

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 38

As their pursuers approach town, Eris recognizes them while checking what's happening. Using illusion magic as a disguise, they try to escape only to encounter Marci and Kalzar. During their conversation, Minerva's growth is accidentally triggered.

Splrrrrsh!!!

Splrrrrsssh!!!

"A-Ahhh!! Moooo!!! MOOOOOO!!!! Gentle! Please...! Gentle!!!" Mel's bellowing screams shook the remains of her tiny shop. Ripples traveled through the pool of milk around her as she squirmed and tensed, every nerve ending in her breasts screaming with sensitivity. *"I've never felt them so strained!!!"*

Tria whimpered from above. Even in her grown state, the fairy felt dwarfed by the cowgirl's assets as she worked both nipples to draw wave after wave of dairy from their depths. Her body weight pushed into Mel's mounds for additional pressure, though Tria feared they could throw her off if the cowgirl's glands heaved with enough strength.

"Eris... *Eris...*" Minerva called from the floor. A fog still veiled her mind and recovery wouldn't soon find her. So many physical changes in such a short period had left her exhausted. Even her tail lay limp. *"What's...happening out there...?"*

The scholar stood at the door hanging askew on a single surviving hinge. "Uhhh... Well..."

Outside Mel's shop was chaos. Cowgirls were running away from the mountains while the men and guards ran toward it. The pelting of fire and stone had stopped, leaving numerous fires across town to be dealt with.

Eris continued watching and squinted her eyes to see in the distance. "It looks like it's just two people coming down from the mountain..."

"Please tell me it's not Meridith!"

"I don't think it is... They're too tall and I don't see any golems with them... Just a lot of smoke."

"MMMooooooooooooo!!!!!"

Biting her lip, Eris inspected Mel's current size. She was far from being able to stand. "Tria, keep milking her as fast as you can. I'm going to get a closer look."

Tria's eyes widened. Two more gallons seemed to appear for every one she pushed out. "What?? But she's--"

"Just do it! I'll be right back!"

Her footsteps scraped across the dirt as she jogged toward the town's entrance. An uncomfortable stretch of wordlessness fell between them in Eris's absence. Panting, Minerva listened to Mel's bellows. There was a spark of familiarity in her torture, except Mel had no dragon's blood to assist her breasts.

"Is...it working, Tria...?" she rasped.

Nodding, Tria wiped milk from her sprayed face to reveal cheeks flushed with effort. Fluid hung heavy enough on her wings to make them sag. “She’s getting smaller! Are you sure you don’t need anyone to milk yours??”

Minerva tensed at the thought. Though large enough to reach below her belly button, the idea of someone so much as touching her breasts sent dangerous shivers down her spine. The charm tied at her horn was imprisoning her lust to an extent, but she didn’t dare test its limits. Not yet. Everything felt balanced on a knife’s edge. Tenderly bringing a hand to one of her breasts, Minerva shook her head at the request. “*No... I’m fine... Just get the milk out of Mel...*” Turning her head toward the cow, she chuckled weakly at the woman’s bridging back and pursed lips. “*Poor heifer looks ready to burst.*”

“*Mnghh s-shut it!*” Mel managed to squeak. “*I’ll take that charm back if--*” Her udders rumbled and stole her breath away.

SPRRRRSH!!

“EEK!!”

Tria shrieked when a particularly heavy spray of milk erupted into her face. Cream ran down her front and left her sputtering for air. The taste was sugar on her tongue; she only wished she had time to enjoy it.

“S...Sorry, dear...” Mel groaned. The difference in size was substantial and she was starting to feel closer to her usual limits. “*I think I can...help now without...losing my mind...*”

“That’s ok! I can take care of--”

Mel reached her hands to the sides of her breasts and pushed. A gurgle vibrated through her bust before two geysers of white sprayed Tria with blinding strength. She fell back and landed with a splash, legs splayed in exhaustion.

