Questions, comments, or commissions? Send me an email at the.be.engineer@gmail.com or message me on Discord at BE Engineer#2306

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted

In a small town on the outskirts of a wooded land, a sorcerer busied himself around a room of artifacts and odd-colored concoctions. Neat silver hair tinged with age and experience tickled at his ears. He would need to trim it soon before it became too much of a bother. Around his body drifted a black cloak glowing with the light of a rising night sky. On a table sat a large leather bag faded from centuries of use and repair. It was one of his few possessions he didn't care to use magic to fix. Mutters drifted through the air as he ran through his list to pack.

Watching from the sidelines was his apprentice, Minerva. She'd been summoned to the workshop but was yet to be addressed. It wasn't easy talking to him when he was so preoccupied; she didn't dare speak before spoken to. Restless, she played with her flowing sleeves and brushed them against her dress. It matched her master's in fading from purple to black with silver stars dotting the fabric. There was a matching cloak, though it was reserved for special occasions.

Finally he spoke while grabbing several bags of powder. "I'll be back in a few weeks. You are to run the shop, understand?"

Minerva straightened her back. "Yes, Master!"

"Your studies are to be continued in the meantime as well."

Minerva stared at the table. Her master, Akir, had left a mountain of tomes waiting. A wide variety of spells, enchantments, and potions were certain to fill their pages. Manning the shop and keeping pace with her apprenticeship workload was going to be a challenge.

"Minerva?"

She spun back to Akir and sent black hair clinging to her nose. "Sorry! Yes, Master! I'll maintain my studies!"

Narrowing his eyes, he said, "I'm trusting there will be no trouble: no messes, nothing broken, nothing set ablaze. No goblins getting in and wreaking havoc, *again*."

"When have I ever--"

Catching her question, Akir turned his attention to the corner of the workshop where a pile of broken glass remained from the previous night's potion mixing. He forbade the use of magic in cleaning the mess and Minerva was yet to finish the chore.

She blushed at her clumsiness. "Oh… Right." Minerva didn't want to tell him it probably wouldn't have broken if he hadn't been breathing down her neck with eyes like a hawk. Voicing such an opinion could never be done; Akir was too respectable as a sorcerer to risk losing her apprenticeship.

Akir returned to gathering his belongings. The silver-haired sorcerer had been her master since Minerva showed promise as a sorceress. Since then he'd assumed the role of her guardian and teacher, as was customary for so many other masters and their apprentices. However, not many apprentices could count themselves as lucky as Minerva; harboring latent skills in sorcery was fortuitous in and of itself, but being an apprentice to someone of Akir's caliber was akin to winning the lottery.

Minerva's master was one of five council members of the Sect of Twilight. Together with a network of less-skilled sorcerers, they made up one of two main factions of magic users.

Conversely, the Sect of Dawn stood as their counterpart. Conflict was rarely an issue between the two; they differed only in the areas of study. Both possessed combat capabilities, though the Dawn sect excelled at it while the Twilight's devoted studies to the mind and emotion. Akir often reminded Minerva that a Dawn sorcerer would burn an attacking bear to a crisp, but a Twilight sorcerer would make the bear forget what it was doing.

Over the years, Akir had watched Minerva grow into a young woman and an adept sorceress. Her skills blossomed over the years into respectable representations of the trade. Within a few years' time, Minerva was confident she could become a colleague to Akir instead of a student. Reaching his skill level within several decades was laughable.

Akir's council position made for a busy schedule. If he wasn't pouring over old tomes, his presence was required to help resolve more pressing matters. Minerva was yet to see him face a challenge he couldn't overcome. He was as much a role model as he was one of the most powerful sorcerers in the entire country of Ghalrha.

The leather bag was closed matter-of-factly. Donning a hood, Akir approached Minerva. "Keep up your spell practices. There will be an exam on both your incantations and enchantments when I return; I won't tolerate any loss of skill. Don't hesitate to contact me if there's trouble."

Minerva nodded with confidence. "I won't, Master!"

"I'll return in two weeks' time. Don't forget to maintain the protection wards around the shop."

Having said all he wished, Akir took his leave. He exited the workshop into the adjoining storefront where various enchanted items and wares were sold to the general public. A midday summer sun greeted him on the dirt path in front of the building. Watching his twilight cloak wave out of view from a window released a layer of tension.

"He's gone…" she sighed. It was incredible how tense of an atmosphere her master brought into a room. A weight lifted from her chest in the absence of his watchful eye.

Even with him gone, Minerva knew she couldn't waste time; Akir would have made sure of it. She approached the pile of books and chores with a searching gaze.

"There it is."

On a list of enchantments to prepare was a particularly challenging request: an advanced potion-based enchantment. If done correctly, its consumption would allow the user to stay awake for months on end without the need to sleep. Such a concoction would take weeks to ferment even in the best conditions.

"He's testing me already…" Minerva straightened her dress. Had she not thought to look immediately, she never would have found it in time to finish before his return. "Better get started on it first thing."

Several elements of the enchantment were gathered until Minerva stood at a wooden table worn smooth and dyed over years of use. A large glass bowl would be used to contain the mixture of powders and essences until it was ready to imbue with magical energy. She set to work immediately. However, becoming so engrossed in mixing and carefully studying the recipe, Minerva failed to notice two sly hands reaching around the sides of her body.

"*GOTCHA!*"

Fingers groped her chest without mercy. Large enough to fill the attacker's grasp, Minerva's skin bulged into the soft white ruffles of her dress's bust. Such soft, thin fabric offered little protection.

"*A-Ahh!! Let go!!*"

Minerva scrambled out of the clingy palms in a flurry. A bottle was knocked to its side in her haste, though she was fast enough to catch it before it could roll to the stone floor and shatter. The apprentice sorceress's heart raced at the narrow catch.

"*ERIS!!!*" she scowled, looking at the intruder with frustration.

A red-haired girl stood grinning. Traditional scholar garb wrapped her body in ruffled whites and tans. A long red braid raced down her back like a streak of fire. Sometimes Minerva questioned why she stayed friends with the scholar for so many years when she continued to bring such unwanted sexual advances.

"Did I scare you??" Eris giggled.

Minerva held the bottle close to her chest; the cushion was sure to be her safest bet after it nearly shattered. "*YES!!* And you almost cost us the ability to fall asleep ever again!!" The thought of dying a slow death of sleep deprivation while descending into madness wasn't pleasant.

Eris's eyes widened. "*Oooohhh*, dawnroot essence? That's strong stuff."

"I *know*. So don't grab my chest when it's out in the open! In fact, just don't grab me!"

"I was just having fun… It's hard to ignore them in that outfit."

Minerva sighed and replaced the bottle on the table, far from the edge and against the backing wall. She had to be careful around her friend; Eris was always handsy and wasn't ashamed to let it get the better of her. Her attraction to Minerva's chest started during their sexual maturity when Minerva's bust saw heavy development while Eris's saw relatively little. This interest applied to many well-endowed girls when they passed through Eris's view, though it centered on Minerva the majority of the time. This was not reciprocated by the sorceress, though it did not stop Eris from copping a feel when an opportunity presented itself. Minerva didn't mind too much when it was in good fun and they were alone.

She pulled her dress up and stared at Eris. "Shouldn't you be in the library?"

"Not today! Or tomorrow. Or for several months."

Minerva's eyes lit up. "That's right! Your excursion started yesterday! Have you settled on a research topic yet?"

"Noooope." Eris rocked on her heels in boredom. "And my Master is really hounding me about finding one."

It was customary for scholars of a certain age to explore the world and contribute to an area of study lacking research. Eris was smart, but Minerva feared her whimsey and go-lucky attitude might jeopardize her chances of advancing in her craft and profession.

Eris looked around the empty workshop. "Where Akir? Out yelled at kids for running too fast?"

"He's on a trip for the council. It sounded like a member is missing or went rogue. He wouldn't tell me everything."

"Wow. *My* master tells me everything."

"You're a scholar. You're *supposed* to be learning everything. Like you would on an *excursion*."

Eris noticed the hint. "Learning stuff can just get so boring! I feel like we were studying anatomy for *years*. How many parts can there be in a human body?!"

"Quite a few." Minerva's words were short as she tried to focus on her enchantment.

Standing at her side, Eris couldn't help but stare down Minerva's dress as she leaned forward. Stirring the bowl sent her chest into swaying motions. Friction against the fabric brought her nipples to points.

Eris snickered. "I did learn something interesting, though! Did you know breasts swell a little when you're excited?"

Color flushed Minerva's cheeks. She could immediately feel Eris's eyes on her. Covering herself, Minerva insisted, "Well mine aren't if that's what you're saying!!"

"Let me check!" Eris stepped towards her with hands outstretched.

"*E-Eris! No! I need to work! This is important! Go read a book!*"

She crept closer but Minerva's gaze was overpowering. Waiting for a later chance to strike, Eris occupied herself around the workshop while Minerva cautiously returned to her enchantment. Several minutes passed until she came to a challenging section of the recipe. Her hands grew clammy at the necessity for a rare and volatile ingredient.

A cabinet with a glass door hung along the wall of Akir's workshop. Containing his most precious substances, he kept the cabinet under magical protection. A wave of Minerva's hand released it temporarily. The door creaked in warning when it swung upwards.

Stretching her arms up, Minerva should have known better than to enter such a compromising position with Eris prowling the room. Eris watched as Minerva's nipples came close to rising over her neckline.

"Are you *suuuuure* they're not a *little* swollen?" Eris teased, stepping behind the sorceress.

Minerva froze with her hands around a wide jar full of dense marrow crystals. She could feel her friend creeping closer. "*Eris, don't! I'm not kidding!*"

Hands slithered around Minerva's exposed chest. Minimum effort was needed to slip the dress off her nipples. "They sure look a little bigger to me!" The pink nubs found themselves pinched between Eris's fingers.

"*Ngh!*" Minerva gasped. She didn't dare move with such a heavy container held aloft. Setting it down in haste could knock over other materials in the cabinet. "*A-Aahh!! Eris!!*"

"I'm surprised they haven't torn through your dress! It must be chilly in here…"

Minerva's legs were weak. If there was one thing Eris knew how to do, it was bringing sanity to the brink with simple pushes of her buttons.

"*S-Stop! Really! I can't drop this!!*"

Giggling, Eris released her hold of Minerva's nipples and stepped away. "I love how flustered you get. Your nipples are so sensitive!"

"No, they're not!" Minerva lied. "I'm flustered because *somebody is groping me while I'm handling dangerous materials!!*"

Watching Eris like a hawk, Minerva brought the jar to the table. Her arms ached from holding it aloft for so long. A brief measurement and several scoops gave her enchantment what it needed and she brought the jar back to the cabinet; the sooner it was replaced, the sooner her heart could settle.

GLUB

GLUB GLUB

Eris noticed a concerning sound rising from the glass bowl. Leaning over the table revealed quickening bubbles churning through the mixture. They rose as thick mounds before bursting in anger.

"You added too much," Eris warned.

Minerva was busy replacing the jar in the cabinet. "Huh?" Concern filled her voice. If Eris was telling her something was amiss, it was good to listen; the scholar was seldom wrong.

"The marrow crystal; you added too much. This recipe doesn't take that much."

The jar was quickly pushed into its original position. "Eight measures!" Minerva said with certainty having checked the recipe multiple times, though it wasn't beyond her to make a mistake when flustered.

Eris shook her head. "Noooo, it's *three* measures. Trust me." She leaned closer to an open book. "See? It says three; the book is just smudged."

"*WHAT?!*"

RUUUBBBMMLE

Both girls looked at the bowl when it rattled and growled with bubbles.

"Uh oh." Eris took a step back. "Minerva…?"

The sorceress knew nothing good would come of this.

"*ERIS, GET DOWN!*"

One step ahead of her, Eris ducked below the table as the bowl thrashed.

BOOM!!!

A dark purple explosion filled the air alongside a powerful shockwave capable of rattling the windows and mortar. Unable to find cover soon enough, Minerva was thrown several feet back by the force of the blast. Her ears rang until the concussion faded away. Dread gripped her heart when rattling came from overhead. Minerva glanced up and prayed.

An ancient ornately decorated dragon's tooth teetered on a delicate mount. Hollowed out, it was one of only a handful of materials capable of containing pure dragon's blood without activating its effects.

"*N-No...!*"

Minerva squeaked as the tooth tipped over in slow motion. It clattered to its side and broke the seal across its top. Like a waterfall of fate, a column of pearlescent purple goo fell onto the horrified sorceress. It washed a portion of her dress away to expose a nipple brought to immediate attention.

"*Ahhh!!!*"

Minerva was beside herself. There was enough of the substance to leave her chest coated in a thick layer of slime. It heated her skin with its magical properties and reflected candlelight in dream-like waves. She didn't dare move, hoping at any second to wake up from a nightmare.

Eris didn't dare look at the scene. Turning away and covering her eyes, she could hardly stand to look at Minerva through her fingers.

Not wanting to hear the answer, Eris asked, "I-Is that--"

Minerva's mouth twitched as she searched for words. "Please tell me I didn't just waste pure dragon's blood…"

She didn't need to be told. Both knew exactly what was running over her breasts and into her cleavage. The empty tooth continued to drip overhead, now empty of its precious contents.

Anxiety raced through Minerva. She cursed fate under her breath.

"Are you all right??" Eris asked, stooping down to help her up.

Minerva shook her head. "*NO!! This stuff is worth more than my life!! When Akir finds out, he is going to--NNGH!!!*"

Her body trembled. Intense sensations spread through her chest to make every pore and nerve ending sing. Under the dragon's blood, her breasts seemed to breathe and swell slightly.

"*N-Nnngh!!! Ahh!!*"

Minerva rolled onto her hands and knees to clutch at her chest. It burned hot in her grasp and seared with intense sensitivity.

"*Minerva??*"

"*M-My chest!! It's burning my chest!!!*"

Feelings of tightness pulled at her skin. Panting and groaning, Minerva endured the event until it faded away several moments later. She rolled onto her back and collapsed in exhaustion. Not a care was given for her skewed dress or the scene on display.

"Minerva…?" Eris whispered. The dragon's blood was gone without a trace to leave her chest bare and smooth. The scholar looked on in worry. "It… It absorbed into you… *Dear goddess, are you all right?!*"

She stared at the stone ceiling in dismay. Bleary-eyed, Minerva whimpered, "Does it matter?? My life is over when Akir returns!!"

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

The mess from the explosion was cleaned in relative silence. Though Minerva showed little concern for what effects the dragon's blood might have on her body, Eris was intent on keeping an eye on her friend. After removing any evidence and hiding the emptied dragon's tooth, the two girls left the shop to be greeted by setting twilight. The cool air brought a sense of peace on their way to the local tavern. It was rowdy and smoke-filled from charred meats, though neither felt like enjoying the atmosphere.

"You'll feel better after some mead," Eris suggested upon bringing two small flagons to their table in a corner.

Minerva sat quietly staring into the drink. "I'm dead… My apprenticeship is over… Do you know how hard it is to get *dragon's blood*? That was passed down in Akir's family for centuries! It's the *universal material!* It can be used as a substitution for any ingredient or element! *It's priceless! And I dumped it down my dress!*"

Her friend shrugged. "Maybe he should have locked it up or something."

"He *did!!* And *I'm* the only other person he trusted with the security spell!!"

Eris couldn't speak much to the magic supposedly protecting such a precious item. Looking at Minerva's chest pushing against her dress, she confessed, "I'm more surprised your body absorbed such a volatile material without any side effects. Are you sure you're feeling fine? Maybe I should take a look at--"

"*No, you cannot examine my breasts.*"

"I'm serious! Dragon's blood is so rare, there haven't been many opportunities to study its effects on humans! Scholars would lock you up if they knew, just so they could see what would happen!"

"Thanks, Eris… Now I won't just lose my apprenticeship and probably have my magic stripped away, but there is a rare substance in my body doing who knows what! I feel so much better."

They sipped their mead in contemplation until Minerva spoke. "I have to replace it."

"Come again?"

"I have to replace the dragon's blood before Akir returns."

Eris's boisterous laughter garnered attention from the surrounding tavern patrons. Minerva did not share in her amusement.

"I'm not joking," Minerva promised. "Either I somehow replace it, or I lose everything I've worked for. I'll likely end up a peasant after Akir is done with me."

"I don't know, being a peasant still sounds better than *dying!* You can't get dragon's blood! Do you know how rare dragons are?! Not to mention how many teeth there will be if you manage to find one!" Eris drank more mead. "I think you're overreacting. Akir isn't going to banish you or something."

Minerva shook her head. "You don't know him like I do. You've never seen him truly angry. Losing something like dragon's blood is the same as a king losing his wealth. He treasured that blood among all else."

"Maybe she should have kept it in a more secure cabinet then," Eris mumbled.

Minerva put her head in her hands. "I'll be cast out of the Sect. My entire life has been devoted to becoming a sorceress. I'll have nothing if I lose that."

"You're barely nineteen." Eris watched some of the patrons roughhousing then asked, "Wait, you're not *actually* serious, are you?"

Minerva nodded and finished her drink. A slight buzz had turned her cheeks pink. "I don't have a choice."

Eris thought momentarily. "Fine. Then I'm coming with you."

"What?!"

"Think about it! It's perfect for my excursion! We'll travel to Ghalrha and learn about dragons and their habitats! If we even see one, I mean. Plus I can't let you go alone; you'll never survive! You've got the magic and I'll bring the brains."

"Eris, I can't let you--"

"I'm coming whether you want me to or not."

Minerva stared at the redhead. She could try arguing, but when Eris wanted something, there wasn't much you could do to stop her short of using a length of rope and a large rock or sturdy pole. Given such a daunting task, Minerva found some relief to have the company.

"Fine…" she sighed. "Welcome aboard the Doom Wagon!"

Eris laughed. "Hear that, dragon?? We're coming for your blood!"

"We also have only two weeks."

"*TWO WEEKS?! We'll barely make it out of town before we have to turn back!*"

"Akir said he would be back in a few weeks. If I die trying, it's still better than having to face his wrath."

Eris groaned. "We'll need to teleport to pull something like that off."

"I'm a sorceress, not a miracle worker. We're going to have to go by foot."

Two weeks wasn't nearly long enough time to find a dragon, let alone fill Eris's excursion requirement. She jumped up to approach the bar. "We better get some more mead then… All this talk about finding a dragon just to get roasted alive is making me thirsty."

"*EEP!*" Minerva jumped in her seat and straightened in her chair.

Eris thought nothing of it until she returned with two sloshing flagons and found Minerva doubled over with her arms wrapped around her chest.

"Minerva…? Is something wrong? Thirsty?"

"*N-Nngh!!*"

Minerva's breath was quick and labored. Over the roaring tavern, Eris thought she could hear gurgles coming from the sorceress' body.

"*Nnngh!!! Ohhhhh goddess, my chest!!*"

Eris sprang into action. Setting the flagons on the table, she approached her friend. "Is it the dragon's blood?! What's wrong??"

"I...I don't know!" Minerva moaned and hugged her breasts tighter. They felt full and round against her arms and pushed back with minds of their own. "*My chest feels...nnngh!!...s-so tight!!*"

Minerva leaned back and rested her head against the wall with closed eyes. Against her arms pushed two full mounds of pale flesh rising like dough. Eris's eyes bulged watching the globes swell larger and strain Minerva's dress.

"What's...What's going on…??" Minerva moaned. Forcing her eyes open, she rolled her gaze down. "*OH GODDESS!!*"

Cleavage filled her vision. Fearful, she dropped her arms from the heaving masses and let them fall naturally. Usually ruffled and loose, the front of her dress stretched smooth against their rounded shapes and accentuated two thick nubs.

"*E-Eris?? What's happening to my chest?!*"

Skin rose and bulged around her shoulder straps. Heaping into a shelf, it wouldn't take much before the melon-sized mammaries sprang free. Several eyes were upon her from around the tavern. Watching the girl grow out of her dress was the best entertainment they'd seen all night.

POP!

POP!

"*A-Augh!!!*" Minerva cried out when her nipples found freedom. Wiggling from the release, they sent bolts of energy through her body and moistened her thighs.

Eris stared intently at the fleshy quivering nozzles. She knew their appearance from anatomical studies and recognized the pale veins appearing along Minerva's chest as it continued to engorge. Swallowing against a dry mouth, she began to say, "M-Minerva… I think they're filling up with--"

SPLUUURRRTCH!

"*AAAAHH!!!*"

Minerva arched her back when milk sprayed from her chest and pattered over the table. The scholar stared wide-eyed at the breasts dwarfing her head.

"*They're so hot!!! Goddess, they feel SO FULL!!*" She stared at the fluid spraying from her body. "*Is that MILK?! W-Where is it coming from?! Eris, what's happening to me?!*"

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

Minerva stumbled out of the tavern with the support of Eris's shoulder.

Entertained hollers followed them until the doors closed, saying, "Hey, where ya goin'?? I'm thirsty for more after that show!!"

GUURRRGLE

"*N-Nngh!! Ohhh they're getting bigger!!*" Minerva leaned forward from the weight of her chest. Like watermelons, they hung to her belly button.

"We'll get you out of here!" Eris insisted. "Then we'll figure out what's happening to you! It's probably the dragon's blood!"

"*You think?!*"

GUURRRGLE

They made it through several back alleys before Minerva's legs grew heavy. Sloshing came from her chest as it swung in her arm. Anyone could have followed the trail of milk to find its swollen source.

"I...*I don't think I can keep going*…" she moaned. "*Eris, they're too heavy!*"

Slipping from the shoulder, Minerva stumbled to a nearby barrel and leaned on it for support. Her chest hung off her like swollen fruits. Her only hope, Minerva looked to Eris. "*I-I think you're going to have to milk me!*"

Eris stammered. "I don't know how to--"

"*You grew up on a farm, didn't you?? You milked cows with your mom!! You told me so!!*"

"That was years ago!! And an udder is different than--" Eris stared at the engorging masses. "Different from those…"

GUUURRRGLE

"*N-Nnngh!! Aahhh, Eris, please!! They're getting really heavy!! If I go down, I'm not getting back up!!*"

Eris's hands twitched. They wanted nothing more than to grab onto the sausage-thick nipples and pull. She feared it may make it worse, however. "Can't you do some kind of magic?!"

"*I can barely talk!!*" Minerva glared. "You're grabbing my chest day in and day out, and *NOW* you're hesitant?! *Eris, I'm begging you!! MILK ME BEFORE THEY GET ANY BIGGER!!*"

"All right!!" Eris's heart raced as she stepped behind Minerva. She couldn't believe herself as she reached around and pressed her hands into her soft flesh. "L-Like this?"

GUURRRRGLE

"I don't care how you do it!! *Just get this milk out of me!!*"

Leaning into Minerva's rear, Eris reached down and sank her arms into the sides of her chest until her hands found the dribbling pink mounds.

"*MMNNGH!!!! C-Careful!*"

"*I'm doing my best!! You're not exactly a cow!!*"

"*Well I feel like one!!*"

With gallons of milk swirling against her arms, Eris squeezed and pulled both nipples.

SPLLLUURRCH

"*A-AUGH!! MMNGH!!!*"

Milk cut into the dirt below in thick streams. The sensations made Minerva tremble in Eris's embrace. "*K-Keep...going!!*"

Eris began pulling in rhythmic alternating motions.

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

"*MMMM!!! I can barely stand all the swelling!! My chest feels ready to erupt!!*"

Eris agreed. Based on her experience with dairy cows who had gone too long without being milked, Minerva's chest was in much the same state.

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

"*AAAHHH!!!!*"

Minerva's thighs rubbed together in pleasure. Such a thing only drove Eris to quicken her pace and strengthen her grip. This caused Minerva to tense and buck in uncontrollable pleasure as she was drained like a child's plaything.

"*Aahh!! MMNGH!!! E-ERIS!!! C-Careful!!! You're going to make me--AAHH!!!!!*"

SPLLLUURRRCH!!!

Milk gushed from Minerva's chest in creamy waterfalls while her body convulsed.

"*Augh!!! M-M-Mmmnghhaahhhh*HHHHH*!!!*"

An orgasmic scream echoed through the alley along with a torrent of steaming milk. Eris was awed by the feeling of Minerva's breasts shrinking within her grasp. Dairy poured from their forms until they fit in her palms as naturally as ever, leaving the girls hunched over each other in a sexual display of sweat and gasping breaths. It took several seconds for Eris to release Minerva's chest from her grasp, unwilling to let go of its timed rises and falls with Minerva's breaths.

"*Thank you… Eris…*" Minerva panted. "*For a minute, I didn't think I was going to be able to walk anymore…*"

Eris stood back and looked at her hands. Milk dripped from her fingers to make her mouth water. Before Minerva could see, Eris licked one of them clean. Honey sweetness filled her mouth from the thick cream. It was all she could do to stifle a moan while licking her lips.

Drained of energy, Minerva slumped against a wall to the ground. She could fix her dress later; right now, she had to catch her breath. Such sexual sensations had only been experienced alone at night in her chambers, and even they could not compare to what she'd just shared with Eris, who came to sit next to her in a puddle of milk.

It took a moment for either of them to address the event.

"Thanks for...uh...*that*," Minerva whispered.

Eris nodded, not wanting to admit she wished it had gone on longer. "Anytime…"

Minerva glanced down at her chest and saw it uncovered. Smooth, milk-covered skin reflected the dim light around them. "*Ah!*" She quickly righted her dress, thankful it retained enough stretch to cover her chest. "You were just going to let me hang out of my dress like that, weren't you?"

Eris giggled at the accurate accusation. "I certainly wasn't going to say anything."

Minerva cupped herself. "I wonder what happened… I've never felt anything like that."

"I have a theory…" Eris chewed on her lip.

"Well don't leave me in the dark."

"I-I think the dragon's blood fused with your breasts… Since it's capable of becoming any required substance, I think it's caused your chest to do the same… In its own way."

Minerva blinked. "You're insane."

"Think about it! In the tavern I said I was thir--" Eris caught herself. "I said I wanted more mead, and you started lactating! Then when I said it again, it accelerated! It happened again when we left and someone called after us! I needed something to drink, so it provided it! I wonder what else it could cause your breasts to do…"

Frowning, Minerva considered the idea. It sounded ludicrous, though dragon's blood was known for its fantastical properties of transformation. "I don't want to believe it… But I also don't have any evidence against it…"

"We could test it? Maybe if I say I'm thir--*Mmph!*"

Minerva clamped a hand over Eris's mouth. "Even if it sounds crazy, I would rather not find out that it's true *right after* I just released several gallons of milk."

Eris nodded in understanding to earn her mouth's freedom. "So considering what the blood has possibly done to you… Are you still planning on trying to find a dragon, get its blood, and bring it back all before Akir returns?"

She sighed. "I don't think I have a choice. Why? Are you still planning on joining me?"

Eris glanced at Minerva's chest. Given what the blood had already caused, and the countless other possibilities it could lead to, there was no other answer she could have given. "Are you kidding me? Of course I'm coming! This could be *big!*"

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

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-Oohhhh 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' mouths 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 had 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 goods. 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 reflecting 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?"

"*WAHHH!!*"

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.

CREEEAAAK!

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.

"*Mmmmm…*" 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."

(.Y.) (.Y.)

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 after finding a seat on a stump. "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 stump 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. "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?" she asked through a mouthful of water.

"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.

"*HMM?!*"

Minerva's eyes bulged wide and excess water puffed her cheeks in surprise. 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. She gulped and felt her skin tingle at the fresh fluid.

"*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 and watched 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 pounding, Eris extended 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.)

The spell of silence works both ways. Eris and Minerva only realize the danger of this when they wake in the night to find themselves tied up and unable to be heard when they call for help.

"Minerva… Minerva, please wake up!! *Please!*"

A frightened voice called the sorceress from her dreams. Rousing and sore from sleeping with only a thin layer of bedding between her and the ground, Minerva groaned and opened her eyes.

An immediate lack of mobility gave her heart a jump start. Tight bonds coiled around her body and limbs, binding her together like a puppet tangled in its own strings. Her vision focused in the dark night to see Eris sitting on her bedding in a similar situation. Several large spiders with crystalline bodies reflected the moonlight as they wandered over her body maintaining her bonds. The same magical creatures could be felt crawling over Minerva's body. Their tiny legs pricked her skin.

"*Mmph?!*"

A scream tried to escape her throat but a gag blocked its path. Now frightened and beyond confused, Minerva squirmed to sit up. A gleaming metallic eye met her gaze set in a weathered man's eye socket. It glowed with a gentle blue light and his beard reeked of old mead.

"*Mmph!!*"

"Nice of you to join us," the man greeted with a grin lacking several teeth. The state of his visage told Minerva he'd been through several challenging ordeals. Whether or not he had been on the right side of these ordeals was yet to be determined.

"H-Hey snuck up on me!" Eris cried. "*I couldn't hear him coming! By the time I woke up, the spiders already had their webs around us!*"

Bowing slightly as if it somehow made up for taking them hostage, the stranger introduced himself. "You may call me Kalzar. I'm what you may call a man for hire… I have a proposition for you."

"*MMPPH!!!*" Minerva struggled to break free, much to the stranger's delight.

Eris screamed at the slumbering merchants. "*Help!! Help us!!*"

None were roused. Kalzar laughed in amusement. "They can't hear you. No more than you can hear them." Pointing at Minerva, he explained, "You've got a talent for sorcery! Your enchantments need a little work, though, I'm afraid." He tapped the side of his head to indicate towards his metal eye. "I could see right away that your little sphere of silence worked both ways. No sound is coming in, and no sound is going out."

Minerva's eyes widened with fright at her amateur mistake. Akir would berate her if he knew.

"*N-Nngh!! MMMPH!!*" The spider silk dug around her abdomen and shoulders. The more she struggled, the harder the crystal spiders worked to keep her bound. Beady red eyes glowed atop their bodies.

Kalzar insisted, "Struggle all you want! Those spiders know how to make a strong web. Keeping a few of those on hand is *far* easier than carrying rope everywhere I go."

"*What do you want?!*" Eris's words came out fast and panicked. Silver moonlight shone brightly in her eyes.

"Just a taste!"

"*Mmph??*" Immediately Minerva turned her head towards the man. There were only so many things such a statement could have referred to.

Kalzar knelt in front of Minerva. Aged eyes stared at her breasts and made her shiver. She wished her dress covered more of her torso. "I've heard all about your cow-cursed bust… That's quite the unique talent."

She didn't like the way he ogled her chest and licked his lips. Flinging her gaze to Eris, Minerva silently demanded answers.

"H-Hey saw them swell up on the ride here!" the redhead explained. Upon seeing Minerva's eyes widen in further confusion, Eris remembered she'd been asleep while her breasts engorged.

Kalzar's foot scraped across the gravel as he leaned in closer to her chest. Jolting back, Minerva tried to put distance between her chest and his face. Anger was overpowering her fear now. She required the use of her voice to cast any kind of magic in retaliation, however. Feeling the gag block her tongue only fueled her frustration.

"How does the curse work…?" Kalzar asked. Tingles spread over Minerva's chest as if she could feel his eyes inspecting every curve and valley. Trying to turn herself away only caused her breasts to wobble between their bonds.

"I apologize for the gag. I'm aware you can't answer," Kalzar said calmly. "I would let you speak, but I can't have you casting any spells." He turned to Eris. "Would your friend like to give me any hints?"

Eris didn't need to watch Minerva shake her head rapidly to answer. "*Sard off!!*"

Kalzar shrugged. "Very well. I have no qualms with a little experimentation." He leaned close as if to touch Minerva.

"*M-Mmph…*"

The man stared in thought and recalled his observations. "You were sleeping when it happened… Though if that were the trigger, they would have engorged during your rest tonight."

Sweating, Minerva prayed he wouldn't reach what seemed like an obvious conclusion. If her breasts fell victim to extreme lactation while her hands were tied, she wasn't sure she could handle it. The spiders' binds alone already skewed her dress to the point of risking exposure.

"It can't be environmental, like the sun, otherwise you would have dressed for it…" Kalzar's eyes sparkled. "It's something out of your control, isn't it? Something you can't adequately prepare for."

Minerva whimpered and shook her head.

"I seem to recall a particularly loud infant crying during your previous swelling. Am I right in assuming your milk flows on a per-need basis?"

"*Mph!! Mmph!*" Minerva shook her head vehemently. She was seconds away from her breasts bloating with cream.

"Hmmmm…" Kalzar watched Minerva's chest rise and fall with nervous breaths. Intrigued, he whispered, "*I'm parched.*"

GUUUURRGLE

"*Mmnngh!!!*"

Minerva clenched her hands and writhed when her breasts flourished with energy. Deep within them, milk surged at ounces per second. Prominent growth pushed her chest larger until it filled her bodice.

"*S-Stop it!*" Eris pleaded. "*Minerva!*"

"I'm *incredibly* thirsty."

GUUUUUUURRGLE

"*M-Mmmnngh!!!*" Feeling milk push against her skin was a more tantalizing sensation than Minerva could bear. Looking down through watery eyes, she saw her breasts rising off her frame like globes. The spider binds accentuated them into plump spheres with little room for deviation. Tight pink areolas rose into view as her dress threatened to release its contents.

Kalzar chuckled in amusement at the ripening melons weighing his prisoner down. "*I'm craving milk so much I can't stand it!!*"

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

"*MMMMMMGH!!!!*"

Minerva's chest engorged with minds of their own. Far surpassing the size of her head, they stood firm and tight in the constraints of her dress. The white fabric trembled and pulled into her milk flesh.

SPLUUURTCH!!!

"*M-Mmmngh!!*"

Finally they broke free. Released to the full force of gravity, Minerva's bust fell against her body with sloshing smacks. The jolt sent shockwaves through her heaving mounds with enough energy to stimulate her milk into spraying from aching nipples. Directly in front of them, Kalzar's face was doused in the warm dairy.

"*Ha!*" he laughed, gazing upon Minerva's exposed magically altered treasures. "*Glorious! More!! I'm SO THIRSTY!!*"

GRRRROOOOAAAAAAAN

Her breasts saw no limit in pleasing the man's feigned desires. Swelling massive and full, Minerva's body was dominated by the pale mounds. They stood wider than her torso and inched closer to her lap. Several bands of spider silk pulled into the top and bottom of her breasts as they expanded in all directions.

"*Stop it!*" Eris yelled again. "*You're making her produce too much!!*"

Gasping for air through her gag, Minerva raged at her forced growth. Given her titanic size, she felt as though her nipples were ready to gush at any moment. Going through such forced sexual sensations in front of her capture was humiliating. This man had the power to drive her chest to worrisome sizes and she was powerless to do anything about it. She ground her teeth against the gag in anger.

"Amazing…" Kalzar ogled. Reaching out, he cupped a large watermelon udder in both hands. They squeezed together to indent Minerva's soft skin, pressurizing her milk within. "They're simply magnificent. So plump and full!! Seeing them inflate to such a size… It's a sight to behold!!" He squeezed again, causing her areola to dome outward.

SQQUULLCH

"*M-M-Mmngh…!! Mmmph…!*"

"Sorry, my dear. I've come too far not to indulge myself." Kalzar cupped a hand under a puffy nipple. His finger and thumb were rough against her sensitive skin when he pinched the fleshy nozzle and pulled, urging milk to flow.

"*Mmmmph!!!!*"

Dairy filled his hand in seconds until it overflowed onto Minerva's thighs below. Bringing his hand to his mouth, he slurped under the furious gaze of the sorceress. Kalzar's metal eye illuminated at the taste.

"My dear!" he exclaimed. "This is the *furthest* thing from a curse I've ever seen!" Kalzar licked his lips and hand clean. "Yes, the prince will be most satisfied with this… You'll fulfill the queen's wishes and then some!"

Minerva stared in confusion as he rose to his feet.

"How would you like a job? My benefactors would compensate you handsomely for such a wealth of rich dairy."

"*Mro phroof prophelph.*" The sorceress cursed through her gag while staring daggers. She was violated and taken advantage of. Her milk was among the most intimate things she had to give and this man had taken it without a passing thought. As her chest swayed with her angry breaths, she ignored the leaking milk running down her body and soaking her dress. The spiders raced around her body. Their bindings pulled into her milky udders, squeezing their contents and helping support their weight.

Kalzar's smile did not falter. "I can see the proposition does not immediately pique your interest. No matter; you'll come to like the idea on our way to his fallen majesty." He

approached Eris. “I’m afraid I’ll have to dispose of your friend first. There’s only room for so much cargo, you see.”

“*W-Wait!! STOP!!!*” Eris kicked at the ground when he approached with outstretched hands. “*MINERVA!!!*”

Distress overcame the girls when Kalzar took Eris by her bindings and attempted to lift her from the ground. Minerva could do nothing but struggle to rise. If Eris were taken into the dark woods next to the camp, she knew she’d never see her friend again.

“*Don’t let him take me!! I DON’T WANT TO*--” Eris stopped. As her accomplice struggled, she watched Minerva’s milk soak into her restraints. They grayed at its touch, the spiders struggling to keep pace with repairs. An idea flashed across her mind and Eris yelled. “*I’m thirsty too!!!*”

“*MMPH?!*”

“Hmm?”

Both were shocked at the scholar’s sudden statement.

GUUURRRGLE

“*I need barrels and barrels of milk!!!*” she yelled, dangling in the air from Kalzar’s hand. “*I’m so thirsty I could drain a herd of cows!!*”

GUUUUURRRRRGLE

“*M-MMPH!!!*” Confused, Minerva questioned her friend’s intentions with saucer eyes. The pressure building in her chest was immense. Their size bloated and tightened her skin. Milk flowed over their curves and down her body, turning her bindings dull gray. Threads snapped and frayed. Suspended in a small cradle of rope, her chest jutted from her frame.

“What are you doing, girl??” Kalzar demanded. “I need her small enough to manage!”

“*GODDESS, I’M THIRSTY!!! I JUST WISH I HAD AN OCEAN OF MILK!!!*”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!!

“*MMGGPH!!!*”

Minerva couldn’t take it anymore and clenched her eyes. Arching her chest into the air, she leaned back at the incredible milky forces inside of her. Her chest struggled to contain its load. Eris and Kalzar watched in awe when they sprayed and leaked like fountains, drenching her in cream. Creaking threads complained around her frame from the burgeoning mammaries.

"*M-Mmngh!!! NNGH!!!!*"

SNAP!!!!

The bonds broke around Minerva's straining body and wrists. Every muscle tense for escape, Minerva's arms flung outward. Kalzar had only had time to frown in worry as she clawed madly at her gag and freed her speech. Angry magic poured from her being.

"*DAGU NESU KAA DAN ISKAU!!!!*"

WHAM!!

The force of a charging bull struck Kalzar's torso to knock the wind from his lungs. Eris fell to the ground when his hand was ripped from her bonds while he rocketed across the camp like a cannonball.

CRASH!!!!

The sound of a grown man plowing through the side of a covered merchant cart shot through the night. Though Minerva and Eris could not hear it, they saw the immediate attention it gained from the other travelers. Many gathered around the gaping hole in wood and canvas to inspect Kalzar.

"What did I just do…" Minerva whispered. It was the first time she'd used destructive force against a human being.

Eris was more present. "*Minerva we have to go!!! Untie me!!*"

"What??" Almost falling over, Minerva tried to conceal her chest as merchants turned to face them. Confusion and anger brimmed in their eyes. "We just need to explain to them that--"

"*Explain what?? No offense, but who are they going to believe?? A half-naked sorceress who just destroyed their livelihood and flung a seemingly helpless traveler across camp, or the unconscious man?? Hurry and untie me! We need to go!*"

Minerva was too frazzled to know if her friend was making sense. Scrambling to her side, Minerva swiped away the crystal spiders and held her hands over Eris. “T-This might hurt…”

“*Do it!*”

“*ZO KU SAUKU!!*”

FWOOSH!!

Fire engulfed Eris’s bonds as if they were cotton. They were decimated in an instant, leaving only light burns on the scholar’s wrists and ankles. She was the first to get up, taking Minerva’s hand and milky weight.

“*We’ll take his horses!*”

“*WHAT?!*”

Led like a child, Minerva was helped onto what they assumed to be one of Kalzar’s horses. Already saddled, it was ripe for escape. Milk sprayed over the saddle when Minerva’s chest bulged against it in her efforts to mount.

“Start riding!! I’ll catch up!” Eris instructed, running towards the other mount.

“*Stop!! Thieves!! THIEVES!!*”

Minerva’s mind was in a flurry. She couldn’t think straight after attacking Kalzar, let alone while dealing with her extreme lactation. Cradling her enlarged bust, she kicked the horse and raced along the tree line towards the hills. Holding her chest and the reins was a wet, slippery job she wasn’t prepared for.

“*We’re sorry!!*” Eris yelled, turning her horse around. “*Tell that guy not to tie up any more sorceresses if he wakes up!!*”

Dirt kicked into the air when she raced after Minerva and into the night, leaving the merchants and their attacker behind.

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

As the girls find a patch of forest to lay low in, they realize if they are gonna keep running into trouble with Minerva's breasts, they may as well experiment and find what they react to and avoid triggers ahead of time.

Trees and brush flew by Minerva in dark clumps of shadow and darkness. Riding a horse was nothing new to the young sorceress, though doing so in order to protect her life, as well as while managing two enlarged breasts, was a completely different experience. She couldn’t be sure if her pulse was racing out of fear or effort from trying to stay balanced and upright with her bosom. The back of her mind told her to ignore the sloshing milk against her arm and continue galloping into the night as the sounds of a waking merchant camp faded away.

Clopping hooves sounded behind her. Fearing for the worst, Minerva glanced back expecting to see Kalzar chasing her with a vengeance. Relief was quick to follow upon spying Eris following suit on her own stolen steed. Surely with both of his mounts taken, Minerva’s would-be kidnapper couldn’t follow them anytime soon.

"Minerva!" Eris yelled through the flying wind. "Let's go into the forest! It will be easier to hide there until morning!"

"How...do you know…--" Minerva paused to catch her breath. "--he won't come looking for me?? We don't know anything about him! What if he has a way to track us??"

Eris's braid whipped slapped against her back with every heavy fall of her mount. "Would you rather take your chances out in the open countryside at night?"

"N-No…"

"Then we need to hide until we figure out where to go! Follow me; we'll hide out for a few hours then leave at first light before the merchants even awake."

Minerva was in no state to argue. Nodding weakly, she followed the scholar's lead into the woodland. Moonlight was quick to withdraw its aid and leave them in encroaching darkness. Before long, the duo was forced to slow into a light trot for the safety of the horses.

"How are you doing?" Eris whispered. "You letdown a lot of milk back there."

Minerva whimpered. "H...Heavy…"

Such a thing didn't need to be said. Eris could tell from a simple glance that Minerva's chest remained over-laden with dairy after their narrow escape. The scent of her leaking milk traced their path through the woods and haunted Eris's nostrils like fresh pastries.

"We're lucky milk causes crystal spider thread to deteriorate," Eris thought aloud. "There must be a chemical reaction between them. It might be worth looking into. Several types of weapons and armor are made from such material."

"That's...That's great… If we're ever attacked by such a thing, I can spray them with my breasts. Good to know."

The sarcasm in Minerva's voice wasn't lost on Eris. She decided to remain silent until their situation improved.

As travel continued, they noticed the darkness receding. A rich, golden glow peppered the forest with drunken points of light bobbing between the trees. Eris squinted at a nearby source of light and widened her eyes in wonder.

"Look at all the fireflies…!"

Minerva did not reply. Instead as they neared a small clearing, her horse slowed down until coming to a stop. "I can't… I-I can't keep going… *I need to empty them*."

Eris's horse came abreast to Minerva's. The sorceress was in a disheveled state. Her dress had stretched and slunk into a bundle around her waist to leave her torso naked to the night air. Massive breasts pressed into the horse's back and leaked milk down its sides in small white waterfalls as Minerva rested her weight against them.

"*Too...heavy…*" she gasped.

Eris watched with concern. "Do you need me to mil--"

Life was quick to return to Minerva in the form of embarrassment. "N-No! No! *Don't even say it out loud!*" Visibly red in the face despite the low light, Minerva dismounted her borrowed horse with the grace of a newborn camel. Gravity eagerly took control of her chest to swing her towards the ground. She stumbled forward in a flurry of milk before falling against a

tree for support. Its trunk held her steady as she slumped into a sitting position and stared at the breasts in her lap. The dewy forest floor was relieving against her heated nethers.

"Alright… T-Time to empty them…" Her mouth was dry at uttering a spell. "*Kurjun madar--A-Ahh!!*"

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

A purple aura shimmered around Minerva's nipples to draw her milk out. Instead, her milk glands churned and engorged to push her breasts full and tight. She immediately released her draining spell.

"Dragon blood is notorious for its anti-magic properties…" Eris reminded. "It probably won't let you do that."

"I-I know…! I was just hoping...I wouldn't have to...*touch them.*" Minerva gulped. After feeling her chest react so strongly to her attempt at a magical milking, she knew there was only one option left.

Caution made her hands shake upon approach. A chilly night breeze alone was enough to warn her of the severe sensitivity waiting within her engorged nipples. Biting her lip to prevent a scream, she grabbed each wrist-sized nub and pulled.

SPPLUURTCH!!

"*M-MMMNGH!!!!! AAHHH!!!*"

Milk sprayed into the grass and dirt for a moment before her flow ceased. Her hands released and Minerva was left shivering and gasping against the tree. Intense breathing caused her chest to swell in and out. Seeing this while watching her nipples swell up to puffy pink cylinders from the intense stimulation was almost more than Eris could handle.

"I-I can't… They're too sensitive…" Minerva squeaked, doing her best to keep her thighs clamped together. "*I can't handle it…*"

Eris dismounted and approached to kneel in front of her friend's chest. "Minerva, just let me--"

"N...No! You're just--"

GUUUURRRRGLE

"*A-Aahhh!!! Oh, goddess!!*" Further production swelled Minerva's chest tighter. The longer she contained her load, the larger it would become. Struggling to stay sane, she continued, "*You're just trying to*--"

A stern expression came over Eris's face upon seeing such pressure-fueled desperation. "Just shut up and let me milk you, you stubborn cow."

Minerva shrunk back with a timid squeak. It was the first time Eris had ever spoken to her in such a way. Being called such a name in such a state wasn't helpful.

Not waiting for an answer, Eris grabbed each swollen nipple with an iron grip, sank her fingers into them, and pulled.

"*MMNNNNGHHH!!!!!!!!*"

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

Minerva's nipples vibrated and grew in Eris's hands before milk flooded her aching ducts.

FWOOOOOOOSH!!!!!

A monumental letdown flew from her chest in an explosion of white. It struck Eris square in her own chest, though she did falter or loosen her grip despite the torrent.

"*AAAHH!!! G-GODDESS!!! OH GODDESS!!!!*"

Minerva screamed and writhed in the dirt. Her heels dug deep and her hands clawed at the ground. Every drop passing through her deprived nipples was orgasmic relief pushing her body to the limit.

*FWWWOOOOOO**OOOSSHHH!!!!***

THUD!

"*Ack!! M-Minerva!!*"

A surge in pressure struck Eris like a rampaging horse and forced her grip free. She fell back onto her rear and held her hands in front of her to cover her face from the continuing release. It didn't take long for it to recede as Minerva's milk drained to leave her at a manageable size trickling over her heaving torso.

Sleepy eyes opened to see Eris sitting in front of her dripping from head to toe. The uncontrollable flurry of milk had ripped most of her clothes open, leaving her small chest exposed and her skirt bunched at the hips. The warmth of Minerva's milk brought Eris's nipples to full attention in the golden firefly glow. An extremely private view between Eris's thighs was more than Minerva bargained on seeing.

"S-S-Sorry," Minerva whispered.

An amused smile was exactly what she needed in return. "There, see? All you needed was a good squeeze!"

Chuckling half-heartedly under a mountain of shame, Minerva gathered her chest in her arms and tried to fix her dress. It would require magic to return it to its rightful shape and elasticity, which would have to wait until she was recovered. "Thanks… I-I guess I did, huh?"

Eris got on her hands and knees to join Minerva at her side. Adjusting her clothes, the scholar and sorceress stared at the drifting fireflies.

"This is not how I saw our journey going," Minerva admitted after some time. "We only left Athria this morning and I've already outgrown my dress two--"

"Three."

"--three times and narrowly avoided being kidnapped by some royal bounty hunter." Minerva dismayed. "Maybe I should quit and just join a brothel while I'm ahead. I bet I could be pretty popular."

"You would be."

"*Excuse me!*"

"It's true! But you're not joining a brothel. We just need to figure out what we're getting ourselves into."

"How do you mean?"

Eris looked at the sorceress's chest. "I mean with your...situation. All of our challenges so far have arisen because we weren't prepared for your chest reacting to some kind of stimuli. We're going to keep running into problems if your breasts keep reacting unexpectedly to random triggers."

Minerva groaned. "Why can't I have a normal bust like every other girl??"

"Because you spilled dragon blood all over it? They have already shown an ability to provide drink if someone is thirsty or an infant is hungry, and they retain water, presumably storing it for later… I'm willing to bet there's more."

Minerva stared at her chest. "I-I *really* don't want there to be more."

"But shouldn't we find out what they'll react to now rather than the next time we're gagged and tied up?"

"...Yes… But how are we supposed to--"

Eris suddenly blurted, "*I would LOVE some warm, gooey, chocolate syrup!!*"

Horror filled Minerva's eyes. Frantic, she grabbed her breasts to prevent the fantastical growth. "*E-ERIS!!!!*"

They stared at her mounds waiting for a reaction. When nothing happened after several painfully long seconds, Minerva breathed a sigh of relief and leaned her head against the tree. "Oh thank the goddess…" Anger bubbled and she directed it at the cause. "What were you thinking?! What if that actually worked?!"

Eris pouted, still staring at her friend's cleavage. "Part of me hoped it would… It's kind of cold after you sprayed me down. I thought it would warm us up."

"M-Mmmmngh…" Minerva shifted in the dirt. A stifled moan escaped from her pursed lips to rouse Eris's interest. "*Something...is happening…*"

SSSTTTRRRRTCH

"*A-Aahhhhh…!*"

Eris's eyes bulged with delight. From Minerva's torso, her chest swelled and plumped outward becoming full and perky at twice her usual size. Sweat glistened with golden firefly light in her cleavage. Heat poured from their incredibly swollen forms in thick waves.

"*Hah… Haaaahhhh… Oh… Eris…*" Minerva panted. The intense heat rising from her chest brought dizziness to her head. "My breasts...are so hot! It feels like there's a furnace burning in them!"

Eris felt as though she were sitting next to a campfire. Turning to face the perky space heaters, she rubbed her hands and held them several inches away. "This is actually really nice! I can feel my fingers again!"

"*Mmmgh… T-Too...hot…!*" Staring down, Minerva watched several drops of sweat race over her enlarged bust.

A nipple quivered in front of Eris's palm with the heat of a coal. Staring at it and the partially domed areola lifting it into the air, Eris felt a pang of arousal and mused, "You know, your nipples look nice when they're bigger…"

"*What?? They do not! A-And stop staring at my--*"

STTRRRRRTTTTCH

"*EEP!!!*"

Minerva's nipples came to life. Wiggling, they lengthened slightly and expanded in width as if they were breathing. Within seconds, her pink nubs gained an inch in all dimensions.

"W-What did you just do to them?!"

Eris wasn't so confused. The gears in her mind turned. "*Bigger.*"

SSTTRRRRRTCH!

"*M-MMNGH!!! Eris!! S-Stop!*"

She ogled Minerva's nipples as they puffed once more. Growing as big as a fist on her melon-sized breasts, they stood prominent and overbearing as full pink mountains.

"*Bigger! I like HUGE nipples!*"

"*A-Ahhh!!! You're making them too big!!!!*"

The sensation of her nipples enduring such torture was overpowering. Minerva squirmed on the ground as her nipples bloated to the size of her knees. They nearly matched the size of her breasts.

"*And I like large breasts, too!!*"

"*WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!*"

SSSTTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Pure growth assaulted the sorceress's bosom. The sounds of stretching flesh filled the small clearing as she grew and swelled to Eris's wishes. They doubled in size to extend to her belly button before coming to a jiggling stop.

