

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 3

The spell of silence works both ways. Eris and Minerva only realize the danger of this when they wake in the night to find themselves tied up and unable to be heard when they call for help.

“Minerva... Minerva, please wake up!! *Please!*”

A frightened voice called the sorceress from her dreams. Rousing and sore from sleeping with only a thin layer of bedding between her and the ground, Minerva groaned and opened her eyes.

An immediate lack of mobility gave her heart a jump start. Tight bonds coiled around her body and limbs, binding her together like a puppet tangled in its own strings. Her vision focused in the dark night to see Eris sitting on her bedding in a similar situation. Several large spiders with crystalline bodies reflected the moonlight as they wandered over her body maintaining her bonds. The same magical creatures could be felt crawling over Minerva’s body. Their tiny legs pricked her skin.

“*Mmph?!?*”

A scream tried to escape her throat but a gag blocked its path. Now frightened and beyond confused, Minerva squirmed to sit up. A gleaming metallic eye met her gaze set in a weathered man’s eye socket. It glowed with a gentle blue light and his beard reeked of old mead.

“*Mmph!?*”

“Nice of you to join us,” the man greeted with a grin lacking several teeth. The state of his visage told Minerva he’d been through several challenging ordeals. Whether or not he had been on the right side of these ordeals was yet to be determined.

“H-Hey snuck up on me!” Eris cried. “*I couldn’t hear him coming! By the time I woke up, the spiders already had their webs around us!*”

Bowing slightly as if it somehow made up for taking them hostage, the stranger introduced himself. “You may call me Kalzar. I’m what you may call a man for hire... I have a proposition for you.”

“*MMPPH!!!*” Minerva struggled to break free, much to the stranger’s delight.

Eris screamed at the slumbering merchants. “*Help!! Help us!!*”

None were roused. Kalzar laughed in amusement. “They can’t hear you. No more than you can hear them.” Pointing at Minerva, he explained, “You’ve got a talent for sorcery! Your enchantments need a little work, though, I’m afraid.” He tapped the side of his head to indicate towards his metal eye. “I could see right away that your little sphere of silence worked both ways. No sound is coming in, and no sound is going out.”

Minerva’s eyes widened with fright at her amateur mistake. Akir would berate her if he knew.

“*N-Nngh!! MMMPH!!*” The spider silk dug around her abdomen and shoulders. The more she struggled, the harder the crystal spiders worked to keep her bound. Beady red eyes glowed atop their bodies.

Kalzar insisted, “Struggle all you want! Those spiders know how to make a strong web. Keeping a few of those on hand is *far* easier than carrying rope everywhere I go.”

“*What do you want?!*” Eris’s words came out fast and panicked. Silver moonlight shone brightly in her eyes.

“Just a taste!”

“*Mmph??*” Immediately Minerva turned her head towards the man. There were only so many things such a statement could have referred to.

Kalzar knelt in front of Minerva. Aged eyes stared at her breasts and made her shiver. She wished her dress covered more of her torso. “I’ve heard all about your cow-cursed bust... That’s quite the unique talent.”

She didn’t like the way he ogled her chest and licked his lips. Flinging her gaze to Eris, Minerva silently demanded answers.

“H-Hey saw them swell up on the ride here!” the redhead explained. Upon seeing Minerva’s eyes widen in further confusion, Eris remembered she’d been asleep while her breasts engorged.

Kalzar’s foot scraped across the gravel as he leaned in closer to her chest. Jolting back, Minerva tried to put distance between her chest and his face. Anger was overpowering her fear now. She required the use of her voice to cast any kind of magic in retaliation, however. Feeling the gag block her tongue only fueled her frustration.

“How does the curse work...?” Kalzar asked. Tingles spread over Minerva’s chest as if she could feel his eyes inspecting every curve and valley. Trying to turn herself away only caused her breasts to wobble between their bonds.

“I apologize for the gag. I’m aware you can’t answer,” Kalzar said calmly. “I would let you speak, but I can’t have you casting any spells.” He turned to Eris. “Would your friend like to give me any hints?”

Eris didn’t need to watch Minerva shake her head rapidly to answer. “*Sard off!!*”

Kalzar shrugged. “Very well. I have no qualms with a little experimentation.” He leaned close as if to touch Minerva.

“*M-Mmph...*”

The man stared in thought and recalled his observations. “You were sleeping when it happened... Though if that were the trigger, they would have engorged during your rest tonight.”

Sweating, Minerva prayed he wouldn’t reach what seemed like an obvious conclusion. If her breasts fell victim to extreme lactation while her hands were tied, she wasn’t sure she could handle it. The spiders’ binds alone already skewed her dress to the point of risking exposure.

