

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted

In a small town on the outskirts of a wooded land, a sorcerer busied himself around a room of artifacts and odd-colored concoctions. Neat silver hair tinged with age and experience tickled at his ears. He would need to trim it soon before it became too much of a bother. Around his body drifted a black cloak glowing with the light of a rising night sky. On a table sat a large leather bag faded from centuries of use and repair. It was one of his few possessions he didn't care to use magic to fix. Mutters drifted through the air as he ran through his list to pack.

Watching from the sidelines was his apprentice, Minerva. She'd been summoned to the workshop but was yet to be addressed. It wasn't easy talking to him when he was so preoccupied; she didn't dare speak before spoken to. Restless, she played with her flowing sleeves and brushed them against her dress. It matched her master's in fading from purple to black with silver stars dotting the fabric. There was a matching cloak, though it was reserved for special occasions.

Finally he spoke while grabbing several bags of powder. "I'll be back in a few weeks. You are to run the shop, understand?"

Minerva straightened her back. "Yes, Master!"

"Your studies are to be continued in the meantime as well."

Minerva stared at the table. Her master, Akir, had left a mountain of tomes waiting. A wide variety of spells, enchantments, and potions were certain to fill their pages. Manning the shop and keeping pace with her apprenticeship workload was going to be a challenge.

"Minerva?"

She spun back to Akir and sent black hair clinging to her nose. "Sorry! Yes, Master! I'll maintain my studies!"

Narrowing his eyes, he said, "I'm trusting there will be no trouble: no messes, nothing broken, nothing set ablaze. No goblins getting in and wreaking havoc, *again*."

"When have I ever--"

Catching her question, Akir turned his attention to the corner of the workshop where a pile of broken glass remained from the previous night's potion mixing. He forbade the use of magic in cleaning the mess and Minerva was yet to finish the chore.

She blushed at her clumsiness. "Oh... Right." Minerva didn't want to tell him it probably wouldn't have broken if he hadn't been breathing down her neck with eyes like a hawk. Voicing such an opinion could never be done; Akir was too respectable as a sorcerer to risk losing her apprenticeship.

Akir returned to gathering his belongings. The silver-haired sorcerer had been her master since Minerva showed promise as a sorceress. Since then he'd assumed the role of her guardian and teacher, as was customary for so many other masters and their apprentices. However, not many apprentices could count themselves as lucky as Minerva; harboring latent skills in sorcery was fortuitous in and of itself, but being an apprentice to someone of Akir's caliber was akin to winning the lottery.

Minerva's master was one of five council members of the Sect of Twilight. Together with a network of less-skilled sorcerers, they made up one of two main factions of magic users. Conversely, the Sect of Dawn stood as their counterpart. Conflict was rarely an issue between the two; they differed only in the areas of study. Both possessed combat capabilities, though the Dawn sect excelled at it while the Twilight's devoted studies to the mind and emotion. Akir often reminded Minerva that a Dawn sorcerer would burn an attacking bear to a crisp, but a Twilight sorcerer would make the bear forget what it was doing.

Over the years, Akir had watched Minerva grow into a young woman and an adept sorceress. Her skills blossomed over the years into respectable representations of the trade. Within a few years' time, Minerva was confident she could become a colleague to Akir instead of a student. Reaching his skill level within several decades was laughable.

Akir's council position made for a busy schedule. If he wasn't pouring over old tomes, his presence was required to help resolve more pressing matters. Minerva was yet to see him face a challenge he couldn't overcome. He was as much a role model as he was one of the most powerful sorcerers in the entire country of Ghalrha.

The leather bag was closed matter-of-factly. Donning a hood, Akir approached Minerva. "Keep up your spell practices. There will be an exam on both your incantations and enchantments when I return; I won't tolerate any loss of skill. Don't hesitate to contact me if there's trouble."

Minerva nodded with confidence. "I won't, Master!"

"I'll return in two weeks' time. Don't forget to maintain the protection wards around the shop."

Having said all he wished, Akir took his leave. He exited the workshop into the adjoining storefront where various enchanted items and wares were sold to the general public. A midday summer sun greeted him on the dirt path in front of the building. Watching his twilight cloak wave out of view from a window released a layer of tension.

"He's gone..." she sighed. It was incredible how tense of an atmosphere her master brought into a room. A weight lifted from her chest in the absence of his watchful eye.

Even with him gone, Minerva knew she couldn't waste time; Akir would have made sure of it. She approached the pile of books and chores with a searching gaze.

"There it is."

On a list of enchantments to prepare was a particularly challenging request: an advanced potion-based enchantment. If done correctly, its consumption would allow the user to stay awake for months on end without the need to sleep. Such a concoction would take weeks to ferment even in the best conditions.

"He's testing me already..." Minerva straightened her dress. Had she not thought to look immediately, she never would have found it in time to finish before his return. "Better get started on it first thing."

Several elements of the enchantment were gathered until Minerva stood at a wooden table worn smooth and dyed over years of use. A large glass bowl would be used to contain the mixture of powders and essences until it was ready to imbue with magical energy. She set to

work immediately. However, becoming so engrossed in mixing and carefully studying the recipe, Minerva failed to notice two sly hands reaching around the sides of her body.

“*GOTCHA!*”

Fingers groped her chest without mercy. Large enough to fill the attacker’s grasp, Minerva’s skin bulged into the soft white ruffles of her dress’s bust. Such soft, thin fabric offered little protection.

“*A-Ahh!! Let go!!*”

Minerva scrambled out of the clingy palms in a flurry. A bottle was knocked to its side in her haste, though she was fast enough to catch it before it could roll to the stone floor and shatter. The apprentice sorceress’s heart raced at the narrow catch.

“*ERIS!!!*” she scowled, looking at the intruder with frustration.

A red-haired girl stood grinning. Traditional scholar garb wrapped her body in ruffled whites and tans. A long red braid raced down her back like a streak of fire. Sometimes Minerva questioned why she stayed friends with the scholar for so many years when she continued to bring such unwanted sexual advances.

“Did I scare you??” Eris giggled.

Minerva held the bottle close to her chest; the cushion was sure to be her safest bet after it nearly shattered. “*YES!!* And you almost cost us the ability to fall asleep ever again!!” The thought of dying a slow death of sleep deprivation while descending into madness wasn’t pleasant.

Eris’s eyes widened. “*Oooohhh*, dawnroot essence? That’s strong stuff.”

“*I know*. So don’t grab my chest when it’s out in the open! In fact, just don’t grab me!”

“I was just having fun... It’s hard to ignore them in that outfit.”

Minerva sighed and replaced the bottle on the table, far from the edge and against the backing wall. She had to be careful around her friend; Eris was always handsy and wasn’t ashamed to let it get the better of her. Her attraction to Minerva’s chest started during their sexual maturity when Minerva’s bust saw heavy development while Eris’s saw relatively little. This interest applied to many well-endowed girls when they passed through Eris’s view, though it centered on Minerva the majority of the time. This was not reciprocated by the sorceress, though it did not stop Eris from copping a feel when an opportunity presented itself. Minerva didn’t mind too much when it was in good fun and they were alone.

She pulled her dress up and stared at Eris. “Shouldn’t you be in the library?”

“Not today! Or tomorrow. Or for several months.”

Minerva’s eyes lit up. “That’s right! Your excursion started yesterday! Have you settled on a research topic yet?”

“Noooope.” Eris rocked on her heels in boredom. “And my Master is really hounding me about finding one.”

It was customary for scholars of a certain age to explore the world and contribute to an area of study lacking research. Eris was smart, but Minerva feared her whimsey and go-lucky attitude might jeopardize her chances of advancing in her craft and profession.

Eris looked around the empty workshop. “Where Akir? Out yelled at kids for running too fast?”

“He’s on a trip for the council. It sounded like a member is missing or went rogue. He wouldn’t tell me everything.”

“Wow. *My* master tells me everything.”

“You’re a scholar. You’re *supposed* to be learning everything. Like you would on an *excursion*.”

Eris noticed the hint. “Learning stuff can just get so boring! I feel like we were studying anatomy for *years*. How many parts can there be in a human body?!”

“Quite a few.” Minerva’s words were short as she tried to focus on her enchantment.

Standing at her side, Eris couldn’t help but stare down Minerva’s dress as she leaned forward. Stirring the bowl sent her chest into swaying motions. Friction against the fabric brought her nipples to points.

Eris snickered. “I did learn something interesting, though! Did you know breasts swell a little when you’re excited?”

Color flushed Minerva’s cheeks. She could immediately feel Eris’s eyes on her. Covering herself, Minerva insisted, “Well mine aren’t if that’s what you’re saying!!”

“Let me check!” Eris stepped towards her with hands outstretched.

“*E-Eris! No! I need to work! This is important! Go read a book!*”

She crept closer but Minerva’s gaze was overpowering. Waiting for a later chance to strike, Eris occupied herself around the workshop while Minerva cautiously returned to her enchantment. Several minutes passed until she came to a challenging section of the recipe. Her hands grew clammy at the necessity for a rare and volatile ingredient.

A cabinet with a glass door hung along the wall of Akir’s workshop. Containing his most precious substances, he kept the cabinet under magical protection. A wave of Minerva’s hand released it temporarily. The door creaked in warning when it swung upwards.

Stretching her arms up, Minerva should have known better than to enter such a compromising position with Eris prowling the room. Eris watched as Minerva’s nipples came close to rising over her neckline.

“Are you *suuuuuure* they’re not a *little* swollen?” Eris teased, stepping behind the sorceress.

Minerva froze with her hands around a wide jar full of dense marrow crystals. She could feel her friend creeping closer. “*Eris, don’t! I’m not kidding!*”

Hands slithered around Minerva’s exposed chest. Minimum effort was needed to slip the dress off her nipples. “They sure look a little bigger to me!” The pink nubs found themselves pinched between Eris’s fingers.

“*Ngh!*” Minerva gasped. She didn’t dare move with such a heavy container held aloft. Setting it down in haste could knock over other materials in the cabinet. “*A-Aahh!! Eris!!*”

“I’m surprised they haven’t torn through your dress! It must be chilly in here...”

Minerva’s legs were weak. If there was one thing Eris knew how to do, it was bringing sanity to the brink with simple pushes of her buttons.

“S-Stop! Really! I can’t drop this!!”

Giggling, Eris released her hold of Minerva’s nipples and stepped away. “I love how flustered you get. Your nipples are so sensitive!”

“No, they’re not!” Minerva lied. “I’m flustered because *somebody is groping me while I’m handling dangerous materials!!*”

Watching Eris like a hawk, Minerva brought the jar to the table. Her arms ached from holding it aloft for so long. A brief measurement and several scoops gave her enchantment what it needed and she brought the jar back to the cabinet; the sooner it was replaced, the sooner her heart could settle.

GLUB

GLUB GLUB

Eris noticed a concerning sound rising from the glass bowl. Leaning over the table revealed quickening bubbles churning through the mixture. They rose as thick mounds before bursting in anger.

“You added too much,” Eris warned.

Minerva was busy replacing the jar in the cabinet. “Huh?” Concern filled her voice. If Eris was telling her something was amiss, it was good to listen; the scholar was seldom wrong.

“The marrow crystal; you added too much. This recipe doesn’t take that much.”

The jar was quickly pushed into its original position. “Eight measures!” Minerva said with certainty having checked the recipe multiple times, though it wasn’t beyond her to make a mistake when flustered.

Eris shook her head. “Noooo, it’s *three* measures. Trust me.” She leaned closer to an open book. “See? It says three; the book is just smudged.”

“WHAT?!”

RUUUBBBMMLE

Both girls looked at the bowl when it rattled and growled with bubbles.

“Uh oh.” Eris took a step back. “Minerva...?”

The sorceress knew nothing good would come of this.

“ERIS, GET DOWN!”

One step ahead of her, Eris ducked below the table as the bowl thrashed.

BOOM!!!

A dark purple explosion filled the air alongside a powerful shockwave capable of rattling the windows and mortar. Unable to find cover soon enough, Minerva was thrown several feet back by the force of the blast. Her ears rang until the concussion faded away. Dread gripped her heart when rattling came from overhead. Minerva glanced up and prayed.

An ancient ornately decorated dragon’s tooth teetered on a delicate mount. Hollowed out, it was one of only a handful of materials capable of containing pure dragon’s blood without activating its effects.

“N-No...!”

Minerva squeaked as the tooth tipped over in slow motion. It clattered to its side and broke the seal across its top. Like a waterfall of fate, a column of pearlescent purple goo fell onto

the horrified sorceress. It washed a portion of her dress away to expose a nipple brought to immediate attention.

“Ahhh!!”

Minerva was beside herself. There was enough of the substance to leave her chest coated in a thick layer of slime. It heated her skin with its magical properties and reflected candlelight in dream-like waves. She didn't dare move, hoping at any second to wake up from a nightmare. Eris didn't dare look at the scene. Turning away and covering her eyes, she could hardly stand to look at Minerva through her fingers.



Not wanting to hear the answer, Eris asked, “I-Is that--”

Minerva's mouth twitched as she searched for words. “Please tell me I didn't just waste pure dragon's blood...”

She didn't need to be told. Both knew exactly what was running over her breasts and into her cleavage. The empty tooth continued to drip overhead, now empty of its precious contents.

Anxiety raced through Minerva. She cursed fate under her breath.

“Are you all right??” Eris asked, stooping down to help her up.

Minerva shook her head. “*NO!! This stuff is worth more than my life!! When Akir finds out, he is going to--NNGH!!!*”

Her body trembled. Intense sensations spread through her chest to make every pore and nerve ending sing. Under the dragon’s blood, her breasts seemed to breathe and swell slightly.

“*N-Nnngh!!! Ahh!!!*”

Minerva rolled onto her hands and knees to clutch at her chest. It burned hot in her grasp and seared with intense sensitivity.

“*Minerva??*”

“*M-My chest!! It’s burning my chest!!!*”

Feelings of tightness pulled at her skin. Panting and groaning, Minerva endured the event until it faded away several moments later. She rolled onto her back and collapsed in exhaustion. Not a care was given for her skewed dress or the scene on display.

“Minerva...?” Eris whispered. The dragon’s blood was gone without a trace to leave her chest bare and smooth. The scholar looked on in worry. “It... It absorbed into you... *Dear goddess, are you all right?!*”

She stared at the stone ceiling in dismay. Bleary-eyed, Minerva whimpered, “Does it matter?? My life is over when Akir returns!!”

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The mess from the explosion was cleaned in relative silence. Though Minerva showed little concern for what effects the dragon’s blood might have on her body, Eris was intent on keeping an eye on her friend. After removing any evidence and hiding the emptied dragon’s tooth, the two girls left the shop to be greeted by setting twilight. The cool air brought a sense of peace on their way to the local tavern. It was rowdy and smoke-filled from charred meats, though neither felt like enjoying the atmosphere.

“You’ll feel better after some mead,” Eris suggested upon bringing two small flagons to their table in a corner.

Minerva sat quietly staring into the drink. “I’m dead... My apprenticeship is over... Do you know how hard it is to get *dragon’s blood*? That was passed down in Akir’s family for centuries! It’s the *universal material*! It can be used as a substitution for any ingredient or element! *It’s priceless! And I dumped it down my dress!*”

Her friend shrugged. “Maybe he should have locked it up or something.”

“He *did*!! And *I’m* the only other person he trusted with the security spell!!”

Eris couldn’t speak much to the magic supposedly protecting such a precious item. Looking at Minerva’s chest pushing against her dress, she confessed, “I’m more surprised your

body absorbed such a volatile material without any side effects. Are you sure you're feeling fine? Maybe I should take a look at--"

"No, you cannot examine my breasts."

"I'm serious! Dragon's blood is so rare, there haven't been many opportunities to study its effects on humans! Scholars would lock you up if they knew, just so they could see what would happen!"

"Thanks, Eris... Now I won't just lose my apprenticeship and probably have my magic stripped away, but there is a rare substance in my body doing who knows what! I feel so much better."

They sipped their mead in contemplation until Minerva spoke. "I have to replace it."

"Come again?"

"I have to replace the dragon's blood before Akir returns."

Eris's boisterous laughter garnered attention from the surrounding tavern patrons. Minerva did not share in her amusement.

"I'm not joking," Minerva promised. "Either I somehow replace it, or I lose everything I've worked for. I'll likely end up a peasant after Akir is done with me."

"I don't know, being a peasant still sounds better than *dying!* You can't get dragon's blood! Do you know how rare dragons are?! Not to mention how many teeth there will be if you manage to find one!" Eris drank more mead. "I think you're overreacting. Akir isn't going to banish you or something."

Minerva shook her head. "You don't know him like I do. You've never seen him truly angry. Losing something like dragon's blood is the same as a king losing his wealth. He treasured that blood among all else."

"Maybe she should have kept it in a more secure cabinet then," Eris mumbled.

Minerva put her head in her hands. "I'll be cast out of the Sect. My entire life has been devoted to becoming a sorceress. I'll have nothing if I lose that."

"You're barely nineteen." Eris watched some of the patrons roughhousing then asked, "Wait, you're not *actually* serious, are you?"

Minerva nodded and finished her drink. A slight buzz had turned her cheeks pink. "I don't have a choice."

Eris thought momentarily. "Fine. Then I'm coming with you."

"What?!"

"Think about it! It's perfect for my excursion! We'll travel to Ghalrha and learn about dragons and their habitats! If we even see one, I mean. Plus I can't let you go alone; you'll never survive! You've got the magic and I'll bring the brains."

"Eris, I can't let you--"

"I'm coming whether you want me to or not."

Minerva stared at the redhead. She could try arguing, but when Eris wanted something, there wasn't much you could do to stop her short of using a length of rope and a large rock or sturdy pole. Given such a daunting task, Minerva found some relief to have the company.

"Fine..." she sighed. "Welcome aboard the Doom Wagon!"

Eris laughed. "Hear that, dragon?? We're coming for your blood!"

"We also have only two weeks."

"*TWO WEEKS?! We'll barely make it out of town before we have to turn back!*"

"Akir said he would be back in a few weeks. If I die trying, it's still better than having to face his wrath."

Eris groaned. "We'll need to teleport to pull something like that off."

"I'm a sorceress, not a miracle worker. We're going to have to go by foot."

Two weeks wasn't nearly long enough time to find a dragon, let alone fill Eris's excursion requirement. She jumped up to approach the bar. "We better get some more mead then... All this talk about finding a dragon just to get roasted alive is making me thirsty."

"*EEP!*" Minerva jumped in her seat and straightened in her chair.

Eris thought nothing of it until she returned with two sloshing flagons and found Minerva doubled over with her arms wrapped around her chest.

"Minerva...? Is something wrong? Thirsty?"

"*N-Nngh!!*"

Minerva's breath was quick and labored. Over the roaring tavern, Eris thought she could hear gurgles coming from the sorceress' body.

"*Nnngh!!! Ohhhhh goddess, my chest!!*"

Eris sprang into action. Setting the flagons on the table, she approached her friend. "Is it the dragon's blood?! What's wrong??"

"I...I don't know!" Minerva moaned and hugged her breasts tighter. They felt full and round against her arms and pushed back with minds of their own. "*My chest feels...nnngh!!...s-so tight!!*"

Minerva leaned back and rested her head against the wall with closed eyes. Against her arms pushed two full mounds of pale flesh rising like dough. Eris's eyes bulged watching the globes swell larger and strain Minerva's dress.

"What's...What's going on...??" Minerva moaned. Forcing her eyes open, she rolled her gaze down. "*OH GODDESS!!*"

Cleavage filled her vision. Fearful, she dropped her arms from the heaving masses and let them fall naturally. Usually ruffled and loose, the front of her dress stretched smooth against their rounded shapes and accentuated two thick nubs.

"*E-Eris?? What's happening to my chest?!*"

Skin rose and bulged around her shoulder straps. Heaping into a shelf, it wouldn't take much before the melon-sized mammaries sprang free. Several eyes were upon her from around

the tavern. Watching the girl grow out of her dress was the best entertainment they'd seen all night.

POP!

POP!

"*A-Augh!!!*" Minerva cried out when her nipples found freedom. Wiggling from the release, they sent bolts of energy through her body and moistened her thighs.