"*E-Eris, don't you dare make them any bigger. Stop before--*"

"*BIGGER!! I like HUGE breasts!!*"

SSSTTTTTTTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Flesh rushed towards Minerva's lap in an avalanche of skin. It overflowed her thighs in seconds and buried her legs with immobilizing weight.

"*ERIS!!!!*"

"*And sensitive! So sensitive they can't bear to be touched!!*"

Minerva's eyes dilated and her voice went silent. Sweat poured from her brow as if she were sprinting. "*D-D-Don't,*" she squeaked.

Eris grinned widely. "*Soooooo sensitive that even looking at them can cause an orgasm.*"

"*AUUUGH!!!! GODDESS!!!! OH, DEAR GODDESS!!!!*"

Writhing under uncontrollable pleasure, Minerva fell to the ground on her side and clawed at the earth. Under such duress, she had no time to mind her dress as it bunched up and around her wiggling legs. Her breasts rolled on top of each other with their full weight billowing against her skin.

"This is incredible!" Eris gazed. "I can't believe I didn't think of it sooner! *Of course the dragon blood will transform your breasts according to anyone's wishes! Everything we've seen has just been a derivative of that!*"

"*AAAHHHHH!!!!!*"

Minerva's hands flew to her pelvis. A build-up of sexual pressure unlike any she'd experienced was ready to burst. Her fingers dove between glistening thighs to cup her crotch. Feeling herself gushing with ecstasy was close to trying to dam a river.

The sight was magnificent. Eris had never seen Minerva in such a fragile state, nor so exposed. The effects of her enlarged, overly sensitive bosom were inspiring.

Eris began to say, "*I also like breasts that are ready to overfl*--"

"*No more!! For the love of MAGIC!*" Minerva screamed while riding several orgasms at once. Her chest felt like a volcano. The slightest breeze took her breath away. "*I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING TO PASS OUT, ERIS!! MAKE IT STOP!! M-MMMNGH!!!! MAKE IT STOOOOOP!!*"

Taking pity, Eris ogled one final time at the explicit scene before her. "Ok… I actually just want them back to how they were," she announced. The dragon blood responded.

SSSTTRRRRTCH

"*O-Ooohhhhhh… Ooohhhhhh…*"

Minerva never thought she'd be so happy to feel pleasure fade. Like a candle being snuffed out, her extreme sensitivity vanished and her overblown size retreated until she was left panting on the ground with a pair of melon-sized breasts under an arm. Her dress wouldn't soon dry from her orgasmic fluid released from its owner.

"There we go…!" Eris cheered. "Back to normal!" She approached Minerva's side and helped her sit up against the tree. "*Oh!* They're still hot from before!"

"Too...hot…" the sorceress complained. "*T-Too much...growing…*" Residual waves still ebbed and flowed in her core. If she ever found a chance to be alone, she would have to explore these possibilities on her own.

Eris knelt in front of the fleshy space heaters. "Sorry, I guess I got a bit carried away, huh?"

"Y...You think?" Minerva stared bleary-eyed. Her breasts felt like children she had no control over.

"It's just so intriguing! Your bust is under the control of *anyone* who knows the triggers!" The scholar's eyes sparkled. "*I want to know the limits.*"

"The limit...is *everything!* They're *mine!* I don't want *anybody* making them bigger, or more sensitive, or...filling with milk! *They're my breasts and only I should have control over them!*"

"Well it's you and the dragon blood now… Until we find a cure."

Silence followed while Minerva continued recovering with heavy breaths.

Eris stared thoughtfully while warming her hands against Minerva's sweating chest. A pensive expression came over her. "You know what would go great with this?" she asked, reminiscing.

"*E-Eris*--"

"When I was little and the winter nights were especially cold, my dad would always build a small fire and warm some frozen berry puree he had stored. It was a little weird drinking warm

berry juice, but it always tasted so sweet…" Eris giggled. "Sorry, I know that was a little random. Warming my hands against you just reminded me of how much I miss that warm jui--"

GUURRRGLE

Eris froze. Minerva's eyes widened in utter shock with a soft squeak. "*O-Oh no…*"

In the golden light, a dark purple hue tipped the ends of her nipples. It spread across their pink surfaces until the nubs shone a rich violet color.

GUUURRRGLE

"*What's happening to me?!*" Minerva cried in fear as an extremely thick, fluid-based pressure rose in her chest. "*M-My nipples are turning purple!!*"

They watched in awe as the dark color spread to her areolas before touching the pale cream skin of her breasts.

"It's like they're *ripening!*" Eris gasped.

Minerva's bust engorged full and plump. Thick sloshing came from within.

"*T-There's...There's something...in them!*" she panted. Fear embraced her when the deep blue covered her chest up to her torso. Seeing the chasm of blue cleavage beneath her chin was panic-inducing. "*I don't think it's milk!! Eris, what in goddess's name did you do to me?!*"

"I don't know! I was talking about how much I missed warm berry juice and--"

GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

GLLLUUURTCH

"*N-NNGH!!!*"

Minerva moaned when a viscous blue syrup bubbled from her purple nozzles. Oozing and thick with sugar, it caused her nipples to convulse and pulse in their efforts to pump it out. The juice was too thick to spray and instead ran over the front of her chest in heavy streams.

"*WHAT IN GODDESS'S NAME AM I LEAKING?!*"

Eris was mesmerized with wonder. Not blinking, she wiped a finger across Minerva's bluing skin. It was taut and firm like the outside of a plump fruit and sloshed with rich elegance. Juice coated her digit and dripped to the ground as she brought it to her tongue. The sugary scent of blueberries in the night air was intoxicating.

"*Don't. You. DARE.*"

Eris paused with her finger hovering inches from her mouth. Looking beyond it, she saw Minerva glaring at her from behind two bulbous blue mounds. Her purple nipples looked ready to burst with their sweet nectar.

The scholar had never wanted to taste something so dearly. "M-Minerva… I just want to--"

"*WIPE IT OFF*. ***NOW.***" Minerva shook with confusion and anger at her chest's transformation. Whatever it was leaking from her royal nipples, she knew she couldn't let Eris taste a single drop. "***NOW, ERIS***."

She frowned, intimidated by Minerva's demeanor. A patch of grass accepted the juicy gift when she wiped it clean. "Fine, fine… I won't taste it. I'm sorry."

Minerva grabbed the sides of her taut chest. They felt like titanic berries ripened to fullness. "*Nnngh they're so TIGHT!! How do I get this stuff out of me?! I feel like I'm going to blow!!*"

Only wanting to help at this point, Eris tried, "I-I don't really want berry juice anymore. I'm not thirsty."

Minerva's chest bubbled but stayed the same. She winced. "I think...the dragon blood knows you're lying. Even *I* know you're lying."

"Then...milk?"

"*Milk is a cakewalk compared to this!!*"

"T-Then I would love some! I want milk!" If it meant milking her again, Eris would gladly accept such a trade.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

"*Ahh! AAHH!!*"

Minerva's chest shuddered and pulsed. The ends of her nipples tinged a dull purple before a bright, fleshy pink tone spread across them. It traveled down their swollen forms to pour over her domed areolas.

"*I-It's changing…! I can feel it...changing!!*" Minerva cried in delight. Watching her chest transform from blue to skin tone was an incredible relief. When it finally returned to her pale mounds, she arched her back against the remaining pressure.

FWOOOSH!!!

"*Aaaaahhhhhh yeeeees!!!*"

Milk gushed with sudden release as if it had been kept under pressure. Eris narrowly avoided the blast, somewhat disappointed it wasn't juice.

SLUMP

"*H-Hah… Hah… Eris*…" Minerva moaned from the ground. She was exhausted from such transformations.

"What else should we do?!" Eris beamed. "*I honestly wasn't trying to make you leak juice! I was just sharing a story! Imagine what else might be possible!*"

Looking up from the ground, Minerva feared for her chest. "M-Maybe we should...take a break…?"

Eris was in another realm as she stared at her companion's bare torso. "We've already determined the dragon blood won't make you produce anything too unnatural for your body… Although I'm not sure how juice is different from chocolate in principle." She pondered some more. "I wonder if the blood changed how they react to *physical* stimuli too, not just verbal."

Trepidation bubbled within Minerva when Eris inched closer. "E-E-Eris… Eris, *no. NO.*"

One of her hands extended. "What?? I just want to touch them a little! It's for the pursuit of knowledge! We don't want to get caught unprepared! *For knowledge, Minerva!*"

"We don't need to explore anything like that! *Nobody is going to be touching me!*"

"You don't know that! We're chasing a mythical creature across Ghalrah, anything could happen!"

"No! I don't know what you're *planning* on doing, and I don't want to find out! *Stay away from my breasts! You've done enough to them for one night!*"

Eris stuck her lip out and sat back on her legs. "Fine…"

A sense of safety flourished. Relaxing, Minerva expressed, "Thank you. You know, sometimes you can be a little overbea--"

"*FOOLED YA!*"

Like a cat, Eris lunged at Minerva with arms outstretched. They tackled the sorceress to pin her to the ground by the shoulders. Eris's weight was more than enough to keep her from escaping when applied on top of the exhausted sorceress's prone body.

"*E-E-Eris!! Stop!! Nngh!!*" Minerva tried to wriggle free but could not find the energy. Watching Eris open her mouth and approach a jiggling breast made her heart race. "*Wait!! WAIT!! What are you--*"

Eris made contact and sealed her lips around the plump pink nub.

"*M-MMMM!! D-Don't...Please don't suck them!! I don't think I could--*" The plea caught in her throat when Eris's cheeks puffed out with a rush of air from her lungs. The lack of suction and the presence of pressure were disturbing.

PPPHHHSSHHHHH

"*Ahh!! W-What...What do you think you're doing?!*"

Minerva squirmed when Eris blew air around her sealed nipple. Within her chest, tingling bubbly sensations danced like leaves on the wind. A light pressure appeared comparable to nervous excitement.

"*Errrrris!!! Stop!! Y-You need to stop!!*" Minerva squeaked and squealed. "*My breasts feel like they're going to--*"

BWWWOOOOOOMPH!!!

An incredible, sudden expansion of air ballooned Minerva's chest large enough to blow Eris back several feet.

"Nnngh… Whoa…" Eris groaned, sitting up and rubbing her head. "What happe--"

Minerva sat up from the ground. In her arms rested breasts inflated into large globes several feet in width. Her skin reflected tight and firm in the fireflies' light. Their forms sat perfectly round on her torso, showing little to no weight. They wobbled and bounced like fleshy bubbles floating in the air. Though incredibly firm against her palms, Minerva couldn't believe how soft her skin felt.

"*W-What did you do to them?! ERIS!! MY BREASTS!! T-They're...INFLATED!!*"

"*HA!!!*" A massive child-like smile drew across Eris's face. "*I KNEW it would work!!*"

"Knew what would work?! *Blowing my chest up like two balloons?! Look at me!! Ooohhh I feel like I'm going to float away!*" Soft echoes bounced through her bloated form as her chest bounced in her hands. It reminded her of a drum. "*T-They have no weight!*"

"Oh, well I can help with that!"

Minerva shivered. "S-Sto--"

"I'm *thiirrrrrrrrsty*."

"*M-Mmmmmngh!!*"

SLOOSH

A bubbly sound of fluid jostling in an empty container came from within Minerva's chest. Such a thing mixing with reality bordered on indescribable, and her face contorted from the strange sensations.

SLOOOSH

SLOOOSH

"*E-Eris…!*"

Her chest began gaining weight. At its bottom, she felt a heavy fluid pooling around her palms. It pulled her breasts down on the front of her body as they greeted gravity once more. Slowly her inflated spheres stretched into heavy raindrops.

Eris was relentless. "Just *SOOOOOO* thirsty for some *extra rich*…"

"*M-MMMM!!!*"

GUUUUURRRRGLE

Flesh bulged between Minerva's fingers.

"*Extra creamy…*"

"*E-E-Eris! That's enough! You know what that does...mmgh!!...to them!!*"

Cleavage pushed and squeaked. Finding their returning weight too great, Minerva slipped to her back on the ground. Jiggling mounds of milk and flesh pinned her down without mercy. Skin rubbed against her cheeks.

"*Incredibly sweet…*"

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!

"*MMMNGH!!! I-I'm getting too full!!*"

"*Gallons upon gallons...*"

SSTTRRRRREEEEEEETCH!!!

"*AAAHHH!!!!! Eris!! Really!! I can't hold all of this*--"

"*MILK!!*"

"*NNNGH!!!*"

GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!!

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

Vibrations shot through her chest before striking her nipples like a punch. They jutted upwards on domed areolas to the trees above before gifting them in a spray of creamy dairy. Milky scents filled the air alongside Minerva's forced groans of pleasure and release. Although nowhere close to empty, their flow soon stopped to leave the sorceress pinned beneath the behemoths as milk dripped from branches and leaves above.

"*Eris… Eris, why…?*" Minerva panted in desperation. Her womanhood couldn't take much more of this torture. Tingles bounced around her chest with magical energy. The dragon blood hadn't worked so hard since being spilled. "I-I need...a break… I can't take them swelling another inch!"

Eris pouted. This was the most fun she'd experienced in a long time. "But we're just getting started! There's more I want to try before--"

"It's coming from over here!"

Tiny, distant voices brought Eris to pause. Looking around in the forest, she squinted between the trees. In the distance she could see a faint shifting glow of various colors overpowering the fireflies.

"Oh no…" she whispered.

Minerva tried to sit up, only to manage supporting herself on her elbows to see Eris from over her chest. "*Nngh…* What is it?"

"I swear it's close!" the tiny voice said. "Do you smell it?? That sweetness?! There's a whole storm of magic energy nearby!"

"Eris, what is it??" Minerva asked in rising panic.

The scholar stepped back and gulped as the glow drew near. "They must have sensed the dragon blood's magic inside of you from everything we've been doing…"

"*Who?!*"

"I found it!!"

"Fairies."

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

The fairies take Minerva back to their village and have some "fun" with her. Maybe they can give them some hints on where to find a dragon?

Dancing balls of light zoomed towards the girls. Like a gathering storm, more fairies came at them by the second as they were drawn to the overwhelming magic of dragon blood. A dozen swirled around Minerva's immobile form to cast rainbow glows across her bust.

"*Get up! We have to go!*" Eris exclaimed. She pulled on Minerva's arm and tried to budge the overfilled sorceress from the ground.

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

It only sent exaggerated jiggles through her hulking mass.

"*Get up??*" Minerva repeated. "*Do you see how big these things are after all your messing around?! I'm not going anywhere anytime soon!*" Swishing her head back and forth to shake away a curious fairy, she sighed, "At least there isn't much only a few of them can do."

Eris stared worriedly at the thickening swarm. "Yea, ants aren't very strong either…" In the distance she could see a wave of shifting light and small-bodied giggles approaching. "Until you get a lot of them together..."

Tiny beings flooding into the clearing. Mostly naked save for those wearing makeshift leaf coverings, hundreds of tiny winged women swarmed Eris and Minerva. They ranged in height from a few inches to six and had flowing hair in colors matching their magical glow. Their laughter came out as high-pitched, childish voices in the breeze.

"This one is overflowing with magic!"

"She's a wellspring!!"

Fairies flung themselves at Minerva bloated udders like moths to a light. Drunken on her power, they caressed and rubbed her skin, as well as played and danced across the top of her chest and nipples. Their gentle tickling and stimulation caused her to swell until an excess of dairy sprayed into the air.

"*A-Ahh!! My chest!*" Minerva gasped as her arms flailed to reach them. "*They're making me--*"

"SHE'S FULL OF MILK!!!!! " a green-haired fairy announced with delight. The others cheered in joy and flew into a frenzy.

Eris stepped forward. "*Hey! Get off!! Get off her!! SHOO!*" Her hands swiped at the fairies and flung them from Minerva's chest as if they were ants on a picnic. It had little effect. Their numbers were increasing and she couldn't keep up.

"I've never tasted such sweetness!! "

"*Mmngh!!! E-Eris!! Do something!! Before I swell any bigger!*"

A layer of small glittering women covered Minerva's massive mammaries. Their tiny hands massaged and rubbed, urging more milk to come forth. Those not spurring her lactation could be seen dancing on her areolas and hugging her nipples. They bathed in her milk, letting it wash over them in a shower of pearly white.

"*E...Eris, please!!*" Minerva begged. "*It's like a thousand tiny tongues!! MAKE THEM STOP!!*"

"I'm *trying!!*" Eris's arms moved in a flurry but the fairies were too numerous to defeat with such methods.

"I've never felt such strong magic!! "

"She's absolutely BURSTING with energy!! "

SWEEEEEEELL

"*Ooohhhh they're making me grow!! Eris I don't want to get any bigger!! Get them off!!*"

The magical pests were on Eris's last nerve. Giving up on displacing them with her hands, she opted for a more direct approach. Standing over Minerva's chest as if it were a mattress, she stretched out her arms.

Minerva's eyes widened with realization. "*No! N-Not like tha--*"

SLOOOMMPSHH!!

Eris jumped onto her friend's chest. Its size supported her entire weight in a flurry of jiggling, heaving motions keeping her aloft. A cloud of fairies flew off while others were pinned between her body and Minerva's.

"*MMMMNGH!!! You're heavy, you idiot!!!*"

"Well I got them off, didn't I??" She looked up at the swarm. "*Leave us alone, you pests!! Don't make me--W-Whoa!!*"

Eris felt the movement of tiny bodies under her front. Flailing as fairies found their way under her clothes, Eris tried to place her feet on the ground and escape their retribution.

"*Get out of my clothes!! Get off of meeee!!*" Eris screamed and slapped. She could feel them crawling over areas both exposed and intimate. "*Minerva! They're--AAH!!*"

"*S-Stop squirming!! Do you know how full I am?! I'm--Aauugh!! Eris!! Stop!!*"

Eris's body lifted from Minerva's. Slowly, as a shifting glow danced around her and under her clothes, she floated into the air.

"*G-Get out!!*" Eris panicked, flailing her limbs as the ground and Minerva's chest fell away. "*Put me down!!*" Fighting and slapping at her captors, Eris noticed a heat rising under her clothes. The fabric started to glow, their seams illuminating as fairies giggled in her ears.

"*O-Oh no*."

"*Have fun, fireheads!!*"

PWOOSH

In a burst of air and magic, Eris's clothes came apart at the seams. Each section and pattern was reduced to pieces of cloth flying off her body. Minerva ogled and blushed from below, granted an unabated view before Eris could react.

"*DAMN FAIRIES!!*" she screamed. Her clothes fell to the ground, leaving her stranded in midair with only her hands for coverage. The night's chill seemed worse than ever.

SLOOOSH!

Vibrations ran through Minerva's body, jostling her milk in small quakes. "*What's happening?!*" Confusion abounded as mounds quivering on top of her. Intense forces pressed around their bases and sides.

Slowly, her chest lifted from the ground. Like a waking giant, it began to hover. Feeling such an incredible weight rising like a feather was dizzying. "*Hey!! H-Hey!! Stop!!*"

"*Take her back to the village!!*"

"*ERIS!!! Do something!!*" The ground fell away from the sorceress's back. Arms and legs dangling, she was at the mercy of the fairies. She traveled through the air like a milky blimp, heading out of the clearing and into the woods. "*Help me!!*"

"*I-I'm a little busy up here!!*" Eris said while desperately searching for modesty.

Minerva moved into the trees along with the glow of the fairies. With most of them carrying her, their attention on Eris dwindled. The ground rushed back without warning.

THUD!

"*Ow! Nnngh...*" She landed in her ruined clothes. Grabbing the detached pieces and holding them close for coverage, she took the horses and followed Minerva into the woods. It wasn't difficult following the trail of moans and milk-soaked trees. At this rate, there was no telling what damage the fairies could do. There were enough to rival a skilled sorcerer.

Normally, the small creatures left humans alone and were regarded as no more than pests. They were infamous for lustful attraction to two things: magic and milk. If not careful, a sorcerer could find his workshop infested with the annoying critters. Likewise, farmers might wake to find their farm overrun and their cows drained with a barn full of milk-drunk fairies. They were known to use magic, though a single fairy couldn't do much on its own. Their abilities increase drastically when they congregate, often to immense and terrifying levels. Eris was well aware of their abilities. There were few things more troublesome than excited fairies.

A luminous glow intensified in front of Eris. Her naked body emerged from the darkness and into the flickering light of an immense fairy hive. A small city standing several feet high was built from twigs and leaves. It filled the forest floor and clung to tree trunks. In the middle of what appeared to be a town center was Minerva. Her legs scraped across the ground and bounced against the underside of her breasts as she fought and yelled. It wasn't difficult to see that fairies were playing with her like children on a playset. Bulges of exploring fairies raced under her skirt. Milk ran out of her nipples from intense stimulation.

"*G-Get out of there!!*" Minerva squeaked. "*Ahh!! N-Noo!! DON'T TOUCH THAT!!!*"

Eris stepped into the fairy city. It reached no higher than her shoulders. Hope flashed in Minerva's eyes at the sight of her friend.

"*Eris!! Thank the goddess!! Get me out of here!! I-I can't take this torture!! They keep...making me bigger!! They just want MORE!!*"

"What am I supposed to do?!" Eris held her arms open to reveal her nakedness. "*I literally have nothing on me!* Cast a fairy repulsion spell! I've seen you do it before!"

GUUURRRGLE

"*H-Haaahh…!! Eris…!*" Minerva's hands beat at her breasts. *"I can barely hear myself think with these things!! YOU have to do something!!*"

The scholar gulped. She wouldn't be able to fight them off. There were too many and their magic power was too great for someone without magical abilities of their own. Her only hope was to gain leverage. Their magic power could offer future assistance as well if she played her cards right.

"*HEY! Fairies!!*" she yelled.

The swirling light and fluttering stopped. She had their attention.

"How would you like even *more* milk?"

"*Eris, what are you doing?!*"

"*Shh!!*" She could sense interest in the fairies' wings.

"More milk??"

Eris nodded. "I can get you all the milk you want! In exchange, you let my friend go."

"we--"

"*And* you help us find a dragon."

The fairy city was silent save for their wings. Slowly, high-pitched giggles began to spread. Their colors danced and ebbed in whimsical joy.

"Dragons haven't roamed the skies in centuries!! Do you take us for serpenseers??" Their laughter continued as a thousand jeering pinpricks. The fairies swarmed around the city, enveloping Eris and Minerva.

"*More importantly, we don't need you to get us more milk!!* "

GUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE

"*U-Uuhhhnngh…! Ooohhhh!! Oh, goddess!! Eris!!!*" Minerva moaned. They both heard her breasts bloat an astounding amount. She craned her head when cleavage rushed toward her face. "*W-What are they doing?!*"

"*we already know how to use enhancement magic!!* "

"*we can make her produce as much as we want!!* "

The air glowed various hues. Magic poured from the giggling fairies.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Minerva's breasts reacted intensely. They ballooned outward, swelling and firming as they filled to the brim. In a matter of moments, her legs and arms were buried beneath their mass. Her throbbing nipples, already as thick as her wrist, plumped and puffed to double their size.

"*ERIS!!! E-ERIS!! They're making me lactate!!! This isn't the dragon blood!! THEY'RE MAKING ME PRODUCE MY OWN MILK!!!*"

The scholar didn't hear a word of her plea. A pile of ruined clothes dropped to the dirt. Looking down, Eris focused her attention on an increasing weight on the front of her body.

SWEEEEELL

Her breasts were larger and visibly growing. Having been small since puberty, the several added inches to her bust were incredible. Eris gawked at her enlarging assets, reveling in the stretching sensations spreading across their melon-sized forms.

"T-They're growing… *Minerva, mine are growing too!*"

"*SO WHAT?! Do you see me?! I'M A MOUNTAIN!!!*"

The fairy's magic grew stronger. The forest was on fire with their glow.

"*A-Ahh!! Oh that feels...good!!*" Eris stumbled to a tree and groped herself. They were far more sensitive than she anticipated and almost collapsed. A hand dove between her thighs to quell the quivering within. "*Mmmgnh!!!*"

GUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

Minerva felt herself reach monolithic proportions. Leaves from the treetops tickled her nipples. "*Eris!!! Eris, snap out of it!!!*"

Several fairies separated from the swarm and floated in front of Eris's chest. They rubbed her tiny nipples until they puffed full and plump.

"*we can make you fill up, too!!* "

"Y-You can wha--*MMNGH!!*"

They pulled on the nipples and massaged her chest. Deep within, Eris could feel heat and pressure building. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt. Her breasts felt inflated and full, as if they could pop. Fairy bodies danced on her engorging bust, pushing her larger.

SPLURTCH!!

"*GODDESS!!!*" Eris screamed, trembling in the night air. Milk sprayed from her erect nubs, dousing her fairy helpers. "*I-I'm lactating!! I'm making milk!! And I'm HUGE!!*"

"*GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF!!!*" Minerva panted for breath. Her own udders were far larger than she thought possible. Under the influence of dragon blood and fairy magic, she felt as though she rivaled the moon in size. "*I FEEL LIKE I'M ABOUT TO--A-Ahhh!!! NNGH!!!*"

Minerva bloated wildly. Her flesh bulged around tree trunks. Torso-thick nipples jutted into the sky. The fairies didn't seem to care as she crushed their city. Their only goal was the fountain of milk preparing to rain upon them.

"*P-Please!! Eris, you have to snap out of it!! It's becoming too much!!*"

Minerva shoved her chest out of her face. Barely visible, she could see Eris cradling a pair of breasts extending to her belly button. Milk ran over her naked body in white rivers. She was under the fairy's spell.

The sorceress it was up to her to incapacitate the pests. At this rate, they would never leave the forest. She could feel her own mind slipping into the fairie's temptations.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE

"*Nnnngh!!! T-Too...Too full!!! I can't hold much more!!!*" Gasping and sweating, Minerva looked at the only tool at her disposal. It reached high into the trees. Soon it would reach Eris. Beyond that, she feared to ponder. "*So big… My breasts…! There's too much…!! G-Goddess… I feel like...my breasts feel like they might…*" Gulping, Minerva felt her chest tighten and firm. Even with magic, they were at their limit. Milk pulsed against her ears and cheeks. "*MMMNGH!!! MY BREASTS!!! T-THEY CAN'T HOLD ANYMORE--*"

She gasped when an idea sprang to mind.

"*BLUEBERRY JUICE!!!*"

This caused Eris to look up from her trance. "Uh oh."

"*I WANT BLUEBERRY JUICE!! I WANT TO FEEL ITS SWEET NECTAR RUN DOWN MY THROAT!!*" Minerva couldn't scream her desires loud enough.

GUUUUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

"Minerva!! What are you doing?!" Eris screamed. Looking up, she could see a blue tinge overtaking the pink of her nipples. It spread over her monumental breasts in a curtain of purple.

"*MORE!! OH PLEASE, I'M SO THIRST FOR JUICE!! I WANT THE RIPEST--*"

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

"*--MOST SWEET--*"

Fairies panicked when they saw her chest darken. "what is she doing?!"

GUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

"*--THICKEST BERRY JUICE THERE IS!!!*"

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!!

"*AaahhhhHHHH!!!!!!*"

"what's happening to her?!"

Eris stepped back when the ground shook. Minerva's breasts, now turned a dark purple, quivered in the moonlight. The fairies fluttered in confusion at the odd transformation of their captive. Bloated and round, Minerva's chest looked like two ripe blueberries ready to burst.

"*MMMMNNNGHHHH!!!! I CAN'T HOOOOOOLD IIIIIT!!!*" Minerva screamed, her face turning blue.

SPLOOOOOMMMMCH!!!!!

Minerva's nipples pulsed and puffed before erupting in a shower of thick, blue syrup. It sprayed into the air in torrents and globs to strike the ground below. Viscous streams raced over her tightened sides and into the dirt. She screamed and arched her back into her chest, feeling its

thick, sugary contents rushing from her and into the world. Her intense orgasmic screams would have pierced the night if the sound of gushing fluid hadn't overpowered them.

Her chest receded in less than a minute. The rate of her release left her nipples aching and sensitive, as well as unlikely to abandon their erect nature any time soon.

"*M-Mmngh…*" Woozy and keenly aware of a pleasure-soaked dress around her hips, she sat up.

Innocent breasts wobbled on her front. It was a relief to find them returned to natural colors. Blue and purple juice coated her in a thick layer, as well as the forest. There was no sign of the fairy city. Trees dripped purple and the air sang with sweetness. Eris was next to rise, quickly grabbing her small breasts in sadness. Even the taste of blueberry juice on her tongue couldn't heal her loss.

"what is this?!"

"It's sweet! B-But I can't...fly!!!"

All around them, fairies struggled to rise. Minerva's juice weighed their wings beyond the point of flight. Frail and tiny, they could barely stand. They were incapacitated, and Minerva wasn't about to waste her chance for escape.

Eris glanced up to see an angry sorceress looming over her and dripping with juice.

"You couldn't let me play with them for a little bit…??" Eris whined, searching for her breasts. "They felt *sooo good!!*"

"It serves you right. *This is all your fault!!*" Minerva gathered what she could of Eris's clothes and threw them at her in a soggy wad before pulling her towards the panicking horses. They would have fled if not tired to a tree.

Fairies cried and groaned in misery as the girls escaped into the night smelling of berries. The sound Eris's teeth chattering could plainly be heard over horse hooves.

"C-Can you at least use a spell to fix my clothes…??" she pleaded, hugging her body. "I'm riding naked! *It's so cold!!*"

Her fate was music to Minerva's ears. "After the trouble you've caused us tonight? Not a chance."

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

From Eris's constant pleading, they go find shelter somewhere they can wash the blueberry juice off themselves. They find a wellspring to serve their needs, which to their surprise is home to a beneficent water nymph.

It seemed a lifetime since Minerva and Eris felt the sun on their faces. The warmth and golden illumination were more than welcome on their skin. After a night of hardships dragging on without end, the sun's appearance marked the end of their trouble. Listening to her horse step through the brush, Minerva could hardly believe their quest had derailed so quickly. It would almost have been easier to return home and await Akir's wrath.

"Finally, the sun…" Minerva sighed. It warmed her a little, but was no use in relieving her of the sticky blue substance covering her body from their daring fairy escape. Even the slightest touch against her own body resulted in clingy frustration. The sensations were miserable enough to keep Minerva from fully dressing. It was little concern if a few birds saw her nakedness from the waist up.

"I'm coooold!!" Eris moaned from her horse.

"I wonder why!"

The scholar's complaining had no end. Hugging her exposed body, she continued, "Minervaaaaaaa, the sun is coming up! What if somebody sees me?!"

"You should have thought of that before you attracted a fairy swarm! Besides, we're well away from the road. The only things that are going to see you are the animals."

Eris grumbled to herself, "I can't wait to rinse off… It was great being so big…"

"Speak for yourself."

Their path followed a moderate creek. Traveling upstream, Minerva hoped to eventually find a body of water suitable for washing themselves free of the failure of the night. Feeling the thin rays of light peeking through the trees brought hope their journey might soon end.

Mist rose in the distance and curled over the forest floor in a light blanket. It reminded her of so many mornings in Athria where the canals would release vapor in the early morning.

"I think we're close," she announced to a frustrated Eris.

"Please be a hot spring… Please be a hot spring…"

They crested a gentle hill where a clearing opened among the trees. Minerva had been hopeful, but she wasn't prepared for such a treasure.

A small pond sat nestled among the forest. On the far side sat a cliff climbing several meters before meeting a small hill and retreating back into the woods. Water tumbled into the pond with energized splashes dancing in the sun's rays. Given the golden glow and the pristine, crystal-clear water, it was a scene worthy of painting.

"Oh wow…!" Minerva awed. It was enough to give her pause despite the uncomfortable stickiness of blueberry juice. Just looking at the pond was refreshing.

PAT!

PAT!

PAT!

Bare footsteps beat along the forest floor. In a blur of nudity and red hair, Eris flew by like a child.

"*No more STICKYYYYYY!!!*"

SPLASH!!!!

The virgin water exploded when she jumped into its depths. A loud sigh drifted through the trees moments later when the water settled. Eris floated on her back in bliss.

"*Ahhhh…* Minerva…! It is a hot spring!"

"*Really?!*"

Taking in the scenery was suddenly far less enticing. Jumping from her horse, Minerva rushed to the water's edge and allowed her dress to collect in a pile around her feet. Eris floated by amid wisps of mist.

"I feel like I could fall asleep in here it's so warm…"

"Make room! I'm coming in!"

Minerva found a small boulder looming over the pond and jumped without pause. Dreams of a warm bath were dashed immediately when icy fingers grabbed at her body in a chilly embrace. The pond was freezing.

"*ERIS!!!!!*" Minerva screamed while scrambling back to the boulder.

"*You should see your face!!*" Eris couldn't contain herself. "Of course it's freezing cold!! Do you see these things?!" She stood up and rubbed her exceedingly hard nipples jutting out in protest of the chill. "I could probably spearfish while I swim!"

Minerva wasn't in the mood for jokes. Steeling her mind, she inched deeper into the water until she finally crouched up to her sternum. Her teeth chattered as she said, "I-It's not so bad once you get used to it…"

Like a fish, Eris's body moved under the pond's surface towards Minerva. She popped up seconds later with bright eyes. "It's weird how clear the water is! You can see *everything* down there."

The creepy grin on her face wasn't comforting. Strategically placing her hands, Minerva stood up and made her way to the waterfall. "J-Just focus on washing up. We have a long way to go now that we're on our own."

Aside from continuing on their way, Minerva was eager to leave the water's embrace. She could already feel herself swelling slightly from submerging her bust. It brought an enticing inner refreshment, but also an added weight and girth. She didn't want to engorge so big that riding became difficult. Cradling their weight, she stood up under the waterfall and began washing.

Eris watched the scene from the pond's center, unable to withhold a snicker of entertainment.

"Taking on a little water, Minerva?"

"*Shush*."

Washing her hair never felt so relieving. Feeling her berry residue wash away left Minerva feeling like a new sorceress. The pond was a peaceful retreat from a night of chaos as Eris floated on her back watching the trees shiver above.

GLOOP

The water swirled around Eris.

"*Ahh!!*"

Startled, she jolted upright and thrust a hand between her thighs. Minerva barely looked in her direction. "What is it…?"

"I-I don't know… I think a fish just tried to swim up my--"

GLOOP

GLOOP

The pond shimmered as if an invisible object were moving through it. Following the anomaly with her eyes, Eris watched it travel to Minerva whereupon the waterfall vibrated. Facial features appeared from the curtain like a woman pressing her face into a cloth. Hands of water crept around Minerva's body, ready to strike.

"*Minerva!*" Eris warned, "*Get down!!*"

"Hmm? Wh--"

The water's embrace closed around the oblivious sorceress. Parting from the waterfall like a ghost from a wall, a flowing woman of liquid held Minerva firmly in her grasp. The creature was tall and petite with cascading hair and a transparent body of water. Both girls knew instantly they had stumbled upon a water nymph's territory.

"*Ahh! Let me go!!*"

Arms of water ran over Minerva's body with aroused curiosity. They squeezed her breasts and caressed between her thighs to brush against her groin with an increasing sense of adventure.

The nymph's voice was sweet and light, but peppered with bubbles. "My… I don't believe I've ever met such a well-endowed woman!"

"*N-Nngh… Please…! You're--ahh!*" Minerva squirmed. Her breasts sang with their desire to absorb and the nymph's stimulation only enhanced the dragon blood's effect.

Taking a nipple between her fingers, the nymph squeezed to release small streams of water into the pond. "Like a sponge…!" she giggled. "They certainly love my water…"

"*Mmmm… M-Mmngh…! E-Eris, do something…!*" The sorceress bit her lip and whimpered. Whether it was her nipple or her crotch, she could feel the water nymph's presence entering her like a gentle pressure.

"Let her go!" Eris demanded, stepping forward with no plan.

The nymph continued caressing with delight. She didn't seem dangerous, though they rarely did until it was too late.

"You know what it means to enter a water nymph's pond, don't you…?" she bubbled. "It means you're in my domain… At my mercy… You've entered my home to bathe?"

"*M-Mmngh!!*" Pressure rose within Minerva's pussy and chest. She couldn't be certain as to the volume of water exploring her, though it felt significant.

The nymph smiled. "If you would like, I could--"

"*Augh!!*" Minerva tore an arm free of the watery hold. "*Get away from me!!!*"

An open palm thrust itself toward the nymph's stunned face.

"*Ku tunkudre!!*"

SPLOOOSH!!!

A force separated Minerva from the nymph in an eruption of water. Stumbling back and holding an arm over her chest for support, Minerva refused to give the being another chance.

"*Gudan yar na samu!!*"

The air vibrated around the nymph as if she were encased in glass. Following Minerva's direction, she rose into the air via a bubble. Her body sloshed and splashed in the prison as she hovered above her pond.

"*W-Wait!! Put me back!*" she pleaded, looking for an escape.

FSSSSS

Minerva's prisoner struggled. It wasn't long before her body started to steam and bubble as if evaporating.

"*Please!! I need my pond!!*"

Eris ran to Minerva's side and grabbed her arm. "Minerva! Wa--"

"Stay back! The only way to kill these things is to keep them away from their pond!"

FFFSSSSSSS

"*A-Ahh!! I'm...drying up!!*"

The water nymph coughed as if drowning. The energy in her movements faded away until she resembled little more than an evaporating puddle trapped in a sphere.

"I don't think she's evil!" Eris argued.

"*Please… Put me back… I only...wanted...to…*" The nymph's eyes closed as her head flowed into what remained of her body.

"*Minerva!!! Let her go!!*"

Hoping she wouldn't regret her decision, Minerva relented. "*Nngh, FINE!!*"

POP!

SPLASH!!!

The bubble vanished, allowing the nymph to tumble into the pond. They stared in silence at the water until it settled. Minerva feared one of them may be dragged under at any moment.

PLOOP!

A transparent head poked out of the water. Curious frog-like eyes stared with caution.

Eris held out a hand. "You can come out… She won't do it again, right, Minerva?"

Delivering a warning, Minerva assured, "As long as you don't touch me."

GLOOOP!

The pond's surface rippled when the nymph stood to full height. Her figure was tall and lithe, reminding Eris of an elf's. Her gender crudely resembled a woman's, though it lacked the finer details. Waves and ripples ran over her in a dance of never-settling water. Abnormally large eyes sat in the middle of her head with long pointed ears extending from either side.

"I'm sorry…" she began. "It's so rare that I get visitors… And I adore the female appearance… I-I can't help myself… Before you tore me from my home, I was going to offer to warm my pond for your bathing…"

Guilt nagged at Minerva, though she refused to feel wrong for being cautious.

"Provided I can watch…" the nymph amended.

Minerva leaned close to her friend. "This water nymph is kind of a pervert… I think we should--"

Eris blurted, "*DEAL!! Yes please!!!*"

Delight spread over the nymph's expression. "*Wonderful!! Your bodies are simply magical… It's a blessing to watch you clean them…*"

Steam began mixing with the morning mist. Around their legs, the girls felt the water growing warm and comfortable.

“Just keep your hands to yourself,” Minerva stated firmly. The nymph was a bit too curious for her tastes.

Under the nymph’s watchful gaze, the girls returned to their bathing duties. Eris relaxed on her back as Minerva finished washing her hair beneath the waterfall. Rubbing the blueberry residue from her chest and legs was unnerving given the nymph staring at her from the water’s surface. She felt as though she were being ogled by a woman-obsessed frog.

“I’m Lydra…” the nymph bubbled from just under the surface.

“M-Minerva…”

“You’re very large for a girl of your stature… I've never seen a pair so engorged…”

Minerva blushed. Suddenly the water felt warmer. Washing her chest while trying to cover herself, she whispered, “Don’t remind me…”

“I think they’re beautiful. They remind me of the full moon when it’s most swollen in the sky…”

This made Minerva chuckle. “I *wish* this was them as their most swollen. Maybe then I could--”

“Minerva!” Eris interrupted. “If I wash your clothes for you, will you put mine back together??”

Figuring she’d had enough torture and time without modesty, Minerva agreed with a nod. Eris accepted with a squeal of delight and sprang from the water with enough excitement to startle the horses when she approached and gathered their clothes. Upon dumping her pile of unstitched clothes in the water, however, a small object fluttered free to hover in the air.

"*Oh!!*" Eris gasped, watching a fairy flit back and forth. "It's one of the fairies from last night! It must have gotten trapped in my clothes!"

The fairy was small but fast with energy. A dress made of discarded bits of cloth served as her clothes, giving her the appearance of a beggar child. Eris chuckled at her appearance until her eyes noticed the fairy's torso.

Two disproportionately large breasts adorned the fairy's tiny frame. As large as plump grapes, they jutted off her twiggy body with relative size to compete with most humans. Eris's jaw dropped. Never did she imagine she would feel envious of a fairy's body.

"What the…" she began to say. "*How are your breasts so bi--*"

"*No! NO!!*"Minerva was less excited. Hugging her chest tight for protection, she backed into the waterfall. "*Not again!! Get that thing away from--*"

The sorceress fell silent with fear when the fairy flew straight towards her. Sadness was on the tiny creature's face when it looked from Minerva's chest to her face. "Do you have any more milk…? I didn't get any…"

Guurgle

A minuscule push of pressure made Minerva shiver at the fairy's words. "Uh… S-Sorry, I'm fresh out."

Lydra's eyes widened from below as if taking in Minerva's ample figure in a whole new light. "They can produce *milk?* How magical…"

The fairy lowered down in sadness. "Oh…"

"Wait!" Rushing forward, Eris caught the fairy in her hands before she could touch the water. "*Can you make my chest grow??*"

"Huh?" The fairy glanced up in dismay. "N-No… I'm sorry; I'm not very good at magic… I barely even glow at night. I'd hoped drinking some of her milk might help."

"Oh…" Eris frowned at the story. Staring at the tiny being kneeling in her palms, she declared, "Let's take her with us."

Minerva sputtered under the waterfall. "*What?!*"

"Look at her, Minerva! She just wants some milk…"

Guuuurgle

"*Nnngh…* You just want her to get better at magic so she can make your chest grow!"

"...So??"

"We…We can't take a fairy! Don't you remember what they did to us last night?? And besides, we barely know what we're doing!"

The fairy perked up. "You're looking for a dragon, right??"

They looked down. The fairy had Minerva's attention. "Do you know anything about them?"

"No," the fairy shook her head. "But my great-great-grandfather used to farm their soot! He might be able to help!"

Dread filled Minerva. "He's not back at the fairy village, is he?"

"No, he lives in the Great Forest!"

Minerva and Eris exchanged glances. The Great Forest was known more commonly in the civilized world as Glomia. It consisted of ancient sprawling woods holding more secrets than answers. It wasn't ideal for a group of ill-equipped adventurers.

"I'll bring you to him if you let me drink from you along the way!"

Lydra's eyes bulged from the water's surface and she bubbled, "A quest for a dragon… Such a tale has not crossed my pond in decades."

Remaining unsure, Minerva couldn't bring herself to immediately accept. Even the fairy's tiny appetite was making her milk act up. Traveling with such a thirsty creature could only lead to trouble.

"*Welcome aboard!*" Eris announced.

"*Eris! We can't!*"

"What? We don't have any other leads aside from a couple legends of *maybe* some dragons *possibly* still living in the frozen wastes. This is our best shot!"

Minerva chewed on her lip and moved to cover her chest from the waterfall. The force of the water striking her bloating skin was pleasant but unhelpful. "...Fine. But no funny business," she insisted to the fairy.

"And I can have milk??" the fairy squeaked. "I can practically taste the magic flowing off you!"

Guuuuuurgle

"*N-Nngh!*" Minerva feigned a smile. " W-We'll see."

Eris leaned forward and whispered into the fairy's ear, "*You'll get some. I guarantee it. There hasn't been a single day where she hasn't blown out of her clothes.*"

"*Yay!!!*"

Regaining her energy, the fairy flew from Eris's palms to hover among their heads. "*I'm so thirsty I can hardly wait!!!*"

GUUURGLE

"*Ahh!!*"

SPLASH!

Hoping to hide her bloating situation, Minerva ducked into the pond up to her neck. Her fingers secretly worked her nipples to relieve what pressure she could as Lydra stared intently at the white fog dispersing into her water.

"I'm Tria!" the fairy declared.

"Welcome aboard! I'm Eris, and the swollen sorceress is Minerva!"

"H-Hey! Don't refer to me like I'm some kind of--*Ahh! What did I say earlier??*"

Lydra poked at one of Minerva's breasts and gently massaged, reveling in its increased size and firmness. "Is there no end to the wonders of women…?" she awed.

Minerva tried to shoo the nymph away. "E-Eris, I think it's about time we got going. Are our clothes clean?"

"I think so, they-- Wait, where did they go?"

They spun around the pond in search of their garments. Minerva grew afraid Eris may not be the only one among them traveling naked, until Lydra extended an arm from the water and pointed downstream.

“I believe that is them washing away down the creek…”

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

Lost, the pair stumble upon the grounds of an all-female religious community who agree to offer assistance.

GRRROOWWWLLL

In what felt like a never-ending curse, Minerva and Eris’s stomachs rumbled again that morning. Their challenges since leaving Athria had seen to keep them too busy to think about anything as basic as food. Their last form of nourishment came in the form of Minerva’s explosive letdowns and whatever gushed into the girls’ mouths at the time, whether it be rich milk or sugary blueberry juice.

GRRROWWLLLL

“*Nngh…*” Eris groaned and held her stomach. Thinking about tasting her friend’s sweet dairy only teased her hunger. “You know…” she called out, “If we’re *this* hungry, we could just make your--”

“*Not a chance*.”

The scholar grumbled in defeat. “You would rather let me waste away than suck on your nipples…”

An excited squeak came from the fairy sitting amongst Minerva’s cleavage like a luxury carriage. “I like Firehead’s idea!”

“It’s a terrible idea.”

Almost a full day had passed since their departure from the forest and its many trials, including chasing their clothes down a creek. Seeing it best to stay off the main road for the time being, the adventurers found themselves wandering through yawning foothills of waving grass and sagebrush. No sign could be found of their abandoned caravan nor the hired man, Kalzar, seeking Minerva and her abilities.

Minerva sought to change the subject. “Would you know how to find your great-great-grandfather once we reach Glomia?”

“Probably!”

The fairy’s reply wasn’t incredibly reassuring. It would take a skilled rider at least a week on horseback to arrive at the ancient forest, Glomia. Given their time frame for Akir’s return, they would need to already have found a dragon in that period of time and be making their way home. Dismay ate at Minerva’s belly.

CLANG!

CLANG!

CLANG!

Guttural metallic chimes rang through the foothills like the echo of a giant's hammer and anvil.

Minerva listened intently to the artificial frequency. "Are those bells…?"

The prospect perked Eris. "Do you think it's a town??"

"They sound like chapel bells. Could be a small settlement."

"*Roasted chicken and a bed, here I come!!*"

They spurred their horses down the road fast enough to leave a dust cloud in their wake. The bells chimed several more times before fading into the past, but the girls knew their path to be true. It wasn't long until they rounded a bend and saw a multi-level brick structure nestled against a worn cliffside. Several smaller structures stood around it as well as gardens and animal pens, though there were no conventional houses to be seen. Atop the brick structure stood a steeple attempting to pierce the sky. Women clothed from neck to ankle in light brown dresses worked the area.

Eris frowned. "This is where it was coming from, right? Not much of a village…"

"It looks like some kind of community." Minerva stared at the women and their matching garb. "Maybe a monastery? I don't see any men, though. A convent?"

Squinting her eyes, Eris inspected a large, shining silver insignia adorning the front of the main building. She recognized it as the symbol of a lesser-known religious sect of Comaoism. Its followers were peaceful and charitable, though known for strict modesty.

"Looks like their comaoists," Eris whispered. Lowering her voice as they approached several women, she added, "*They're kind of crazy… They think we're all made of tainted clay and the physical body is an inherently impure prison of our true, pure essence. The only true goodness is an ethereal afterlife without our bodies distracting us from absolute virtue*."

Minerva shivered and glanced down. Given the naked fairy squished between her excessive exposed cleavage, she frowned. "If that's true, I'm not sure they'll be very welcoming of us…"

"As long as they have food, I'll pray to whomever they want! It's worth it for a meal and a good night's sleep."

The comaoists working in the gardens took immediate notice of their girls' presence when they approached.

"*Disgusting…*"

"*Sinful harlots.*"

One older woman motioned to Minerva and spoke to a younger girl who could have been her daughter. "*See the one with such flesh heaped and exposed? Her body has grown so full of evil that her essence has surely been corrupted to the core.*"

Several others insultingly shielded their eyes or knelt down to pray. Not one reacted to Minerva's cleavage or choice of clothing in an accepting manner. Feeling self-conscious and guilty, she pulled the front of her dress higher to cover what she could. Eris was met with similar distaste.

"We do *not* belong here," Minerva whispered over the clopping of their horses. "If I grow even a little, they might stone me!"

Eris's solution was simple. "Then don't grow!"

"Thanks, I'm cured."

A commotion was building when they approached the brick structure. It loomed like a dark grey monolith against the picturesque landscape, as dull in appearance as its residents' sexual taste.

"*H-Hello…*" a young, blonde-haired woman whispered when Minerva rode past. She stood at the entrance to a small sheep pen with a staff in hand. The sorceress assumed her the convent's shepherd, as well as the first to show them any kind of acceptance.

"Good afternoon," Minerva smiled back.

The girl blushed bright red and looked to the ground without another word. Minerva would have tried to speak to her again if the front doors hadn't opened.

"May I help you?" an old woman said with a tone of disapproval. She stood tall and thin with dark hair pulled back in a tight bun. The designs on her gown suggested she was the superior. "Perhaps you're lost? The nearest brothel looking to hire is to the south in Lhystra."

It was difficult not to take the woman's words personally. Luckily, Eris was there to speak for both of them as they dismounted.

"We're looking for a place to stay for the night! And some food!"

She recoiled at the deep V in Eris's dress and the skin it revealed down to her sternum. Minerva drew an arm over her own chest, wishing she were smaller and easier to conceal.

The woman answered, "We cannot turn away someone in need… Even someone as consumed in their own flesh as yourselves. If you accept our assistance, I must ask that you make yourselves decent."

Eris blushed and inspected herself front and back. "Huh?? Did my dress ride up??"

"Skin is shameful to display. Even worse, *breasts* are sinful things meant to be confined in darkness, not boasted and flaunted in the open like badges of honor."

The scholar cocked her head. Minerva was unsure why she was debating the subject, given Eris's knowledge of the sect's beliefs. "But aren't we all women here? We all have a pair of--"

Minerva interjected. "Of course, we'll cover up!"

The superior narrowed her eyes at the sorceress. "Very well. You will be expected to take part in prayer as well as chores during the duration of your stay, proportional to the hospitality you receive. Is that clear?"

"Of course," Minerva accepted.

"*H-Hey!! Easy!!*"

Minerva glanced over to see several women bustling around Eris. Her head and arms were tangled in a dress they were trying to pull over her body.

"You as well," the woman said, motioning to Minerva. "I do not wish for the two of you to taint the eyes of my flock with your flesh."

Brown fabric tumbled over Minerva's eyes. The garment was met with little resistance until it hit her chest.

"*Nnngh!! C...Careful!*" she protested when the two women tried forcing the tight fabric over her bust.

SSTTRRRRRTCH

The stitches groaned. Minerva's chest bulged and squished like dough refusing to fit into a pan. Frightened as if they were touching a rabid animal, the women tried avoiding what they could of her oversized breasts.

"How vile…" the woman scowled.

"*O-Ow! Hey! I-It's...bunched across my--*"

SSTTRRRRRTCH!!!

FWIP!!!

"*Nngh!!*"

The dress lurched over her bosom after a great amount of pulling. Minerva felt air squeeze from her lungs as the garment constrained her torso like a corset. Stress lines shot across the rough fabric from the extreme stress. Looking down, Minerva could see her chest being forced flat against her body up to her collarbones. The dress was ready to split open at her size. At the sheep pen, the shepherd's eyes widened at the spectacle.

Together, the girls stood in front of the convent with their bodies concealed from the world. Given no opportunity to change, their usual garb remained beneath, adding awkward mass to the dresses and tenting the bottoms.

Minerva gasped and tried adjusting the front. "I-It's a little hard to breathe! Do you have a larger size?"

"No, we don't. Offer it up as reconciliation for your misdeeds and perhaps it will loosen; it's only through embracing the impurity of your physical form that they could have grown to such a sinful size in the first place."

