

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 2

Minerva and Eris head out on their quest unaware they are being followed by someone else from town who is intent on learning about (and enjoying Minerva's) condition.

“Mmmmm...”

Minerva rolled over in bed. A shifting weight helped pull her to the side before anchoring her in place.

“M-Mmm... Hmmm?”

Drowsy and still making her way back from dreamland, the young sorceress opened her eyes. Two curves of pale skin filled her view. Hugged between her arms like a child's stuffed plaything, Minerva awoke to find two enlarged breasts squished in her grasp.

“No! No not again!!”

Panic was quick to overtake her after the previous night's events. Remembering the gallons of milk released from her bust, she quickly grabbed her nipples to help stop any leakage before too big of a mess was made. She found none, although there was an ocean of warmth radiating from the bulbous mounds.

“Ooohhhh... O-Ooohhhh that's kind of...nice...”

Minerva allowed her heart to slow. Finding such massive assets pinning her down was concerning, but the incredible warmth was intoxicating. Blushing and feeling her nipples puff into her palms, she hugged them closer. Cleavage welled into her face with a milky sweet scent. It was almost enough to lull her back into a half-lucid state.

“I was shivering a lot last night...” she whispered. “Maybe they grew so big to help keep me wa--”

WHOOSH!!!

“KNOCK KNOCK!!”

“AHHH!!!”

A sudden opening of her chamber door brought Minerva's pulse back to a racing speed. Eris waltzed into the room wearing her scholar uniform with a modest bag slung over one shoulder.

“I'm ready to go!” Eris announced, *“Let's get a move on before--”*

The scholar glanced down at her friend. Between Minerva's naked body exposed due to skewed bedding and the ripened melons overflowing her hugging arms, Eris found herself feeling especially lively.

“Whoa!” she giggled, catching Minerva's blushing face hiding in her cleavage. “Having a little fun with your new curse I see!” Stepping closer, she teased, “Or maybe it's become more of a blessing?”

“E-ERIS!!!” Minerva squeaked in embarrassment. Flurrying hands tried to reclaim her covers as well as some modesty, but that meant revealing her erect, betraying nipples. “*Get out!!! How did you manage to get in the shop?!*”

“A troublemaker never reveals her secrets,” Eris hummed. Her attention did not stray from the swollen mammaries for long. “Goddess, look at them! I’ve heard men wake up a little swollen, but I didn’t think women did!”

Minerva continued struggling for cover and the ability to sit up. “*They did this while I slept!* I think I was cold and they were trying to keep me warm...”

“Interesting.” Eris hummed and sat on the edge of the bed while taking mental notes. “You know, you wouldn’t get so cold at night if you didn’t sleep *naked*.”

“*It feels more comfortable!!!*”

“No need to tell me!” Reaching out, Eris prodded a breast. “I certainly won’t argue with the results.”

Several awkward moments passed of Eris sending her friend’s chest wobbling in her arms.

“U-Uh... Eris...?” Minerva squeaked from her cleavage.

“Hmm?”

“Can I get dressed please?”

After gaining some privacy to wake up and greet the morning, Minerva found her chest receding back to its regular size. The ample handfuls, once considered an annoying feature on her petite body, now felt small and manageable after her several bouts of growth. Minerva was glad to see them return and fit lovingly in her bodice.

“Are you dressed yet??” Eris moaned, rushing back into the room without warning.

“Almost...”

Minerva stood turned to her side in front of a small mirror. A dull purple glow enveloped her index finger as she ran it down a seam on her dress. Stitches pulled together like tiny snakes to mend the garment.

“I didn’t even notice the tears last night,” she admitted. “I honestly can’t believe they grew so big that my dress blew a seam.”

“Dragon’s blood is an odd substance! You’re probably lucky it didn’t melt a hole through your chest.”

The idea made Minerva shiver and she thought it best to keep her friend’s mental images locked away and change the subject. Allowing the flow of magic to cease and proceeding to inspect her work, Minerva informed, “I managed to buy us passage in the merchant caravan leaving town today. It departs by noon with or without us. I offered them minor magic services as well in exchange for coin, so we’ll make money as we travel with them.”