Eris stared intently at the fleshy quivering nozzles. She knew their appearance from anatomical studies and recognized the pale veins appearing along Minerva's chest as it continued to engorge. Swallowing against a dry mouth, she began to say, "M-Minerva... I think they're filling up with--"

SPLUUURRTCH!

"AAAAHH!!!"

Minerva arched her back when milk sprayed from her chest and pattered over the table. The scholar stared wide-eyed at the breasts dwarfing her head.

"*They're so hot!!! Goddess, they feel SO FULL!!*" She stared at the fluid spraying from her body. "*Is that MILK?! W-Where is it coming from?! Eris, what's happening to me?!*"

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

Minerva stumbled out of the tavern with the support of Eris's shoulder.

Entertained hollers followed them until the doors closed, saying, "Hey, where ya goin'?? I'm thirsty for more after that show!!"

GUURRRGLE

"*N-Nngh!! Ohhh they're getting bigger!!*" Minerva leaned forward from the weight of her chest. Like watermelons, they hung to her belly button.

"We'll get you out of here!" Eris insisted. "Then we'll figure out what's happening to you! It's probably the dragon's blood!"

"You think?!"

GUURRRGLE

They made it through several back alleys before Minerva's legs grew heavy. Sloshing came from her chest as it swung in her arm. Anyone could have followed the trail of milk to find its swollen source.

"*I...I don't think I can keep going...*" she moaned. "*Eris, they're too heavy!*"

Slipping from the shoulder, Minerva stumbled to a nearby barrel and leaned on it for support. Her chest hung off her like swollen fruits. Her only hope, Minerva looked to Eris. "*I-I think you're going to have to milk me!*"

Eris stammered. "I don't know how to--"

"*You grew up on a farm, didn't you?? You milked cows with your mom!! You told me so!!*"

“That was years ago!! And an udder is different than--” Eris stared at the engorging masses. “Different from those...”

GUUURRRGLE

“N-Nnngh!! Aahhh, Eris, please!! They’re getting really heavy!! If I go down, I’m not getting back up!?”

Eris’s hands twitched. They wanted nothing more than to grab onto the sausage-thick nipples and pull. She feared it may make it worse, however. “Can’t you do some kind of magic?!”

“I can barely talk!?” Minerva glared. “You’re grabbing my chest day in and day out, and NOW you’re hesitant?! Eris, I’m begging you!! MILK ME BEFORE THEY GET ANY BIGGER!?”

“All right!?” Eris’s heart raced as she stepped behind Minerva. She couldn’t believe herself as she reached around and pressed her hands into her soft flesh. “L-Like this?”

GUURRRRGLE

“I don’t care how you do it!! Just get this milk out of me!?”

Leaning into Minerva’s rear, Eris reached down and sank her arms into the sides of her chest until her hands found the dribbling pink mounds.

“MMNNGH!!!! C-Careful!”

“I’m doing my best!! You’re not exactly a cow!?”

“Well I feel like one!?”

With gallons of milk swirling against her arms, Eris squeezed and pulled both nipples.

SPLLLUURRCH

“A-AUGH!! MMNGH!!!”

Milk cut into the dirt below in thick streams. The sensations made Minerva tremble in Eris’s embrace. “K-Keep...going!?”

Eris began pulling in rhythmic alternating motions.

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

“MMMM!!! I can barely stand all the swelling!! My chest feels ready to erupt!?”

Eris agreed. Based on her experience with dairy cows who had gone too long without being milked, Minerva’s chest was in much the same state.

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

SPLLLUURRCH

“AAAHHH!!!”

Minerva's thighs rubbed together in pleasure. Such a thing only drove Eris to quicken her pace and strengthen her grip. This caused Minerva to tense and buck in uncontrollable pleasure as she was drained like a child's plaything.

"Aahh!! MMNGH!!! E-ERIS!!! C-Careful!!! You're going to make me--AAHH!!!!!"

SPLLLUURRRCH!!!

Milk gushed from Minerva's chest in creamy waterfalls while her body convulsed.

"Augh!!! M-M-MmmnghhaahhhhHHHHH!!!"

An orgasmic scream echoed through the alley along with a torrent of steaming milk. Eris was awed by the feeling of Minerva's breasts shrinking within her grasp. Dairy poured from their forms until they fit in her palms as naturally as ever, leaving the girls hunched over each other in a sexual display of sweat and gasping breaths. It took several seconds for Eris to release Minerva's chest from her grasp, unwilling to let go of its timed rises and falls with Minerva's breaths.

"Thank you... Eris..." Minerva panted. *"For a minute, I didn't think I was going to be able to walk anymore..."*

Eris stood back and looked at her hands. Milk dripped from her fingers to make her mouth water. Before Minerva could see, Eris licked one of them clean. Honey sweetness filled her mouth from the thick cream. It was all she could do to stifle a moan while licking her lips.

Drained of energy, Minerva slumped against a wall to the ground. She could fix her dress later; right now, she had to catch her breath. Such sexual sensations had only been experienced alone at night in her chambers, and even they could not compare to what she'd just shared with Eris, who came to sit next to her in a puddle of milk.

It took a moment for either of them to address the event.

"Thanks for...uh...that," Minerva whispered.

Eris nodded, not wanting to admit she wished it had gone on longer. *"Anytime..."*

Minerva glanced down at her chest and saw it uncovered. Smooth, milk-covered skin reflected the dim light around them. *"Ah!"* She quickly righted her dress, thankful it retained enough stretch to cover her chest. *"You were just going to let me hang out of my dress like that, weren't you?"*

Eris giggled at the accurate accusation. *"I certainly wasn't going to say anything."*

Minerva cupped herself. *"I wonder what happened... I've never felt anything like that."*

"I have a theory..." Eris chewed on her lip.

"Well don't leave me in the dark."

"I-I think the dragon's blood fused with your breasts... Since it's capable of becoming any required substance, I think it's caused your chest to do the same... In its own way."

Minerva blinked. *"You're insane."*

"Think about it! In the tavern I said I was thir--" Eris caught herself. *"I said I wanted more mead, and you started lactating! Then when I said it again, it accelerated! It happened again"*

when we left and someone called after us! I needed something to drink, so it provided it! I wonder what else it could cause your breasts to do...”

Frowning, Minerva considered the idea. It sounded ludicrous, though dragon’s blood was known for its fantastical properties of transformation. “I don’t want to believe it... But I also don’t have any evidence against it...”

“We could test it? Maybe if I say I’m thir--*Mmph!*”

Minerva clamped a hand over Eris’s mouth. “Even if it sounds crazy, I would rather not find out that it’s true *right after* I just released several gallons of milk.”

Eris nodded in understanding to earn her mouth’s freedom. “So considering what the blood has possibly done to you... Are you still planning on trying to find a dragon, get its blood, and bring it back all before Akir returns?”

She sighed. “I don’t think I have a choice. Why? Are you still planning on joining me?”

Eris glanced at Minerva’s chest. Given what the blood had already caused, and the countless other possibilities it could lead to, there was no other answer she could have given. “Are you kidding me? Of course I’m coming! This could be *big!*”

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

Minerva and Eris head out on their quest unaware they are being followed by someone else from town who is intent on learning about (and enjoying Minerva's) condition.

“Mmmmm...”

Minerva rolled over in bed. A shifting weight helped pull her to the side before anchoring her in place.

“M-Mmm... Hmmm?”

Drowsy and still making her way back from dreamland, the young sorceress opened her eyes. Two curves of pale skin filled her view. Hugged between her arms like a child’s stuffed plaything, Minerva awoke to find two enlarged breasts squished in her grasp.

“No! No, not again!?”

Panic was quick to overtake her after the previous night’s events. Remembering the gallons of milk released from her bust, she quickly grabbed her nipples to help stop any leakage before too big of a mess was made. She found none, although there was an ocean of warmth radiating from the bulbous mounds.

“Ooohhhh... O-Ooohhh that’s kind of...nice...”

Minerva allowed her heart to slow. Finding such massive assets pinning her down was concerning, but the incredible warmth was intoxicating. Blushing and feeling her nipples puff into her palms, she hugged them closer. Cleavage welled into her face with a milky sweet scent. It was almost enough to lull her back into a half-lucid state.

“I was shivering a lot last night...” she whispered. “Maybe they grew so big to help keep me wa--”

WHOOSH!!!

“KNOCK KNOCK!!”

“AHHH!!!”

A sudden opening of her chamber door brought Minerva’s pulse back to a racing speed. Eris waltzed into the room wearing her scholar uniform with a modest bag slung over one shoulder.

“I’m ready to go!” Eris announced, *“Let’s get a move on before--”*

The scholar glanced down at her friend. Between Minerva’s naked body exposed due to skewed bedding and the ripened melons overflowing her hugging arms, Eris found herself feeling especially lively.

“Whoa!” she giggled, catching Minerva’s blushing face hiding in her cleavage. “Having a little fun with your new curse I see!” Stepping closer, she teased, “Or maybe it’s become more of a blessing?”

“E-ERIS!!!” Minerva squeaked in embarrassment. Flurrying hands tried to reclaim her covers as well as some modesty, but that meant revealing her erect, betraying nipples. *“Get out!!! How did you manage to get in the shop?!”*

“A troublemaker never reveals her secrets,” Eris hummed. Her attention did not stray from the swollen mammarys for long. “Goddess, look at them! I’ve heard men wake up a little swollen, but I didn’t think women did!”

Minerva continued struggling for cover and the ability to sit up. *“They did this while I slept! I think I was cold and they were trying to keep me warm...”*

“Interesting.” Eris hummed and sat on the edge of the bed while taking mental notes. “You know, you wouldn’t get so cold at night if you didn’t sleep *naked*.”

“It feels more comfortable!!!”

“No need to tell me!” Reaching out, Eris prodded a breast. “I certainly won’t argue with the results.”

Several awkward moments passed of Eris sending her friend’s chest wobbling in her arms.

“U-Uh... Eris...?” Minerva squeaked from her cleavage.

“Hmm?”

“Can I get dressed please?”

After gaining some privacy to wake up and greet the morning, Minerva found her chest receding back to its regular size. The ample handfuls, once considered an annoying feature on her petite body, now felt small and manageable after her several bouts of growth. Minerva was glad to see them return and fit lovingly in her bodice.

“Are you dressed yet??” Eris moaned, rushing back into the room without warning.

“Almost...”

Minerva stood turned to her side in front of a small mirror. A dull purple glow enveloped her index finger as she ran it down a seam on her dress. Stitches pulled together like tiny snakes to mend the garment.

“I didn’t even notice the tears last night,” she admitted. “I honestly can’t believe they grew so big that my dress blew a seam.”

“Dragon’s blood is an odd substance! You’re probably lucky it didn’t melt a hole through your chest.”

The idea made Minerva shiver and she thought it best to keep her friend’s mental images locked away and change the subject. Allowing the flow of magic to cease and proceeding to inspect her work, Minerva informed, “I managed to buy us passage in the merchant caravan leaving town today. It departs by noon with or without us. I offered them minor magic services as well in exchange for coin, so we’ll make money as we travel with them.”

Eris groaned and slumped against a wall. “A *merchant caravan*?? Are you *serious*?? You’re a sorceress! Just teleport us to where we need to go!”

“Oh! Of course, why didn’t I think of that?” Minerva gently smacked the side of her head. “You should have told me you knew where we could find a dragon!”

Eris grew quiet. “I-I don’t...”

“Oh. Well then maybe you have a big enough focusing crystal so I can direct our teleportation?”

“Well... No... But Akir surely has one lying around your sho--”

“*No*.” Minerva’s voice was stern. “I’m already in the hole with one priceless magical item; I’m not using another just to dig myself deeper.”

Eris huffed. “Fine, we’ll travel with the smelly merchants.”

A boost to morale was needed. They hadn’t left the shop and already Minerva could sense Eris’s will weakening. “Come on, I need my trusty scholar! Who else is going to keep me on the right track? I certainly don’t know where we would find a dragon! But I bet *you* do.”

The scholar perked up. “Actually, the most recent legends reference sightings in the Snowlands...! But even those originated several hundred years ago.”

“It’s a better lead than nothing.”

“You do realize it’s going to take months just to get there by hitchhiking caravans, right?”

“We’ll figure it out as we go. Maybe we can buy some horses along the way; I could only afford us passage and general supplies. We’ll need to buy weapons at some point as well. We can’t expect to harvest dragon’s blood with our bare hands.”

“*Technically*, dragons’ mouths constantly secrete small amounts of blood to mix into their saliva to give it its acidic qualities. So we don’t necessarily have to stab it.”

Minerva rolled her eyes. “Either way, we can’t do it with our bare hands. *We could* consider hiring a knight or another sorcerer to help us, but that would cost a fortune.”

Eris flashed a sly smile and stared at Minerva's chest. The plunging cleavage and gentle wobbling shelf it supplied for her black hair were mesmerizing now that she knew its latent potential for swelling. "I have one or two ideas how we could raise the coin for our jour--"

"NO."

Eris kicked at the floor. "You're not fun..."

(. Y .) (. Y .)

"Board for departure!!"

A booming voice alerted the merchant caravan of its imminent leave of Athria. It would be the first time in many years that Minerva would travel outside the town without her master at her side. The butterflies in her stomach didn't help quell the constant fear of her chest swelling out of control.

She and Eris approached one of several wagons. It was fairly lack-luster and carried only bags of spices and several piles of furs. Their seat would be at the back, as the driver insisted his dog stay seated at the front.

"I don't see why we have to ride on this cart..." Eris mumbled, jumping from the ground to a small wooden platform. Her legs hung off the end and swung a foot above the dirt. Scanning the two dozen other carts, she wished she could have been inside one of the larger carriages with an arching canvas cover. They looked to be piled high with goods.

"Because those were either full or had families in them!" Minerva informed. Her jump onto the cart made the wheels creak.

Eris tried to get comfortable. "My back already hurts and we haven't even left yet."

"It's just for a little while. We'll figure something else out as we go." Minerva glanced around the bustling town. Half of the men passing by were taking extra effort to inspect her and her front. "I feel like people are staring at me," she whispered timidly.

Eris snorted. "Well after the show you put on at the tavern last night, I'm not surprised! I'll bet every guy in town has heard about the girl and her magical overflowing bosom!"

"Nngh..." Minerva whimpered and tried to shrink into her seat. It was a relief to feel the cart lurch forward.

"So we're really doing this?"

Nodding, Minerva watched Athria dwindle around them. It wouldn't be long before civilization was out of sight. "I guess we are..."

The dirt road was well-traveled but far from smooth. Rocks and holes dotted its surface in an array of obstacles. Creaking wood and dust assaulted the girls' senses nonstop, though the biggest annoyance was the constant jolting. Every bump sent an uprising motion through the cart and its occupants.

"Y-You're staring at them," Minerva whispered while trying to pull up her dress without drawing too much attention from the cart driver behind them.

Eris didn't blink. "Do you expect me *not* to stare? I'm concerned you're going to get a black eye."

A sigh passed from her tired lips. "I just wish yesterday never happened. It was one little mistake. Now my breasts have a mind of their own, I'm probably going to lose my apprenticeship, and I can't even go to bed without waking up pinned to the mattress."

"It's not all bad!" Eris chirped.

"What makes--*whoa!*--you say that??" Minerva shrieked when the cart took an especially heavy lurch.

"We get to have our own little adventure! Maybe one day they'll write a story about us: *Eris and the Swollen Breasts.*"

Minerva groaned in annoyance. "At least one of us is having fun. Listen, I barely slept last night. I'm going to close my eyes for a little bit and hope this is all a bad dream."

"You're going to sleep already?? You just woke up! How can you possibly--"

A glowing finger placed itself against Minerva's head as she muttered magical words under her breath. It left her eyes heavy seconds later.

"Oh, like that," Eris said.

"Wake me up if you see a dragon bleeding out on the side of the road..."

"Mhm!"

With her traveling companion asleep, Eris's attention was given fully to the slow-passing environment. The caravan moved with considerable speed for its number of carts, however there was also a significant amount of noise from other passengers. The families were the loudest among the bunch, accustomed to a life of loud surroundings and having to raise their voice. Listening to their familial difficulties and watching the road pass under her dangling feet could only entertain Eris for so long before her eyes wandered.

The cart behind theirs was one of the few scenes available: a large canvas-covered wagon rattling with crates and dry goods. Its driver had zoned out for the long trek ahead.

"Huh?"

Eris blinked into the darkness behind the driver. A shadowy outline moved against the blackness as if it had taken notice of her glance.

"That was strange..." she hummed, trying to find the figure once more against the inky background. None revealed itself. "Maybe it was just a--"

"*Waaaahhhhhh!!!*"

Like a shriek of a banshee, an infant's cry rang out from several carts ahead. Eris couldn't see the vehicle, but she could hear it clear as a bell over the crunching dirt and gravel.

Eris groaned and pounded her head against the back of the cart. "There's always one..."

"*Waaahhh!!!*"

"*N-Nnngh...*"

A grunt from Minerva caused Eris's ears to perk and the shadow to reappear in the cart behind them. Eris noticed a glint reflecting from where one of the shadow's eyes would have been.

"Waaahhh!!!"

"Nnngh!" Minerva squirmed in her sleep. Leaning against the frame of the cart, her body was victim to every bounce and turn. Tight, pale cleavage rose to reflect the sun like pearls.

"Sharise," a tired father said from the baby's cart, "He's hungry again..."

"Mmmgh...!" Clenching her hands into fists, Minerva grabbed her dress. Eris couldn't imagine the dream unfolding within her friend's mind, but she was glad she was conscious to watch the show. Hearing the babe's cries, Minerva's breasts were engorging with milk at a rapid pace. Already they had stretched her dress into a taut surface. The pink of her nipples shown through the fabric as fluid leaked free.

"Uh oh," Eris whispered.

CREEAK!!

SLOOOSH

"Mmmm!!!"

A particularly heavy lurch from the cart sent Minerva's plump globes back and forth. Even the cart driver behind them was awake for the show. Shaking and jiggling with their creamy contents, the head-sized breasts neared the tipping point in what the dress could handle.

"WAAHHH!!!" The baby cried louder than ever for its mother's milk.

"I'm so tired, Damien..." The mother complained. "Can't you get him to sleep?"

"Don't you think I'm trying?"

"WAAHHH!!!"

Minerva's mouth trembled in a sleepy cry of heat. *"A-Ahh!!!"*

Oblivious to the rest of the world, Eris stared at her friend's bust. Ounces of milk poured into her flesh every second to bloat her breasts full and heavy. Minerva's dress couldn't contain such weight. Somehow they appeared even fuller and more firm than the previous night.

CREEEAAK!

SPLUURTCH!!

"M-MMM!!!" Minerva whimpered and pulled at her dress again. The smallest amount of stimulation was enough to draw milk from her swollen nipples. Dripping from her overstretched dress, it covered her breasts in a thin layer of cream as they rose from the neckline. Plump nipples sprang into view to leak milk down her front.

"WAAHHH!!!"

"O-Oh my," Eris squeaked. At this rate, Minerva was going to be so top heavy she would fall out the back of the cart, but Eris didn't dare draw attention to her friend's chest. Their journey would be difficult enough without rumors swirling around them. Staring ahead, Eris blushed and pretended the massive amount of lactation wasn't occurring. If the situation called

for it she would save Minerva from falling forward. Curiosity still made her look at the heaping cleavage from the corner of her eye.



“W-WAAHHH!! WAAA--”

The baby stopped suddenly and the entire caravan heaved with a sigh of relief. The mother had given in.

“Mmmmm...” With no more auditory stimulation, Minerva’s breasts swelled one final inch before settling. Milk flowed free, but it was no longer being replaced. In time they would empty onto her lap and the road below. Eris hoped it would all dry before she awoke.

“This might be a long tip,” the scholar sighed.

Ahead of them, she heard the mother groan from lack of sleep. “Drink up, ye greedy bastard.”

(.Y.) (.Y.)

Twilight arrived as the merchant caravan reached the edge of a small forest. Under the leader’s direction, they were to make camp for the night. Carts were arranged in a large circle big enough to encompass the entirety of the group with plenty of room to spare between various cliques. Eris and Minerva were happy to find a suitable place on the outskirts of the circle away from everyone else.

“Are you sure you want to be this far away from the group?” Eris asked while laying out her bedding.

“It’s better than waking up surrounded by strangers wondering why my chest ballooned during the night because I was cold. I can’t trust my own body to stay in its clothes!” Minerva wiped the front of her dress. “I’m going to have to wash this soon, too! It feels so dirty...”