"Or they grew this big on their own…" Minerva grumbled.

The woman inspected the girls once more before concluding the introduction. "You may call me Mother Theo. I'm the superior here at the Convent of the Modest Sisters of Comaoism. Come, we were just about to dine before our twilight prayer. Your horses will be shown to the stable and you will be shown to your rooms shortly thereafter. In the morning you will help in the garden."

Mother Theo retired inside without waiting for a response.

"This thing is itchy!" Eris complained. "*Do we really have to wear these while we--*"

SHFL SHFL SHFL!

Minerva gasped when the front of her chest shook and jostled. "*OH!!*" Tiny arms flailed against the fabric and her cleavage, trying to escape the compressed prison. Pulling at the neckline, she allowed Tria to escape.

"I'm sorry! I forgot you were in there!" Minerva apologized. "They pulled the dress on so fast I couldn't stop them!"

Tria shook her head from dizziness. “I thought I was going to suffocate!”

“Are you coming with us, Tria?” Eris asked as the women returned to the convent.

The fairy shook her head and drifted upward. “*Not a chance!* Places like these exterminate fairies without a second thought! I’ll be on the roof where it’s safe!”

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

“This isn’t roasted chicken…”

Eris stared at the bowl in front of her. Its scent lacked any sort of spice and the consistency reminded her of undercooked oatmeal.

“I’m not sure what you were expecting.” Minerva played with her food and listened to the sounds it made falling off her spoon. “They think the human body is sinful. Why would they give it something delicious to eat and enjoy? In their eyes, it’s best to feed themselves the most tasteless, bland dish as possible while still maintaining some level of health.”

Eris touched her tongue to a spoon. “Doesn’t mean they couldn’t add a little salt…”

“That’s exactly what it means… *Nngh*... Goddess, this dress is tight.”

“Can you breathe in that thing? You look ready to pop.”

“I-I’m fine… It’s only until tomorrow.”

Eris watched the fabric stretch and crease with Minerva’s breaths. “I knew they hated nudity, but I didn’t think it was to such a degree.”

“I didn’t either, but it’s part of their beliefs. We’re under their roof, so we have to go along with it if we want to stay here. I’ll stay squished in this thing if it means sleeping in a bed.”

Snickering, Eris teased, “I know *you* will, but I’m not sure your breasts will cooperate if--”

“*Ahem*,” a comaoist hissed from across the table.

“S-sorry…” Eris lowered her voice so only Minerva could hear. “Not sure your...uh...*sin bags* will play along.”

“*Shh.*” Minerva hushed her friend before they could land themselves in trouble. Looking further down the table, she caught sight of the shepherd girl staring brazenly at her chest.

“*Nora!*” Mother Theo hissed from the head of the table.

The shepherd girl removed her gaze and stared into her empty bowl. “*Sorry!*” Embarrassed, she could be seen muttering prayers under her breath.

“Is she still staring at you?” Eris asked.

“She hasn’t stopped since we rode in…”

The deep red in the shepherd’s face amused Eris. “She’s acting like she’s never seen a large pair of breasts before.”

Like the rest of the women at the convent, the shepherd showed little to no signs of growth under her shirt. Her stature was exceedingly petite.

“I don’t think she *has* seen large breasts,” Minerva worried.

After a disappointing dinner lacking any form of bodily enjoyment, the adventurers found themselves taken into the chapel for nightly prayer. It was a simple stone room with windows

displaying the foothills outside. Rows of wooden pews filled the center to face a single pulpit at the front. Mother Theo stood there, looming over an open tome.

"How long do you think this will take?" Eris whispered.

"Can't be too long; they wouldn't want to give our ears the satisfaction of listening to too many sounds."

Eris tried to hide a laugh as Mother Theo began.

"*Oh, Laios,*" she called out, "*We thirst!*"

GUURRGLE

Minerva shifted in her seat. "*Nngh…*"

"*Really??*" Eris gasped.

"Not like I can help it!!"

Mother Theo continued. "*We hunger!*"

GUURRGLE

"*Mmngh!*"

The dress pulled tighter, compressing Minerva's awakening bust.

"*We endure this physical realm, rejecting its temptations in your name!*"

"E-Eris… This dress was too tight already…"

Down the pew, Nora leaned forward at the sound of Minerva's commotion.

"*Laios, we beseech you*," Mother Theo yelled, "*Fill us with your nectar! Take these sinful forms, and engorge them with sustenance!*"

GUUURRRGLE!

"*A-Ahh! Eris! I might be in trouble here!*"

"*Can you hold it??*"

"*No I can't hold it!*"

Nora's eyes bulged to moon-like saucers when Minerva's chest pushed outward several inches. Nearest them, several women inched away in disgust at the sorceress' predicament.

"S-Sorry…" Minerva whispered to them, not wanting to disturb their prayer. "Dinner isn't sitting right…"

Mother Theo boomed. "*We are your humble vessels! Please, come into us! Make us to be full!*"

GGUUURRRGLE

"*Ahh!*"

"*Make us to be overflowing!*"

GUUUUUURRGLE!!

"*E...Eris!!*" Minerva trembled against the building pressure in her breasts. With the dress drawn too tight, it felt as though it were blocking her nipples from hardening and being able to release.

"*Make us to be a gushing example of righteousness!*"

GUUUUUURRRGLE!!!

"*MMMNGH!!!*"

"*Minerva… You gotta hang on!*"

"*I...I-I'm trying!*" Minerva leaned forward to help hide her bust. At the size of her head, it felt ready to burst through her dress. Milk eagerly swirled against her skin in an effort to push her larger and larger against the wishes of the modest garment.

"*Dear Laios…*" Nora whispered, seeing a rip open under Minerva's arm. The flesh bulging into the open was more supple than any she'd ever seen.

Mother Theo raised her voice and her arms. "*Fill us with your nourishing essence, that we may truly feed this world!*"

GUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!

SSHRRIIIP!!

"*Aahh!! AHH!! Eris! I-It's...It's gonna come out! It's gonna--*"

"*AND QUENCH ITS ENDLESS THIRST FOR LUST!*"

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

"*AAHHHMM!!!!*"

Panicking when her chest was forced to reach capacity, Minerva grabbed each mound to feel her nipples throbbing.

SQQUUUULLCHH!!!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

Milk assaulted her palms with the sound of two small creamy geysers. Containing what she could, Minerva urged her dress to absorb the liquid. Milk still escaped between her fingers to patter against the stone floor to leave the women around her aghast.

"*Thanks be to Laios*," Mother Theo concluded.

"*Thanks be to Laios…*" Nora whispered, not taking her eyes off the sight.

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

Later that night, Minerva was shown to her room by an angry Mother Theo. Minerva did her best to conceal the remnants of her swelling from prayer by soaking the entire front of her dress to disguise the source, though the increase in size was undeniable. The rips in the seams of the dress saw to that.

"You still stay in here for the night," Mother Theo insisted.

A small room of stone opened up. A single bed, nightstand, lit candle, and a rack for her dress made up the collection of furniture.

"What about my friend?"

"She will be in her own room. Comaoism does not permit women to sleep in the same space. You will sleep fully clothed as well, is that understood?"

"Y...Yes?"

"Do you need anything else?"

"Is there somewhere I can wash myself?"

"We bathe together in the river at dawn, fully clothed. Anything else?"

"N-No, I--"

"Good." Mother Theo made to leave, though glanced at Minerva's watermelon-sized chest briefly. "You may have given into the desires of the flesh, but it's not too late to be saved. Though the size of your sins is great, they would not control you if you accept Laios and his teachings."

SLAM!

Mother Theo left Minerva wondering exactly what sins she was referring to. These thoughts didn't dwell for very long, however, as she finally found herself alone. With the moon streaming through an open window, Minerva sought to undress and free her body from the horrid prison.

"Sleep fully clothed… *Yea, right*."

SSTTRRRTCH!!

The dress clung to her chest like an animal refusing to release its maw. Wet fabric peeled away from her and tensed over her bust, causing stitches to pop and snap. It wasn't meant to contain a girl of her size, and it surely wasn't meant to hold a girl of her size when overladen with milk.

"*Nngh…! Come on…! Get off me!*"

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

SHRRIIIIP!!!

"*GAH!!!*"

SPLCH!

Minerva gasped like a newborn when her clothes popped over her chest and released her head. A wadded pile containing the convent's garb as well as her personal clothes were thrown in a wet pile.

"*Nngn… So swollen…*" she groaned. Inspecting herself, she found her engorged breasts dripping milk in their newfound freedom. Thumb-sized nipples jutted out, happily erect. "*That sermon really did a number on me…*" she sighed, poking at her bloated globes.

Begrudgingly, after stretching and rubbing the red lines on her chest from angry seams, Minerva separated the pile and hung the garments up to dry. A quick puff of air extinguished the candle and sent the room into darkness as she climbed into bed. The room was simple but calming as moonlight filtered onto the floor, and after their night of running wild through the woods, Minerva was eager to close her eyes.

PAT PAT PAT

Bare footsteps against stone roused Minerva not long after trying to find sleep. She thought it to be someone using the restroom, until they stopped outside her door.

CLICK

The bedroom door slowly opened.

Minerva groaned in annoyance and whispered, “Eris, get out of here! The superior already thinks I’m some kind of walking lust demon! You’re going to get us thrown out into the--”

A timid blonde girl emerged into the moonlight. Minerva immediately recognized her as Nora, the shepherd girl.

“O-Oh… Hello, again…” the sorceress said as she pulled the covers up against her chin.

CLICK

She pushed the door closed. It was obvious it had taken the girl every ounce of courage she had to enter Minerva’s room under such circumstances. Even in the dim light, she could tell Nora was blushing and averting her eyes.

“Is something wrong…?” Minerva tried to guess.

Nora chewed on her lip and clasped her hands tight at her navel, as if trying to pray her curiosity away. “Can… Can I see them…?” the shepherd girl finally whispered.

“See what?”

She trembled. The word halted at her tongue, unable to be spoken without damning herself to sin. Voice low, Nora said, “Y-Y-Y-Your… Your… *B… B-B… Breasts…*”

Minever pulled the blanket even higher. “Aren’t they--”

“*They are! They’re forbidden! Everything about the human body is forbidden! I’m sinful simply for thinking about them!!*”

Nora stepped toward the bed.

“*They’re forbidden fruits… They seem so inviting, and yet they’re forbidden… I pray and I pray, so why can’t I stop thinking about them?!*” She gulped and blonde hair fell into her face as she looked to the mounds doming Minerva’s blanket. “*And yours are the most forbidden I’ve ever seen…*”

Reaching behind her, Nora grasped her dress and pulled it off her body.

“*What are you doing??*” Minerva gasped, fearful someone may walk in.

“S-Showing you my sinful body! So it’s fair…”

Nora stood at Minerva’s bed as a petite angel clothed in moonlight. Feminine blessings seem to have abandoned her after delivering the bare minimum. Nora made Eris appear exceedingly well-endowed by comparison. Dark blonde hair peppered her crotch as if to declare her development complete. A thin waist helped discern a perky rear and supple, connecting thighs.

Raising a hand, Nora caressed a small breast like a fragile robin’s egg.

“I’ve waited twenty winters for mine to grow, but they refuse to swell… I think it’s punishment for thinking about them so often.” She whispered in frustration, “*I know it’s sinful to even look at them, but I thought indulging oneself would cause your body to grow with sin… So why haven’t mine…? There are some nights I can’t help but stare at them, waiting for more to fill my palms. When will the sin start to fill them?*”

Nora slowly grabbed the blanket, causing Minerva to tighten her grip. The rough fabric was splendid torture against her bare, engorged nipples.

Nora breathed deep. “Then I saw yours… They were so ripe, they could barely fit into our garment!”

She pulled the blanket down.

“*W-Wai--Mmngh…*” Minerva tried resisting but was weak against her heightened sensitivity and friction.

“And then… At prayer… I watched them *get even bigger*. It was the most wondrous thing I’ve ever seen!”

The blanket pulled lower, the edge rising up the slope of Minerva’s bust. Pale skin shined in the silver light as they slowly came unveiled.

“What does it feel like to have such large...b-breasts…?” Nora whimpered at the sight of Minerva’s slow reveal. “When you were a child, how fast did they grow? Did you feel it? Was it like a balloon inflating? Are they as heavy as they look?” She lowered her voice then. “Could a girl my size ever hope to grow so sinful?”

“*M-Mmngh!*”

The blanket stopped with its edge at Minerva’s nipples. Sweating and quivering, the sorceress didn’t know what was going to happen. She wasn’t in a state to think clearly given her lack of sleep and the night’s swelling events.

“I-I’ve heard stories… Stories about how they’re able to fill with milk… L-Like a cow’s udder!” Nora hugged her chest. “Such a thing seems impossible… How could something so preposterous be true??”

Looking down, Minerva could see Nora’s inner thighs reflecting with a shiny layer of moisture. She was gushing with arousal at her own words and repressed imagination, dripping to the floor below.

“*B-But thinking about them stretching… And struggling to contain such a thick, creamy fluid…*”

Nora’s thighs pressed together as she started losing herself and massaging her pussy between them.

“*The image is overpowering… Don’t you think?*”

Her hand tensed on the blanket before pulling.

FWIP!

“*MMNGH!*”

Flinging the covers to Minerva’s feet, Nora stared at the majestic womanly body laid bare upon the mattress.

Nora’s eyes dilated and her voice went soft. “*O-Oh, Laios… You’re… Naked…*”

She hadn’t expected such a scene. The discovery brought her breaths to rapid succession as she hyperventilated. So much bare skin of another had never graced her eyes. It was overwhelming to her senses.

“*You look so soft… And your breasts are so… S-Swollen…*” Nora panted. “*They’re even bigger than I thought…!*”

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

"*M-Mmngh…!*"

The night air caused Minerva to shiver and send her milk jostling. From her nipples came two thin streams of milk, silver in the moonlight. Nora's eyes glistened and her mouth watered.

"*I-It is true… They can hold milk within themselves...*"

CRREEAAAAAK

The bed moaned when Nora added her weight.

"*Wait! Y-You can't be in here!*" Minerva argued. "*We shouldn't be doing this!*"

Nora ignored her, drunk on the sight of another woman's supple flesh. Nothing could have torn her away from the inviting image of the sorceress' breasts. Lifting a leg, she straddled Minerva's hips. Drops of sweat and arousal fell to Minerva below, the fluid hot with lust.

"*Mmngh… M-Mmngh…!*"

Minerva had never had another woman on top of her in such a way. The air in the room was visceral and laced with desire. With nothing between them, the heat from their naked bodies mixed in a hurricane of lust between their colliding hips. Slippery lips rubbed against each other as the girls breathed.

Try as she might, Minerva couldn't fight it. Heat and milk fogged her mind. Deep down, she wasn't certain she wanted to refuse the shepherd girl. It felt unfair what had been done to her by the convent. Minerva felt she owed Nora the exploration she so desperately craved, if only to help expand the girl's horizons.

Nora's hands shook as she stared at Minerva's chest.

"*I never imagined breasts could get so large… The thought of mine reaching your size seems impossible… I fear my skin could never stretch to such a feat.*"

She reached out.

"*C-Can I touch them?*"

It was easier for Minerva to answer than she cared to admit.

"*Mmngh… M-M-Mhm…*" Minerva whimpered, fighting to not release her milk in the heat of the moment. Her mammaries tingled with pressure and tightness, wishing to letdown.

Nervous, finally about to grasp a treasure she'd sought for a lifetime, Nora extended a hand to Minerva's left breasts and pressed.

"*Ahh!! MMNGH!!!*"

"*O-Oh!! They're SO SOFT!! My hand...sinks into them!!*"

Feeling Minerva's body react under her own brought Nora pleasure. Their pussies ground together, flaring and intertwining in a slippery dance.

"*H...Harder…*" Minerva squeaked.

Clenching a hand against her racing heart, Nora applied her weight.

SQQUUULCH!!

"*MMNGH!!*"

"*Milk!! I'm milking you!!!*"

Thin dribbles ran over her hand and onto the bed. The harder she pressed, the more there was. Nora grew brave and let her hand travel in large circles to coat Minerva's chest in milk. The plump mounds slid under her fingers with ease, malleable to the shepherd's grip.

"*T-They're a miracle…! They're better than I ever dreamed they could be!! How could such soft, warm, milk-filled mounds be sinful?!*"

Nora pressed harder. She began tightening her grip until blue veins shined in the light.

"*Ahh!! C...Careful!! They're still very full of--*"

SPLUURTCH!!!

A shower of milk erupted from her nipples, dousing Nora. Jumping in fright, she was soon overcome with ecstasy at Minerva's warmth covering her front and her taste lingering on her tongue.

"*It tastes… Heavenly…*" Nora panted.

Minerva wasn't sure she could handle any more. The bed sat soaked under her hips. Much more and she would wrap her legs around Nora's waist and lock her in.

"*Please… Please don't…*" Minerva breathed, seeing thirst in Nora's eyes. "*I don't think I can take it…*"

The shepherd's mouth was dry. She would never be satisfied with water again. "*I've never tasted...such sweet nectar…*"

Nora leaned forward. Hands gripping the bed in anticipation, Minerva watched her lips open around a nipple before finally latching.

The sound of suckling came moments later.

"*A-A-Ahhhh!! AHH!!! Oh, GODDESS!!!*"

Nora began gulping milk from the vast reservoir. What couldn't be handled by her thirst leaked from her lips and over Minerva's chest in thick rivers. Wet and sweating, their bodies slid against each other as they started to dance.

"*Ah! I… I-I can't… This… We shouldn't!*" Minerva couldn't think. This was the first time lips had graced her nipples. At such a hungry mouth, she feared she'd never find such pleasure again if Nora were to release. It was a whirlwind of ecstasy she didn't want to end. Squirming and arching her back as she felt milk rushing from her glands and through her nipples, she gave in to the pleasure.

Minerva's arms wrapped around Nora's head. Embracing the shepherd, Minerva pulled her deep into her breasts like a lover. Flesh bulged around the blonde's face as she was engulfed in heat and milk, drowning in lust.

"*MMNGH!!!*"

Nora's suckling filled the night. Minerva could feel her loins quivering. Pleasure was rising to meet a peak. Soon she would scream, and her body would explode in a crash of arousal.

"*A-Almost… Almost there…!*" Minerva pleaded, hugging Nora into her bosom. "*Drink my milk!! Y-You can have… All the milk you want!!*" One of her hands slid down Nora's back to grope her rear. The tips of her fingers became dripped in the fluid of her crotch when she started fingering the shepherd.

CLICK

Shadows entered the room with neither of the girls the wiser.

"*MINERVA!!!*"

"*NORA!!!*"

Eyelids weak and heavy in the face of a crashing orgasm, Minerva could just make out Eris gawking from the doorway, as Mother Theo descended upon them and Nora moaned with a mouthful of milk.

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

Furious with the scene she finds, Mother Theo has Minerva restrained. Theo and the convent all gather around to ritualistically exorcise her sins. It backfires majorly.

"*OUT!! GET OUT!!*"

"*M-Mother!!*" Nora stumbled out of Minerva's room from the force of Mother Theo's pushing. A bland gown hung against her front as the only source of modesty. "*Wait! It's not what you--*"

"*SILENCE!!*"

"*Ow!! Hey!!*"

Minerva screamed when she was pulled from bed and her chamber by the hair. Given no time to dress or find cover, Theo dragged her into the hall like an animal to slaughter.

"*Stop! I didn't do anything!!*" Minerva struggled for freedom against the zealot's rage and saw her companion staring at the chaotic scene. "*Eris!! Do something!!*"

Feeling timid and frail against the convent leader's rage, Eris came forward and tried to wrestle her friend from Theo's grasp.

"*Step aside, harlot! Or you'll find yourself experiencing the same treatment!*"

THUD!

"*Ngh!*" Eris grunted upon stumbling backward from a surprising amount of force delivered by the mother.

The convent was coming to life from Mother Theo's raging. Doors opened along the hall as gown-clad women stepped out to investigate the commotion.

"*Oh dear, Laios,*" several gasped before averting their eyes from Minerva's struggling, nude form. Dairy leaked from her stimulated breasts as she stumbled behind Theo, leaving a milky trail on the stone floor.

"*Please! It's not my fault!!*" Minerva cried.

Women scowled over her without pity.

"Has she no sense of modesty?"

"Harlot."

"I knew she would try to corrupt us from the moment I saw her."

Embarrassment rose within the sorceress like a tide. Despite what the women may have assumed, she found no pleasure in walking naked amongst their eyes. An arm wrapped itself around her front to cover her nipples as well as steady the swaying melons.

SLAP!!

Theo glared from above after swatting her hand away. "No! Be proud of your sins the same way you're so proud of your lust-filled physical form! Flaunt yourself as you wish!"

They paused in the hall so Mother Theo could address her flock. "Sisters! We have been called upon by Laios to do our duty and cleanse this girl of her whorish ways! *Come!!*"

"*E-Eris?? Eris!!*" Minerva yelled.

The scholar's reply came muddled from the shuffling crowd of sisters. "I'm here!!"

Stone walls and corridors flew by at Theo's guiding hand. It wasn't long before she found herself at a flight of stairs leading below the convent.

"Mother, please!!" Nora scrambled to reach her superior. "*Let her go! I*--"

"*Enough!!*"

Theo turned on Nora like an angry bull and pushed her against a wall. Terrified, the small blonde shrunk against the stone surface as Theo bore down. A bony finger prodded her still naked chest with anger. "*You're next after we purify this wretched devil.*"

The stairs led to a cold subterranean chamber lit by several flaming sconces. In the center stood a stone slab surrounded by candles and icons. It was a far cry from the otherwise simple architecture of the convent and Minerva realized she was about to see a much darker side of Comaoism.

"*Come here!*" Theo demanded, yanking Minerva towards the slab. The weight of her chest wouldn't let her protest and carried her in a stumbling fashion until she fell upon the slab for support. "*I refuse to let you corrupt the minds of my sisters any further.*"

"*P-Please! We*--"

SNAP!!

A restraint closed around her left wrist. Realizing her situation, Minerva sought to fight back but was overpowered by Theo's hand pressing deep into her bust.

"*Mmnngh!!!*"

"*Lie back, my dear. Your servitude to sin will be over soon. You shall thank me when you're free.*"

The cold stone met with her back as Minerva collapsed gasping for air under her bloated chest. Leaking and overstimulated, she could do little to combat Theo as she restrained the rest of her limbs.

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

"*N-Nngh! Let me go!*"

Minerva's chest wobbled heavily on top of her. She had no power in the situation as she was left spread-eagled upon the table. A crowd of women gathered around her with serious faces. Disgust at her exposed body was plain on their faces.

"*Let me go! This is all a misunderstanding!!*"

Theo ignored her pleas. "*Sisters!*" her voice echoed around the dungeon. "*Laios has called upon us to purify a vessel of sin!!*"

"*Hey!! Let go!!*"

Minerva looked to see Eris being restrained by several comaoists. Even if she were to free herself, there was little she could do against the mob.

"*Laios!! We beseech you!!*"

GRRRRGLE

Minerva tugged at her restraints when the weight of her dairy pulsed. "*N-Ngh!! Stop!!*"

SPLLRRCH!

Milk sprayed from the heavy jostling to send shivers down the sorceress's body.

Mother Theo raised her voice and stood over Minerva and addressed her god. "*A wolf has found its way into your flock! Sin and physical obsession have consumed her mind and bloated her body, threatening our chaste way of life!*"

SPLLRR--

"*Ah!!*"

Minerva's gasps rose in pitch when her lactation suddenly ceased as if her nipples were pinched closed by two hands.

"*Sisters! Raise your hands over this victim of lust!*"

The dungeon turned into a sea of arms extending over Minerva. Tingling sensations raced through her chest.

"*Nnngh!! Ah!!*" Squirming and pulling, she fought the invisible forces. "*W...What are you doing to them?? My milk...isn't coming out!*"

"*We pray to you, Laios; draw this evil from her tainted form!!*"

Only Eris could see Minerva's distress. "S-Stop!! You're making her--"

"*MMNGH!!*"

Minerva lifted her chest high into the air and stifled a moan. Pressure pushed against her breasts on all sides as if she were diving deep underwater.

SCCRRRCH

"*Aahh!!*"

The scholar's eyes widened; she couldn't believe the sight before her. "T-They're… Her breasts are getting smaller…" Eris whispered.

Slowly, Minerva's breasts receded into her body like compressing balloons. It took only moments for her to reach her natural size, though their dwindling would not cease.

Nora couldn't stand to see such a tragedy. Desperate and wracked with guilt, she fell forward onto her hands and knees. "*Mother, stop!! I'm begging you! It was me!!*"

"*Drain the ocean of sin within her!!*"

SCCRRRCH!

"*Ahh!! My chest!! What's happening...to my chest?! It feels so...SMALL!!*"

For the first time in her life, Eris was larger than Minerva. Such a thing felt unjust. Reduced and incapable of filling her own palms, Minerva's breasts shrank to tiny mounds leaving her little more than flat.

However, there was an energy in the air. While small and formless, Minerva's breasts looked to be protesting their shrinkage. The tiny mounds trembled and quivered. In the low light, Eris was astonished to see Minerva's nipples glowing purple.

"*A-Aahhh!!! AAHH!!!*"

The sorceress looked down in time to see small trails of purple liquid floating from her nipples. They gathered in the air over her torso to hover in an amorphous blob.

"*OH, GODDESS!!! W-W-What's happening?!*"

It was all too clear in Eris's eyes. "The dragon blood is coming out…" she whispered in awe.

More liquid flowed free by the second to collect and pool.

"*Cleanse this woman of her swelling darkness and sin!!*" Theo boomed.

"*Mmmngh!! NNGH!!!*" Minerva squirmed and struggled. Though the sight of her chest reduced to a boyish figure was troubling, watching the dragon blood be drawn into the open brought a sense of hope. Removing the magical substance would drastically simplify their journey, even more so if Eris could manage to collect it.

"*I-It's almost out….! It's coming out!!*" Minerva panted.

The sight was mesmerizing to Eris and Nora. As the floating pool gathered to a volume enough to fill a small bucket, the trickling flow came to a stop.

"*Is… Is it out?*" Minerva prayed as she watched the final strands pull thin from her nipples.

The dragon's essence responded. As if angry to have been extracted, it started to vibrate and shimmer.

"*Laios! We ask you to purify this girl in your na--*"

"*AAHHHH!!!!!*"

SCHHLLMP!!!

Minerva's diaphragm bucked up and down. She squirmed under a mountain of sensations. Face going pale, she watched the dragon blood shimmer maniacally.

"*MY CHEEEST!!!*"

The fluid began returning to its home with a vengeance. Puffing her nipples with pressure, Minerva's breasts rapidly swelled at the blood's volume returning to her body.

"*W-We--*" Mother Theo paused in confusion, unsure of why her ritual had begun failing.

"*It's going back in!!! Eris, it's going back in!!!*" The sorceress writhed at the heated pleasure.

FWOOOSH!!!

An ethereal wind extinguished the sconces. Darkness consumed the room until the mob's eyes adjusted to see purple light emanated from Minerva's chest. Each mammary glowed like a dull amethyst with the awakened blood.

"*MMMMNGH!!! M-M-MMNGH!!!*" Her whimpers bounced off the walls. Chains clanged against the stone table.

STTRRRTCH!!!!

"*T-They're growing!!!!*"

Nora watched in pulse-racing wonder as Minerva's chest bloated beyond its original size. Angry and heavy, it surged over her body to dominate her torso. Churning milk and magic swirled within to be heard beating against her skin.

"*Too fast!!! Too...BIG!!!*"

Many comaoists backed away in fear. Even Theo was shocked by the quickening developments before her. Overgrown watermelons heaved beneath her trembling hands of faith in direct defiance of her wishes.

"*Minerva! Hang on!*" Eris yelled, wrestling herself free from the distracted followers. She ran to her friend's side to immediately grab a cuff trapping her wrist.

"*U-Untie me! Hurry!! These things feel like they're going to blow!!*"

"*I'm trying!*"

"My chest is about to...mmngh!!! Eris! W-Watch out!! I think my chest...nngh!!!..i-is going to--MMNGHH!!"

BWOOOMPH!!!

"*Ah!!*"

A wall of flesh swelled into Eris as if she'd collided with a carriage. Throwing her to the ground like a doll, Eris stared up at the avalanche of jiggling flesh overflowing the table.

"*Laios, we--Ah!!*"

Theo wasn't so lucky and found herself pinned beneath Minerva's bulk. Angry, thrashing hands sought something to grip the heaving mound creeping up her trapped body.

"*What's happening?! WHAT'S HAPPENING??*" Minerva yelled. Swirling fluid beat against her breasts. Pressure rose to puff her areolas into firm domes. The dragon blood was relentless in showing who was truly in control.

GUUURRRRGLE

Pressure climbed as if animals fought within her bust.

"*Mmmnnghhh!!! MMMNGH!!! Why is there milk?! Why am I filling up?!*"

STTRRRTCH!!!

"*Too...much!!! There's too much...milk in my chest!!! It can't stretch like this!!!*"

RRMMMBBBLLLL!!

Theo ogled in fear while Nora gazed in sheer wonder. Refusing to admit defeat, the mother pleaded to her god. "*C-Cleanse this girl of her--*"

GRRRRRGGGGGLE!!!!

"*AAHHHH!!!!!!!*"

The ground shook from bloating weight. Lying in a sea of her billowing breasts, Minerva felt her impossibly large bust heave and round to their limits.

"*I-It's coming!!! IT'S COMING!!! I CAN'T HOLD ANYMOOORE!!!*"

FWOOOOOOSH!!!!

Milk erupted from her nipples to send a cloud of vapor into the air. Arching her back at the mercy of her chest, Minerva cried out in silent orgasm. Chains ached at her wrists and ankles while a puddle of lust seeped over the stone under her pelvis.

The milk hung in the air like smoke. As more and more flowed free, it gathered into a flat opaque surface several meters in width and weight. Eris compared it to a large white mirror hanging above the sorceress's chest.

SHWEEN!!

Her milk flashed bright with energy before turning dark. Images and shadows moved along its flat surface as if it were a window to another world. The room could only watch as two red slivers widened in the center before widening to fiery orbs. Rows of ancient scales lined their perimeter.

The eyes of a dragon stared from the scene residing within Minerva's milk. Too consumed by her continued letdown, Minerva writhed under her chest with her eyes shut against the dragon's appearance. Unbearable heat and arousal pushed her to the brink of consciousness.

"Dear goddess…" Eris whispered. The respect such a gaze demanded was overbearing. Staring into the room with rage and disdain, a growl vibrated the group's rib cages.

Only Theo had the audacity to continue her protest against Minerva's condition. Struggling from under a shaking mammary, she demanded, "*Banish this devil back to the*--"

RRROOOAAAARRRR!!!!

A petrifying tremor shook the building at the dragon's disapproval. The milky portal shook with rage and dust fell from the ceiling. All were forced to cover their ears for the duration of its cry.

SPLOOSH!!

It ended like a clap of thunder vanishing into the night. Minerva's floating milk portal released itself to gravity whereupon it doused her prone body and flooded the ground. The glow of magic faded from the center of her breasts to envelop the dungeon in darkness. Reduced in size and pushed past her limits, Minerva panted on the table with shattered chains around her limbs. Not even Mother Theo had the courage to speak.

Eris was the first to find her voice. Cowering on the ground with Nora hugging her arm for dear life, she chuckled, "C-Call me crazy… But I think her breasts *want* to be smaller."

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

The dead of night greeted the girls when they were thrown from the front door.

"*You will leave this place at once!!*" Mother Theo demanded. "*We have no desire to associate with you!*"

"*Ow! Hey, easy!*" Eris complained while trying not to trip.

Minerva stumbled by her side. She'd been weak and slow to respond since the dungeon. Hands clutched at her nudity to cover what she could. "Can I at least get my clothes before I--"

"*NEVER RETURN TO THIS PLACE!!*" Theo screamed.

SLAM!

The convent door closed with an echoing boom rattling through the surrounding foothills. Once again, the girls found themselves helpless in the middle of the night. Chills wafted on the breeze to make Minerva shiver and hug herself for warmth.

"*Minerva…!*" A gentle whisper came from above. Looking up, they could see Nora's golden head leaning out a window. "*Here!*"

Much to the sorceress's relief, her dress flew from the window to flutter below. It was still damp from her milk-related growth several hours prior, but it was better than standing naked in the open.

"T-Thank you…!" she called up to the timid girl.

A wave came in response. "I should be thanking you! Until tonight, I've only dreamed about what miracles could be found within brea--" A bellowing scream came from within the convent.

"*NORA!!*"

"*Coming, Mother!*" she replied before ducking into the darkness.

Eris frowned as Minerva began dressing. "Poor kid…"

"Poor kid?? She snuck into my room, assaulted me, and got me tangled up in some kind of exorcism!" Minerva glanced down as she straightened the garment over her bust and felt a spike of despair. "It was almost out of me… I was almost free."

"I was scared it was going to work! Can you imagine how vindicated that crazy woman would have been if she'd actually managed to remove the dragon blood *and* reduce you to some kind of flat--"

"*What happened in there??*" A tiny voice fluttered into range. Sparkling like dew droplets, Tria's wings glittered in the moonlight as she approached the travelers. "Are we leaving already?? I thought I heard a volcano erupt! The entire countryside woke up!"

Eris tried to simplify the ordeal as best as possible. "They tried to purify Minerva's body but it only made the dragon blood inside her chest mad. What you heard was a dragon roaring."

Tria shrunk away and looked around in fear. "*There's a dragon?!*"

Scratching her head, Eris couldn't find an adequate explanation. "There's a dragon from her milk… I'm not sure *what* we saw, to be honest. Do you have any idea, Minerva?"

The sorceress stood in somber confusion. Fear still bubbled in her gut from the event and the dragon's rage bounced in her head. The heat from the dragon blood burned excessively warm within her bust.

Hugging her chest in worry, she said, "I-I don't know what it was either… Truthfully, I didn't see any of it..."

Eris's jaw fell open. "You didn't *see* any of it?! It came from *your* chest! How could you not have--"

Minerva's voice was a low whisper of fear. "*I-I was too busy meeting her…*"

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

The adventurers find themselves looking for an inn, where Minerva has a rare, positive experience with her unusual condition.

Eris's jaw dropped as their horses continued down the road. The convent sat far in the distance, left behind in the dead of night hours ago. "What do you mean you spoke to a dragon?!"

"I don't know!" Minerva struggled to explain her experience. "It was like I was *there!* For a few moments, I wasn't in the basement of that horrible place anymore."

Thinking about it still sent fearful chills down her spine. Despite being chained to an altar and buried under a pair of massive breasts, she distinctly remembered standing in a cold, subterranean cavern. A massive dragon sprawled before her as a scaled behemoth with glowed eyes of fire.

"She seemed worried…" Minerva added.

"*SHE??*"

"I don't have any more answers than you do! While I was there, the voice I heard in my head just sounded feminine! And she had a clutch of eggs…"

Tria fluttered in front of her face with visible excitement. "What did the dragon say??"

"I-I couldn't understand her. It was some kind of ancient language, though it didn't feel as though she meant any harm."

Eris chuckled nervously. "The roar *I* heard would say otherwise. You should have seen the eyes staring back at us."

"It sounded protective to me." Minerva looked into the far horizon in wonder. "I think she *wants* us to find her."

"Well she could have given us directions. Can't you use a spell or something to help us since you've communicated with it? Aren't you bonded, or something?"

"Don't you think I would if I could? We're on the right track. If we just--"

Eris pointed abruptly down the road. "*Civilization!!*"

Their current destination sat in the distance: the moderately sized city of Lhystra. Its modest buildings stood out against the sky. Even from a distance, the travelers could hear the commotion of a thriving population. Large structures housed the local lords and their families while smaller buildings crowded around the base to spread out.

"They can't possibly throw us out of there!" Eris tempted fate. "Do you think that crazy old woman from the convent was right about there being a brothel here?"

Minerva knew it was better to rein her companion in before it was too late. "A brothel is hardly a priority. We're here for supplies, rest, and to get our bearings. We can't keep getting distracted by every little thing."

After passing through the surrounding field of farmers and peasants, a looming gate beckoned the travelers to enter. Lhystra opened before them as a wondrous storm of color and opportunity. Tents stretched as far as the eye could see in the local bazaar. Every class of person seemed to be in attendance on the bright sunny morning. The girls felt lucky to be atop horses; without them, they weren't certain they could have pushed their way through the masses.

"Make sure you stay close by. It would be easy for us to get separated in a place like this." Always wary, Minerva kept one eye out for any shady characters. Even the brightest city had its darkness.

"I've never seen so many people…" Eris awed. "That brothel must be *outstanding*. You're sure we can't go??"

Minerva didn't have time to think about such things. Her main focus was on staying within her clothes. More people meant a higher risk of something triggering her breasts. She shuddered to think about the effect a crowd of this size could cause in the worst case.

"We should find an inn and regroup. A map of the region would help as well. We've already lost two days; we need to figure out the fastest path to Glomia and stick to a plan."

Tria's high-pitched voice squeaked below Minerva's chin. "*Then I can have magic milk!*"

"Shh." A hand pushed the fairy back into Minerva's cleavage before any more could be uttered by the tiny creature. "I told you to stop bringing it--"

"*Please!* Can't you spare a little?? I can pay you double next time!"

"I said beat it!"

A commotion caused a stir in the market. From atop their horses, Minerva and Eris could see a woman and her child pleading with a merchant. A cart full of dried foods sat behind him. Beneath a wet cloth, Minerva could pick out a dozen containers of what she assumed to be milk chilling in a water bath.

Dirt covered the mother and child. It was obvious they were among the lower class and struggled every day to make ends meet. Minerva's heart went out to the girl who looked no older than eight; a life of hardship surely awaited her.

"I'm willing to trade!" The mother begged further. "I-I don't have to pay in money…"

Eyeing her up and down as if she were livestock for sale, the merchant waved his hand and gruffed, "Like I said; beat it before I call a guard. I ain't got time for you."

Defeat hung over the woman in a dense atmosphere. Taking her daughter's hand, she led her away towards an alley.

"But Mommy… I'm hungry…"

"I know, sweetie. I'm hungry too."

GUUURGLE

Minerva's breasts perked up at their plight. "*Nngh…!*"

"We should probably go," Eris suggested upon seeing her friend's back tense. "We don't want you to outgrow your dress in this crowd."

"I know, but…"

GUURGLE

"*Nnngh!*"

Minerva struggled to stay upright on her horse against the increasing weight of her chest. Staying among so many people was dangerous, but after overhearing the woman's troubles, she felt she had an obligation to help. The milk in her chest wouldn't let her leave them hungry.

"I… I-I think we should help them."

It took a moment for Eris to process her words. "What? The mom and kid??"

Minerva nodded, guiding her horse along the wall and away from the major crowds.

"How?? We don't even have money for ourselves! How are we supposed to--*OOOHH*." Eris glanced at Minerva's bloated chest and the milk leaking from within. "Are you serious??"

Heat was overtaking the sorceress. For the first time, she wasn't fighting the flowing sensations inside her bust. Milk churned fast and full, stretching her breasts at a rapid pace due to her resolve.

"They're getting bigger!!" Tria squeaked, fighting the cleavage closing around her. She sounded faintly entertained by the enlarging pillowy masses.

Panting while dismounting, Minerva said, "I-I want to help them. It feels right… They don't have to know where it came from, they just want something nourishing."

"There are hungry people all over Lhystra! It's one of the most densely populated cities within a hundred miles! We can't feed everyone!"

GUUUURRRGLE

"*Ah!*"

Skin bulged over her dress. Several wandering eyes peered at the nipples ready to break free and the woman's chest engorging before their eyes like an erotic street performer.

"You're right, I can't feed everyone… But--*Mmgh!! B-But I can feed a few.*"

Eris followed suit while Minerva gathered a large, empty vase from the outskirts of the market. Grumbling under her breath, the scholar said, “I’ve been asking nonstop for a taste, and you’re just going to give your milk to a couple beggars…”

Minerva didn’t care. Her chest was full to bursting with a desire to help. Taking the vessel, she entered the same alley she’d seen the mother and daughter retreat into. It wouldn’t be long until she was at capacity.

GUUURRRGLE

“*Mmmgh!!! Ooohh they’re getting really full…*” Struggling to balance, Minerva tumbled into a dark corner and used an aged barrel for support. Massive fleshy teardrops swung free of her dress to hang into the open air.

“You’re actually going to do this?” Eris said, gawking at the swaying watermelons.

“Just...*Mmgh!! H-Hurry and help me! They’re getting full and I don’t want to lose the mom and daughter!*”

GUUURRRRGLE!!

Eris ogled her friend’s state as Minerva’s mammaries swelled full and tight. Shiny pink nipples reflected under a film of dairy.

“*NNGH!! E-Eris!!!*”

“*Sorry!!*”

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“*Ahh!! Get the vase under them!! I-I don’t think I can hold it much longer!!*”

Rushing, Eris positioned the pottery beneath Minerva’s hanging chest. Drops were already falling into its confines.

“*Well don’t just...nngh...stare!!*” Minerva gasped under a blanket of arousal. Pinned between the globes, Tria marveled at the incredible reservoirs of milk squeezing her body.

“So you just want me to--”

“*Fill it up!! M-Milk me, Eris!!*”

The scholar’s hands shot out like snakes to grab Minerva’s nipples. A firm grip and tug were all that was required.

FWOOOOOOSH!!!

“*MMNGH!!!! C-Careful!!!*”

“*I know!*”

“*Don’t… Don’t spill any!!*”

Milk gushed into the container by the gallon. With no mental resistance, Minerva’s nipples opened to their full extent and flowed like rivers. It was all Eris could do to keep her release directed into the vase.

“*They’re slippery!! I--*”

FWOOOSH!!

“*Ah!! Y-You sprayed me!!*” Eris shook milk from her face.

“*I can’t exactly control it!!*”

A sea of white rose to the brim. Trembling, Minerva felt her chest push the last of her milk free before leaving her normal-sized and bare-chested in the alley.

"Perfect fit!!" Eris cheered.

"*O-Oh thank the goddess…*" Minerva relaxed and slumped against the wall while replacing her dress. She didn't have the strength to stop Tria from flying free.

The fairy's eyes glowed when she landed on the lip of the vase. "Look at all of the milk…" She inhaled its sweetness and squirmed in delight before attempting a taste. "Surely I can--*Hey!*"

Eris shooed her away. "That's not for you."

"*Hmph!*"

Groggy and still riding waves of pleasure, Minerva pushed herself to her feet. "Come on… We need to get this to them. I-I think they went this way." She stooped down to grab the vase in her arms.

"Are you sure you can carry all that??"

"I carried it before, didn't I?"

They explored deeper into the alley and through several twists and turns. It soon became apparent they had found a small sub-city of the less fortunate. Much to Eris's relief, it didn't take long before they spotted the mother and daughter's dirty blonde hair standing out amidst the bleak setting. Minerva approached as the mother consoled her child under a tent. Waddling with the weight of the vase in her arms, she set it in front of them with a nervous smile.

The mother stared at the frothy cream before her. Hunger painted her face. "What's this…?"

"Milk! For you," Minerva announced softly. "I-I saw what happened with the merchant and I couldn't bear to--"

Disbelief filled the mother's eyes. "*Oh, no! No, I can't accept this! It must have cost you a full day's*--"

Her exclamation stopped upon seeing residual milk leaking through Minerva's dress. The sorceress smiled weakly and tried to hide the evidence.

"It was no trouble. I want you to have it."

"Mommy…?" The young girl stared at the fluid as if it were the first real food she'd seen in days. "*Is it for us?*"

"It's all for you," Minerva assured, agreeing with a nod from the mother.

The girl couldn't stop herself. Lunging forward, she cupped her hands into the vase and brought them to her lips to drink. A white mustache colored her upper lip as it stretched into a smile.

"*IT'S SWEET!!*" she squealed in joy. "*Mommy, you have to try some!!*"

Tears shone in the mother's eyes. Rising to her feet, she embraced Minerva before the sorceress knew what was happening.

"Thank you… *Thank you so much*. Such a gift… We can't possibly finish it on our own!" Gratitude poured forth. "We'll share it with anyone who wants some!"

She released Minerva and grabbed a bracelet on her wrist.

"I want you to have this in return."

Minerva put her hands up. "No! No, no! I couldn't! I--"

"*I insist*. It isn't worth anything, but it's all I can give. Please, I want you to have it."

Not wanting any kind of payment, Minerva found herself unable to refuse the mother's grateful eyes. She held her hand out to receive a small bracelet decorated in bronze trinkets and knots. It carried no value but Minerva could tell it was one of the few things the mother still owned. She felt ready to burst with happiness.

"T-Thank you…" Minerva accepted, placing it on her own wrist. "I'll treasure it always."

"*Mommy! Try some!! It's still warm!!*"

Taking her daughter's hand, the mother bid her stand. "Come, Estelle; why don't we share it with the others?"

"*Ok!*"

The smile on the mother's face wouldn't soon leave Minerva's heart even as she and Eris made to leave the alley.

"That was really nice," Eris admitted. "I thought she was about to break down and cry."

Minerva nodded, trying to contain her own feelings. "Who knew this curse could actually be *useful?* Maybe I'm not meant to be a sorceress..."

"I'm telling you… We could make a *killing* if we ran a brothel."

Eris led the way back to the main street where their horses waited. Tired and spent, Minerva lagged behind after her milking session. She frequently had to use the walls for support. It wasn't long before the crowds returned and Eris found herself pushing her way through a sea of torsos.

"Where do you think we should stay??" she asked in excitement. "The center of the city is supposed to have exquisite architecture from several centuries ago!"

No response came from Minerva, who Eris assumed was trying to catch her breath.

"Do you think you still have enough milk left in you to sell a couple of jugs for some gold? We could stay anywhere we want with probably only an hour of work!"

There came no reply.

"Minerva…?"

Eris turned around to find no sign of her friend among the bustling street. Such a fantastical blue dress should have stood out like a fire at night, but there was no sign of the sorceress. Eris's heart sank.

"Minerva??"

She retraced her steps, finding the alley she'd emerged from minutes prior.

"*Minerva! Where are you!!*"

A glimmer zipped across the heads of the crowd in a panic. Almost colliding with Eris's face, Tria appeared before her.

"He took her!!" the fairy cried.

"What?? Who?? Where's Minerva?!"

Despite her glow, Eris could tell Tria's face was pale as paper. "A cloaked man!! A cloaked man with a metal eye!!"

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

Minerva finds herself in Kalzar's custody as he takes her to one of the local nobles. She is treated as an honored guest where a lord appeals to her charitable nature to try to win Minerva's favor.

"*Mmmn!!! MMPH!!!*"

Minerva struggled and squirmed in Kalzar's arms. Abducted in a flash, she was bound and gagged like an exotic animal as he carried her through the back alleys of Lhystra. Beggars and peasants rushed by in a blur, staring at the swollen breasts falling out of her dress and the strange bearded man with a metal eye.

"*MMPH!*"

"Quiet down back there!" the hired hand demanded.

Minerva grunted. If she could make herself grow, she knew she could render her body too massive for anyone to carry, let alone fit through the alleys. Exposing her breasts in such a way would be worth it if it thwarted her abductor and gave Eris a chance to find her.

Unfortunately, Minerva found it impossible to concentrate on any kind of arousing imagery. Magic was of no use with her mouth gagged, and an enchanted collar around her neck prevented her from using the majority of her strength. If nothing else, she wished she could raise her head from his back; the man reeked of sweat and filth.

"What's the matter?" Kalzar chuckled. "Having trouble pulling off your magic trick? I'm prepared this time."

"*Mmph!*"

The helpless sorceress growled as they entered a dark tunnel. The better part of the city sprawled above them, telling her they were delving into the depths of the Lhystra's underground. Various twists and turns through a maze of channels left her bewildered at their true location. Escaping his clutches would be one challenge, but making it back to the surface would be another.

Eventually, Kalzar found a flight of steps hidden within the depths of the underground. A metal gate unlocked by way of a crystal necklace, granting him access into the dark, rising corridor. Minerva could sense the air quality improving as he ascended. Before long, the stone quality improved into a smooth polish belonging only to the wealthiest of homeowners.

"Finally…" Kalzar huffed. Minerva's weight on his shoulder was a hefty burden, and the milk leaking down his back an annoyance.

A wooden door stood before them. Small cracks of light escaped around the frame from flickering torches on the other side. Lowering her to lean against a wall, he opened the door with a jolt.

Kalzar stared at the sorceress, allowing his mechanical eye to focus on her chest momentarily with a smile. "Sit tight! I'll be back shortly."

He vanished through the door. Leaving it ajar, Minerva could glimpse a wine cellar residing within. Kalzar spoke to a servant with urgency.

"Go fetch Lord Galei. Tell him Kalzar has returned with a package."

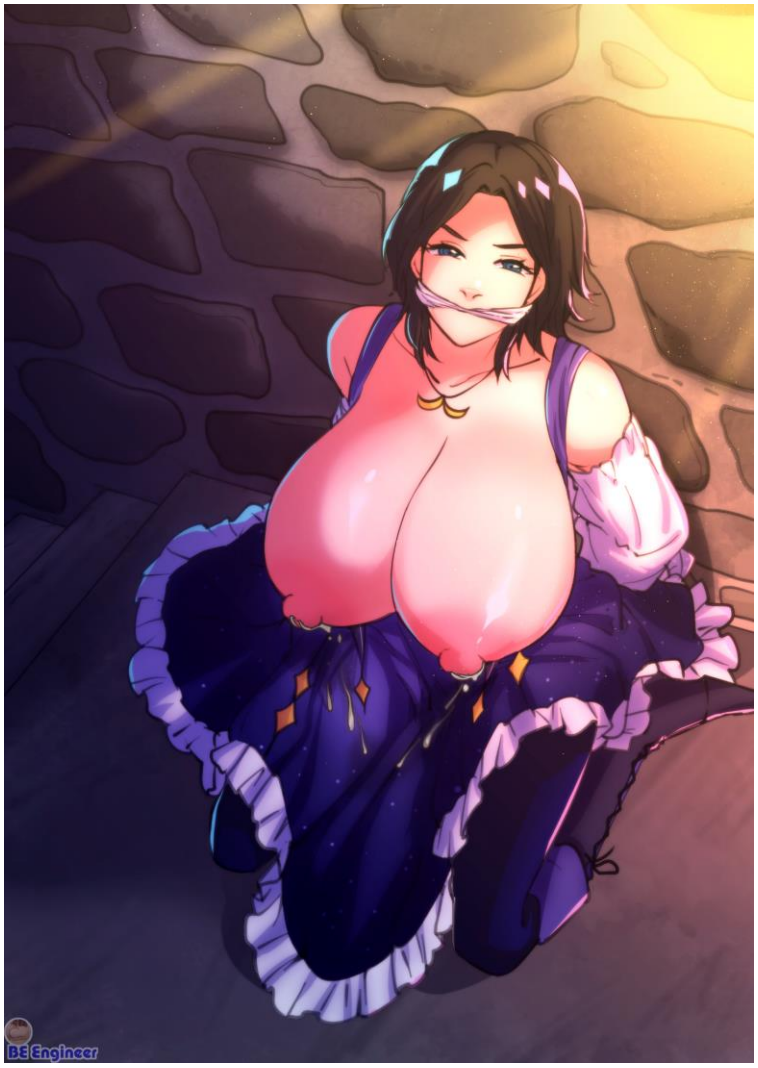
"*M-Mmmph!!*" Minerva struggled and screamed through her gag to draw the servant's attention, but they were gone up a set of wooden stairs before taking notice. Kalzar paid no mind to her struggling and amused himself by looking through the wine collection.

A door opened at the top of the cellar stairs. Frantic footsteps raced to meet Kalzar. A well-dressed man appeared seconds later. It wasn't hard to see he came from nobility.

"What have you found? A cure??"

"Even better, Lord Galei." Kalzar grinned.

He led the noble towards Minerva's door, throwing it open to reveal the bound sorceress on the ground.



"*MMMPGH!!!!!*"

"Good God!! What have you done?!" Galei exclaimed. "This is a girl!!"