“It can’t be environmental, like the sun, otherwise you would have dressed for it...” Kalzar’s eyes sparkled. “It’s something out of your control, isn’t it? Something you can’t adequately prepare for.”

Minerva whimpered and shook her head.

“I seem to recall a particularly loud infant crying during your previous swelling. Am I right in assuming your milk flows on a per-need basis?”

“*Mph!! Mmph!!*” Minerva shook her head vehemently. She was seconds away from her breasts bloating with cream.

“Hmmm...” Kalzar watched Minerva’s chest rise and fall with nervous breaths. Intrigued, he whispered, “*I’m parched.*”

GUUUURRGLE

“*Mmmngh!!!*”

Minerva clenched her hands and writhed when her breasts flourished with energy. Deep within them, milk surged at ounces per second. Prominent growth pushed her chest larger until it filled her bodice.

“*S-Stop it!*” Eris pleaded. “*Minerva!*”

“*I’m incredibly thirsty.*”

GUUUUUURRGLE

“*M-Mmmngh!!!*” Feeling milk push against her skin was a more tantalizing sensation than Minerva could bear. Looking down through watery eyes, she saw her breasts rising off her frame like globes. The spider binds accentuated them into plump spheres with little room for deviation. Tight pink areolas rose into view as her dress threatened to release its contents.

Kalzar chuckled in amusement at the ripening melons weighing his prisoner down. “*I’m craving milk so much I can’t stand it!!*”

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

“*MMMMMMGH!!!!*”

Minerva’s chest engorged with minds of their own. Far surpassing the size of her head, they stood firm and tight in the constraints of her dress. The white fabric trembled and pulled into her milk flesh.

SPLUUURTCH!!!

“*M-Mmmngh!!*”

Finally they broke free. Released to the full force of gravity, Minerva’s bust fell against her body with sloshing smacks. The jolt sent shockwaves through her heaving mounds with enough energy to stimulate her milk into spraying from aching nipples. Directly in front of them, Kalzar’s face was doused in the warm dairy.

“*Ha!*” he laughed, gazing upon Minerva’s exposed magically altered treasures.

“*Glorious! More!! I’m SO THIRSTY!!*”

GRRRROOOOAAAAAAN

Her breasts saw no limit in pleasing the man's feigned desires. Swelling massive and full, Minerva's body was dominated by the pale mounds. They stood wider than her torso and inched closer to her lap. Several bands of spider silk pulled into the top and bottom of her breasts as they expanded in all directions.

"*Stop it!*" Eris yelled again. "*You're making her produce too much!!*"

Gasping for air through her gag, Minerva raged at her forced growth. Given her titanic size, she felt as though her nipples were ready to gush at any moment. Going through such forced sexual sensations in front of her capture was humiliating. This man had the power to drive her chest to worrisome sizes and she was powerless to do anything about it. She ground her teeth against the gag in anger.

"Amazing..." Kalzar ogled. Reaching out, he cupped a large watermelon udder in both hands. They squeezed together to indent Minerva's soft skin, pressurizing her milk within. "They're simply magnificent. So plump and full!! Seeing them inflate to such a size... It's a sight to behold!!" He squeezed again, causing her areola to dome outward.

SQUULLCH

"*M-M-Mmng...!! Mmmph...!*"

"Sorry, my dear. I've come too far not to indulge myself." Kalzar cupped a hand under a puffy nipple. His finger and thumb were rough against her sensitive skin when he pinched the fleshy nozzle and pulled, urging milk to flow.

"*Mmmph!!!*"

Dairy filled his hand in seconds until it overflowed onto Minerva's thighs below. Bringing his hand to his mouth, he slurped under the furious gaze of the sorceress. Kalzar's metal eye illuminated at the taste.

"My dear!" he exclaimed. "This is the *furthest* thing from a curse I've ever seen!" Kalzar licked his lips and hand clean. "Yes, the prince will be most satisfied with this... You'll fulfill the queen's wishes and then some!"

Minerva stared in confusion as he rose to his feet.

"How would you like a job? My benefactors would compensate you handsomely for such a wealth of rich dairy."

"*Mro phroof prophelph.*" The sorceress cursed through her gag while staring daggers. She was violated and taken advantage of. Her milk was among the most intimate things she had to give and this man had taken it without a passing thought. As her chest swayed with her angry breaths, she ignored the leaking milk running down her body and soaking her dress. The spiders raced around her body. Their bindings pulled into her milky udders, squeezing their contents and helping support their weight.

Kalzar's smile did not falter. "I can see the proposition does not immediately pique your interest. No matter; you'll come to like the idea on our way to his fallen majesty." He approached Eris. "I'm afraid I'll have to dispose of your friend first. There's only room for so much cargo, you see."