Eris gulped; Minerva had awoken long after her milk had dried up, though the residue remained. “Yea, I tried to warn you, but you were totally asleep! You should have seen the size of the mud puddle we hit.”

“I’ll have to be more careful about--”

“Hello! Ms. Sorceress! We’re in need of your services!” a cart driver called from the center of the circle.

“Oh, that’s the guy who sold us our seats. I’ll be right back.”

Eris watched Minerva leave to light several campfires. It had already been a day and their adventure felt insurmountable given the time available. Finishing her bedding, she wondered how they could possibly find a dragon before Akir returned home.

“Your friend seems nice.”

“Huh?”

Eris glanced up at the odd greeting. Nearby, too nearby for comfort, an older man was setting up his own bedding by the side of a cart. A bushy white beard reminded Eris of a dwarf’s, but a metal eye resting in an otherwise empty eye socket told of a different profession. It reflected various campfires with strange dancing colors.

“Never seen a sorceress cast magic like that, much less on herself,” he continued.

Eris took a step back. “O-Oh... It wasn’t magic... She has a condition...”

“A condition, you say?”

“Yea... A...uh...a cow cursed her.” The story felt ridiculous, but was the only explanation to come to mind.

A grin spread over the man’s face, causing his cheek to bulge unnaturally over his fake eye. “Interesting. That explains her extreme swelling and leaking bosom.”

“R-Right!” Eris laughed weakly.

“So odd it would coincide with the child’s cry for hunger.”

Eris did not have a quick answer for this. Instead, she grabbed hers and Minerva’s bedding and pulled them away. “Well, i-it was nice meeting you! I hope you have a safe trip.”

The man stood in place while Eris withdrew. “And the same to you and your lactating companion.”

Eris continued dragging their beds until gaining a sense of privacy and security. Minerva returned some time later to immediately grab her water-skin and guzzle half its volume after finding a seat on a stump. “I can’t believe how thirsty I am after a day of napping. All that dust must have gotten to me!”

“I-It was pretty dusty!” Eris didn’t dare tell her it was likely because her body produced so much milk.

“Why did you move our bed? I thought we had a good spot!” she asked, wiping her mouth.

“We have a better view of the stars over here!” Eris lied. “Plus it should be quieter.”

“Hmm... If you say so.” Minerva sat on her stump with weary weight and drank the remainder of her water. Fluid leaked down her chin to dribble into her cleavage with refreshing sensation.

At first Eris watched only out of interest in the water droplet’s path, but as she stared, she noticed movement within Minerva’s breasts. Every parched gulp of water raised her chest up and down with motion, though it fell less and less each time. Soft sloshing came from within her dress and Eris gulped; her friend’s bust was filling out as if it were a pair of bloated water-skins. So much moving fluid made her mouth dry.

“*Gahhh...!*” Minerva gasped for air. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me! Aside from the obvious...” Groaning and leaning back on one arm, Minerva placed the other under her breasts and said softly, “Goddess they feel heavy tonight... Am I lactating again?”

Eris couldn’t find the right words and had to swallow several times after watching the swelling unfold. She wasn’t sure which she enjoyed more: the milk, or the water. “U-Uh... Minerva?”

“Hmm?” she asked through a mouthful of water.

“I...” Eris leaned in and whispered, “I-I think you’re retaining water.”

Not understanding at first, Minerva followed Eris’s gaze to her breasts.

“*HMM?!?*”

Minerva’s eyes bulged wide and excess water puffed her cheeks in surprise. Swollen and firm, her breasts jutted from her torso with sloshing water weight. Fluid plumped her skin into mostly spherical forms. Against her forearm and a nervous prodding finger, she found their surfaces cool to the touch. Droplets of condensation peppered her exposed skin in the night air. Barely hidden by her dress, her nipples were tight and waterlogged like sponges stuffed to the brim. She gulped and felt her skin tingle at the fresh fluid.



“*DEAR GODDESS!!*” Minerva shrieked.

The camp went silent and all stared in their direction. Across the way, Eris could feel a metal eye watching them with creeping intent.

Lowering her voice, Minerva dismayed. “*I can’t believe this! No wonder I’m so thirsty; it’s all going to my breasts!*”

“M-Maybe they’re just helping store it for later?? The dragon’s blood does what’s needed!”

Embarrassed, Minerva pulled her knees to her chest. “Well I didn’t ask them to. This dragon’s blood doesn’t have the faintest idea of what I *need*.”

“Want me to help suck some of it ou--”

“*NO.*”

They fell silent and watched the merchants gather around their campfires. It was an oddly calming scene, watching so many workers and families go about their lives as night settled around them.

“*Mamaaaa! I’m hungry!*”

GUUURRRRGLE

“*Eep!*”

Their eyes shot to Minerva’s chest to see it bulge against her knees.

“E-Eris?” Minerva stammered, feeling milky pressures rising.

“Move the beds further away?”

“A-And maybe I’ll cast a small silence spell around us for the next hour until everyone is asleep... Just to be safe.”

Struggling to carry her chest without letting it fall out of her dress, Minerva led Eris to their third bedding location for the night. They couldn't have been further away from the merchants without leaving the safety of the cart circle. In time, as the fires died down, so too did the laughter and merriment. Stars came out to play while the caravan slept.

Eris, ever watchful and curious, stayed awake to observe Minerva in her sleep. Observing her swelling transformations firsthand was the best way to understand their nature. Enjoying a full view of the pale, swollen moons rising with Minerva's breath was just a bonus.

She looked around after some time. The rest of the camp was blissfully asleep save for two watchmen. Across the circle she noticed an empty bed, though couldn't be sure if it belonged to the stranger with a metal eye. As a precaution, she inched her bed directly next to Minerva's. The heat of her breasts radiated soothingly in the night air and she stared at the towering mounds with child-like wonder.

"Well... Maybe just *one* poke..."

Silent and heart pounding, Eris extended a finger and sank it into Minerva's side.

"*Mmmm!*"

A sudden moan startled her into withdrawing. They wobbled from the force of her prodding until settling down. A nipple stood ready to pop free into the moonlight.

"Wow..." Eris awed. "I bet they feel *incredible*."

Combined with the rounded view, the night air, and Minerva's radiating heat, Eris's eyes grew heavy. Soon she too was whisked away under the sounds of the merchants' magically muffled snoring.

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

The spell of silence works both ways. Eris and Minerva only realize the danger of this when they wake in the night to find themselves tied up and unable to be heard when they call for help.

"Minerva... Minerva, please wake up!! *Please!*"

A frightened voice called the sorceress from her dreams. Rousing and sore from sleeping with only a thin layer of bedding between her and the ground, Minerva groaned and opened her eyes.

An immediate lack of mobility gave her heart a jump start. Tight bonds coiled around her body and limbs, binding her together like a puppet tangled in its own strings. Her vision focused in the dark night to see Eris sitting on her bedding in a similar situation. Several large spiders with crystalline bodies reflected the moonlight as they wandered over her body maintaining her bonds. The same magical creatures could be felt crawling over Minerva's body. Their tiny legs pricked her skin.

"*Mmph?!?*"

A scream tried to escape her throat but a gag blocked its path. Now frightened and beyond confused, Minerva squirmed to sit up. A gleaming metallic eye met her gaze set in a weathered man's eye socket. It glowed with a gentle blue light and his beard reeked of old mead.

“*Mmph!!*”

“Nice of you to join us,” the man greeted with a grin lacking several teeth. The state of his visage told Minerva he’d been through several challenging ordeals. Whether or not he had been on the right side of these ordeals was yet to be determined.

“H-Hey snuck up on me!” Eris cried. “*I couldn’t hear him coming! By the time I woke up, the spiders already had their webs around us!*”

Bowing slightly as if it somehow made up for taking them hostage, the stranger introduced himself. “You may call me Kalzar. I’m what you may call a man for hire... I have a proposition for you.”

“*MMPPH!!!*” Minerva struggled to break free, much to the stranger’s delight.

Eris screamed at the slumbering merchants. “*Help!! Help us!!*”

None were roused. Kalzar laughed in amusement. “They can’t hear you. No more than you can hear them.” Pointing at Minerva, he explained, “You’ve got a talent for sorcery! Your enchantments need a little work, though, I’m afraid.” He tapped the side of his head to indicate towards his metal eye. “I could see right away that your little sphere of silence worked both ways. No sound is coming in, and no sound is going out.”

Minerva’s eyes widened with fright at her amateur mistake. Akir would berate her if he knew.

“*N-Nngh!! MMMPH!!*” The spider silk dug around her abdomen and shoulders. The more she struggled, the harder the crystal spiders worked to keep her bound. Beady red eyes glowed atop their bodies.

Kalzar insisted, “Struggle all you want! Those spiders know how to make a strong web. Keeping a few of those on hand is *far* easier than carrying rope everywhere I go.”

“*What do you want?!*” Eris’s words came out fast and panicked. Silver moonlight shone brightly in her eyes.

“Just a taste!”

“*Mmph??*” Immediately Minerva turned her head towards the man. There were only so many things such a statement could have referred to.

Kalzar knelt in front of Minerva. Aged eyes stared at her breasts and made her shiver. She wished her dress covered more of her torso. “I’ve heard all about your cow-cursed bust... That’s quite the unique talent.”

She didn’t like the way he ogled her chest and licked his lips. Flinging her gaze to Eris, Minerva silently demanded answers.

“H-Hey saw them swell up on the ride here!” the redhead explained. Upon seeing Minerva’s eyes widen in further confusion, Eris remembered she’d been asleep while her breasts engorged.

Kalzar’s foot scraped across the gravel as he leaned in closer to her chest. Jolting back, Minerva tried to put distance between her chest and his face. Anger was overpowering her fear now. She required the use of her voice to cast any kind of magic in retaliation, however. Feeling the gag block her tongue only fueled her frustration.

“How does the curse work...?” Kalzar asked. Tingles spread over Minerva’s chest as if she could feel his eyes inspecting every curve and valley. Trying to turn herself away only caused her breasts to wobble between their bonds.

“I apologize for the gag. I’m aware you can’t answer,” Kalzar said calmly. “I would let you speak, but I can’t have you casting any spells.” He turned to Eris. “Would your friend like to give me any hints?”

Eris didn’t need to watch Minerva shake her head rapidly to answer. “*Sard off!!*”

Kalzar shrugged. “Very well. I have no qualms with a little experimentation.” He leaned close as if to touch Minerva.

“*M-Mmph...*”

The man stared in thought and recalled his observations. “You were sleeping when it happened... Though if that were the trigger, they would have engorged during your rest tonight.”

Sweating, Minerva prayed he wouldn’t reach what seemed like an obvious conclusion. If her breasts fell victim to extreme lactation while her hands were tied, she wasn’t sure she could handle it. The spiders’ binds alone already skewed her dress to the point of risking exposure.

“It can’t be environmental, like the sun, otherwise you would have dressed for it...” Kalzar’s eyes sparkled. “It’s something out of your control, isn’t it? Something you can’t adequately prepare for.”

Minerva whimpered and shook her head.

“I seem to recall a particularly loud infant crying during your previous swelling. Am I right in assuming your milk flows on a per-need basis?”

“*Mph!! Mmph!*” Minerva shook her head vehemently. She was seconds away from her breasts bloating with cream.

“Hmmm...” Kalzar watched Minerva’s chest rise and fall with nervous breaths. Intrigued, he whispered, “*I’m parched.*”

GUUUURRGLE

“*Mmmngh!!!*”

Minerva clenched her hands and writhed when her breasts flourished with energy. Deep within them, milk surged at ounces per second. Prominent growth pushed her chest larger until it filled her bodice.

“*S-Stop it!*” Eris pleaded. “*Minerva!*”

“I’m *incredibly* thirsty.”

GUUUUUURRGLE

“*M-Mmmngh!!!*” Feeling milk push against her skin was a more tantalizing sensation than Minerva could bear. Looking down through watery eyes, she saw her breasts rising off her frame like globes. The spider binds accentuated them into plump spheres with little room for deviation. Tight pink areolas rose into view as her dress threatened to release its contents.

Kalzar chuckled in amusement at the ripening melons weighing his prisoner down. “*I’m craving milk so much I can’t stand it!*”

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

“*MMMMMMGH!!!!*”

Minerva’s chest engorged with minds of their own. Far surpassing the size of her head, they stood firm and tight in the constraints of her dress. The white fabric trembled and pulled into her milk flesh.

SPLUUURTCH!!!

“*M-Mmmngh!!*”

Finally they broke free. Released to the full force of gravity, Minerva's bust fell against her body with sloshing smacks. The jolt sent shockwaves through her heaving mounds with enough energy to stimulate her milk into spraying from aching nipples. Directly in front of them, Kalzar's face was doused in the warm dairy.

"Ha!" he laughed, gazing upon Minerva's exposed magically altered treasures.

"Glorious! More!! I'm SO THIRSTY!!"

GRRRROOOOAAAAAAN

Her breasts saw no limit in pleasing the man's feigned desires. Swelling massive and full, Minerva's body was dominated by the pale mounds. They stood wider than her torso and inched closer to her lap. Several bands of spider silk pulled into the top and bottom of her breasts as they expanded in all directions.

"Stop it!" Eris yelled again. "You're making her produce too much!!"

Gasping for air through her gag, Minerva raged at her forced growth. Given her titanic size, she felt as though her nipples were ready to gush at any moment. Going through such forced sexual sensations in front of her capture was humiliating. This man had the power to drive her chest to worrisome sizes and she was powerless to do anything about it. She ground her teeth against the gag in anger.

"Amazing..." Kalzar ogled. Reaching out, he cupped a large watermelon udder in both hands. They squeezed together to indent Minerva's soft skin, pressurizing her milk within. "They're simply magnificent. So plump and full!! Seeing them inflate to such a size... It's a sight to behold!!" He squeezed again, causing her areola to dome outward.

SQUULLCH

"M-M-Mmng...!! Mmmph...!"

"Sorry, my dear. I've come too far not to indulge myself." Kalzar cupped a hand under a puffy nipple. His finger and thumb were rough against her sensitive skin when he pinched the fleshy nozzle and pulled, urging milk to flow.

"Mmmph!!!"

Dairy filled his hand in seconds until it overflowed onto Minerva's thighs below. Bringing his hand to his mouth, he slurped under the furious gaze of the sorceress. Kalzar's metal eye illuminated at the taste.

"My dear!" he exclaimed. "This is the *furthest* thing from a curse I've ever seen!" Kalzar licked his lips and hand clean. "Yes, the prince will be most satisfied with this... You'll fulfill the queen's wishes and then some!"

Minerva stared in confusion as he rose to his feet.

"How would you like a job? My benefactors would compensate you handsomely for such a wealth of rich dairy."

"*Mro phroof prophelph.*" The sorceress cursed through her gag while staring daggers. She was violated and taken advantage of. Her milk was among the most intimate things she had to give and this man had taken it without a passing thought. As her chest swayed with her angry breaths, she ignored the leaking milk running down her body and soaking her dress. The spiders raced around her body. Their bindings pulled into her milky udders, squeezing their contents and helping support their weight.

Kalzar's smile did not falter. "I can see the proposition does not immediately pique your interest. No matter; you'll come to like the idea on our way to his fallen majesty." He approached Eris. "I'm afraid I'll have to dispose of your friend first. There's only room for so much cargo, you see."

"*W-Wait!! STOP!!!*" Eris kicked at the ground when he approached with outstretched hands. "*MINERVA!!!*"

Distress overcame the girls when Kalzar took Eris by her bindings and attempted to lift her from the ground. Minerva could do nothing but struggle to rise. If Eris were taken into the dark woods next to the camp, she knew she'd never see her friend again.

"*Don't let him take me!! I DON'T WANT TO--*" Eris stopped. As her accomplice struggled, she watched Minerva's milk soak into her restraints. They grayed at its touch, the spiders struggling to keep pace with repairs. An idea flashed across her mind and Eris yelled. "*I'm thirsty too!!!*"

"*MMPH?!?*"

"*Hmm??*"

Both were shocked at the scholar's sudden statement.

GUUURRRGLE

"*I need barrels and barrels of milk!!!*" she yelled, dangling in the air from Kalzar's hand. "*I'm so thirsty I could drain a herd of cows!!*"

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE

"*M-MMPH!!!*" Confused, Minerva questioned her friend's intentions with saucer eyes. The pressure building in her chest was immense. Their size bloated and tightened her skin. Milk flowed over their curves and down her body, turning her bindings dull gray. Threads snapped and frayed. Suspended in a small cradle of rope, her chest jutted from her frame.

"What are you doing, girl??" Kalzar demanded. "I need her small enough to manage!"

"*GODDESS, I'M THIRSTY!!! I JUST WISH I HAD AN OCEAN OF MILK!!!*"

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!!

"*MMGGPH!!!*"

Minerva couldn't take it anymore and clenched her eyes. Arching her chest into the air, she leaned back at the incredible milky forces inside of her. Her chest struggled to contain its load. Eris and Kalzar watched in awe when they sprayed and leaked like fountains, drenching her in cream. Creaking threads complained around her frame from the burgeoning mammaries.



“M-Mmnggh!!! NNGH!!!!”

SNAP!!!!

The bonds broke around Minerva’s straining body and wrists. Every muscle tense for escape, Minerva’s arms flung outward. Kalzar had only had time to frown in worry as she clawed madly at her gag and freed her speech. Angry magic poured from her being.

“DAGU NESU KAA DAN ISKAU!!!”

WHAM!!

The force of a charging bull struck Kalzar’s torso to knock the wind from his lungs. Eris fell to the ground when his hand was ripped from her bonds while he rocketed across the camp like a cannonball.

CRASH!!!!

The sound of a grown man plowing through the side of a covered merchant cart shot through the night. Though Minerva and Eris could not hear it, they saw the immediate attention it gained from the other travelers. Many gathered around the gaping hole in wood and canvas to inspect Kalzar.

“What did I just do...” Minerva whispered. It was the first time she’d used destructive force against a human being.

Eris was more present. *“Minerva we have to go!!! Untie me!!”*

“What??” Almost falling over, Minerva tried to conceal her chest as merchants turned to face them. Confusion and anger brimmed in their eyes. “We just need to explain to them that--”

“Explain what?? No offense, but who are they going to believe?? A half-naked sorceress who just destroyed their livelihood and flung a seemingly helpless traveler across camp, or the unconscious man?? Hurry and untie me! We need to go!”

Minerva was too frazzled to know if her friend was making sense. Scrambling to her side, Minerva swiped away the crystal spiders and held her hands over Eris. “T-This might hurt...”

“Do it!”

“ZO KU SAUKU!!”

FWOOSH!!

Fire engulfed Eris’s bonds as if they were cotton. They were decimated in an instant, leaving only light burns on the scholar’s wrists and ankles. She was the first to get up, taking Minerva’s hand and milky weight.

“We’ll take his horses!”

“WHAT?!”

Led like a child, Minerva was helped onto what they assumed to be one of Kalzar’s horses. Already saddled, it was ripe for escape. Milk sprayed over the saddle when Minerva’s chest bulged against it in her efforts to mount.

“Start riding!! I’ll catch up!” Eris instructed, running towards the other mount.

“Stop!! Thieves!! THIEVES!!”

Minerva’s mind was in a flurry. She couldn’t think straight after attacking Kalzar, let alone while dealing with her extreme lactation. Cradling her enlarged bust, she kicked the horse and raced along the tree line towards the hills. Holding her chest and the reins was a wet, slippery job she wasn’t prepared for.

“We’re sorry!!” Eris yelled, turning her horse around. *“Tell that guy not to tie up any more sorceresses if he wakes up!!”*

Dirt kicked into the air when she raced after Minerva and into the night, leaving the merchants and their attacker behind.

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

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 was 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 to 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-Mmmngh...” 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?!"

SSSTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

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!!!"

SSSTTTTTTTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

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!!!

GLLLUURTCH

"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.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“*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.

FWOOSH!!!

“*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!! Nngh!!*" 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.

"Nngh... 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 thiirrrrrrrrsty."

"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 juttred 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.)

The fairies take Minerva back to their village and have some "fun" with her. Maybe they can give them some hints on where to find a dragon?