He removed his cloak to throw it over Minerva's front and provide some modesty for her exposed chest. Frantic, he started for her gag.

A hand fell upon the noble's shoulder and pulled him back.

Kalzar glared. The pain in his back from their previous encounter at the caravan camp was still fresh. "I wouldn't. She's a sorceress, and she packs a real punch when she can get a spell out. She ain't too happy."

There was no hesitation in Galei. "Stand aside. I won't tolerate this kind of inhumane treatment under my roof."

He stooped down to Minerva's level to meet her gaze. His hair was trimmed and brown, framing a face free of blemish but riddled with worry and lack of sleep. Kind eyes stared back at the sorceress, but they did little to diminish her anger.

"I'm not going to hurt you. You have nothing to fear from me," Galei promised. "You have my word."

Cautious, Minerva nodded in understanding.

The noble removed her gag.

"*Dakatar da tar!*"

Kalzar stepped back. "*SHIT!*"

"*A-ACK!!*"

The two men flung several feet into the air before floating steadily. Their feet dangled and kicked as if their necks were held by invisible hands.

"*Why shouldn't I send both of you into a coma right now?!*" Minerva yelled.

Water filled the straining noble's eyes as he clawed at empty air. "*P...Please… I need...your help…*" he coughed.

Minerva stared, not yet willing to remove her spell.

"*My wife...is--ack!--very sick…*"

The pain in his eyes was evident. Minerva felt no sense of safety from Kalzar, but the noble exuded kindness. His gentle nature soothed her rage.

Slowly she lowered them to the ground and released their breath.

Minerva looked at Galei. "You can speak." She looked at Kalzar, then. "If *you* make a move, I'll throw you through a wall."

The noble rubbed his neck and spoke delicately. "I don't blame your anger after what I'm sure was akin to being kidnapped by my hired hand, but please, hear my plea. My wife is tortured by an illness. Sorcerers and doctors have been unable to find a cure and in a desperate attempt, I hired this man to find an exotic remedy."

"You said *anything…*" Kalzar mumbled.

"I never said you could *kidnap* someone."

Kalzar motioned to Minerva, who flashed a warning glare. "She has an ability, Lord Galei. She produces gallons of milk at a time, so much that it must be done through some kind of magic. I've seen it firsthand; her glands react to the needs of those around her until she's overflowing with the substance. I have no doubt such a product could be used for medicinal purposes." His eye flashed and spun. "I can see magic floating around them like a cloud."

The noble stared in disbelief. Though the sorceress was indeed very busty, it was difficult to believe such a claim. "Is this true? Can you...erm...produce wonders as he has said?"

Minerva pulled his cloak up to her neck. "Yes, it's true… But I don't know about it behaving as a magical cure-all. I would sooner trust my own magic."

He knelt down and took her hand. "My wife… For years she's been plagued by low energy and fever. Some days it's a miracle to find her with color in her cheeks in the morning. Even if there is a small chance, I'm willing to try anything. Do you think your breasts could produce a cure if my wife expressed a need?"

"I-I don't know… Maybe…" Minerva avoided his eyes. Discussing her breasts alone with two male strangers wasn't the most comfortable of situations.

"Please, lend me your gift. Even if only a few drops, I would be eternally grateful for--"

GUURGLE

"*Nnngh…*" Wincing, Minerva tried to hide her swelling. "*D-Don't talk about it out loud…*"

"See??" Kalzar motioned. "She fills at the mention of it!"

Galei stared in pure wonder. "Incredible…"

"I-I'm willing to try, but you need to untie me and bring my friend here as well. I'm rather pressed for time and can't afford to stay more than a night."

"Yes, yes!! You may have all that you desire!" Galei helped bring Minerva to her feet. "You will of course be compensated for your services as well."

"I-I don't need--*Ah!*"

An embrace from the noble took Minerva by surprise. "Thank you… Even if there is only a chance, I cannot tell you how much hope you have brought to me this day."

RING RING RING RING!!

A bell chimed in the corner of the cellar, taking the noble's attention like a dog.

"It's my wife; she needs me. I must tell her the news!" Galei released Minerva and headed for the stairs. "Kalzar, untie her and show her to the guest quarters. She's no prisoner here; she's an honored guest."

"Yes, Lord Galei," Kalzar grumbled.

"Thank you again! So very much!" the noble cheered before vanishing into the house and leaving Minerva alone with the man.

She could hear his mechanical eye whirring in the still cellar air as she approached her wrists behind her back.

"You could have just said something," Minerva huffed. "You didn't need to kidnap me *twice* and--*Mmph!!!*"

The gag slipped over her face and into her mouth. Tied behind her head in a flash, Kalzar pulled Minerva into his arms like a snake. Rough hands sank into her breasts to squeeze her flesh and milk.

"*N-Nngh!!*"

Kalzar chuckled in her ear. "I developed slightly different plans after seeing what these things can do. You'll help his wife, but you're gonna help me a whole lot more."

GUUURGLE

"*Mmmmngh!*" Minerva whimpered as his words and fondling brought milk into her bust.

"You'll keep quiet unless you want me making these mounds bigger than even what you can handle."

Kalzar guided her up the stairs to the door. Listening closely, he waited until all was silent on the other side.

"This way. Galei's resident sorcerer will be dying to meet you and see your little talent for himself."

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

Kalzar wants some plans for Minerva, so he has Galei's sorcerer apply some special nipple rings, which block her milk and transform it into permanent few cup sizes (maybe even some nip growth)

"*Mmmn!!! MMPH!!!*"

Kalzar ushered Minerva through the manor. Bound and gagged, she had little choice but to follow his direction in the unfamiliar place. She watched around every corner for a possible pair of eyes willing to help, but Kalzar knew the building well and kept them out of sight.

"*MMPH!*"

"Quiet. We're almost there."

They entered a dark wing in the east of the estate. Minerva could smell the magic in the walls long before their musty stone greeted them. They came upon an aged wooden door battered by years of abuse. Kalzar knocked.

"Don't come in! My cauldron is--"

"Brayn, it's me. Open up."

The door creaked open at an older man's hand. Short and in his late fifties, he sported a trim figure and a scraggly white beard. A robe of dark reds and blacks hung over him. Minerva recognized a Dawn sect's sorcerer instantly.

"There you are!" he huffed at Kalzar. "I was wondering when--" Brayn spotted the restrained girl in the hired hand's grasp. "A *Twilight* sorceress! What is she doing here?"

Kalzar grinned. "She's here to solve all of our problems."

"*Mph!*"

Minerva was shoved into the room. Sprawling shelves and tables greeted her with the scent of potions and brews. It was clear the sorcerer had spent several decades in service to Galei. With a grunt, she was forced into a chair where Kalzar tied her hands to the backrest.

"*MMMPH!*"

Brayn watched Minerva with cautious eyes. "You do realize how dangerous it is to treat a sorceress this way? Much less a Twilight sorceress. She could turn your mind to soup if she found a chance to speak."

"She packs a bit of a punch, too." Kalzar rubbed his tender abdomen and the massive bruise staining his muscles. "Relax. She's bound, gagged, and has an exhaustion collar on. She's not going anywhere."

Approaching slowly, the old man eyed her up and down. His eyes lingered on her knees. Minerva wished she could right her dress.

"Galei has tried the Twilight sect for a cure already… And I don't see why we would want her help. What's so special about her?"

Kalzar reached around and grabbed the front of Minerva's dress.

"*These*," he grunted.

SHHRRRIP!

"*MPH!!*"

Minerva's eyes bulged when her chest fell exposed to the room. Her bodice hung limp and tattered, doing nothing to conceal her swollen assets from the men's view. She squirmed when Brayn came closer for a better look.

"Impressive. I've seen larger at the brothel, though. How does that help us--"

Kalzar interrupted, "I sure am thirsty…"

A confused expression passed from Brayn. "What in the gods' name are you--"

GUUURGLE

He stopped speaking when Minerva writhed in her chair. A sound of bubbling fluid came from her chest.

"*M-Mmngh…!*"

Clenching her fists and leaning back, Minerva was powerless against the swell of milk. Dairy rushed into her bust to plump her breasts several inches. They perked and firmed into teardrop globes creeping down her torso.

"*Mmmngh!! Nnngh…!*"

The men watched in awe.

GUURRR--SPLRRTCH!!!

"*Nnnngh!!*"

Relief overcame her when pressure forced milk into a showering spray. White fluid pelted the floor and Brayn's boots, leaving him astounded.

An odd blue glow permeated the workshop. From several shelves, artifacts made themselves known by auto-illumination. Minerva recognized them as tools of magic detection; a must-have for any serious practitioner of magic.

"My word…" Brayn whispered upon witnessing her letdown and the artifacts' reactions. He rushed forward and ran a finger along her breast.

"*M-Mmph!*" The stimulation caused Minerva to tremble. She felt her breasts were betraying her. She would have kicked him had the collar not left her empty of spirit.

Brayn licked his finger clean. Desire flashed in his eyes. "There's magic here… Her lactation is brimming with energy!!"

"I know," Kalzar affirmed.

"A gallon of this could… I-It could…" Brayn couldn't voice the possibilities rushing through his head.

"I know," Kalzar agreed again. "She's exactly what we've been looking for." Stepping around her, he groped Minerva's breasts and massaged them like melons.

"*Mngh!!*"

GUUURGLE

Milk rushed at his rough handling. Pinching her nipples closed drove her breasts to engorge until tight and full before he allowed the pressure to release.

"Nnnngh…" Minerva groaned. Glaring at her captures, she desired pain upon them both. Untying her would surely be a mistake costing their lives. Anger filled her as much as milk. Given Galei's kindness, she was at a loss for how such men could be employed at his hand.

Kalzar continued, “She lactates when she hears someone in need of a drink. Can you make her produce it constantly?”

“*MNGH?!*”

“If we get a steady supply, I can sell this for a fortune. We could go anywhere with that kind of money.”

“And finally leave this trash heap…” Brayn nodded. “Mhm… Yes, I have just the thing to kick her into high-gear.”

Minerva watched in horror as he sorted through a chest of items. In time, he brought forth two thick metal bracelets and approached her nipples.

“These are normally worn by a knight to increase his strength for battle, but their amplifying effects should work here just as well.”

“*Mmmgh… M-Mmmngh!*” Minerva whimpered when she felt the bracelets sit around her areolas. Magical heat emanated from them to rile the dragon blood within her bust.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“*MMMNGH?!*”

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

Despite no verbal desire for milk, Minerva’s breasts surged forth with a flood of weight and liquid. The speed was enough to startle Brayn and he stumbled back, leaving the bracelets on her chest.

GUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE

“*MMMMGH!!! M-M-MMMGH!!!*”

Minerva threw her head back. The rising pressure was intense. She felt her skin could hardly keep pace with the quantity of milk flooding her chest.

“What did you do, Brayn?!” Kalzar yelled over the sound of churning dairy. Flesh overflowed the chair in an instant as Minerva’s chest flowed onto the floor.

“*She’s taking to it even better than I expected!!*”

STTTRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“*MMMNGH!!!!!*”

Minerva strained to control herself. Her skin slid across the cold stone floor. She ballooned without end as her nipples grew into the bracelets to wedge them tightly in place.

*GUUUURRRRRR--**SPLRRRRTCH!!!!***

"*NNNGH!!*"

Milk sprayed in a heavy plume. Flesh heaped high into jiggling mounds demanding more space within the workshop.

"*Brayn!*" Kalzar yelled. A wall met with his back when he collided with Minerva's chest.

CRASH!!!!

Her chair shattered beneath her weight.

"*M-Mmmph!! MMMMGH!!!*"

Minerva only wished she could scream and cry out. Held upright by her chest as her feet dragged backward on the floor, she watched her chest rise high overhead. Her constrained nipples felt miles away.

SSPPLLLLRRRRTCH!!!!

There was no end to her milk. Feeling as though the dragon's blood were boiling with rage inside of her at the instigation, she feared imminent property destruction.

CREEEEEAAAAAAAAK!!!

Finally her chest came to a stretching halt. Several feet taller than her and twice as wide, it filled Brayn's shop almost wall to wall. Milk gurgled in anger with her every movement. The bracelets squeezed her nipples like prisons, wedged deep into her pink nozzles to exert their magic.

"Dear gods, Brayn! *You trying to make her explode?!*"

The sorcerer waved Kalzar off. Minerva could hear his robes flourishing as he rushed to her nipples. "She'll be fine! All that lactation is bound to leave her a bit bigger than she was before, but it's nothing she can't empty out."

PAT

PAT

PAT

Echoes bounced through her chest when Brayn bounced his hands against its girth. Rage boiled within Minerva.

"I'm sure this isn't her first time being so big. Besides, what girl wouldn't want a few extra pounds on top, am I right, sorceress??"

Minerva glared over her chest. He would pay dearly for his actions. Brayn and Kalzar. She would see to it if it was the last thing she did. She would have to wait until she could use magic again, however. Concentrating against the immense pressure of several thousand gallons of milk was too much to bear and left her sweating.

Kalzar made for the door. "Find a way to milk her and I'll start talking to my contacts!"

"Oh I'll milk her and *more!*" Brayn chuckled and rubbed a bloated areola. "She's not talking, but I can tell there's more going on here than just some overactive milk glands… And I intend to find out what it is."

GUUURGLE

Lingering swelling stretched Minerva's chest tight. "*M-Mmngh…*" She shook with worry when she was left alone at the sorcerer's hands. Her fate rested completely in Eris's hands.

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

Desperate to find any information about Minerva's whereabouts, Eris and Tria fall for the whispered promises of a local soothsayer, who brings a troubling message from her crystal ball.

"*Minerva!!!*"

Eris raced down the alley. At Tria's direction, she dove around a corner to face the dark back streets of Lhystra. Shadows jumped from every nook and cranny. The scholar wasn't about to let her trepidation stop her, even as the area grew thick with beggars and the less fortunate.

"*Hey! Stop!!*" Eris yelled at an escaping man. Minerva could be seen struggling over his shoulder. It was shocking how fast he could run given his age and load.

Tria flitted ahead in pursuit. "*Come back! She still hasn't given me my--Oof!!*"

An annoyed hand of a passerby swatted Tria from their face. The stricken fairy fell to the ground in a puff of light. Eris caught up in an instant to take her in her hands. Upon standing back up, however, she found no sign of Minerva or her captor among the throngs of people. The alley diverged into a handful of directions.

"Where did they go?! I can't see her!"

They were lost in the crowd. Eris wasn't even certain she could find her own way back to the main road.

"What's he going to do to her?" Tria whispered.

Eris chewed on her lip and stashed the fairy in the front of her dress for safe keeping. "I don't know… But we can't stop looking. Someone has to have seen her."

The two began their search of the alleys. Hours passed of them poking their heads into seedy-looking taverns and black-market dealings. Many passersby were questioned, but none knew or had seen anything helpful. Many recommended the famed brothel when Eris mentioned they were looking for an extremely busty girl.

The sun was setting after a day of fruitless searching. Dismayed, Eris approached a lively tavern. At this point she was grasping for straws. Short of hiring a sorcerer for help, she was out of ideas.

The tavern door opened to a sea of boisterous yells and laughter. Tria shrank into Eris's cleavage and used her breasts to help muffle the noise. "It's so loud in here…"

"Hopefully we won't be long."

All inquiries proved useless. Their future was bleak and unknown. Minerva could have been taken out of Lhystra for all they knew. Eris was stranded with no funds and no transportation. She was aimless without Minerva at her side.

Tria glanced up at her ride. "Now what…?"

"Now…" Eris sighed. "Now we buy a drink and then run before we have to pay."

Approaching the table, Eris ordered a tankard of mead. Despair caused her to lift it clumsily to her mouth and spill several streams down her front.

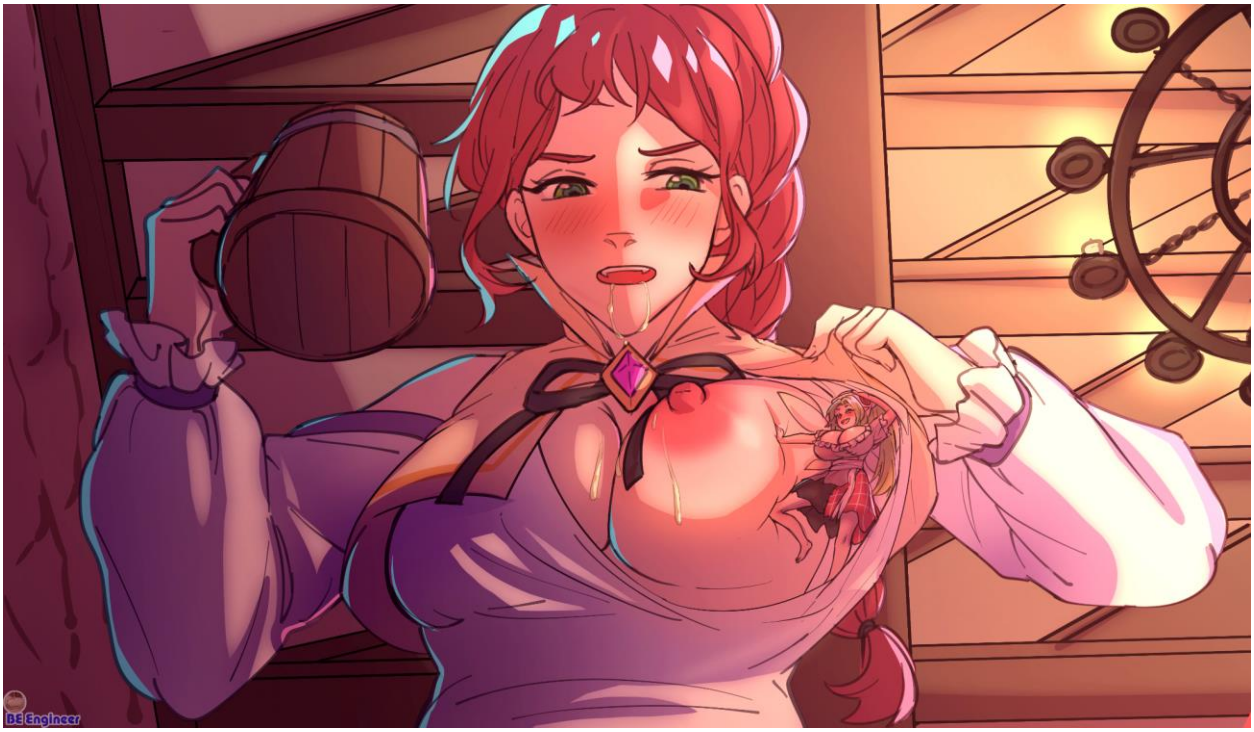
"*Hey!*" Tria shrieked, drenched in Eris's wet cleavage.

"Sorry… I just feel lost. I don't know what to do. How are we supposed to find her?!"

"*Hic!*" The fairy squeaked from her small dose of alcohol. "*I could fly through everyone's houses while they sleep! And look for the scent of her milk!*"

"Maybe… Lhystra is massive, though. We might as well run around screaming about how thirsty we are for milk and hope she blows out someone's wall. That could take weeks before we even--*Cut it out!*"

Tria drunkenly snapped her hand away from Eris's nipple. "Sorry!"



Eris sighed and righted her dress from the fairy's alcoholic playfulness. "Let's get out of here. You can't hold your booze and I don't really feel like drinking." She made for the door before the bartender could notice her leaving.

"Ye lookin' for someone, girl?"

A craggy old voice caught their attention. Eris turned to see a woman at the end of the bar motioning towards them. "Yea, our friend was taken…"

The woman's eyes sparkled. "Madame Shirley can find her! They say no amount of walls can stop her vision!"

"Madame Shirley?"

"A soothsayer! Her shop is in Dremor alley! She'll help you! For a price…"

Eris was cautious but didn't want to discount any assistance. "Where is the alley?"

"South on the main road and left at the butcher's shop!"

"Thank you. We'll go there right now."

They left in a hurry. Under the setting sun, Eris didn't dare waste a minute if the shop were closing soon. There was no telling what may happen to Minerva if she spent the night in someone else's clutches.

"We're going to Madame Shirley's?" Tria hiccuped as cool wind rushed around her face. Eris's cleavage was more than enough to keep her warm.

"We don't have a choice! We've tried everything else, and the city's guard won't give us the time of day."

Following the woman's directions, Eris ran down a lantern-lit street until she found the darkened windows of a butcher's shop. A quick left turn placed her in a street of oddities and strange wares. Down the way she could see a sign reading *Soothsayer: Fortunes and Fates*.

Candles burned in the window but the interior was dark.

Tria nestled deeper into Eris's bust. "Is it closed?"

The scholar tried the handle. A bell chimed when the door swung open.

"Hello…?"

Light was dim and dark tapestries hung from the ceiling. In the center of the room sat a circular table surrounded by drapes. A woman sat at the table gasping for air. A bead of sweat fell from her nose.

"*Oh dammit!*" Eris swore. "*You're just the same woman we saw at the tavern!*" She turned to leave.

"No! Wait!" the woman beckoned.

Eris couldn't believe the woman's trickery. "You just told us to come to your own business!!"

"Yes, I am Madame Shirley! I can help ye!" Still trying to catch her breath, she insisted that Eris stay. "I just needed my crystal ball!"

Uncertain, Eris stared ahead.

"Please, please! Ye and your fairy companion, come sit! Let me find yer missing friend."

"But we have no money…"

"Money is not the only thing of value. Madame Shirley shall tell ye what she desires as payment. Now come."

Eris knew her back was against a wall. If it would help them find Minerva, then it was worth it. She sat at the table and the drapes closed around them, throwing the trio into darkness.

"Now tell Madame Shirley whom ye seek."

"Her name is Minerva. She was taken by some older man. A mercenary, I think."

"Is there anything special about her? Something unique?"

Eris stammered and averted her eyes. "Uhh… Well, she kind of--"

"*SHE MAKES MOUNTAINS OF MILK!!!*"

"Tria, shh!!"

"What??" the fairy shrugged. "She does!"

Eris looked up to meet the soothsayer's eyes. "It's true… She kind of has this problem where she lactates if you say you're thirsty."

"Interesting… But Madame Shirley does not judge! Instead she will ask to see this gift in person."

"Excuse me?"

"I wish to see this girl's bountiful bosom! Breast milk can be quite healthy! Especially for an old woman. That shall be yer payment to me." The woman leaned forward and waggled a bony finger. "And Madame Shirley always gets her payment."

Eris didn't like making a commitment for Minerva, but she saw no other way to continue. "Very well. When we find her, I'll make sure she comes back to show you."

"Wonderful. Now let me gaze into the void."

The old woman placed her hands around a crystal orb. Closing her eyes, she brought a dull glow to the ornament. The room became engulfed with a cloudy darkness. Eris had read about soothsayers, though she'd never experienced one at work. The experience was enough to send a chill down her spine.

"Ahh… Yes…" Madame Shirley cackled. Her eyes glowed a dull silver to match her hair. "There is a prison… I see a horse and a bull. Fountains bound in shackles!"

Eris raised an eyebrow. "Horse and bull…?"

"Are there any cows??" Tria gasped, always thirsty.

"Shh."

Madame Shirley continued and tilted her head back. "A dragon is trapped. She's in need of relief…and pregnant with anger."

Eris frowned. This wasn't leading anywhere useful. "Minerva isn't pregnant. Not that I know of, anyway…"

FWOOSH!

Madame Shirley's eyes widened in surprise and ushered a rush of dense darkness around the table. "*Ye… Ye must not continue this quest!*"

More chills raced down Eris's back as her neck hair stood on end.

"*Return home!! Before ye meet your doom!! This path leads only to yer demise!!*"

Tria shifted in Eris's dress as she leaned into a breast for support. "I don't like this…"

Above them, a clouded vision faded into view. Eris, bloody and limp, lay lifeless in someone's arms.

"*Only death awaits!!*"

The room delved deeper into inky darkness. Eris couldn't take her eyes off the cloudy vision.

"*Doom!!! Doom will come to ye!!!*"

"S-Stop it!!" Eris yelled in horror. She pushed away from the table to send her chair clattering to the floor. Dense clouds grabbed at her as she sought the exit.

"*DEATH LIES AHEAD!!*"

Even as she fell into the street and ran from the soothsayer's shop, Eris could still hear Madame Shirley's voice.

"*Ye must not continue!! Return home, young scholar!! Before it is too late!!!*"

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

Eris retreats with Tria to somewhere private, still desperate to find Minerva while trying to brush off Madame Shirley's prophecy. Determined to seek any way to find her friend, Eris takes up Tria's offer of finding Minerva through her milky scent.

"*Stop!! Stop it!!!*"

Eris fled Madame Shirley's shop into the cover of darkness. The backstreets of Lhystra were populated by few with virtue in their hearts, but the scholar sought only to escape the

soothsayer's fortune of doom. Sweat peppered her skin and her heart raced as she scrambled into an alley for a moment of isolation. The small refuge of stone only seemed to make Madame Shirley's words echo louder in her head.

"*Doom!!! Doom will come to ye!!!*"

"*DEATH LIES AHEAD!!*"

"*Ye must not continue!! Return home, young scholar!! Before it is too late!!!*"

Eris couldn't see straight. Leaning against a brick wall and slumping to the ground, she grasped at her chest. Her heart felt ready to break through her ribs. Soothsayers weren't known for being literal in their prophecies, but they weren't known to be wrong either. Try as she might, Eris couldn't spin her words in any way other than doom.

"*Mph!! HEY!*"

Something squirmed in her cleavage beneath her hand. Jumping out of fear, Eris was surprised to find Tria being crushed between her breasts as she grasped at her sternum.

"Sorry, Tria!!" she said quickly before releasing the fairy.

Tria flew out of Eris's dress in a mad dash for freedom. As startled as Eris, she was trying to come to terms with the situation she found herself in. Getting a belly full of Minerva's milk was proving to be more difficult than she anticipated.

"That was scary…" Tria whispered, hovering in front of Eris.

The redhead couldn't keep her head up. Slumping down and burying her face into her hands, Eris struggled to keep herself from breaking down. "It's hopeless… How are we supposed to find her?? I'm useless without Minerva! *And I'm supposed to be the smart one!*"

Tria fluttered to Eris's head and pulled on her hair. "It's not hopeless! We can find her somehow! Get up!"

The fairy's tiny hands barely tickled Eris's scalp. "We could look for weeks… Lhystra is one of the biggest cities in the region. Minerva could be anywhere."

"The scary lady mentioned a horse and bull!"

Eris waved a hand to shoo Tria away. Her eyes stung too much to look up from her hands. "And what does that get us?"

"I don't know…"

Sighing, Eris looked upward through the alley and into the night sky beyond the surrounding buildings. Being so far from home was cold without her best friend.

"She could be anywhere. I can't leave without her…" Remembering Madame Shirley's warning made her shiver. Eris was unsure if she wanted to continue their quest even if she did find Minerva. Facing Akir's wrath seemed far better than dying, though not by much.

Eris pounded the back of her head against the wall. "Maybe I should just start running through the city while screaming how thirsty I am. Breasts as big as a building are hard to miss, even in Lhystra. I'm sure Minerva would forgive us if we ended up rescuing her from--"

"*Mmgh…*"

Eris paused and stared at the fairy hovering in front of her. Tiny moans slipped from her lips as she squirmed and writhed her limbs. Pinpricks of sweat covered her from head to toe. Eris

blushed as she watched Tria's hands run over her body to grope her generous assets. Her dress slipped down one arm, exposing a breast the size of the end of Eris's thumb. It was hard to believe she was so envious of a fairy's body.

"What's wrong with you?" Eris asked. Feeling awkward, she couldn't look away from what appeared to be a fairy wracked with ecstasy.

Tria's eyes fluttered as she panted, "*Don't you smell it…??*"

Tiny lustful gasps smelled sweet in Eris's nostrils. "Smell what?"

"*Mmngh… Milk…*"

Hope sparked in Eris's chest and she perked up at the news. "Milk?? Like her milk??"

"*I'm not sure… Mmmmmm but there's a lot of human milk nearby!!*"

Tria's mouth watered to the point of running down her chin. She trembled in the air as if about to lose control. It was strange seeing such a small being so overcome with arousal.

"*I can…almost taste it…!*" Tria breathed as her dress slid down to her waist.

Eris snatched her from the air before something could whisk the fairy away. "Well keep your clothes on and lead the way! This might be our only shot!"

The duo began running around the area. Careful to be wary of shadows and those who would mean them harm in the darker part of Lhystra, Eris followed Tria's direction. It was clear by the fairy's squirming when they were headed in the right direction, which was also confirmed by Tria's desperate cries of thirst. Soon, Eris found herself being led into a red-light district. People from all walks of life passed them, both poor to wealthy.

"*I-In there!!*"

Eris looked. Before them stood a brothel. Gold and red glows came from the windows, as did a multitude of sexual noises. Silhouettes of naked figures moved behind drawn curtains, each performing a deed more interesting than the last.

The scholar gulped and felt her heart palpitate. She was yet to be with someone so intimately outside of her teasing shenanigans between Minerva. The building stood over her menacingly, as if threatening to take her innocence. Its sign read *The Busty Wench.*

"I-In there? Are you sure??"

Tria pointed to an open window on the second floor. "*The smell is coming from there!! Milk! Loads of milk!! I'm sure of it!!*"

"I guess it's possible that the guy worked for the brothel and kidnapped Minerva to force her into working here… Hopefully she's not hypnotized or something." Eris shuddered at the thought. "Minerva wouldn't let someone do that to her. She's too good of a sorceress."

Tria hung over Eris's fingers to the point she could feel the fairy's breasts cushioning her body weight. "*Can we go in now?? I'm so thirsty I could die!*"

"Fine, fine, calm down. We need to go slow. If Minerva is working here, they're not going to want to let her leave."

Cautious, Eris opened the door to the establishment. A chorus of pleasure met her in a wave of heat. As loud as it was outside, the brothel's patrons and workers were deafening within their walls.

"Welcome!! You come looking for an experience?"

A tall, older brunette approached Eris. She wore a firm corset to heft her breasts to her armpits. Flowing crimson fabric draped around her in a heavy dress.

"Uhhh…"

Eris was at a loss for words. So much nudity had never assaulted her eyes. Beautiful women of all shapes and sizes, many on the cusp of complete nudity, crossed in front of here as they led various clients to and from their rooms. Not an unsatisfied face was in sight, whether kept at bay by pleasure or pay. The air reeked of sex and oils. Though of age, Eris suddenly felt very childish as she compared herself to the experienced women before her.

The greeter approached her curiously. "Or are you looking for work, perhaps? A poor scholar looking to fund her education?" A hand with painted nails grabbed Eris's collar to lift it away and run a finger down her cleavage. Its tip pressed into her skin, testing her size and springiness.

"*W-What are you*--"

"Not a lot on top to work with…" the woman sighed. Her hand flashed behind Eris to grab a thigh and grope her rear, exploring between her legs.

"*HEY!!!*"

"But certainly a pleasant experience when bent over! I could make use of--"

"*I'm not here for a job!*" Eris backed away and clutched at her body protectively. "We're looking for… Uh…" She blushed, unsure of how to phrase her question. "Do you happen to have…anything…milk-related?"

"Milk, my dear?"

Eris looked at the ground and mumbled, "You know…*breast milk…?*"

The woman smiled. "Looking for a little motherly TLC, are we? No shame in that. We do have one new girl… She's been quite popular. Regular dairy cow, that one!"

"Can we see her??"

Tria almost escaped Eris's clutches. "*PLEASE?!*" Fairy saliva drooled over Eris's hand.

"Of course!" The woman grinned and took Eris's hand. "Now might be the perfect time; last I remember, she was just about full and complaining about the pressure! A pair of lips will do her good!"

They were led into a well-furnished room off to the side of the house. From the several clients being led away by women draped in sheer cloth, Eris assumed it to be a waiting room.

"Wait here while I get her ready," the woman instructed. "And just so we're clear, in addition to our regular fee for an hour, you'll be charged for every ounce of milk. Leaving her empty costs extra."

"Understandable…" Eris nodded. She had no intention of actually using any services. Even if she wanted to, she had no money.

"I'll be right back!" the woman hummed.

Minutes passed on Eris waiting for her turn. Watching the various consorts pass by, she was surprised to find so many women lacking distinguishing curves. Some made her appear

large in comparison. Knowing there were people willing to pay even flat-chested girls for sexual favors gave her an odd sense of confidence. Just as surprising was the number of female clients. Nearly a third of the brothel's business came from the same sex, something which made Eris blush with strange bubbles of confusion and mental images.

"She's ready for you now," a voice said, startling Eris. "Down the hall and behind the blue curtain."

"Thank you!"

Eris rushed down the hall. From everything she'd heard, it could only be Minerva waiting for her. They would only have to find a way to escape without the brothel host finding out.

A thick blue curtain approached. Throwing it aside, Eris dove into a room of dim light and luxurious pillows.

"*Minerva!! We*--"

The sorceress was nowhere to be found. Reclined on her side in bed was a naked woman. Blonde hair tumbled from her head like a golden waterfall. Milk leaked from head-sized breasts like two overflowing dams. Her breasts heaved with dairy, purposefully engorged with fluid to bring them to their utmost fullest. Even at a distance Eris could see her areolas had bloated outward from the pressure inside her milk ducts. A tuft of gold pubic hair sat nestled between her thighs.

"Y-You're not Minerva!!"

The blonde grinned. "Hmm? Minerva…?"

Watching her rise from the bed was like watching a goddess of seduction. Moving with lithe confidence, the blonde rose to a towering height to stand over a foot taller than Eris. She approached, making sure to cause her overloaded breasts to jiggle with every step.

Tria was stupefied with desire. "*She's so full…*"

Eris had to agree. The tall voluptuous blonde was likely the most beautiful woman she'd ever laid eyes on.

"I can be whoever you want me to be…" she breathed, coming within feet of Eris. "A mother…? An intimate friend…? Maybe your personal dairy cow…?" Giggling, she leaned forward with her hands on her knees and let her breasts sway beneath her. "*Mooooo…*"

"W-We're… We're not here for--"

Eris found it difficult to find her voice. Steamy breath wetted her lips while her mouth ran dry at the sight of the woman's leaking breasts.

"I'm Eve." She stood in front of Eris, close enough for their body heat to mingle. "You're on the clock, you know… Don't want to waste any time! Especially when I'm so full of milk… These puppies might pop if someone doesn't milk me soon."

Something wiggled in Eris's hand.

"*Ngh!! Let go!!!*"

Oblivious to anything but Eve, Eris released the fairy. She rocketed to a mammary before hugging it with her full body and filling a mouth with Eve's nipple.

"*Oh!* Your little friend is certainly eager!"

"T-They love milk…" Eris squeaked.

Eve's hand reached out to grasp the knot on Eris's collar. In a smooth motion, she had it undone and fluttering to the ground. Eris felt as though her breasts might pop out of her dress from how deep she was inhaling.

"W-We-- We…"

Hands moved over Eris with expert dexterity. She hardly felt their fingers undoing her clothes, even as her dress fell around her ankles. All she could focus on were the two swollen mammaries wobbling at eye level. She never thought a tall woman could be so intimidatingly attractive.

A hand grasped Eris's lower back and pulled her close. Heat washed over her as she found herself smothered in Eve's breasts.

"Don't be shy!" Eve cooed. "*All this milk belongs to you…*"

She smelled like roses. It was amazing how hot her breasts were, even compared to Minerva's. Feeling a breeze between her bare thighs and Eve's hands caressing her small of her back, Eris slowly raised her arms to wrap around Eve's waist. Soft pubic hair rubbed against her lower stomach. She'd never embraced another woman in such a way, and certainly not one of Eve's stature.

"*MMM!!! MMMMMM!!!! Ish sho good!*"

Tiny suckling noises came from a happy fairy. Looking over, Eris saw Tria's cheeks ballooning with nipple and dairy. Cream ran down her face and her eyes were closed in delight.

Eris became thirsty.

Trembling and forgetting how she'd gotten here, she approached Eve's other nipple.

"Go ahead! Don't be shy…"

It was in her lips before she knew what she was doing. Milk sprayed over her tongue and tickled the back of her throat with surprising pressure. Eve's milk glands must truly have been at their limit.

"There you go…" Eve sighed, squeezing Eris into her chest. Hot flesh bulged over her face, pushing milk into her throat. "*My, you're a hungry one!*"

A hand slid around Eris's hips to her navel. Teasing fingers tickled her thighs as they traveled to her nethers.

"*M-Mmm!*" Eris whimpered when a finger spread her lips. The sensation was foreign and exhilarating.

"Nice and easy…" Eve soothed.

Two fingers slid inside, hooking into Eris to massage her tight walls.

"*M-MMGH!*" She nearly gagged on milk but refused to let such a treasure go to waste.

Eve moaned at the girl's body. "You're so wet…! We can't have you leaving a puddle on the floor…"

The mattress was under her back before Eris knew what was happening. Naked and fully given to the milky seductress, she watched as Eve climbed on top of her. She felt like a doll compared to the woman straddling her hips.

Pinching a nipple to spray Eris's body with milk, Eve bit her lip and asked, "Still hungry?"

Eris nodded desperately.

Two plump breasts fell to her face. Hanging on for dear life, Tria continued chugging dairy even as Eris grabbed both sides of Eve's chest and let them consume her head. Milk ran over her cheeks and eyes, making Eve's mounds glide effortlessly. Finding a nipple was like returning to a hot bath.

"*Oh yes!! Take as much as you want!*" Eve begged. "*I'm so full!! I'd never been so engorged!! I thought I might be stuck on my back if someone as thirsty as you didn't come along!*" Her hand returned to Eris's pussy. Her thighs spread without conflict, inviting Eve's stimulation. The scholar had never felt herself so plump.

Gulping ounce after ounce, Eris closed her eyes and allowed her body to do as it pleased. Being ravished by Eve's fingers sent electricity through her body the likes of which Eris had never known. Of course she'd read about such experiences and knew the workings of the human body from her studies, but never had she experienced it firsthand. It felt as though her body were welling with pressure and heat.

"*Nnnngh!!*" Eris groaned, tightening her thighs around Eve's hand.

"A sensitive one… *I like that*."

Sleepy eyes opened to see Eve looking down at Eris through her cleavage. Veins crossed over the bloated breasts as they struggled to contain her milk and arousal. Eris couldn't get enough. Squeezing Eve's thigh, she began returning the woman's fingering favor.

"*Oh! Adventurous too!*"

Eve positioned her hips forward to give Eris full access.

"*Mmmm… Mmmmmmm!*" Eris whimpered. Her stomach felt full and heavy. Her loins ached and begged for relief. Eve's fingers knew no mercy.

"Someone is getting close… *You're trembling.*"

"*M-Mmm…*"

The nipple pulled away from her lips when Eve rose to sit on Eris's hips. Tria swayed from a breast, unwilling to release.

Eris felt like food had been taken from her mouth. "*Wait! I-I wasn't done!*"

"Might do you some good to come up for air!" Eve laughed. "Don't worry, I'm not done with you."

"*But I want more mil--*"

Eve lowered herself to Eris's bust. Small and perky, it barely filled her palms as she urged Eris's nipples to full hardness. Watching the blonde's tongue fall to her tiny pink nubs sent Eris into a frenzy.

"*MMMGH!!! T-They tingle!!*"

She convulsed with extreme arousal at Eve's suction. The sensation was divine, pulling her areolas full and plump between the woman's lips. Fearing she might fall out of bed, Eris wrapped her legs around Eve's waist and locked herself in place.

"*Wait…*" Eris squeaked. "*We… W-We came here to… W-We need…*"

Nothing had ever done such magic to her breasts. Given her tiny size, she could only imagine what Minerva must experience to have herself suckled.

"Just relax…" Eve nibbled on her nipple. "*I know what you need.*"

Eve slid between Eris's legs. Her heavy breasts brushed over the scholar's navel before she felt Eve's hot breath fall upon her crotch.

"*Wait!! W-Wait!! What are you doing?? That's my--AAUUGGHH GODDESS!!!!*"

Eris's mind exploded with color. Tensing every muscle, her thighs clamped around Eve's head.

"*Ahh!! What are you doing to me?!*"

Eve didn't reply. Her tongue only flailed and caressed Eris's dripping lips. Spikes of pleasure shot through her mercilessly. Something within her core felt ready to erupt.

"*AHH!! EVE!!!*"

Clamping her hands to her breasts, Eris groped and squeezed whatever curves of hers she could get her hands on. Her skin was alive and her mind rang with phantom noises. Her hips started to buck and her stomach trembled. A tornado felt like it had found its way into her crotch.

"*What are you doing?? What are you doing to meeee?? Oh goddess!!! GODDESS!!!*"

"*Mwahh!!*"

Tria released herself from her nipple. The sounds of desperate screams proved too enticing to leave unchecked. Flying to the bed, she paused to take in the sight. Sprawled on her back and squirming as if under a spell, Eris grabbed madly at her body while Eve ravaged her loins.

"Wow…"

"*I'm… I-I'm gonna… Something feels like it's going to happen!!! I don't know what it is!!!*" Eris arched her back and clawed at the sheets. "*I feel like I'm going to EXPLODE!! Aahhh!!! AAAHHHH!!! MMMNGGAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!!*"

Her scream echoed through the brothel. Paralyzed in place, Eris found herself unable to breathe for half a minute as her body shut down.

The world had a different hue when she collapsed into a panting heap. Struggling to catch her breath, she ran her hands over her torso. She was sweaty and slick and reeked much the same as the rest of the brothel. Weakness left her unable to move as Eve climbed onto the bed and cradled her in her arms, laying Eris's head in her lap.

Full breasts hung in her face. Knowing the milk would help her recover, Eris latched onto a nipple out of instinct and closed her eyes. Tria joined her with a replenished thirst.

Eve smiled and ran a hand over Eris's red hair. "Have all you want… After that little display, you need every drop you can get!"

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

Eris awoke lying on the bed. There were no thighs cradling her head, nor warm milk filling her cheeks. The air was chillier than she recalled and her body felt sticky.

"You're up! I hope you've recovered…" Eve grinned from across the bed. She lay on her back, unabashedly nude.

"What happened…?" Looking down, Eris was startled to find herself in such a state. Quickly she closed her legs only to find her pussy sore. Everything tasted salty. "*What happened??*"

Eve chuckled at her innocence. "That was your first time, huh? It's always easy to tell… You sucked me dry!" Her chest jiggled on top of her as she laughed. Looking down, she motioned to Tria sleeping peacefully on a breast. "I'd heard that fairies were milk-crazy, but not to this extent! I thought this little one was going to drown herself before she passed out!"

Eris stared in shock. Tria's clothes were nowhere to be seen. Naked and exhausted, she reclined over a breast with a bloated belly distending above her hips as if pregnant. A satisfied smile decorated her pleased face.

"Cute little thing…" Eve giggled.

Eris jumped from the bed suddenly. Their goal came rushing back. "I shouldn't be here!! We were looking for my friend!! She was kidnapped!! She lactates a lot too! When we heard about you, we thought maybe--"

"Ohhh, you thought the brothel's new milky attraction might be your friend…" Eve frowned. "Guess I was a little too forward, huh?"

Eris didn't have time to converse. Their lead had only wasted time. Scrambling to collect her clothes, she yelled, "Tria!! Tria, wake up!! We have to go!!"

"*Mng… Huh…*?" the fairy groaned. The world swayed as the mammary bed wobbled beneath her. She rolled onto the bed before allowing her struggling wings to carry her milk-laden form over to Eris.

"How long was I asleep??"

Eve picked at a fingernail. "Not long… Our time is just about up."

"*An hour?!*"

Eve stood from the bed and wrapped a thin robe around herself. Her breasts were noticeably smaller, no doubt from the quantity of milk Eris had consumed.

"I… I-I'm sorry… I can't pay for this…" Eris confessed.

"Excuse me?"

"I didn't even come here for what we did!! I came here to find my friend!! You were all over me before I--"

Eve's change in attitude was chilling. "Oh you're gonna pay. You got your pleasure, your hour, and *all* of my milk. The milk you drank alone is going to run you three gold pieces on top of your hour. You're lucky I don't count your little friend as a second participant."

Eris's jaw fell open. "*THREE GOLD?! Are you insane?! I can BUY milk for a copper!!*"

"Yes, but mine is *warm*."

Gulping, Eris had to agree. Grabbing her clothes, she hurriedly said, "I'm sorry!! This wasn't supposed to happen!!" She rushed for the door, not bothering to dress.

"*Marci!!*" Eve yelled.

The older woman from downstairs blocked Eris's path. Her smile was gone. "Is there a problem here?"

"They can't pay."

Looking Eve over, she could tell no milk remained within her breasts. She addressed Eris with a menacing glare. "You're paying for every drop." A hand like lightning snatched Eris's clothes from her hands, leaving her exposed in her shame. "One way or another…"

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

Panicked, Eris uses what little magic she has for them to escape out the brothel into the night, back on the trail of Minerva.

Eris's eyes darted around the brothel in fear. "*I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to actually do anything with her! She came at me and--*"

The brothel-keeper bore down on the frightened scholar and tore her bundle of clothes from Eris's hands. Leading her into the hall, Marci paraded Eris before all who were gathering for the commotion. Aroused men inspected her naked body with interest.

"You're going to work off every copper you owe!" the keeper hissed.

She struggled and tried to cover herself as best she could. "Wait!! Wait!! I can help Eve!!"

Marci's pushing came to a stop halfway down the hall. Curious, she stood in front of Eris and asked, "What do you mean…?"

Fear for her freedom clutched at Eris's chest. Gulping and looking back in Eve's room, she watched the lactating prostitute inspect herself proudly in a mirror. "She's popular, r-right?"

Marci nodded. “Men are thirstier than they’re willing to admit. I can barely keep milk in her some nights.”

“I-I can make her bigger.”

Narrowed eyes drilled into Eris’s soul. Pushing her against the wall, Marci raised an eyebrow. “I’m listening…”

“Her chest! I can make it *OVERFLOW* with milk!! She’ll have the biggest udders in town!! She’ll be able to feed even your hungriest customer!”

Eris prayed the brothel-keeper would take the bait. She didn’t feel she had enough hands to cover her bare body well enough from prying eyes as they stood in the cold hall.

“Hmmm… Make my bustiest girl even bustier? Something like that would bring in a lot of money…” Marci pondered the offer before snickering and shoving the pile of clothes into Eris’s chest.

“*Oof!*”

“You have a deal. If you can do what you say, then we’re square. But I want her *overflowing*, got it? If I can’t claim to have the biggest pair of breasts in town, then you’re spending the night servicing your own room.”

“T-Thank you!! You won’t regre--”

“You have ten minutes.”

Eris dropped her clothes in panic. “W…What? *Ten minutes??*”

“Ten minutes,” Marci pointed to several staring men, “before I toss you to the wolves.”

There wasn’t a moment to lose. Gathering her clothes, Eris rushed back to Eve’s room. The blonde was waiting on the bed, reclining on her elbows. A smirk crossed her face with a chuckle. “Gonna make me even bigger, huh? That’s a new one. Never heard a promise like that before! And I’ve heard *a lot* of excuses to get out of paying.”

Laughing enough to make her head-sized breasts wobble, she grabbed a mound and massaged.

“Do you know how long it took me to make myself this big? All the daily massages and self-suckling and oils? *Years*.” Eve sighed. “I’m willing to try anything once, though! A few more cups certainly wouldn’t hurt.”

Eris trembled and tried to fight the rising panic. “Y-You’ll never run dry by the time I’m done with you! Just…uh…one moment, please.” A quick hand grabbed the confused fairy from Eve’s bed, still drunk with her belly full of milk.

“Take your time!” Eve hummed, stimulating her breasts to encourage milk for her next customer.

Eris hunched in a corner. “*Tria! Tria!!*”

“*Mngh…*”

“*Wake up!*” Desperate, Eris poked the fairy’s distended belly.

Tria rolled over, rubbing her gut. “*Nnngh… So much milk…*”

“We’re in trouble!!”

A pair of sleepy eyes opened. “Well what do you want me to do about it?”

"See that woman?" Eris pointed to Eve and Tria nodded. "I need you to make her chest grow. We need to make her *big*. Like the other fairies did to me in the forest."

The request sobered Tria within seconds. "I-I-I can't do magic!! I told you that!!"

"You have to!! Even just a few inches!! I-If you don't…"

"Why do I have to? It's not like I sucked her dry!"

"You helped!!"

Tria sat up and cradled her stomach. "Sure, let's compare the thimble of milk I drank to your *gallon*."

"Tria, you have to!!"

Nervous, the fairy shook her head. "But I've always been terrible at magic!!"

"Doesn't milk make fairies more powerful?? You should be able to do *something* after drinking so much!!"

Tria looked terrified in Eris's hands. "M-M-Maybe a little… But no one ever taught me!"

"Tria… If you don't do this, they're going to lock me away and *you'll never get any of Minerva's milk.*"

Color drained from Tria's face. "A-Alright." Glancing at Eve, she asked, "How big exactly…?"

"*Huge*. Double her size if you can."

"O…Ok… Take me over there…"

Eris transported Tria. Together they stood in front of the woman they'd sucked dry.

Eve leaned back and presented her chest with a grin. "So…what? Got some kind of advanced enlargement spell? I didn't take you for the sorcering type."

"Not exactly…" Eris held Tria forward.

Eve's smile faded. "Oh, her… She doesn't look like much."

Feigning confidence and hoping it would bring about a miracle, Eris taunted, "We'll see if you're still saying that when you're pinned on your back."

Eris addressed Tria with a whisper. She was certain she could feel the fairy's tiny heart racing in time with her own. "Ok, Tria… Just make her grow."

"Mhm."

Heavy with dairy, Tria alighted from Eris's hands to hover in front of Eve.

"Give me what ya got, little sprite!" Eve thrust her bust toward the fairy. "I wanna produce enough milk to make a cow jealous!"

Unsure of how to call forth her magic, Tria closed her eyes and held her hands aloft as she'd seen other fairies do from time to time.

"*Nngh…!*"

"Come on, Tria…" Eris prayed.

"*N-Nnngh!!!*"

The fairy's body trembled and her hands clenched into fists.

"*NNGH!!!!*"

Eve frowned. "Uhhh… Is she going to hurt herself?"

"S-She's fine! She's just warming up!"

Tria's breath came out in tiny gasps of exhaustion. "*I… I-I can't!! I--*"

"*OH!!*"

Their eyes shot to Eve's front when her nipples hardened into proud nubs. When no other developments occurred, however, Eris's hopes faded.

Eve sighed and rubbed a nipple with her hand. "Yea, this isn't going to happen. Listen, kid, it's not so bad working here. You'll see some of the best cocks in your--*MGH!!!!!*"

A dull glow enveloped the prostitute's mammaries. Pulsating with more power, Tria brought forth her magic as sweat dripped from her feet to the ground below. She panted with effort.

"Tria!! Tria, you're doing it!!" Eris cheered.

Eve squirmed and groped herself. "*Mmmgh!!! I feel…strange!! Like something is pumping milk into my chest!*"

SSTRRTCH

Eve's hands clenched and sank into her mammaries in disbelief. "*Oh my god!!*"

"*Nngh!!*"

The glow intensified. Eris's eyes widened as Eve's breasts swelled into her grasp. Several inches of flesh and milk stretched them to nearly double their natural size within seconds.

SPLRTCH!!

Milk came forth in a small fountain and hope soared in Eris's chest. If this worked, she was determined to be Tria's next subject.

"*Look at these milky mounds!!*" Eve gasped. "*They're really filling up!! Mmm they feel so fuuuuull… I love when I'm over-engorged with milk…*"

"*Nngh!! N…Nngh…*" Tria swooned in the air. Seeing her wings droop, Eris caught her companion.

"You did it! Look, Tria!!"

Weary eyes watched Eve's chest swell inches at a time as her bust extended to her belly button. "*Hah… I… I-I did…?*"

"You did!!"

SSTRRRRTCH!

"*I've got some mammoth mammaries!!*" Eve hollered with delight. "*I'm enormous!! It feels…mmmmmgh… It feels so…good… Like I can feel them…growing…and stretching…*"

Flesh filled her arms as if she were hugging two massive balls of dough. Deep within, reservoirs of milk beat against her skin.

GUUUUUURGLE

"Goddess… Look at her…" Eris awed as Eve's torso came to be dominated by the sloshing masses. Their growth accelerated.