Eris groaned and slumped against a wall. “A *merchant caravan??* Are you *serious??* You’re a sorceress! Just teleport us to where we need to go!”

“Oh! Of course, why didn’t I think of that?” Minerva gently smacked the side of her head. “You should have told me you knew where we could find a dragon!”

Eris grew quiet. “I-I don’t...”

“Oh. Well then maybe you have a big enough focusing crystal so I can direct our teleportation?”

“Well... No... But Akir surely has one lying around your sho--”

“*No.*” Minerva’s voice was stern. “I’m already in the hole with one priceless magical item; I’m not using another just to dig myself deeper.”

Eris huffed. “Fine, we’ll travel with the smelly merchants.”

A boost to morale was needed. They hadn’t left the shop and already Minerva could sense Eris’s will weakening. “Come on, I need my trusty scholar! Who else is going to keep me on the right track? I certainly don’t know where we would find a dragon! But I bet *you* do.”

The scholar perked up. “Actually, the most recent legends reference sightings in the Snowlands...! But even those originated several hundred years ago.”

“It’s a better lead than nothing.”

“You do realize it’s going to take months just to get there by hitchhiking caravans, right?”

“We’ll figure it out as we go. Maybe we can buy some horses along the way; I could only afford us passage and general supplies. We’ll need to buy weapons at some point as well. We can’t expect to harvest dragon’s blood with our bare hands.”

“*Technically*, dragons’ mouth constantly secrete small amounts of blood to mix into their saliva to give it its acidic qualities. So we don’t necessarily have to stab it.”

Minerva rolled her eyes. “Either way, we can’t do it with our bare hands. We *could* consider hiring a knight or another sorcerer to help us, but that would cost a fortune.”

Eris flashed a sly smile and stared at Minerva’s chest. The plunging cleavage and gentle wobbling shelf it supplied for her black hair were mesmerizing now that she knew its latent potential for swelling. “I have one or two ideas how we could raise the coin for our jour--”

“*NO.*”

Eris kicked at the floor. “You’re not fun...”

(. Y .) (. Y .)

“*Board for departure!!*”

A booming voice alerted the merchant caravan of its imminent leave of Athria. It would be the first time in many years that Minerva would travel outside the town without her master at her side. The butterflies in her stomach didn’t help quell the constant fear of her chest swelling out of control.

She and Eris approached one of several wagons. It was fairly lack-luster and carried only bags of spices and several piles of furs. Their seat would be at the back, as the driver insisted his dog stay seated at the front.

“I don’t see why we have to ride on this cart...” Eris mumbled, jumping from the ground to a small wooden platform. Her legs hung off the end and swung a foot above the dirt. Scanning the two dozen other carts, she wished she could have been inside one of the larger carriages with an arching canvas cover. They looked to be piled high with goods.

“Because those were either full or have families in them!” Minerva informed. Her jump onto the cart made the wheels creak.

Eris tried to get comfortable. “My back already hurts and we haven’t even left yet.”

“It’s just for a little while. We’ll figure something else out as we go.” Minerva glanced around the bustling town. Half of the men passing by were taking extra effort to inspect her and her front. “I feel like people are staring at me,” she whispered timidly.

Eris snorted. “Well after the show you put on at the tavern last night, I’m not surprised! I’ll bet every guy in town has heard about the girl and her magical overflowing bosom!”

“Nngh...” Minerva whimpered and tried to shrink into her seat. It was a relief to feel the cart lurch forward.

“So we’re really doing this?”

Nodding, Minerva watched Athria dwindle around them. It wouldn’t be long before civilization was out of sight. “I guess we are...”

The dirt road was well-traveled but far from smooth. Rocks and holes dotted its surface in an array of obstacles. Creaking wood and dust assaulted the girls’ senses nonstop, though the biggest annoyance was the constant jolting. Every bump sent an uprising motion through the cart and its occupants.

“Y-You’re staring at them,” Minerva whispered while trying to pull up her dress without drawing too much attention from the cart driver behind them.