Dancing balls of light zoomed towards the girls. Like a gathering storm, more fairies came at them by the second as they were drawn to the overwhelming magic of dragon blood. A dozen swirled around Minerva's immobile form to cast rainbow glows across her bust.

"Get up! We have to go!" Eris exclaimed. She pulled on Minerva's arm and tried to budge the overfilled sorceress from the ground.

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

It only sent exaggerated jiggles through her hulking mass.

“Get up??” Minerva repeated. “Do you see how big these things are after all your messing around?! I’m not going anywhere anytime soon!” Swishing her head back and forth to shake away a curious fairy, she sighed, “At least there isn’t much only a few of them can do.”

Eris stared worriedly at the thickening swarm. “Yea, ants aren’t very strong either...” In the distance she could see a wave of shifting light and small-bodied giggles approaching. “Until you get a lot of them together...”

Tiny beings flooding into the clearing. Mostly naked save for those wearing makeshift leaf coverings, hundreds of tiny winged women swarmed Eris and Minerva. They ranged in height from a few inches to six and had flowing hair in colors matching their magical glow. Their laughter came out as high-pitched, childish voices in the breeze.

“This one is overflowing with magic!”

“She’s a wellspring!!”

Fairies flung themselves at Minerva bloated udders like moths to a light. Drunken on her power, they caressed and rubbed her skin, as well as played and danced across the top of her chest and nipples. Their gentle tickling and stimulation caused her to swell until an excess of dairy sprayed into the air.

“A-Ahh!! My chest!” Minerva gasped as her arms flailed to reach them. “They’re making me--”

“SHE’S FULL OF MILK!!!!” a green-haired fairy announced with delight. The others cheered in joy and flew into a frenzy.

Eris stepped forward. “Hey! Get off!! Get off her!! SHOO!” Her hands swiped at the fairies and flung them from Minerva’s chest as if they were ants on a picnic. It had little effect. Their numbers were increasing and she couldn’t keep up.

“I’ve never tasted such sweetness!!”

“Mmng!!! E-Eris!! Do something!! Before I swell any bigger!”

A layer of small glittering women covered Minerva’s massive mammaries. Their tiny hands massaged and rubbed, urging more milk to come forth. Those not spurring her lactation could be seen dancing on her areolas and hugging her nipples. They bathed in her milk, letting it wash over them in a shower of pearly white.

“E...Eris, please!” Minerva begged. “It’s like a thousand tiny tongues!! MAKE THEM STOP!!”

“I’m trying!!” Eris’s arms moved in a flurry but the fairies were too numerous to defeat with such methods.

“I’ve never felt such strong magic!!”

“She’s absolutely BURSTING with energy!!”

SWEEEEEEEELL

“Ooohhhh they’re making me grow!! Eris I don’t want to get any bigger!! Get them off!!”

The magical pests were on Eris’s last nerve. Giving up on displacing them with her hands, she opted for a more direct approach. Standing over Minerva’s chest as if it were a mattress, she stretched out her arms.

Minerva’s eyes widened with realization. “No! N-Not like tha--”

SLOOOMMPSSH!!

Eris jumped onto her friend’s chest. Its size supported her entire weight in a flurry of jiggling, heaving motions keeping her aloft. A cloud of fairies flew off while others were pinned between her body and Minerva’s.

“MMMMNGH!!! You’re heavy, you idiot!!!”

“Well I got them off, didn’t I?” She looked up at the swarm. “Leave us alone, you pests!! Don’t make me--W-Whoa!!”

Eris felt the movement of tiny bodies under her front. Flailing as fairies found their way under her clothes, Eris tried to place her feet on the ground and escape their retribution.

“Get out of my clothes!! Get off of meeee!!” Eris screamed and slapped. She could feel them crawling over areas both exposed and intimate. “Minerva! They’re--AAH!!”

“S-Stop squirming!! Do you know how full I am?! I’m--Aaugh!! Eris!! Stop!!”

Eris’s body lifted from Minerva’s. Slowly, as a shifting glow danced around her and under her clothes, she floated into the air.

“G-Get out!!” Eris panicked, flailing her limbs as the ground and Minerva’s chest fell away. “Put me down!!” Fighting and slapping at her captors, Eris noticed a heat rising under her clothes. The fabric started to glow, their seams illuminating as fairies giggled in her ears.

“O-Oh no.”

“Have fun, firehead!!”

PWOOSH

In a burst of air and magic, Eris’s clothes came apart at the seams. Each section and pattern was reduced to pieces of cloth flying off her body. Minerva ogled and blushed from below, granted an unabated view before Eris could react.



“DAMN FAIRIES!!” she screamed. Her clothes fell to the ground, leaving her stranded in midair with only her hands for coverage. The night’s chill seemed worse than ever.

SLOOOSH!

Vibrations ran through Minerva’s body, jostling her milk in small quakes. “What’s happening?!” Confusion abounded as mounds quivering on top of her. Intense forces pressed around their bases and sides.

Slowly, her chest lifted from the ground. Like a waking giant, it began to hover. Feeling such an incredible weight rising like a feather was dizzying. *“Hey!! H-Hey!! Stop!!”*

“Take her back to the village!!”

“ERIS!!! Do something!!” The ground fell away from the sorceress’s back. Arms and legs dangling, she was at the mercy of the fairies. She traveled through the air like a milky blimp, heading out of the clearing and into the woods. *“Help me!!”*

“I-I’m a little busy up here!!” Eris said while desperately searching for modesty.

Minerva moved into the trees along with the glow of the fairies. With most of them carrying her, their attention on Eris dwindled. The ground rushed back without warning.

THUD!

“Ow! Nnngh...” She landed in her ruined clothes. Grabbing the detached pieces and holding them close for coverage, she took the horses and followed Minerva into the woods. It wasn’t difficult following the trail of moans and milk-soaked trees. At this rate, there was no telling what damage the fairies could do. There were enough to rival a skilled sorcerer.

Normally, the small creatures left humans alone and were regarded as no more than pests. They were infamous for lustful attraction to two things: magic and milk. If not careful, a sorcerer could find his workshop infested with the annoying critters. Likewise, farmers might wake to find their farm overrun and their cows drained with a barn full of milk-drunk fairies. They were known to use magic, though a single fairy couldn’t do much on its own. Their abilities increase drastically when they congregate, often to immense and terrifying levels. Eris was well aware of their abilities. There were few things more troublesome than excited fairies.

A luminous glow intensified in front of Eris. Her naked body emerged from the darkness and into the flickering light of an immense fairy hive. A small city standing several feet high was built from twigs and leaves. It filled the forest floor and clung to tree trunks. In the middle of what appeared to be a town center was Minerva. Her legs scraped across the ground and bounced against the underside of her breasts as she fought and yelled. It wasn’t difficult to see that fairies were playing with her like children on a playset. Bulges of exploring fairies raced under her skirt. Milk ran out of her nipples from intense stimulation.

“G-Get out of there!!” Minerva squeaked. *“Ahh!! N-Noo!! DON’T TOUCH THAT!!!”*

Eris stepped into the fairy city. It reached no higher than her shoulders. Hope flashed in Minerva’s eyes at the sight of her friend.

“Eris!! Thank the goddess!! Get me out of here!! I-I can’t take this torture!! They keep...making me bigger!! They just want MORE!!”

“What am I supposed to do?!” Eris held her arms open to reveal her nakedness. *“I literally have nothing on me! Cast a fairy repulsion spell! I’ve seen you do it before!”*

GUUURRRGLE

“H-Haaahh...!! Eris...!” Minerva’s hands beat at her breasts. *“I can barely hear myself think with these things!! YOU have to do something!!”*

The scholar gulped. She wouldn’t be able to fight them off. There were too many and their magic power was too great for someone without magical abilities of their own. Her only hope was to gain leverage. Their magic power could offer future assistance as well if she played her cards right.

“HEY! Fairies!!” she yelled.

The swirling light and fluttering stopped. She had their attention.

“How would you like even more milk?”

“Eris, what are you doing?!”

“Shh!!” She could sense interest in the fairies’ wings.

“More milk??”

Eris nodded. “I can get you all the milk you want! In exchange, you let my friend go.”

“we--”

“And you help us find a dragon.”

The fairy city was silent save for their wings. Slowly, high-pitched giggles began to spread. Their colors danced and ebbed in whimsical joy.

“Dragons haven’t roamed the skies in centuries!! Do you take us for serpenseers??” Their laughter continued as a thousand jeering pinpricks. The fairies swarmed around the city, enveloping Eris and Minerva.

“More importantly, we don’t need you to get us more milk!!”

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE

“U-Uuhhhnng...! Ooohhhh!! Oh, goddess!! Eris!!!” Minerva moaned. They both heard her breasts bloat an astounding amount. She craned her head when cleavage rushed toward her face. *“W-What are they doing?!”*

“we already know how to use enhancement magic!!”

“we can make her produce as much as we want!!”

The air glowed various hues. Magic poured from the giggling fairies.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

Minerva’s breasts reacted intensely. They ballooned outward, swelling and firming as they filled to the brim. In a matter of moments, her legs and arms were buried beneath their mass. Her throbbing nipples, already as thick as her wrist, plumped and puffed to double their size.

“ERIS!!! E-ERIS!! They’re making me lactate!!! This isn’t the dragon blood!! THEY’RE MAKING ME PRODUCE MY OWN MILK!!!”

The scholar didn’t hear a word of her plea. A pile of ruined clothes dropped to the dirt. Looking down, Eris focused her attention on an increasing weight on the front of her body.

SWEEEEELL

Her breasts were larger and visibly growing. Having been small since puberty, the several added inches to her bust were incredible. Eris gawked at her enlarging assets, reveling in the stretching sensations spreading across their melon-sized forms.

“T-They’re growing... Minerva, mine are growing too!”

“SO WHAT?! Do you see me?! I’M A MOUNTAIN!!!”

The fairy’s magic grew stronger. The forest was on fire with their glow.

“A-Ahh!! Oh that feels...good!!” Eris stumbled to a tree and groped herself. They were far more sensitive than she anticipated and almost collapsed. A hand dove between her thighs to quell the quivering within. *“Mmmgnh!!!”*

GUUUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

Minerva felt herself reach monolithic proportions. Leaves from the treetops tickled her nipples. *“Eris!!! Eris, snap out of it!!!”*

Several fairies separated from the swarm and floated in front of Eris’s chest. They rubbed her tiny nipples until they puffed full and plump.

“we can make you fill up, too!!”

“Y-You can wha--MMNGH!!!”

They pulled on the nipples and massaged her chest. Deep within, Eris could feel heat and pressure building. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt. Her breasts felt inflated and full, as if they could pop. Fairy bodies danced on her engorging bust, pushing her larger.

SPLURTCH!!

“*GODDESS!!!*” Eris screamed, trembling in the night air. Milk sprayed from her erect nubs, dousing her fairy helpers. “*I-I’m lactating!! I’m making milk!! And I’m HUGE!!*”



“**GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF!!!**” Minerva panted for breath. Her own udders were far larger than she thought possible. Under the influence of dragon blood and fairy magic, she felt as though she rivaled the moon in size. “*I FEEL LIKE I’M ABOUT TO--A-Ahhh!!! NNGH!!!*”

Minerva bloated wildly. Her flesh bulged around tree trunks. Torso-thick nipples jutted into the sky. The fairies didn’t seem to care as she crushed their city. Their only goal was the fountain of milk preparing to rain upon them.

“*P-Please!! Eris, you have to snap out of it!! It’s becoming too much!!*”

Minerva shoved her chest out of her face. Barely visible, she could see Eris cradling a pair of breasts extending to her belly button. Milk ran over her naked body in white rivers. She was under the fairy's spell.

The sorceress it was up to her to incapacitate the pests. At this rate, they would never leave the forest. She could feel her own mind slipping into the fairie’s temptations.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE

“*Nnnngh!!! T-Too...Too full!!! I can’t hold much more!!!*” Gasping and sweating, Minerva looked at the only tool at her disposal. It reached high into the trees. Soon it would reach Eris. Beyond that, she feared to ponder. “*So big... My breasts...! There’s too much...!! G-Goddess... I feel like...my breasts feel like they might...*” Gulping, Minerva felt her chest tighten and firm. Even with magic, they were at their limit. Milk pulsed against her ears and cheeks.

“**MMMNGH!!! MY BREASTS!!! T-THEY CAN’T HOLD ANYMORE--**”

She gasped when an idea sprang to mind.

“**BLUEBERRY JUICE!!!**”

This caused Eris to look up from her trance. “Uh oh.”

“*I WANT BLUEBERRY JUICE!! I WANT TO FEEL ITS SWEET NECTAR RUN DOWN MY THROAT!!*” Minerva couldn’t scream her desires loud enough.

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

“Minerva!! What are you doing?!” Eris screamed. Looking up, she could see a blue tinge overtaking the pink of her nipples. It spread over her monumental breasts in a curtain of purple.

“*MORE!! OH PLEASE, I’M SO THIRST FOR JUICE!! I WANT THE RIPEST--*”

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“*--MOST SWEET--*”

Fairies panicked when they saw her chest darken. “*what is she doing?!*”

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“*--THICKEST BERRY JUICE THERE IS!!!*”

GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!!!

“*AaahhhhHHHH!!!!!!*”

“*what’s happening to her?!*”

Eris stepped back when the ground shook. Minerva’s breasts, now turned a dark purple, quivered in the moonlight. The fairies fluttered in confusion at the odd transformation of their captive. Bloated and round, Minerva’s chest looked like two ripe blueberries ready to burst.

“MMMMNNNGHHH!!!! I CAN’T HOOOOOLD IIIIT!!!” Minerva screamed, her face turning blue.

SPLOOOOOMMMMCH!!!!

Minerva’s nipples pulsed and puffed before erupting in a shower of thick, blue syrup. It sprayed into the air in torrents and globs to strike the ground below. Viscous streams raced over her tightened sides and into the dirt. She screamed and arched her back into her chest, feeling its thick, sugary contents rushing from her and into the world. Her intense orgasmic screams would have pierced the night if the sound of gushing fluid hadn’t overpowered them.

Her chest receded in less than a minute. The rate of her release left her nipples aching and sensitive, as well as unlikely to abandon their erect nature any time soon.

“M-Mmnggh...” Woozy and keenly aware of a pleasure-soaked dress around her hips, she sat up.

Innocent breasts wobbled on her front. It was a relief to find them returned to natural colors. Blue and purple juice coated her in a thick layer, as well as the forest. There was no sign of the fairy city. Trees dripped purple and the air sang with sweetness. Eris was next to rise, quickly grabbing her small breasts in sadness. Even the taste of blueberry juice on her tongue couldn’t heal her loss.

“*what is this?!*”

“*It’s sweet! B-But I can’t...fly!!!*”

All around them, fairies struggled to rise. Minerva’s juice weighed their wings beyond the point of flight. Frail and tiny, they could barely stand. They were incapacitated, and Minerva wasn’t about to waste her chance for escape.

Eris glanced up to see an angry sorceress looming over her and dripping with juice.

“You couldn’t let me play with them for a little bit...??” Eris whined, searching for her breasts. “They felt *sooo good!*!”

“It serves you right. *This is all your fault!*!” Minerva gathered what she could of Eris’s clothes and threw them at her in a soggy wad before pulling her towards the panicking horses. They would have fled if not tired to a tree.

Fairies cried and groaned in misery as the girls escaped into the night smelling of berries. The sound Eris’s teeth chattering could plainly be heard over horse hooves.

“C-Can you at least use a spell to fix my clothes...??” she pleaded, hugging her body. “I’m riding naked! *It’s so cold!*!”

Her fate was music to Minerva’s ears. “After the trouble you’ve caused us tonight? Not a chance.”

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

From Eris's constant pleading, they go find shelter somewhere they can wash the blueberry juice off themselves. They find a wellspring to serve their needs, which to their surprise is home to a beneficent water nymph.

It seemed a lifetime since Minerva and Eris felt the sun on their faces. The warmth and golden illumination were more than welcome on their skin. After a night of hardships dragging on without end, the sun's appearance marked the end of their trouble. Listening to her horse step through the brush, Minerva could hardly believe their quest had derailed so quickly. It would almost have been easier to return home and await Akir's wrath.

"Finally, the sun..." Minerva sighed. It warmed her a little, but was no use in relieving her of the sticky blue substance covering her body from their daring fairy escape. Even the slightest touch against her own body resulted in clingy frustration. The sensations were miserable enough to keep Minerva from fully dressing. It was little concern if a few birds saw her nakedness from the waist up.

"I'm coooold!!" Eris moaned from her horse.

"I wonder why!"

The scholar's complaining had no end. Hugging her exposed body, she continued, "Minervaaaaaaa, the sun is coming up! What if somebody sees me?!"

"You should have thought of that before you attracted a fairy swarm! Besides, we're well away from the road. The only things that are going to see you are the animals."

Eris grumbled to herself, "I can't wait to rinse off... It was great being so big..."

"Speak for yourself."

Their path followed a moderate creek. Traveling upstream, Minerva hoped to eventually find a body of water suitable for washing themselves free of the failure of the night. Feeling the thin rays of light peeking through the trees brought hope their journey might soon end.

Mist rose in the distance and curled over the forest floor in a light blanket. It reminded her of so many mornings in Athria where the canals would release vapor in the early morning.

"I think we're close," she announced to a frustrated Eris.

"Please be a hot spring... Please be a hot spring..."

They crested a gentle hill where a clearing opened among the trees. Minerva had been hopeful, but she wasn't prepared for such a treasure.

A small pond sat nestled among the forest. On the far side sat a cliff climbing several meters before meeting a small hill and retreating back into the woods. Water tumbled into the pond with energized splashes dancing in the sun's rays. Given the golden glow and the pristine, crystal-clear water, it was a scene worthy of painting.

"Oh wow...!" Minerva awed. It was enough to give her pause despite the uncomfortable stickiness of blueberry juice. Just looking at the pond was refreshing.

PAT!

PAT!

PAT!

Bare footsteps beat along the forest floor. In a blur of nudity and red hair, Eris flew by like a child.

“No more STICKYYYYYYY!!!”

SPLASH!!!!

The virgin water exploded when she jumped into its depths. A loud sigh drifted through the trees moments later when the water settled. Eris floated on her back in bliss.

“Ahhhh... Minerva...! It is a hot spring!”

“Really?!”

Taking in the scenery was suddenly far less enticing. Jumping from her horse, Minerva rushed to the water’s edge and allowed her dress to collect in a pile around her feet. Eris floated by amid wisps of mist.

“I feel like I could fall asleep in here it’s so warm...”

“Make room! I’m coming in!”

Minerva found a small boulder looming over the pond and jumped without pause. Dreams of a warm bath were dashed immediately when icy fingers grabbed at her body in a chilly embrace. The pond was freezing.

“ERIS!!!!!” Minerva screamed while scrambling back to the boulder.

“You should see your face!!” Eris couldn’t contain herself. “Of course it’s freezing cold!! Do you see these things?!” She stood up and rubbed her exceedingly hard nipples jutting out in protest of the chill. “I could probably spearfish while I swim!”

Minerva wasn’t in the mood for jokes. Steeling her mind, she inched deeper into the water until she finally crouched up to her sternum. Her teeth chattered as she said, “I-It’s not so bad once you get used to it...”

Like a fish, Eris’s body moved under the pond’s surface towards Minerva. She popped up seconds later with bright eyes. “It’s weird how clear the water is! You can see *everything* down there.”

The creepy grin on her face wasn’t comforting. Strategically placing her hands, Minerva stood up and made her way to the waterfall. “J-Just focus on washing up. We have a long way to go now that we’re on our own.”

Aside from continuing on their way, Minerva was eager to leave the water’s embrace. She could already feel herself swelling slightly from submerging her bust. It brought an enticing inner refreshment, but also an added weight and girth. She didn’t want to engorge so big that riding became difficult. Cradling their weight, she stood up under the waterfall and began washing.

Eris watched the scene from the pond’s center, unable to withhold a snicker of entertainment.

“Taking on a little water, Minerva?”

“Shush.”

Washing her hair never felt so relieving. Feeling her berry residue wash away left Minerva feeling like a new sorceress. The pond was a peaceful retreat from a night of chaos as Eris floated on her back watching the trees shiver above.

GLOOP

The water swirled around Eris.

“Ahh!!”

Startled, she jolted upright and thrust a hand between her thighs. Minerva barely looked in her direction. “What is it...?”