“*W-Wait!! STOP!!!*” Eris kicked at the ground when he approached with outstretched hands. “*MINERVA!!!*”

Distress overcame the girls when Kalzar took Eris by her bindings and attempted to lift her from the ground. Minerva could do nothing but struggle to rise. If Eris were taken into the dark woods next to the camp, she knew she’d never see her friend again.

“*Don’t let him take me!! I DON’T WANT TO--*” Eris stopped. As her accomplice struggled, she watched Minerva’s milk soak into her restraints. They grayed at its touch, the spiders struggling to keep pace with repairs. An idea flashed across her mind and Eris yelled. “*I’m thirsty too!!!*”

“*MMPH?!*”

“*Hmm?*”

Both were shocked at the scholar’s sudden statement.

GUUURRRGLE

“*I need barrels and barrels of milk!!!*” she yelled, dangling in the air from Kalzar’s hand. “*I’m so thirsty I could drain a herd of cows!!!*”

GUUUUURRRRRGLE

“*M-MMPH!!!*” Confused, Minerva questioned her friend’s intentions with saucer eyes. The pressure building in her chest was immense. Their size bloated and tightened her skin. Milk flowed over their curves and down her body, turning her bindings dull gray. Threads snapped and frayed. Suspended in a small cradle of rope, her chest jutted from her frame.

“*What are you doing, girl??*” Kalzar demanded. “*I need her small enough to manage!*”

“*GODDESS, I’M THIRSTY!!! I JUST WISH I HAD AN OCEAN OF MILK!!!*”

GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!!

“*MMGGPH!!!*”

Minerva couldn’t take it anymore and clenched her eyes. Arching her chest into the air, she leaned back at the incredible milky forces inside of her. Her chest struggled to contain its load. Eris and Kalzar watched in awe when they sprayed and leaked like fountains, drenching her in cream. Creaking threads complained around her frame from the burgeoning mammaries.

“*M-Mmnggh!!! NNGH!!!!*”

SNAP!!!!

The bonds broke around Minerva’s straining body and wrists. Every muscle tense for escape, Minerva’s arms flung outward. Kalzar had only had time to frown in worry as she clawed madly at her gag and freed her speech. Angry magic poured from her being.

“*DAGU NESU KAA DAN ISKAU!!!*”

WHAM!!

The force of a charging bull struck Kalzar’s torso to knock the wind from his lungs. Eris fell to the ground when his hand was ripped from her bonds while he rocketed across the camp like a cannonball.

CRASH!!!!

The sound of a grown man plowing through the side of a covered merchant cart shot through the night. Though Minerva and Eris could not hear it, they saw the immediate attention it gained from the other travelers. Many gathered around the gaping hole in wood and canvas to inspect Kalzar.

“What did I just do...” Minerva whispered. It was the first time she’d used destructive force against a human being.

Eris was more present. *“Minerva we have to go!!! Untie me!”*

“What??” Almost falling over, Minerva tried to conceal her chest as merchants turned to face them. Confusion and anger brimmed in their eyes. “We just need to explain to them that--”

“Explain what?? No offense, but who are they going to believe?? A half-naked sorceress who just destroyed their livelihood and flung a seemingly helpless traveler across camp, or the unconscious man?? Hurry and untie me! We need to go!”

Minerva was too frazzled to know if her friend was making sense. Scrambling to her side, Minerva swiped away the crystal spiders and held her hands over Eris. “T-This might hurt...”

“Do it!”

“ZO KU SAUKU!!”

FWOOSH!!

Fire engulfed Eris’s bonds as if they were cotton. They were decimated in an instant, leaving only light burns on the scholar’s wrists and ankles. She was the first to get up, taking Minerva’s hand and milky weight.

“We’ll take his horses!”

“WHAT?!”

Led like a child, Minerva was helped onto what they assumed to be one of Kalzar’s horses. Already saddled, it was ripe for escape. Milk sprayed over the saddle when Minerva’s chest bulged against it in her efforts to mount.

“Start riding!! I’ll catch up!” Eris instructed, running towards the other mount.

“Stop!! Thieves!! THIEVES!!”

Minerva’s mind was in a flurry. She couldn’t think straight after attacking Kalzar, let alone while dealing with her extreme lactation. Cradling her enlarged bust, she kicked the horse and raced along the tree line towards the hills. Holding her chest and the reins was a wet, slippery job she wasn’t prepared for.

“We’re sorry!!” Eris yelled, turning her horse around. *“Tell that guy not to tie up any more sorceresses if he wakes up!!”*

Dirt kicked into the air when she raced after Minerva and into the night, leaving the merchants and their attacker behind.

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What happens next?