

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 8

The adventurers find themselves looking for an inn, where Minerva has a rare, positive experience with her unusual condition.

Eris's jaw dropped as their horses continued down the road. The convent sat far in the distance, left behind in the dead of night hours ago. "What do you mean you spoke to a dragon?!"

"I don't know!" Minerva struggled to explain her experience. "It was like I was *there!* For a few moments, I wasn't in the basement of that horrible place anymore."

Thinking about it still sent fearful chills down her spine. Despite being chained to an altar and buried under a pair of massive breasts, she distinctly remembered standing in a cold, subterranean cavern. A massive dragon sprawled before her as a scaled behemoth with glowed eyes of fire.

"She seemed worried..." Minerva added.

"*SHE??*"

"I don't have any more answers than you do! While I was there, the voice I heard in my head just sounded feminine! And she had a clutch of eggs..."

Tria fluttered in front of her face with visible excitement. "What did the dragon say??"

"I-I couldn't understand her. It was some kind of ancient language, though it didn't feel as though she meant any harm."

Eris chuckled nervously. "The roar *I* heard would say otherwise. You should have seen the eyes staring back at us."

"It sounded protective to me." Minerva looked into the far horizon in wonder. "I think she *wants* us to find her."

"Well she could have given us directions. Can't you use a spell or something to help us since you've communicated with it? Aren't you bonded, or something?"

"Don't you think I would if I could? We're on the right track. If we just--"

Eris pointed abruptly down the road. "*Civilization!!*"

Their current destination sat in the distance: the moderately sized city of Lhyastra. Its modest buildings stood out against the sky. Even from a distance, the travelers could hear the commotion of a thriving population. Large structures housed the local lords and their families while smaller buildings crowded around the base to spread out.

"They can't possibly throw us out of there!" Eris tempted fate. "Do you think that crazy old woman from the convent was right about there being a brothel here?"

Minerva knew it was better to rein her companion in before it was too late. "A brothel is hardly a priority. We're here for supplies, rest, and to get our bearings. We can't keep getting distracted by every little thing."

After passing through the surrounding field of farmers and peasants, a looming gate beckoned the travelers to enter. Lhyastra opened before them as a wondrous storm of color and opportunity. Tents stretched as far as the eye could see in the local bazaar. Every class of person seemed to be in attendance on the bright sunny morning. The girls felt lucky to be atop horses; without them, they weren't certain they could have pushed their way through the masses.

"Make sure you stay close by. It would be easy for us to get separated in a place like this." Always wary, Minerva kept one eye out for any shady characters. Even the brightest city had its darkness.

"I've never seen so many people..." Eris awed. "That brothel must be *outstanding*. You're sure we can't go?"

Minerva didn't have time to think about such things. Her main focus was on staying within her clothes. More people meant a higher risk of something triggering her breasts. She shuddered to think about the effect a crowd of this size could cause in the worst case.

"We should find an inn and regroup. A map of the region would help as well. We've already lost two days; we need to figure out the fastest path to Glomia and stick to a plan."

Tria's high-pitched voice squeaked below Minerva's chin. "*Then I can have magic milk!*"

"Shh." A hand pushed the fairy back into Minerva's cleavage before any more could be uttered by the tiny creature. "I told you to stop bringing it--"

"*Please!* Can't you spare a little?? I can pay you double next time!"

"I said beat it!"

A commotion caused a stir in the market. From atop their horses, Minerva and Eris could see a woman and her child pleading with a merchant. A cart full of dried foods sat behind him. Beneath a wet cloth, Minerva could pick out a dozen containers of what she assumed to be milk chilling in a water bath.

Dirt covered the mother and child. It was obvious they were among the lower class and struggled every day to make ends meet. Minerva's heart went out to the girl who looked no older than eight; a life of hardship surely awaited her.

"I'm willing to trade!" The mother begged further. "I-I don't have to pay in money..."

Eyeing her up and down as if she were livestock for sale, the merchant waved his hand and gruffed, "Like I said; beat it before I call a guard. I ain't got time for you."

Defeat hung over the woman in a dense atmosphere. Taking her daughter's hand, she led her away towards an alley.

"But Mommy... I'm hungry..."

"I know, sweetie. I'm hungry too."

