

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted
Chapter 37

As Minerva's lust grows stronger, she becomes obsessed with the only other busty girl there- Mel. Minerva grapples with her lust and starts flooding Mel's shop with milk.

The room's temperature rose by several degrees. Mel, Eris, and Tria could feel the air sweltering around Minerva's body.

"Nggahhh!! Haaahhhhhh!!" Her groans left her lips in rasping growls. Something burned in her eyes that startled even Eris.

"M-Minerva...? Are you--"

"MMMMMM!! GODDESS MY CHEST FEELS FULL!!!"

GUUURRRGLE!!!

Her legs trembled. Whether it was due to the weight of her rapidly filling breasts or the building lust, no one could be certain.

Mel took a cautious step forward and motioned with her hands. "Take a deep breath, Minerva. I know it's a lot, but you can control this."

The sorceress grimaced, sinking her hands deep into the sides of her breasts as they ballooned and reached beyond her knees. Streams of milk began pouring from fist-sized nipples to wash over the floor and her feet.

Thump...

Thump...

Thump...

Like a frisky cat, Minerva's tail twitched against the ground. Her eyes scanned the room with dramatic hunger.

"I... Mng...! I-I don't want to control it..." A deep moan rose with a laugh as she gazed at the heaving flesh filling her arms. "For once... I want to enjoy it!!" Her head snapped to one side. "Triaaaaaa... Would you like some milk? You're always so thirstyyy."

The fairy whimpered, backing against a wall and clutching her hands to her chest in fear.

"How about you, Eris??" Arousal gleamed in Minerva's eyes when she turned to her scholar friend. Heavy milk sloshed when she stepped closer. "I'll let you suck it out... Please? Milk my giant breasts??" Sweat ran down Minerva's cleavage and face. Her voice turned to pleading. "Please?? M-Milk my udders!! They're so full!!"

Helplessness covered Eris' face. She stared on, unsure of how to help. "No! Not like this! This... This isn't you!" She looked at Mel. "What's happening to her?!"

"Her hormones are reacting with her draconic side!" the heifer yelled over bubbling milk. "It's too much for her to process! Stay away from her! I'm not sure what she might--"

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!

"MMNNGHHHH!!!"

THUD!!

A tremble shook the building when she fell to her knees. Milk splashed from twin flesh mountains slamming into the growing pool of dairy. Eris had taken her eyes off Minerva for only a moment and already they had doubled in size when she looked back.

“*LOOK HOW BIG I AM!!*” Minerva yelled. Her toes left the floor as her breasts pushed against her legs. “*Mmmmmm, Eris...*” she cooed, eyes glazed over. “*Come here... I want to kiss you.*”

This took her by surprise. Eris froze, her face turning bright red. “*Y-You want to do what?*”

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

“*WATCH OUT!! SHE’S--*”

A giant nipple flared full and plump as Minerva arched her back.

SPLRRRRSH!!!!

A torrent of milk erupted into Eris’s face. The force was enough to throw her off her feet, sending her reeling onto the floor and into a pool of fluid.

“*Aahhhh!!! MMMMMGH!!!! OOHhhh IT FEELS SO GOOOOOOOD!!!*” Minerva screamed, pushing on the tops of her breasts. “*I just want to keep growing!!! AND GROWING!!!*” Smoke rose from her nostrils and her hands clawed at her skin. “*SOMEBODY TELL ME THEY’RE THIRSTY!!!*”

Even Tria knew better than to encourage this. “*Minerva, stop!!*” she begged, milk lapping at her knees.

“She’s going to flood the whole damn shop!” Mel warned. “Eris!”

The redhead gave no reply, still stunned as she sat in chest-high cream.

“*ERIS!!*”

“Huh?”

Mel approached and pulled her to her feet. “*I’m going to distract her! Go into the back of my shop and find a red wooden box with gold designs!*”

“What are you going to--”

CRASH!!

A table fell over as a wall of milk-stretched skin attacked.

