

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 42

Eris pleads to the hunter to let them go as they are only trying to get to Glomia. Reassessing the situation, the hunter calls off his wolf but binds Minerva's hands behind her back. He says he'll take them to Glomia, but the dragon girl stays bound.

Hot breath bathed Minerva's face. The wolf stood ready to strike should its owner fail to drive the spear through the sorceress's throat.

"Well?" the young man asked. White showed across his clenched knuckles.

"WAIT!" Eris shouted from the other side of the road. *"We're not here to cause harm!! We're only trying to reach Glomia!"*

"Silence!" His eyes never left Minerva. "I just saw her attacking one of the Sacred!"

"Sacred..." Eris wracked her brain before looking to her left. "You mean *Tria*?"

Tria bounced at the mention. Stitches popped along the sides of her dress as it strained. "Huh??"

The boy's attention wavered. His eyes lingered on Tria's front. "Y-Yes! I've never seen her before, but I know a Sacred Fairy when I see one! And *this* beast was attacking her!"

"BEAST?! I wasn't attacking her! I was berating her for being next to useless!"

"Hey!! I'm not useless!! I--"

Pop!!

"Dang it..." Tria huffed and grabbed the side of her dress where it had split. A wealth of pearl skin was exposed across the broad side of her chest. *"Minervaaaa! You ruined my dress! You stretched it out!"*

Minerva eyed the spear inches from her face. *"Is that really what's most important right now?!"*

"It's BRAND-NEW!! I--"

"Enough!" He assessed the situation. "You say you're trying to find Glomia..."

Eris spoke and motioned to her left, "Yes. Our friend, Tria, led us here. We need the fairies' help."

His spear lowered. "The help of the Sacred?"

"I--" Eris nodded quickly and decided to blindly agree. "Yes! Yes! The help of the Sacred!" Running behind Tria, she pushed her forward and pulled the dress from her hands. The green fabric fluttered away to leave her bare before Minerva's captor.

"Ah!! Eris!"

"We found one of the Sacred's lost daughters! She's been away from Glomia for years and she led us here, promising assistance!"

"Lost daughter..." His face softened as blush spread at Tria's embarrassment. "It cannot be..."

He jumped from the wolf. Standing before them, his full stature was put on display. He stood several inches taller than all three girls but looked their junior in age. Muscles toned from a

lifetime of hunting and toiling in the wild carved his skin. Only the loincloth concealed his nudity, which threatened to move the meager fabric away on its own accord from his interest in Tria.

The fairy blushed, forgetting her nudity and taking him in with wide eyes. “You look like me when I was a boy earlier...” she whispered.

He raised an eyebrow at the strange comment but brushed it off. “I shall not kill your friend. Not yet.”

“How *generous*,” Minerva growled, pushing against the wolf’s paw.

“Luna, off,” he commanded.

The canine moved, releasing Minerva. Its master was quick to move behind her, grabbing her wrists.

“*Hey!*”

“But I must ask that she remain bound until I can present you to the Sacred. They will assess whether or not you’re a threat. I have...” His voice trailed off, inspecting Minerva’s horns and the thick scaled tail extending from atop her rear. “I have never seen a creature like you before.”

“Thanks... Never been called a ‘creature’ before... Certainly know how to make a girl feel welcome.”

Rope cinched at her wrists, restraining her arms behind her back.

“*Ow!*” The sorceress growled, smoke wisping from her nostrils.

“I’m sorry for any pain, but I must protect the forest.”

Eris watched her friend fume. Tensions were still high after Tria’s confession. “Tria...” Eris whispered.

She looked up from the ground, taking a moment to retrieve her dress. “Hm?”

“Minerva is about to lose it. I don’t know what kind of temper she has after everything that happened...”

“You don’t think she’ll hurt him do you??” Fright glistened Tria’s eyes and she looked at the boy in worry.

Eris gave an exaggerated nod. “You know, I think she might! But I think the guy likes you...”

Tria’s face turned red. “Y-You do?”

The boy finished his work and ordered the wolf to watch Minerva while asking, “Are you ready? I can take you to the Sacred.”

Whispering, Eris said, “You need to convince him to let Minerva go.”

She clutched her dress to her bare form. “How?? Look at his giant wolf!! A-And I don’t think I can beat him in a fight!”

Eris looked at the boy and a steaming Minerva clenching her hands. “We’re ready!” she called. Going behind Tria, she placed her hands on the fairy’s back and whispered, “*Use your talents!*”

“*What talen--Ah!*”

The scholar shoved Tria forward. Flailing, she stumbled into the boy. They both would have fallen if he hadn't caught her like a brick wall.

"Sacred Daughter! Are you alright??"

Their eyes met. Held against him with muscled arms, they both felt Tria's bare front press against his with soft supple heat. The fairy's plump breasts heaved into a chasm of tight cleavage, thumping with the rapid beat of her heart beneath the cushion.