"*N-Nngh… Ah!! O-Oh my…*" Eve struggled for breath and adjusted herself nervously on the bed. "They're…They're getting kind of full, aren't they?"

SPLRRRTCH!!

Eve's eyes grew wide with concern when cleavage swelled into her chin. "*NNGH!!! O-Ok, ok! I think that's enough milk!! I'm starting to feel a little too bloated!!*"

Taking a step back as Eve struggled to stay upright, Eris warned, "Tria! That's big enough!"

Tria cocked her head. "Huh?"

SLOOOSH!!!

"*Mmnngh!!!*" Eve collapsed onto the bed under two piles of heaving flesh extending from her shoulders to hips. "*W-What did you do to me?! Make them stop!! I still need to be able to walk!!*"

SSSTRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"*Nnnnngh!!!*" Her hands beat against an encroaching wall of glowing flesh. "*They're big enough!!!*"

SPLRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRRTCH!!!

Angry streams of milk shot from apple-sized nipples, startling Eris.

"Tria!! Make her stop growing!!!

"I-I don't know how!! I don't even know how I made her start growing in the first place!!"

SLOOOOOSH!!!!

"*YOU!!*"

Eris looked up to see a seething blonde struggling to roll over onto her chest. Lying on top of breasts doubling her body weight, Eve tried grabbing for the scholar. "*Stop this milk!!!!! I didn't want them this big!!!!*"

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*A-Ah!!! OH GOD!!!*" Eve tensed as her growth accelerated. Flesh consumed the bed within seconds. Rage-filled eyes tried to burn a hole into Eris's core. "*When I get free, you better hope that*--"

CRREEEAAAAAAA--***CRASH!!!!***

"*AAHHHMM!!!!*"

The bed collapsed under her enormous mass. Bloated cleavage lifted her legs overhead. Panicking, she struggled until her chest rolled back to pin her high against the wall. Angry, milk-filled nipples stared at Eris from their cart-sized mounds.

"O-Oh no…" she whispered, stepping back into a wall.

"*Aaahhh make them stop!! This is too big!!! T-This is…too much milk!!! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WORK LIKE THIS?!*"

SPLLRRRRRRTCH!!!!!

"*Ahh!!*" Eris screamed when two jet streams of dairy tore into the wall on either side of her. The pressure within Eve's chest was reaching dangerous levels as her bosom crept across the floor. The room suddenly felt very small as Eris heard the prostitute stretching.

"*Nnngh!!! NNNGH!!! Too much milk!!! Make them stop!!! You said a few cups of growth!!!*" Eve screamed as her breasts pushed her against the ceiling. "*You didn't say you would make me so big that*--"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"*MMMMGH!!!!!!*"

She was cut off by an orgasmic tremor as an enormous load of milk settled within her chest, pushing her larger by several meters. Skin rubbed against Eris's knees. The growth was becoming too fast to keep up with.

"Dear goddess…" Eris whispered. "Tria, what did you do…?"

"D-D-Did I do bad?"

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"*MMMNGH!!!! H-HOW MUCH BIGGER CAN I GET?!*"

Milk flooded the room in swaths of cream. It was no secret to Eris that their time in the brothel had reached its end. It came to a head when the curtain flung open and Marci stepped inside.

"Alright, my dear; you're out of time. Luckily I've got an eager guard downstairs who practically drooled when I described our new red-headed--"

Marci froze in confusion when she saw the room filled wall-to-wall with her best girl's breasts.

"*Marci!! MARCIIII!!! They're not stopping!!!*" Eve screamed.

The brothel manager turned on Eris. "*What did you do to her?!*"

Curious girls were starting to flock toward the noise and strange glow emanating from Eve's room. Their cries soon came to fill the brothel.

"*Eve!!! What's happened to you?!*"

"*Ha!!! I told you that would happen if you kept letting them get too full!!*"

"*Goddess!! Is she going to explode?!*"

CCRREEEAAAAAAAK!!

Flesh and building groaned in unison as cleavage reached the ceiling. Walls cracked against Eve's bust as she approached the point of filling her space.

"*Mmph!! MMPGH!!*" Eve screamed into her chest, smothered between it and the ceiling.

"I-I'm sorry!! I'm so sorry!!" Eris pleaded while grabbing her clothes. An open window was her only chance for escape, and milk-filled skin was threatening to block it off.

"*GET BACK HERE!!*" Marci shrieked, jumping over a bed-sized areola to grab for Eris.

"Tria we have to go!!!"

Dodging the woman, Eris crawled between a breast and the wall. There was no space left to walk as Eve's chest began to rise higher. Milk churned against Eris's feet as she scrambled.

"*G-Get back here!!! GET BACK HERE THIS INSTANT!!!*" Marci demanded.

Daring to glance back, Eris saw the brothel manager caught between the wall and a gushing nipple. Milk ran over her face as Eve's chest struggled to contain its incredible load.

CREEEEAAAAAAAK!!!

CRASH!!

The building trembled as Eris reached the window. A wall had just blown out on the other side of the jiggling mounds.

"I-I can try and make them stop growing!" Tria offered.

Eris stared at the darkening room as candles were snuffed and the monumental pair of breasts filled the space. Flesh grabbed at her legs and forced her to climb through the window. "*I don't think we have time to try!*"

"*MMMPH!!! MMMMMMPPPPGGGHHHH!!!!!!*"

"*YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS, YOU MISERABLE WELP!!*" Marci screamed before being consumed.

CRREEEEEEEEEAAAAAAKKK!!!!

The brothel groaned as Eris scrambled onto a small ledge. Naked and finding little footing, she quickly lost balance and fell onto a merchant's cart below.

"*AHH--OOF!!!*"

"*What in the--*"

A tarp billowed around her but she wasted no time as the sounds of chaos reached her ears. Sprinting from the cart with Tria and clothes in tow, she raced for a dark alley away from the looming disaster. A crowd of people formed a mob in the street, gathered by Eve's cries.

Throngs of naked women and men poured from the brothel as walls came down within. Eve's breasts were growing meters every second and would not be contained.

"*Hurry!! Hurry!*" Eris pushed herself before diving into an alley.

The shadows consumed her in time for her to hide and stare wide-eyed at what she'd caused.

CRREEEEAAAAAAA--CRSH!!!!

The brothel's second floor collapsed with a city-shivering weight. Flesh bulged from broken windows and gaping holes in the remaining walls. A nipple as big as a door bulged from the brothel's front. Milk flooded the streets, mercilessly flowing from Eve's over-engorged chest. From the broken roof came the rising curves of cleavage and a nipple forced upward by the confined expansion. Threatening to bring the entire structure down, Eve's chest came to a halt as Tria's magic finally faded. Enraged screams came from within, no doubt from Marci and her employee.

Eris gulped. "Goddess, Tria… I'm glad I didn't make you try that on me…"

"I'm sorry… I just thought about how much I wanted Minerva's milk… I couldn't help it…"

Gathering her clothes, Eris began dressing to make their escape. The sooner they could flee the scene, the better.

"We have to leave. Those women know my face. If they get free, they'll--"

She froze and dropped her skirt.

"What's wrong??" Tria flitted.

"The horse and bull…"

Staring ahead, Eris watched two guards approach the brothel. A family crest featuring a horse and bull decorated their backs.

"Oi, what happened here??" one asked upon seeing the destruction.

The other spat at the sight of the unbelievable breasts. "Damn performance artists. Ruining everything again. Come on, I know another brothel. We can hit it on the way back to the manor."

The guard grumbled. "They better have a busty milkmaid."

They went on their way, in search of nightly entertainment. Neither was the wiser of a lone scholar stalking them from the alleys as she struggled to dress and keep pace.

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

Minerva is put to the test as Brayn delves into the secrets of her milk.

"*Nnngh… Oh, goddess… What are you doing to me…?*"

Minerva's moans drifted through Brayn's workshop. Outside the sun had set and darkness enveloped Lhystra. From Lord Galei's manor, the city below was visible only by flickering street torches and candle reflections in windows.

GUUUUURGLE

"*Nngh!*"

A surge of milk caused Minerva to tense as pressure pushed against her skin. The air at the top of Brayn's shop was cold from wayward breezes entering through open windows. Blowing over her suspended chest only enhanced her already skyrocketing sensitivity.

"Easy, my dear…" the sorcerer said from far below.

BOOSH BOOSH BOOSH

An open palm firmly patted her breast, sending rippling echoes through the tank-like mammary.

Minerva tugged at her bonds but found them no looser than the last time. Weak and exhausted, she had no way to fight his power. A gag kept her from using magic, and Kalzar's choker restrained her energy to the point of delirium.

GUUUUUURGLE

Milk announced itself once again, much to Brayn's delight. The sorceress had never been so big, nor did she think such a size was possible for her chest. Magical rope held Minerva's chest suspended in midair, as if she were a milk-filled blimp. She lay stranded on top of her assets with no hope for escape. Firm flesh extended in all directions, giving her the sensation of lying on top of a pale mountain. Her own cleavage had shifted enough to embrace her in engulfing warmth and restraining her movements even more. Her back would press into the ceiling if she filled much more.

GUUUUUURGLE

"*MMGH!*" She squeaked at the volume of her churning mammaries.

The cold stone walls rubbed against her breasts. Realizing she'd become engorged enough to fill the large workshop wall-to-wall made Minerva nervous. The enhancement rings clamped around her nipples felt tighter by the second as they pushed her milk to the limit. Their hard circular forms sank deep into her swollen pink areolas and restricted her flow.

"My, they sure are getting loud, aren't they?" Brayn observed from beneath her breasts. They rubbed against the top of his head and commanded the majority of his workshop's space. Taking a clay jug, he positioned it under one of Minerva's tree trunk-like nipples and began massaging its sides with both hands. Puffing angrily, Minerva's nipple swelled to nearly twice its size before releasing a jet of dairy.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"*MMMGH!! M-MMGH!*"

Milk overflowed the container within seconds and Brayn ceased his stimulation. The jug was set aside with rows of others filled in the same way. Much of the floor had been taken over by stores of Minerva's milk, enough to flood the room to Brayn's ankles if they were to spill. She felt like an abused dairy cow.

He stared into the rippling cream with wide eyes. Its scent made him tingle. “I’m simply amazed at the properties of your milk… It’s like it’s magic, yet not magic at the same time! As if it’s *housing* a magical being, or acting as a conduit…”

FWWSH!

A light flashed below Minerva’s chest to make her eyes widen in fear. “*Mmph?!*”

“Nothing to worry about, my dear! I’m simply encouraging a little more production.”

The pressure struck her seconds later when Brayn’s magic took effect with spreading warmth.

GUUUUUURGLE

“*Nnngh!! Mmmpph!!*”

Skin stretched to contain her swelling load. Squirming on top, Minerva’s heart raced. Her mind couldn’t comprehend how large she felt, nor the extreme reservoir of milk contained within her bust.

Another gentle pat echoed through her chest when Brayn admired his handiwork. “Simply incredible. To think you can grow to such a size and still--”

KNOCK

KNOCK

Minerva's eyes sprang open. There was someone at the workshop door. She could hear it crack open moments later, though hearing the conversation was difficult over the sound of her milk.

"Ah, Lord Galei. It is very late… What can I do for you?" Brayn greeted.

"Well, I was hoping to see what progress has been made in finding a cure for--"

"*MMMPH!! MMMMPH!!!*" It was the manor's owner. Remembering him to be a kind man from the few moments they shared, Minerva tried to get his attention.

Galei's expression changed to concern at the muffled screams. He tried to peer into Brayn's dark shop, though the barely open door wouldn't allow it. "Is something wrong? May I see her?"

"*MMPH!!!*"

Brayn held the door firm with his foot and blocked any view inside. "I'm sorry, my lord, but I cannot--"

"She is alright, isn't she?" Lord Galei looked on with concern. "I hope I'm not inconveniencing her… This is quite the favor I'm asking of a stranger…" He blushed. "She doesn't mind donating some of her…uh…talent?"

"*MMPH!!*"

Brayn waved his hands. "No, no no no! Not at *all*, my lord! In fact, she was elated to help!"

"*MMMPH!!!!*"

Galei frowned. "She sounds quite--"

"It is just an arduous task, I'm finding out. I'm doing what I can to help her lactate enough for your wife's needs, but producing such a healing rich cream is very strenuous on the poor girl."

He pondered the words and chewed on his lip. "Perhaps I should come in and check on her. I feel awful for leaving her so soon when she arrived. If I could just--"

THUD!

Brayn stopped the door from opening with a firm palm. "I'm afraid I can't let you, my lord."

"*MMMMPH!!!!*"

The sorcerer continued speaking over Minerva's helpless pleadings. "She is very shy about the whole process, as I'm sure you can understand…" Brayn lowered his voice to a whisper. "It was necessary that she remove all her clothes, lest she soak them through. The poor girl is so wet and swollen, having another man's gaze would only complicate things. I must insist on her privacy."

Although put off by Brayn's demeanor, Galei didn't want to argue. "Well… Alright… Do let me know if I can help at all, will you? I want to make her as comfortable as possible. She is doing me a tremendous deed."

"*MMMPH!!! **MMMPH!!!***"

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

Startled by a deep churning, Galei's eyes widened. "What was that??"

"J-Just the sound of magic and milk finally arriving at her nipples!" Brayn began pushing the door closed. "She's nearly ready to letdown! I must hurry to contain it! My apologies, my lord!"

"But it sounded like--"

SLAM!

The door was forced closed on Galei's face, leaving Minerva alone with Brayn once more.

"*Mmgh… Mmmph…*" she wheezed against her gag. Sweat poured from her body to make her cleavage gleam with a slick layer.

"What a nosey fool. Ten years I've been trapped in his service. *Ten years!!*" Frustrated, he leaned against a suspended breast and sighed. "You have no idea what agony like this feels like…"

"*NNGH?!?!*"

Anger flashed in Minerva and she tried once more to break her bonds. They held firm, but this didn't stop her from imagining what she would do when they finally broke. She couldn't wait to show Brayn the wrath an enraged dawn sorceress could bring.

KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK

A rhythmic tapping came from the door. Minerva tried screaming once more thinking Galei had returned, but felt her hopes die upon hearing Kalzar's voice.

"How is she coming?" Kalzar asked in a hushed tone outside the door. "I can't hold Galei off much longer."

"I noticed. He was just here. It was all I could do to keep him from barging in. Hurry, come inside before someone walks by."

Heavy footsteps entered the room and the door clicked closed.

"*How big do you plan on making her?!*" Kalzar gasped upon seeing the breasts filling the tower. He was to duck to avoid running into their stretching underbellies.

"Yes, she's quite fruitful, isn't she?? With the milk I've gleaned from her bosom, the possibilities for our future are endless! Come, come!! Look at this!!"

Minerva felt strong hands push into her breasts as Kalzar walked under her and followed Brayn. Their footsteps stopped along a wall.

"After milking a jug's worth of milk, I reduced it down to this single vial," Brayn announced upon handing the thumb-sized container to his accomplice.

"All this from a single jar, huh… It looks thick." Kalzar lifted it to his mouth.

"Not to drink, you idiot!" He snatched the vial away. "The sheer sugar content alone would leave you toothless by tomorrow morning. Among other fates…"

Annoyed, Kalzar grumbled, "Then what good is it?"

"Just watch."

There was shuffling as Minerva tried to observe what was happening, but could see nothing over the curve of her chest.

Brayn removed another boiling vial from a flame. Inside sloshed a small amount of melted gold. He poured it into the milk vial, causing it to froth and boil.

FSSSSSSS

Within seconds, the white color dulled to a brown before brightening into a shiny metallic gold. Bubbles ceased and the contents stopped flowing.

Kalzar blinked. “Did that just--”

CRASH!

Brayn smashed the vial on the table. The glass shattered to leave a piece of metal shaped to the container.

“It’s solid gold,” Brayn assured.

Turning around, Kalzar stared at the dozens upon dozens of large jars filling the floor space. His gaze lifted to the breasts looming above like the bulging eyes of a god. Placing his hands on them, he pressed firmly to feel the pressure of the milk Minerva was forced to hold. Her skin pulsed like a drum against his palm.

“*M-Mmph!!*”

“To think this girl’s udders contained such a power…” he marveled.

“It’s incredible!! Her milk is brimming with some form of exotic emulation magic. I’ve never seen anything like it outside of dragon blood! The limits of her discharge are quite literally non-existent. I have already reduced enough milk for over a dozen concentrated vials! Those alone are enough to make us *kings!*”

SSSTRRRRRTCH

Minerva clenched her hands when she engorged tighter. The walls squeezed her sides, compressing her milk and stretching her breasts down. “*NNNNGH!!!!*”

“*There is no limit to her!*” Brayn yelled with joy.

Backing up, Kalzar felt nervous being so close to such heaving globes capable of destroying a small house. “Are you sure about that? She looks pretty full.”

“Yes yes, she’s fine. I believe the milk provides extra elasticity to her skin. She may tighten and stretch, but I don’t *believe* there is a limit to her capacity.”

To prove his point, Brayn slammed his fist against her chest several times.

BOOSH BOOSH BOOSH!!

Minerva tensed at the milk-churning vibrations. Such stimulation pumped her nipples far too large. “*NNGH!! M-M-MMPGH!!!!*”

Kalzar shook his head. “Well, if it’s all the same to you, I don’t think I want to be anywhere nearby if those things go off. Or she falls.”

“Suit yourself!” Brayn returned to his milking and fetched an empty vessel before massaging a throbbing nipple.

FWWWSSH!!

"*NNGH!!!!*" Despite Brayn's confidence in her breasts, Minerva certainly felt ready to blow.

"Kalzar," Brayn asked as he approached the door.

"Hm?"

"Begin preparations for our departure. We'll need someone who can transport a large amount of liquid."

"Aye."

GUUUUUUURGLE!!

"*M-Mmgh!! MMGH!!!*"

A thunderous churning made Kalzar look back before leaving. It sounded closer to an angry dragon's growl than swirling milk. Staring at the bloating mammaries, he warned, "Careful you don't go too big. Pair of udders like that will crush ya flat."

Brayn chuckled and positioned another vessel. "I assure you my magic has a firm hold on her weight. Now go," he said while massaging a nipple.

FWWWWWSH!!

"*MMGH!!!!*"

Milk overflowed the jar with a splash and he licked his lips with a grin. Eager to continue his experiments, he eyes several long, phallic-shaped objects on a table. "*We still have much to explore.*"

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

Brayn's experimenting intensifies, forcing Minerva to swell to the limits of the room. Cracks appear on the walls and rings, breaking them and causing a massive flood of milk. Eris and Tria use the scent of milk from the flood to locate Minerva in the manor.

"This must be the place," Eris whispered from behind a corner. She'd watched the two guards enter a large estate. Given the insignia on their uniforms matched Madame Shirly's prediction, she had to assume Minerva was inside, or at least a clue to her whereabouts.

Tria remained ducked inside Eris's bodice. "How do we get in?"

"I have an idea or two…"

She approached the front gate. Attended by a single guard, her presence was known well before her arrival.

The guard was blunt. "Lord Galei isn't taking visitors right now. Be on your way."

"Oh!" Eris said, acting unsurprised. She adopted a breathy tone. "I'm not here for Lord Galei… Marci sent me, from *The Busty Wench*? Someone was in need of some…*services?*"

This made his eyes widen. "Do you know who, by chance?"

Bringing her hands to clasp at her navel, Eris pushed her small assets together between her biceps. The tight bulge of cleavage shined pale in the moonlight and she saw it reflect in the hungry guard's eyes.

"I'm not sure who… They didn't give me a name… Could you point me in the right direction? He just said he was really lonely, and bored…"

He saw his opportunity. "T-That was me! I sent for you!" the guard claimed.

"Oh how fortunate!" Eris fanned her face with a hand. "*It's so warm out tonight, I was afraid I might sweat so hard that my dress would slip off if I didn't find you soon!*" She twisted her body to further the tease. "Show me inside?"

"Right this way!"

She'd found her way inside the estate. Whether Minerva was there as well was yet to be seen, but Eris felt she was on the right track.

"I've always had a thing for scholar girls…" the guard said giddily.

She rolled her eyes. "Ohhh, it's your lucky night then! I'm *great* at playing a scholar."

They entered the main house. Between her breasts, Eris felt Tria squirming with sudden excitement.

"U-Uh, could I have a moment?" Eris asked, stopping at a branching hallway.

The guard stopped. "Hmm?"

"Just to powder my nose!" Running a finger down her chest before pulling aside one side of her dress, she flashed a perky nipple in his direction. "It's not my first time here; *I know where to find you.* Go wait for me and I'll be right there."

His excitement couldn't have been more obvious. "Don't take long! I'll be waiting!!" Continuing on his way, he left Eris alone within the manor.

"Idiot," she sighed, replacing her dress. A gentle hand removed Tria. "Ok, do you smell anything??"

"*SO MUCH MILK!!*" Tria exclaimed. "*She's here!! I would know the scent of her breasts anywhere!!*"

"Lead the way!"

At Tria's guidance, they made their way through the many halls. Being night, most of its residents were asleep save for a few servants or wandering guards. It was quiet enough for Eris to have plenty of warning when she needed to hide before encountering someone.

"My love… We will make you better soon. I promise you…"

A voice laced with despair found her ears. Pausing at a wooden door, she peeked inside to find a large bed. A pale, lethargic woman lay reclined among pillows and blankets. A disheveled man sat at her side, holding a weak hand in his.

He continued. "This woman… Her abilities are magical, Brayn tells me. I have faith she can do it."

Eris's heart went out to the man. The pain in his eyes was all too real.

"Eris! This way!" Tria whispered.

"O-Ok! I'm coming…"

Following a flight of stairs to a second floor, Eris found the halls lined with windows overlooking a sleeping Lhystra. It was beautiful, until she saw a rounded mass quivering in the far distance and realized it was the destroyed brothel.

"*Over here!*"

Tria was on her hands and knees, smelling a puddle of milk running from under a large door. Torchlight reflected its ivory surface and sweetness filled the air.

"*It's her milk!*" Tria determined.

RMMMBLLLL

"*NNNGH!!!*"

Eris paused when a familiar, labored groan came from the other side of the door. It sounded muffled and far away, but the source couldn't be mistaken.

CRCK!!

The stone walls shifted near the top of the door. Along the sides, Eris noticed other gaping chasms having opened in the mortar. Clouds of dust fell through the air at a gentle rumbling within.

GUUUUUUURGLE

"*MMMMGHH!!!*"

Eris nodded. "Yup, she's definitely in there."

Tria wiped floor milk from her chin. "What do you think she's--"

"*Nngh!!*" Minerva's muffled groans drifted.

An unknown voice from an older man responded, "Relax, my dear, relax!"

"*NNGH!! NNGHH!!!!*"

"This pressure shall pass!"

"*MMMMGH!!!*"

Whatever was happening inside had reached a climax. Eris knew she couldn't waste any time. Grabbing a metal torch from the wall, she stepped into the creeping milk and grabbed the door handle.

"Stay out here, Tria…" she warned. "I don't want you getting hurt."

"But what about all of the milk in there?? I--"

Eris passed a stern glare. "*Stay out here.*"

The fairy shrank back. "O-Ok…"

GUUUUURGLE!!

Eris listened. She couldn't be certain if Minerva's kidnapper had his back to the door, but he sounded busy. Gently, she pushed it open.

SQUDG!

"Huh?"

Opening only a few inches, the door stopped upon colliding with a firm, rubbery mass. The torch shined to show the curve of something massive and skin-toned through the top of the door. The scholar didn't need to wonder what it might be. Making herself as thin as possible, Eris forced the door open enough to enter the room.

The scene made her breath catch in her chest.

It was dark inside. Extinguished torches littered the floor. They looked to have been ripped from their wall mounts. There was no sign of a ceiling. Instead, she was forced to duck

beneath two globe-like masses filling every inch of the room. Only a few feet remained open beneath them.

"*Minvera…*" Eris gasped. "*How did you get so big…?*"

In the center hung two nipples twice the size of her torso. Golden glowing rings constricted their bases to make them swollen and puffy. The struggle to contain such throbbing masses appeared to be testing their durability. Eris saw cracks spreading through their shapes.

Winding around the room-filling breasts were stretches of magical rope. Trembling milk-filled flesh bulged around them like a swollen ham to twine. It was difficult for Eris to imagine any magic being powerful enough to suspend such monolithic mammaries.

An older man stood between the nipples. Using one arm to push the encroaching flesh aside, he held the other toward the leaking pink mountains. His face glowed gold from the rings and their magic. Milk flowed from Minerva's nipples in thick streams guided by magic into a handful of waiting jugs. Eris couldn't be certain in the dim light, but there looked to be dozens of jugs surrounding them.

"*A sorcerer…*" Eris realized.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*NNGH!!!* "

The sorcerer chuckled. "I can't believe you nearly shattered my enhancer rings!!"

GUUURGLE

GUUUUURGLE

The titanic breasts throbbed against Eris's head. They were full, and still getting bigger. Crouching under their weight made her nervous. A pair of breasts had never felt so dangerous. Still, she braved the milk-pulsing girth and approached the sorcerer from behind.

"*N-Nnngh!! MMMGH!!*"

"I'm straining as well, you know!! It's all I can do to keep you aloft *and* keep these blasted rings from shattering! Once I fill the last of these jugs, I promise to--"

Brayn heard something behind him. Sweating as he struggled to control Minerva's gushing contents, he turned around to see Eris looming in the shadows.

"Who are--"

THUNK!!!!

The torch swung like an ogre's fist. Brayn went limp at the moment of impact. Eris watched the floor break his fall before dropping the torch.

"*Minerva?! Are you alright?!*"

"*MMGH?!?!*"

"*Hang on!!! I'm going to*--"

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

An incredible rumbling of fluid churned over Eris's head. Looking up, she saw the bottom of Minerva's breasts distending massively. Her skin stretched and tightened. Milk rushed against her areolas, doming them toward the floor.

CRCK!!!!

CRCK!!!!!!

"*MMMGH!!!!!*"

The golden rings stopped glowing. Fractures shot along their lengths as Minerva's nipples ballooned.

"U-Uhh… Minerva?! What's--"

CRREEEAAAAAAK!!!!

The room groaned. Debris fell from cracking walls. The magic ropes holding Minerva aloft started to fade.

"Uh oh."

Eris realized what she'd done by knocking the sorcerer unconscious. His magic was dying, as was Minerva's support.

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

"*NNNNGH!!!!!*"

The breasts ballooned downward, almost forcing Eris onto her hands and knees. Panicking, she scrambled for the door while she could still escape. "*Oh no!! Oh no oh no oh no!!*"

CRNCH!!!!

The rings shattered.

BWOOOOOSH!!!!

Milk erupted from tortured nipples behind Eris. She didn't dare look back.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

"*MMMMGH!!!!!*"

Minerva's cries sounded from above as Eris squeezed through the door and into the hall.

SLAM!!!!

It closed behind her with enough force to sever a limb.

"Well??" Tria flitted. "How did it g--"

A cry like a woman in labor came from within. "*NNNNGH!!!!!!*"

FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!!!

CREEEAAAAAK!!!

Eris panted against the door as the walls and wood groaned. Milk flowed around her feet in gushing waves. "Uh… U-Uhhh… Fine! I-It went fi--"

THUD!!!!

A tremendous force shook the manor as if a mountain had fallen.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!!

The door bulged at Eris's back. Her eyes widened in fear at the energy behind the weakening wood. Grabbing Tria, she sprinted down the hall.

"Hey!! Where are we--"

CRASH!!!!!

FWOOOOOOSH!!!!

The workshop door exploded outward. Debris attacked the hall with a destructive rush of dairy tearing apart everything in its path. It took all of Eris's power to stay upright in the tidal wave when it shot down the hall.

"*What's happening?!*"

Eris yelled over the current, "*Minerva was a little backed up!!*"

After several minutes, the flow died down to a gentle stream running from the workshop. Eris knew the incident wouldn't go unnoticed by the guards. Rushing to leave, she reentered the room as jugs of milk floated by. She paused upon finding the scene.

Minerva stood among the carnage. Dress tattered and hanging off her body, she loomed over an unconscious Brayn. Boiling fury seared from her eyes as she stared at his face. Still engorged, her breasts continued to leak, though she paid them no mind. Eris had never seen such anger from her friend. Part of the wall had been destroyed in her release. The gaping hole spanned much of the tower to let moonlight flood the carnage.

"M-Minerva…? Are you alright?"

Brayn was held upright on his knees. Minerva's hand glowed blue as it clawed into the top of his head, giving her a firm grip.

"*Wake up*," Minerva growled. "*Wake up, you filth.*"

The sorcerer's eyes opened slowly. He coughed several mouthfuls of milk before his vision focused enough to see the visage standing over him. Terror gripped his heart in a split second. The eyes burning in Minerva's did not look like those of a human, but burned like a rage-filled dragon.

"*W-WAIT!! WAIT*--"

"*Yai manna biyayyu.*"

The spell fell mercilessly from her lips. Before Brayn could struggle any further, a dull blue glow settled around his head. His eyes rolled back until they were white spheres and his body went limp.

Minerva spoke in a commanding tone. "*Drink the milk you stole from me.*"

"Yes, Master…"

"*EVERY DROP. WITHOUT BREAK.*"

"Yes, Master…"

Satisfied, Minerva threw him to the ground. The magic faded to return his consciousness, though Minerva's mind control remained. Brayn whimpered, a broken man, as he crawled to a pile of waiting milk jugs.

Eris approached. "Minerva…"

She raised a hand for silence. Still enraged and vengeful, she stood motionless trying to catch her breath.

Brayn moaned as he removed the seal from a jug and lifted it with both hands to his mouth. Milk ran down his chin as he chugged. By the time it was finished, Eris could already see the man's stomach distending.

CRASH!

The jug shattered when he tossed it aside. No longer in control of his body, he cried as his arms pulled another jug into his lap.

"*Please…*" he begged while removing the seal. "*Please…! Make it--Mmmph!!*"

He sputtered and coughed when he lifted the jug to his mouth. Milk silenced his pleas.

"*Every drop,*" Minerva repeated with disgust. "*I warned you.*"

Eris watched as the sorcerer couldn't help but grab another jug. It wasn't until Minerva walked past her that she was torn from her trance.

"H-Hey! Wait!" she called, following the sorceress into the debris-littered hall. "What happened?? Are you--"

"*Nngh… Dear goddess…*"

Minerva walked several steps before leaning against a wall and slumping to the floor. Exhaustion permeated her being. Her breasts felt abused and sore. Dark rings still remained around her nipples from the golden enhancers.

"Are you ok…?" Eris asked with concern.

Catching her breath, Minerva looked up with weary eyes. "Did you…save me?"

The scholar smiled. "Conked him right over the head! Guess it weakened his magic enough for you to…well you know."

A weak smile crossed Minerva's face. "Thank you… How did you manage to find me?"

Eris was unsure if she wanted to tell her about the soothsayer's prediction or the chaos she'd caused at the brothel. Biting her lip, she said, "It's…uh…a long story." She hooked an arm under Minerva's. "Come on, let's get you out of here!"

Minerva stumbled away, refusing the support. "Not yet. I need to do something here."

"Like what?? You already have him cleaning up your mess!! We need to get you out of here and let you rest! Before the guards or Kalzar come back!"

"The lord's wife." Minerva swallowed and used the wall for support. "I need to try and help her."

"You don't owe these people anything!!"

Minerva shook her head. "I don't owe that sorcerer, or Kalzar, but someone is sick here and my milk might be able to help her. Her and her husband might be the only good people in this place."

"You want to make *more* milk?! Did you see how big you were in there?!"

Massaging her sore breasts, Minerva nodded. "I-I can handle a little more."

"Minerva…" Eris stared in admiration and deep worry.

The sorceress wasn't waiting for permission. Slowly, she walked down the hall while trying to pull her dress together.

Eris muttered a curse under her breath at her friend's stubbornness. "W-Wait up!"

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

Minerva's milk helps save Galei's wife, but leaves the noblewoman with permanently huge milky breasts of her own. They thank Minerva and Eris profusely and offer them aid on their journey. Because our heroes need SOMETHING to go right for once!

The estate shook with rumbling tremors. A distinct scent of cream wafted through the air to find Galei's nostrils. Though he hoped it was beneficial development in his sorcerer's shop, he couldn't bring himself to leave his wife's side.

"Love… Please go inspect…" she rasped, half opening her eyes. "I can see your worry."

His hand clenched around hers. They were particularly cold tonight and returned little grip in return. "I'm sure it's under control. I can't bear to leave you in such a state, Mary."

"It could be serious…"

Galei gazed upon his wife. It grew more difficult to see her with every passing day. Over the past months, Mary had become a shriveled husk of her former self. Little life was left within the once bubbly woman. Memories of her energetic dancing through the manor's halls felt little more than a dream at this point.

"I'll be fine for a few minutes…" Mary whispered.

"No, if there's a problem, they'll come to me. I'm certain Brayn can handle--"

KNOCK

KNOCK

A gentle tap at the bedroom door drew his attention.

"M-My Lord!" a young servant announced. "There's a girl! Looking for you!"

Hope blossomed for good news. "Is she a sorcerer? With Brayn??"

The servant shook her head. "N-No, I'm afraid… And she was quite disheveled… But she's with a scholar! She refused to leave. A-Also, the estate is flooding…with…milk…"

Perplexed, Galei squeezed his wife's hand before rising from her bedside. Entering the hall ushered a wave of milky scents. Trickles of cream ran down the halls over his boots.

It was Minerva's appearance that commanded the most attention, however. Exhausted and strained, she staggered down the hall using the wall and Eris for support. What remained of her dress hung off her body in revealing tatters providing little modesty. Sweat ran down her face and chest from the effort to continue walking.

Minerva stared at Galei. "Where…Where is she…? Where is your wife?"

Concern was quick to overtake the lord. Running to Minerva, he helped Eris in supporting the sorceress. "My dear! What happened to you?!"

Eris snapped, "*Your sorcerer and hired man are what happened to her!! They kidnapped her and tried to steal her milk!! They had her as big as a house!! They treated her worse than a dairy cow!!*"

Galei stared at her, aghast by the accusation. "I-I--"

"*Don't you keep tabs on what people do in your estate?! They were torturing her!!*" Eris was livid. She stopped to confront him directly and jab him in the chest. "*DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT WE HAVE GONE THROUGH BECAUSE OF KALZAR?!*"

"I-I-I honestly had no idea! Brayn has always had the best of intentions and--"

Minerva's tired voice interjected, "It doesn't matter now… I…*Ngh…!*" She stumbled, grabbing at her breasts. They felt tighter than ever, despite their relatively small size compared to what she'd recently grown to.

Galei tried to support her while avoiding the watermelon-sized assets. "We must get you somewhere! You are not well! Whatever has happened, let me make it right! We may talk in the morning once you have had an opportunity to--"

GUUURGLE

Minerva grimaced. "P-Please… Where is your wife?? These things feel…ready to burst! I…I *have* to see her."

"Minerva, it can wait!" Eris urged. "After what you just went through, you need to take it easy!

Galei agreed. "You are in no state! Please, rest! It's very late; my wife is far too tired for additional treatment tonight."

GUUURGLE

"*Ah!!*" Grabbing at a throbbing breast, Minerva panted through heavy pressure. "*They're not going to wait until morning! I can help!*"

"I must insist that--"

A weak voice drifted from the bedroom. "Galei… Galei, let her come… It's alright…"

GUUUUUURGLE

Minerva's breasts reacted to Mary's voice, producing a dense churning. Their owner looked ready to collapse as she stumbled through the door.

Their eyes met. Coming upon the sick woman, Minerva felt pressure beat against her nipples. Intense tightness assaulted her chest. She wanted to help the woman if possible, but her breasts were demanding it. Hearing of her condition upon arriving at the manor had thrown them into a frenzy, multiplied only by Brayn's experiments.

Mary stared at the disheveled sorceress but was not taken aback. "Oh my… Where is your child? You shouldn't go so long between feedings…"

Producing a weak smile of amusement, Minerva said, "No baby here; just some overactive breasts."

GUUURGLE

"*AH! A-And I think they have what you need!*"

The mattress creaked when Minerva fell upon it for support. Galei and Eris followed, standing at the foot of the bed in audience as Minerva approached Mary's side.

Eris leaned toward Galei. "What are her symptoms, exactly?"

The pain was clear on the lord's face. "Extreme fatigue, no appetite, foggy mind, dreadful nightmares both asleep and waking… The list goes on. The best scholars and sorcerers have been unable to cure her." He choked back sadness. "It's to the point that she can only stomach a bite or two of food every few days…"

Pondering the symptoms, Eris confessed, "I can't think of any illness that would cause such a state…"

GUUURGLE

A sharp cry leaped from Minerva. "*B-Because she's cursed.*"

Galei nodded. “That has been the general consensus by other sorcerers. By what, or by whom, we don’t know. It started several months ago after a journey north.

Taking Mary’s cold hand, Minerva explained, “Dealing with curses is incredibly difficult when you don’t know the source. Often impossible… Like trying to open a lock without the key.”

The effort required to stay upright was plain on Minerva’s face. Heat pulsed from her breasts like a furnace.

GUURGLE

“*N-Nnngh…*”

Mary’s weak eyes stared. “My dear… I believe you’re getting bigger…”

“Yea… T-They…*nngh*…They do that…” Minerva looked at Galei. “You’ve tried purification magic?”

“Of every form. Nothing has had a positive effect…”

STTRRRTCH

“*Ah!! G-Goddess…*” Minerva grunted. “*Dear goddess, they're full…*” Her skin felt at its limit. Placing a hand against a breast, she noted the frightening tightness. Whatever was brewing within her bust was far more powerful than simple milk, and it was all she could do to contain it.

GRRRWWLLL

Everyone’s attention passed to Mary’s abdomen. Surprising herself, she placed a hand on her stomach. It rumbled once more, feeling empty.

“I-I haven’t felt hungry…in months…” she whispered. Galei fought to hold back tears, not wanting to feel such hope.

The sugary scent of milk filled the room. Minerva was at capacity, being pushed to the point of prominent veins throbbing across her breasts. Each nipple looked like a cork ready to pop. Power overflowed from the throbbing pale globes.

Eris stared in amazement and realized, “They know what she needs…”

Not caring who saw, Minerva pulled her dress from her shoulders and let it slip to her waist. Bulbous mammaries jutted off her torso, brimming with fluid. Eris feared what might happen if her friend encountered a sharp corner.

Slowly, Minerva sat on the edge of the bed and leaned over Mary.

“What are you doing??” Galei asked, shocked.

Minerva didn’t look up as she took Mary’s head in her hand. “I’m going to cure your wife.”

Milk dripped from her nipples to the bed below. Several drops fell onto Mary’s chin and her tongue sought them out. Hunger resided deep in her eyes at the sight of the swollen pink spouts. Minerva helped maneuver a breast toward Mary’s lips. It felt ready to burst in her hand from the pressure of its contents.

“Drink…” Minerva whispered. She winced, feeling them stretch. “*P-Please… It will help*.”

Swallowing, Galei stepped forward. This sorceress’s approach was very unconventional compared to the others who have tried. “Mary, you don’t have to--”

She stopped him. “No… I want to…” Mary licked her lips. “I haven’t been thirsty…in so long… I’d forgotten what it felt like.”

Closing her eyes, Mary opened her mouth and accepted a plump nipple. Milk flowed instantly like a flash flood across a desert.

“*Aah!!*” Minerva gasped at the drastic release of pressure. Spraying a large amount in a fraction of a second, she felt her skin soften under her fingers and become pliable. “*O-Ooohhhh yes…*” she moaned, trembling at the sensation.

GULP

GULP

GULP

Galei hadn’t seen his wife drink so fervently in ages. The sight made him weak with hope as she nuzzled Minerva’s bulging mammary. Mary placed a hand on the gushing udder. The warmth it provided was exquisite as if the milk were melting ice around her heart.

FSSSSS

“D-Do you see that…?” Galei whispered.

A fine black mist began rising from Mary’s body like steam. It dissipated into the air without a trace.

GULP

GULP

GULP

Mary’s efforts doubled. Color returned to her cheeks and heavy breaths lifted her chest up and down. It was more life than Galei had seen in months. Her cheeks bulged at Minerva’s nipple as it throbbed.

“*G-Gentle!*” Minerva warned. “*Don’t drink too much! I don’t know what it is!*”

Milk ran down Mary’s chin and neck. It coated her chest and soaked through her nightgown. She couldn’t get enough despite her difficulty breathing through her nose pressed against a pillowy mound.

Her flow started to wane. Reduced to a pair of exceptionally swollen breasts, Minerva felt the last of her medical product leave her chest. Mary’s lips released with a gasp of air.

“*Gaaah!!!*” The taste was heavenly upon her lips.

Minerva collapsed in a chair. Exhaustion overtook her without mercy. Fighting to stay awake, she panted and stared at the woman coming back to life. “How…How are you feeling…?”

Mary lay still, breathing with waves of heat rushing over her. No one dared speak as they watched her hands clench and relax.

Slowly she opened her eyes, finding her husband at the foot of her bed.

“G…Galei…?”

He swallowed, not yet wanting to believe it. “Mary…?”

She pushed her covers off. Tears welled in Galei’s eyes when she draped her feet off the edge of the mattress and sat up. They streamed down his face when she stood unaided, facing her love.

"Galei…" Mary said softly, taking a step. "Galei… I-I…I feel better! By the goddess! *I feel better!!*"

She walked toward him, stumbling only once. Open arms were there to catch her. They fell together in a long-awaited embrace laced with joyful sobbing.

"*I'm feeling like my old self!*" Mary proclaimed.

Galei's hands held her back, trying to draw her as close as possible. He'd longed to hold his wife in such a way. Looking over her shoulder, he spied Minerva slumped in the chair. Galei stepped away from Mary and fell at the sorceress's feet, taking her hands and bowing his head in her lap.

"*Thank you!! Thank you!!!*" he sobbed. "*You've given me my world back!!*"

Minerva could feel his hot tears soaking through to her thighs. Taken aback by his dramatic gratitude, she squeezed his hands in return. "Y-You're more than welcome! In all honesty, it wasn't my doing… It was my--"

Eris's voice cried out suddenly, "*Minerva!!*"

Confusion followed until Minerva followed the scholar's pointing finger. Her eyes fell upon Mary, stumbling to find a bed post for support.

GUUURGLE

She stared at her nightgown. Hidden below were two apple-sized breasts. Color flushed her cleavage rosy pink. Unbridled excitement brought her nipples to tent the silky fabric.

"*G…Galei…?*" she squeaked, short of breath. "*Galei, what's happening??*"

GUUUURGLE

Her cleavage plumped. Weight fell into her breasts, swelling them up and out.

Minerva's heart skipped a beat. "Oh no…"

GUUUUUUUURGLE

Mary's breasts blossomed to an incredible weight. Stunned only for a moment, Galei was quick to reach her side. Generous assets adorned his wife like never before.

"*What's happening?!*" she gasped, taking both mounds in her hands. Frail and thin, they appeared like massive melons in her slender fingers.

STTRRRTCH!!

Her nightgown groaned. Billowing skin bulged over the neckline. Providing little stretch, it forced her breasts up and together in a pillowy sight. Their pale surfaces heaved around the thin straps, rising and falling with her quickening breaths.

"*They're swelling!! Goddess! Galei!! I think there's something in them!!*"

He looked around in a panic as his wife's breasts eclipsed her head. "*What is happening to her?!*"

"I-I-I don't know!!" Minerva was beside herself. Whatever her breasts had fed Mary was out of her control. They may have banished her curse, but whether or not it came with a blessing or another curse in its stead was yet to be seen.

GUUUUUUURGLE

"*Ah! O-Oh dear!!*" Mary sat on the bed, brought down by the incredible weight pulling at her shoulders.

SNAP!!!

SNAP!!!

The nightgown burst at her back. Straps flew in an explosion of lace at the heaving mass that was her bust.

SLOOOSH!!

They toppled free. Within them churned hidden milk. Mary's eyes widened at the impressive sight as they reached her hips. Soft underbellies rubbed against her thighs, hot and firm with dairy.

STRRRRRTCH!!

A final groan of fleshy growth filled the room before leaving her aghast at her sudden transformation. Full and bloated, they jutted from her petite frame with impressive form and shape. Veins pulsed along their curves in a proud display of genuine size.

All was silent. None knew what to say.

Galei tried first. "My…My love? Are you--"

SPLRRRTCH!!!

"*Augh!!!*"

Milk gushed in a surprise fountain and peppered the floor in front of Mary. Gasping and blushing with confusion, she brought her hands to gently caress her bust. Their surfaces were

firm and taut under her fingertips but allowed for her to squeeze when she hefted their weight. Tender jostling caused them to wobble tightly in her grasp.

Eris gawked, silently wishing she'd gotten a taste of the medicine. "Minerva… *What did you do?!*"

"I-I-I'm so sorry!!! I don't know what happened!! I don't have control over what my breasts--"

Mary interrupted, "This is…" She massaged them, marveling at their marble-like appearance and hearth-like warmth. "This is…" A tear ran down her cheek. "*This is a miracle!!*"

"Mary??" Galei gasped.

"*Oh I've never felt so full of life, my love!! Look at me!!*" Mary grinned. Hefting her breasts and sinking her hands into them, she sprayed milk across the room. "*I'm positively brimming with life!! I can't contain it!!*"

Her laughter and delight filled the room. Though Galei was stunned by her metamorphosis, he quickly came to join her in rejoicing.

Mary stood from the bed, stumbling when her breasts tried to carry her forward, and fell into Galei's arms. She embraced him, pressing herself against him hard enough to soak his tunic with milk. She guided his lips toward hers and they met in a passionate kiss he never thought he would experience again.

"I want to share my new life with you…" she whispered, feeling him throb against her hips.

Galei didn't know which emotion to embrace. Grinning from ear to ear and gushing tears of joy, he turned to Minerva. "You've given me my world back and more!!"

"It…It was nothing…" she denied, still nervous about the woman's rapid extreme growth.

"*Nothing??* Today has brought a treasure above all else! Please, allow us to repay you!! You've been through so much because of me!"

"I couldn't possibly--"

Mary shook her head. Hugging her chest for modesty, she insisted, "Sorceress, whatever you desire, it's yours should it be in our power."

Minerva and Eris's eyes met in communication.

The sorceress said, "We…could use some horses, and supplies for our journey to Glomia?"

Eris quickly added, "*And a place to stay tonight! With a hot bath and food!*"

"*Eris!! Shu*--"

Mary gave a chest-sloshingly amused laugh. "You shall have it!! We are in your debt, Lactic Sorceress."

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

No suggestion round held

The tavern creaked with weary age around Kalzar. The first rays of dawn would soon peek through the windows. Most of its patrons had either gone home or passed out in their chairs. Only the bartender remained to keep him company.

"Another…?"

Kalzar grumbled and glanced up from his hand. "Hngh?"

"Another drink?"

"Oh… Sure. Why the devil not."

His flagon filled to the brim with mead once more. Barely giving the bartender the time of day, Kalzar continued playing with the small cylinder of gold in his hand. It had been a promising glimpse into his and Brayn's future, but only a glimpse. Now that future was ruined. Nothing remained, save for a distant dream of what could have been.

The bartender stared in wonder. "What exactly is troublin' ya? Never seen a man frown at a fist full of gold."

Kalzar drank half his flagon. Thoughts of the massively bloated sorceress clouded his drunken, angry mind. "Nothing you would believe," he answered.

"I don't know… I've heard some pretty wild stories."

"I'm still trying to believe this story myself." Staring into his drink, Kalzar pondered his future. It was going to be rough without his partner's magical assistance. With a sigh, he started, "Ever seen a woman's tits so big they--"

CLANK!

CLANK!

A bell rang over the tavern entrance. A disheveled woman entered. What had once been a fanciful outfit was reduced to tattered rags drenched with milk. They barely clung to her body. She sat at the bar, defeated and smothered under a cloud of resentment.

"You reek of old milk," Kalzar grumbled, hardly looking in her direction.

A death glare flashed from under strands of fallen hair. "And you reek of failure and misery."

The bartender approached with a new flagon. "Your usual, Marci?"

"Strongest as you can make it."

The mention of her name caught Kalzar's attention. Paying more mind to her garb, he looked her up and down. "You happen to run that brothel on the other side of town?"

"Mistress Marci, at your service." She gave a small bow. "Any woman, any pleasure."

"I was hoping for something like that earlier. Paid a visit to drown the misery of a recent failed business deal. Imagine my disappointment to find the place destroyed. Giant pair of breasts smashed through."

She looked at Kalzar, searching for any reaction. "That was my best girl you saw; blown up like some kind of practical joke. I must say, you don't seem very shocked, if you don't mind my saying."

"Well… It's the second giant chest I've seen tonight."

Marci choked on her alcohol. "The *second?*"

"Aye. Had a nice plan worked out with my partner. This sorceress was supposed to be the key. Might have worked if it weren't for that damn scholar friend interfering."

Staring hard and feeling her blood start to boil again, Marci growled, “This scholar… Thin little redhead? Cute to look at but annoying to listen to?”

“Sounds like the one,” he confirmed, finishing his drink.

“Had a girl like that come looking around my brothel for her sorceress friend tonight…” Marci rapped her nails on the counter. “Then she destroyed my establishment and overfilled my best milker. I’m ruined because of her.”

“Join the club.”

Marci looked Kalzar over. His appearance wasn’t typical of a commoner. He was worn and rugged. A bag at his feet looked ready for any situation. “What did you say you do for a living?”

“I didn’t. I’m a man for hire, if you’re asking.”

“A man for hire?” She raised an eyebrow. “And what could I hire you for?”

“Anything if the payment is right.”

“Do you accept revenge?”

This gave him pause. Giving Marci his full attention, he turned to face the broken woman. “I’m listening.”

“This scholar and her sorceress friend of hers seem to owe each of us a great deal…” A dastardly smile crept across Marci’s lips. “What would you say to a partnership? I could use a man with certain talents and…*loose* morals.”

The idea sparked interest in Kalzar. Following the two girls had crossed his mind. If Brayn had been capable of using Minerva’s magic, another sorcerer could as well. “I might be interested.” He looked her over, taking in the tantalizing exposure of her figure in such a tattered dress. “What would a washed-up brothel owner bring to the table, exactly?”

Marci’s grin was enough to chill even his bones.

A dull glow enveloped her body. Watching closely, Kalzar saw ornate designs reveal themselves over her skin. Running over her legs, arms, and neck, they followed every soft curve. Arched points curved across her bust to adorn her cleavage.

FSSSSSS

Steam rose from her sternum. The temperature around her increased by a dozen degrees. Squinting, Kalzar saw the center of her chest glow white-hot as if she had a fire burning within. Exhaling, Marci lifted her hand.

FWOOSH!!

A fireball danced atop her palm. Its heat made their flagons steam and the bartender back away in fear. Firelight played over her milk-drenched body as Marci grinned in the glow of her power.

"I can bring plenty to the table…" she hummed. "The question is, what can *you* offer me on this little hunt?"

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

No suggestion round held

Dirt crunched under the cartwheels. Solid and laden with supplies, the wooden vehicle carried Minerva and Eris along a lonely country road. Lord Galei's gratitude had gifted them with every provision they could have hoped for, as well as a horse to pull the cart. At first, Minerva was hesitant to accept such a lavish gift, but at Eris's eagerness and the joy beaming from Galei's and Mary's faces at her flourishing health, she found herself unable to refuse. Minerva feared they wouldn't be able to consume all of the food before it spoiled. Two days had passed since their departure from Lhystra and their supplies had barely suffered a dent.

"How are these apples so sweet?!" Tria exclaimed from the back of the cart. "We can't even grow apples this sweet! And we're fairies!"

Minerva nodded and focused on the road. The horse reins were relaxed in her hands. "Amazing what a little bit of wealth can accomplish."

"*Hey!*" Eris shouted after turning around. "*Minerva! She's eating all the apples!!*"

"*I am not!!*"

"*I see four apple cores!! Where are you even putting all of it?!*"

"*Like you need to know!!*"

"*Give me one!*"

"*No!!*"

"*Share, you greedy fairy!!*"

"*Get your own!!*"

"*I would if you weren't eating them all!!*"

Usually such bickering would have given Minerva a headache, but after the adventure they had endured so far, she found it strangely calming. If fighting over an apple was their biggest problem, she was thankful.

