

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 55

“W-What?” Minerva asked, too stunned to think as the would-be dead man stood before her.

Kalzar’s voice remained low but firm. “Drop the egg.”

She stared. Emotion still swirled in her heart as if she’d lost a loved one. She hardly realized she was crying after the journey into the dragon’s mind. “But... But I--”

Blood had dried on Kalzar’s head. He was wounded from their fight in Glomia, but not as dead as Minerva had hoped.

“He followed us through the Sacred’s portal!” Eris yelled. *“He was invisible! The other footsteps were his! He--”*

“QUIET!”

A fist collided with the side of Eris’s head. She yelped in pain. Minerva took an angry step forward as scales bristled up her arms.

“Not another move,” Kalzar warned. The knife pressed into Eris’s throat.

Smoke plumed from Minerva’s nose. “What do you want?”

“Drop the egg, then come here. Slowly. Any fast moves and she’s dead. Understand?”

Minerva snarled. The motherly draw she felt to the egg was strong. She’d watched over it for centuries. Cared for it and hid it from the men’s greed against all odds.

“M-Minerva, please--” Eris pleaded.

Her heart wrenched in her chest. Rage turned her vision red as she tried to bore a hole through Kalzar by sight alone. Looking at Eris, then the knife, then the black mark at her chest, she relented. *“Fine,”* she hissed.

The egg was placed on the ground. Slowly, Minerva approached the man she wished she’d killed several times over by now.

Kalzar dug into his pocket and tossed two golden rings onto the ground in front of her feet. They reminded her of the rings Brayn had used in his workshop. Each one could have fit over her hand like a bracelet.

“Put them on,” he commanded. “Over the front of your chest.”

After hesitating, Minerva knew she didn’t have a choice. Watching Eris all the while, she took the rings from the ground and slid them down the front of her dress until they centered on her nipples.

Shrk!

“Gahh!”

They contracted with jolts of energy. They seemed to sink slightly into her flesh, drawn inward by an attracting force. Minerva glared with claws ready to strike. “Anything *else?*” she growled.

Kalzar only stared, not removing the blade from Eris’s neck.

Heat started pulsing around Minerva's nipples. It was enough to draw her focus down as the front of her bodice adopted a pale blue glow.

Vrrrrrrr

Subtle vibration churned through the rings. At their mercy, Minerva's nipples sprang into hardened nubs. Stimulation and electric current came in gentle waves through her front, bringing her to her knees.

"A-Ahh!"

"Minerva??" Eris yelled in worry.

Guuurrrrgle!

Pressure came soon enough. Gathering her chest in her arms, she panted as her bust began swelling. Bloating fullness pushed her larger inches at a time. They quickly tore through her dress with determined fleshy bulk. Overflowing her arms took only moments more.

GUUURRRGLE!!

"Mmmnngh!! What--" She glared at him, fighting the forced stimulation causing her milk to gush. *"What is this?!"*

Finally, Kalzar smiled. "Something to keep you occupied. Took me long enough to come up with such a simple solution to such a surprisingly frustrating ability. Looks like my idea was right; a little vibration is all it takes. You can't help it, can you?"

"You--" She growled. Her tail thrashed. Itching rashed over her skin from blossoming scales ready to fight. *"You'll-- Mmmgh!"*

GUURRRRRRGLE!!

The rings sang with energy that poured into her mammaries. The more Minerva fought them, the more they stimulated her. Milk surged and she doubled over, grappling with her breasts as they dwarfed watermelons in size. Skin pushed against her thighs before meeting the cold stone ground.

"Wonderful. Behave and it will be over before you know it."

Minerva watched with clenched teeth as Kalzar removed the knife and drew a length of glowing cord from his bag.

"H-Hey! Stop!" Eris protested as he wound it around her arms and torso.

"Quiet. Gods, your voice... I can see why that woman wanted you dead."

The bonds were pulled tight. Wrists burning, Eris squirmed helplessly as she was left incapacitated. *"Let me go! WHAT DO YOU EVEN WANT?!"*

STRRTCH!!

"Aahhh!"

Watching as Minerva bloated too large for her arms, Eris demanded, *"Didn't you get enough of her milk back at the manor?!"*

The amused scoff from Kalzar made their blood run cold. "Her *milk*? Please. After all the trouble you two have put me through, I'm here for something far, *far more valuable*. Something

that will make all of this worth it. I had a feeling I would know it when I saw it, if I followed you long enough.”

His feet crunched across the cave floor as he neared Minerva.

“*S-Stay away from her!*” Eris warned.

“I’m warning you,” Minerva snarled. Staying sane against the magical vibrations was difficult enough; her body didn’t have the fortitude to fight while enduring such torture.