“*Mmnngghhhmmoooooo...!!*” Mel sounded, voicing her pleasure as the last of the dangerous pressure escaped from over-puffed nipples. “*Ohhhh that’s so much better...*” A heavy sigh moistened her lips as she rose to lean on her elbows and gaze at the slope of her still-engorged breasts. “I’ll be sore tomorrow but I wouldn’t be surprised if my capacity has increased because of all this.”

A weak smile crossed Tria’s face. It might have been hard work, but the taste and scent of the cowgirl’s milk left her feeling as energized as she’d been in the brothel. “I could keep going if you want! I’m still--”

“We need to go.”

They looked to see Eris rushing back into the shop.

Concern peppered Minerva’s face. “What? What’s wrong? What--*H-Hey...! Stop!*”

She was at Minerva’s shoulder, rushing to pull her to her feet. “*We need to go.*”

“Why?? We--*Ngh! Get off!*” Minerva shrugged Eris’s arms away and grimaced when her milk shifted in her chest. The tip of her tail twitched along the floor. “*Tell me what’s--*”

“We just need to go, alright?!”

The snapping tone was a saber through the tension in the air. Fidgeting in place, Eris looked repeatedly at the front door as people walked by. Minerva could count on one hand the number of times she’d seen her friend so nervous.

“Eris... What’s wrong?”

Biting her lip, Eris moved to the door and looked outside. “Back in Lhystra... Tria and I kind of messed up...”

Concern turned to apprehension. Her tone lowered to a near growl. “What did you do?”

“We...” Lip trembling, words spilled out of Eris without warning. “There was this brothel! Tria and I spent some time with this girl! A-A-A woman! And she lactated! *Lactated, Minerva!* Tria and I... Goddess, we drank and did *so much!!* And after... We couldn’t pay! They tried to make me work there instead!! But Tria and I escaped!! A-After...” Her voice lowered. “*After Tria made one of the girls swell so full of milk she destroyed the entire building...*”

“*YOU WHAT?!?*”

Tria cowered at Minerva’s response.

“*It was an accident!! We were going to make her bigger instead of paying them!! But Tria couldn’t stop!! She just kept getting bigger...and bigger...and bigger and bigger and bigger!!! W-We had to escape out of the window!! A-A-And now she’s looking for me...*”

“*ERIS!*” Minerva stared in disbelief. “*HOW COULD YOU?! YOU--*”

“*With Kalzar...*”

Fury turned Minerva’s face red. Wispy trails of smoke drifted from her nostrils. On the floor, Eris could see her hands clawing at the wood with elongated dragon nails. Gouges were left in their wake. “*KALZAR?! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT--*”

Mel interjected with a raised hand, incurring a death stare from Minerva. “Eris, what does this have to do with the commotion outside?”

Appearing near tears, Eris whimpered and confessed, “*I-I-I think she’s a pyromancer...*”

“*YOU PISSED OFF A PYROMANCER AND SHE TEAMED UP WITH THE MAN THAT’S KIDNAPPED ME?! TWICE?!?!?*”

“*I’m sorry!!! I’m sorry, alright?!?*” Eris grabbed the warped door frame for support. “*You can be mad at me later!! But right now we really really need to go!! She’s looking for me!! I know she is!! And Kalzar is looking for you!! They’ll be here soon!! I saw them at the town’s entrance!! They’re asking the guards about any humans they’ve seen!! We need to go!! We need to--*”

“*I know!! I know already!!?*” Minerva snapped. Rolling onto her hands and knees with a grunt of discomfort, she breathed like a woman in labor before rising to her feet. Mel was on the same path. Both women swayed with the weight of their busts and their contents.

Minerva’s anger wasn’t quelled. “*Everywhere we go... It’s always something... You always have to cause something!*”

“*I-I didn’t mean to! It was an accide--*”

“*Isn’t everything hard enough as it is?! Without you screwing things up at every turn???*” Minerva’s glare cut to Eris’s core. She motioned angrily to her distended chest. “*I have enough to deal with!! I don’t need to babysit a child too!!?*”

A barely audible squeak left Eris’s mouth. It opened and closed before staying shut. A tear ran down her cheek instead.

“Both of you relax.” Mel stood between them. “Arguing won’t do any good. We need to get you three out of here.”