“*JUST DO IT BEFORE SHE OUTGROWS THIS PLACE! THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN DANGER IF YOUR CLAIMS OF HER SIZE ARE TRUE!!*”

Eris nodded weakly and skirted around Minerva’s bulk as she filled the majority of the shop.

“*Mmmmmm, what about you, Mel...?*” Minerva giggled from atop her bust. She writhed and squirmed in lust, her thighs dripping with pleasure. “*Are you a thirsty cowgirl?*”

Mel gulped and stepped forward. The scent of such rich dairy was indeed causing her own desires to rear their heads. Pressure throbbed within her breasts; she was going to have to milk herself sooner than usual today.

“I’m...*very* thirsty,” she replied while taking heavy steps through milk.

SPLRRRRSH!!!

“MMMMMM!!” Minerva rocked and sprayed hundreds of gallons from her bust. “*Fill me!! Tell me you’re thirsty again!! I-I want to feel them stretch!!*”

Mel laced her voice with sultry heat. “*How about I offer you a taste of my own milk instead?*”

This caused a stir in Minerva. She paused, shaking with ecstasy amid her cleavage. Mel came closer, having to look up to meet Minerva’s eyes. Their breasts touched. Searing heat burned against Mel’s, nearly burning her nipples against Minerva’s heated contents.

Minerva swallowed. “*Your...milk...?*”

“Mhm...” Mel pushed herself into Minerva’s cleavage. Her breasts wedged tight in the chasm, finding it difficult to shove their masses into the tight space. “*And then we can both engage together. How does that sound?*”

Minerva’s hand shot out like a snake. Grabbing Mel by a horn, she pulled herself down into her cleavage using the heifer as leverage.

“*Mmoooooo!!*”

“*Eris, hurry!!*” Tria squeaked, watching the cowgirl struggle.

Minerva grinned and exhaled steam over Mel’s face. “*I think that sounds wonderful.*”

She pulled Mel’s face close then, their lips locking in a storm of heat.

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!!

“*MMM!! MMPH!!*”

Mel’s eyes popped when pressure grew around her. Minerva’s cleavage had swallowed her, lifting her feet from the floor and squeezing the life from her body. Her own breasts ached with lactation. Sweet hormones on Minerva’s tongue penetrated Mel to her core. She could feel her milk glands awakening the same as Holly’s.

Guuurrrrgle

“*MMMM!!*”

A bellow came muffled from Mel’s lips. Her breasts were swelling between Minerva’s, pumping themselves fuller within the fleshy prison. She wanted to fight them, but Minerva’s presence was absolute. She’d only been taken by the horn one other time, and she had turned to putty in that bull’s hands.

Minerva pulled away then and they gasped for air. Saliva strung between their mouths mixed with cream.

“*You taste delicious...*” Minerva said with a lick of her lips. “*How about we see which of us is truly the better cowgirl?*”

Mel had no opportunity to respond before Minerva attacked once more and their lips re-engaged. Milk flourished within the cowgirl’s bust, stretching it large enough to deform Minerva’s from inside her cleavage.

CRASH!!!

A shelf collapsed and Tria shrieked in fright. Minerva’s chest dominated the room. Milk surged like a dam ready to burst.

“*ERIS!!!*” the fairy pleaded.

The redhead emerged moments later in the waist-deep ocean. *“I found it!! Mel, what now?? What do you-- MEL!!”*

The shop was a chaotic mess of breast. Minerva’s heaved against the walls as Mel squirmed between her mountains. Her own breasts were trying to push free of the canyon. Strained bellows and gasps passed between the two sorceresses.

Eris struggled between skin and wall to get to Mel’s aid but found difficulty in reaching the cow when she was so deep in Minerva’s bust.

“MEL, SNAP OUT OF IT!! SHE’S GETTING TOO BIG!!” She held the box out. *“What do you need from this?!”*

“MMGH!!!” was her only response.