Kalzar snorted and went to her side. Stooping down, he gathered the dragon’s egg into one arm like a trophy. Motherly, helpless despair crept into the sorceress as she watched him gaze at the gleaming red surface.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?”

“*No-- You... can’t! That’s--*”

“Worth a king’s fortune,” Kalzar finished. “Have you any idea how much a dragon’s egg would sell for on the black market? Especially being the last of its kind... Rulers would give a continent just to own it. The eggs stay dormant, you know. A hot enough fire can awaken it. The last dragon in the world...”

Tears streamed down Minerva’s cheeks. After connecting to the dragon, watching the man take the egg felt like watching him take her own child. To see him ogling it like a gold artifact to be raffled to the highest bidder made her sick.

“*Give it BACK! I’ll-- GAAHH!*”

GUUURRRRGLE!!

Skin stretched and ballooned. Minerva was forced to sit on her legs as two mounding globes of milk groaned in front of her, rising as high as her shoulders. Tension throbbed through her nipples as they remained in the rings’ clutches, clamped and ever-stimulated.

Sitting helpless beneath Kalzar’s amusement made her blood boil. He grinned from above. “I’m not finished yet. There’s one more treasure I think I deserve.”

Kalzar strode past Minerva and among the dragon’s sprawling, lifeless body. Approaching a paw large enough to crush him, he raised his foot over a protruding claw before bringing it down.

Cr-ACK!

Ancient, calcified cellulose broke under his heel. The tip of the nail snapped free, roughly the length of his forearm. He plucked it from the ground and inspected it with a smile before returning to Minerva.

“*Stay... Stay away from me...*” She hissed, hands clenching against her rumbling bust.

Kalzar raised the claw like a dagger.

“Did you know dragon’s blood is drawn to its owner? It’s almost alive... Strange, unnerving stuff.” The claw loomed over Minerva. She shivered, feeling something in her breasts shift and tickle at the claw’s proximity. “I’ll be taking that dragon’s blood if you don’t mind.”

Her eyes bulged, seeing the amount of milk stored within them. “*WAIT--*”

It plunged, sinking into Minerva's tightening cleavage. The tip broke the skin of her sternum. She cried out, feeling it pierce her flesh.

"*Minerva!*" Eris shrieked.

A dull purple glow breathed into the claw. Minerva's head rolled back as she felt an ethereal draw from inside her body. The claw vibrated within her, just beneath the surface of her skin. Like a vampire's thirst, it began drawing the dragon's blood from her being.

"*Ahh-- AHH--*" Minerva gasped, speechless at the soul-sucking sensation. Fibers of her being stretched at the claw's pull. It was enough to steal the breath from her lungs as she arched her back.

Cracks pulsed and glowed a vibrant purple along the length of the talon. Kalzar's hand shook from the force. It burned in his grasp, though he refused to loosen his grip. Minerva's body shuddered and seized. Behind her, her tail whipped only once before withering away into ash. Scales grew dull and gray on her arms. They flaked off to bare skin. Finally, Eris watched with horrified eyes as Minerva's horns cracked. Their red spires crumbled and fell away in useless chunks.

The claw leaped away from her chest. The purple glow would not vanish. Alive with energy, it pulsed in Kalzar's grasp after absorbing the dragon blood from Minerva's system and storing it within. He admired the two treasures within his grasp.

"*N-NNNGH!!*" Minerva gasped at the shift in her reality. Part of her mind went quiet. No longer a part of her, the dragon's essence was gone, and for the first time in days, she felt cold.

"There!" he laughed. "Finally rid of your curse! *Just as you wished.*"

"*M-Minerva??*" Eris yelled.

Weakness took over her body. Minerva fell over her enormous breasts as she endured what felt like half of her being torn away. Slowly, her eyes opened. Her hands clenched. Horror was quick to fill her gaze, and rapid breaths left her panting.

Strrrrrrrtch

"*Haahhh-- Goddess!! The--*" She writhed, tensing against her chest as it groaned. "*THE MILK!! IT'S STILL--*"

Her breasts shifted and groaned. Their magic had gone. They were as human as ever. No longer were they producing dairy, but they found themselves suddenly forced to accommodate an inhuman amount of cream.

"*She needs that!*" Eris screamed at Kalzar. "*SHE NEEDS THAT MAGIC TO HOLD THE MILK!*"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Skin pulled in all directions as her breasts tried to adjust. Adopting a sheen laced with pale veins, Eris watched her lover's chest truly struggle with its contents for the first time.