“What about the town?” Minerva asked with little patience.

“They might search for a bit and threaten to burn some things, but cows are strong. It wouldn’t be the first fire I’ve put out with some dairy. Do you have the energy for magic?”

Minerva supported her breasts with her hands and shook her head. Weary eyes betrayed her exhaustion.

“I thought as much... I’ll handle it. Luckily the milk I drank from you has me feeling strong as an ox now that the pressure is mostly gone. All three of you, gather up.”

The trio bunched side-by-side, Minerva refusing to stand next to Eris. Tria stood between them, timid and shrunken as if she were a child put between two fighting parents. After the ordeal of Minerva’s transformation, they were all in various states of disheveled nudity. What remained of Tria and Eris’s clothes hung on by a thread.

A glow enveloped Mel’s hands and she started moving them around their bodies. “I’m going to disguise you with illusion magic. It will trick anyone who doesn’t strongly suspect the disguise. If someone finds out, the illusion will break. Understand?”

They nodded.

“Good. This won’t create clothes. So when it does fade, you’ll be left as you are now. I can’t change your shapes too far from what they currently are either.” Eying Minerva, Mel confessed, “So we’ll have to make a few concessions...”

The air shimmered as she started to mumble and channel her magic. Waving and glimmering over their bodies, visions of vapor settled into physical attire. All three girls shivered at a strange sensation massaging and kneading their forms. Their eyes bulged when turning to look at one another.

“*Tria! You’re a boy!!*” Eris gasped, seeing the fairy transformed into a burly teen. Her breasts were hidden as muscles built from years of chopping wood. “And Minerva! You’re--” She caught her tongue.

Staring at herself, Minerva sighed in approval. “I guess it was the only way...”

Draped in a simple dress, the sorceress had transformed into a blonde nearly ten years older. Tenting the front of her dress where her breasts should have been was a rotund pregnant belly. Its size left Minerva looking past-due with triplets. Tall hair in a bun helped conceal her horns.

Minerva blushed as she rubbed the globe. Pregnancy was something she’d always pondered but never thought she would have the opportunity to explore. Now feeling her womb large enough to fill her hands, with ample breasts resting atop like a shelf, she felt strangely natural. She looked at Eris then and snickered.

“What?” she asked.

“You’re *old!!*” Tria laughed and pointed. “*Old man!!*”

“*What??*” Grabbing a stray potion bottle, Eris inspected her reflection. The face of a balding man in his forties stared back. “*Mel!!*”

The cowgirl directed them. “You two are married now. Tria is your son. You’re traveling to see family before the birth of your second child.”

“Or next five, judging by the size of Minerva,” Eris chided.

She gave no response, anger still fresh.

Mel wasted no further time and ushered them to the door. “Ok, now get going. Get far out of town and away from your pursuers.”

Stumbling with her new body, Minerva objected, “But your shop! I--”

“Don’t worry!” She winked and said, “You can help me fix it up on your way home after getting that dragon blood. *Now go! With the scene around my shop, being around you will just draw attention.*”

“That’s a promise. And...” Minerva gripped Mel’s hand. “Thank you for your help... All of your help.”

The cowgirl smiled before herding them away.

They entered the main road. Many bovine citizens were still running in different directions to handle one fire or another, but much of the chaos had calmed.

“What should we do?” Eris whispered, inspecting her worn hands.

Minerva waited until they were out of earshot of passing heifers before responding.

“Continue to Glomia, I suppose. Then Tria can help us get in touch with the fairies.”

“*I feel strong!!*” Tria exclaimed. “Look how big my arms are!”

Eris nodded and turned back to Minerva. “But what about--”

“Excuse me,” a voice called after them.

Minerva turned expecting to see Holly or one of the other cowgirls approaching. Her blood ran cold when she instead saw a naked woman covered by only a cloak burned at the edges. Kalzar’s unmistakable presence accompanied her. Eris visibly bristled when she turned to follow Minerva.

“Y...Yes?” Minerva responded, putting a hand atop her belly.

Marci’s eyes traveled her up and down but held no suspicions. “We’re looking for someone.”