Sighing, Minerva stared at the clear sky ahead. Sprawling meadows stretched before them before colliding with a distant mountain range piercing the horizon ahead. "Hard to believe how easy it is to travel when we take things seriously," she said. "No fighting swarms of fairies… No running from kidnappers… No crazy convents…"

Eris came abreast with a mouth dripping with apple. "Sho long ash I don't shay I'm phirshty!"

GUUURGLE

Slight pressure blossomed within the sorceress' chest.

"*E-Eris! Careful!*" Minerva admonished. "*I finally got them down to my normal size last night!*"

Swallowing, Eris delivered an amused grin while eying her friend's plumped cleavage.. "What? Sometimes I just wish I had something to drink! Something *creamy.*"

GUUUURGLE

"*Nngh! E…Eris!!*"

"Like a *looooooot* of milk!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

"*Ah! T-That's enough…!*" Minerva's hands trembled with the reins. Even jokingly, Eris's words had brought her bust to double in size. Heavy milk distended them downward, testing the strength of her dress. Light sweat ran between the mounds.

Tria's squeaky voice piped from a pile of apples, "*I'm thirsty too!!*"

"*YOU STAY OUT OF THIS BEFORE I BLOW--"*

GUUUURGLE!!

"*EEP!*" Minerva's eyes widened and she rushed an arm to support her assets.

Child-like laughter came from her passenger. Without a care in the world, Eris turned in the bench seat and reclined to lay her head in Minerva's lap.

"*C-Careful!*"

"You're real cute when you swell up, you know that?"

"*Nngh… There's nothing cute about feeling like a cow… Sometimes I think they might--HEY!*"

Eris ran a finger along the firm underbelly of Minerva's chest. The fabric of her dress was taut, overloaded with engorged flesh hanging above her head.

"Does it feel good?"

Minerva tried to concentrate on the road despite her friend gently massaging her aching chest. "Huh…?"

"When you fill up… I'll bet it feels incredible. Stretching to hold all of that milk… Your nipples hardening… That pressure you're always moaning about… Does swelling up feel *orgasmic?*"

Minerva blushed bright red. Biting her lip, she grew nervous with so much stimulation while Eris's head rested so close to her pelvis. The heat between her thighs had to have been like a furnace against Eris's neck.

"I… W-What kind of question is that??"

"A reasonable one, based on the sounds you make!! So does it??"

Tria popped onto her shoulder. "I've seen how wet she gets!! She loves when they grow!!"

"I-I do not!!! It's a pain!! They feel heavy, my skin itches and gets all stretched out, and they get so sore that…I just…" Minerva's breath grew heavy. "Want to…massage them…"

Eris snickered from her lap. "Sounds like you enjoy it to me."

"Well… I-I mean, a little…! It's not *completely* unpleasant. If you're so curious, maybe *you* should try it sometime!"

"Would if I could…" Eris grumbled, grabbing her own pert chest. "Got a vial of dragon blood lying around? I'll dump it down my bodice in an instant."

Lovingly, Minerva placed a hand on Eris's shoulder and nestled her into her lap. "Careful what you wish for. You might get the chest you want, but you'll get all the problems that come with it."

Ogling the swaying assets, Eris confessed, "I don't see any problems from where I'm at."

Minerva tried to shift the conversation. "Tria, how long until we reach Glomia?"

"It's just over those mountains!" the fairy said, pointing ahead. "Another two or three days, maybe."

"That's optimistic. It's going to take us three days just to cross them… I'm not sure we're going to be able to get home in time at this rate." Frowning, Minerva squinted against the sun and saw billowing gray clouds beyond the peaks. "Looks like there's a serious storm over there right now as well…"

Calm and serene, Eris announced from below, "Those aren't storm clouds. That's Glomia."

It took several moments for Minerva to comprehend her words. "Wait, *those are trees?!*"

"Mhm!" Tria nodded and slid down Minerva's shoulder to sit in her cleavage. "The trees are *really* big in the Great Forest."

The thought made Minerva dizzy. "I can't imagine how big they feel up close… Must be majestic…"

Eris giggled and played with the underside of Minerva's chest. Several bumps in the road had caused her breasts to partially fall out of her dress, exposing her leaking nipples. "Things are *always* more majestic up close."

Minerva stared at her lap and tried to spy Eris below her chest. "For a scholar, you sure are easily distracted by such mundane things as *breasts*."

"*Mundane??*" Eris gasped.

A firm squeeze made Minerva clench her thighs.

"*Ngh! Gentle! T-They're full!*"

"*I'm thiiiiisty!!*" Eris teased. "*Thirsty for miiiiilk, Minervaaaa!!*"

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!

Flesh billowed to the point of causing Minerva's dress to audibly strain. Her knees vanished from sight. "*ERIS!!!*" she cried, feeling milk pump her to the limit. "*That's enough! The road is too rough for this!! Someone is going to see!!*"

Eris laughed as warm milk ran down Minerva's breasts before falling to her waiting face. "This is the furthest you could possibly get from mundane!!"

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

Minerva and Eris magically swap minds/bodies. Perhaps Eris will begin to see things from Minerva's perspective or maybe she'll have a little too much fun with it? Maybe Minerva gets some amusement from toying with Eris for a change?

The night air flowed around Minerva and Eris as they sat around their campfire. Looming in the distance like reclining giants were the mountains: the final hurdle before reaching Glomia.

"*Mgh…*" Tria moaned, nestled within Minerva's cleavage. The warmth had lulled her to sleep hours ago as the fire crackled.

"You're staring again," Minerva whispered to Eris while stoking the coals.

There was hunger in the scholar's eyes. She's always been rambunctious, but never had it been with such enthusiasm since Minerva became a victim of the dragon blood. Minerva could sense when her breasts were the focus of her friend's envious attention.

Eris didn't look away. "Sorry… I was just thinking about everything we've been through… Can't believe the things I've seen them do."

"Yea, well, they're a bit heavy on the shoulders."

A silence passed between them.

"You're so lucky."

Minerva blinked. "Excuse me?"

"Just…everything!" Starting at the wet spots on Minerva's dress, Eris confessed, "Do you know what I would give to have *that* happen to *me??*" A tremble shook her body. "I had it briefly! At the fairy village!"

"I remember you being too distracted to help me…" the sorceress grumbled.

"Because it was *amazing!* It was all I've ever wanted!"

Raising an eyebrow, Minerva said, "Really? All you've *ever* wanted is a pair of big leaking breasts? That's the extent of your desires?"

"Well… Not *all*… But I've wanted it a lot…" Eris said sheepishly. She pulled her knees to her chin. "I wish the dragon blood had fallen on me. If I were in your shoes, I would love every minute and every drop of milk."

Minerva narrowed her eyes. Since they went through puberty together, Eris had been fawning over her larger breasts. If not for her overbearing excitement, most of their problems on their quest might not have happened. The dragon blood itself might still be resting safely on the shelf.

"Alright, fine," Minerva said.

"Huh?"

"If you really want to have breasts like this, then let's give you some."

Eris scrambled to her feet, scrambling her bedding. "You can do that?!"

"Not literally…" Rising, Minerva brushed herself off. Tria roused in her cleavage at the swaying movement. "But, I can cast a spell to trick your mind into thinking you're experiencing the same condition as mine."

"Why didn't you tell me this years ago?? Do it!! I don't care if it's not real!!" Eris spread her arms and lifted her chest forward. "Hit me!"

"Calm down a little first! You need to be in the right state of mind. Sit down."

Like a puppy eager for a treat, Eris sat cross-legged and waited.

"Now close your eyes."

Fluttering came from Minerva's chest when Tria took to the air. "What are we doing??"

"Giving Eris what she wants," Minerva informed. Her hands began glowing like moonlight when she lifted them toward her friend. A part of her couldn't believe she was going to do this, but it would be beneficial for Eris. "My magic will only help your mind become more open to the illusion. You're going to be doing the work of creating it."

"Ok…" Eris said.

"Now picture the reality you want. You said you want to experience what I do, so imagine yourself going through what I do because of the dragon blood. All the growth… The weight… The sensitivity…"

"The milk??"

Minerva winced at a twinge in her chest. "Yes, *especially* the milk."

"Mmmm…"

A slight smile cracked Minerva's cheeks. "The better you imagine it, the better it will look to your eyes."

Tria watched excitedly. "Hey! I can help too!" Lifting her hands, she pointed them toward Eris.

"Thanks, but there's no need, Tria…"

"But I want to help! I'm getting better at using my magic! I did a *lot* of it at the brothel when Eris told me to help that woman get bigger! You want to be just like Minerva, right, Eris??"

"Mhm!!"

Minerva could feel their magics mixing. Her spell was beginning to taint, shifting from its original form. "T-Tria! Stop! You're-- Wait, *where* did you do *what* to *who??*"

Eris waved a hand, keeping her eyes closed. "Don't worry about it! Everyone was fine! We're focusing on me right now!"

Tria nodded. "We'll make you just like Minerva! Then I can have some of your milk!"

"I'm fine with that!"

Energies intertwined, refusing to mesh as their goals refused to reconcile. The fairy wasn't privy to enough details in Minerva's spell for their magic to be compatible.

"Tria! This isn't how it works! Y-You can't just--"

"Oh! Wait!" Eris gasped. "Minerva, how does it *feel* when they grow?? I want to make sure I'm imagining the right sensations!"

"I-It feels--*Stop!! Stop distracting me! Tria, stop trying to help!*"

A glow enveloped Eris's body, illuminating the ground around her.

Tria looked hurt. "But I can--"

Efforts to control the spell made Minerva's hands tremble. "No! Y-You're going to--"

"*Ahh!!*" Eris cried out, grabbing her head. "*Minerva! Stop!*"

"I'm trying!! The spell is out of control!"

Energy glowed brighter from Eris's body. "*Nngh!! Minerva!! T-This doesn't feel right! Should I have a headache??*"

"No! If Tria would just--*Ow!!*" A spike of pain struck Minerva's head.

The area glowed in dazzling brilliance. Losing control, Minerva saw the brightness peak.

"*Ahh! Nnngh!! Minerva!!*"

She closed her eyes as everything went white.

Sensing the energy burst had passed, Minerva cautiously opened her eyes. She saw a copy of herself standing by the fire wearing a confused expression.

"Oh, goddess! Eris!! We turned you into me!! *TRIA!! I told you not to interfere!! This wasn't supposed to be a transformation spell!!*"

Frantic, Eris looked around as the world felt different. Her body didn't seem her own, as if it didn't fit herself. Looking ahead, she locked eyes with Minerva and turned pale. "M-Minera…? Why am I staring at myself…??"

"Huh??"

The sorceress looked down to see Eris's clothes hugging a body that was not her own. Everything was smaller. Rapid, nervous breaths brought tiny breasts to rise and fall.

"Oh, goddess! *Oh, goddess!! No!! TRIA!! I'm going to kill you!!*"

"What happened??" The fairy asked, looking between the two girls. "You look fine!"

Enraged, Minerva stood up, wobbly on Eris's feet. "*We switched consciousnesses!! Eris was focusing on becoming me and with your interfering, the spell went haywire and her mind leaped into my body!! You can't be inhabited by more than one consciousness, so mine jumped to the nearest empty vessel!!!*" Time was critical. Turning toward the person inhabiting her body, Minerva urged, "*Eris, this isn't good!!! We need to fix this!! Magic use is tied to the caster's physical body! I need to teach you how to fix this before it becomes--Eris?? Are you listening?!*"

Stunned, Eris was busy exploring her new physique. She looked down, mesmerized by the weight of her melon-sized breasts filling her squeezing hands. The cleavage below her chin made her eyes bulge. "Wooowwww… Minerva… These are wonderful…"

The sorceress blushed at seeing her body being touched and controlled by someone not herself. "S-Stop that!! Get my hands off my breasts!!"

Eris snickered. "You mean *my* hands off *my* breasts!" A devilish flash illuminated her eyes.

Minerva stepped forward in her new body. "Eris, don't you--"

"I want milk…"

GUUURGLE

Flesh filled outward into Eris's hands.

"*Ah!! Mmmgh!!*"

"Eris, I'm warning you. Stop before--"

"*I-I'm so…damn…thirsty.*"

GUUUUUUURGLE

"*MMGH!*"

The surge of milk made her legs weak. Never had Eris considered how luxurious plumper thighs could feel squeezing around an aroused pussy until she felt it within Minerva's body.

"Stop!! You're making my chest--"

"I'm making *my* chest grow!!" Eris corrected, cradling two watermelon-sized mounds. "*Look at it swell!!*" She laughed with delight as the milky pressure tempted her. "This is everything I ever thought it would be!!" Her hands grabbed the shoulder straps of Minerva's dress and slipped them down her arms.

"Eris!!" Minerva yelled. "*Leave my dress alone!! That is not your body!!! You need to*--"

SHLIP!

The dress fell to the ground. Rendered naked in the night air, Eris stood over the fire as heat washed over her new figure.

"*I-I'm milking… Look how big I am…! I-I'm leaking milk I'm so big!*"

Light cast curved shadows over her face as her swollen breasts blocked the fire's glow below. Leaking profusely, milk raced down her body to glow silvery in the moonlight. She hefted a breast with one hand, while cupping the other to collect a small pool of warm dairy. Tria squealed beneath them, her mouth watering for a taste.

"*ERIS!!! PUT MY CLOTHES BACK ON!!*"

Mouth dry, Eris stared at her chest and whispered, "B…Bigger."

GUUURGLE

"*Nngh… Milkier…!*"

GUUUUUUUURGLE!

"Eris!! E-Eris, stop!! You can't--"

"*H-Heavier.*"

STRRRRRTCH!!!

"*MMGH!!!*"

Tria's eyes shined. "Ah!! Look at all that milk!!"

Distending to her hips, Eris endured a fit of stretching sensations as growth and milk assaulted her chest. They listened to her every wish, plumping and engorging at her command. A hand moved to Minerva's thighs where two fingers grazed a slick pussy. She could feel the dragon blood raging within her.

"*H-How do you not…touch yourself when this happens??*" Eris squeaked. "*It feels…sooooo good…!*"

Anger flared in Minerva's eyes as her body was puppeted by the horny scholar. "Eris, I'm warning you."

Trembling, Eris confessed, "*But… But I'm so… Thirsty.*"

GUUUUUUURGLE

"*M-Mmgh!!! Augh!!!!!*"

BWOOMPH!!!

Unaccustomed to the transformation, Eris allowed the incredible weight to take her to the ground. Lust pushed her onto her back, allowing the two mounds to roll on top of her body and conceal her upper half.

"*Ahh!! MMGH!!! M-Minerva!!! My chest…is ON TOP of me!!*" she screamed into the night from her jiggling cleavage. "*I'm buried under my chest!*"

"Y-You mean MY chest!!! Don't you dare make it any bigger!!! We need to switch back!! If we stay like this too long, we're going to--*STOP FINGERING ME!!!*"

"*Mmmmmm I can't help it!!!*"

Flesh heaved and jiggled as Eris writhed under the mass. Legs spread toward Minerva, watching her own privates be bombarded was enough to make her mind short circuit.

Tria's mouth watered at the sloshing globes. "*I'm thirsty too!*" she piped, flinging herself at a quivering nipple. She hugged it with her full body, drawing milk like a geyser.

Eris screamed. "*MMMGH!! They are sensitive!! You weren't lying!!*"

"*More milk!! More milk!!*" Tria demanded, drenched head to toe.

GUUUUUURGLE

STRRRRRTCH!!!

Flesh crept larger, burying Minerva's body inch by inch. Slowly her breasts rose higher like slow-growing mountains. It wouldn't be long until her hips were completely covered.

"*NNGH!! Mmmmmmmm this PRESSURE!! I never thought…i-it would be…so intoxicating!!*"

Minerva stood stupefied as she watched her hips start to convulse. Even if she wasn't the one controlling it, she recognized the signs of too much pleasure ravishing her body. "E-Eris!! Stop!! Please stop!!" she begged, turning red in the face. "*I don't want you to make my body*--"

"*Mmmgh!!! I can't!! I-I don't want to!! All this milk…inside of me!!! I-It makes me…want to… MMMGH!!!*"

"*Stop!! You're going to make me*--"

"*AAHHHHH!!!!*"

Fingers curled deep within Minerva's body as her breasts tightened and sprayed. The gush flung Tria away in the deluge as Eris screamed. Fluid squirted from her throbbing pussy to pepper the fire with hissing droplets.

"*Mmm! M-mmmm…!*" Eris moaned, coming down from her high.

Minerva gaped, horrified. She loved Eris, but the scholar had just stolen one of the most private and personal experiences her body had to offer. The spray shocked her. Seeing the wet dirt between her thighs, Minerva asked, "H-How did you make my body do that…?"

"*Nnngh… Oh WOW… That was…*" Eris gasped. Sore, aching, and full, she collapsed under the trembling mass of her chest. "*Ohhh Minerva… Minerva… That was… Everything… I-I think I went blind for a few seconds…*"

"*Mm! More milk!! More!*" Tria cheered.

GUUUURGLE

"*Ngh! T-Tria! Let's give them a break for a second… I*--" Eris paused, looking up to see Minerva standing over her. She could see the sorceress's anger raging in her eyes. It was strange looking up her own dress. She chuckled, blushing after her deed. "*H-Ha…! Hey! When does all the milk come out…? T-They're kind of…tight!*"

Minerva glared. “Oh yea? You think so? What did you expect when you packed them so full?!” She sank a finger into her chest, rising as high as four feet.

“*Nngh! Careful!*” Eris gazed into her cleavage and the night sky beyond. Being stuck on her back was already getting uncomfortable. “*Uhh… H-How long until they go down?*”

“Oh? Why? Are you done already? After *finally* getting what you wanted?”

“I just…need a breather!” Eris tried to move but the weight was overbearing. “They’re kind of heavy… Glad I stopped when I did…”

“That’s funny,” Minerva stooped down, coming face-to-face to whisper, “because *I’m* still thirsty.”

GUUUUURGLE!!

“*A-Ah!!*” Eris squeaked when she bloated larger. “*Minerva?? H-Hey! I was just--*”

“I’m *soooooo* thirsty.”

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“*NNGH!! Stop!!*” Eris panicked, sinking her hands into the flesh pushing into her face. “*T-This is a lot of milk for a first-timer!!*”

“I might die of thirst if I don’t get milk soon!”

GUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

Incredible amounts of milk flowed into the mounds. Rivaling Minerva’s height, they quivered and came to cover Eris’s legs. “*NNGH!!! M-Minerva!! You made your point!! I’m sorry!*”

STRRRRRTCH!!

STRRRRRRRTCH!!!

They heaved on top of her. Eris’s arms trembled from trying to keep her head uncovered. “*T-These are too big!!*”

Minerva walked around their impressive masses. Her hand caressed their skin. “You know what I want to see? Your nipples swell up… Swell up soooo big and tight, that they can’t even leak.”

SQULCH!!!

“*MMGH!!*” Eris lost her breath when her massive nubs swelled and contracted. “*Oh no… O-Oh no… Minerva?? What are you doing?!*”

“Is this as big as you wanted them in your dreams?”

Tria responded for Eris, “*Mm! Yes!! BIGGER!!*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

“*T-Tria!!! No!!*” Eris clawed at her cleavage. The world had become her chest. She couldn’t move. Everything trembled and sloshed. She felt far too full. “*H-H-How did you get so big those other times?! How do you stand…nngh!!!...all this milk?! I-I already feel like…I’m going to explode!!*”

Minerva appeared over her. “Not easy holding so much dairy, is it?”

A whimper escaped Eris’s lips. “*N-No…*”

“Too bad I’m still thirsty.”

GUUUURGLE

STRRRRRTCH!!

"*Minerva!! Minerva!! T-That's enough!! Minerva!!*"

"Stiiiill thirsty!!"

STRRRRRRRRRTCH!!

Beneath Tria, the fleshy mounds gently rumbled. "Huh…?"

Eris's nipples ached. Pressure beat behind her areolas. Milk desperately wanted out. "*Ok!! Ok!! Let's switch back!! Let's switch back!!*"

"Ohhh it's too late for that."

"*B-But I--Mph!*" Eris's dress was tossed on her head. Moving it aside, she looked up to see Minerva playing with her naked body. "*H-HEY!!*"

"I'm kind of enjoying being so small for once!" Smiling, Minerva braced Eris's breasts between her biceps and bounced on her heels. The force sent Eris's tiny mounds jiggling wildly. "So perky!! These are *adorable!* I can't believe you wanted them bigger!"

"*Minerva!! This isn't funny! I--*"

"More milk."

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

"*MMMGH!!! Too much!! Minerva!! Too much!!*"

The sorceress ran her hand over the trembling six-foot-tall mounds dominating their camp. "Trust me, I've been there… So full… Sooooo stretched…" A gentle pat sent echoing bounces through the fluid. "Feeling like you couldn't hold another drop?"

"*M-Mhm!*"

"It's overwhelming, isn't it?"

Eris panted, lightheaded. "*I…I can't take it!*"

"And then people just *keep* going."

"*Minerva… P-Please don't!*"

"I'm thirsty."

GUUUURGLE!!

"*Nngh!! T-That's enough!! Minerva, it's too much!!*"

"I'm still thirsty. I want more milk!! Mountains of milk!!"

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Dairy gushed, pushing Eris to massive proportions. Her areolas domed at the sudden increase. Skin tightened against her cheeks. "*Aahhh!!!*"

BOOSH

BOOSH

BOOSH

Minerva patted the firm skin with a smile, drawing a fearful squeak from Eris. "Wow, you sound ready to blow! Sooo tight!"

"*M-Minerva!! Don't say that!! I already feel ready to--*"

"Bigger."

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

"*Nnngh!!!*"

"*Bigger.*"

GUUURRGLE!!!!!

"*NNNGH! I can't!1 I-I can't!! Please just let me--*"

"*BIGGER.*"

RRRMMMMMBBBBLLLLL!!!!

Tria's eyes widened when the world shook and stretched beneath her. "U-Uhhh… Eris?" She backed away from an angry nipple as veins rushed from its rising pink mound.

"*Minerva!!! T-They're too full!!! They're gonna--*"

The sorceress stared down. "*Keep lactating until you can't hold another ounce.*"

STRRRRRTCH!!!!

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!

"*O-OH GODDESS!!! OK OK OK!! MINERVA!! M-MINERVA!! ALRIGHT!! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR BODY BACK!! PLEASE JUST STOP MAKING ME LACTATE!!*"

"But Eris!!! I'm sooo thirsty!!! I just want to see how big they can get!!"

CREEAAAAAAAAK!!!

"*EEP!!!!*" Eris's eyes widened when flesh covered her face. Her hands couldn't hold back the pressure.

RRMMMMBBBLLL!!!!!!!

"*MINERVA!!! MINERVAAAA!!! THERE'S TOO MUCH!!! PLEASE!!! THEY'RE NOT STOPPING!!! I-I-I… NNNGH!!!!! I-I-I THINK THEY'RE ABOUT TO--*"

CREEEEAAAAAAK!!!!!!

KABLOOOO--

"*AHH!!!!*"

Eris jolted upright in the cart. The light of a setting sun warmed her prone body as wagon wheels crunched in the dirt. Terrified, she grabbed her chest and looked down. Her breasts were small again, sitting comfortably in her dress. Sweat poured down her body to soak the garment. Pulling it away, she saw her perky assets sitting innocently within. Relief washed over her and she sat back, putting a hand to her head.

Minerva glanced over. "What's wrong with you?"

"*It was just a dream…*" she sighed.

"Must have been some dream. You alright?"

"Yea… I just…" Eris choked on a dry mouth. "I had this dream I was--" She looked at Minerva to see milk dripping through her dress. Her breasts had swelled since she drifted off. "*Your chest!!*"

"Oh, yea…" Minerva massaged their sides. "You kept mumbling about milk in your sleep. I didn't want to wake you, so I was just dealing with the swelling."

Seeing the dripping fluid sparked a strange sense of compassion within Eris. She held newfound respect for her friend as she recalled the tightness she experienced in her dream.

"I'm sorry…" she whispered. "Can… Can I do anything?"

"No, you can't suck on my nipples."

Eris insisted softly, "I'm being serious…"

Minerva raised an eyebrow. "Well, if you're *really* offering… My shoulders are killing me. Could you maybe rub them and--"

"*On it!!*"

Eager, Eris scrambled into the back of the cart and knelt behind the sorceress. Fingers massaged the muscles tensed along Minerva's back and shoulders.

"*Ah! O-Oh wow!! That feels… Oh yea, r-right there!!*" Minerva groaned. Shocked at Eris's willingness to offer realistic relief, she said, "T…Thank you…! I really needed this after the last few days…"

Eris smiled lovingly, continuing to work her fingers. She stared over Minerva's shoulder and into the cleavage shooting down her dress. It wobbled with every motion of the cart. She watched it for a moment before turning her eyes upward to the mountains ahead. They would be at their bases before nightfall.

"Don't mention it," Eris whispered.

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

The party gets caught in a nasty storm and takes shelter in a spooky haunted shack.

"Minerva, come on!!"

"I'm trying! The horse can only go so fast when it's pulling a cart!"

Eris pulled her shoulder cover over her head and stared at the looming water-laden clouds hanging in the evening sky. "It's going to start pouring!"

"Well we *would* have been there by now if someone hadn't made us stop for lunch *and* a nap!"

The sorceress urged the horse into as fast of a gallop as she dared given the road and their burden. Craggy cliff sides rose on one side as they rode along the base of the mountains. It had taken them another day to reach their final obstacle before Glomia, but progress was being made.

"How are we going to cross those…" Eris awed, craning her neck to see their peaks pierce the dark sky.

"There must be a pass somewhere. We're not going to find it tonight, though."

DRIP

DRIP DRIP

Rain fell from the heavens to pelt their skin. The girls were dismayed while Tria took cover under the tarp.

Minerva wished she had a cloak. "Just what we needed: a night in the rain."

A sudden excitement in Eris made her jolt when she shot her index finger forward. "*There!!!! I see a building!!*"

It was dim in the distance, but squinting, Minerva could make out the shape of a sizable structure. “It’s better than sleeping in the mud!”

They sped down the moistening path toward shelter. No sooner had they managed to arrive and secure the horses than thunder cracked overhead, illuminating the night like a white dagger. Rain showered the girls as they fled into the building for cover.

The floors creaked under their footsteps. Dilapidated and partially in ruin, the building had fallen into disrepair. A rotting front door hung on one hinge, leading into a dusty front room. Several passages led to halls or connecting rooms while a stairway allowed basement access through an inky hole.

Eris flipped her shall down and wrung out her braid. “Did you see the way the back half of the building connected with the mountain? Could be an abandoned mining camp…”

“I was too busy trying to stay dry,” Minerva groaned, leaning against a wall. “Ugh… I’m soaked…”

Even in the low light, Eris could see the colors of her breasts showing through her companion’s drenched bodice. The rain’s chill had brought Minerva’s nipples into prominent nubs. Catching the scholar’s gaze, Minerva hugged her arms across her chest for privacy. “Wanna help find something to build a fire?”

“Right! Looks like there’s plenty of dry wood we can use…”

They separated, exploring the various rooms for supplies.

Tria hovered close to Eris with an air of nervousness. “I don’t like this place…” she whispered. Every creak caused her head to spin. “There’s bad energy…”

“It is pretty creepy. Looks like it’s been abandoned for a couple decades at least. The miners might have been victims of the Gem Blight… I think that happened in this area…”

“Gem…blight?”

Finding some broken boards, Eris gathered them into her arms. “It was a conflict between the human miners living near the mountains, and the dwarves living underground. They were fighting over--”

“*Eris!! Stop!!*”

They paused when Minerva’s scream shot through the shack. Confused glances were exchanged between them.

“What??” Eris yelled back.

“*You know what!! I’m not in the mood!!*”

Tria and Eris shared another perplexed look before shrugging and returning to their gathering. She’d only found a few more pieces of wood before Minerva’s voice filled the air once more.

“*ERIS!!! Knock it off!!*”

“What??”

“*Stop making me fill up with you-know-what!!*”

Eris knew she was referring to her milk. “Huh? I’m not doing anything!!!”

“*I can hear you whispering it!! You’re not funny!!*”

In as genuine a voice as she could muster, Eris yelled back, “I honestly have no clue what you’re talking about! Tria and I are way over here!”

Minerva huffed and grabbed her chest. It was tight in her arms and heavy with lactation. Much more and her dress wouldn’t be able to fit her girth. “*Then why am I*--”

“*Miiiilk...*”

A whispering voice flowed through the rain-drenched air. It was barely visible over the rain pattering against the hole-filled room.

Minerva spun around at the word. “W-Wha--”

GUUURGLE

“*Nngh!!*” Her wood clattered to the floor when she grabbed her aching breasts. Pressure surged as they responded to the unseen request. “*U-Uhhhh, Eris?? Eris!!*”

“I told you, I’m not--”

“*I-I think I’m in trouble!!*”

“*Miiiiilk...!*”

GUUURGLE!!

“*Nnngh!!! Eris!! Help!!*”

Hearing Minerva’s fright, Eris dropped her collection and ran to her aid. She burst into one of the back rooms to find Minerva leaning against a wall. Milk had engorged her breasts larger than watermelons. Her dress struggled to support the bottom halves of her mammaries as her nipples puffed free.

“*Miiilk... Miiiiiiilk...!*”

The whispers rang all around.

GUUUURGLE!!

She felt her skin tighten against her palms. “*E-Eris!! What’s happening?! W-Why am I getting bigger?! Do you hear the voices?!*”

“*Miiiiiiilk.....!!!*”

Eris heard it now, spinning around to find the sourceless noise as her friend bloated larger by the second. Tria hid down the front of her dress and pulled the fabric up to her chin, whimpering, “Told you this was a bad place…”

“*Miiiiiilk.....!!!*”

GUUURGLE!!

“*Ahh!!*”

“*Look at her...!*” a disembodied voice drifted. “*Positively brimming with life!!*”

“*She's overflowing with it!*”

“*Give us milk!!*”

STRRRRRTCH!!!

Panic filled Minerva's eyes at her rapid engorgement. Dealing with Eris's playfulness was one thing, but it was another matter when she couldn't escape the cause. "Who's there??" she called out, arching her back to help with the distending weight.

"*Miiiiiiilk!!!!*"

Chills swept through the room. Eris hugged herself against the frigid air while Tria dove further into her dress from fright.

Foggy shapes appeared around the room. Dim and shapeless at first, they soon assumed defined forms. Some were vaguely humanoid, others appeared as long teardrops flying like comets with human facial features. The ghostly presences swirled around the room with rising vigor, congregating over Minerva.

"*Moooore miiiilk...*" they moaned.

GUUURGLE!!

"*Look how she swells...!*"

Eris was taken aback by the sight. "*Are these ghosts?! I've never seen one outside of the illustrations in*--"

"*I don't care!!! I DON'T CARE!!*" Minerva screamed. "*I have to get out of here!!!*" Trying to flee, she sank her arms into her bust and stumbled to the door. Milk sloshed with every step as she neared reprieve.

SLAM!!!

The door closed before she could escape. Falling upon it, she pulled at the knob to no avail. "*W-We're locking in!! Eris, they're holding the door shut!!*"

"*Give us milk...!!!*"

"*Sweet nectar... Sweet nectar of life...!*"

STTTTRRRRRTCH!!!

Minerva squeaked as her knees knocked together. "*N-Nngh!!! Ohhh goddess, no more!! Why are they already so full?!*"

The ghosts were everywhere. Their howls of thirst rang in her ears and spurred her milk glands into overdrive. Her nipples swelled in anger, irate at their lack of downtime.

"*Why are they doing this?!*" Minerva shrieked.

Eris ran to her to provide any aid possible. "They're longing for life!! Milk is one of the first things infants experience after birth!! To a bunch of ghosts in the cold afterlife, it's probably like a fireplace! I don't think they can resist the--"

"*MIIIIILK!!!!*"

A white figure shot toward Minerva like a rocket.

SHLMMP!

"*W-W-Wai--MMGH!!!!*"

Its spectral form penetrated her chest, vanishing into its depths like a rock to a pond.

GRMMMBLLLLLL

Minerva swelled with her chest assuming greater size and firmness. Grimacing, she doubled over as a new pressure competed within her body against her bubbling milk. "*W-What did it just--*"

"*GIVE US LIIIIIFE!!!*" another howled, sailing toward her. It flew through her outstretched arm and buried itself into her mammaries.

SHLMMP!

GRRRRMMMBBBLLLLL

"*NNNGH!!! Eris!! W-What are they…*" Minerva gasped at the shifting forces bouncing around her chest, forcing her larger. "*What are they doing to me?!*"

"*we thiiirst!!!!*"

"*Such vigor!! Such warmth!!*"

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

They assaulted her one after another without mercy. The ghosts dove into Minerva's breasts to claim residence among her lively magical dairy.

GRRRRMMMMBBBBBBLLLL!!!!

Each one brought her bust to tremble as it was forced to swell. Their energies fought with her milk as if balloons were rapidly inflating within her. The sorceress heaved from the struggle as her breasts rumbled with each successive tenant. Her legs trembled with her incredible weight. Reaching to her hips, her chest appeared round and bloated. Her skin beat firmer with each ghost, reminding Eris of an infant kicking its mother's pregnant belly from within.

"*G-Get out!! Get out!!*" Minerva rasped. "*I-I--AHH!! Eris, do something!! I could barely hold my milk as it was!! Goddess, I can feel them inside of me!!*"

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

GRRRRMMMBBBLLLL!!!

Eris raced around the room swatting at the ethereal beings. "*Get away from her!! Tell them to get out before--*"

SHLMMP!

"*EEEK!!!*"

A ghost flew through Eris's torso on its way to Minerva. Passing clean through, it left Eris frozen as chills raced down her spine. Her hair stood on end and an intense cold pricked her breasts. She grabbed them out of fright. Her nipples felt capable of tearing through her dress from their extreme hardness.

"*Can't you purify them or something?!*" she asked Minerva.

The sorceress was ready to collapse from her engorged chest. "*I never learned any holy spells! I specialize in mental magic!*"

"MIIIIIILK!!!"

"GIVE US MORE MIIIIILK!!!"

SHLMMP!
SHLMMP!
SHLMMP!
SHLMMP!
GRRRRRRMMMMMBBBBBBBBLLL!!!!

"*Oh goddess!! OH GODDESS!!!*" Minerva cried at the flood of ghosts stretching her bust. She could feel their presence fighting for space. Holding so many, her breasts had no room for their own milk. They trembled in her arms, doming her nipples at the extreme pressure.

SPLRRRTCH!!
SPLRRRRRRTCH!!!

Dairy sprang free in gushing showers. Relief covered Minerva's face, although it only lasted for a moment.

"SHE FLOWS!!! SWEET, LIFE-GIVING MILK!!!"

The ghosts were thrown into a frenzy at her letdown. They swarmed around her, attacking her chest and vanishing into its depths.

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

"*O-Oh no!!! ERIS!!*" Sweat poured down Minerva's face from the struggle of containing so many eager spirits. They tickled her body as if she were rapidly filling with air. "*I-I have to get out of here!! There are too many of them inside of me!! I-I-I feel like I'm gonna blow!!! I CAN'T HOLD THEM AND ALL THIS MILK!!! THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME EXPLODE!!*"

Eris knew she had to take charge. Taking Minerva's arm around her shoulder, she helped the sorceress to her feet. "Come on!! We have to get you away from them!"

They stumbled through the swirling white spectral storm.

"*But the front door…is locked!!*"

"I know!! We're going downstairs!!"

GRRRMMMMBBLLLL!!!

The thought terrified Minerva as they stood atop the pitch-black stairway. "*Why would we go down there?!*"

"Maybe they only haunt the upstairs! There could be a basement exit too!! Or something to help us break the door down!"

"*I-I don't think--*"

Ghosts flung themselves at her throbbing chest.

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

"*NNNNGH!!!! O-O-Ok ok ok!!! Hurry!!!*" Taking great care, she supported her breasts as best she dared. "*I don't think I can take any more!!*"

"You always say that!"

"*Well this time I mean it!!*"

The stairs creaked under her weight when they began their descent. Heavy and sporting breasts reaching down to her knees, Minerva stumbled with the help of Eris. It was all she could do to cast a simple illumination spell to light their way.

A decrepit basement opened before them. Cast in the eerie light, it offered only a wooden floor and piles of rusted tools. Stone walls stood on all sides. To their backs was a looming

staircase teeming with ghosts. They followed in a wave of hunger for Minerva's energy, approaching like a wall.

"MIIIIIIIILK!!!!" they screamed into the rainy night, soon to be upon her.

"*Eris!! Eris Eris ERIS!!!!*" Minerva screamed, eyes wide at the approaching ghostly assault. "*I CAN NOT HOLD ALL OF THOSE!!*" Panic overtook the sorceress. She ran forward, leaving Eris's support.

"Hey, wait!!! You're too big to stand on your--"

THUD!!!

"*Oof!!!*"

Minerva fell, taking Eris with her. The scholar landed on Minerva's back, both of them supported by her overfilled breasts.

CREEEEAAAAAK

The floor groaned beneath them. The shack rattled at the wind. The air shivered with ghostly wails.

"GIVE US YOUR MIIIIILK!!!!"

Minerva looked over her shoulder in terror. Her rising size left her immobile. "*ERIS!! DO SOMETHING!!!*"

CREEEEAAAAAAK!!!!

"*Like what?! They're ghosts!!!*"

"*I don't know!!! ANYTHING BEFORE I POP!!*"

"MIIIIILK!!!! GIVE US YOUR--"

CRREEEEAAAAAAAAAAA--CRNCH!

The floor jolted, sinking several inches.

Eris lay across Minerva, fearful and saying, "*W-What was--*"

CRASH!!!!!

"*AHHH!!!!*"

The basement was whisked away in an instant when the floor caved in beneath Minerva's girth. Darkness consumed them in an inescapable maw as they plunged out of sight.

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

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!! Clockwork golems!! 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 golems 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 pump…"

"*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--*"

Shooooooooom…

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.)

Clearly the robots are storing her milk for some sort of purpose.

Neither of the girls could have grasped the extent of the abandoned dwarven maze spanning beneath their feet. Now thrown into its depths, they were at the whim of the boisterous little automata. While they were intent on leading them deeper into the tunnels beneath the mountains, Minerva could sense no ill will from the contraptions. Their actions seemed innocent enough, even helpful as they maintained a watchful eye over her breasts. They remained especially interested in her milk.

GUUUURGLE

"*Mgh!*"

Cling-ding!!

One of them sounded an alarm at her side when a small amount of milk stretched her bust. Having been working to get dressed while walking, the stimulation was having an effect on her production.

"I'm fine, I'm fine…!" Minerva assured the machine.

Eris eyed the concerned automata. "They really hate to see that stuff go to waste…"

"You think so?" Minerva stared into its glassy bug-like eyes. "I feel like they're just worried about me…"

"Could be both. I know *I* feel both."

"Hush."

A branching network of tunnels sprawled before them. Without the mob of machines to lead the way with their small legs and spinning gears, Minerva wasn't sure they could find their way back to the surface. Everywhere she looked was another tiny metal golem performing some kind of task. Most looked like maintenance on the existing structure, while others were buried deep within meshes of cogs and bronze tubes. It was incredible they could accomplish so much with such stubby bodies.

Machinery ran along the walls as if they were in a mechanical jungle. Many hissed with steam escaping from vents, others clanged and jolted with frightening internal pressures. Some, clear and glassy, rushed by with a white, creamy treasure Minerva recognized as her milk. It raced ahead and out of sight before plummeting into the floor.

"Where do you think it's going?" Eris whispered. "It's like they *wanted* it!"

Minerva shrugged. "I don't know, but I'm glad they took it! Whatever machine they used was a miracle worker. Haven't felt so empty in days!"

"Maybe they--"

RRMMMBBBLLLLL!!

Clink-clink-clink!!!

DING-DING-CLING!!!

The ground shook, sending vibrations powerful enough to make the girls pause for risk of tripping.

"*What is that?!*" Eris yelled over the sound of pipes banging together.

Their guides' gears trembled with fear as they gathered around the girls in a huddle. Others working around them panicked, running into each other and knocking themselves over.

"Whatever it is, they don't like it!"

Bits of dust fell from the tunnel roof before the movement ceased. The automata were cautious but resumed their path moments later with renewed vigor. They pulled the girls forward like excited children.

Minerva was surprised at the speed they were able to reach given their short legs. Each of her hands was grasped by one as they pulled her and Eris ahead.

A small laugh came from within the clanking pack from Tria sitting atop one's head. Her tiny body bounced and jostled as she struggled to hang on to its outer frame. "*They're fun to ride!! Like raccoon racing!*"

Soon, the girls found themselves coming upon a worn rail track. A minecart awaited them covered in dust from centuries of mining. Although it looked well-used and operational, both were cautious when the golems pointed to the square bin. Steam spewed from a chugging box attached to one side, presumably the power source.

Cling-cling!

One of them prodded Minerva's leg and pointed to the cart. "I-I think they want us to get in…"

Eris chewed on her lip. While the track itself looked stable, a bottomless chasm yawned on the other side. The darkness made her stomach do flips. She backed away, knocking over several automata in the process. "No thanks… I choose life."

Clink-clink!

It prodded Minerva again. Several pushed against the backs of her thighs. "Uhh… W-Will this take us through the mountain? We're trying to get to Glomia!"

Ding!

"...Is that a yes?"

RRRMMMBBLLLLL

"*Ah!!*" Eris collapsed for fear of being shaken into the abyss. She fell among the golems who crowded around with desires to help. Their alarms bounced off the walls until the shaking ceased.

The girls waited, catching their breath and fearing another quake.

Clink! Clink!

SHRIIIP!!

"*H-Hey!!*" Minerva scolded. She looked down to see a golem pulling at her dress hard enough to rip the fabric. "They really want us to get in the cart…"

Eris pulled her knees to her chest and hugged her legs. "Do we trust them?"

"Do you see another option? I have no clue where we are… And I can't read their minds to tell us how to get out. I think we have to get in."

Looking dizzy, Eris rose to shaky feet. "Fine, but if we fall out, I'm putting you chest-first beneath me and screaming for milk *allllll the way down.*"

GUUUUURGLE

"*Nnngh, watch it,*" Minerva warned, cradling her swelling bust.

Together they climbed into the cart. It shifted and creaked under their weight. As nervous as the scholar, Tria sat atop Eris's head, ready to abandon the cart at any moment.

They waited for the golems, but none joined.

Eris started, "Wait, why aren't they--"

CLANK!

One pulled a lever, engaging the steaming motor on the side.

"*Wait!!*"

WHOOOOOOSH!!!!!

The cart jolted before shooting down the track with more speed than either girl had ever experienced.

"*AAHHHH!!!!!! MINERVAAAAAAA!!!!*" Eris screamed, kneeling down and holding onto the cart's front. Her voice was lost in the wind. The front of her dress had blown open from the wind's force. She didn't dare turn around as she felt Tria's tiny hands clawing at her hair for dear life.

Chilly subterranean air whipped around them in an icy hurricane.

WHOOOOSH!!!!

CLANK-CLANK-CLANK-CLANK-CLANK!!!

The sound of the rails was deafening. Somewhere the motor coughed and spewed water. Every noise drove stakes of fear into their cores as they dreaded the worst.

"*NNNGH!!!!!*" Minerva groaned.

She couldn't tell whether or not her eyes were open. After leaving the golems, their cart had dove into the pitch-black interiors of the mines. Stone rushed past, unseen. Occasionally sections would open where no sound echoed back at them. It was at these points of complete darkness that the girls knew they were surrounded by an aching abyss on either side as they traveled through unseen caverns of doom. Both felt terror grip their hearts and they pulled any hands inside the cart, fearful something lurking might grab them.

WHOOOOOOSH!!!!

CLANK-CLANK-CLANK-CLANK-CLANK!!!

Eris's nails dug into the wood. "*MAKE IT STOP!!! MAKE IT STOP!!!*"

A light flashed ahead. It burned her eyes after so much complete darkness, but Eris's heart leaped at the sight. The cart began to slow as the tunnels' familiar glow returned. Like a mechanical horse coming down from a break-neck pace, the cart sputtered to a stop at a ledge.

THUD!

Eris collapsed backward. Her body shook and her hands were sore from holding on so tightly. "*Oh thank the goddess… Thank the goddess…*" she whispered. A hand flew to her head where she found Tria frozen in fear. The fairy was stiff as a board and trembling. "*I don't ever want to do that again.*"

She looked behind her to check on Minerva. It was at this time she noticed her back was dripping with milk. Dairy coated the cart's interior and soaked Minerva's dress. She lay collapsed in the back, her hands still braced against the cart's walls.

"*Minerva!*" Eris gasped, rushing to her side.

"*That… T-That…*" The sorceress swallowed.

SPLRRTCH!!

Milk sprayed from her nipples. Her pounding heart and rapid breathing sent gentle bounces to her exposed chest.

"*T-That scared the milk out of me!!*"

The two shared a weak, nervous laugh before helping each other to wobbly legs. Exiting the cart and crawling onto solid ground was more of a relief than either cared to admit.

Clink-ding!!

A golem met Minerva and presented a towel toward her dripping chest.

"You could have warned us…" she accepted, taking the gift.

Their environment wasn't much different. Pipes and machinery still covered the walls, although some had been replaced by massive crystals of various colors jutting from the earth. The turning gears of countless working golems filled the air as they went about their duties.

Minerva took in the sights. "Where are we…?"

"Deep. Very, *very*, deep." Eris gulped and stood up. "These crystals don't form anywhere near the surface."

Tria hadn't yet found the courage to untangle herself from Eris's hair. "I don't like being so far away from the sky!!"

Clink-clink!

Ding-clang!

Several automata beckoned them to follow as if they had known Minerva and Eris for their entire journey below ground.

"They don't seem any different from the golems we left behind!"

Eris nodded while pursuing the contraptions. "It's one of their many secrets… A collective consciousness… Like a bee hive."

The tunnels led them deeper. It wasn't long before the area began to open up into dwarven ruins crumbling with age. What used to be modest dwellings were now dark and cold,

abandoned by their owners. Though numerous, their size relative to Minerva was half that of what she was used to. It could have been a city for children if she didn't know any better.

Eris marveled at the scene. "We might be the first living things to see this place in centuries… Do you realize that?"

"I'm having a hard time believing *anyone* lived this far below ground." She snorted. "No wonder dwarves were so rarely seen; they probably couldn't find their way to the surface!"

Minerva narrowed her eyes, spying a strange movement ahead. "Wait… Is there someone in there??"

"Where?! I don't see!!"

"Through that window!!" She pointed ahead to a smaller abode near the end of a block. "There's firelight!"

They were being led toward the home. Feeling as though they were stumbling upon a lost secret, the girls followed the golems.

CLANK-DING-CLANK-DING!!

CLANK-DING-CLANK-DING!!

Their alarms bared with excitement upon approach. Several of the automata working around the house joined in their energy, running around as if in celebration. One tripped, causing Eris to giggle as they were stopped in front of a metal door.

CREEAAAAAK

Aged hinges groaned in their movement when the entrance swung open. Before them stood an ancient woman, no higher than Minerva's hips. Time had brought her face to droop with wrinkles as if her skin were melted candle wax. White hair fell down her back, as well as formed a beard to cover her front to her knees.

The girls' jaws dropped upon seeing the dwarf. She was slow, but there were centuries of knowledge within her silvery eyes. A craggly cane fell under her hand with each step.

"Well well…" her voice rasped, amused at her visitors. "Ya must be tha ones makin' all tha ruckus among my golems!" She turned back into her home. "Come in, come in!!"

Clink-ding!!

A golem alerted her and she looked over her shoulder. An amused grin flashed at Minerva.

"And try not to drip… I jus' mopped."

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

The old dwarf woman tries to enlist their help with something Minerva is oddly qualified for

Eris gawked at the inside of the dwarf woman's house. "Wow… You've just been *living* here? All alone??"

It was small and simple. There were few possessions aside from the bare necessities. What was there appeared old and worn by centuries of time. Whatever wasn't made of stone was made from wood so aged neither girl could identify it. Although the door was small, the rooms

left just enough space for a below-average-sized person to stand with their neck bent. Minerva had encountered an awkward time maneuvering her buxom self through the doorway.

The old woman nodded and sat in a short chair, leaning her cane against a table. “Tha’s right! Jus’ me an’ tha golems. Ye can call me Meredith.”

“I’m Minerva, and this is Eris.”

“I just can’t believe it…” Eris contemplated their host. “I thought all the dwarves left these mountains after the blight…! Like, centuries ago. Why are you still here??”

Minerva, while drying herself off in a corner, scolded, “Eris, we’re not here to pry! Let her--”

“It’s alright!” the dwarf shrugged. “I guess I’m jus’ too stubborn to leave. Hard for a dwarf to say goodbye to her home.” A half-honest smile cracked her wrinkled lips.

From the corner, Eris thought she heard Minerva whisper something under her breath. The sorceress was narrowing her eyes at the dwarf, wary.

Eris paid little mind. “So…you’ve just been here for *centuries*… Doing--”

Ding-ding!

“Maintaining these guys!” Meredith patted a chiming golem on the head as it busied itself around her abode. “I fix them up, and they help me with food and anythin’ else I need.”

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL

Clang-ding-ding!

Ding-ding!!

Eris covered her head when the ground shook and golems panicked, trying to protect the three of them. “*It’s happening again!!*”

Feeling unsafe within the building as dust and pebbles fell, Minerva righted her dress and moved toward a doorway.

“It’ll settle…” Meredith said calmly, not moving from her seat.

As she predicted, the vibrations ceased. Eris uncovered her head and looked around. “You’re not scared of a cave-in…?”

The dwarf scoffed. “I know these mountains better than anyone. They’re studier than a worm's gut. They aren’t goin’ anywhere.”

Such reassurance from an earthen expert made Minerva rest easier. “That’s good to hear…”

“So!” Meredith stamped her cane. “Tha two of ye know my story. What brings ye down here? Surprised ye managed to find an entrance after all this time.”

Blushing with embarrassment, Minerva tried to shy away from the full story. “We were actually looking for a way through the mountains to Glomia, but there was some rain and an…*incident*…and--”

“*Ghosts!! Ghosts attacked us and made her chest HUUUUGE with milk and we fell through the floor into an old mine shaft and then your golems found us!!*”

“*ERIS!*” Minerva turned bright red. “*D-Does she REALLY need to know that?!*”

Meredith roared with laughter. “I was wonderin’ why ye seemed bigger every time I looked at ye!” Her eyes flashed. “Ye cursed, girl?”

"Not… Not exactly…"

"I remember when I milked for my youngin's back in tha day. Certainly felt like a curse to me."

Minerva was eager to change the subject. "About Glomia… Could you help us through the mountains? Maybe point us in the right direction?"

"*Ha!*" A hand slapped Meredith's knee loud enough to make the girls jump. "Through *these* mountains? Good luck. No crossing those depths anymore."

Minerva's heart sank as her chest tightened with milk. In the small space, it felt all the bigger and unyielding. "Why??"

RMMMBLLLLLL

Nervous glances made Eris's eyes dance around the vibrating room.

Meredith sipped some tea. "Tha's why. Mountains are shiftin', gettin' unstable."

"*I thought you said it was safe!*"

"It is, for tha most part. But I wouldn't trust any of them tunnels for another couple decades. One minute they might be fine, tha next they might be huggin' ya like a bear." She eyed Minerva. "Be especially troublesome for ye with tha' load takin' up so much space." Another sip of tea moistened her lips. "Usually us dwarves would keep tha mountains stable by throwin' some magic-infused gems into tha depths to calm the lava streams. I've been tryin' to keep up, but magic is hard to come by down here these days."

Both Minerva and Eris cocked their heads. Eris questioned, "Stabilizing the mountains…? I've never heard of that before… I didn't know dwarves could *use* magic. I thought they were against it, actually."

"It's not magic as ye probably know it. It's more like usin' a force of nature." A sigh made Meredith's back heavy. "Sad to see my beloved home crumblin' away. I love these mountains. Wish I could do better by them."

Ding-ding!

Clank!

An automata alerted the dwarf by tugging at her sleeve. Meredith's eyes brightened, following its direction to Minerva.