GUUURGLE

Minerva's breasts perked up at their plight. "*Nngh...!*"

"We should probably go," Eris suggested upon seeing her friend's back tense. "We don't want you to outgrow your dress in this crowd."

"I know, but..."

GUURGLE

“*Nnngh!*”

Minerva struggled to stay upright on her horse against the increasing weight of her chest. Staying among so many people was dangerous, but after overhearing the woman’s troubles, she felt she had an obligation to help. The milk in her chest wouldn’t let her leave them hungry.

“I... I-I think we should help them.”

It took a moment for Eris to process her words. “What? The mom and kid??”

Minerva nodded, guiding her horse along the wall and away from the major crowds.

“How?? We don’t even have money for ourselves! How are we supposed to--*OOOHH.*”

Eris glanced at Minerva’s bloated chest and the milk leaking from within. “Are you serious??”

Heat was overtaking the sorceress. For the first time, she wasn’t fighting the flowing sensations inside her bust. Milk churned fast and full, stretching her breasts at a rapid pace due to her resolve.

“They’re getting bigger!!” Tria squeaked, fighting the cleavage closing around her. She sounded faintly entertained by the enlarging pillowy masses.

Panting while dismounting, Minerva said, “I-I want to help them. It feels right... They don’t have to know where it came from, they just want something nourishing.”

“There are hungry people all over Lhystra! It’s one of the most densely populated cities within a hundred miles! We can’t feed everyone!”

GUUUURRRGLE

“*Ah!*”

Skin bulged over her dress. Several wandering eyes peered at the nipples ready to break free and the woman’s chest engorging before their eyes like an erotic street performer.

“You’re right, I can’t feed everyone... But--*Mmgh!! B-But I can feed a few.*”

Eris followed suit while Minerva gathered a large, empty vase from the outskirts of the market. Grumbling under her breath, the scholar said, “I’ve been asking nonstop for a taste, and you’re just going to give your milk to a couple beggars...”

Minerva didn’t care. Her chest was full to bursting with a desire to help. Taking the vessel, she entered the same alley she’d seen the mother and daughter retreat into. It wouldn’t be long until she was at capacity.

GUUURRRGLE

“*Mmmgh!!! Ooohh they’re getting really full...*” Struggling to balance, Minerva tumbled into a dark corner and used an aged barrel for support. Massive fleshy teardrops swung free of her dress to hang into the open air.

“You’re actually going to do this?” Eris said, gawking at the swaying watermelons.

“Just...*Mmgh!! H-Hurry and help me! They’re getting full and I don’t want to lose the mom and daughter!*”

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

Eris ogled her friend's state as Minerva's mammaries swelled full and tight. Shiny pink nipples reflected under a film of dairy.

"NNGH!! E-Eris!!!"

"Sorry!!!"

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

"Ahh!! Get the vase under them!! I-I don't think I can hold it much longer!!!"

Rushing, Eris positioned the pottery beneath Minerva's hanging chest. Drops were already falling into its confines.

"Well don't just...nng...stare!!!" Minerva gasped under a blanket of arousal. Pinned between the globes, Tria marveled at the incredible reservoirs of milk squeezing her body.

"So you just want me to--"

"Fill it up!! M-Milk me, Eris!!!"

The scholar's hands shot out like snakes to grab Minerva's nipples. A firm grip and tug were all that was required.

FWOOOOOOSH!!!

"MMNGH!!!! C-Careful!!!"

"I know!"

"Don't... Don't spill any!!!"

Milk gushed into the container by the gallon. With no mental resistance, Minerva's nipples opened to their full extent and flowed like rivers. It was all Eris could do to keep her release directed into the vase.

"They're slippery!! I--"

FWOOOSH!!

"Ah!! Y-You sprayed me!!!" Eris shook milk from her face.

"I can't exactly control it!!!"

A sea of white rose to the brim. Trembling, Minerva felt her chest push the last of her milk free before leaving her normal-sized and bare-chested in the alley.

"Perfect fit!!!" Eris cheered.

"O-Oh thank the goddess..." Minerva relaxed and slumped against the wall while replacing her dress. She didn't have the strength to stop Tria from flying free.

The fairy's eyes glowed when she landed on the lip of the vase. "Look at all of the milk..." She inhaled its sweetness and squirmed in delight before attempting a taste. "Surely I can--Hey!"

Eris shooed her away. "That's not for you."