"*T-T-THEY CAN'T HOLD-- I'M--*" Minerva hardly dared breathe as her skin sparked and sang as the last remnants of the dragon's blood faded from her system. Pressure screamed against

the rings sealing her nipples. There was no magic to help them stretch. “*THEY’RE... THEY’RE GOING TO BURST!!*”

Kalzar shook his head. “A change of heart so quickly? And after all that whining about how burdensome the blood was... I--”

“*GIVE IT BACK!!*” Eris yelled.

She ran toward him, lowering her head to plow it into Kalzar’s gut. He dodged the restrained girl with ease, side-stepping and extending a foot to trip her. Eris fell and scraped across the ground, landing near Minerva’s chest. Tensing, rumbling flesh pushed against her as pressure stretched them larger.

Crreeeaaaaak

“*Aahhh-- Nnnghhh, My-- BREASTS!*” Minerva groaned. “*They’re too big! E-Eris! Please! Do something!! I really can’t-- THEY’RE GONNA--*”

Fumbling his treasures, Kalzar sought a small bag from his pouch. A gleaming, metallic-blue powder poured forth. There was only enough to form a small circle on the ground. Eris recognized the exotic material; it was as difficult to come by as it was expensive. As it began to glow, and a column of shifting, pearlescent light rose from its circular area, she knew their time was up.

Kalzar stood before a portal, ready to whisk him away from the frozen hellscape with his boon.

“*Y-You can’t do this...*” Eris cried softly. “*After we came so far...?*”

Rmmmbbbllll

“*NNNGH!!*” Minerva stifled a pressurized moan of discomfort. Each nipple ached like a cork about to pop. “*ERIIIS!!*”

“*Please,*” Eris begged. “*I’ll do anything! She needs the blood! Or she’ll--*” Tears streamed from her eyes. An overloaded breast throbbed against her face. “*Please!*”

Kalzar stared at the two girls. A smirk spread. Coming close, he placed a hand and his weight on her chest. She screamed at the pressure as he addressed her, saying, “Should have finished the job when you had the chance.” He stepped toward the column of light.

Eris begged, “*PLEASE! I--*”

The cave rumbled. Minerva’s chest groaned. From her nipples, turning a dark pink, dribbles of frothing milk bubbled and foamed.

“*I can’t-- I CAN’T-- IT’S TOO MUCH!*” Minerva labored.

“At least take the rings off before you leave us here!” Eris pleaded.

Again, the cave tossed and turned. Dust and debris pelted from the ceiling hidden in the darkness above. The dragon’s corpse popped and cracked like petrified wood being flexed.

“Do you think me *mad*?” Kalzar laughed at the notion. “The strain on her body is the only thing keeping her from casting her little spells on me. I would be foolish to--”

Crack!

A bolt like lightning split the air. Eris and Minerva screamed, every sudden sound terrifying as her mammaries screamed with pressure.

Kalzar's eyes turned upward. Fear painted his face in white as confidence failed.

THUD!

An earth-booming quake exploded across the cavern floor. Eris managed to crane her head upward. The walls themselves seemed to be shifting and writhing. A lumbering hulk was stirring. It sent her heart plummeting to her belly as she saw the titanic beast rouse.

"T-The-- *The dragon! THE DRAGON!*" she shrieked, watching it try to rise. Scaled hide cracked with ancient fissures left by time. An eye clouded and petrified blinked at the humans returned to cause pain. It's head started to lift, only to be stopped by chains restraining it to the floor.

Kalzar stumbled back. "Gods have mercy..." Even he felt miniscule against the ancient titan's might. "How is it still--"

CREEEAAAAAK!!

"AaaaAAHHH!/" Minerva screamed, feeling her areolas swell and engulf the clamping rings. Their vibrations made her chest ache against its pressure. Stretch marks itched across her chest as they felt like watermelons about to rupture on the vine.

"Minerva we need to move!! The dragon! IT'S AWAKE! IT'S--"

Angry puffs of stale air hissed from its nose. Smoke billowed forth in anger pent-up from centuries of smoldering rage.

Its eyes fell upon the egg in Kalzar's arms.

He knew it had seen it. Kalzar made to run for the portal. Air rushed through the cavern when the dragon lurched to its feet. The chains resisted for a moment, but time had left its mark. They broke from its neck with an ear-splitting break.

A shadow loomed over Kalzar. Bathed in the heat of vengeance, he looked up only steps away from the portal to see a crusted maw snap around him. The clamping of the dragon's jaws came like two mountains colliding. Kalzar's top half vanished within the teeth. His arms went limp, dropping their treasures. The dragon flexed its neck. Kalzar's body flipped through the air to be caught and swallowed in one motion. Decaying scales cracked down its throat as it carried the small meal.

