

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 36

While Mel is explaining the situation to Eris and Tria, Tria decides to test Minerva's ability. To everyone's shock, Minerva's breasts seem more reactive and grow when Tria touches them. Minerva rapidly fills with cream and discovers her breasts are more resistant to milking.

“What... What is...” Eris’s eyes stared in an uncomprehending gaze. Try as she might, her mind refused to reconcile the draconic features sprouting from her friend’s head and lower back. “Why is there...”

“*WHY DO YOU HAVE DRAGON HORNS??*” Tria exclaimed over Eris’s confusion. A finger jabbed itself into the air as if accusing the sorceress of a crime.

The words drove deep into Minerva’s chest. They confirmed her reality, diminishing any chance of the transformation being a dream or some delusion shared between her and Mel. Moisture welled in her eyes at her friends’ horrified expressions.

“*I-I think we really messed up...*” Minerva said through choking sobs. “*We... We were trying to remove...hic!!...the dragon blood... But it only...hic!!...made me grow a... A-A...*” Her lip trembled and her hands squeezed the muscled serpent against her thighs. Fresh tears flowed free then, preventing any more explanation.

Mel rose and motioned for the two girls to enter her shop and close the door. “There were some complications with an attempted extraction, I’m afraid.”

Eris and Tria came forward but stopped short of Minerva. Her new features seemed too unreal to approach too closely.

“Is she alright...?” Eris asked tenderly.

The cowgirl nodded. “She’s not in pain. The horns and tail are as much a part of her as her arms or legs.” She pursed her lips for the moment and considered mentioning the latent emotion-driven claws, but a silent plea from Minerva bid her to hold her tongue. “Trying to remove the dragon's blood awakened its dormant powers. It has fully merged with Minerva now and they each share qualities of themselves.”

Minerva’s sobbing heaved her back up and down with gasps for air. For as much trouble as it was causing, her tail was hugged to her chest like a child’s stuffed bear. “*I’m a freak... I’m a monstrous milk-filled freak...*”

Mel moved to say something but Eris was faster. “*Don’t you dare say that!*” She fell to her knees at Minerva’s side and embraced her. The hot wetness of her cheeks pressed against Eris’s neck. “*You’re still the same kind, loving, naggy sorceress that I’ve always known.*”

Minerva’s body jolted with her crying but the sadness waned as the scholar rubbed her back. “*Look at me, Eris! I’m barely even human at this point!! I’m closer to some kind of demonic COW!!*”

“Not even close.” Eris squeezed her before pulling away and taking a closer look at her transformation. Even from their brief contact, the scales of Minerva’s tail had managed to rub a

hole through Eris's skirt. Gently she placed her hand on the red limb and admired the glimmering scales.

"I... I kind of like it... It's a good look for you... And now there's even more of you to love..." she said, looking Minerva in the eyes before letting her attention drift to the pointed horns raised toward the sky. She brought a hand to run over their gradient lengths before settling on Minerva's head.

"Ngh..."

Eris pulled her hand back. "Sorry!"

"N-No... It felt good..." Minerva cast her gaze aside. "My head is sore from them growing..."

Tria joined them on her knees with a beaming face. "I like it too!! You're a magical creature like me now!!"

A weak smile was shared between them and Eris focused on her tail once more. "So... Can you like... *Control it?*"

Hugging it tighter, Minerva stared at the appendage. "I haven't really tried yet..." Her face contorted as if concentrating on raising only one eyebrow. "I-I don't know if I--"

Whap!!

"MPH!!"

It tensed before flinging itself from her arms and striking Eris square in her stomach. The force was enough to send the scholar reeling, sliding several feet across the floor before landing on her back with the wind knocked out of her.

"Eris?!" Minerva gasped in fear.

"I-I'm fine...!" She coughed and rose onto her elbows as her diaphragm spasmed. A wince scrunched her face. "That thing packs a punch."

Mel nodded and offered words of caution. "It's not draconic in appearance only."

Staring, Eris whispered, "Can you breathe fire?"

"I-I don't know; maybe if--"

Tria raised her hand. "CAN YOU STILL MAKE MILK?!"

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

"AAAUGH!!"

The resulting growl of churning fluid threw the shop into silence. Minerva doubled over and hugged her breasts when they surged with unexpected power. The usual sensation of gentle flowing milk was gone, replaced by a torrential outpour of gushing fluid. Her chest nearly doubled in size in the span of a few breaths. Eris could hear her skin pull taut as it was left in a race to keep up with the incredible surge.

"Nnngh... O-Ohh goddess..." Minerva groaned. Her tail swept back and forth across the floor to leave scrapes in the wood as if her scales were sandpaper. "Why... Why was there...so much??" Her hands clenched into her firm skin as the pressure subsided and her breasts calmed. Throbbing danced through her nipples. "That felt like my milk...exploded into me!"

Regret came over the fairy and she extended her hands. “I didn’t mean to do that! I was only wondering... I’m sorry...” Her hands fell upon Minerva’s chest. Hot skin tensed beneath Tria’s fingertips.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!!

“M-Mmmmgh!!!”

Tria recoiled when milk pounded against her. Fluid pushed Minerva’s chest several inches wider before subsiding and leaving her breathless with a coat of sweat.

“Did... Did they just grow...from Tria touching them...?” Eris gawked.

The sorceress nodded and tried to catch her breath. *“Mngh I think so. T-That’s never happened before. Not like that!”*

Mel hummed in thought. “With everything else that has happened to you, it’s not unlikely that your milk production has undergone some kind of change as well. Dragons are known for their terrifying sex drive and lust during mating season. If your arousal has increased, it’s not too far out of the question that your ability to produce milk could--”

“SO I’M GOING TO LACTATE EVEN HARDER NOW?!”

GUUURRGLE!!

“MNNGAAHHH!!”

Swelled inflated into Minerva’s arms until her breasts got away from her. Flesh escaped her lap and pressed onto the floor. Desperate for relief, she grabbed her nipples and started massaging. Stimulation brought her breath to hitch and squeak. Thicker than ever, her nipples filled her palms with tight pink skin.

“I-I can’t even bear to touch them!! My nipples...can hardly release anything!” She stared at the pink mounds and realized the source of their tightness. *“They’re too swollen! They’re so sensitive they’ve nearly swollen shut!! It feels like the milk just keeps coming!!”* Looking helplessly at her slow-swelling chest, she whimpered, *“What am I supposed to do if I can’t milk myself?!”*

Sloooosh!!

Sloooooosh!!

They watched Minerva rise to wobbly legs. Each mammary hung from her front and extended past her hips in heavy teardrop shapes with taut white underbellies. Daring to glimpse at her nakedness, Eris noticed her friend’s loins dripping with nectar. Fluid trickled down Minerva’s inner thighs in waves and her pink folds stood out from her pelvis like a blushing blossoming flower.

Her milk was mixed with something new. Something mind-numbing and consuming: raw lust.

“M-My milk was bad enough before! B-But this...” Red-faced and panting, Minerva wrestled with a boiling pressure within her core that demanded her attention. *“THIS IS EXPLOSIVE!!”*

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

What happens next?