"I-I'm... I'm fine..." she squeaked.

Eris watched her plan unfold. Under Tria's chest, she saw the boy's loincloth quiver. It rose from his pelvis until a veined shaft revealed itself from underneath. Her eyes bulged and quickly turned away. "*Oh. Oh...*"

"I'm Tria..." Her hand crawled up his chest. It was odd to touch hard muscle instead of pillowy flesh. "W...What's your name?"

He swallowed. The tip of his manhood had met with something hot and soft, nestling itself within the underside of Tria's cleavage. "The fairies call me Karnor..."

The remnants of Tria's dress dropped to the ground when her hand forgot its job. Slowly the fairy stood up and regained her balance, never letting her front leave his. She didn't know what was throbbing against her stomach so solidly as she remained in his arms.

"Karnor... That's a...really strong-sounding name..." Her thighs started to grind together. Anxiety bubbled between them, tickling Tria in a way she didn't understand. "I like it."

"Goddess, Tria," Minerva rolled her eyes.

Eris's eyes sparkled. She watched, hands clasped over her mouth in sheer engrossment. "*Shh shh shh.*"

"Uh..." Tria saw his eyes sink to her chest. They hovered with a hungry gaze she'd felt herself give Minerva dozens of times. She summoned her willpower and stepped away, hugging her bust high and tight. "My friend really wasn't attacking me... She can be kind of scary--"

Thump!

"*Excuse me?*" Minerva growled, her tail striking the dirt and eliciting a warning from the wolf.

"--but she's kind! She will do no harm." She gave her chest an extra-tight squeeze, lowering her voice to a timid whisper. "I promise."

His loincloth looked like a small doily draped over a large mushroom. Infatuation fluttered his heart. Swallowing, he nodded. "If the Sacred Daughter gives her word, then I believe her..."

Karnor returned to Minerva's hands. Skilled fingers released the knots, freeing the sorceress to rub her wrists. She quickly left the wolf's range and stood next to Eris. Annoyance glared at Karnor as she rubbed raw skin. "I was about to burn myself out of those ropes, but thanks."

"*Are you seeing this??*" Eris whispered. "*They're adorable!*"

Tria and Karnor neared one another again. Heavy breaths lifted Tria's chest and she held a clenched hand to her heart trying to call its rabbit energy. "Thank you..."

"It's my duty to protect the Sacred. A-And serve them..."

Her core tickled again. Why her stomach felt so tense made Tria nervous. Her hand clenched against her lower navel where it was the most intense. Looking down, she saw Karnor's loincloth lifting strangely.

"Serve..."

Heart racing and head foggy, she reached for the cloth. Fingertips grasped the end, lifting it slowly to reveal the elongated mast beneath.

Eris held her breath. "*Minerva...!*"

"*What's lifting your clothes...?*" Tria whispered in wonder.

The thick pulsing ridges running up its length made her legs confusingly weak. Revealing inch after inch made her breath accelerate and shorten. Saliva filled her mouth.

"*Why does it look so...hard...?*" Tria whimpered. "*My chest feels heavy...*"

"*S-Sacred Daughter--*"

Strong fingers grazed her breast with curiosity. A palm, powerful but gentle, grasped Tria's rounded curve before hefting. A nipple puffed large enough to graze his torso like a finger.

A glimpse of dark purplish-red peeked from the loincloth as she lifted. Bulbous and firm, flaring like a fruit on the end of a thickened stem. Tria's breath caught in her throat. Slowly her hand inched between her thighs.

The serpent throbbing just beneath the last bit of cloth looked to Tria to be just large enough to soothe the perplexing sensation nagging within her. Two fingers curled under her pelvis, about to inspect why she felt so sore. Eris and Minerva's eyes widened in horror.

"*Karnor~ C-Can I--*"

"*OOOKKK!!!*" Eris shouted and waved her hands in the air in a high-pitched voice. "*OK THAT'S ENOUGH!!*"

The two retreated like children caught sneaking sweets. Their hands flung away, each refusing to meet the eyes of the other.

"Unbelievable." Minerva huffed. "Can we go now?"

Karnor held his hands in front of his hips. "Y-Yes, I'll take you there. We can ride Luna..."

The giant wolf cocked its head at its name.

Eyes still wide as her heart refused to slow, Tria stood frozen trying to collect herself. Eris approached, making her jump by putting a hand on her shoulder. "Feeling alright?" she chided.

"I... I think so..." Tria closed her legs tightly together as if trying to hide something. Both arms hugged her chest sheepishly.

Eris smiled. "Well don't forget to pick up your dress." Leaning in, she added with a private whisper in Tria's ear, "*I think Karnor wants to rip it off you later.*"

The trembling that followed in the fairy's body almost took her to the ground.

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

What happens next?