This is when the dragon turned its attention to the girls.

STRRRRRRTCH!!

"AAHHH-- AAHHH!! MY-- CHEST!/" Minerva howled.

Eris struggled against her bonds. The dragon's breath poured upon them. For as big as Minerva was, it would mean nothing to the dragon's jaw; it would consume the sorceress's bloated globes like grapes. Eris knew there wasn't time to worry about the dragon at that moment. The only thing on her mind was her lover's cries of distress.

"Don't worry! Don't worry! I'm--" She wiggled against the bonds. *"I'll get out! And I'll--"*

“Errrrris!! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! This--”

RRMMMBBBLLL!!

“NNGH! This-- Isn’t how I wanted it to end! GODDESS I’M GOING TO POP! I’M GOING TO POP!”

Dirt clung to Eris’s face as she tried to stay calm through the tears. *“Don’t say that! Just hang on! Please, Minerva! Just a little longer!”*

The tension faded around her arms. Like fog lifting in the wind, Kalzar’s magical bonds died with him. Eris flailed in sudden freedom and pushed herself from under the heaving, explosive bulk of flesh.

“AAHH!!”

“It’s alright! It’s alright! I’m here!”

She stood, coming face-to-face with the dragon. It snarled at her like a snake might a mouse. Primal fury demanded she defend her egg against the intruders. Fear threatened to petrify the scholar in her tracks, but her heart beat too strongly in her chest.

“P-Please... Just let us...”

Her hands reached toward Minerva’s nipples. They burned like coals against her hands, throbbing and pulsing with pent-up pressure. Veins laced her bloated udders as their final limits were met. Grabbing both rings, Eris worked her fingers around them and pulled. Flesh squeaked, wedged tight.

CREEEEEAAAAAK

“AaaaaAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! OH GODDESS!! OH GODDESS!! MAKE IT STOP!! I CAN’T STRETCH ANY MORE!!”

“P-P-Please--” She begged the dragon through timid whimpers. *“Or she’s going to--”*

Steam and smoke bathed the duo when the dragon opened its mouth to strike for a second and third kill. Eris pulled with all of her weight. Drum-tight skin slipped through the rings as frothing milk lubed their shapes. They came free all at once, sending Eris to the ground and knocking the wind from her lungs. She opened her eyes in time to see the dragon’s jaws closing around her and Minerva.

“GAAAHHHHHH!!! I’M GOING TO EXPLO--”

FFSSSSSHHHH!!!!

Milk erupted within the dragon’s mouth. Eris closed her eyes, both from fear of teeth, and the dread of having to watch Minerva’s fate. Feeling the sudden deluge of milk brought her mind to the worst of places.

“AHH!! HAAHHH, GODDESS!! GODDESSSSS!! OH GODDESS!!”

FFSSSSHHH!!

Eris dared to open her eyes. Minerva was on her back, writhing as her breasts gushed in torrential geysers. The dragon’s maw had frozen around them. Dairy coated every inch in white until it dripped with cream.

“Hahh-- HAAHHH--”

The fleshy eruptions spewed their last. Rapidly contracting, Minerva's breasts snapped back to her body in a way that stole her breath. She lay gasping for air and longing for recovery as her chest ached.

Teeth stood still. Eris stared only for a moment before scrambling across the floor and taking Minerva protectively in her arms. The sorceress's breasts were far from the fantastical mounds she'd had for their adventure. Without the dragon's blood, they had returned to their former, average size.

Above them waited the dragon's gaping, milk-soaked throat. The jaws were frozen, as if thinking. They moved suddenly, shuddering and causing Eris to squeak and hug herself against Minerva in preparation for their demise.

The darkness pulled away. Looking up, Eris saw the dragon look at them with milk still dripping from its teeth. Like a tired, lumbering dog, it fell back to its prison on the floor with a cavern-shaking collapse. Its head thudded, rolling to one side. Weakened wheezes caused its torso to crack like bark.

There was sadness in its eyes as it looked motionless at Eris and Minerva: a plea for help. "*What...*" Minerva winced from trying to speak. "*W-What... happened...?*"

Eris stared, slack-jawed. "I think your milk did something to it... Maybe since you produced it with the blood still in your body, the milk still carried traces of the dragon's essence? Did it recognize it?"

Mournful, longing sounds wheezed from the dragon's nostrils. Eris was surprised to find her heart going out to the creature. For as much as it had done, it was clear it would never rise again.

Minerva tried to sit up, but tensed and clutched at her breasts. "*Nngh--*"

"C-Careful!"