Rubbing her stomach, Minerva feigned a warm smile. “Oh! I’m afraid we’re from out of town! On our way to see family!” Looking down, she added, “I’m very close...”

Little sympathy was returned by the brothel owner. “We’re looking for three humans. Visitors as well. The guards we spoke to said they’ve only seen three human newcomers in the last week...”

Eris came forward and laced her hand into Minerva’s. “Ma’am, my wife is very tired. If we could please be on our way, she’s in desperate need of a bath, as I’m sure you can tell.”

Conversation paused. Minerva couldn’t help noticing how Kalzar’s gaze lingered, especially on her low neckline. The man’s existence was perpetually troubling.

Eyes still inspecting, Marci suddenly inquired, “Has your milk come in yet?”

Guuurgle

Minerva tensed and her heart skipped a beat. Though concealed, her breasts were still very much active. They firmed in her grasp. To everyone else, it appeared as if her dress shifted around her belly. “E-Excuse me?”

“I happen to work with a group of women of a certain...*type*. One of them came to me as a wetnurse and continued to use her talents for more lucrative ends. After so long with her, I’m not ashamed to admit I’ve developed a bit of a taste for mother’s milk. I’m very thirsty after traveling so far; would it be completely out of line to ask for--”

GUURRRGLE

“MMGH!!”

Minerva’s hand clenched Eris’s when raging milk flooded her breasts. Their enhanced lactation was as strong as ever and soaked her back in sweat.

To the rest, their eyes widened upon seeing the heavily pregnant woman’s belly swell several inches larger. Tightening and rounding, Minerva’s stomach extended into a massive sphere to tighten her dress.

“Mom???” Tria said with a twinge of real fear.

“A-Ahh!! The baby, dear!! It’s...kicking!” she said to Eris between gasps.

“Please!” Eris insisted, *“My wife is very tired. If we could--”*

Kalzar raised his hand. Marci’s eyebrow rose in turn. *“Yes?”*

He paused, staring at the huffing pregnant woman. *“There’s something...about...”* After a moment he motioned and commanded, *“Open your dress.”*

Reds and pinks rushed to Minerva’s face. *“W-What???”*

There was no restraint in Kalzar’s eyes. *“I apologize for the request, but I’m afraid I must insist.”*

Marci turned her head, also intrigued. *“For what purpose?”*

He leaned in to whisper something in her ear. Marci understood, turning back to Minerva. *“Undo your dress.”*

Palpitations fluttered Minerva’s heart. *“Y-Y-You can’t expect me to expose myself! We’re in the middle of the street! You’re strangers to me!! I can’t--”*

“Do it or he will rip it from your body. Or I will burn it to ashes. Last chance.”

Frozen, Minerva looked for aid. Eris and Tria could only stare back, also at a loss.

“V...Very well...”

“Mi---” Eris caught herself. *“M-My love! You can’t--”*

She was already grasping the dress’ fabric. Slowly her fingers moved to gather and bunch it up, drawing the garment up her body. Minerva felt the hem slip over her thighs and reveal her naked pelvis to the open air. It tickled when it slid over the taut skin of her womb, before finally being pulled over her breasts. They fell free, landing atop her stomach in large flattened mounds decorated with stretch marks and veins. Dark areolas as large as peaches stared ahead. Blushing hard, Minerva prayed the distended belly was large enough to cover her otherwise nudity between her legs.

Marci and Kalzar stared at her. Their eyes wandered over every inch, prodding Minerva with ghostly fingers across her curves. She felt his eyes strongest on her mammaries.

Marci sighed. “I must say if you’re not lactating, you soon will be. You’re fit to pop. Makes me thirsty just looking at you.”

Guuurrrrgle!!

“M-Mnnggh!?”

Her belly stretched, aching with the pressure of her hidden bust. Their pursuers ogled the scene, confident they had just seen the pregnant blonde’s gut widen several inches to a drum-tight globe.

Minerva gulped, feeling her belly button spring out. “*M...M-May I cover myself now...?*” she whimpered under the pair of piercing gazes.

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

What happens next?