

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted
Chapter 35

When Mel tries to reverse what has happened to Minerva, things only get worse. With Minerva taking on more draconic features, she must learn to control her draconic side rather than fight it.

“IS THAT A TAIL?! DO I HAVE A TAIL?!?! THERE’S A DRAGON TAIL COMING OUT OF ME!!”

“Calm down! Take it easy!!” Mel tried to soften Minerva’s rising panic.

The sorceress had leaped from the table. Frenzied movements carried her in circles while she chased the heavy new extremity until finally catching it like a frustrated puppy. The bulky limb resisted her hands with dense muscles. The scales reminded her of warm ceramic under her fingers as she squeezed, not yet ready to believe what had befallen her derriere.

“THERE’S A TAIL!! T-THERE’S A TAIL!!” she whined repeatedly with watery eyes.

“Relax... Relax...” Mel stooped and grabbed Minerva’s shoulder. *“It’s not that bad. We can still--”*

“WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A DRAGON TAIL COMING OUT OF MY--MMPH!!!”

The cowgirl hugged Minerva in a bear-like embrace and stuffed her face deep into her caramel cleavage. Silence followed as pillowy flesh absorbed any of Minerva’s ravings. She fell silent and still, shocked by the sudden change and rush of milk-scented heat.

“M-Mph!” She jolted, needing air. Her arms flailed against Mel when the hug didn’t ease. *“MMPH!! MMMPH!!!”* Hands groped and sank deep, trying to free herself from the suffocating prison. Between Mel’s chest and her own pressing together, the heat was unbearable.

Finally, Mel opened her arms.

“GAAAAHHH!!!”

Minerva sprang back, gasping with a reddened face. Her lungs screamed for air.

Mel remained calm. “Feel better? Calm?”

Although her eyes were still flitting back and forth to the tail winding around her, Minerva’s yelling had stopped. Timid child-like whimpers mixed with her words. “I-I guess...”

“I know it looks bad, but we haven’t completely failed. The extraction spell *was* having an effect. It activated the blood’s latent power, but pushing further could have brought us to your goal.”

“You’re saying...you want to try again??” Minerva hugged the end of her tail to her body. “Can’t we try removing this first?? Reversing the effects?!”

The cowgirl shook her head. “That tail is as much a part of yourself as one of your arms or legs. If you want to get rid of it, you would either need to cut it off, or extract the dragon blood.”

Minerva squeaked. “No!!” The thought of severing the tail struck her surprisingly hard. Her mind immediately rejected it. She didn’t realize how tightly she was hugging it. “*I-I mean... Let’s try the extraction spell again... Do you think it will work?*”

Mel made a face and scratched her head. “It’s impossible to know. It could work, it could... further your transformation.”

Dismay was written into Minerva’s body language. “You don’t know of any other way?”

“I wish I did, but this just *doesn’t happen*. Dragon blood mixing with a human is unexplored territory. It’s completely up to you.”

Minerva could feel her heart pounding. Her nakedness was far from her mind, even sitting chest-to-chest with Mel. Dense aches ravaged her chest after the previous attempt and heat still lingered within as if they were heavy with coals.

“O...One more time,” she decided.

“Very well.” Mel straightened her back and lifted her hands. “Hold still. We’ll do it now while the previous spell is still fresh. The less time between them, the better. Ready?”

Minerva dropped her tail and placed her hands in her lap before nodding.

“*Zana dagla chyku...*”

“*Nngh...*”

It was like a fresh wound being poked and prodded. Minerva’s breasts instantly heaved. The inferno returned with fresh pressure.

They weren’t happy.

“*Zana dagla chyku...*”

“*I-It’s... Nnnnngh...*” Minerva clenched her hands. The discomfort was far worse this time. Her tail twitched like an angry cat’s and slapped the floorboards.

“Easy...” Mel encouraged. “*Zana dagla chyku...*”

STRRTCH

“*H-Haaahhh...*” Sweat poured down Minerva’s face. It was becoming unbearable. The same red glow had returned. Her chest moved on its own accord, undulating and pulsating by invisible pulling forces.

“*Zana dagla chyku...*”

It grew worse. Her head ached with a grinding pain that seeped into her spine. Minerva felt her nails dig into her thighs. The extraction was becoming excruciating. “*Mel--*”

“*Zana dagla chyku...!*”

STRRTCH

Minerva trembled against the discomfort. Scents of burning hair met her nose. Her head felt like it was being squeezed on all sides. “*M-MEL!! I think we should stop!*”

“*Zana dagla chyku!!! Almost there!*”

Minerva ground her teeth. Her breasts screamed, aching on the verge of rupture. “*STOP!! MEL--*”

“*Zana dagla chy--*”

“*GRAAAHHHH!!!*”

She was on the cowgirl in an instant with a violent roar. Red, reptile-like eyes flared down at the bovine sorceress. Their breasts collided, Mel's searing against Minerva's raging heat.