Eris didn’t blink. “Do you expect me *not* to stare? I’m concerned you’re going to get a black eye.”

A sigh passed from her tired lips. “I just wish yesterday never happened. It was one little mistake. Now my breasts have a mind of their own, I’m probably going to lose my apprenticeship, and I can’t even go to bed without waking up pinned to the mattress.”

“It’s not all bad!” Eris chirped.

“What makes--*whoa!*--you say that??” Minerva shrieked when the cart took an especially heavy lurch.

“We get to have our own little adventure! Maybe one day they’ll write a story about us: *Eris and the Swollen Breasts.*”

Minerva groaned in annoyance. “At least one of us is having fun. Listen, I barely slept last night. I’m going to close my eyes for a little bit and hope this is all a bad dream.”

“You’re going to sleep already?? You just woke up! How can you possibly--”

A glowing finger placed itself against Minerva's head as she muttered magical words under her breath. It left her eyes heavy seconds later.

"Oh, like that," Eris said.

"Wake me up if you see a dragon bleeding out on the side of the road..."

"Mhm!"

With her traveling companion asleep, Eris's attention was given fully to the slow-passing environment. The caravan moved with considerable speed for its number of carts, however there was also a significant amount of noise from other passengers. The families were the loudest among the bunch, accustomed to a life of loud surroundings and having to raise their voice. Listening to their familial difficulties and watching the road pass under her dangling feet could only entertain Eris for so long before her eyes wandered.

The cart behind theirs was one of the few scenes available: a large canvas-covered wagon rattling with crates and dry good. Its driver had zoned out for the long trek ahead.

"Huh?"

Eris blinked into the darkness behind the driver. A shadowy outline moved against the blackness as if it had taken notice of her glance.

"That was strange..." she hummed, trying to find the figure once more against the inky background. None revealed itself. "Maybe it was just a--"

"Waaaahhhhhh!!!"

Like a shriek of a banshee, an infant's cry rang out from several carts ahead. Eris couldn't see the vehicle, but she could hear it clear as a bell over the crunching dirt and gravel.

Eris groaned and pounded her head against the back of the cart. "There's always one..."

"Waaahhh!!!"

"N-Nnngh..."

A grunt from Minerva caused Eris's ears to perk and the shadow to reappear in the cart behind them. Eris noticed a glint reflect from where one of the shadow's eyes would have been.

"Waaahhh!!!"

"Nnngh!" Minerva squirmed in her sleep. Leaning against the frame of the cart, her body was victim to every bounce and turn. Tight, pale cleavage rose to reflect the sun like pearls.

"Sharise," a tired father said from the baby's cart, "He's hungry again..."

"Mmmgh...!" Clenching her hands into fists, Minerva grabbed her dress. Eris couldn't imagine the dream unfolding within her friend's mind, but she was glad she was conscious to watch the show. Hearing the babe's cries, Minerva's breasts were engorging with milk at a rapid pace. Already they had stretched her dress into a taut surface. The pink of her nipples shown through the fabric as fluid leaked free.

"Uh oh," Eris whispered.

CREEAK!!

SLOOOSH

"Mmmm!!!"

A particularly heavy lurch from the cart sent Minerva's plump globes back and forth. Even the cart driver behind them was awake for the show. Shaking and jiggling with their creamy contents, the head-sized breasts neared the tipping point in what the dress could handle.

"WAAHHH!!!" The baby cried louder than ever for its mother's milk.

"I'm so tired, Damien..." The mother complained. "Can't you get him to sleep?"

"Don't you think I'm trying?"

"WAAHHH!!!"

Minerva's mouth trembled in a sleepy cry of heat. *"A-Ahh!!!"*

Oblivious to the rest of the world, Eris stared at her friend's bust. Ounces of milk poured into her flesh every second to bloat her breasts full and heavy. Minerva's dress couldn't contain such weight. Somehow they appeared even fuller and more firm than the previous night.

CREEEAAK!

SPLUURTCH!!

