her chambers, and even they could not compare to what she'd just shared with Eris, who came to sit next to her in a puddle of milk.

It took a moment for either of them to address the event.

"Thanks for...uh...*that*," Minerva whispered.

Eris nodded, not wanting to admit she wished it had gone on longer. "Anytime..."

Minerva glanced down at her chest and saw it uncovered. Smooth, milk-covered skin reflected the dim light around them. "*Ah!*" She quickly righted her dress, thankful it retained enough stretch to cover her chest. "You were just going to let me hang out of my dress like that, weren't you?"

Eris giggled at the accurate accusation. "I certainly wasn't going to say anything."

Minerva cupped herself. "I wonder what happened... I've never felt anything like that."

"I have a theory..." Eris chewed on her lip.

"Well don't leave me in the dark."

"I-I think the dragon's blood fused with your breasts... Since it's capable of becoming any required substance, I think it's caused your chest to do the same... In its own way."

Minerva blinked. "You're insane."

"Think about it! In the tavern I said I was thir--" Eris caught herself. "I said I wanted more mead, and you started lactating! Then when I said it again, it accelerated! It happened again when we left and someone called after us! I needed something to drink, so it provided it! I wonder what else it could cause your breasts to do..."

Frowning, Minerva considered the idea. It sounded ludicrous, though dragon's blood was known for its fantastical properties of transformation. "I don't want to believe it... But I also don't have any evidence against it..."

"We could test it? Maybe if I say I'm thir--*Mmph!*"

Minerva clamped a hand over Eris's mouth. "Even if it sounds crazy, I would rather not find out that it's true *right after* I just released several gallons of milk."

Eris nodded in understanding to earn her mouth's freedom. "So considering what the blood has possibly done to you... Are you still planning on trying to find a dragon, get its blood, and bring it back all before Akir returns?"

She sighed. "I don't think I have a choice. Why? Are you still planning on joining me?"

Eris glanced at Minerva's chest. Given what the blood had already caused, and the countless other possibilities it could lead to, there was no other answer she could have given. "Are you kidding me? Of course I'm coming! This could be *big!*"

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

What happens next?