

## Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 4

*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 were 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 or 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.

*“MMNNNGHHH!!!!!!”*

*GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!*

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

*FWOOOOOOSH!!!!*

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.

*FWWWOOOOOOOOSSHHH!!!!*

*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-Mmmmnggh...” Minerva shifted in the dirt. A stifled moan escaped from her pursed lips to rouse Eris’s interest. “*Something...is happening...*”

*SSSTTRRRRTCH*

“*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.*”

*SSTTRRRRRRTCH!*

“*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?!”*

*SSSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

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!?”*

*SSSTTTTTTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

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!!!*

*GLLUUURTCH*

“*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.

*GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!*

“*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 yeeees!!!"*

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!! Ngh!!"* 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 thiirrrrrrrsty.”*

*“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...*”

*SSTTRRRRREEEEEETCH!!!*

“*AAHHH!!!! Eris!! Really!! I can’t hold all of this--*”

“*MILK!!*”

“*NNNGH!!!*”

*GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!*

*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.)

*What happens next?*