"M-MMM!!!" Minerva whimpered and pulled at her dress again. The smallest amount of stimulation was enough to draw milk from her swollen nipples. Dripping from her overstretched dress, it covered her breasts in a thin layer of cream as they rose from the neckline. Plump nipples sprang into view to leak milk down her front.

"WAAHHH!!!"

"O-Oh my," Eris squeaked. At this rate, Minerva was going to be so top heavy she would fall out the back of the cart, but Eris didn't dare draw attention to her friend's chest. Their journey would be difficult enough without rumors swirling around them. Staring ahead, Eris blushed and pretended the massive amount of lactation wasn't occurring. If the situation called for it she would save Minerva from falling forward. Curiosity still made her look at the heaping cleavage from the corner of her eye.

"W-WAAHHH!! WAAA--"

The baby stopped suddenly and the entire caravan heaved with a sigh of relief. The mother had given in.

"Mmmm..." With no more auditory stimulation, Minerva's breasts swelled one final inch before settling. Milk flowed free, but it was no longer being replaced. In time they would empty onto her lap and the road below. Eris hoped it would all dry before she awoke.

"This might be a long tip," the scholar sighed.

Ahead of them, she heard the mother groan from lack of sleep. "Drink up, ye greedy bastard."

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Twilight arrived as the merchant caravan reached the edge of a small forest. Under the leader's direction, they were to make camp for the night. Carts were arranged in a large circle big enough to encompass the entirety of the group with plenty of room to spare between various

cliques. Eris and Minerva were happy to find a suitable place on the outskirts of the circle away from everyone else.

“Are you sure you want to be this far away from the group?” Eris asked while laying out her bedding.

“It’s better than waking up surrounded by strangers wondering why my chest ballooned during the night because I was cold. I can’t trust my own body to stay in its clothes!” Minerva wiped the front of her dress. “I’m going to have to wash this soon, too! It feels so dirty...”

Eris gulped; Minerva had awoken long after her milk had dried up, though the residue remained. “Yea, I tried to warn you, but you were totally asleep! You should have seen the size of the mud puddle we hit.”

“I’ll have to be more careful about--”

“Hello! Ms. Sorceress! We’re in need of your services!” a cart driver called from the center of the circle.

“Oh, that’s the guy who sold us our seats. I’ll be right back.”

Eris watched Minerva leave to light several campfires. It had already been a day and their adventure felt insurmountable given the time available. Finishing her bedding, she wondered how they could possibly find a dragon before Akir returned home.

“Your friend seems nice.”

“Huh?”

Eris glanced up at the odd greeting. Nearby, too nearby for comfort, an older man was setting up his own bedding by the side of a cart. A bushy white beard reminded Eris of a dwarf’s, but a metal eye resting in an otherwise empty eye socket told of a different profession. It reflected various campfires with strange dancing colors.

“Never seen a sorceress cast magic like that, much less on herself,” he continued.

Eris took a step back. “O-Oh... It wasn’t magic... She has a condition...”

“A condition, you say?”

“Yea... A...uh...a cow cursed her.” The story felt ridiculous, but was the only explanation to come to mind.

A grin spread over the man’s face, causing his cheek to bulge unnaturally over his fake eye. “Interesting. That explains her extreme swelling and leaking bosom.”

“R-Right!” Eris laughed weakly.

“So odd it would coincide with the child’s cry for hunger.”

Eris did not have a quick answer for this. Instead, she grabbed hers and Minerva’s bedding and pulled them away. “Well, i-it was nice meeting you! I hope you have a safe trip.”

The man stood in place while Eris withdrew. “And the same to you and your lactating companion.”

Eris continued dragging their beds until gaining a sense of privacy and security. Minerva returned some time later to immediately grab her water-skin and guzzle half its volume. “I can’t believe how thirsty I am after a day of napping. All that dust must have gotten to me!”

“I-It was pretty dusty!” Eris didn’t dare tell her it was likely because her body produced so much milk.

“Why did you move our bed? I thought we had a good spot!” she asked, wiping her mouth.

“We have a better view of the stars over here!” Eris lied. “Plus it should be quieter.”