"But then ye showed up!" Meredith beamed. "Ye can help!"

Ding! Ding!

The sudden excitement from the machines and dwarf took Minerva by surprise as they all chimed around and outside the house in chorus.

"W…What? I'm no dwarf!" Minerva raised her hands. "I'm a sorcerer's apprentice! I-I can't do anything to help stabilize a--"

"Please, girl, let me smell yer milk."

Minerva backed away and hugged her chest in shock. "*What?!*"

Ding!

Ding-ding!

Ding!

"The golems sensed it tha minute they found ye!" Meredith's eyes shined with excitement. She rose from her chair and approached, extending a hand toward Minerva's chest. "They tell me thar's somethin' special in thar, and I couldn't agree more. It's plain as day, like a rich vein of ore. Just a little should tell me if--"

Slap!

Minerva smacked her coarse hand away gently, leaving the dwarf defeated. "*I-I don't*--"

"Come on… Just a little, Minerva!"

A glare flashed from the sorceress to her friend. "*You stay out of this.*"

"But she needs help!! Her home is crumbling! Her *home!*"

Ding! Ding!

Clank ding!

"Please, dear…" Meredith begged. Staring at Minerva's loaded bust, she appealed, "The golems are certain of it. They sense a special energy. If it could help calm the mountains, isn't it worth it to try? It could help stabilize the tunnels for ye as well…"

GUUUURGLE

"*N-Nngh…*" Her breasts tightened, sensing the dwarf's desire for her milk.

"Ye have so much… I'm only askin' for a glass to see if it could help."

Eris added, "What else are you going to do with it, Minerva? Might as well give her some…"

GUUUURGLE

The world was against her. If they continued to beg, Minerva feared she might soon test the limits of Meredith's house. She released her chest from her arms and allowed it to hang to her belly button. A sigh fell upon her cleavage as she asked, "Alright… D…D-Do you have a glass?"

Meredith's eyes sparkled with hope. "Yes! Of course!"

She handed a smoothed stone container over. Taking it, Minerva adjourned to a far corner and turned her back to her audience before attempting to fill the cup. Her nipples already ached with eagerness, pounding against her hands. "A little privacy…maybe?"

"We won't look!" Eris promised, turning around.

"Take yer time, dear."

A golem stared up at her with innocent, glassy eyes as Minerva slipped one side of her dress down her arm, allowing a massive marbled breast to tumble free. Its nipple squished between her fingers like a ripe fruit as she squeezed its tip into the tiny glass' mouth.

GUUUURGLE

"*Mmgh!*"

Her milk swelled at her touch. Trying not to pant too loudly, she pulled on her pink nozzle.

GUUURGLE!

"*Ngh!*"

They bloated, but no milk released. Minerva shivered as her nipples tightened, cold in the chilly underground air. She pulled again.

STRRRRRTCH!

"*A-Ah…!*"

Hot, firming flesh bulged over her arms as fluid poured into her to crowd the bottleneck that was her nipple. Several drops rolled into the cup.

Eris snickered, daring to peek. "Need some help over there?"

"*Give me a minute, for goddess's sake!*"

"Fine, fine…"

Beginning to sweat, Minerva knew she did indeed need help. There was milk, but her breasts weren't full enough to flow. They had grown accustomed to being large and engorged. The thought of them reaching her hips and no longer feeling overloaded was frightening.

Heart racing, Minerva allowed herself to enjoy the touch of her hand on her breast. It was warm and soft, filling her palm with heat. She could feel her milk within.

GUUUUURGLE

"*M…Mmm…*"

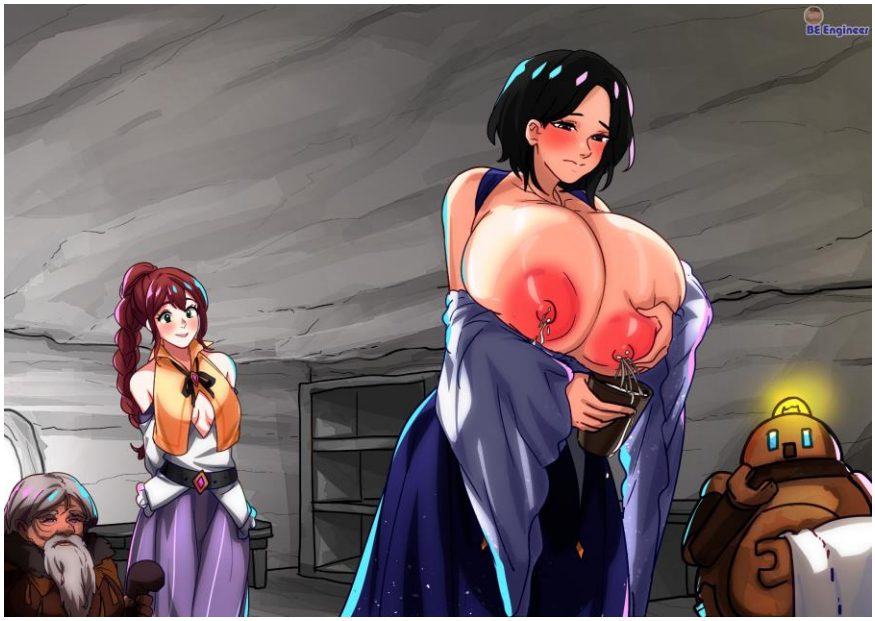
She grew fuller and wetter, her glands starting to strain. It would have been easy to lose herself to the pleasure. Moisture ran down her thighs. A whimper pursed her lips as she cautiously told her breasts, "*O-Overflow with milk…*"

GUUUUUUUUUUGLE!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

"*MMMGH!!!*"

They obeyed her desire with puppy-like excitement, swelling with several inches of growth. Her nipples trembled in her grasp before erupting into the waiting cup. Cream filled it within seconds.



SPLRRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

"*Mmmgh!! M-Mmmmgh!!*"

Meredith leaned toward Eris, whispering, "*Is it like this every time?*"

"*ALL the time.*"

Milk ran over the floor when Minerva lowered her arms. Back heaving with rapid breaths, she pulled her dress back on before turning around. Milk soaked her front and sweat peppered her face as hair fell in messed strands. The blush in her cheeks betrayed the pleasure she desperately wanted to hide.

"*H…Here…you go…*" she announced, handing an overflowing cup to the dwarf.

"*Ha!*" Meredith accepted the dripping gift. "Ye might make even more than Ol' Big Bertie did back in tha day!" Looking into the cup's white contents, she brought it to her nose and inhaled.

The room was silent as they waited.

"*Mmm… Mhm… Mhm…*" Meredith nodded, looking hopeful. "*Just tha kind of nourishin' energy tha mountains need!*"

Eris was more excited than Minerva. "Really?! Her milk can help??"

"With a little assistance from some dwarven handiwork to draw out the energy!" Looking at the sorceress still trying to catch her breath, Meredith asked, "Ye feelin' full, girl?"

"She's *always* feeling full," Eris snickered.

The annoyed look on Minerva's face made Meredith laugh. "How much of this can ye produce?"

Minerva swallowed. "W-Well, I--"

"*SOOO MUCH!*" Eris answered for her.

"*ERIS!!*"

"*You wouldn't believe how much milk she can make!! She nearly destroyed a castle she got so big!! I don't think she has a limit!!*"

"*D-Don't tell her that!!! I can't just--Ah!*"

Meredith's hands clasped around Minerva's, drawing her down to eye level. Sloshing cleavage jiggled between them. "Better get to growin', girl! Ye got something special in thar!" The dwarf grinned. "*And I have just tha use for it.*"

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

To calm the mountain will take far more milk than Minerva has ever handled. Even with the help of the dwarven machinery and her companions, she may need to give in to pleasure to succeed.

"This way, girls!" Meridith guided.

The underground echoed with their footsteps as Minerva and Eris followed the dwarf. Automata bustled around them in a flurry of nondescript work, each assuming their own jobs beneath the mountain.

"Where are we going??" Eris yelled. Her voice bouncing off the cavernous walls startled her like a slap in the face.

Meridith didn't look back. For a dwarf with a cane, she was surprisingly fast. "Not far! We need somewhere with enough room for our little chore!"

"Eris, wait…"

The scholar paused, falling back at Minerva's whispered call and hand on her shoulder. "Hm? What is--"

"*Shh.*" Minerva motioned to keep her voice low. "I don't trust her…"

Eris cocked her head. "Meridith? But she's so nice!"

Staring firmly ahead, Minerva watched the dwarf with caution. "She's not telling us everything. She's *cursed*."

The statement made Eris's eyes widen. "Huh?? Meridith??"

"*Quiet!*"

Meridith looked over her shoulder. "Ye two girls keepin' secrets back thar?"

"Just planning our route after we help out!" Minerva lied, answering before Eris had a chance. She lowered her voice again, leaning closer to her friend. "Yes, she's cursed. I sensed something when we met her, and made certain of it while we were in her house. I don't know about what, or why, but she's lying to us, or at least not giving us the full story."

"Well… What do you want to do? She's just an old woman… A *short* old woman, at that… Maybe she doesn't like to talk about being cursed. Maybe it's not a big deal."

"Curses are *always* a big deal. You don't get cursed for being innocent." Minerva stared at the dwarf several paces ahead. A dull purple aura surrounded her, made visible to her by a spell. "*We can't trust her.*"

Eris chewed on her lip. She knew as well as anyone that curses were bad news, regardless of their owner. "She's so nice though… What's the worst that could happen? She's only asking for some milk."

GUUURGLE

"*Nngh…*"

"S-Sorry…"

Minerva shook her head to clear the lactation fog. "She's not just asking for milk. She's asking for *magic-infused* milk from *my* breasts. We don't even understand my condition! How do we know it can't be used for something nefarious??"

"Like what?? Overfeeding a bunch of stray cats??"

A glare flashed on Minerva's face. It frustrated her to see Eris forget Brayn's actions and intentions so quickly. "Regardless, we don't fully know what we're getting ourselves into." She lowered her voice again. "I suggest we incapacitate her so I can read her mind and learn the way out of the mountains."

"*You can't do that to her!! She's been so nice!!* Plus she said all the paths were dangerous and blocked…"

"You believe her? *Every single* path is blocked?"

"I…" Eris shifted her eyes. "M-Maybe?"

Clutching at her chest, Minerva added, “Not to mention I’m not sure I want to lactate so--”

“We’re here!!” Meridith exclaimed in a booming voice.

So wrapped up in their conversation, the girls hadn’t realized where they ended up.

A monumental cavern opened before them, large enough to hold a small city. Its walls domed upward into darkness.

Tink-cling!

Clang-clang!

A storm of mechanical sounds filled the space like a beehive. Before them stretched a massive bowl carved into the ground. Its expanse could have held a modest pond a hundred meters in diameter and several dozen deep. Within was a layer of clockwork robots diligently chipping away at the rock and carting rubble out.

“Ye boys aren’t done yet??” Meridith hollered.

“What is this…?” Eris asked, approaching the dwarf.

She motioned to Minerva. “Well we need somewhere to keep all tha milk! Had tha bots start carvin’ this hole tha minute we left my house!”

“*They did this in that short amount of time?!*”

“Fast little buggers, eh?”

CLAP CLAP

Meridith smacked her callused hands together. “Alright! All of ye out! It’s show time!” Motioning to a standoffish Minerva, she insisted, “Think ye can manage to fill this?”

“I--”

“*She definitely can!!*”

Minerva’s eyes flashed in anger. How quickly Eris forgot her words when presented with something impressive to the eye.

Still uncertain, Minerva asked with a pale face, “Are you sure you need so much…?”

“Tha mountains are big, girly, and they ‘ave a big heart. Takes a lot o’ energy to keep ‘em runnin’. Try and fill it all at once, if ye can.”

RRMMMMMBBBLLLLL

The ground shook as if in agreement.

“Come on, Minerva… What’s the worst that could happen?” Eris pouted.

“I…”

Meridith urged her on. “Come on, now! Whip ‘em out! We’re all women here. Don’t let my good looks intimidate ye.”

Different possibilities ran through Minerva’s mind. Even if the dwarf did try something, chances were low that she would stand a chance against Minerva’s own magic. Whether or not they could escape the underground labyrinth without injury was another story. They were still in Meridith’s domain, and on some level, at her mercy, unless Minerva decided to take a more magical approach.

“Alright…” she moaned, stepping forward to the edge of the bowl.

It extended far and deep enough to make her heart rush with anxiety. The amount of milk necessary to fill its volume would make the size Brayn had made her feel small.

"Y-You really need *this* much?" she asked, looking back at the dwarf.

Meridith nodded.

"Come on, Minerva! Show her what those things can do!"

With a sigh, Minerva resigned herself to fate. She slipped one shoulder strap down her arm before pausing. "C-Can I have some privacy? Maybe you two can come back in an hour?"

Both silent, Eris and Meridith only stood with eyes wide with anticipation.

"*Nope!!*" Tria's voice piped, denying the sorceress her alone time. "*We want to watch!*"

"Great…" Minerva shifted her feet. "Then at least keep your distance, alright? I-I don't need any help… *I'm talking to you, Eris.*"

"Right! Yup! No problem! No help from me! You got this!"

The situation was as good as it was going to get.

"Great…" Minerva grumbled. She turned her back to her audience before removing her other shoulder strap and baring her back. Her chest, already pre-swelled, hung inches from her belly button as the gigantic bowl waited before her. To think of so much milk swelling within her breasts made her shudder.

Taking a deep breath, she gently massaged the sides of her breasts and felt their energy tingle with her will.

GUURGLE

"*Fill 'er up, Minerva!*" Eris shouted.

GUUUURGLE!!!

"*Nngh!! ERIS!! Quiet!!*"

The slight encouragement had done its job. Minerva's chest tightened with stimulation as her milk glands swelled to the occasion. Fluid surged into her, distending her breasts to her hips within an instant.

"*A..Ahh!!*" the sorceress gasped. It never felt any easier. Thighs clamping together, she took several steps back from the basin's edge. Her lips trembled with apprehension before she managed to whisper, "*F…Fill bigger…*"

GUUUUUUUURGLE

"*Mmmmm!!!*"

SLOOOSH!!!!

Her legs lasted nowhere near as long as she'd hoped. Under the weight of self-imposed pleasure, Minerva collapsed to her knees, allowing her boulder-sized breasts to collide and spread across the cold stone ground.

STRRTCH!!!

"*M-Mmmm!*" All four in attendance heard the sound of the chilly surface forcing her nipples to harden and swell. "*Oh… Oh goddess…!*"

Eris gulped, her eyes shifting between her friend's substantial engorgement as well as her presented thighs. "This is going to be good…" she whispered to Meridith.

The dwarf watched intently, amazed. “Bigger mammies than I’ve ever seen already…”

Kneeling over her own chest, Minerva could hardly hear herself think, much less the low whispers of her audience. Making her own breasts grow was far different than when they grew at someone else’s request. They were heavier. More excited. More eager to bloat and produce.

The milk was more intense.

Hands clenching atop their pale mounds, Minerva tried to ignore the rising heat under her dress. “*M-M…More…milk…*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

“*MMMMM!!!!*”

Their swelling was vigorous. Minerva’s feet slid back on the ground when her breasts enlarged several feet in either direction. Her arms draped over their tops and her stomach rubbed against their cleavage. Their girth rivaled a large bed as milk began dripping from her nipples.

Eris stumbled back, startled. “Slow down, Minerva!”

“*I can’t…nnngh!...help it!!*”

Sweat was already pouring down her naked back. Straining to see over her bust, she spied the empty basin. She was big, but nowhere near enough to make a dent in the bowl’s capacity.

“Still a long way to go, girly.”

“*I KNOW! It’s not easy filling with milk!!*”

GUUUUURGLE!!!!!

“*MMM!!!*”

There was little restraint in their burgeoning. Minerva found herself having to rise onto her tiptoes as they pushed against her thighs and shins. The incredible mound of sloshing milk and soft skin squishing against her body and face was too exhilarating to ignore.

“*Milk…!*” she rasped, squeaking through a veil of pleasure.

GUUUUUURGLE

“*O-Oh goddess… What am I doing?!*” Minerva swallowed. “*Bigger!*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

“*I’M THIRSTY!!*”

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

GRRRMMMMBLLLL

Eris and Meridith lifted their gaze, their eyes widening when her chest rumbled with size. The sorceress’s feet had left the ground. Her dress had bunched up around her hips from her shifting flesh wall and writhing thighs. The view given to them several feet below was nothing short of intimate.

SPSH!!!!

SPSH!!!!!

Several steaming fountains erupted from her nipples. The pressure was reaching a limit and her breasts were demanding relief as Minerva neared the size of a modest house. Remaining

soft, her breasts wobbled as large flattened domes and engulfed her body in the top of their cleavage with a gentle hug.

"Tha younger generation seems to always be bigger and bigger…" Meridith mused.

Fluid leaked down Minerva's thighs, making her cleavage slippery. Seeing such a shine made Eris's mouth oddly dry. "D-Doing alright up there??"

"*Mmmmmm fine!!!*"

In reality, Minerva's mind was awash with desire and pleasure. Her loins ached and her breasts sang with the bloated discomfort of far too much milk. Filling her lungs with rapid gasping breaths made it difficult to speak. If she continued at such a pace, she feared she might scream in orgasm, or worse.

"*B… Mmmmm!!! B-Bigger…!*" she managed to whimper.

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!!!

Eris's heart fluttered. She clasped her hands together over her crotch, a finger desperate to explore through her skirt. "Minerva…"

"*MMMM!!!! Aaaahhhh!!!! BIGGER!!!! BIGGER!!!!!*" she began gasping loudly.

Eris thought she saw one of Minerva's hands drift between her legs.

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!!!

"*MMMNNGH!!!!!*"

They stood in Minerva's shadow now. Huge and looming, her breasts trembled with a threatening amount of milk.

SPSH!!!!!

SPSSHHHH!!!!

Dairy gushed in thick geysers at her inability to hold her own contents. It arched before landing in the basin below with heavy splashes. It had begun to fill, but was far from completion.

"*B… Bi… M-Mmmmm!!*" Minerva whimpered, unable to form a complete word. "*I… I can't!*"

Her pussy raged. Her mind was a storm of temptation and lust. Never had her loins felt so plump between her thighs, as if they two had begun swelling with milk. It certainly felt so, based on the amount of liquid leaking free.

Meridith gave some encouragement. "Keep goin', girly! Yer almost halfway there, I think."

"*WHAT?!?!*" Shocked, Minerva dared to look behind her. The ground was far below, but her friends were out of sight. "*T-THAT'S ALL?!?!*" A tremble ran through her eager breasts. She was on the verge of losing her mind. "*I CAN'T DO THIS!! THAT'S TOO BIG!! THAT'S TOO MUCH MILK!! EVEN FOR ME!!*"

So stunned by the sorceress's mountains, Eris failed to see Tria fly from her corset and into the air before she was out of reach. "Tria!! Where are you--"

It became clear moments later.

GUUUURGLE

"*MMMMMM!!!!*" Minerva groaned, trying to endure the immense pressure and lust. Movement caught her eyes. She opened them to see Tria land on her chest, several feet out of reach of her hands. There was a wide, nefarious grin on the fairy's face. "*T…Tria…? What are you*--"

"*Bigger*," she giggled.

GUUUURGLE

"*Ahh!! T-Tria!! Seriously!! Wait!! I--MMMGH!!*"

"*BIGGER!*"

GUUUUUUUURGLE

"*NNNGH!!! TRIA, YOU LITTLE GNAT!!*" Minerva squirmed. Her arms flailed, trying to grab Tria to silence her words, but she remained out of reach. Minerva's own chest held her body hostage.

"*MORE MILK!!!!*"

GUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

"*AAHHH!!!!*"

GRRRMMMMBLLLLL

Minerva's chest rumbled dangerously with its contents. It stretched tall and wide, expanding in every direction as she filled the mountain cavern. Eris and Meridith were forced to make way as a wall of flesh leaped toward them. Sounds of deep, churning milk bounced off the cavern as she stretched, becoming firmer.

"*Tria!!! TRIA STOP!! I-I NEED A BREAK!!*" Minerva begged. Her core felt like it was going to explode. Sweat poured down her body and slick juices made her crotch gleam. She could never allow herself to give in to her pleasure in front of others.

"*BIGGER!!! BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER!!!*"

"*TRIAAAA!!!!*"

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

SPSSSHHHHH!!!!!

SPSSSSSSHHHH!!!!

She was mountainous. Rivers felt like they were rushing through her nipples as milk tried to escape.

Below, Eris cracked a smile. "*Hey!! I'm thirsty too!!*"

"*ERIS YOU STAY OUT OF THIS!!!! I SWEAR I'LL--AAMMMPH!!!!*" Minerva buried her face in her cleavage to hide an orgasmic scream.

STRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!!!

The scholar's heart raced. "*I'm dying of thirst!!!*"

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

"*I WANT ALL THE MILK!!!*"

"*Please!! I'm sooo thirsty!!!*"

Minerva begged, "*S-STOP!!!*"

"*BIGGER!!! WAY WAY WAY WAY WWWAAAAAYYY BIGGER!!!*"

"*My stomach is growling!!!*"

"*AAHHH OHHH GODDESS!!!*"

Eris and Tria were relentless, even as Minerva's chest rose up into the darkness. Bouncing on Minerva's firm skin, Tria teased, "*I want way more milk than this!!*"

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE

"*NNNNNGH!!!!!!!*"

Minerva was at her breaking point. Somewhere, her chest rubbed against a cold stone wall.

Eris started to shout, "*Can't you make more milk?? I'm*--

RMMMMMBBBBBBLLLL

A deep vibration from the titanic wall of flesh made her pause. Her eyes widened, coming to recognize her friend's enormous size.

"*MMMMMGH!!!!!*"

"*BIGGER!!! BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER!!!*" Tria continued.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!!

RRMMMBBBLLLL!!!!!

"*AAHH!!!! MMNNGHHHHHH!!!!!*"

Eris gulped, now fearful. "U-Uh…. Tria?? Maybe we should--"

"*MOOOOORE MILK!!!!!*"

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

RRMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

Minerva couldn't see in front of her. Spots were flashing in her eyes from overwhelming lust. Her body screamed for release. "*Tria!! Tria, please!!!! Oh for goddess's sake!!! I-I'm gonna--*"

"*FILL UP!!! FILL UP LIKE A COW!!!*"

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

RRMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

SPSSSHHHHH!!!!

SPSSSHHHHHH!!!!

"*MMNNGH!!!!!!!!!! AAAHHH GODDESS!!!!!*" Minerva's scream rang out.

Eris's heart raced. "T-T…Tria!!! Tria, that's enough!!" She and Meridith tried to step away again, but stone met their backs. Tight, vibrating flesh pushed into their bodies moments later. "*TRIA SHE'S BIG ENOUGH!!!*"

Minerva gasped for air. "*NNNNGH!!! AHHH I'M GONNA BLOW!!! I'M GONNA BLOW!!!*" Her body tensed as it felt like gallons wanted to burst from between her thighs.

The fairy was incessant. "*I'M SO THIRSTY I COULD DRINK ALL OF THIS!!!*" she giggled.

Minerva's words were desperate squeaks. "*Tria…! Tria, please!! I'm--*"

"*I'm not going to stop until you promise to let me have a taste of--*"

RRMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!

She stopped when the world of flesh started to shake. "H…Huh?"

"*MMMMMMPPPPHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!*"

Minerva screamed into her cleavage, her face and body buried in flesh. She raised her rear into the air, the cold subterranean air like paradise against her dripping privates. "*AAAHH!!!!! AAAAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!*"

RRMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!!

The sound of her milk was deafening.

"M…Minerva…?" Tria whimpered, stepping closer in worry. "Are you--*EEP!!!*"

The sorceress's hand was like a snake, shooting out and grabbing the fairy in an iron fist.

RRMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!!

Eyes on fire with an ocean-worth of pleasure concentrated into her core, Minerva pulled the fairy into her cleavage and brought her face close. Her chest bloated impossibly large, the cavern walls squeezing her tight enough to make her areolas dome and push out like corks.

"*You're… Nnnngh… Tria, y-you're…*" Minerva growled, trying to speak to the terrified fairy.

RRMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBLLLL!!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!!

SPPPPSSSHHHHHH!!!!!

"*MMMGH!!!!!*" Drool fell from Minerva's face as she became overwhelmed. She couldn't hold it any longer. Her nipples tensed, primed to erupt like pent-up volcanos. Bearing over Tria's body, she growled, "*You're going to pay for this.*"

Tria's heart skipped a beat as the sorceress's eyes glazed over in heavenly orgasm and her chest tightened beyond capacity. "M-Miner--"

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

RRMMMMMMMMMMMBBBLLLL-----

SPLLRRRTCHSH!!!!!

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

Overwhelmed by the impossible amount of milk and frustration, Minerva decides to give Tria exactly what she's been begging for in the wake of her biggest letdown yet.

"MMMMMMMNGH!!!!!!!"

The release of milk was deafening for everyone in the cavern. A great reservoir's dam had broken, and its contents were rapidly streaming through Minerva's gargantuan nipples before erupting in two massive geysers.

FWOOOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!

Her dairy roared with the strength of a mighty waterfall crashing from hundreds of feet in the air. Such thick, steaming fluid sloshed and foamed when it struck the stone basin below. Its empty volume was quick to swell with her white nectar and send churning vibrations through the mountain's insides.

"*MMMMMMMMM OH MY GODDESSSSSSS!!!!*" Minerva howled. Every inch of her body screamed with pent-up tension. Throbbing, undulating sensations coursed through her core and deep into the pits of her navel and groin. She couldn't control her hips as they bucked and seized with a mind of their own. "*I--MMPH! MMMNGH!!*" Unable to think, Minerva bit her own cleavage in an attempt to find any outlet for her extreme stimulation. Her breath blew over her skin to moisten and shine.

"*Phminrmpha!*" Tria squeaked, wide-eyed and trapped in the sorceress's clenched fist. Pressure was squeezing her from all sides, not only from Minerva's fingers, but also her cleavage as they were swallowed up into the heaving chasm of her breasts.

"*MMMMMMMM!!! Tria!!! TRIA!!!*" Minerva screamed in sexual frustration. "*YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!!!*"

Her words came out as garbled orgasm-riddled gasps for oxygen. There was little semblance of conscious thought filling her mind. Stimulation and overbearing hormones had taken over, turning her consciousness into a deluge of primal desire and mind-rending pleasure.

WHOOOOSH!!!!!

Her nipples' gushing was powerful enough to create waves and currents within the basin as it filled deeper into a small sea. Automata scrambled to escape the gear-clogging fluid. The turbulent milk sloshed and roiled in its quest to fill to the top.

"*Gaaaahh!!!!*" Eris gasped when she was released from the wall. A mass of receded flesh was retreating back toward Minerva. The extreme shifting of bodies, both Minerva's and the milky ocean's, was causing the air in the cavern to whirl. Eris looked on in awe with hair whipping in her face. Steam rose with the likeness of a sauna, scented with sugars and sweetness intimately drawn from the depths of Minerva's breasts.

"*She's going to fill it… She's actually going to fill the basin!*" Eris exclaimed over the roar.

"*Girl's got some extraordinary talent!*" Meridith agreed, standing only with the help of a small group of clockwork golems supporting her. The wind and rumbles were too much for her legs to bear.

"*AAAAMMMMMMMNNNN!!!!!!*" Minerva screamed. The pressure of her breasts squeezing the milk from her glands was almost as unbearable as the pressure of filling to such a

dramatic size. She'd managed to expel more than half of her fluid and reach a girth reminiscent of Brayn's evil doings.

WHOOSH!!!

WHOOOSH!!!

Milk began jumping over the basin's edge. Fatty waves of dairy crashed and splashed across the floor.

"*She's…*"

WHOOOOSH!!!

Eris looked down when a layer of milk washed over her feet. "*She's going to overflow it!!*"

"*MMMMNGHH!!!!!!!*"

It was far too late to stop. Minerva's breasts had been pushed to the brink and now it was their time to expel every ounce of skin-stretching pressure.

WHHOOOOOOOSH!!!!!

CRASSHHH!!!

A tidal wave of milk broke over the basin's edge, racing toward Eris with enough force to knock her off her feet.

"*Hold on, there!*"

She would have been washed away into an adjoining tunnel if not for Meridith's gritty hand grabbing onto her collar. They both looked up, squinting through flurries of milk drops and wet hair. The release was nearly over.

When Minerva's toes touched the ground, she found no strength in her legs. They shook against the backs of her breasts, unable to find purchase on the slippery ground. Tria still wiggled in her hand, but the sorceress wouldn't relent.

As her breasts dwindled to an immobilizing size she'd come to find herself growing more accustomed to by the day, Minerva ground her teeth against a wave of post-orgasm delight tempting her to fall into a gasping heap bordering on slumber.

"*Nnngh!!! Tria…!!!*" Minerva growled, fighting to claw her way forward over her still-gushing breasts. She could see her areolas coming into view as she reached the size of a bed. Spraying nipples waited beyond, aching from the load they'd just released.

The fairy flailed in her grasp. "*Mmph! MM! Minerva! I--*"

FWOOOSH!!!!

The sound of an approaching gushing fleshy nozzle made Tria's eyes widen. Minerva had shrunk enough to reach the fronts of her breasts, even as they continued to pin her to the ground.

"*Tria… Tria…*" Minerva said, almost cackling under a mountain of exhaustion and anger. Her voice lowered several octaves. "*I hope you're still thirsty.*"

"*M-Minerva! I--*"

SQUUSHHH!!

"*MMMPH!!!*"

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

Minerva brought the fairy's face to her nipples, squishing her entire front into the soft pink flesh. Milk immediately forced its way into the tiny being's mouth, inflating her cheeks before streaming pores forced her to swallow mouthful after mouthful. The rest of the nipple drenched her body in a white shower.

"*M-Mmmmngh!*" Tria whimpered, short of breath.

"*What's the matter? I thought you wanted my milk. You've been begging…and pleading…and DEMANDING it…for so long.*"

"*Mmmmm!!*"

Gulp…!

Gulp…!

The taste was impeccable. Despite the conditions, Tria's taste buds danced at the sweet cream. Joy overwhelmed her within seconds and she threw her arms out to embrace the nipple, squeezing more milk into her mouth.

Gulp…!

Gulp…!

"*Go ahead,*" Minerva sneered, pressing her harder against the wagon wheel-sized mammary. "*There's plenty. You can finally have all you want.*"

Gulp…!

Gulp…!

"*M-Mmmgh…*" Tria shifted. Her hand rubbed across her belly as she began to feel full. The milk was delicious, dream-like even, but such a powerful stream had filled her with a sloshing abdomen-distending weight. "*Ngh!*"

Gulp…

"*N-Ngh!*" She opened her eyes, having had her fill.

"*What? Done already? Surely you want more.*" Minerva held her firm, forcing more of her milk into the fairy.

Gulp…

Gulp…

"*N-N-Nnngh!! Phmnervpha! Mph!!*"

"*But you were soooo thirsty!! You wanted me bigger, and bigger, and BIGGER, remember?*"

Gulp…

Gulp…

Strrrrrrtch!!

"*NNGH!!*" Tria's eyes sprang open when her belly groaned. What was once a twig-like waist was rapidly bloating into a taut oval dome stretching from her breasts to her groin. Bodily contours framed the engorging mound hanging from her body as her body strained. Frantic, she

began pushing back against the massive nipple to free herself from the pressure forcing its way into her. "*M-Mph!!*"

"*You can't be full already! I have plenty!! In fact…*" Minerva's eyes flashed. "*I'm thirsty too…*"

GUUUUUURGLE

"*M-M-MMMGH!!!!*"

Tria panicked when Minerva swelled fuller against her, the nipple bloating and the flow of milk increasing.

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

STRRRRRTCH

"*Nnnnngh!!!!*"

Both hands flew to her belly. Vibrating skin bulged from under her makeshift clothes. Her sides had rounded out and creased over her hips. The bottom of her dress flared to reveal her navel and tiny pussy stretched to keep pace with its owner.

"*You look like you swallowed a whole grapefruit, you thirsty fairy. Getting a little full?*"

"*M-Mmm!!*"

"*Too bad. I have a lot of milk left over, and I hate to be wasteful.*"

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gu--POP POP POP POP!!!!

"*MMGH!!*"

Tria shuddered when her clothes exploded. With only leaves and twine to hold them together, they had no hope of surviving Minerva's wrath as she pumped the fairy fuller and fuller.

STRRRRRTCH!!!

A pressure churned within Tria's body. Her belly felt full, but the milk continued to flow. Heat was beginning to spread into her chest, making her nipples tingle and harden. "*Mngh!! MMNGH!!*"

"*What's that? Something--*"

BWOOOMPH!!

"*MPH!*"

Tria's muffled squeak of surprise echoed through Minerva's chest. Flinging both hands to her front, Tria found her own breasts swelling outward. They widened and filled, hanging lower with her swaying stomach.

"*Interesting… Belly too full to hold all that milk you were so eager for? Guess you get to experience a little of what you put me through every day.*"

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

STRRRRRRTCH

GUUUUUUUUURGLE

"*Nnnngh!!!*"

Tria didn't know what to do with her hands. Everything needed attention. Everything screamed with stretching pressure. Everything felt far too full. Her belly surpassed the size of a cantaloupe. Her breasts ripened into plump apples. Plump flesh rose around her sides and back as her body sought any available space. Slowly, her legs began to part as her navel swelled downward, pushing her crotch fuller to overtake her thighs.

GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!!

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

"*Oohhhh my!*" Minerva delighted at her revenge. She shifted her grip on the fairy, having to hold her with a hand on either side of her rounding belly. It squished between her palms and fingers, swirling like a giant balloon. "*All that fairy magic must be helping you out… Didn't think you would be able to hold this much…*"

"*Nngh?!*"

"*I guess that means I can keep going.*"

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

Tria sloshed and jiggled in Minerva's hands. Swelling flesh began folding over her thighs and arms, swallowing them into the bulbous mass that was becoming her rounding abdomen. The lips of her crotch had plumped into two ridges as thick as Minerva's fingers, stretching several inches in length.

STRRRRTCH!!!

"*MMMGH!!!*"

Tria sank her arms into her breasts. Fluid rapidly poured into them, pushing cleavage into the fairy's neck and chin and against Minerva. Their bases started to widen and lift away atop her belly, forcing the mounds to flatten as they spread out into wide domes.

GUUUUUUURGLE

"*Sooooo fuuuuull…!*" Minerva teased, gently massaging the fairy's body. "*All that thick…heavy milk filling you up like a balloon… You almost feel ready to pop.*"

Gulp…

Gulp…

Gulp…

STRRRRTCH!!

"*Nngh!!*" Frantic energy gripped Tria when pressure consumed her limbs, forcing them out to her sides as they sank into her flesh.

"*Don't worry though… I'm not THAT mean… Probably.*"

SLOOOSH

SLOOOOOSH

SLOOOOOOSH

Minerva jostled her, sending Tria's form jiggling and sloshing. "*I'm not sure you can stand to hold any more!! Even with the help of your magic.*"

STRRRTCH!!

Tria panicked as she saw flesh rising around her face. Her abdomen felt like it was everywhere, consuming everything. It pressed against Minerva's chest, both of their surfaces hot and slick with milk.

G-Gulp…!

G-Gulp…!

G-Gulp…!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

"*NNGNH!!!!!*"

An amused laugh from Minerva sent Tria sloshing. "*I could paint you green and pass you off as a giant watermelon! Or should I keep going and go for a pumpkin?*"

G-Gulp…!

G-Gulp…!

Tria's swallows were getting more difficult and strained. Her skin firmed against Minerva's fingertips as her hands trembled, struggling to hold the fairy's new weight. She couldn't move as her own abdomen had expanded to the point of locking her frame in place, consuming every limp and pulling even her breasts into tight jiggling hemispheres. Her head stared at the malicious nipple, pumping her to the bursting point with milk.

G…Gulp…!

"*Nngh!!! N-NNGH!!*"

G…G-Gulp…!

"*What's that? You're full?*"

G…Gulp…!

STRRRTCH!!!!

"*NNGH!!*"

"*You sure you don't want more?*" Minerva squeezed her fingers, finding little give in Tria's sides.

G-Gulp…!

STRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

"*NNNNGH!!!!!!*"

"*Are you sorry for what you did to me?*"

G..Gulp…!

G….G-Gulp…!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Tria's eyes bulged when she felt her body reach its limit. Her throat felt unable to take any more milk and her eyes watered. Thin trails of milk leaked from her pussy. "*MMMMMM!!!! M-MHM!!! MHM!!! NNNGH!! I'MPH SHORPHHY!!*"

"I accept your apology."

POP!!

Minerva pulled Tria away from her nipple with a suctiony release.

SPLMMMSH!!!

"*MMMMMGH!!!! Ooooohhhhhhhh…!!!*"

Satisfied, she gently dropped Tria several inches to the ground, letting her bounce and slosh with nearly four gallons of milk stretching her body into a comical balloon-like form of herself. The last of Minerva's milk trickled away, leaving her gasping on all fours. Her breasts hung from her heaving torso, swinging to brush their nipples across the ground.

"*Those… Those are bigger…than I remember…*" she whispered, certain they were empty.

"*Nnnnngh…*" Sloshing emanated from every inch of Tria's body. Blown to ridiculous sizes, every intimate detail had become exaggerated and put on grand display. Tiny wings beat uselessly at her rounded back. "*Too much miiiiilk…*"

"*Now you know how I feel.*"

"Minerva!!!" Eris's voice traveled as she ran forward. "*I can't believe you did it!!! You more than did it!!! It's overflowing with milk!! You--*" She paused, coming upon Minerva and Tria. "*WHAT DID YOU DO?! WHAT HAPPENED TO TRIA?!*"

A satisfied giggle put a grin on Minerva's face. "*I gave her the drink she's been wanting for so long.*"

Eris got on her knees and cradled the fairy in her arms. "*Look at her! She's…She's not even… Minerva!! I can barely lift her!*"

"*She'll be fine… All that fairy magic helped her out. Shouldn't be thirsty for a while now.*"

Tria gurgled, her breasts and belly still straining. Small leaks sprang from her nipples and crotch. "*Uuuughhhh too fuuuuull… I-I feel…weird…*"

Lagging behind, the dwarf woman made her own approach. "Well done, girly… Wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't been there to see it happen."

"*Is… Is that…enough…for what you need…?*" Minerva breathed.

"More than enough."

The dwarf stood at the churning basin's edge. Mountains of milk foam floated around the body of fluid like islands.

Ting-ding!

A golem approached, presenting a large red crystal to Meridith.

"Ahh, there we are." She took it and looked back at the magic-filled milk with eagerness. Now more than ever, Minerva distrusted her intentions. "Let's begin, aye?"

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

Eris tries to empty Tria while Meridith sets her plan in motion.

Minerva was still catching her breath as Meridith approached the small sea of milk she'd created. Sweat poured over her body in waves to cool her down, but it would be a while before the sorceress's heart stopped racing.

"*What… What's that for…?*" the sorceress asked through lack of breath, staring at the strange crystal.

Staring out over the expanse of milk, Meridith took in the scent. Her demeanor was changed and Minerva's unease was worse than ever. Nobody was cursed without good reason.

"Thar's heaps of magic in this milk ye produced for me…" Meridith breathed. The red crystal was held aloft like an offering. "This gem is goin' to soak it all up into somethin' I can use for tha mountains!"

"*Mmngh… My bellyyyyy…*" A groan drifted from Eris's arms. Tria remained engorged with dairy, distended and bloated by Minerva's vengeance. "*I…I don't feel right…*"

Concern poured from Eris's eyes as she coddled the ballooned fairy. "Minerva, how could you… Look at her! She's… *Goddess, she's massive!*" Her arms had to keep repositioning themselves to keep the fairy's impressive weight aloft.

SLOOOSH

SLOOOOOOSH

"*Nnngh… Too fuuuuull…!*"

Watching the fairy's tiny hands and feet flail uselessly against the sunken bulges of skin made Eris's heart flood with compassion. Slowly one of her hands approached Tria's chest, where a breast the size of half a grapefruit sat waiting and stretched across her spherical form.

"H-Here… Let me try…" Eris gently squeezed the mound to coax milk through a swollen nipple.

SQLCH!

GUUUUURGLE!!!

"*M-MMMMM!!!! No!! N-N-Nnngh no!! Don't squeeze me!! Don't squeeze me!!*" Tria begged, everything shuddering at the application of pressure. "*I feel like…I'll pop!! I'm too full! I'm too full!!*"

Eris's gaze shot to the sorceress collapsed over her breasts. "*MINERVA, YOU BULLY!! SHE'S AS BIG AS A WATERMELON!!*"

"For the last time, she's FINE!!" Minerva waved a hand, not wanting to take her eyes off Meridith. "Give her some time and it will work its way through her system. Who knows; maybe all that milk will give her enough magic power to fulfill a request or two of yours."

The idea put several images into Eris's head. They were enough to make her subconsciously tighten her embrace on the fairy out of latent desire.

GUUURGLE

"*Mph!!! ERIS!! E-ERIS!!*" Tria squeaked, flesh squeezing up and around her head from the pressure around her midsection.

"*Sorry!!*"

Splash!

Meridith knelt over the milk. Gentle and slow, she extended her arms into the cream until the crystal was submerged. Muttering made her lips move fast and incomprehensibly despite Minerva's best attempts to listen. The remaining effects of her orgasmic release were still taking their toll on her body. She wasn't certain she could put up a fight if the need arose, whether physical or magical.

She started to ask, "What are you--"

Dull redness emanated from the crystal. Energy ebbed and flowed, reflecting in the dwarf's eyes as she looked on. Her silvery beard fell into the dairy but she paid it no mind. Across the milky lake, Minerva watched as it began to shimmer. Pinpricks of sparkling light drifted up from its surface as if it were releasing thousands of tiny stars. It glowed with a silvery majesty before gentle ripples flowed toward the crystal.

Meridith's mutters grew more feverish. The gem's glow intensified in her grasp. Minerva didn't need to be told it was absorbing the latent magic from her release.

GUUUUURGLE

"*Nnnnnghhhhhh, Eriiiis…*" Tria moaned. "*My body…doesn't feel riiiight…! Something is wroooong…!*"

"Shhh… Shh shh shhh… It's alright… We'll get you emptied… I promise… But I think…something is happening…"

The air was alive with crackling energy, enough to make the girls' hair stand on end. Minerva's heart raced with regret at giving the dwarf such a vast amount of milk. Nothing good could come from a gift this magnitude.

It was concentrating more around the crystal. Creeping closer and closer. Minerva watched as the shimmer across her milk faded the further away it was from Meridith. Every bit of magic was being drawn in, leaving plain dull dairy in its wake. It was almost strange to see ordinary milk in such a capacity.

SHOOOOM!!

All at once, with an air-trembling jolt, the energy ceased its movement. The shimmering was gone. The magic had been absorbed. Meridith stood up, eyes glowing as she looked upon the treasured gem within her grasp. It glowed with a red-hot intensity of a sun that was blinding among the dark underground.

Meridith's voice almost cackled when she held it aloft. Milk dribbled from her beard to leave a trail as she walked several paces back from the basin. "This… This will be *more* than enough…"

A sense of doom cast a shadow over Minerva. She motioned behind her. "Eris… *Eris…! Come here.*"

"Why?? So you can pump more milk into--"

"*ERIS!*"

The harsh snap quieted the scholar. Lugging Tria's sloshing body, she came to Minerva's side in silence.

Minerva could not escape her feelings of dread. The aching in her breasts was not of pressure and milk, but of dread. "Meridith… Can you please tell me what you plan on doing with that…?"

Clap clap!

Tink-cling!

Cling-cling!

Meridith summoned several clockwork golems. They appeared at the girls' side within moments. Metal claws secured their wrists in place.

"*H-Hey!! Minerva!!*" Eris cried out.

"*Meridith!! What are you--*"

"Oh shut up." She was far from the tender old woman they'd met so recently. "I said I would help ye get out of these mountains… And I will. But I need a little help in doin' tha same."

"*What?? I thought--*"

THUD!!!

RRMMMBLLLLL

She slammed her foot into the ground. Vibrations followed, heralding several spires of crystal to sprout forth. They came together at a point in front of her chest to create a small hollow. Hair drifted around her face as she placed the charged crystal among them, its energy flowing into the crystalline forms to illuminate their faces.

RRMMMMBLLLLL!!

Eris whimpered as the mountains shook. "*M-Minerva…! I don't like this!*"

She pulled at the golem to no avail. Her strength was yet to return enough to put up a fight. "*MERIDITH!!! WHAT--*"

CRAAAACK!!!!!

The world heaved with a lurching jolt. Shattering rock pierced Minerva's ears and they cowered from the trembling mountains above.

WHOOOOOSH!!!!

Sounds like a rushing river filled the cavern. Minerva feared a flood was coming until she saw the basin of milk draining away. The fluid's level was lowering at an astounding rate.

"*Where is it all going??*" Eris shouted.

Staring at the accursed ebbing aura of Meridith before them, Minerva whispered, "I wish I knew…"

WHOOOOSH!!!

The milk drained away within less than a minute. Gaping chasms and crevices revealed themselves at the bottom of the basin as the cause. Brighter than ever, Meridith's crystal pulsed

with red light. It sent throbbing veins of red through its gem podium and across the floor in flashing patterns of lightning. Countless golems looked around in worry at the falling debris.

Clank-ding!

Ding-ding!! Clang!

"*Enough!!*" Meridith yelled, pushing one away hard enough to make it topple as it tried to pull her from the crystal. "*I've had enough of yer blasted overbearing care! I can't wait to bury ye lot along with this blasted mountain!!*"

RRMMMMBBLLLL!!!!

"*MMMMNNGH!!!*"

Intense moans flew from Tria as the shaking jostled her skin-stretching contents. Minerva's milk bubbled and frothed inside of her, pushing her tightness further.

"*Minerva she can't anymore take this!!*"

"*I know! I'm trying to--*"

Meridith's voice boomed through the cavern when she threw her arms open. "*COME FORTH!! TAKE THIS OFFERING, ANCIENT ONE!! AWAKEN!!!*"

RMMMMBLLLL!!!!

CRAAAAACK!!!!!

The ground tossed them several feet into the air when a titanic maw opened in the middle of the basin. Splitting it in half, it yawned with a darkness capable of swallowing anything unlucky enough to fall within.

"*I really must thank ye for yer help…*" Meridith hissed to Minerva.

Yelling over the commotion took every bit of Minerva's lungs. The golems at her sides were beside themselves with panic for the humans. "*I thought you said you were going to help us get out of the mountains!!*"

CRAAACK!!!

Manic delight was plastered on her wrinkled face. "*I am! But not without helpin' myself to do tha same!!*"

HSSSSSSSSS

Steam rose from the chasm. Looking beyond, Minerva's eyes widened to see a red glow rising like a tide. It pulsed in time with Meridith's crystal, growing in strength and frequency.

Meridith's voice rose over the chaos. "*But it's a bit difficult leavin' when yer cursed to dwell beneath the mountains for tha rest of yer days… However…*"

CRAAAAACK!!

FWOOOSH!!!!

A fiery, magma-dripping claw shot from the crevice. Large enough to crush a house, it slammed into the bottom of the basin to find purchase. A hulking mass of molten rock slowly rose from the depths, filling the cavern with wavering heat.

"*Ye can't be cursed to live somewhere that doesn't exist!*" Meridith howled in triumph.

FWOOOOOOSH!!!!!

The air hissed and popped when a mighty being of fire and lava was born of the earth. Lanky, nightmarish limbs carried its body like an ape made of glass and molten rock. A towering titan of a blazing inferno dripping with earth-melting droplets. The glow was blinding as it climbed into the basin, baking the atmosphere and sucking oxygen from the room. And remnants of milk boiled away into vapor.

"*I TOLD YOU WE COULDN'T TRUST HER!!*" Minerva shouted over the roar. Eris was too busy hugging her face into Tria out of terror to respond.

Meridith, on the other hand, stood in the rushing torrent of heated air as the fiery beast approached on all fours, over fifty meters tall. Jagged teeth of crystal lined its jaw beneath two ember eyes.

"*COME FORTH, MY TITAN!!*" Meridith commanded over the panicking sounds of golems. "*COME FORTH AND TURN THESE MOUNTAINS TO RUBBLE! FREE ME FROM THIS INFERNAL HELL!!*"

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

Minerva tries to use her magic to stop Meridith before her monster can bring the whole mountain down around them. Meanwhile, Tria's body seems to be reacting strangely to all the magic milk inside her.

The ground quaked with the monster's every movement. Staying upright was difficult against the vibrations as Minerva struggled to her feet.

"*FREE ME!!*" Meridith yelled again and again. Her arms stretched to either side, bidding the fire beast to approach. "*DESTROY THESE MOUNTAINS!!*"

Minerva reached toward the dwarf. "*Stop!!! THIS IS*--"

SHREEEEEAAHH!!!

BOOOOM!!!!

Fire exploded against the cavern wall when a limb slammed into the rock. Cracks burst open to release a shower of lava pelting the area. Minerva ducked and covered her head while Eris shielded Tria with her own body. Steam washed over them from any moisture boiling away in the atmosphere.

Chaotic delight burned in Meridith's eyes. Her dwarven body seemed unfazed against the globs of lava landing nearby. "*Yes!! YES!!! BURN IT DOWN!!*"

RMMMBBBLLLLLLL!!!

Shifting stone deafened the girls. Molten rock spewed from the wound left in the floor from the elemental's exit. With such incredible size, Minerva was having trouble processing any possible method of escape. There seemed nowhere to go and no action to take that could stand against the beast.

Clink-ding!

Ding-ding!

Meridith rolled her eyes at the panicked sounds of her golem companions. "*Oh shut up ye buckets o' bolts!!*"

SHREEEEEAAHH!!!

BOOOOOM!!!

BOOOOOM!!!

"*MINERVA!!!!!*"

Flaming rock fell in all directions. Chaos filled the cavern like a storm. Seeing the damage caused by only a few swings of its arms, Minerva had no doubt the monster truly was capable of reducing the mountains to rubble. Not only their lives were in danger, but the safety of the country was at stake.

"*Stop this!!!*" she shouted. Heavy milk filled her arms. Breasts too large for her frame weighed her down, preventing any attempts to dodge.

A cackling smile spreading over Meridith's face told Minerva the dwarf's mind was gone. "*Stop?! Why would I stop, girl??*" The red crystal pulsed several more times before its energy faded, its stolen magic fully given to the destruction around them. "*Do ye know what it's like to be trapped for centuries?! With only these blasted metal annoyances for company?! GRAH!!*"

***Clink-di**--CRASH!!*

Meridith's foot lashed out, kicking one of the clockwork golems. It tumbled away before lying on its back. Broken bits of metal crunched together as it struggled to rise. Several ran to its aid.

"*I've always hated them!! Their incessant dings and clinks!! IT NEVER ENDS!! Every damn day!!*"

Clink clink clink!!!

Ding!! Ding ding!!

Minerva's heart went out to the machines as they tried to help their friend. Although mechanical, there was a fear in their bells and whistles.

SKREEEAAH!!!

BOOOM!!!

A pillar of lava fell upon them. The robots were silenced in an instant. When it lifted, nothing was left save for a puddle of red-hot rock and twisted gears dripping out of form.

"*HA!!! OHHH THIS IS GLORIOUS!!*" Meridith cheered, finding joy in the machines' deaths.

"*AHHH!!*"

Eris screamed when a pile of rock and magma fell too close for comfort. Smoke rose from her braid as the heat singed her hair. In her arms, Tria's body was sweating milk. Her labored breaths made her ballooned figure tremble and stretch like a berry about to burst.

SKREEEAH!!!!

The monster lumbered forward. It was becoming difficult to see as bright melted rock gleamed from all directions. The mountains were crumbling around them. It wouldn't be long until the cavern was a sea of magma.

"*Minerva!!! MINERVA!!! THE MOUNTAINS ARE GOING TO*--" Eris stopped, seeing the lava elemental approaching like a nightmare. Terror drew all color from her face and she hugged Tria tight.

BOOOOOM!!!

It scraped an arm across the ceiling in a wide arc. A gouge cut deep, releasing debris and lethal floods of magma in a waterfall of red over Eris and Tria.

