

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 21

The duo falls into the remnants of a dwarven civilization, though its living residents are also gone. What remains is curious as to what fell into their home. The appearance of the guests causes their internal gears to spin...

KSP-SCK

KSP-SCK

KSP-SCK

“Mmgh... N-Nngh...”

Minerva roused. Her head hurt and her chest ached with soreness.

KSP-SCK

KSP-SCK

“What... W-What is...”

This certainly wasn't the damp, dark shack she remembered. It was warm and there were no ghosts to be heard of.

KSP-SCK

KSP-SCK

KSP-SCK

“Nngh...!”

There was something tugging at her nipples with consistent, rhythmic timing. The unbearable pressure of the milk and ghosts was gone, however. Only this stimulation remained.

KSP-SCK

KSP-SCK

Finally, she forced her eyes to open halfway.

She was on a cushioned table. Pipes and machinery chugged on one side, leading to a pair of nozzles suckling at her breasts. Rigid metal cups made of bronze latched to her nipples, cupping her areolas with pulsating suction.

GLUB!

A tank behind her bubbled. It was full of milk, clearly taken fresh from her own bust. Behind it was a wall of stone that reached around the entire room before leading down a tunnel. Steam-hissing pipes ran along the walls and intertwined between meshes of gears and machinery. Eris and Tria slept on a nearby table. Their combined snoring mixed with the white noise of turning gears.

“Where am--”

Clank-ding!

Something moved on the floor in front of her. Minerva's eyes sprang wide when she noticed a mob of small mechanical creatures. They didn't stand more than two feet tall and were wide at the base, like overweight bipedal raccoons consisting of gears and bolts. Whirring came

from their bodies even when standing still. Glass eyes stared at Minerva with no emotion but plenty of curiosity.

Clank-ding, clank-ding!

One of them extended a claw-like hand as metallic bells chimed from within.

“AH!! GET AWAY!!! DON’T TOUCH ME!!”

Minerva scrambled back. The hoses pulled at her breasts, not wanting to release.

POP POP!!!!

“MGH!”

Her nipples popped free like corks to send milk sprays into the air. Grappling with her breasts, Minerva fled until her back was against the wall. It was cold against her naked body and drove shivers down her spine as she felt her nipples harden against her hands.

Clang-ding?

The mechanical creatures were coming closer. Their big, curious eyes remained fixated on Minerva as if worried.

“G-Get back!! Don’t touch me!” the sorceress whined.

“Mmgh...” Eris groaned, hugging Tria into her chest.

“Eris!! ERIS!!”

“Nnngh...! Not yet...”

Clink-ding!

“AH! WAKE UP!!”

Eris jolted away, sitting up in a start. Tria flew off her chest as a sleepy projectile. *“Where are we?!”*

Pushing one of the robots away with her foot, Minerva tried to shrink into the wall. *“I don’t know! U-Underground, I think!! All I remember is falling through that hole and then--Ah! S-Stay away!!”*

Ding-ding-clank!!

One of the contraptions approached with purpose. Its arms swung outward, holding a clean rag. Though mechanical, there was kindness in its eyes. Minerva could see the reflection of her milk dripping down her chest in the spheres.

Cautious, she leaned forward and took the gift, using it to clean her bust.

“Oh... T... Thank you...” she said, feeling less threatened.

“OH MY GOSH!!!!” Eris gasped loudly. A flurry of excitement kicked her from the table and she ran toward the small mob of machines around Minerva. She got on her knees, bringing herself to their level for a closer look. They all turned toward her with wide eyes to do their own inspection. *“Do you know what these are?!”*

Minerva blushed as she used the rag to dry herself. *“C-Creepy?”*

Eris’s eyes shone. *“They’re dwarven automata!! The dwarves build them to help mine and maintain all of their machinery underground!! You can’t get more helpful than these little guys!”*

History wasn't Minerva's greatest subject, but she did know a little. "I thought the dwarves abandoned this side of the mountains..."

"They did! Centuries ago!!" The scholar ran her hands along the outside of a nearby machine. She was astounded by the complex mesh of gears driving its locomotion. "These little guys must have been maintaining everything down here since the dwarves left... *They're super rare!* Dwarves don't leave them behind! Ever! They're full of valuable parts and materials! They're basically a myth in academic circles!"

She reached a finger into one's frame.

Cling-ding-clink!!