“MEL!!” Eris looked around, desperate. A tail whipped from the fold. Grabbing it, she yelled again, *“MEL!!!”*

“MMMMMMOOOOO!!!” Mel bellowed, pulling back from Minerva’s lips. She panted for breath, face red and cleavage swallowing her neck. *“The... I need the... Mmmoooooooo!!!”*

Minerva had begun biting her neck and kissing the cowgirl’s breasts. Milk sprayed wildly between them. Eris felt weightless in the mixture when it came to her shoulders. She was floating.

“Bigger... I want us... Bigger...” Minerva teased, holding Mel’s horn in an iron grip. *“Grow with me, cow.”*

“MMMMOOOOOO!!!”

“MEL!!! HURRY!!!”

The sorceress’s eyes wavered. Looking on sleepily, she rasped in ecstasy, *“The... red charm... Mmmoooooooo!!! Black...rope...”*

Eris dug into the box. A collection of trinkets stared back. It didn’t take long to find out that matched Mel’s description: a square wooden charm roughly the length of her thumb and twice as wide with a black satin rope attached to a corner.

“HERE!! HERE!!!”

A trembling hand extended from Minerva’s cleavage. Eris barely managed to pass it along before Mel rose out of reach with Minerva’s bloating chest.

“More... Tell me you’re thirsty,” Minerva begged. *“I need to burst. I want to be so big... I need to know what it’s like to finally burst!!”*

Mel struggled to fight the hormones pushing her breasts larger than she’d ever managed. She wanted to continue; Minerva’s influence was intoxicatingly dangerous. Reaching her arms out of the cleavage toward Minerva’s head was like moving through molasses. *“You... You need to...cool off...”*

Weak fingers worked at one of Minerva’s horns. Eris watched as she and Tria were pinned against the walls. Just as flesh heaved over her eyes, she saw Mel finish tying the charm to Minerva’s horn.

The world shuddered when Minerva froze. Her eyes sprang open and her head cleared in an instant.

“What the-- Mel?! What are you--” The breath leaped from her lungs suddenly when her chest heaved. “*A-A-AAAHHHH!!!!!!!*”

SPLRRRRRRRRRRSH!!!!!!!

Raging milk erupted from her chest. No longer slave to arousal, her mind finally caught up to her body. The result sent her breasts contracting with an immense ache of pressure. Dairy surged into the shop to replace the wall-bending flesh. Waves cascaded outside from a door and windows blown from their mounts. Amid the torrent, none could hear the sorceress screaming in orgasm at her monumental letdown.

Drip...

Drip...

Mel’s shop sat silent soon after, filled only by the sound of milk dripping from the ceiling. The four women lay on the floor panting for breath. Minerva hugged her breasts for comfort, her mind a haze from the last few minutes. Mel lay next to her, far too swollen for even a cowgirl of her girth. Breasts rolled from her torso and lay on either side of her body, bloated to immobilizing sizes and straining to contain her milk.

“*W-What did...you do to her??*” Eris coughed.

Mel grimaced, not daring to move too strongly. Her milk glands had never been so strained. “*I gave her an arousal containment charm... It’s-- Nnngh! It’s common practice for cowgirls coming of age and reaching their milking potential... Sometimes they need to bottle things up, or they...r-run wild... I figured the same might work for her...*” Mel turned and inspected the charm dangling from Minerva’s horn. The wood clacked against the ceratin. “*It should help keep her under control...so long as she keeps the charm on her horn.*”

Lying on her back, Tria stared at the ceiling. Her dress was limp and bunched around her thighs. “What happens if it comes off?”

The cowgirl paused. “*Then you better make sure you’re not in a small--*”

KRA-BOOM!!!!!!

A thunderous explosion rocked the countryside. Panic rose from the street. Mel raised herself onto her elbows, grimacing at the pressure it put on her breasts. Pebbles and stones rained from the sky, making it sound as if hail were pelting the town amid the sunshine.

Eris looked at her wit’s end as she saw smoke rise from where they’d exited the caverns. Something crashed into the middle of the street like a meteor with metallic crunching. Though it was heavily deformed, Eris recognized it as the twisted head of a clockwork golem ripped from its body.

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

What happens next?