“Hmm... If you say so.” Minerva sat on her bed with weary weight and drank the remainder of her water. Fluid leaked down her chin to dribble into her cleavage with refreshing sensation.

At first Eris watched only out of interest in the water droplet’s path, but as she stared, she noticed movement within Minerva’s breasts. Every parched gulp of water raised her chest up and down with motion, though it fell less and less each time. Soft sloshing came from within her dress and Eris gulped; her friend’s bust was filling out as if it were a pair of bloated water-skins. So much moving fluid made her mouth dry.

“*Gahhh...!*” Minerva gasped for air, tossing the empty leather bag aside. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me! Aside from the obvious...” Groaning and leaning back on one arm, Minerva placed the other under her breasts and said softly, “Goddess they feel heavy tonight... Am I lactating again?”

Eris couldn’t find the right words and had to swallow several times after watching the swelling unfold. She wasn’t sure which she enjoyed more: the milk, or the water. “U-Uh... Minerva?”

“Hmm?”

“I...” Eris leaned in and whispered, “I-I think you’re retaining water.”

Not understanding at first, Minerva followed Eris’s gaze to her breasts.

“*HUH?!?*”

Minerva’s eyes bulged wide. Swollen and firm, her breasts jutted from her torso with sloshing water weight. Fluid plumped her skin into mostly spherical forms. Against her forearm and a nervous prodding finger, she found their surfaces cool to the touch. Droplets of condensation peppered her exposed skin in the night air. Barely hidden by her dress, her nipples were tight and waterlogged like sponges stuffed to the brim.

“*DEAR GODDESS!?*” Minerva shrieked.

The camp went silent and all stared in their direction. Across the way, Eris could feel a metal eye watching them with creeping intent.

Lowering her voice, Minerva dismayed. “*I can’t believe this! No wonder I’m so thirsty; it’s all going to my breasts!*”

“M-Maybe they’re just helping store it for later?? The dragon’s blood does what’s needed!”

Embarrassed, Minerva pulled her knees to her chest. “Well I didn’t ask them to. This dragon’s blood doesn’t have the faintest idea of what I *need.*”

“Want me to help suck some of it ou--”

“NO.”

They fell silent watching the merchants gather around their campfires. It was an oddly calming scene, watching so many workers and families go about their lives as night settled around them.

“Mamaaaa! *I’m hungry!*”

GUUURRRRGLE

“*Eep!*”

Their eyes shot to Minerva’s chest to see it bulge against her knees.

“E-Eris?” Minerva stammered, feeling milky pressures rising.

“Move the beds further away?”

“A-And maybe I’ll cast a small silence spell around us for the next hour until everyone is asleep... Just to be safe.”

Struggling to carry her chest without letting it fall out of her dress, Minerva led Eris to their third bedding location for the night. They couldn’t have been further away from the merchants without leaving the safety of the cart circle. In time, as the fires died down, so too did the laughter and merriment. Stars came out to play while the caravan slept.

Eris, ever watchful and curious, stayed awake to observe Minerva in her sleep. Observing her swelling transformations firsthand was the best way to understand their nature. Enjoying a full view of the pale, swollen moons rising with Minerva’s breath was just a bonus.

She looked around after some time. The rest of the camp was blissfully asleep save for two watchmen. Across the circle she noticed an empty bed, though couldn’t be sure if it belonged to the stranger with a metal eye. As a precaution, she inched her bed directly next to Minerva’s. The heat of her breasts radiated soothingly in the night air and she stared at the towering mounds with child-like wonder.

“Well... Maybe just *one* poke...”

Silent and heart pounded, Eris extending a finger and sank it into Minerva’s side.

“*Mmmm!*”

A sudden moan startled her into withdrawing. They wobbled from the force of her prodding until settling down. A nipple stood ready to pop free into the moonlight.

“Wow...” Eris awed. “I bet they feel *incredible*.”

Combined with the rounded view, the night air, and Minerva’s radiating heat, Eris’s eyes grew heavy. Soon she too was whisked away under the sounds of the merchants’ magically muffled snoring.

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

What happens next?