

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted

Chapter 49

Even in fairy terms, it had been a long time since Glomia was so boisterous with delight. Fireflies bobbed and floated with an excess of energy to fill the air with rich colorful glows. All were gathered in the Sacreds' clearing to take part in the wondrous feast of milk.

Minerva sat before a sprawling display of berries and fruits that turned the table into a rainbow of sugar. Some she knew, others were foreign even to Eris as she grabbed fruit after fruit. Juice ran over their chins to stain their clothes below. It was difficult to believe only hours ago she'd been filling the basin before Eris helped to the point of bursting. Now the forest was alive with rowdy festivities.

"It's all so GOOOOOD!" Tria moaned next to Karnor. The exotic fruits weren't as new to him, but he took delight in his new lover's joy at the spread. Watching nectar dribble to her cleavage as her breasts mashed over the table was enough to keep his appetite for food, and her body, raging. Gulps of milk bounced her throat before she gasped for breath. *"MINERVAAAA~! THIS IS THE SWEETEST MILK YOU'VE MADE YET!"*

Karnor sipped from a wooden cup and had to agree as sugary vanilla cream met his lips. It was intoxicating enough to make him blush. "Minerva, thank you for this gift," he said with all the sincerity he could muster. "I haven't seen the fairies so happy in years!"

She blushed upon seeing her cream still on his lips. "Well... The Sacred drove a hard bargain! I couldn't really refuse."

A group of fairies fluttered by, each one struggling to carry large pink fruits as large as a human fist. Looking beyond them, Minerva saw the Sacred sitting upon their thrones. Swollen as ever, their fronts were dyed in waterfalls of different fruit juices. Their bellies looked rounder by the minute, growing taut and distended at the combined weight of the feast and pregnancy. Milk came to them by the leaf-full, carted through the air by groups of fairies eager to serve their mothers.

Eris nodded and gasped for air. Seeds wiped away onto the back of her hand from around her mouth with a sloppy wipe. "As long as they remember the deal!"

Minerva turned to respond but stopped short. Eris's new bust was overflowing her dress to the point of the neckline squeezing blush into her cleavage. To see so much mass on her friend's body after so many years was nothing short of stunning.

"Eris..." she said, watching the enlarged breasts pushed against their seams as she breathed.

"Hm?"

"Tell me again what happened...?"

"About--" Juice dripped into her cleavage and her gaze followed Minerva's. *"Oh! Like I said earlier, they grew after I woke up! They wouldn't stop!"* She giggled and blushed. "Now I know how you felt in puberty..."

“Except I grew over months. You had *minutes*.”

Eris nodded rapidly, still excited by the memory.

“And they don’t feel like they’re getting smaller?”

“*Not. At. All.* Bigger, if anything!”

“Let’s hope not...”

Eris snickered and brought her arms together, trapping her chest in a vice between her biceps. Skin stretched forward in an obscene display of oversized breasts in a dress far too small. “*Whyyyy~ Jealous I’m not the small one now?*”

“No! I’m just concerned! That’s a lot of growth! I’m just wondering what comes with it...”

“What’s there to worry about? That lord’s wife grew when you cured her disease too, remember? She seemed fine. More than fine.”

Minerva ate a giant strawberry in deep thought. She had no problem with Eris’s new size; she only worried about the impact it might have if they vanished as suddenly as they arrived. A dream taken back is sometimes worse than a dream that never comes true.

“Hey... Do you know what all this fruit reminds me of?”

Casting a warning glare, Minerva asked, “What...?”

“That night in the forest... When we were experimenting and I made your chest fill with blueberry juice and you--”

Her face turned bright red. “*SHHHH!!*”

Brilliant devilishness flashed in Eris’s eyes. “Can you imagine what all these fairies would do if they knew you were able to do that?? You might end up so big you bring some trees down!”

“*W-Well--*” Minerva looked around. “*Well don’t let them know! The last thing I need is--*”

“*Minerva! Minerva!*” Tria called, leaning forward to see around Karnor. A peach exploded under her chest’s weight.

Pursing her lips as she felt on the cusp of casting a silencing spell over her friends, she responded slowly, “Tria...?”

“*Can you let me suck on your chest so I can get bigger too?? Like Eris?? Karnor LOVES big chests! The bigger the better! He likes burying his face between mine!*”

The boy blushed a deep red and shifted in his seat to adjust his loincloth. Luna’s tail whapped the ground behind them, taking amusement at the newcomer’s effect on her master.