"Hmph!"

Groggy and still riding waves of pleasure, Minerva pushed herself to her feet. "Come on... We need to get this to them. I-I think they went this way." She stooped down to grab the vase in her arms.

"Are you sure you can carry all that???"

“I carried it before, didn’t I?”

They explored deeper into the alley and through several twists and turns. It soon became apparent they had found a small sub-city of the less fortunate. Much to Eris’s relief, it didn’t take long before they spotted the mother and daughter’s dirty blonde hair standing out amidst the bleak setting. Minerva approached as the mother consoled her child under a tent. Waddling with the weight of the vase in her arms, she set it in front of them with a nervous smile.

The mother stared at the frothy cream before her. Hunger painted her face. “What’s this...?”

“Milk! For you,” Minerva announced softly. “I-I saw what happened with the merchant and I couldn’t bear to--”

Disbelief filled the mother’s eyes. “*Oh, no! No, I can’t accept this! It must have cost you a full day’s--*”

Her exclamation stopped upon seeing residual milk leaking through Minerva’s dress. The sorceress smiled weakly and tried to hide the evidence.

“It was no trouble. I want you to have it.”

“Mommy...?” The young girl stared at the fluid as if it were the first real food she’d seen in days. “*Is it for us?*”

“It’s all for you,” Minerva assured, agreeing with a nod from the mother.

The girl couldn’t stop herself. Lunging forward, she cupped her hands into the vase and brought them to her lips to drink. A white mustache colored her upper lip as it stretched into a smile.

“*IT’S SWEET!!*” she squealed in joy. “*Mommy, you have to try some!!*”

Tears shone in the mother’s eyes. Rising to her feet, she embraced Minerva before the sorceress knew what was happening.

“Thank you... *Thank you so much.* Such a gift... We can’t possibly finish it on our own!” Gratitude poured forth. “We’ll share it with anyone who wants some!”

She released Minerva and grabbed a bracelet on her wrist.

“I want you to have this in return.”

Minerva put her hands up. “No! No, no! I couldn’t! I--”

“*I insist.* It isn’t worth anything, but it’s all I can give. Please, I want you to have it.”

Not wanting any kind of payment, Minerva found herself unable to refuse the mother’s grateful eyes. She held her hand out to receive a small bracelet decorated in bronze trinkets and knots. It carried no value but Minerva could tell it was one of the few things the mother still owned. She felt ready to burst with happiness.

“T-Thank you...” Minerva accepted, placing it on her own wrist. “I’ll treasure it always.”

“*Mommy! Try some!! It’s still warm!!*”

Taking her daughter’s hand, the mother bid her stand. “Come, Estelle; why don’t we share it with the others?”

“*Ok!*”

The smile on the mother's face wouldn't soon leave Minerva's heart even as she and Eris made to leave the alley.

"That was really nice," Eris admitted. "I thought she was about to break down and cry."

Minerva nodded, trying to contain her own feelings. "Who knew this curse could actually be *useful*? Maybe I'm not meant to be a sorceress..."

"I'm telling you... We could make a *killing* if we ran a brothel."

Eris led the way back to the main street where their horses waited. Tired and spent, Minerva lagged behind after her milking session. She frequently had to use the walls for support. It wasn't long before the crowds returned and Eris found herself pushing her way through a sea of torsos.

"Where do you think we should stay??" she asked in excitement. "The center of the city is supposed to have exquisite architecture from several centuries ago!"

No response came from Minerva, who Eris assumed was trying to catch her breath.

"Do you think you still have enough milk left in you to sell a couple of jugs for some gold? We could stay anywhere we want with probably only an hour of work!"

There came no reply.

"Minerva...?"

Eris turned around to find no sign of her friend among the bustling street. Such a fantastical blue dress should have stood out like a fire at night, but there was no sign of the sorceress. Eris's heart sank.

"Minerva??"

She retraced her steps, finding the alley she'd emerged from minutes prior.

"*Minerva! Where are you!!*"

A glimmer zipped across the heads of the crowd in a panic. Almost colliding with Eris's face, Tria appeared before her.

"He took her!!" the fairy cried.

"What?? Who?? Where's Minerva?!"

Despite her glow, Eris could tell Tria's face was pale as paper. "A cloaked man!! A cloaked man with a metal eye!!"

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

What happens next?