“I-I don’t know... I think a fish just tried to swim up my--”

GLOOP

GLOOP

The pond shimmered as if an invisible object were moving through it. Following the anomaly with her eyes, Eris watched it travel to Minerva whereupon the waterfall vibrated. Facial features appeared from the curtain like a woman pressing her face into a cloth. Hands of water crept around Minerva’s body, ready to strike.

“Minerva!” Eris warned, *“Get down!!”*

“Hmm? Wh--”

The water’s embrace closed around the oblivious sorceress. Parting from the waterfall like a ghost from a wall, a flowing woman of liquid held Minerva firmly in her grasp. The creature was tall and petite with cascading hair and a transparent body of water. Both girls knew instantly they had stumbled upon a water nymph’s territory.

“Ahh! Let me go!!”

Arms of water ran over Minerva’s body with aroused curiosity. They squeezed her breasts and caressed between her thighs to brush against her groin with an increasing sense of adventure.

The nymph’s voice was sweet and light, but peppered with bubbles. “My... I don’t believe I’ve ever met such a well-endowed woman!”

“N-Nngh... Please...! You’re--ahh!” Minerva squirmed. Her breasts sang with their desire to absorb and the nymph’s stimulation only enhanced the dragon blood’s effect.

Taking a nipple between her fingers, the nymph squeezed to release small streams of water into the pond. “Like a sponge...!” she giggled. “They certainly love my water...”

“Mmmm... M-Mmng...! E-Eris, do something...!” The sorceress bit her lip and whimpered. Whether it was her nipple or her crotch, she could feel the water nymph’s presence entering her like a gentle pressure.

“Let her go!” Eris demanded, stepping forward with no plan.

The nymph continued caressing with delight. She didn’t seem dangerous, though they rarely did until it was too late.

“You know what it means to enter a water nymph’s pond, don’t you...?” she bubbled. “It means you’re in my domain... At my mercy... You’ve entered my home to bathe?”

“M-Mmng...!” Pressure rose within Minerva’s pussy and chest. She couldn’t be certain as to the volume of water exploring her, though it felt significant.

The nymph smiled. “If you would like, I could--”

“*Augh!!*” Minerva tore an arm free of the watery hold. “*Get away from me!!!*”

An open palm thrust itself toward the nymph’s stunned face.

“*Ku tunkudre!!*”

SPLOOOSH!!!

A force separated Minerva from the nymph in an eruption of water. Stumbling back and holding an arm over her chest for support, Minerva refused to give the being another chance.

“*Gudan yar na samu!!*”

The air vibrated around the nymph as if she were encased in glass. Following Minerva’s direction, she rose into the air via a bubble. Her body sloshed and splashed in the prison as she hovered above her pond.

“*W-Wait!! Put me back!*” she pleaded, looking for an escape.

FSSSSS

Minerva’s prisoner struggled. It wasn’t long before her body started to steam and bubble as if evaporating.

“*Please!! I need my pond!!*”

Eris ran to Minerva’s side and grabbed her arm. “Minerva! Wa--”

“Stay back! The only way to kill these things is to keep them away from their pond!”

FFFSSSSSSS

“*A-Ahh!! I’m...drying up!!*”

The water nymph coughed as if drowning. The energy in her movements faded away until she resembled little more than an evaporating puddle trapped in a sphere.

“I don’t think she’s evil!” Eris argued.

“*Please... Put me back... I only...wanted...to...*” The nymph’s eyes closed as her head flowed into what remained of her body.

“*Minerva!!! Let her go!!*”

Hoping she wouldn’t regret her decision, Minerva relented. “*Nngh, FINE!!*”

POP!

SPLASH!!!

The bubble vanished, allowing the nymph to tumble into the pond. They stared in silence at the water until it settled. Minerva feared one of them may be dragged under at any moment.

PLOOP!

A transparent head poked out of the water. Curious frog-like eyes stared with caution.

Eris held out a hand. “You can come out... She won’t do it again, right, Minerva?”

Delivering a warning, Minerva assured, “As long as you don’t touch me.”

GLOOOP!

The pond’s surface rippled when the nymph stood to full height. Her figure was tall and lithe, reminding Eris of an elf’s. Her gender crudely resembled a woman’s, though it lacked the finer details. Waves and ripples ran over her in a dance of never-settling water. Abnormally large eyes sat in the middle of her head with long pointed ears extending from either side.

“I’m sorry...” she began. “It’s so rare that I get visitors... And I adore the female appearance... I-I can’t help myself... Before you tore me from my home, I was going to offer to warm my pond for your bathing...”

Guilt nagged at Minerva, though she refused to feel wrong for being cautious.

“Provided I can watch...” the nymph amended.

Minerva leaned close to her friend. “This water nymph is kind of a pervert... I think we should--”

Eris blurted, “*DEAL!! Yes please!!!*”

Delight spread over the nymph’s expression. “*Wonderful!! Your bodies are simply magical... It’s a blessing to watch you clean them...*”

Steam began mixing with the morning mist. Around their legs, the girls felt the water growing warm and comfortable.

“Just keep your hands to yourself,” Minerva stated firmly. The nymph was a bit too curious for her tastes.

Under the nymph’s watchful gaze, the girls returned to their bathing duties. Eris relaxed on her back as Minerva finished washing her hair beneath the waterfall. Rubbing the blueberry residue from her chest and legs was unnerving given the nymph staring at her from the water’s surface. She felt as though she were being ogled by a woman-obsessed frog.



“I’m Lydra...” the nymph bubbled from just under the surface.

“M-Minerva...”

“You’re very large for a girl of your stature... I’ve never seen a pair so engorged...”

Minerva blushed. Suddenly the water felt warmer. Washing her chest while trying to cover herself, she whispered, “Don’t remind me...”

“I think they’re beautiful. They remind me of the full moon when it’s most swollen in the sky...”

This made Minerva chuckle. “I *wish* this was them as their most swollen. Maybe then I could--”

“Minerva!” Eris interrupted. “If I wash your clothes for you, will you put mine back together??”

Figuring she’d had enough torture and time without modesty, Minerva agreed with a nod. Eris accepted with a squeal of delight and sprang from the water with enough excitement to startle the horses when she approached and gathered their clothes. Upon dumping her pile of unstitched clothes in the water, however, a small object fluttered free to hover in the air.

“*Oh!!*” Eris gasped, watching a fairy flit back and forth. “It’s one of the fairies from last night! It must have gotten trapped in my clothes!”

Minerva was less excited. Hugging her chest tight for protection, she backed into the waterfall. “*No! NO!! Not again!! Get that thing away from--*”

The sorceress fell silent with fear when the fairy flew straight towards her. Sadness was on the tiny creature’s face when it looked from Minerva’s chest to her face. “Do you have any more milk...? I didn’t get any...”

Guurgle

A minuscule push of pressure made Minerva shiver at the fairy’s words. “Uh... S-Sorry, I’m fresh out.”

Lydra’s eyes widened from below as if taking in Minerva’s ample figure in a whole new light. “They can produce *milk*? How magical...”

The fairy lowered down in sadness. “Oh...”

“Wait!” Rushing forward, Eris caught the fairy in her hands before she could touch the water. “*Can you make my chest grow??*”

“Huh?” The fairy glanced up in dismay. “N-No... I’m sorry; I’m not very good at magic... I barely even glow at night. I’d hoped drinking some of her milk might help.”

“Oh...” Eris frowned at the story. Staring at the tiny being kneeling in her palms, she declared, “Let’s take her with us.”

Minerva sputtered under the waterfall. “*What?!*”

“Look at her, Minerva! She just wants some milk...”

Guuuurple

“*Nnngh...* You just want her to get better at magic so she can make your chest grow!”

“...So??”

“We... We can’t take a fairy! Don’t you remember what they did to us last night?? And besides, we barely know what we’re doing!”

The fairy perked up. “You’re looking for a dragon, right??”

They looked down. The fairy had Minerva's attention. "Do you know anything about them?"

"No," the fairy shook her head. "But my great-great-grandfather used to farm their soot! He might be able to help!"

Dread filled Minerva. "He's not back at the fairy village, is he?"

"No, he lives in the Great Forest!"

Minerva and Eris exchanged glances. The Great Forest was known more commonly in the civilized world as Glomia. It consisted of ancient sprawling woods holding more secrets than answers. It wasn't ideal for a group of ill-equipped adventurers.

"I'll bring you to him if you let me drink from you along the way!"

Lydra's eyes bulged from the water's surface and she bubbled, "A quest for a dragon... Such a tale has not crossed my pond in decades."

Remaining unsure, Minerva couldn't bring herself to immediately accept. Even the fairy's tiny appetite was making her milk act up. Traveling with such a thirsty creature could only lead to trouble.

"*Welcome aboard!*" Eris announced.

"*Eris! We can't!*"

"What? We don't have any other leads aside from a couple legends of *maybe* some dragons *possibly* still living in the frozen wastes. This is our best shot!"

Minerva chewed on her lip and moved to cover her chest from the waterfall. The force of the water striking her bloating skin was pleasant but unhelpful. "...Fine. But no funny business," she insisted to the fairy.

"And I can have milk??" the fairy squeaked. "I can practically taste the magic flowing off you!"

Guuuuuurgle

"*N-Nngh!*" Minerva feigned a smile. "W-We'll see."

Eris leaned forward and whispered into the fairy's ear, "*You'll get some. I guarantee it. There hasn't been a single day where she hasn't blown out of her clothes.*"

"*Yay!!!*"

Regaining her energy, the fairy flew from Eris's palms to hover among their heads. "*I'm so thirsty I can hardly wait!!!*"

GUUURGLE

"*Ahh!!*"

SPLASH!

Hoping to hide her bloating situation, Minerva ducked into the pond up to her neck. Her fingers secretly worked her nipples to relieve what pressure she could as Lydra stared intently at the white fog dispersing into her water.

"I'm Tria!" the fairy declared.

"Welcome aboard! I'm Eris, and the swollen sorceress is Minerva!"

“H-Hey! Don’t refer to me like I’m some kind of--*Ahh! What did I say earlier??*”

Lydra poked at one of Minerva’s breasts and gently massaged, reveling in its increased size and firmness. “Is there no end to the wonders of women...?” she awed.

Minerva tried to shoo the nymph away. “E-Eris, I think it’s about time we got going. Are our clothes clean?”

“I think so, they-- Wait, where did they go?”

They spun around the pond in search of their garments. Minerva grew afraid Eris may not be the only one among them traveling naked, until Lydra extended an arm from the water and pointed downstream.

“I believe that is them washing away down the creek...”

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

Lost, the pair stumble upon the grounds of an all-female religious community who agree to offer assistance.

GRRROOWWLLL

In what felt like a never-ending curse, Minerva and Eris’s stomachs rumbled again that morning. Their challenges since leaving Athria had seen to keep them too busy to think about anything as basic as food. Their last form of nourishment came in the form of Minerva’s explosive letdowns and whatever gushed into the girls’ mouths at the time, whether it be rich milk or sugary blueberry juice.

GRRROWWLLLL

“*Nngh...*” Eris groaned and held her stomach. Thinking about tasting her friend’s sweet dairy only teased her hunger. “You know...” she called out, “If we’re *this* hungry, we could just make your--”

“*Not a chance.*”

The scholar grumbled in defeat. “You would rather let me waste away than suck on your nipples...”

An excited squeak came from the fairy sitting amongst Minerva’s cleavage like a luxury carriage. “I like Firehead’s idea!”

“It’s a terrible idea.”

Almost a full day had passed since their departure from the forest and its many trials, including chasing their clothes down a creek. Seeing it best to stay off the main road for the time being, the adventurers found themselves wandering through yawning foothills of waving grass and sagebrush. No sign could be found of their abandoned caravan nor the hired man, Kalzar, seeking Minerva and her abilities.

Minerva sought to change the subject. “Would you know how to find your great-great-grandfather once we reach Glomia?”

“Probably!”

The fairy’s reply wasn’t incredibly reassuring. It would take a skilled rider at least a week on horseback to arrive at the ancient forest, Glomia. Given their time frame for Akir’s return, they would need to already have found a dragon in that period of time and be making their way home. Dismay ate at Minerva’s belly.

CLANG!

CLANG!

CLANG!

Guttural metallic chimes rang through the foothills like the echo of a giant’s hammer and anvil.

Minerva listened intently to the artificial frequency. “Are those bells...?”

The prospect perked Eris. “Do you think it’s a town?”

“They sound like chapel bells. Could be a small settlement.”

“Roasted chicken and a bed, here I come!”

They spurred their horses down the road fast enough to leave a dust cloud in their wake. The bells chimed several more times before fading into the past, but the girls knew their path to be true. It wasn’t long until they rounded a bend and saw a multi-level brick structure nestled against a worn cliffside. Several smaller structures stood around it as well as gardens and animal pens, though there were no conventional houses to be seen. Atop the brick structure stood a steeple attempting to pierce the sky. Women clothed from neck to ankle in light brown dresses worked the area.

Eris frowned. “This is where it was coming from, right? Not much of a village...”

“It looks like some kind of community.” Minerva stared at the women and their matching garb. “Maybe a monastery? I don’t see any men, though. A convent?”

Squinting her eyes, Eris inspected a large, shining silver insignia adorning the front of the main building. She recognized it as the symbol of a lesser-known religious sect of Comaoism. Its followers were peaceful and charitable, though known for strict modesty.

“Looks like their comaoists,” Eris whispered. Lowering her voice as they approached several women, she added, *“They’re kind of crazy... They think we’re all made of tainted clay and the physical body is an inherently impure prison of our true, pure essence. The only true goodness is an ethereal afterlife without our bodies distracting us from absolute virtue.”*

Minerva shivered and glanced down. Given the naked fairy squished between her excessive exposed cleavage, she frowned. “If that’s true, I’m not sure they’ll be very welcoming of us...”

“As long as they have food, I’ll pray to whomever they want! It’s worth it for a meal and a good night’s sleep.”

The comaoists working in the gardens took immediate notice of their girls’ presence when they approached.

“Disgusting...”

“Sinful harlots.”

One older woman motioned to Minerva and spoke to a younger girl who could have been her daughter. *“See the one with such flesh heaped and exposed? Her body has grown so full of evil that her essence has surely been corrupted to the core.”*

Several others insultingly shielded their eyes or knelt down to pray. Not one reacted to Minerva’s cleavage or choice of clothing in an accepting manner. Feeling self-conscious and guilty, she pulled the front of her dress higher to cover what she could. Eris was met with similar distaste.

“We do *not* belong here,” Minerva whispered over the clapping of their horses. “If I grow even a little, they might stone me!”

Eris’s solution was simple. “Then don’t grow!”

“Thanks, I’m cured.”

A commotion was building when they approached the brick structure. It loomed like a dark grey monolith against the picturesque landscape, as dull in appearance as its residents’ sexual taste.

“H-Hello...” a young, blonde-haired woman whispered when Minerva rode past. She stood at the entrance to a small sheep pen with a staff in hand. The sorceress assumed her the convent’s shepherd, as well as the first to show them any kind of acceptance.

“Good afternoon,” Minerva smiled back.

The girl blushed bright red and looked to the ground without another word. Minerva would have tried to speak to her again if the front doors hadn’t opened.

“May I help you?” an old woman said with a tone of disapproval. She stood tall and thin with dark hair pulled back in a tight bun. The designs on her gown suggested she was the superior. “Perhaps you’re lost? The nearest brothel looking to hire is to the south in Lhyastra.”

It was difficult not to take the woman’s words personally. Luckily, Eris was there to speak for both of them as they dismounted.

“We’re looking for a place to stay for the night! And some food!”

She recoiled at the deep V in Eris’s dress and the skin it revealed down to her sternum. Minerva drew an arm over her own chest, wishing she were smaller and easier to conceal.

The woman answered, “We cannot turn away someone in need... Even someone as consumed in their own flesh as yourselves. If you accept our assistance, I must ask that you make yourselves decent.”

Eris blushed and inspected herself front and back. “Huh?? Did my dress ride up???”

“Skin is shameful to display. Even worse, *breasts* are sinful things meant to be confined in darkness, not boasted and flaunted in the open like badges of honor.”

The scholar cocked her head. Minerva was unsure why she was debating the subject, given Eris’s knowledge of the sect’s beliefs. “But aren’t we all women here? We all have a pair of--”

Minerva interjected. “Of course, we’ll cover up!”

The superior narrowed her eyes at the sorceress. “Very well. You will be expected to take part in prayer as well as chores during the duration of your stay, proportional to the hospitality you receive. Is that clear?”

“Of course,” Minerva accepted.

“H-Hey!! Easy!!”

Minerva glanced over to see several women bustling around Eris. Her head and arms were tangled in a dress they were trying to pull over her body.

“You as well,” the woman said, motioning to Minerva. “I do not wish for the two of you to taint the eyes of my flock with your flesh.”

Brown fabric tumbled over Minerva’s eyes. The garment was met with little resistance until it hit her chest.

“Nnngh!! C...Careful!” she protested when the two women tried forcing the tight fabric over her bust.

SSTTRRRRTCH

The stitches groaned. Minerva’s chest bulged and squished like dough refusing to fit into a pan. Frightened as if they were touching a rabid animal, the women tried avoiding what they could of her oversized breasts.

“How vile...” the woman scowled.

“O-Ow! Hey! I-It’s...bunched across my--”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!!

FWIP!!!

“Nngh!!”

The dress lurched over her bosom after a great amount of pulling. Minerva felt air squeeze from her lungs as the garment constrained her torso like a corset. Stress lines shot across the rough fabric from the extreme stress. Looking down, Minerva could see her chest being forced flat against her body up to her collarbones. The dress was ready to split open at her size. At the sheep pen, the shepherd’s eyes widened at the spectacle.

Together, the girls stood in front of the convent with their bodies concealed from the world. Given no opportunity to change, their usual garb remained beneath, adding awkward mass to the dresses and tenting the bottoms.

Minerva gasped and tried adjusting the front. “I-It’s a little hard to breathe! Do you have a larger size?”

“No, we don’t. Offer it up as reconciliation for your misdeeds and perhaps it will loosen; it’s only through embracing the impurity of your physical form that they could have grown to such a sinful size in the first place.”

“Or they grew this big on their own...” Minerva grumbled.

The woman inspected the girls once more before concluding the introduction. “You may call me Mother Theo. I’m the superior here at the Convent of the Modest Sisters of Comaoism. Come, we were just about to dine before our twilight prayer. Your horses will be shown to the

stable and you will be shown to your rooms shortly thereafter. In the morning you will help in the garden.”

Mother Theo retired inside without waiting for a response.

“This thing is itchy!” Eris complained. “*Do we really have to wear these while we--*”
SHFL SHFL SHFL!

Minerva gasped when the front of her chest shook and jostled. “*OH!!*” Tiny arms flailed against the fabric and her cleavage, trying to escape the compressed prison. Pulling at the neckline, she allowed Tria to escape.

“I’m sorry! I forgot you were in there!” Minerva apologized. “They pulled the dress on so fast I couldn’t stop them!”

Tria shook her head from dizziness. “I thought I was going to suffocate!”

“Are you coming with us, Tria?” Eris asked as the women returned to the convent.

The fairy shook her head and drifted upward. “*Not a chance!* Places like these exterminate fairies without a second thought! I’ll be on the roof where it’s safe!”

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

“This isn’t roasted chicken...”

Eris stared at the bowl in front of her. Its scent lacked any sort of spice and the consistency reminded her of undercooked oatmeal.

“I’m not sure what you were expecting.” Minerva played with her food and listened to the sounds it made falling off her spoon. “They think the human body is sinful. Why would they give it something delicious to eat and enjoy? In their eyes, it’s best to feed themselves the most tasteless, bland dish as possible while still maintaining some level of health.”

Eris touched her tongue to a spoon. “Doesn’t mean they couldn’t add a little salt...”

“That’s exactly what it means... *Nngh*... Goddess, this dress is tight.”

“Can you breathe in that thing? You look ready to pop.”

“I-I’m fine... It’s only until tomorrow.”

Eris watched the fabric stretch and crease with Minerva’s breaths. “I knew they hated nudity, but I didn’t think it was to such a degree.”

“I didn’t either, but it’s part of their beliefs. We’re under their roof, so we have to go along with it if we want to stay here. I’ll stay squished in this thing if it means sleeping in a bed.”

