

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted

Chapter 30

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, heeeyyy!!" Protest made the fairy squirm as Eris held her arms behind her back. "But it's so nice oouuuut!!"

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.)

What happens next?