"*Minerva… H-Help,*" Eris whimpered.

The sorceress tried to run but her breasts held her back. She sank one arm across her bust to hold it against her torso while holding another hand toward her friend. Intense heat bore down upon them from approaching rock and Minerva knew she had only a second to cast a protective spell.

"Karewu da tsare--"

CRASH!!!!

Despair gripped her heart when lava fell over Eris before the spell could finish. Her mouth stammered in a silent scream when no sounds came from the flowing heap of debris. Some magic had left her, but the spell hadn't fully completed. Amid the destruction, she couldn't tell if she'd managed to protect anything.

"*E…E-Eris…? ERIS!!!!*"

Minerva stumbled forward, grinding her teeth against the intense pressure of her chest. Jostling her remaining milk was becoming more than she could take. The fluid was increasing at the stimulation and sweat poured down her bare torso at the heat of the fires and her own labor.

"*Eris! Eris?! Talk to me!! TALK TO ME!!*"

BOOOM!!!!

BOOOOOOOOM!!!

"*OOOHHH IT'S GLORIOUS!!! IT'S GLORIOUS!!! FINALLY!!! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE SKY AGAIN!!*"

Meridith's laughter was a dagger to Minerva's aching heart. She couldn't be certain if her magic had manifested in time. Somewhere under the immovable pile of rock was Eris. It was hard enough to stay on her feet; casting a spell strong enough to defend against or fight the monster felt impossible after the physical ordeal she'd just endured filling the basin.

CRASH!!!!

A chunk of rock larger than several houses crashed to the floor. The interior was collapsing. Likewise, Minerva sank to her knees in despair. She wanted to dig for her friend, but the rocky tomb still glowed and oozed reds and oranges.

Clink-ding!!

A golem appeared at her side. Its glassy eyes reflected its own fear. Minerva could see its concern, for her, Eris, and Meridith. Their world was crumbling around them and they had no idea why.

Clink! Clink!

Its metal claw tugged on Minerva's arm before pointing at the fiery beast.

She shrugged it off in her desperation. She needed to get Eris free before too much time passed. It already could have been too late. "*Go away! I need to--*"

Clink-ding!

Ding!

There was another. Then another. The golems were in a frenzy, surrounding Minerva while trying to stay on their feet in the shifting cavern.

Cling-clank!

Ding!

"*STOP!! GET AWAY FROM ME!!*"

They wrestled Minerva to the ground. Golems appeared all around in a mob, overwhelming the sorceress as chaos exploded in the cavern. Cold mechanical claws grabbed and squeezed over her breasts, arms, and back.

"*W-WHAT ARE YOU--OW!!! STOP! I NEED TO--NGH!!! ERIS!!! ERIS CAN YOU--*"

Clink ding!!

Ding ding clang!!

Clang-DING!

Weight clung to Minerva's body. It was cold and pressing, restraining her movements as she struggled to rise. At first she thought the golems were still piling on top of her, but then she saw them back away.

KSH-PSH!

KSH-PSH!

"*M-Mngh!*"

Something pulled at her nipples. Looking down, she saw two metallic cups squeezing her nubs. They each fed into metal hoses wrapping around her torso along with an array of straps.

THUD!

"*H-Hey!*"

Several golems surprised her with a large empty container. It connected to a frame at her shoulders, reaching from the top of her head to her lower back.

PSH!!!

PSH!!!

They connected the hoses. Milk flowed from her breasts, filling the tank with gurgling dairy. Trembling, Minerva looked at the outlandish machine sucking on her mammaries. "*What… What am I--*"

Clink-ding!!

A golem handed her a pair of hoses. Each one ended in a handle with an elongated, spout-like end. Two small levers fit under her fingers. Cautious, she squeezed.

SPRRRRRSH!!!!!

Jet streams of milk sprang from the nozzles with enough force to make her stumble back. In their wake were two gouges cut into the rock.

KSH-PSH!

It sucked, drawing more milk to refuel. Minerva bit her lip, noticing the stimulation causing more milk to bubble within. "*What in goddess's name*--"

SKREEEAAAHH!!!

The fire monster loomed and suddenly she understood. Her hands tightened on the nozzles.

She was to fight the elemental. The golems were begging her to help and were helping in any way they could. They were worried for Meridith and their home.

Quickly she aimed at the mound of lava concealing Eris and unleashed her tank.

FSSSSSS!!!

Steam hissed when it cooled amidst the frothing milk. What was left was a shell of darkened rock.

"*Get my friend out!*" Minerva urged the golems. "*Hurry!!*"

Clink-cling!!!

They set to work. Their claws made quick work of the stone, chipping it away in large chunks as Minerva prepared herself.

"*M…M-More milk…*"

GUUUUURGLE

KSH-PSH!!!

KSH-PSH!!!

"*Mmngh!!!!*"

She swelled into the contraption. The hoses flexed to keep their attachment to her nipples. Milk rushed through their hollows before settling in the tank. A valve hissed on the top as pressure climbed. Minerva's hand gripped tightly as she prepared to make herself engorge larger.

"*More…milk…!*"

GUUUUUURGLE!!

"*MMMM!!!*"

KSH-PSH!!!!!

The tank swelled with her. Metal bowed outward against straps. The valve whistled in pressurized anger.

CRACK!!

The lava shell around Eris broke open. A dim blue light flickered inside: the small bit of protection Minerva had managed to create at the last moment. It had created a small dome with just enough room for Eris to hold Tria tightly in the darkness, although several burns over their bodies indicated it hadn't been enough to prevent all injury.

"*MINERVAAAAA!!*" Eris cried, tears streaming down her face. "*THANK THE GODDESS!! I THOUGHT*--"

She paused, seeing Minerva glaring at the elemental. The milk machine churned at her back and hoses dripped with excess dairy.

"*M-Minerva…? Where did you*--"

"Keep yourself and Tria safe. Get out of the cavern if you have to. I'm--"

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

"*Mmngh!!*"

Milk gushed when Minerva swelled large enough to cover her hips. The metal strained and sank into her flesh. Face red and dripping sweat, Minerva breathed heavily as her eyes fell upon the mountain-crushing titan. She grasped the nozzles as the tank felt ready to explode. Meridith's cackling rang in her ears.

"*I've got a fire to put out.*"

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

No suggestions taken this month

The last remaining drops of rain pattered against the muddy ground as Marci and Kalzar stepped off their mounts. Night's chill penetrated the bounty hunter's bones, but the former brothel owner kept warm with a gentle glow glimmering within her chest.

"Don't suppose you can spare some of that heat…?" Kalzar inquired, watching as the rain struck the woman only to steam into the night atmosphere. A thick cloak hung drenched over his shoulders, a stark contrast to the thin dress she wore.

Marci scoffed. "Strong man like you asking for an embrace? Didn't think you the needy type."

"You know what I meant. Though if you're offering--"

"Answer is no, unless you want your heart burned out of your chest."

They had ridden day and night to give chase after Minerva and Eris. Rage still burned in Marci's core from her destroyed livelihood. She wouldn't soon forget what the scholar had done to her brothel and one of her top earners. She'd left the building-bursting woman in the care of the rest of her girls in hopes they could coax the ocean of milk from her breasts and reduce her back to normal size, although Marci believed hope was slim for such an outcome. If Eve were to stay at her gargantuan girth, Marci was certain the spectacle would draw crowds of thirsty men willing to pay a pretty penny for a glimpse or exploration of her mounds.

The recent rain had slowed their riding progress. Marci's determination knew no bounds. Energy seemed limitless within the woman. When they had come upon a dilapidated shack along the side of the mountains, Kalzar was relieved to see her horse slow to a stop.

"That cart…" she eyed, approaching the wooden ruins.

A horse was still attached to the cart, parked as if in a hurry. The madam approached the back and found it overflowing with fresh supplies. An insignia burned into the back on the lower corner caught her eye.

"This here; is it the crest of that lord?"

Kalzar squinted in the dim light and wished the moon would emerge from the lingering storm clouds. In the light of a small flame provided by Marci, he could make out the familiar crest of Lord Galei's house. "That's it alright."

The thought of swift vengeance burned in her eyes. Marci's voice lowered to a whisper and she inspected the shack. "They must have taken refuge from the storm. Follow me. Keep your weapon ready but remember we're not here to kill them. That scholar owes me a lifetime of work and her friend could prove a sexual wonder if what you've told me is true."

Her flames died down to leave them under a shroud of darkness. Sneaking up on them wouldn't be easy given the shack's likely noisy nature.

Kalzar took a moment to warn, "Don't take these two lightly… The scholar isn't much to be afraid of, but the sorceress can pack a punch. She would have killed me if she had the chance."

"*Shh. Ready yourself and your bindings.*"

Marci spied through the gaping doorway of the shack. It was deserted and lacked any form of light. There did not appear to be any form of camp prepared, nor did it appear occupied any time in the recent past.

"*Follow me…*"

Her steps were like a shadow's when she entered. The first floor was in a dire state of ruin and reeked of milk. Through a door near the center could be seen a flight of stairs leading to a basement.

Kalzar sighed. "Doesn't look like they're--*Mph!*"

A hand covered his mouth in a flash. Fire-red nails filed to razors dug into his cheeks as Marci tightened her grip. Sneering with annoyance, she hissed, "*I told you to be quiet.*"

Warmth trickled down Kalzar's neck. Her nails had broken the skin. There wasn't much that frightened the hired man, but there was something about Marci's ember-like eyes that chilled him to the bone.

"*However…*" Her grip loosened and pulled away, leaving red cuts on Kalzar's jaw. "It does appear they're not present. If their cart is here, they couldn't have gotten far. I wonder if--"

"Liiiiiife...!!"

Marci whipped around. The shack groaned in the wind but no one could be seen. "Who said that? *Show yourself!*"

FWSS!!

A fireball ignited in her hand to prepare for any kind of onslaught. The interior glowed a dull orange from the energy throbbing in her sternum.

"You...bring us liiiife...!"

"And warmth!!"

The voices multiplied but came without a source. A strange chill seeped through the air, bringing even Marci to shiver.

Kalzar kept a dagger ready with a hand on a pouch of miscellaneous tricks. "We should go."

"*Go? Those girls are here. We just need to--*"

"It's...sooooo coooOOOOOOOL D:!!!" a voice wailed.

WHIIIISSSSSSS

An ethereal glow shot from the darkness and lunged for Marci. Instinctively she released her firebolt in retaliation.

CRASH!!

It missed, colliding with a far wall and exploding outside to send the horses into a frenzy. Flames danced from the burst to cast leaping shadows around the shack until dying off to leave them in darkness once more.

"What did you see??" Kalzar asked, back-to-back with his partner.

"*N-Ngh…*" Marci gritted her teeth. Whatever it was, it had dodged her fireball and struck her body. There was no pain, but her chest felt tight. Something was stealing her heat. "*I don't know… But I don't think it was something we*--"

"waaarrrrrmmmth!!!"

"Pleeeaaase! Give us...comfoooort!!!"

WHIIIIISSSS!!

WHIIISSSSS!!!!

More glowing specters emerged from the woodwork, darting through the air like frilly spherical fish on the wind.

CRASH!!!!

Marci loosed another fireball. Like the other it proved ineffective.

STRRRRTCH

"*Nngh!!*"

She stumbled back when they struck her square in the torso. They assigned no force to their blows, yet when they sank into her chest the air was knocked from her lungs. Her glow flickered as if being sucked dry.

STRRRRRTCH

Cleavage piled higher across her low-cut neckline. Marci's heart raced when she realized she was not alone in her body. There was an energy in her breasts, forcing them larger as they swelled to contain invading entities.

"waaarrrrmth!!!"

"She is warm!! Full of life!! Just like the milking girl!!"

"A light...in the darkness....!!"

WHIISSSSSSSS!!!

The shack glowed with the ghostly presences. They swarmed, growing in number enough to make Kalzar stow his useless dagger. He had ways of dealing with specters, but not in a number bordering on two dozen. Not to mention he had a feeling the ghouls weren't after him.

"We need to leave!" Kalzar announced. "*This shack is haunted! They're in a frenzy!! Ghosts won't stop until*--" He stopped when he saw Marci leaning forward with bloated breasts filling her arms. The dress was far tighter than it had been when they entered the shack.

"*I'm not leaving!*"

STRRRRTCH!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"*NNGH!!!!*"

Several more dove into her distended breasts. Given her ample natural size, their forced growth was leaving Marci with staggering assets. Skin billowed from her collarbones to fill her arms as she overcame watermelons in size. Angry nipples throbbed against the fabric of her dress, though she refused to leave.

"*Where did the milking girl go?!*" she demanded to the swirling spirit storm.

"Her miiiiilk!! She...took our milk!! "

"Ran with her life....!! "

"Escaped....!!! Into the mountain....!!! "

WHIIISSSSSSS!!!!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!

STRRRRTCH!!!

"*Gaaahhh!!!!*"

Marci's heart raced. Her skin was straining. Stretching as she was forced to grow. They were stealing her heat. Her fire. Her inner flame. Like sponges, the ghosts were absorbing as much flame as Marci could conjure. Frustration made her blood boil. Her chest glowed intense and hot as she was forced to call upon more energy to simply sustain her own defenses or risk losing herself to the invaders. "*STAY OUT OF ME!*"

" But you...are also warm!! "

"Your body...is like a roaring campfire!! "

They dove into Marci once after another.

FWOOOOOSH!!!!!

Orange flames enveloped her arms when the pressure grew immense. Kalzar stood back, watching as she struggled to grab the ghosts from the air. Sweat poured down her brow from not only her own efforts, but the work to keep herself upright as her mammaries engorged inches at a time.

STRRRRRTCH!!!

SHRRIIP!!!

A tear shot down the middle of her bodice. Flesh squeezed free and heaved with her movements.

"*WHERE DID THE SCHOLAR GO?!*" Marci screamed.

FSSS!!!!

A ghost was caught by her arm. Incinerating flames burst its form into a fine mist before it vanished with a windy howl.

WHIIISSSSSS

STRRRRTCH!!!

"*Nnnngh!!*"

For every one she defended against, five more sank into her bloating mounds.

SHRRIIIIIP!!!

Kalzar lost his footing over a loose board and fell to the ground. The heat of Marci's efforts was burning his face. Flames and ghouls swirled around the woman as she sneered in anger.

"*WHERE DID THE MILKING GIRL GO?!*"

"*The mountaaain!!*"

"*It's...so coooold!!*"

"*warrrm us!! Pleeaaaase!!!*"

STRRRRRTCH!!!!

Marci couldn't keep up. Her breasts were risking immobilization as they bloated out of her dress and extended beyond her hips. Tight, overstretched skin pulled taut to reflect her flames in waves of sweat.

WHISSSSSSS!!

STRRRRRTCH!!!

WHISSSSS!!

STRRRRRTCH!!

Kalzar couldn't take his eyes off the sight. It was a battle of hot versus cold. Energy versus death, and the ghosts were winning. Marci's flames couldn't keep up. Dozens of spirits were flinging themselves into her body for her magical heat and they were exacting their toll. Her breasts weighed full and plump like balloons ready to burst. He thought he could see her nipples throbbing against the pressures forcing her expansion.

STRRRRRTCH!!!

"*NNGH!!!!*"

THUD!!

Marci faltered, her weight taking her to a knee. The glow in the core of her chest was fading.

"*Feed uuuus!!!*"

"*Keep us...warm...!!*"

STRRRRTCH!!!!

"*Get out!!!*" she demanded.

STRRRRRTCH!!!!

They only came faster, taking advantage as the pyromancer struggled on her knees. Flesh ballooned in front of her and rose with worrying firmness. Her areolas puffed in anger and pulsed with overgrown tension.

"*Get out of my body!!!!*"

STRRRRRTCH!!!

"*Your warmth!!*"

"*Your life!!*"

"MOOOOORE!!"

FSSSSSSSS!!!!

Kalzar's eyes bulged. Marci's back started to heave in anger. The air around her boiled and the soaked wood dried to a crisp. Orange rage turned her eyes into roiling magma and her chest throbbed with a dramatic intensifying heat.

He knew he had to protect himself when her hair ignited and her skin turned white-hot.

STRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

FSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!

"*Get out….!!! Get out!!! GET OUT!!!! GET*--"

KRA-BOOOM!!!!!

The night shook when an ear-splitting explosion erupted from Marci's core. A boiling wave of incinerating heat spread from her body in a sphere with enough force to throw Kalzar several meters across the shack.

CRASH!!!

The ruin's walls exploded into a storm of debris scattering across the hillside. Much of the floor was torn away in the blast with only the staircase partially surviving. Kalzar's cloak, soaked through moments ago, was now dry and likely the reason for his lack of burns. With his hair singed and much of his eyebrows gone, he uncovered his face to observe the scene.

The ghosts were gone. In their place were rising mists dissipated into the night air. Marci's rage-filled eruption had been enough to purify them where they floated. Across the shack, he could see his terrifying partner stand to her feet. White-hot heat pulsed in her chest as it shrank back to normal and burned away every spirit within her. Green mist rose from her bust: the invading souls leaving this world for good from a body too hot to inhabit.

What few tatters of her dress remained lasted only moments before they burned away at the touch of her skin. Marci approached Kalzar with not a garment left on her body, sauntering while fixing her hair. Sheer power emanated from the towering woman as her eyes glowed with lingering fire. Gazing up at her nude form, Kalzar could see the clouds parting to reveal the moon and wondered if maybe her fiery burst was partly to thank.

Marci stood over him and extended a hand. Kalzar reached out to accept her offer of help. "I can't believe you--"

SLAP!

She smacked his grasp away and left a burn. Scowling at the man enjoying her nakedness, she hissed, "*You can give me your cloak, or I can melt your eyes from their sockets. Your choice.*"

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

No suggestions taken this month

Cinders filled the air like amber snow. Engulfing heat whirled around the sorceress as she raced through the chaotic battlefield.

SKREEEAAAHH!!!

The fire beast roared in anger. Its destruction of the mountains had been halted by Minerva's efforts. Piles of slag and molten mounds littered the area where her jets of milk had caught its limbs.

"*STOP!!*" Meridith screamed. Grey hair fell into her furious eyes like spiderwebs as she leered at Minerva.

FWWWSH!!

One of Minerva's jets caught the monster's arms as it swung toward her. Steam burst from the magma's surface and milk erupted into hissing foam. The result was darkened rock separating from its parent's body as it solidified and cooled.

CRASH!!!

The cavern trembled when the chunk collided with the floor. Debris flung when it broke and shattered. Minerva had to evade by pure instinct to avoid getting caught in the rubble. So laden with the burden of milk weighing her down, such movement was only possible with the aid of magic.

Her heart was racing. Far faster than any natural pulse could reach. Energy filled her muscles to provide greater strength than a king's champion. Sweat poured from Minerva's body due to the effort. The tax would be great when it came time to pay, but for now it was a necessary burden. She'd been grateful she could manage to find the energy needed to cast such a simple spell after the milky ordeal she'd endured so recently.

SKREEEAAAHH!!!

An earth-bellowing scream shook the walls.

"*Minerva!!! Behind you!!!*" Eris yelled from cover.

GUUURRRRGLE

Body twitching, Minerva instinctively brought her nozzles around and twisted her body in midair. Her breasts ached as she urged them to produce and fill her reserves. The mechanical tank heaved at her back and stretched to contain the dairy. While brilliantly designed by the golems, it was struggling to keep up. Minerva needed more pressure than it could provide.

SPRRRRRSH!!!

Magma screamed mere meters from her body. Milk cut through the sweeping blow to separate around the sorceress but she was already off balance. She braced as the ground rushed toward her before she tumbled amid the steaming piles of half-solidified rock.

Meridith fumed. "*GET HER!! GET*--"

Clank-ding!

A golem pulled her hand only to be pushed onto its back and kicked away.

"*Get off of me, ye damn pest!!*" Meridith's magic stores were gone, but she was still in command of the beast. "*DESTROY THA' GIRL!! BURY HER IN LAVA IF YE HAVE TO!*"

Minerva barely got to her feet before a stream of molten rock washed over where she'd fallen. Burns covered her naked body and dust colored her sweat black. What had once been

flawless ivory curves now adorned scrapes and bruises, but she would have been dead without the aid of the milk soaker in tempering the monster's flames. Slow progress was being made; while any hardened limbs were replaced by fresh lava, the horror had to take from its own body. Its size was dwindling as she soaked and severed.

SPRRRSH!!

GUUURRRGLE!

"*A-Ahhh!!*"

Even still, Minerva was on her last leg. Countless gallons of milk had flowed through her nipples in the last hour and she was continuing to push her breasts further than ever before. Even the dragon's blood felt incapable of keeping up. More worrying was her own body as the magic took its toll.

She had to end the fight soon.

Every step was a dodge avoiding death. Minerva was losing ground and energy by the minute.

"*Beast!!*" Meridith yelled. "*FILL THIS CAVERN WITH LAVA!! BURY HER IN--MPH!*"

Eris was behind the dwarf in an instant. She couldn't bear to stand idly by while her friend fought for both of their lives. With a milk-heaving Tria wobbling at her feet, the scholar grabbed Meridith around the neck and clamped a hand over her mouth. There was a vicious struggle, but she paid no mind even as the old woman tried to bite.

"*It's alright, Minerva!! I've got her!! Just a little more and we can leave!! You're almost done!! You--*"

Eris's heart dropped. The monster was already fulfilling its master's wishes. Waves of magma poured from its arms as they shot at Minerva. She tried to dodge, but a rock caught her foot.

THUD!!

The sorceress fell, crashing to the ground with the heavy weight of her milk artillery at her back. Fire gleamed in her eyes when melted stone fell upon her. She sprayed the nozzles at full blast in front of her in desperation against the burning deluge.

"*E-Eri--*"

FWWSSHHHH!!

She was gone in an instant.

"*MINERVA!!*"

Eris's shriek filled the hissing cavern. Stunned trembling choked further words from her mouth as she watched the lava flow cease with no sign of her friend. Grim terror clouded her heart.

"*M…Minerva…?*"

Her arm tightened around Meridith's throat. Air choked from her windpipe as she started to struggle and kick, gasping for air. Eris knew she stood no chance against the fire beast on her own, but if she were to die, she was going to take the evil woman along with her.

"*Y-You…killed my friend…*"

Meridith's monster turned away to resume its destruction of the mountain as the fiery flood cooled. The dwarf's pulse pounded against Eris's arm, tightening further by the second.

Crack!!

Fsshhh!!

In the distance against the far wall, a rounded bulb of lava cracked open. White steam poured forth before the entire side shattered and released a small reservoir of milk. With it tumbled Minerva and her weapon, now broken and unusable.

"*MINERVA!!*"

She dropped the dwarf and took Tria in her arms, racing over the hellish battlefield toward her friend. The burns could be worried about later as what little remained of her clothing burned away. As she approached, she saw that the milk tank had burst, creating a pocket of safety against the monster's wrath. Minerva herself was motionless, gasping on the ground as burns splotched her skin.

"*Minerva!! Minerva, I'm here!! I'm here!!*"

Eris fell to her knees and deposited Tria before crawling to Minerva's side. Tears trailed down the scholar's cheeks at the state of her friend.

Slowly Minerva opened her eyes. Everything hurt as she stared at the smoke-filled cavern above.

"*I… I can't get up, Eris…*" Minerva swallowed against a scratchy throat. "*My magic is gone… I can't do anymore…*"

"*That's ok… That's ok! You've done plenty!*" Eris grabbed her hand and tried to pull her up. "*We can still--*"

Minerva was like a stone. "*Take Tria and try to escape… You can still get out of here.*"

Sorrow welled in Eris's eyes as she grasped Minerva's hand tighter. "*W-What are you talking about? We're both leaving these mountains! W-We still have so far to go!*"

Behind them, Meridith rose amid choking gasps. Holding her throat and still red in the face, she pointed at the two adventurers. "*BURN THEM ALIVE!!*"

"*Eris… Get out of here.*"

"*No!!*" She fell forward, throwing herself onto Minerva and locking her arms around her waist. Tears coated her chest as Eris buried her face. "*I'm not leaving you!! I'll never leave you!!*"

Even among the heat, the warmth from their naked forms pressing together was palpable.

Guuurrrgle

"*E…Eris… You can still--*"

"*NO!! Shut up!! I'm not abandoning you!! I would rather burn alive!!*"

GUUURGLE

The scholar hugged her friend tighter. Churning fluid beat against her face as Minerva's chest resumed swelling.

SKREEEAAAHH!!!

Devastating magma was approaching with Meridith's wrath. Tria watched in horror at the approaching destruction. Meanwhile, engulfed in her friend's chest, Eris slid upward to place her sobbing face beneath Minerva's neck. The sorceress's heartbeat sounded in her ear. Minerva struggled against a welling pressure deep within her breasts.

"*I… I-I don't want it to end!*"

"*Eris…*" Minerva gasped as her breasts swelled down her form and rose around their two bodies. "*Please, go before--*"

"*I'M NOT LEAVING YOU!!*"

GUUUUUUURGLE

Skin crept over the steaming ground. Mammoth nipples pulsed and throbbed, swelling wider.

Hiccupping in despair, Eris cried, "*There's still so much I want to do with you!! I don't want our time together to end!! I want to be with you forever!! I…*"

GUUUUURRRRGLE!!

Minerva could barely breathe between Eris's constricting arms and her breasts engorging so rapidly. They rose overhead, firming and rounding as her skin struggled.

"*BURN THEM TO A CRISP!!*" Meridith demanded. "*BURY THEM AND THEN COLLAPSE THA BLASTED MOUNTAIN ON TOP OF THEIR CORPSES!!*"

STRRRRRTCH!!

Her breasts flared defensively against the approaching beast. Eris's sobbing against her chest made her heart race. Overwhelming sensations and emotions brought Minerva to squeak and gasp, her own eyes beginning to water.

"*If this is the end…*" Eris hugged tighter. "*I-I want you to know…*"

GRRRMMMMBBLLLLL

SKREEEAAAHH!!!

Minerva's breasts trembled as the monster loomed over them preparing the final strike.

"*Eris…! E-Eris my--*"

"*I-I want you--*"

RRMMMBBBBLLLL!!!!

"*Mmngh!!!*" Minerva squeaked as her flesh squeezed her and Eris together into darkness and milk felt ready to burst free. A dull glow emanated from their cores, reminding her of the basement of the convent.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

"*--that I lo--*"

GUUUURRRGLE!!!!

"*A-AAHH!!!*"

SPLRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!

A deafening eruption of milk drowned out the world. Shrouded in the darkness of her breasts, Minerva hugged Eris for dear life as her chest released a monumental flood of emotion-

charged dairy. Cream showered the cavern, pelting the beast lightly at first before turning into a hissing blanket of frothing milk.

SPLRRRRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"*Ahhh!! AAHHHHHHH!!!!*"

Minerva writhed, her breasts far too abused for one day. Orgasms assaulted her crotch to the point of blanking her senses. She squeezed Eris's sobbing form for dear life as they both basked in the heat of her letdown together.

Soon her curves dwindled and allowed the scene to wash over them. Milk dripped from the cavern's roof and dairy pooled on the floor. Before them stood the monster's blackened form frozen in time. Its giant maw stood meters away, ready to destroy them had Minerva's milk not arrived.

Crck!!

"*No…*" Meridith stared through milk-soaked hair. "*No!! What have ye--*"

CRACK!!

Fissures opened in the frozen form. Gravity took over and instability reigned. Chunks fell before the entire statue collapsed into splashing milk and debris. Its beating core was cooled, drowned in dairy. Together the trio stared at what had almost been their death.

Meridith's rage exploded.

"*WHAT HAVE YE DONE?!*" She scrambled over the remains of her servant. "*YE WRETCHED, WRETCHED GIRL!!! GOLEMS!! GRAB HER!!!*" Meridith hissed and spat into her beard, still coughing milk. "*YER GOING TO GIVE ME MORE MAGIC, DO YE HEAR ME?! I DON'T CARE IF YER DAMN TITS EXPLODE FROM MAKING IT!! YER GOING TO--*"

Clink!

A golem grabbed her hand, pulling Meridith away before she kicked the mechanical man away.

"*What?! No!! Leave me alone!! Take her!! Bind her and--STOP!!*"

Several more took its place. They swarmed her, wanting only to care for the old dwarf. More magic would only bring her and their precious mountain harm.

Clink-ding!!

Ding ding!

She was trapped in a mob of clanking metal. One might have been weak, but together Meridith was powerless against them. She kicked and screamed as they dragged her away, back to her stone-hewn hut.

"*I WON'T SPEND ANOTHER DAY IN THIS HELL!! DO YOU HEAR ME?! I REFUSE!! LET ME OUT!!!*"

Soon, almost eerily so, Meridith's deranged shouts faded into incoherent echoes from the mines.

They were left alone, burned, naked, exhausted, and overwhelmed by the face of death. Minerva and Eris could only lay motionless in each other's arms. For a while, Eris didn't seem to even comprehend they had survived, as she continued crying on Minerva's breasts.

Clink-ding-ding!

A golem startled them, but they both knew the machines meant no harm. A claw extended to help Minerva rise into a sitting position. A small mob of machines had stayed behind to help their heroes.

Clink clink!

DING!

They were eager and trying to communicate.

Minerva tried to understand while exhaustion pounded in her head. "I…think they want us to follow them."

Eris wiped a snot-dripping nose. "I-Is it a way out of here?"

DING-DING!

The news was welcome but Minerva groaned, "I don't think I can even stand, much less walk out of here… Can we--*E-Eris!!*"

The scholar was standing, stooping in front of her with her arms behind her back. "*I'll carry you.*"

"You don't honestly think you can lift--"

"*Minerva, please… Let me contribute something.*"

The emotion in Eris's voice was still raw. Accepting her friend's offer, Minerva crawled onto Eris's back and wrapped her arms around her neck. Milk caused her to glide against her bare skin.

"*M-Mmph!! MMMPH!!*" Tria squeaked in protest as two golems lifted her together and followed the group.

They walked in silence for a time, led by the machines through a series of tunnels. It was strange to see Eris so serious.

"What were you going to tell me? Back when--" Minerva asked, breaking the quiet.

Her hands tightened on Minerva's thighs. "Nothing…"

"It didn't sound like nothing."

Eris stayed quiet for a time. "It… I just thought…we were going to die." A sniffle blurred her words. "I didn't want you not knowing how I--"

Clink-DING!

A golem sounded an alarm and pointed ahead. Light was filtering around the corner to bring a refreshing illumination to the dull glow of the underground.

The prospect of freedom was overwhelming. Motioning for Eris to put her down, the two girls approached the bend. Fresh air danced around their bare bodies with a warmth possible only after bathing in sun rays.

A grand valley opened before them. Rays from an early afternoon sun cradled their skin as they stepped out of the tunnel. Flourishing grass was soft beneath their sore feet.

Finally, they had emerged from the mountains. Breezes waved trees and distant meadows down the slopes. In the far distance, filling the valley like a green ocean, was Glomia. The forest was in sight.

"Tria!! *Tria!!*" Eris gasped, taking her when the golems caught up. Hefting the bloated fairy, she presented the view. "*Look!! It's Glomia!! Isn't it*--"

GUURRRRGLE

"*Nnnngh…*"

The fairy groaned against the sloshing fluid ballooning her form. She was tighter than before and Eris inspected her with concern, noting a distinct increase in her swelling.

With the excitement behind them, Minerva's heart ached at what she'd done to the poor creature. She stooped down to look the swollen fairy in the portion of her face not engulfed by her own body. "Tria, I'm sorry. You didn't deserve that."

GUUUUUUUUUGLE

"*N-Nngh…!!*"

Eris looked at her curiously as the spherical fairy shuddered. Her skin tightened in her hands, Tria's tiny hands clenching. "Hey… H-Hey, you alright? Tria?"

A frown crossed Minerva's face. "I took it too far. I never should have--"

GUUUUUUUUUUUUURRGLE!!

"*Nnngnhhh!!!!*"

Her body stretched and firmed. Tria's limbs and head sank deeper as skin bulged tense. Pressure made her shiver as if ready to burst.

Panic brought Eris's eyes wide. "*Minerva, she doesn't look so good!!*"

STRRRRRTCH!!!

"*M-M-Minerva!!*" Eris held Tria close as her body swelled. Frantic groans escaped Tria's lips. "*She's getting bigger!! S-She feels ready to burst!! MINERVA!! What's happening to*--"

STRRRRRRRTCH!!

"*NNNGH!!! NNNNNNGH!!!!*" Tria closed her eyes as tension raced across her form.

"*Minerva do something!!! I don't think she can get any bi*--"

GUUUURRRRR--POOF!!!

"*Oof!*"

Body engorging to its limit, a cloud of magic burst around the fairy into a thick pink fog. A sudden weight knocked Eris to the ground and kicked the wind from her lungs.

"*Eris?! T-Tria?!*" Minerva stepped forward as the fog dissipated. "*Are you*--"

Eris stared from the ground with saucer-like eyes. She and Minerva fell silent, unsure of what to say.

A girl straddled Eris's body. Her face was sharp and young with features resembling Tria's, however her tiny body had been replaced with that of a young girl. Remnants of fairy magic fell around her, the explosive transformation complete.

"T…Tria…?" Minerva whispered, seeing silky translucent fairy wings droop from her back.

Eris hadn't blinked. The sudden appearance of a human-sized being had left her mind grappling for answers. "*Did you just…*"

Slowly, the girl's gaze fell downward. Her hands explored her body in rapid gropes. A grin spread over her face like an infection until only utter delight remained.

"*EEEK!!!*" she squealed, spinning around on Eris's abdomen to come face to face with the scholar. She leaned forward, two melon-like breasts hanging to brush against and dwarf the scholar's. "*Eris!!! Look!!!*" Tria cheered, raising her arms and presenting herself. "*I'm BIG!!!*"

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

As the trio approaches Glomia, they run across a cowgirl in town having a milk shortage. Eris and Tria agree to help, against Minerva's disapproval.

They couldn't get enough of the fresh mountain air. Following a rough trail down the slope, the girls basked in the sun after what felt like a lifetime without its presence. Eris was almost disappointed when Minerva managed to repair her clothes from their charred remains. She wanted to feel the sun's rays dance across her skin for hours. It was cleansing after their subterranean ordeal. Even Minerva had to agree it was sombering to have to replace her clothes.

Tria, on the other hand, was proving to be a difficult girl to clothe. The newly grown fairy was too busy running around enjoying her new stature for Minerva's magic to focus properly. Every time something started to form, Tria would dart away as her attention was grabbed by something else.

"*Tria!*" Minerva scolded, trying to maintain her outstretched arm in the same direction. "*Hold still!! This won't work if you keep moving!*"

The request went unheard. Bounding like an excited deer, Tria ran to Eris and wrapped her in a warm, naked embrace. "It feels so good to be able to SQUEEZE you!!" she squealed. Pulling back, she held Eris by the shoulders and beamed. "*Isn't this great?! I'm HUGE!!*"

One of Eris's eyes twitched. It was impossible for her to ignore the size of Tria's chest jutting against her own. "Yea…! *Soooo great!*"

Minerva scowled. "*Eris! Hold her there, will you??*"

"*Awww, heeeyyyy!!*" Protest made the fairy squirm as Eris held her arms behind her back. "*But it's so nice oouuut!!*"

Holding her hands toward Tria, Minerva worked her magic. "I know, but we can't have you running around naked. It was fine when you were tiny, but now that you're as large as us, it's going to draw attention."

The leaves and grasses rustled around Tria and pulled toward her. In a growing swirl of threads, leaves clung to her body before being stitched together.

"*Ahh! Ahahahaha!! THAT TICKLES!!*"

"*Stop squirming!!*" Eris tightened her grip, forcing Tria to arch her back and fully present her body with a squeak.

The storm of leaves and twine intensified until her body was concealed in a thickening haze. With Minerva able to concentrate it wasn't long before the job was finished and the

remaining greenery fell away. In a matter of moments, she was clad in a form-fitting strapless dress of foliage.

Eris released her hostage. Now more than ever, her eyes were drawn to Tria's body.

Minerva nodded and admired her handy work. "Not bad!"

An inquisitive look came over Tria's face. She looked down, tugging at the front as her breasts bulged over a tight neckline. A hand tried pulling it further down her legs but a few inches of immodest coverage was all it could provide. "It's a little snug…" she whispered, admiring the way it enhanced her bust.

Grumbling, Eris added, "*Maybe if they weren't the size of your head…*"

"Well… It's better than being naked…" Minerva sighed. "It's a relief I can use any magic at all after what we've been through."

Disgruntled at her confined body, Tria continued with her friends down the mountain. Before long, the trail became more worn and traveled. A town presented itself in the distance: a picturesque mountain village nestled between two grass-covered hills. Various plots of vegetation accompanied humble cottages. Flocks of sheep grazed on the green hillsides. Against the looming backdrop of Glomia, the village stood as a last stop before delving into a world of trees and darkness.

However, it wasn't the scenic village that took most of Minerva's attention as they neared. The closer they drew, the more people they passed on the mountain trail. At first Minerva thought she was seeing things due to exhaustion, but after the third time, she knew it wasn't in her head.

With none of the passersby in earshot, Minerva leaned toward Eris and whispered, "Do you notice anything odd about the people passing us?"

The scholar hadn't looked up from Tria's backside. The dress was hiking up enough to let her cheeks peek out every now and then. Every minute left Eris feeling more and more like the smallest of the group. "Hm? What?"

"Everyone from the village…" Minerva lowered her voice as another person approached. "*They all have*--"

Tria looked away from a bank of flowers and gasped. Her index finger stabbed the air as she pointed and shouted, "*Oh my gosh!!! She has cow ears!!!*"

Down the trail, a tall buxom woman froze in her tracks and blushed at the pointing girl with fairy wings. "E-Excuse me?"

Minerva rushed forward and shoved her arm down. "Tria!! Hush!! That's rude!! You can't just--"

It was Eris's turn to gasp. Revelation curtained her face. "*IT'S MALGHI!!*" She looked between Minerva and the village with erupting giddiness. "I had no idea we would even be close by! What are the chances we exited the mines right above it?? Oh Goddess I'm going to visit Malghi!!"

Minerva gave a timid wave to the cow-eared woman as she passed by carrying a sloshing pail. Intimidating height left her two feet taller than the trio. More eye-catching were her curves.

An exceptional hourglass figure sat beneath a breezy milkmaid's outfit. Her breasts were large enough to give even Minerva's heart a jump. A tail whipped against the backs of ample thighs.

"What exactly is Malghi?" she asked Eris.

"It's an entire community of bovine humans! According to historical records, they settled here centuries ago from a migrating band of minotaurs after a war in a foreign country! Over time they became more docile and their beast heritage faded away into something more human! They're basically people with cow ears and tails at this point!"

They were everywhere now as the girls came within the village outskirts. Cow-eared children chased each other while parents worked in a field. At the village gates stood two burly cowmen with chests bared in leather armor. They were tall enough to dwarf even the women and boasted just as wide of chests, although their bulk came from frightening amounts of muscle. Horns protruded from their heads like a steer's.

"So it's just an entire village…*of cow people?*"

Eris nodded. "Mhm!! They're *famous* for their dairy products. At least in some circles. Some people regard Malghi as more of a myth because it's so secluded, but it's more of a modern wonder of history! There's no other town like it! I never thought I would get the chance to visit! The merchants who know its location keep it secret because they can sell their products for a fortune. They're unlike anything a normal dairy cow can produce.

Minerva processed the scholar's words for a moment before her mind sparked. "Wait, *please* tell me you don't mean what I think you mean…"

A smile spread over Eris's face into a devilish grin. "It means *exactly* what you think it means. Malghi's main export is cowgirl milk and cowgirl cheese!" She turned to Minerva and giggled. "You're going to feel *right at home with all of your dairy.*"

GUUUUURGLE

Minerva swallowed at her friend's tease. Her breasts felt almost as excited as Eris as they plumped into her dress.

Tria's eyes sparkled at all the busty cowgirls going about their days. "Do you think they'll let me have any?!"

"I have no doubt!" Eris promised. "We'll stop into a local tavern!"

Now in the heart of Malghi, Minerva could see the village in all its glory. It wasn't half the size of Athria, but was still a bustling mountain hive. There was a clear social separation between the men and women. Cowmen were either placed as guards or took more laborious roles in the community. Most seemed content to go without a shirt and wear only canvas shorts and a belt as their attire. Thick layers of hair covered their chest and limbs. The smallest among them sported biceps thicker than Minerva's thigh. Despite their frightening stature, they were joyful and carried on with laughter and a smile. Minerva felt like a dwarf next to their eight-foot physiques. Their minotaur roots were obvious.

The cowgirls, on the other hand, were far softer and inviting. What muscles they lacked compared to their male counterparts were more than made up for in curves. Every woman boasted an hourglass figure that would have been extreme on any human figure. Supple, pillowy

contours ordained them with their own private mountains. Milkmaid dresses adorned their bodies with breasts grown larger than pumpkins sitting comfortably in airy white bodices. The majority of the cowgirls could be observed conversing, running shops, or wrangling little ones. Others looked haggard and out of breath on their walk home. Satisfaction was on their faces and their dresses fit looser than they should have. Minerva blushed when a cowgirl caught her staring at her leaking hip-covering breasts: the largest the sorceress had seen yet. The woman giggled and returned a similar expression, as if approving of Minerva's size in return.

Minerva felt as though she'd stepped into a fantasy land.

"*Are you kidding me?? AGAIN?!*"

An angry voice caught her ear. Following Eris and Tria's own focus, Minerva saw a merchant arguing with a cowgirl next to his cart.

"I'm sorry, sir! Please! My sister isn't well! I-If you just pay us now, next month I can--"

"*Next month?? Why would I pay you full price for a tenth of a delivery!*"

"But--"

"*Have it by tomorrow or I'm finding another supplier!*"

The cowgirl whimpered. Her ears drooped and moisture filled her eyes. "W-We have a contract!"

"*Not if you can't produce the milk you promised!*" A crack of the reins sent his horse trotting down the road. "*Have it tomorrow or we're through! There's more than one pair of udders in this town!*"

He pulled away, leaving the cowgirl sitting on the front stoop of a local shop in tears.

Eris was jogging up to her before Minerva could protest. "*Eris! Wait!*" Neither she nor Tria listened as they approached the sobbing cowgirl.

"What's wrong…?" Tria asked.

Tears rolled down the cowgirl's face when she looked up at the trio. "*We're going to lose the farm!! We can't produce enough milk to meet our quotas!! M-My sister has been so sick lately and hasn't been able to milk! I've been trying so hard, but…*" Her voice hitched and brought forth a new wave of tears. "*I just can't keep up!!*"

Compassion made Eris sigh as Tria sat next to the heifer and rubbed her back. Looking at Minerva, she motioned with her elbow.

The sorceress knew immediately what she was implying. "Are you kidding me??" she whispered. "*Do you not remember what happened the last time you offered my milk to a stranger?? SHE MADE ME FILL A MOUNTAIN!!*"

"This is different!" Pouting, Eris turned back to the sobbing cowgirl. "Look at her…"

At the cowgirl's side, Tria was unable to look away from her breasts as they leaked light trails of milk against her thighs.

Sighing, Minerva gave in. "Fine…" she told Eris.

Eyes shining, Eris shouted, "*WE CAN HELP YOU!!*"

She glanced up with bleary eyes. "W-What…?"

Fingers pointed at Minerva with pride. "*She'll produce all the remaining milk you need without a sweat! And it's delicious!*"

The woman's face brightened with hope but was quick to dim. "But…you're not a cowgirl…" A small smile brought a sad chuckle. "You're certainly big enough to be one, though."

Minerva blushed and said nothing. Eris was happy to do all the talking. "Oh don't worry, she can produce more than anyone here."

A snort flared the cowgirl's nostrils and she wiped her eyes. "Don't let Mel hear you say that… She'll run you down." Brown eyes inspected Minerva up and down. "Can you really help?"

"Absolutely. I'm… Uh…" Revealing her latent ability didn't seem pertinent. "I'm a sorceress! I should have just the spell to help."

The woman moved with startling speed. Jumping up, she embraced Minerva in a bear hug. Her height buried Minerva's head between her breasts where darkness engulfed her in milky sweet warmth.

"*Oh thank you!! Thank you thank you thank you!!*" she exclaimed, squeezing the life from Minerva. A gasp filled her lungs once released and she took Minerva by the hand and pulled. "What can I call you??"

"I'm Minerva, this is Eris and Tria."

"I'm Holly!" Bubbling joy couldn't let her stand still. She started walking away, pulling Minerva by the hand. "Come on!! We need to get started if we're going to make the quota!!"

"W-Wait!! Where are we going?!" Minerva struggled to keep up with Holly's stride. At her side, Eris and Tria followed with big grins.

"To the farm!! What size are your nipples??"

"*W-Why?!*"

"For the pumps, silly!!"

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

While on the way to the farm, all the talk about milk brings Minerva to the point of bursting out of her clothes. Once they arrive, and before she can get hooked up to a pump, Holly wants to taste test to make sure she's up to snuff. Minerva's milk has a powerful effect on Holly, drawing the attention of other nearby cowgirls on the farm.

"*Oh I can't thank you enough for doing this!*" Holly gripped Minerva's hand tight as she pulled her along. "*My business has been in DIRE need of milk the last few weeks!*"

GUURRRRGLE

The sorceress winced. Her free hand did its best to support the growing weight stretching her front. "I-It's my pleasure…! Hopefully we can get you what--"

Tria's excited voice piped over them. "*Minerva can make as much milk as you need!*"

GUURRRRGLE

"*Mmnngh!*"

"*MOUNTAINS of milk!!*" Eris joined in with a smirk. Even walking behind her friend, she could see Minerva's breasts swelling from her sides. Hefty ripened watermelons swayed and sloshed with her steps.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

"*Could…*" Minerva had to catch her breath. Her dress was quickly approaching its limit as her flesh mounded against the neckline. "*C…Could we go easier on the milk talk?*"

Holly looked over her shoulder. "You are looking pretty full… Don't worry, dear; I know just how you feel. My worst days have mine feeling like they're ready to burst sometimes!" A deep laugh ran through the cowgirl's hefty frame. "I would be running for the pumps if I was able! There's just such a thirst out there, you know? Everyone wants milk!"

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE

A whimper synced with Minerva's tensing arm. Flesh wobbled beneath her chin. One of her shoulder straps had fallen down to allow an overflow of flesh and more skin that she preferred to show. The scene was drawing an uncomfortable amount of attention as they made their way through the town. To see a human rivaling the cowgirls was unheard of.

Eris nodded. "Yup, yup… *Everyone* wants milk."

GUUURRRRGLE!!

"*Eris!!*" Minerva hissed, casting a warning glance. The responding shrug didn't give her confidence.

Tria giggled, catching onto her friend's scheme. "I *especially* want milk!!"

Frustration flashed in Minerva's eyes at the fairy. She growled, "*There's no way you're thirsty again already. Or should I pump you into an even bigger sphere now that you have more room?*"

This made Tria squeak and turn red, casting her gaze to the ground.

Holly paused as they reached the outskirts of town. "Here we are! It's not much, but it's been enough for several generations of my family!"

A humble cottage waited at the end of a path next to some trees. To the right was a building resembling a small barn. Stacks of metal milk jugs sat outside waiting to be filled. The sun reflected off their silvery surfaces.

"It's so *cute!!*" Eris complimented. "I feel like I stepped into a--"

SNAP!!

They turned when Minerva stumbled and barely caught herself. Her remaining shoulder strap had broken, leaving her breasts with no support aside from her arm. Flesh bulged to her hips while throbbing nipples threatened to escape the loose confines of the garment. Milk had already taken to soaking through the fabric and dripping to the ground below.

Concern made Holly's ears droop. "You really are full… Poor thing… Let's get you hooked up."

Dairy sloshed within Minerva's bust as she was helped down the path. Sweat peppered her face and she gasped for air under the mountain sun. Its warmth would have been welcome if it wasn't mixing with the inferno of heat rising from her cleavage.

"Heeerrreeee we are!" Holly said, sliding the barn door open for Minerva. Inside the wooden structure were several stools, buckets, towels, and pads. Most prominent, sitting in the middle, was an impressive contraption consisting of gears, levers, and a large holding tank. Two hoses ran from one side before ending in flared cups.

GUUURRRRRGLE

"*M-Mmngh…*" Eying the suction cups, Minerva couldn't help but groan with need to relieve her pressure.

Holly stooped down to hold one hose but paused in front of Minerva. "Oh dear… We might need a higher setting for you…"

GUURRRRGLE!!

"*J-Just do…whatever you have to do! I'm more than full enough for my liking!!*"

Blushing, Holly's eyes darted between Minerva's engorged breasts. They certainly were full based on the decorative pale veins, and her nipples were big enough to pose a danger of getting wedged in the hose. Sweetness filled the air from the milk that had managed to leak free.

"*Can… Mmmgh oh goddess… Can we empty them, please??*"

Holly cast her eyes aside. "I-If it's not too much to ask… Could I have a taste of your milk first?" Her blush deepened. "Just to make sure it's up to our standards! I swear I only want--"

"*Fine!! FINE!!*" Minerva gasped as she used Eris for support. Her breasts were reaching her knees. "*Just pleasure hurry!! I'm about to collapse!!*"

Holly nodded and knelt down. An apple-sized nipple came face to face with her. She watched the thick white streams trickle from Minerva's pink pores and noticed her mouth was watering at the scent.

"E-Excuse me…" Holly whispered.

"*Huh? Why?? What are you--MMGH!*"

Holly sank two hands into Minerva's areola to squeeze a nipple forward before latching her lips around the fleshy bulb.

"*Ahh!! AH!! MMMMGH!!! H-Hey!!! I didn't say you could--MMGH!!!!*"

Minerva squirmed and leaned heavily on her friends. Eris and Tria watched, wide-eyed and shocked as the cowgirl performed an act they had both longed to do for so long.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

Minerva bloated larger. Her breasts grew excited at Holly's mouth. Feeling her tongue teasing her, Minerva squeaked in desperation. Every second she could feel her nipple flooding the cowgirl's mouth before she gulped and swallowed. Slowly Holly's tail started to whip and her ears perked up.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!

"H-Hey…" Tria whined, "I want to go ne--"

"*ABSOLUTELY NOT!!*" Minerva bit her lip. "*Holly? H-Holly?? Surely that's enough!! You only wanted a taste!! C-Can we please--*"

POP!

"*Gaahhh!!*" Minerva cried out when Holly released her lips with a wet, sloppy sound. All was silent as she fought to catch her breath. "*C-Can I PLEASE use the pump n--*"

"*Mmmooooooo…*"

A soft, pleasured moan came from in front of her breasts. It was loud. Loud enough to be heard outside the barn.

"*Mmmmooooooo!!!*"

Between Holly's sudden outbursts and Minerva's pleading, the other villagers were starting to take interest.

"What's wrong with her?? What's she doing??" Minerva asked, unable to see beyond her chest.

Eris craned her head to look while still supporting the sorceress. She jolted back suddenly, her face red. "S-She's--"

"*Mmmooooooo…*"

Minerva had a similar reaction when Holly rose to her feet. Hands were pulling her overalls off, letting them slide down her body to leave her bare. Milk still dripped from the corner of her mouth. A fogginess clouded her eyes as she stared at Minerva with a new hunger.

"H-Holly…?" Minerva whispered.

The cowgirl came closer. Her body pressed into Minerva's chest. It didn't take much to defeat her poor balance and Minerva fell backward to fall under her breasts. Eris and Tria would have helped, but they stopped short when Holly straddled Minerva's hips.

"*MMMMOOOOOOOO…*"

She sat, leaning herself forward to sink into Minerva's bust. A nipple was taken in each hand as her own chest squished over Minerva's.

"*Holly!! HOLLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!*"

"*Mmmmmoooooo!!! Your milk…*" she groaned, eyes droopy with lust. Her tail flicked and heat poured from her naked hips. "*It's the most wonderful thing I've ever tasted…!*"

STRRRRTCH

Holly's breasts swelled as if competing with Minerva's. Short of breath, she watched as the cowgirl sank herself into the boulder-sized mounds and brought a nipple to her mouth.

"*Holly!! H-H-HOLLY WAIT!!! I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD--*"

"*I… Mmmmm!! I-I want…mmmooooooore!!!*"

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

What happens next?