Snickering, Eris teased, “I know *you* will, but I’m not sure your breasts will cooperate if--”

“*Ahem*,” a comaoist hissed from across the table.

“S-sorry...” Eris lowered her voice so only Minerva could hear. “Not sure your...uh...*sin bags* will play along.”

“*Shh*.” Minerva hushed her friend before they could land themselves in trouble. Looking further down the table, she caught sight of the shepherd girl staring brazenly at her chest.

“*Nora!*” Mother Theo hissed from the head of the table.

The shepherd girl removed her gaze and stared into her empty bowl. “*Sorry!*” Embarrassed, she could be seen muttering prayers under her breath.

“Is she still staring at you?” Eris asked.

“She hasn’t stopped since we rode in...”

The deep red in the shepherd’s face amused Eris. “She’s acting like she’s never seen a large pair of breasts before.”

Like the rest of the women at the convent, the shepherd showed little to no signs of growth under her shirt. Her stature was exceedingly petite.

“I don’t think she *has* seen large breasts,” Minerva worried.

After a disappointing dinner lacking any form of bodily enjoyment, the adventurers found themselves taken into the chapel for nightly prayer. It was a simple stone room with windows displaying the foothills outside. Rows of wooden pews filled the center to face a single pulpit at the front. Mother Theo stood there, looming over an open tome.

“How long do you think this will take?” Eris whispered.

“Can’t be too long; they wouldn’t want to give our ears the satisfaction of listening to too many sounds.”

Eris tried to hide a laugh as Mother Theo began.

“*Oh, Laios,*” she called out, “*We thirst!*”

GUURRGLE

Minerva shifted in her seat. “*Nngh...*”

“*Really??*” Eris gasped.

“Not like I can help it!!”

Mother Theo continued. “*We hunger!*”

GUURRGLE

“*Mmngh!*”

The dress pulled tighter, compressing Minerva’s awakening bust.

“*We endure this physical realm, rejecting its temptations in your name!*”

“E-Eris... This dress was too tight already...”

Down the pew, Nora leaned forward at the sound of Minerva’s commotion.

“*Laios, we beseech you,*” Mother Theo yelled, “*Fill us with your nectar! Take these sinful forms, and engorge them with sustenance!*”

GUUURRRGLE!

“*A-Ahh! Eris! I might be in trouble here!*”

“*Can you hold it??*”

“*No I can’t hold it!*”

Nora’s eyes bulged to moon-like saucers when Minerva’s chest pushed outward several inches. Nearest them, several women inched away in disgust at the sorceress’ predicament.

“S-Sorry...” Minerva whispered to them, not wanting to disturb their prayer. “Dinner isn’t sitting right...”

Mother Theo boomed. *“We are your humble vessels! Please, come into us! Make us to be full!”*

GGUUURRRGLE

“Ahh!”

“Make us to be overflowing!”

GUUUUUURRGLE!!

“E...Eris!!” Minerva trembled against the building pressure in her breasts. With the dress drawn too tight, it felt as though it were blocking her nipples from hardening and being able to release.

“Make us to be a gushing example of righteousness!”

GUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“MMMNGH!!!”

“Minerva... You gotta hang on!”

“I...I-I’m trying!” Minerva leaned forward to help hide her bust. At the size of her head, it felt ready to burst through her dress. Milk eagerly swirled against her skin in an effort to push her larger and larger against the wishes of the modest garment.

“Dear Laios...” Nora whispered, seeing a rip open under Minerva’s arm. The flesh bulging into the open was more supple than any she’d ever seen.

Mother Theo raised her voice and her arms. *“Fill us with your nourishing essence, that we may truly feed this world!”*

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!

SSHRIIP!!

“Aahh!! AHH!! Eris! I-It’s...It’s gonna come out! It’s gonna--”

“AND QUENCH ITS ENDLESS THIRST FOR LUST!”

GUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“AAHHMM!!!!”

Panicking when her chest was forced to reach capacity, Minerva grabbed each mound to feel her nipples throbbing.

SQUUUULLCHH!!!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

Milk assaulted her palms with the sound of two small creamy geysers. Containing what she could, Minerva urged her dress to absorb the liquid. Milk still escaped between her fingers to patter against the stone floor to leave the women around her aghast.

“Thanks be to Laios,” Mother Theo concluded.

“Thanks be to Laios...” Nora whispered, not taking her eyes off the sight.

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

Later that night, Minerva was shown to her room by an angry Mother Theo. Minerva did her best to conceal the remnants of her swelling from prayer by soaking the entire front of her dress to disguise the source, though the increase in size was undeniable. The rips in the seams of the dress saw to that.

“You still stay in here for the night,” Mother Theo insisted.

A small room of stone opened up. A single bed, nightstand, lit candle, and a rack for her dress made up the collection of furniture.

“What about my friend?”

“She will be in her own room. Comaoism does not permit women to sleep in the same space. You will sleep fully clothed as well, is that understood?”

“Y... Yes?”

“Do you need anything else?”

“Is there somewhere I can wash myself?”

“We bathe together in the river at dawn, fully clothed. Anything else?”

“N-No, I--”

“Good.” Mother Theo made to leave, though glanced at Minerva’s watermelon-sized chest briefly. “You may have given into the desires of the flesh, but it’s not too late to be saved. Though the size of your sins is great, they would not control you if you accept Laios and his teachings.”

SLAM!

Mother Theo left Minerva wondering exactly what sins she was referring to. These thoughts didn’t dwell for very long, however, as she finally found herself alone. With the moon streaming through an open window, Minerva sought to undress and free her body from the horrid prison.

“Sleep fully clothed... *Yea, right.*”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

The dress clung to her chest like an animal refusing to release its maw. Wet fabric peeled away from her and tensed over her bust, causing stitches to pop and snap. It wasn’t meant to contain a girl of her size, and it surely wasn’t meant to hold a girl of her size when overladen with milk.

“*Nngh...! Come on...! Get off me!*”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

SHRRIIIIP!!!

“*GAH!!!*”

SPLCH!

Minerva gasped like a newborn when her clothes popped over her chest and released her head. A wadded pile containing the convent's garb as well as her personal clothes were thrown in a wet pile.

"Nngn... *So swollen...*" she groaned. Inspecting herself, she found her engorged breasts dripping milk in their newfound freedom. Thumb-sized nipples jutted out, happily erect. "*That sermon really did a number on me...*" she sighed, poking at her bloated globes.

Begrudgingly, after stretching and rubbing the red lines on her chest from angry seams, Minerva separated the pile and hung the garments up to dry. A quick puff of air extinguished the candle and sent the room into darkness as she climbed into bed. The room was simple but calming as moonlight filtered onto the floor, and after their night of running wild through the woods, Minerva was eager to close her eyes.

PAT PAT PAT

Bare footsteps against stone roused Minerva not long after trying to find sleep. She thought it to be someone using the restroom, until they stopped outside her door.

CLICK

The bedroom door slowly opened.

Minerva groaned in annoyance and whispered, "Eris, get out of here! The superior already thinks I'm some kind of walking lust demon! You're going to get us thrown out into the--"

A timid blonde girl emerged into the moonlight. Minerva immediately recognized her as Nora, the shepherd girl.

"O-Oh... Hello, again..." the sorceress said as she pulled the covers up against her chin.

CLICK

She pushed the door closed. It was obvious it had taken the girl every ounce of courage she had to enter Minerva's room under such circumstances. Even in the dim light, she could tell Nora was blushing and averting her eyes.

"Is something wrong...?" Minerva tried to guess.

Nora chewed on her lip and clasped her hands tight at her navel, as if trying to pray her curiosity away. "Can... Can I see them...?" the shepherd girl finally whispered.

"See what?"

She trembled. The word halted at her tongue, unable to be spoken without damning herself to sin. Voice low, Nora said, "Y-Y-Y-Your... Your... *B... B-B... Breasts...*"

Minever pulled the blanket even higher. "Aren't they--"

"*They are! They're forbidden! Everything about the human body is forbidden! I'm sinful simply for thinking about them!!*"

Nora stepped toward the bed.

"*They're forbidden fruits... They seem so inviting, and yet they're forbidden... I pray and I pray, so why can't I stop thinking about them?!*" She gulped and blonde hair fell into her face as

she looked to the mounds doming Minerva's blanket. "*And yours are the most forbidden I've ever seen...*"

Reaching behind her, Nora grasped her dress and pulled it off her body.

"*What are you doing??*" Minerva gasped, fearful someone may walk in.

"S-Showing you my sinful body! So it's fair..."

Nora stood at Minerva's bed as a petite angel clothed in moonlight. Feminine blessings seem to have abandoned her after delivering the bare minimum. Nora made Eris appear exceedingly well-endowed by comparison. Dark blonde hair peppered her crotch as if to declare her development complete. A thin waist helped discern a perky rear and supple, connecting thighs.

Raising a hand, Nora caressed a small breast like a fragile robin's egg.

"I've waited twenty winters for mine to grow, but they refuse to swell... I think it's punishment for thinking about them so often." She whispered in frustration, "*I know it's sinful to even look at them, but I thought indulging oneself would cause your body to grow with sin... So why haven't mine...? There are some nights I can't help but stare at them, waiting for more to fill my palms. When will the sin start to fill them??*"

Nora slowly grabbed the blanket, causing Minerva to tighten her grip. The rough fabric was splendid torture against her bare, engorged nipples.

Nora breathed deep. "Then I saw yours... They were so ripe, they could barely fit into our garment!"

She pulled the blanket down.

"*W-Wai--Mmnggh...*" Minerva tried resisting but was weak against her heightened sensitivity and friction.

"And then... At prayer... I watched them *get even bigger*. It was the most wondrous thing I've ever seen!"

The blanket pulled lower, the edge rising up the slope of Minerva's bust. Pale skin shined in the silver light as they slowly came unveiled.

"What does it feel like to have such large...b-breasts...?" Nora whimpered at the sight of Minerva's slow reveal. "When you were a child, how fast did they grow? Did you feel it? Was it like a balloon inflating? Are they as heavy as they look?" She lowered her voice then. "Could a girl my size ever hope to grow so sinful?"

"*M-Mmnggh!*"

The blanket stopped with its edge at Minerva's nipples. Sweating and quivering, the sorceress didn't know what was going to happen. She wasn't in a state to think clearly given her lack of sleep and the night's swelling events.

"I-I've heard stories... Stories about how they're able to fill with milk... L-Like a cow's udder!" Nora hugged her chest. "Such a thing seems impossible... How could something so preposterous be true??"

Looking down, Minerva could see Nora's inner thighs reflecting with a shiny layer of moisture. She was gushing with arousal at her own words and repressed imagination, dripping to the floor below.

"B-But thinking about them stretching... And struggling to contain such a thick, creamy fluid..."

Nora's thighs pressed together as she started losing herself and massaging her pussy between them.

"The image is overpowering... Don't you think?"

Her hand tensed on the blanket before pulling.

FWIP!

"MMNGH!"

Flinging the covers to Minerva's feet, Nora stared at the majestic womanly body laid bare upon the mattress.

Nora's eyes dilated and her voice went soft. *"O-Oh, Laios... You're... Naked..."*

She hadn't expected such a scene. The discovery brought her breaths to rapid succession as she hyperventilated. So much bare skin of another had never graced her eyes. It was overwhelming to her senses.

"You look so soft... And your breasts are so... S-Swollen..." Nora panted. *"They're even bigger than I thought...!"*

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

"M-Mmnggh...!"

The night air caused Minerva to shiver and send her milk jostling. From her nipples came two thin streams of milk, silver in the moonlight. Nora's eyes glistened and her mouth watered.

"I-It is true... They can hold milk within themselves..."

CRREEAAAAAK

The bed moaned when Nora added her weight.

"Wait! Y-You can't be in here!" Minerva argued. *"We shouldn't be doing this!"*

Nora ignored her, drunk on the sight of another woman's supple flesh. Nothing could have torn her away from the inviting image of the sorceress' breasts. Lifting a leg, she straddled Minerva's hips. Drops of sweat and arousal fell to Minerva below, the fluid hot with lust.

"Mmnggh... M-Mmnggh...!"

Minerva had never had another woman on top of her in such a way. The air in the room was visceral and laced with desire. With nothing between them, the heat from their naked bodies mixed in a hurricane of lust between their colliding hips. Slippery lips rubbed against each other as the girls breathed.

Try as she might, Minerva couldn't fight it. Heat and milk fogged her mind. Deep down, she wasn't certain she wanted to refuse the shepherd girl. It felt unfair what had been done to her

by the convent. Minerva felt she owed Nora the exploration she so desperately craved, if only to help expand the girl's horizons.

Nora's hands shook as she stared at Minerva's chest.

"I never imagined breasts could get so large... The thought of mine reaching your size seems impossible... I fear my skin could never stretch to such a feat."

She reached out.

"C-Can I touch them?"

It was easier for Minerva to answer than she cared to admit.

"Mmng... M-M-Mhm..." Minerva whimpered, fighting to not release her milk in the heat of the moment. Her mammaries tingled with pressure and tightness, wishing to letdown.

Nervous, finally about to grasp a treasure she'd sought for a lifetime, Nora extended a hand to Minerva's left breasts and pressed.

"Ahh!! MMNGH!!!"

"O-Oh!! They're SO SOFT!! My hand...sinks into them!!!"

Feeling Minerva's body react under her own brought Nora pleasure. Their pussies ground together, flaring and intertwining in a slippery dance.

"H...Harder..." Minerva squeaked.

Clenching a hand against her racing heart, Nora applied her weight.

SQQUUULCH!!

"MMNGH!!!"

"Milk!! I'm milking you!!!"

Thin dribbles ran over her hand and onto the bed. The harder she pressed, the more there was. Nora grew brave and let her hand travel in large circles to coat Minerva's chest in milk. The plump mounds slid under her fingers with ease, malleable to the shepherd's grip.

"T-They're a miracle...! They're better than I ever dreamed they could be!! How could such soft, warm, milk-filled mounds be sinful?!"

Nora pressed harder. She began tightening her grip until blue veins shined in the light.

"Ahh!! C...Careful!! They're still very full of--"

SPLUURTCH!!!

A shower of milk erupted from her nipples, dousing Nora. Jumping in fright, she was soon overcome with ecstasy at Minerva's warmth covering her front and her taste lingering on her tongue.

"It tastes... Heavenly..." Nora panted.

Minerva wasn't sure she could handle any more. The bed sat soaked under her hips. Much more and she would wrap her legs around Nora's waist and lock her in.

"Please... Please don't..." Minerva breathed, seeing thirst in Nora's eyes. *"I don't think I can take it..."*

The shepherd's mouth was dry. She would never be satisfied with water again. *"I've never tasted...such sweet nectar..."*



Nora leaned forward. Hands gripping the bed in anticipation, Minerva watched her lips open around a nipple before finally latching.

The sound of suckling came moments later.

“A-A-Ahhhh!! AHH!!! Oh, GODDESS!!!”

Nora began gulping milk from the vast reservoir. What couldn't be handled by her thirst leaked from her lips and over Minerva's chest in thick rivers. Wet and sweating, their bodies slid against each other as they started to dance.

“Ah! I... I-I can't... This... We shouldn't!” Minerva couldn't think. This was the first time lips had graced her nipples. At such a hungry mouth, she feared she'd never find such pleasure again if Nora were to release. It was a whirlwind of ecstasy she didn't want to end. Squirming and arching her back as she felt milk rushing from her glands and through her nipples, she gave in to the pleasure.

Minerva's arms wrapped around Nora's head. Embracing the shepherd, Minerva pulled her deep into her breasts like a lover. Flesh bulged around the blonde's face as she was engulfed in heat and milk, drowning in lust.

“MMNGH!!!”

Nora's suckling filled the night. Minerva could feel her loins quivering. Pleasure was rising to meet a peak. Soon she would scream, and her body would explode in a crash of arousal.

“A-Almost... Almost there...!” Minerva pleaded, hugging Nora into her bosom. “Drink my milk!! Y-You can have... All the milk you want!!” One of her hands slid down Nora’s back to grope her rear. The tips of her fingers became dripped in the fluid of her crotch when she started fingering the shepherd.

CLICK

Shadows entered the room with neither of the girls the wiser.

“MINERVA!!!”

“NORA!!!”

Eyelids weak and heavy in the face of a crashing orgasm, Minerva could just make out Eris gawking from the doorway, as Mother Theo descended upon them and Nora moaned with a mouthful of milk.

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

Furious with the scene she finds, Mother Theo has Minerva restrained. Theo and the convent all gather around to ritualistically exorcise her sins. It backfires majorly.

“OUT!! GET OUT!!”

“M-Mother!!” Nora stumbled out of Minerva’s room from the force of Mother Theo’s pushing. A bland gown hung against her front as the only source of modesty. “Wait! It’s not what you--”

“SILENCE!!”

“Ow!! Hey!!”

Minerva screamed when she was pulled from bed and her chamber by the hair. Given no time to dress or find cover, Theo dragged her into the hall like an animal to slaughter.

“Stop! I didn’t do anything!!” Minerva struggled for freedom against the zealot’s rage and saw her companion staring at the chaotic scene. “Eris!! Do something!!”

Feeling timid and frail against the convent leader’s rage, Eris came forward and tried to wrestle her friend from Theo’s grasp.

“Step aside, harlot! Or you’ll find yourself experiencing the same treatment!”

THUD!

“Ngh!” Eris grunted upon stumbling backward from a surprising amount of force delivered by the mother.

The convent was coming to life from Mother Theo’s raging. Doors opened along the hall as gown-clad women stepped out to investigate the commotion.

“Oh dear, Laios,” several gasped before averting their eyes from Minerva’s struggling, nude form. Dairy leaked from her stimulated breasts as she stumbled behind Theo, leaving a milky trail on the stone floor.

“Please! It’s not my fault!!” Minerva cried.

Women scowled over her without pity.

“Has she no sense of modesty?”

“Harlot.”

“I knew she would try to corrupt us from the moment I saw her.”

Embarrassment rose within the sorceress like a tide. Despite what the women may have assumed, she found no pleasure in walking naked amongst their eyes. An arm wrapped itself around her front to cover her nipples as well as steady the swaying melons.

SLAP!!

Theo glared from above after swatting her hand away. “No! Be proud of your sins the same way you’re so proud of your lust-filled physical form! Flaunt yourself as you wish!”

They paused in the hall so Mother Theo could address her flock. “Sisters! We have been called upon by Laios to do our duty and cleanse this girl of her whorish ways! *Come!!*”

“*E-Eris?? Eris!!*” Minerva yelled.

The scholar’s reply came muddled from the shuffling crowd of sisters. “I’m here!!”

Stone walls and corridors flew by at Theo’s guiding hand. It wasn’t long before she found herself at a flight of stairs leading below the convent.

“Mother, please!!” Nora scrambled to reach her superior. “*Let her go! I--*”

“*Enough!!*”

Theo turned on Nora like an angry bull and pushed her against a wall. Terrified, the small blonde shrunk against the stone surface as Theo bore down. A bony finger prodded her still naked chest with anger. “*You’re next after we purify this wretched devil.*”

The stairs led to a cold subterranean chamber lit by several flaming sconces. In the center stood a stone slab surrounded by candles and icons. It was a far cry from the otherwise simple architecture of the convent and Minerva realized she was about to see a much darker side of Comaoism.

“*Come here!*” Theo demanded, yanking Minerva towards the slab. The weight of her chest wouldn’t let her protest and carried her in a stumbling fashion until she fell upon the slab for support. “*I refuse to let you corrupt the minds of my sisters any further.*”

“*P-Please! We--*”

SNAP!!

A restraint closed around her left wrist. Realizing her situation, Minerva sought to fight back but was overpowered by Theo’s hand pressing deep into her bust.

“*Mmmngh!!!*”

“*Lie back, my dear. Your servitude to sin will be over soon. You shall thank me when you’re free.*”

The cold stone met with her back as Minerva collapsed gasping for air under her bloated chest. Leaking and overstimulated, she could do little to combat Theo as she restrained the rest of her limbs.

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

“N-Nngh! Let me go!”

Minerva’s chest wobbled heavily on top of her. She had no power in the situation as she was left spread-eagled upon the table. A crowd of women gathered around her with serious faces. Disgust at her exposed body was plain on their faces.