"STOP!!!"

"M-Minerva! You--ACK!!!"

Mel writhed. There were claws around her neck where Minerva's hands should have been. Pointed nails and scales scraped at her throat. She stared up at the fiery girl and realized she felt intimidated for the first time in years.

"M...Minerva..." Mel rasped.

Seething anger hissed from Minerva's clenched teeth. It wasn't until the magic faded away and her breasts began to cool that the glow in her eyes dimmed. Her hands loosened. Minerva blinked, confused. *"Mel? What's--OH GODDESS!!!"*

She released and scrambled off the woman. Horror tore through her at what she'd just done. Near tears, she watched Mel rise to her knees and rub her throat while coughing for air. Red marks lingered where Minerva's grip had been firm as iron.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!! I don't know what came over me!!!" Tears ran down her cheeks with guilt. *"It hurt... I-I was angry...and the next thing I knew..."*

Trembling claws hovered in her view. They were a conglomerate of human and dragon; ten scaled fingers ending in dragon-like nails. The red armor traveled up her forearm before fading into skin.

"D...Deep breaths..." Mel guided between coughs. Her face was still red. *"I'm fine... Just take...deep breaths."*

Minerva did so and felt the rage in her core soothe. Itching tickled over her palms. Before her eyes, she watched the dragon qualities fade away to leave her hands normal and smooth. She clenched them several times, testing reality.

"Oh thank Goddess... Thank the Goddess..." Bleary eyes looked up. *"A tail is bad enough; if I had to deal with more, I might--"*

Mel caught her eye. There was trepidation in her gaze. Defeated, Mel indicated toward her head with a finger.

"No... Please..." Minerva pleaded.

She lifted a shaky hand. Before it connected, she could already feel the added weight of her cranium as she turned her neck. She brought her hand to her scalp. It stopped short, colliding with something rough and hard as stone.

"Horns... I-I have... Horns...now..." Minerva whispered. There was no emotion in her voice. Her mind refused to process anything.

Fingers explored and ran along their lengths. One on each side, they grew from the top of her forehead to curve up before pointing to the left and right. Their bases started black and night before fading into a dark purple at the tips. At their widest, they were thicker than her wrists.

"The dragon blood is a part of you..." Mel admitted. *"There's nothing I can do. The more we try, the further you'll progress..."*

Still feeling her horns, while her other hand found her tail, Minerva stared off into space helplessly. *“I-I... I’m a freak... I’m a big-breasted...h-half-dragon...freak... I’ll never be able to go anywhere... How... H-How am I supposed to live like this?!”*

She buried her head in her hands. Sobbing heaved her back. Mel was there within seconds to embrace the upset sorceress. So much shorter than the cowgirl, Minerva felt like a child being consoled by her mother.

“Shhh... It’s not that bad. You’re as beautiful as ever.” Mel rubbed her back. *“Horns and a tail aren’t so bad!”* At the risk of worsening the situation, she joked, *“And look; they’re two more things you have that are somehow even bigger than mine!”*

The gamble paid off. Minerva gave a weak laugh through her tears and looked up. *“What am I supposed to do?? I’m a monster!?”*

“Maybe...it’s not such a bad thing?” Mel tread carefully. *“It’s a big change, but...you have dragon physiology inside you now. Yes, there were some permanent changes.”* She was careful to avoid colluding with the points of Minerva’s new horns while taking the sorceress’s hands in her own, *“But not all of them were. Those claws were driven by your emotions. Anger brought them out. You have latent abilities I never thought possible.”* Mel’s eyes drifted down Minerva’s form. Between her horns, engorged breasts, and thumping serpent tail, she wasn’t certain where to spend her time. *“Whatever is happening inside your body...is amazing. It’s a wonder of magic.”*

Minerva sniffled. *“Thanks, but I don’t think you would say the same if this were happening to--”*

Cling!!

The shop door swung open with a bell’s chime.

“Minervaaaaa! Guess what we found!?” Eris and Tria burst through the door with hands full of dripping frosty treats. *“FROZEN MILK!! They have all kinds of flavors!! It’s so sweet you won’t believe--”*

They saw their friend then. Ice cream splattered to the ground as both girls stared in disbelief at the tear-streaked face of a girl turned half-dragon.

“WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!”

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

What happens next?