Seeing the mess covering Tria’s mammaries, Minerva shook her head like a mother denying her child more candy. “I think you’re plenty big as-is! You can barely handle the breasts you already--”

“Children of the forest~”

A voice boomed from overhead. Squealing fairies quieted. Even birds fell silent to listen to the Sacred’s words. Like a dancing night sky coming to a standstill, the air froze with fairies hovering with all attention on the thrones.

The Sacred stood.

“Such a wonderful feast.”

“Delivered by the most nourishing of sources!”

“Our thanks to you, Dragon Girl, for your generous gift of dairy.”

All eyes turned on Minerva. She felt her face grow hot at the thousands of eyes, as well as the towering trio of pregnant figures standing over the clearing. Their bellies protruded, impossibly stuffed and tight.

“For quenching our thirst and the thirst of our children,”

“Let us give her our greatest gratitude~”

The forest erupted into tiny applause and flapping of wings. From every angle, colors sparkled as the air took on a shimmering texture high in the trees. It slowly descended until the girls could see it was a cloud of fairy dust. The glittering blanket twinkled as it fell over the clearing in a fantastical display.

“*Oh woooowww!*” Eris gazed, awestruck at the light snow of fairy dust.

Minerva recoiled and covered her chest, not forgetting what happened the last time a handful of fairies coated them in magic. No swelling or stretching of skin came, however. Only warmth and serenity. Bliss sparkled in the air like a mist of starlight come to visit from the night sky.

“*Pretty...!*” Tria cooed, hugging Karnor’s arm close.

The sorceress relaxed and allowed herself to look upward. A display of such light was rarely witnessed, and something of such magnitude was nowhere to be found in her memory.

“They are rather beautiful, aren’t they? When they’re not causing trouble.”

Fingers tickled Minerva’s. She looked down to see Eris’s hand coming to rest in her lap, fingers interlacing with hers. They leaned against one another and took in the once-in-a-lifetime sight.

Eris sighed and melted into her. “You know... I never thought I would be here.”

“What? Watching a fairy storm?”

“Yes, that, but also just... This.” Eris nuzzled close and squeezed Minerva’s hand. Heat mingled between their breasts as they pressed together. “It feels like it was meant to be.”

“I think that swollen chest and all the fruit is going to your head.”

Eris looked up, slightly hurt. “You don’t feel it too?”

Behind Karnor, Luna lifted her furry gray head. Air whistled through her nostrils as she sniffed in the air, something distracting her from the festivities. Her eyes narrowed far in the distance on the darkness between the trees.

“I’m only teasing.” Minerva pulled her back to lean on her shoulder. “I feel it too. Despite everything, I actually feel like things are working out for the better. Maybe--”

Luna jumped to her feet when a blinding light ignited through the forest. The growl of a warning bark was drowned by a sudden explosion that shook the air.

A ball of fire shot across the forest floor like an orange comet. Heat enveloped Minerva's face before she could react to the approaching devastation. In a single moment, all was torn from her when the fire struck and sailed past her into the nearby trunk of a tree.

KRA-BOOM!!!

The shockwave came like a great clap of thunder landing upon the earth. Tables and chairs blew over at its force, while fairies were sent through the air like bits of paper. Even the Sacred stumbled back and fell upon their thrones with bellies cradled.

Disoriented and ears ringing, Minerva coughed from the ground. She rose to her elbows to find the festival in ruin. Falling glitter had been replaced with ash. Tiny clumps of fire fell from the air like dying stars. They released screams that faded into silence before striking the ground.

"What... What--"

She looked to Tria for help. The fairy was crying and holding her arm as Karnor pulled her from beneath a table. One of her wings had been bent and broken, hanging limp at her back as a sorrowful shadow of its sister. Circling around them, Luna snarled with hair singed and smoking.

Minerva followed the wolf's eyes to the edge of the clearing to her right. Brush and grass had been burned to black in a trail of destruction. At its end, against the base of a charred tree, stood Marci. Smoke rose from her still-glowing body as she caught her breath.

A crumpled heap wrapped in a smoldering dress lay at the pyromancer's feet. There came no signs of life.

"*Eris?*" Minerva rasped.

"Did you think you could hide?" Marci growled through steam. She threw a broken horn next to the scholar's motionless frame; Minerva recognized it as Mel's. "*Did you think that bloated cow could protect you?!?*"

Minerva's vision doubled. Much of her clothes were burned, but she was unharmed from the burst of heat. Likely the only uninjured victim among the clearing. Rolling to her hands and knees, she felt tears trickle down her cheeks. Eris's grip was still fresh around her fingers where it'd been torn away.

The sorceress's lungs struggled to give her words life for fear of what they could reveal.

"*E-Eris...?*"

To be continued