“Let me go! This is all a misunderstanding!!”

Theo ignored her pleas. *“Sisters!”* her voice echoed around the dungeon. *“Laios has called upon us to purify a vessel of sin!!”*

“Hey!! Let go!!”

Minerva looked to see Eris being restrained by several comaoists. Even if she were to free herself, there was little she could do against the mob.

“Laios!! We beseech you!!”

GRRRRGLE

Minerva tugged at her restraints when the weight of her dairy pulsed. *“N-Ngh!! Stop!!”*

SPLLRRCH!

Milk sprayed from the heavy jostling to send shivers down the sorceress’s body.

Mother Theo raised her voice and stood over Minerva and addressed her god. *“A wolf has found its way into your flock! Sin and physical obsession have consumed her mind and bloated her body, threatening our chaste way of life!”*

SPLLRR--

“Ah!!”

Minerva’s gasps rose in pitch when her lactation suddenly ceased as if her nipples were pinched closed by two hands.

“Sisters! Raise your hands over this victim of lust!”

The dungeon turned into a sea of arms extending over Minerva. Tingling sensations raced through her chest.

“Nnngh!! Ah!!” Squirming and pulling, she fought the invisible forces. *“W...What are you doing to them?? My milk...isn’t coming out!”*

“We pray to you, Laios; draw this evil from her tainted form!!”

Only Eris could see Minerva’s distress. *“S-Stop!! You’re making her--”*

“MMNGH!!”

Minerva lifted her chest high into the air and stifled a moan. Pressure pushed against her breasts on all sides as if she were diving deep underwater.

SCCRRRCH

“Aahh!!”

The scholar’s eyes widened; she couldn’t believe the sight before her. *“T-They’re... Her breasts are getting smaller...”* Eris whispered.

Slowly, Minerva’s breasts receded into her body like compressing balloons. It took only moments for her to reach her natural size, though their dwindling would not cease.

Nora couldn't stand to see such a tragedy. Desperate and wracked with guilt, she fell forward onto her hands and knees. *"Mother, stop!! I'm begging you! It was me!!"*

"Drain the ocean of sin within her!!"

SCCRRRCH!

"Ahh!! My chest!! What's happening...to my chest?! It feels so...SMALL!!"

For the first time in her life, Eris was larger than Minerva. Such a thing felt unjust. Reduced and incapable of filling her own palms, Minerva's breasts shrank to tiny mounds leaving her little more than flat.

However, there was an energy in the air. While small and formless, Minerva's breasts looked to be protesting their shrinkage. The tiny mounds trembled and quivered. In the low light, Eris was astonished to see Minerva's nipples glowing purple.

"A-Aahhh!!! AAHH!!!"

The sorceress looked down in time to see small trails of purple liquid floating from her nipples. They gathered in the air over her torso to hover in an amorphous blob.

"OH, GODDESS!!! W-W-What's happening?!"

It was all too clear in Eris's eyes. "The dragon blood is coming out..." she whispered in awe.

More liquid flowed free by the second to collect and pool.

"Cleanse this woman of her swelling darkness and sin!!" Theo boomed.

"Mmmngh!! NNGH!!!" Minerva squirmed and struggled. Though the sight of her chest reduced to a boyish figure was troubling, watching the dragon blood be drawn into the open brought a sense of hope. Removing the magical substance would drastically simplify their journey, even more so if Eris could manage to collect it.

"I-It's almost out....! It's coming out!!!" Minerva panted.

The sight was mesmerizing to Eris and Nora. As the floating pool gathered to a volume enough to fill a small bucket, the trickling flow came to a stop.

"Is... Is it out?" Minerva prayed as she watched the final strands pull thin from her nipples.

The dragon's essence responded. As if angry to have been extracted, it started to vibrate and shimmer.

"Laios! We ask you to purify this girl in your na--"

"AAHHHH!!!!!"

SCHLLMP!!!

Minerva's diaphragm bucked up and down. She squirmed under a mountain of sensations. Face going pale, she watched the dragon blood shimmer maniacally.

"MY CHEEEST!!!"

The fluid began returning to its home with a vengeance. Puffing her nipples with pressure, Minerva's breasts rapidly swelled at the blood's volume returning to her body.

"W-We--" Mother Theo paused in confusion, unsure of why her ritual had begun failing.

“It’s going back in!!! Eris, it’s going back in!!!” The sorceress writhed at the heated pleasure.

FWOOOSH!!!

An ethereal wind extinguished the sconces. Darkness consumed the room until the mob’s eyes adjusted to see purple light emanated from Minerva’s chest. Each mammary glowed like a dull amethyst with the awakened blood.

“MMMMNGH!!! M-M-MMNGH!!!” Her whimpers bounced off the walls. Chains clanged against the stone table.

STTRRRRTCH!!!!

“T-They’re growing!!!!”

Nora watched in pulse-racing wonder as Minerva’s chest bloated beyond its original size. Angry and heavy, it surged over her body to dominate her torso. Churning milk and magic swirled within to be heard beating against her skin.

“Too fast!!! Too...BIG!!!”

Many comaoists backed away in fear. Even Theo was shocked by the quickening developments before her. Overgrown watermelons heaved beneath her trembling hands of faith in direct defiance of her wishes.

“Minerva! Hang on!” Eris yelled, wrestling herself free from the distracted followers. She ran to her friend’s side to immediately grab a cuff trapping her wrist.

“U-Untie me! Hurry!! These things feel like they’re going to blow!!”

“I’m trying!”

“My chest is about to...mmngh!!! Eris! W-Watch out!! I think my chest...nngH!!!..i-is going to--MMNGHH!!”

BWOOOMPH!!!

“Ah!!”

A wall of flesh swelled into Eris as if she’d collided with a carriage. Throwing her to the ground like a doll, Eris stared up at the avalanche of jiggling flesh overflowing the table.

“Laios, we--Ah!!”

Theo wasn’t so lucky and found herself pinned beneath Minerva’s bulk. Angry, thrashing hands sought something to grip the heaving mound creeping up her trapped body.

“What’s happening?! WHAT’S HAPPENING???” Minerva yelled. Swirling fluid beat against her breasts. Pressure rose to puff her areolas into firm domes. The dragon blood was relentless in showing who was truly in control.

GUUURRRRGLE

Pressure climbed as if animals fought within her bust.

“Mmmnnghhh!!! MMMNGH!!! Why is there milk?! Why am I filling up?!”

STTRRRRTCH!!!

“Too...much!!! There’s too much...milk in my chest!!! It can’t stretch like this!!!”

RRMMMMBBLLLLL!!

Theo ogled in fear while Nora gazed in sheer wonder. Refusing to admit defeat, the mother pleaded to her god. “*C-Cleanse this girl of her--*”

GRRRRRGGGGGLLE!!!!

“AAHHHH!!!!!!”

The ground shook from bloating weight. Lying in a sea of her billowing breasts, Minerva felt her impossibly large bust heave and round to their limits.

“I-It’s coming!!! IT’S COMING!!! I CAN’T HOLD ANYMOOORE!!!”

FWOOOOOOSH!!!!

Milk erupted from her nipples to send a cloud of vapor into the air. Arching her back at the mercy of her chest, Minerva cried out in silent orgasm. Chains ached at her wrists and ankles while a puddle of lust seeped over the stone under her pelvis.

The milk hung in the air like smoke. As more and more flowed free, it gathered into a flat opaque surface several meters in width and weight. Eris compared it to a large white mirror hanging above the sorceress’s chest.

SHWEEN!!

Her milk flashed bright with energy before turning dark. Images and shadows moved along its flat surface as if it were a window to another world. The room could only watch as two red slivers widened in the center before widening to fiery orbs. Rows of ancient scales lined their perimeter.

The eyes of a dragon stared from the scene residing within Minerva’s milk. Too consumed by her continued letdown, Minerva writhed under her chest with her eyes shut against the dragon’s appearance. Unbearable heat and arousal pushed her to the brink of consciousness.

“Dear goddess...” Eris whispered. The respect such a gaze demanded was overbearing. Staring into the room with rage and disdain, a growl vibrated the group’s rib cages.

Only Theo had the audacity to continue her protest against Minerva’s condition. Struggling from under a shaking mammary, she demanded, “*Banish this devil back to the--*”

RRROOOAAAARRRR!!!!

A petrifying tremor shook the building at the dragon’s disapproval. The milky portal shook with rage and dust fell from the ceiling. All were forced to cover their ears for the duration of its cry.

SPLOOSH!!

It ended like a clap of thunder vanishing into the night. Minerva’s floating milk portal released itself to gravity whereupon it doused her prone body and flooded the ground. The glow of magic faded from the center of her breasts to envelop the dungeon in darkness. Reduced in size and pushed past her limits, Minerva panted on the table with shattered chains around her limbs. Not even Mother Theo had the courage to speak.

Eris was the first to find her voice. Cowering on the ground with Nora hugging her arm for dear life, she chuckled, “*C-Call me crazy... But I think her breasts want to be smaller.*”

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

The dead of night greeted the girls when they were thrown from the front door.

“*You will leave this place at once!*” Mother Theo demanded. “*We have no desire to associate with you!*”

“*Ow! Hey, easy!*” Eris complained while trying not to trip.

Minerva stumbled by her side. She’d been weak and slow to respond since the dungeon. Hands clutched at her nudity to cover what she could. “Can I at least get my clothes before I--”

“*NEVER RETURN TO THIS PLACE!*” Theo screamed.

SLAM!

The convent door closed with an echoing boom rattling through the surrounding foothills. Once again, the girls found themselves helpless in the middle of the night. Chills wafted on the breeze to make Minerva shiver and hug herself for warmth.

“*Minerva...!*” A gentle whisper came from above. Looking up, they could see Nora’s golden head leaning out a window. “*Here!*”

Much to the sorceress’s relief, her dress flew from the window to flutter below. It was still damp from her milk-related growth several hours prior, but it was better than standing naked in the open.

“T-Thank you...!” she called up to the timid girl.

A wave came in response. “I should be thanking you! Until tonight, I’ve only dreamed about what miracles could be found within brea--” A bellowing scream came from within the convent.

“*NORA!!*”

“*Coming, Mother!*” she replied before ducking into the darkness.

Eris frowned as Minerva began dressing. “Poor kid...”

“Poor kid?? She snuck into my room, assaulted me, and got me tangled up in some kind of exorcism!” Minerva glanced down as she straightened the garment over her bust and felt a spike of despair. “It was almost out of me... I was almost free.”

“I was scared it was going to work! Can you imagine how vindicated that crazy woman would have been if she’d actually managed to remove the dragon blood *and* reduce you to some kind of flat--”

“*What happened in there??*” A tiny voice fluttered into range. Sparkling like dew droplets, Tria’s wings glittered in the moonlight as she approached the travelers. “Are we leaving already?? I thought I heard a volcano erupt! The entire countryside woke up!”

Eris tried to simplify the ordeal as best as possible. “They tried to purify Minerva’s body but it only made the dragon blood inside her chest mad. What you heard was a dragon roaring.”

Tria shrunk away and looked around in fear. “*There’s a dragon?!*”

Scratching her head, Eris couldn’t find an adequate explanation. “There’s a dragon from her milk... I’m not sure *what* we saw, to be honest. Do you have any idea, Minerva?”

The sorceress stood in somber confusion. Fear still bubbled in her gut from the event and the dragon's rage bounced in her head. The heat from the dragon blood burned excessively warm within her bust.

Hugging her chest in worry, she said, "I-I don't know what it was either... Truthfully, I didn't see any of it..."

Eris's jaw fell open. "You didn't *see* any of it?! It came from *your* chest! How could you not have--"

Minerva's voice was a low whisper of fear. "*I-I was too busy meeting her...*"

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

The adventurers find themselves looking for an inn, where Minerva has a rare, positive experience with her unusual condition.

Eris's jaw dropped as their horses continued down the road. The convent sat far in the distance, left behind in the dead of night hours ago. "What do you mean you spoke to a dragon?!"

"I don't know!" Minerva struggled to explain her experience. "It was like I was *there!* For a few moments, I wasn't in the basement of that horrible place anymore."

Thinking about it still sent fearful chills down her spine. Despite being chained to an altar and buried under a pair of massive breasts, she distinctly remembered standing in a cold, subterranean cavern. A massive dragon sprawled before her as a scaled behemoth with glowed eyes of fire.

"She seemed worried..." Minerva added.

"*SHE??*"

"I don't have any more answers than you do! While I was there, the voice I heard in my head just sounded feminine! And she had a clutch of eggs..."

Tria fluttered in front of her face with visible excitement. "What did the dragon say??"

"I-I couldn't understand her. It was some kind of ancient language, though it didn't feel as though she meant any harm."

Eris chuckled nervously. "The roar *I* heard would say otherwise. You should have seen the eyes staring back at us."

"It sounded protective to me." Minerva looked into the far horizon in wonder. "I think she *wants* us to find her."

"Well she could have given us directions. Can't you use a spell or something to help us since you've communicated with it? Aren't you bonded, or something?"

"Don't you think I would if I could? We're on the right track. If we just--"

Eris pointed abruptly down the road. "*Civilization!!*"

Their current destination sat in the distance: the moderately sized city of Lhystra. Its modest buildings stood out against the sky. Even from a distance, the travelers could hear the commotion of a thriving population. Large structures housed the local lords and their families while smaller buildings crowded around the base to spread out.

“They can’t possibly throw us out of there!” Eris tempted fate. “Do you think that crazy old woman from the convent was right about there being a brothel here?”

Minerva knew it was better to rein her companion in before it was too late. “A brothel is hardly a priority. We’re here for supplies, rest, and to get our bearings. We can’t keep getting distracted by every little thing.”

After passing through the surrounding field of farmers and peasants, a looming gate beckoned the travelers to enter. Lhystra opened before them as a wondrous storm of color and opportunity. Tents stretched as far as the eye could see in the local bazaar. Every class of person seemed to be in attendance on the bright sunny morning. The girls felt lucky to be atop horses; without them, they weren’t certain they could have pushed their way through the masses.

“Make sure you stay close by. It would be easy for us to get separated in a place like this.” Always wary, Minerva kept one eye out for any shady characters. Even the brightest city had its darkness.

“I’ve never seen so many people...” Eris awed. “That brothel must be *outstanding*. You’re sure we can’t go??”

Minerva didn’t have time to think about such things. Her main focus was on staying within her clothes. More people meant a higher risk of something triggering her breasts. She shuddered to think about the effect a crowd of this size could cause in the worst case.

“We should find an inn and regroup. A map of the region would help as well. We’ve already lost two days; we need to figure out the fastest path to Glomia and stick to a plan.”

Tria’s high-pitched voice squeaked below Minerva’s chin. “*Then I can have magic milk!*”

“Shh.” A hand pushed the fairy back into Minerva’s cleavage before any more could be uttered by the tiny creature. “I told you to stop bringing it--”

“*Please!* Can’t you spare a little?? I can pay you double next time!”

“I said beat it!”

A commotion caused a stir in the market. From atop their horses, Minerva and Eris could see a woman and her child pleading with a merchant. A cart full of dried foods sat behind him. Beneath a wet cloth, Minerva could pick out a dozen containers of what she assumed to be milk chilling in a water bath.

Dirt covered the mother and child. It was obvious they were among the lower class and struggled every day to make ends meet. Minerva’s heart went out to the girl who looked no older than eight; a life of hardship surely awaited her.

“I’m willing to trade!” The mother begged further. “I-I don’t have to pay in money...”

Eyeing her up and down as if she were livestock for sale, the merchant waved his hand and gruffed, “Like I said; beat it before I call a guard. I ain’t got time for you.”

Defeat hung over the woman in a dense atmosphere. Taking her daughter's hand, she led her away towards an alley.

"But Mommy... I'm hungry..."

"I know, sweetie. I'm hungry too."

GUUURGLE

Minerva's breasts perked up at their plight. "*Nngh...!*"

"We should probably go," Eris suggested upon seeing her friend's back tense. "We don't want you to outgrow your dress in this crowd."

"I know, but..."

GUURGLE

"*Nnngh!*"

Minerva struggled to stay upright on her horse against the increasing weight of her chest. Staying among so many people was dangerous, but after overhearing the woman's troubles, she felt she had an obligation to help. The milk in her chest wouldn't let her leave them hungry.

"I... I-I think we should help them."

It took a moment for Eris to process her words. "What? The mom and kid???"

Minerva nodded, guiding her horse along the wall and away from the major crowds.

"How?? We don't even have money for ourselves! How are we supposed to--*OOOHH.*" Eris glanced at Minerva's bloated chest and the milk leaking from within. "Are you serious???"

Heat was overtaking the sorceress. For the first time, she wasn't fighting the flowing sensations inside her bust. Milk churned fast and full, stretching her breasts at a rapid pace due to her resolve.

"They're getting bigger!!" Tria squeaked, fighting the cleavage closing around her. She sounded faintly entertained by the enlarging pillowy masses.

Panting while dismounting, Minerva said, "I-I want to help them. It feels right... They don't have to know where it came from, they just want something nourishing."

"There are hungry people all over Lhystra! It's one of the most densely populated cities within a hundred miles! We can't feed everyone!"

GUUUURRRGLE

"*Ah!*"

Skin bulged over her dress. Several wandering eyes peered at the nipples ready to break free and the woman's chest engorging before their eyes like an erotic street performer.

"You're right, I can't feed everyone... But--*Mmgh!! B-But I can feed a few.*"

Eris followed suit while Minerva gathered a large, empty vase from the outskirts of the market. Grumbling under her breath, the scholar said, "I've been asking nonstop for a taste, and you're just going to give your milk to a couple beggars..."

Minerva didn't care. Her chest was full to bursting with a desire to help. Taking the vessel, she entered the same alley she'd seen the mother and daughter retreat into. It wouldn't be long until she was at capacity.

GUUURRRGLE

“*Mmmgh!!! Ooohh they’re getting really full...*” Struggling to balance, Minerva tumbled into a dark corner and used an aged barrel for support. Massive fleshy teardrops swung free of her dress to hang into the open air.

“You’re actually going to do this?” Eris said, gawking at the swaying watermelons.

“Just...*Mmgh!! H-Hurry and help me! They’re getting full and I don’t want to lose the mom and daughter!*”

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

Eris ogled her friend’s state as Minerva’s mammaries swelled full and tight. Shiny pink nipples reflected under a film of dairy.

“*NNGH!! E-Eris!!!*”

“*Sorry!!*”

GUUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

“*Ahh!! Get the vase under them!! I-I don’t think I can hold it much longer!!*”

Rushing, Eris positioned the pottery beneath Minerva’s hanging chest. Drops were already falling into its confines.

“*Well don’t just...nnggh...stare!!*” Minerva gasped under a blanket of arousal. Pinned between the globes, Tria marveled at the incredible reservoirs of milk squeezing her body.

“So you just want me to--”

“*Fill it up!! M-Milk me, Eris!!*”

The scholar’s hands shot out like snakes to grab Minerva’s nipples. A firm grip and tug were all that was required.

FWOOOOOOSH!!!

“*MMNGH!!!! C-Careful!!!*”

“*I know!*”

“*Don’t... Don’t spill any!!*”

Milk gushed into the container by the gallon. With no mental resistance, Minerva’s nipples opened to their full extent and flowed like rivers. It was all Eris could do to keep her release directed into the vase.

“*They’re slippery!! I--*”

FWOOOSH!!

“*Ah!! Y-You sprayed me!!*” Eris shook milk from her face.

“*I can’t exactly control it!!*”

A sea of white rose to the brim. Trembling, Minerva felt her chest push the last of her milk free before leaving her normal-sized and bare-chested in the alley.

“Perfect fit!!” Eris cheered.

“*O-Oh thank the goddess...*” Minerva relaxed and slumped against the wall while replacing her dress. She didn’t have the strength to stop Tria from flying free.

The fairy's eyes glowed when she landed on the lip of the vase. "Look at all of the milk..." She inhaled its sweetness and squirmed in delight before attempting a taste. "Surely I can--*Hey!*"

Eris shooed her away. "That's not for you."

"*Hmph!*"

Groggy and still riding waves of pleasure, Minerva pushed herself to her feet. "Come on... We need to get this to them. I-I think they went this way." She stooped down to grab the vase in her arms.

"Are you sure you can carry all that??"