"*Sorry!*" Eris pulled back when the machine protested, slapping her hand away. "We don't even understand how they work... The dwarves keep very secretive... Even their power source is a mystery..." The scholar's eyes shined. "If I could bring one of these home... The knowledge alone it could provide would be astronomical. I wonder why there are so many here..."

Minerva looked around, less impressed. "I'm more curious where we are. Didn't we fall down a hole? From that shack?"

"The automata must have found us and recognized we needed help... We're lucky you were big enough to break our fall, otherwise we might have--"

GUURGLE

"*Ngh!*" Minerva grunted, clutching her breasts.

Clink clink clink ding!! Ding!

Clink-ding!!

The machines whirred into a frenzy at Minerva's sudden milky torment. They hurried toward her with outstretched arms. Even without expressions, their panic and concern were clear.

"*W-What are they doing?!*"

Clink-clink!!

Ding clang!!

Cling clang!!

They bounced into each other in their panic, knocking some of their own over as they tried to push Minerva toward the milking table. The hoses still whirred, sucking in air.

"They're worried about you!" Eris observed, taking notes. "They can tell you're in distress! They can tell you're making more milk than you can handle!"

GUUURGLE!

"*Ah! Eris! Don't say that word!*" The sorceress stumbled toward the table, her legs being pushed by the machines. "*I-I'm ok! I'm ok! Really! It's just a little swelling! I can--AH!*"

Clang-clank-clank-ding!!

"*H-Hey! Don't push!! I'll--*"

SCHLMP!!

MMGH!!!

She tripped over a well-placed robot, falling onto the table. With their expert calculations, her nipples connected with the hoses once more. Milk flowed through the metal tubing to bubble into the tank behind her.

“M-Mmm! It’s so strong!! Why does it have to be...so strong?!”

Clenching her hands, Minerva tried to endure the intense sensations. Nothing had ever applied such a direct suction to her bust as she felt her areolas being pumped and pulled into the cups. Her nakedness only made it more humiliating, as she felt like a cow being milked on all fours.

“Mmmgh!!”

Eris stood gawking at the arousing sight. “Wow... These things know how to make a good milk machine...”

“S-Stare a little more, why don’t you?!” Minerva scolded, pursing her lips to stifle a moan.

“Sorry!!”

“Help me off of this thing!! I-It’s driving me crazy!”

Eris pushed her hands against Minerva’s shoulders. The sorceress leaned back, her watermelon-sized breasts stretching as the cups pulled.

“MMMM!!!”

POP POP!!!

“Gah!!”

She found freedom once more. Sitting back as her intimates throbbed, Minerva cradled her leaking bust. While it was much smaller and emptied of most of its contents, she just wished it wasn’t through such preposterous means.

Cling-ding!

She looked down to see a robot handing her another towel.

“Thanks...”

The machines couldn’t get enough of the two girls and gathered around both of them. Eris squatted down with a smile.

“Look at them...! They’re so curious!! And cute! They would do anything for us!”

Several gathered at Eris’s backside. Her dress amazed them. Scanning and wanting to know more, they began pulling and lifting at the fabric with their claws.

“Ah!” she squealed, feeling cold air rush around her exposed nethers. *“Hey! Stop that! That’s too curious!”* She slapped them away, pulling her dress firmly down. Addressing the metallic crowd, she asked, “Can you take us to the other side of the mountains? We’re trying to get to Glomia.”

Clink...clink...

They paused, processing her request.

Clang-ding!!

They started walking in unison. Several took Eris by her hand and dress, pulling her forward.

“Ah! I-I take that as a yes!”

Still being pumped, Minerva struggled as she watched her friend being led away. *“Wait! Eris, wait! I’m still--”*

Shoooooooooom...

The sounds of suction died away in a dwindling decrease of power. Minerva looked to her side and saw an automaton pulling a small lever. The cups released her nipples, although it would be some time until the swelling went down. Minerva got up with the machine’s help before being led along with Eris.

“T...Thank you...!” Minerva stammered, still taken aback by the robots’ kindness. *“I should catch up with--”*

Ding-ding-clank!

“Hm??”

The robot tapped her leg before pointing to a hook on the far wall. A dress hung there, freshly cleaned of any milk.

“Oh!! Thank you!!”

This made Minerva’s face brighten. Quickly stepping into some modesty and securing her breasts within the bodice, although tightly, she followed the mechanical helper’s lead down the tunnel where Eris was more than amused by their new friends.

“Wait up, Eris! I’m coming!”

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

What happens next?