"I'll... I'll be fine..." It was strange to feel them so small. They seemed almost angry at her for what they had been forced to carry.

The two girls stared at the dragon. Though it was gone from her soul, Minerva vividly recalled the sorrowful pain she'd shared with the serpent. "I think... She was just thirsty..." Minerva whispered. "All these years... She's been waiting to see her egg find freedom... To find life out of this misery... She didn't know I was the one with her blood until she tasted my milk..."

Minerva stumbled to her feet with Eris ready at her side. Apprehension pulled back when Minerva approached the dragon.

"A-Are you sure??" Eris whined.

She nodded. "She's not bad... She's just a mother trying to save her child..."

Coming close, Minerva laid a hand upon the dragon's snout. There was no bond like before, but the pleading was clear in the dragon's fading eyes. Scales popped when it lifted its snout ever so gently, prodding and sniffing Minerva's exposed breasts. It could sense itself upon them and whatever milk remained.

“It’s alright now...” Minerva soothed. “Your egg is safe... I’ll take care of it...”

The dragon stared. Its eyes seemed to go on forever into an abyss of despair and grief. It blinked only once as it and Minerva shared something. Then all fell motionless. Life faded within its gaze and it breathed its last.

“It--” Eris came closer, dizzy. “She used the last of her energy to protect her egg... She’d laid dormant for centuries, waiting... If you hadn’t spilled that blood on you in the first place, we never would have found her...”

Minerva nodded in silence and let her hand slip from the dragon’s nose. It could finally rest.

“Now what... do we do...?” Eris laughed weakly. “We have a dragon’s egg... And we have the dragon’s blood back...! We actually-- *Ahh--*”

Thud!

Minerva turned, seeing Eris trip over her own feet and fall back. Paleness colored her face as she tried to catch her breath.

“Eris!” She ran and stooped to her friend’s aid. “What’s wrong??”

“I just got... really tired all of the sudden...”

They looked down and saw the black mark had returned. It was spreading across her chest like a mold.

“Oh...” Eris watched it grow with defeated eyes, before looking at Minerva with a weak smile. “It was nice... while it lasted... right?”

Minerva stared, beside herself as she watched the effects of last night’s milk fade away. Lethargy returned for Eris and she grew cold in her arms.

She stood up and went to the portal.

“Minerva...?” Eris called. When she returned, she saw the claw of dragon’s blood in Minerva’s hand. Eris shook her head. “No. *N-No... No...! You...*”

“Yes.”

“*No...! You--*” Eris started to cry as Minerva held the claw toward herself. “You hated it... We came all this way...! You can’t just...”

Minerva held the claw in two hands, ready to split it in half and empty its contents over her chest. A chilled hand placed itself on top, making her pause.

“*Please--*” Eris stared with flowing eyes. “We need that for your master...”

There was peace in Minerva’s voice. She leaned down, kissing Eris’s brow, then her lips. “It’s alright. You need this more than him now... I would rather have the biggest, heaviest, most burdensome bust in the world, than watch you suffer like this.”

“But you’ll--” Eris stared, guilty. “You grow... *Horns... And... a tail...*”

“I know.” Minerva took a breath. Laid before her was the love of her life with a condition only she could keep at bay. Several yards away resting near the portal waiting for use, was the dragon’s dormant egg in need of a mother. “I’m...” She sighed, resolved. “I’m being called to this. Whatever it is, it was meant to be. We didn’t come all this way just to put a jar of dragon

blood back on my master's shelf and act like nothing happened." Her hand grasped Eris's and they looked into each other's eyes. "I found much more than that during our journey. I don't intend to lose it."

Eris sniffled. Emotion took hold and she broke down. Minerva held her close until the sharp gasps for air ceased and she found her words again.

"I love you... I love you so much..." Eris squeaked, buried against Minerva's chest.

"I love you too. If this is the price I have to pay for us to have a happy life together, then so be it."

They pulled away. Eris looked down, whimpering as she stared at Minerva's bare breasts. She caressed them, lip trembling.

"What?" Minerva asked, concerned. "They're fine, I promise. I'm fine. I know they--"

She shook her head. "No... It's not that..." Eris wiped her nose. "I'm just... taking one last look and enjoying the final moments of you having a smaller chest than me..."

Minerva pushed her away with a playful shove. "Now I *have* to do it. Can't have you getting all high and mighty just because you fill out a dress more than me."

Their eyes met and they smiled. They squeezed hands a final time before Minerva took hold of the claw and held it over her chest.

"Thank you..." Eris said softly.

Prepared, and accepting, of what was to come, Minerva broke the claw and bathed her chest in the glistening purple blood entwined with a mother's love.

To be concluded