"I carried it before, didn't I?"

They explored deeper into the alley and through several twists and turns. It soon became apparent they had found a small sub-city of the less fortunate. Much to Eris's relief, it didn't take long before they spotted the mother and daughter's dirty blonde hair standing out amidst the bleak setting. Minerva approached as the mother consoled her child under a tent. Waddling with the weight of the vase in her arms, she set it in front of them with a nervous smile.

The mother stared at the frothy cream before her. Hunger painted her face. "What's this...?"

"Milk! For you," Minerva announced softly. "I-I saw what happened with the merchant and I couldn't bear to--"

Disbelief filled the mother's eyes. "*Oh, no! No, I can't accept this! It must have cost you a full day's--*"

Her exclamation stopped upon seeing residual milk leaking through Minerva's dress. The sorceress smiled weakly and tried to hide the evidence.

"It was no trouble. I want you to have it."

"Mommy...?" The young girl stared at the fluid as if it were the first real food she'd seen in days. "*Is it for us?*"

"It's all for you," Minerva assured, agreeing with a nod from the mother.

The girl couldn't stop herself. Lunging forward, she cupped her hands into the vase and brought them to her lips to drink. A white mustache colored her upper lip as it stretched into a smile.

"*IT'S SWEET!!*" she squealed in joy. "*Mommy, you have to try some!!*"

Tears shone in the mother's eyes. Rising to her feet, she embraced Minerva before the sorceress knew what was happening.

"Thank you... *Thank you so much.* Such a gift... We can't possibly finish it on our own!" Gratitude poured forth. "We'll share it with anyone who wants some!"

She released Minerva and grabbed a bracelet on her wrist.

"I want you to have this in return."

Minerva put her hands up. "No! No, no! I couldn't! I--"

"*I insist.* It isn't worth anything, but it's all I can give. Please, I want you to have it."

Not wanting any kind of payment, Minerva found herself unable to refuse the mother's grateful eyes. She held her hand out to receive a small bracelet decorated in bronze trinkets and knots. It carried no value but Minerva could tell it was one of the few things the mother still owned. She felt ready to burst with happiness.

"T-Thank you..." Minerva accepted, placing it on her own wrist. "I'll treasure it always."
"Mommy! Try some!! It's still warm!!"

Taking her daughter's hand, the mother bid her stand. "Come, Estelle; why don't we share it with the others?"

"Ok!"

The smile on the mother's face wouldn't soon leave Minerva's heart even as she and Eris made to leave the alley.

"That was really nice," Eris admitted. "I thought she was about to break down and cry."

Minerva nodded, trying to contain her own feelings. "Who knew this curse could actually be *useful*? Maybe I'm not meant to be a sorceress..."

"I'm telling you... We could make a *killing* if we ran a brothel."

Eris led the way back to the main street where their horses waited. Tired and spent, Minerva lagged behind after her milking session. She frequently had to use the walls for support. It wasn't long before the crowds returned and Eris found herself pushing her way through a sea of torsos.

"Where do you think we should stay??" she asked in excitement. "The center of the city is supposed to have exquisite architecture from several centuries ago!"

No response came from Minerva, who Eris assumed was trying to catch her breath.

"Do you think you still have enough milk left in you to sell a couple of jugs for some gold? We could stay anywhere we want with probably only an hour of work!"

There came no reply.

"Minerva...?"

Eris turned around to find no sign of her friend among the bustling street. Such a fantastical blue dress should have stood out like a fire at night, but there was no sign of the sorceress. Eris's heart sank.

"Minerva??"

She retraced her steps, finding the alley she'd emerged from minutes prior.

"Minerva! Where are you!!"

A glimmer zipped across the heads of the crowd in a panic. Almost colliding with Eris's face, Tria appeared before her.

"He took her!!" the fairy cried.

"What?? Who?? Where's Minerva?!"

Despite her glow, Eris could tell Tria's face was pale as paper. "A cloaked man!! A cloaked man with a metal eye!!"

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

Minerva finds herself in Kalzar's custody as he takes her to one of the local nobles. She is treated as an honored guest where a lord appeals to her charitable nature to try to win Minerva's favor.

“Mmmn!!! MMPH!!!”

Minerva struggled and squirmed in Zalzar's arms. Abducted in a flash, she was bound and gagged like an exotic animal as he carried her through the back alleys of Lhystra. Beggars and peasants rushed by in a blur, staring at the swollen breasts falling out of her dress and the strange bearded man with a metal eye.

“MMPH!”

“Quiet down back there!” the hired hand demanded.

Minerva grunted. If she could make herself grow, she knew she could render her body too massive for anyone to carry, let alone fit through the alleys. Exposing her breasts in such a way would be worth it if it thwarted her abductor and gave Eris a chance to find her.

Unfortunately, Minerva found it impossible to concentrate on any kind of arousing imagery. Magic was of no use with her mouth gagged, and an enchanted collar around her neck prevented her from using the majority of her strength. If nothing else, she wished she could raise her head from his back; the man reeked of sweat and filth.

“What's the matter?” Kalzar chuckled. “Having trouble pulling off your magic trick? I'm prepared this time.”

“Mmph!”

The helpless sorceress growled as they entered a dark tunnel. The better part of the city sprawled above them, telling her they were delving into the depths of the Lhystra's underground. Various twists and turns through a maze of channels left her bewildered at their true location. Escaping his clutches would be one challenge, but making it back to the surface would be another.

Eventually, Kalzar found a flight of steps hidden within the depths of the underground. A metal gate unlocked by way of a crystal necklace, granting him access into the dark, rising corridor. Minerva could sense the air quality improving as he ascended. Before long, the stone quality improved into a smooth polish belonging only to the wealthiest of homeowners.

“Finally...” Kalzar huffed. Minerva's weight on his shoulder was a hefty burden, and the milk leaking down his back an annoyance.

A wooden door stood before them. Small cracks of light escaped around the frame from flickering torches on the other side. Lowering her to lean against a wall, he opened the door with a jolt.

Kalzar stared at the sorceress, allowing his mechanical eye to focus on her chest momentarily with a smile. “Sit tight! I'll be back shortly.”

He vanished through the door. Leaving it ajar, Minerva could glimpse a wine cellar residing within. Kalzar spoke to a servant with urgency.

“Go fetch Lord Galei. Tell him Kalzar has returned with a package.”

“*M-Mmmph!!*” Minerva struggled and screamed through her gag to draw the servant’s attention, but they were gone up a set of wooden stairs before taking notice. Kalzar paid no mind to her struggling and amused himself by looking through the wine collection.

A door opened at the top of the cellar stairs. Frantic footsteps raced to meet Kalzar. A well-dressed man appeared seconds later. It wasn’t hard to see he came from nobility.

“What have you found? A cure??”

“Even better, Lord Galei.” Kalzar grinned.

He led the noble towards Minerva’s door, throwing it open to reveal the bound sorceress on the ground.

“*MMMPGH!!!!*”

“Good God!! What have you done?!” Galei exclaimed. “This is a girl!!”

He removed his cloak to throw it over Minerva’s front and provide some modesty for her exposed chest. Frantic, he started for her gag.

A hand fell upon the noble’s shoulder and pulled him back.

Kalzar glared. The pain in his back from their previous encounter at the caravan camp was still fresh. “I wouldn’t. She’s a sorceress, and she packs a real punch when she can get a spell out. She ain’t too happy.”

There was no hesitation in Galei. “Stand aside. I won’t tolerate this kind of inhumane treatment under my roof.”

He stooped down to Minerva’s level to meet her gaze. His hair was trimmed and brown, framing a face free of blemish but riddled with worry and lack of sleep. Kind eyes stared back at the sorceress, but they did little to diminish her anger.

“I’m not going to hurt you. You have nothing to fear from me,” Galei promised. “You have my word.”

Cautious, Minerva nodded in understanding.

The noble removed her gag.

“*Dakatar da tar!*”

Kalzar stepped back. “*SHIT!*”

“*A-ACK!!*”

The two men flung several feet into the air before floating steadily. Their feet dangled and kicked as if their necks were held by invisible hands.

“*Why shouldn’t I send both of you into a coma right now?!*” Minerva yelled.

Water filled the straining noble’s eyes as he clawed at empty air. “*P..Please... I need...your help...*” he coughed.

Minerva stared, not yet willing to remove her spell.

“*My wife...is--ack!--very sick...*”

The pain in his eyes was evident. Minerva felt no sense of safety from Kalzar, but the noble exuded kindness. His gentle nature soothed her rage.

Slowly she lowered them to the ground and released their breath.

Minerva looked at Galei. "You can speak." She looked at Kalzar, then. "If *you* make a move, I'll throw you through a wall."

The noble rubbed his neck and spoke delicately. "I don't blame your anger after what I'm sure was akin to being kidnapped by my hired hand, but please, hear my plea. My wife is tortured by an illness. Sorcerers and doctors have been unable to find a cure and in a desperate attempt, I hired this man to find an exotic remedy."

"You said *anything*..." Kalzar mumbled.

"I never said you could *kidnap* someone."

Kalzar motioned to Minerva, who flashed a warning glare. "She has an ability, Lord Galei. She produces gallons of milk at a time, so much that it must be done through some kind of magic. I've seen it firsthand; her glands react to the needs of those around her until she's overflowing with the substance. I have no doubt such a product could be used for medicinal purposes." His eye flashed and spun. "I can see magic floating around them like a cloud."

The noble stared in disbelief. Though the sorceress was indeed very busty, it was difficult to believe such a claim. "Is this true? Can you...erm...produce wonders as he has said?"

Minerva pulled his cloak up to her neck. "Yes, it's true... But I don't know about it behaving as a magical cure-all. I would sooner trust my own magic."

He knelt down and took her hand. "My wife... For years she's been plagued by low energy and fever. Some days it's a miracle to find her with color in her cheeks in the morning. Even if there is a small chance, I'm willing to try anything. Do you think your breasts could produce a cure if my wife expressed a need?"

"I-I don't know... Maybe..." Minerva avoided his eyes. Discussing her breasts alone with two male strangers wasn't the most comfortable of situations.

"Please, lend me your gift. Even if only a few drops, I would be eternally grateful for--"
GUURGLE

"Nnngh..." Wincing, Minerva tried to hide her swelling. "*D-Don't talk about it out loud...*"

"See??" Kalzar motioned. "She fills at the mention of it!"

Galei stared in pure wonder. "Incredible..."

"I-I'm willing to try, but you need to untie me and bring my friend here as well. I'm rather pressed for time and can't afford to stay more than a night."

"Yes, yes!! You may have all that you desire!" Galei helped bring Minerva to her feet. "You will of course be compensated for your services as well."

"I-I don't need--*Ah!*"

An embrace from the noble took Minerva by surprise. "Thank you... Even if there is only a chance, I cannot tell you how much hope you have brought to me this day."

RING RING RING RING!!

A bell chimed in the corner of the cellar, taking the noble's attention like a dog.

"It's my wife; she needs me. I must tell her the news!" Galei released Minerva and headed for the stairs. "Kalzar, untie her and show her to the guest quarters. She's no prisoner here; she's an honored guest."

"Yes, Lord Galei," Kalzar grumbled.

"Thank you again! So very much!" the noble cheered before vanishing into the house and leaving Minerva alone with the man.

She could hear his mechanical eye whirring in the still cellar air as she approached her wrists behind her back.

"You could have just said something," Minerva huffed. "You didn't need to kidnap me twice and--*Mmph!!!*"

The gag slipped over her face and into her mouth. Tied behind her head in a flash, Kalzar pulled Minerva into his arms like a snake. Rough hands sank into her breasts to squeeze her flesh and milk.

"N-Nngh!!"

Kalzar chuckled in her ear. "I developed slightly different plans after seeing what these things can do. You'll help his wife, but you're gonna help me a whole lot more."

GUUURGLE

"Mmmngh!" Minerva whimpered as his words and fondling brought milk into her bust.

"You'll keep quiet unless you want me making these mounds bigger than even what you can handle."

Kalzar guided her up the stairs to the door. Listening closely, he waited until all was silent on the other side.

"This way. Galei's resident sorcerer will be dying to meet you and see your little talent for himself."

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

Kalzar wants some plans for Minerva, so he has Galei's sorcerer apply some special nipple rings, which block her milk and transform it into permanent few cup sizes (maybe even some nip growth)

"Mmmn!!! MMPH!!!"

Kalzar ushered Minerva through the manor. Bound and gagged, she had little choice but to follow his direction in the unfamiliar place. She watched around every corner for a possible pair of eyes willing to help, but Kalzar knew the building well and kept them out of sight.

"MMPH!"

"Quiet. We're almost there."

They entered a dark wing in the east of the estate. Minerva could smell the magic in the walls long before their musty stone greeted them. They came upon an aged wooden door battered by years of abuse. Kalzar knocked.

“Don’t come in! My cauldron is--”

“Brayn, it’s me. Open up.”

The door creaked open at an older man’s hand. Short and in his late fifties, he sported a trim figure and a scraggly white beard. A robe of dark reds and blacks hung over him. Minerva recognized a Dawn sect’s sorcerer instantly.

“There you are!” he huffed at Kalzar. “I was wondering when--” Brayn spotted the restrained girl in the hired hand’s grasp. “A *Twilight* sorceress! What is she doing here?”

Kalzar grinned. “She’s here to solve all of our problems.”

“*Mph!*”

Minerva was shoved into the room. Sprawling shelves and tables greeted her with the scent of potions and brews. It was clear the sorcerer had spent several decades in service to Galei. With a grunt, she was forced into a chair where Kalzar tied her hands to the backrest.

“*MMMPH!*”

Brayn watched Minerva with cautious eyes. “You do realize how dangerous it is to treat a sorceress this way? Much less a *Twilight* sorceress. She could turn your mind to soup if she found a chance to speak.”

“She packs a bit of a punch, too.” Kalzar rubbed his tender abdomen and the massive bruise staining his muscles. “Relax. She’s bound, gagged, and has an exhaustion collar on. She’s not going anywhere.”

Approaching slowly, the old man eyed her up and down. His eyes lingered on her knees. Minerva wished she could right her dress.

“Galei has tried the *Twilight* sect for a cure already... And I don’t see why we would want her help. What’s so special about her?”

Kalzar reached around and grabbed the front of Minerva’s dress.

“*These,*” he grunted.

SHHRRRIP!

“*MPH!!*”

Minerva’s eyes bulged when her chest fell exposed to the room. Her bodice hung limp and tattered, doing nothing to conceal her swollen assets from the men’s view. She squirmed when Brayn came closer for a better look.

“Impressive. I’ve seen larger at the brothel, though. How does that help us--”

Kalzar interrupted, “I sure am thirsty...”

A confused expression passed from Brayn. “What in the gods’ name are you--”

GUUURGLE

He stopped speaking when Minerva writhed in her chair. A sound of bubbling fluid came from her chest.

“M-Mmnggh...!”

Clenching her fists and leaning back, Minerva was powerless against the swell of milk. Dairy rushed into her bust to plump her breasts several inches. They perked and firmed into teardrop globes creeping down her torso.

“Mmmnnggh!! Nnnnggh...!”

The men watched in awe.

GUURRR--SPLRRRTCH!!!

“Nnnnggh!!”

Relief overcame her when pressure forced milk into a showering spray. White fluid pelted the floor and Brayn’s boots, leaving him astounded.

An odd blue glow permeated the workshop. From several shelves, artifacts made themselves known by auto-illumination. Minerva recognized them as tools of magic detection; a must-have for any serious practitioner of magic.

“My word...” Brayn whispered upon witnessing her letdown and the artifacts’ reactions. He rushed forward and ran a finger along her breast.

“M-Mmph!” The stimulation caused Minerva to tremble. She felt her breasts were betraying her. She would have kicked him had the collar not left her empty of spirit.

Brayn licked his finger clean. Desire flashed in his eyes. “There’s magic here... Her lactation is brimming with energy!!”

“I know,” Kalzar affirmed.

“A gallon of this could... I-It could...” Brayn couldn’t voice the possibilities rushing through his head.

“I know,” Kalzar agreed again. “She’s exactly what we’ve been looking for.” Stepping around her, he groped Minerva’s breasts and massaged them like melons.

“Mnggh!!”

GUUURGLE

Milk rushed at his rough handling. Pinching her nipples closed drove her breasts to engorge until tight and full before he allowed the pressure to release.

“Nnnnggh...” Minerva groaned. Glaring at her captives, she desired pain upon them both. Untying her would surely be a mistake costing their lives. Anger filled her as much as milk. Given Galei’s kindness, she was at a loss for how such men could be employed at his hand.

Kalzar continued, “She lactates when she hears someone in need of a drink. Can you make her produce it constantly?”

“MNGH?!”

“If we get a steady supply, I can sell this for a fortune. We could go anywhere with that kind of money.”

“And finally leave this trash heap...” Brayn nodded. “Mhm... Yes, I have just the thing to kick her into high-gear.”

Minerva watched in horror as he sorted through a chest of items. In time, he brought forth two thick metal bracelets and approached her nipples.

“These are normally worn by a knight to increase his strength for battle, but their amplifying effects should work here just as well.”

“*Mmmgh... M-Mmmngh!*” Minerva whimpered when she felt the bracelets sit around her areolas. Magical heat emanated from them to rile the dragon blood within her bust.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“*MMMNGH?!*”

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

Despite no verbal desire for milk, Minerva’s breasts surged forth with a flood of weight and liquid. The speed was enough to startle Brayn and he stumbled back, leaving the bracelets on her chest.

GUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE

“*MMMMGH!!! M-M-MMMGH!!!*”

Minerva threw her head back. The rising pressure was intense. She felt her skin could hardly keep pace with the quantity of milk flooding her chest.

“What did you do, Brayn?!” Kalzar yelled over the sound of churning dairy. Flesh overflowed the chair in an instant as Minerva’s chest flowed onto the floor.

“*She’s taking to it even better than I expected!!*”

SSTTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“*MMMNGH!!!!!*”

Minerva strained to control herself. Her skin slid across the cold stone floor. She ballooned without end as her nipples grew into the bracelets to wedge them tightly in place.

GUUUURRRRRR--SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“*NNNGH!!*”

Milk sprayed in a heavy plume. Flesh heaped high into jiggling mounds demanding more space within the workshop.

“*Brayn!*” Kalzar yelled. A wall met with his back when he collided with Minerva’s chest.

CRASH!!!!

Her chair shattered beneath her weight.

“*M-Mmmph!! MMMMGH!!!*”

Minerva only wished she could scream and cry out. Held upright by her chest as her feet dragged backward on the floor, she watched her chest rise high overhead. Her constrained nipples felt miles away.

SSPLLLLRRRRRTCH!!!!

There was no end to her milk. Feeling as though the dragon’s blood were boiling with rage inside of her at the instigation, she feared imminent property destruction.

CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!

Finally her chest came to a stretching halt. Several feet taller than her and twice as wide, it filled Brayn's shop almost wall to wall. Milk gurgled in anger with her every movement. The bracelets squeezed her nipples like prisons, wedged deep into her pink nozzles to exert their magic.

"Dear gods, Brayn! *You trying to make her explode?!*"

The sorcerer waved Kalzar off. Minerva could hear his robes flourishing as he rushed to her nipples. "She'll be fine! All that lactation is bound to leave her a bit bigger than she was before, but it's nothing she can't empty out."

PAT

PAT

PAT

Echoes bounced through her chest when Brayn bounced his hands against its girth. Rage boiled within Minerva.

"I'm sure this isn't her first time being so big. Besides, what girl wouldn't want a few extra pounds on top, am I right, sorceress??"

Minerva glared over her chest. He would pay dearly for his actions. Brayn and Kalzar. She would see to it if it was the last thing she did. She would have to wait until she could use magic again, however. Concentrating against the immense pressure of several thousand gallons of milk was too much to bear and left her sweating.

Kalzar made for the door. "Find a way to milk her and I'll start talking to my contacts!"

"Oh I'll milk her and *more!*" Brayn chuckled and rubbed a bloated areola. "She's not talking, but I can tell there's more going on here than just some overactive milk glands... And I intend to find out what it is."

GUUURGLE

Lingering swelling stretched Minerva's chest tight. "*M-Mmnggh...*" She shook with worry when she was left alone at the sorcerer's hands. Her fate rested completely in Eris's hands.

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

What is Eris doing?