

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted
Chapter 39

Mel intervenes and lures Marci and Kalzar away so the party can quietly hitch a ride out of town. Back on the road, Eris and Minerva make up and take the opportunity to mess around with the illusions before they fade.

The street sat silent. None of the trio dared breathe as Marci and Kalzar inspected them harder. Minerva's fake illusory pregnancy was on the verge of exposing their true selves. Any more milk flooding her breasts would spell disaster and push her larger than what even a woman with child could claim to be her womb.

Kalzar spoke first. "You said there was a fairy with your redhead?"

A nod came in response. Marci stared them down. "Cute tiny thing. Yet somehow even bigger than her flat friend..."

Eris took offense and moved to respond but Minerva caught her wrist.

Marci hummed. "It's not difficult to hide something with an illusion or two. But you still have to stay true to their form..." Her eyes looked Tria up and down.

Proud of her fake male form, she flexed and winked. "See somethin' you like, pretty lady?"

Marci's eyes narrowed. Whether from annoyance or suspicion, Minerva couldn't tell.

"Excuse me!" All five looked back to see Mel standing in the blown-out door of her shop. Milk was still running from her hair but she'd done what she could to clean herself up. "Did I hear you say you were looking for two humans and a fairy??"

"Yes..." Marci said, turning around.

Mel clapped her hands and motioned in relief. "*Oh thank goodness! I hope you can catch them! Look what they did to my shop!! It's ruined!! I'll have to rebuild from the ground up!!*"

Kalzar nodded with a snort. "Sounds about right."

Hearing her woes softened Marci's expression. Understanding moved into her eyes. "They would appear to leave a similar reputation wherever they go..." She turned back to Minerva. "Sorry to keep you, Ma'am. You and your family have safe travels. Blessings upon your child."

"Y-You as well!" Eris accepted, nodding toward the pyromancer while placing a hand on Minerva's belly. The stimulation made her squeak in surprise as milk ached for freedom.

Mel waved them over. "Come on in and I'll tell you everything I know. I think they were headin' down south for the coast!"

Minerva wished she could thank the cow for all of her help. Not only had she saved them with the illusions, but she was trying to completely misdirect their pursuers. A silent mouthed 'thank you' was all she dared to do before she ushered Eris and Tria the opposite way. Once out of earshot and down the main road, they stopped at the first carriage driver they saw loading supplies.

“Ex...Excuse me...!” Minerva called out, feigning distress and holding her unnaturally large pregnant belly with both hands as she approached the driver. “Do you have room for three?”

He blushed at the sight of the woman. Such a magnitude in size demanded his focus and he wondered how she could possibly stay upright. “I... Uh...”

“We’re--*Ahm!!*” Minerva gasped and groped her stomach. “*T-they’re kicking, dear!*” she whined to Eris.

“*They???*” the driver ogled.

Eris nodded and hugged Minerva’s shoulders. “We’ve been told there’s four in there.” Minerva blushed bright red at the lie. “We’re trying to get to Glomia. It’s tradition for the women in her family to give birth among the fairies.”

“Well...” The driver removed his hat and scratched his scalp. He wasn’t certain he could fit three people, much less a woman as pregnant as a horse with twins. “If ya don’t mind a bumpy ride, I can take you as far as the crossroads. But I need to be in the next town by morning.” Genuine apology came over his face. “I’m sorry I can’t take ya all the way.”

Minerva smiled. “That’s fine! Everything helps! I’ll carry the little ones as far as I have to! Thank you very much! I’m Mary, this is my husband Klev, and this is our son, Mogli.”

“Tanner,” the driver introduced.

Helping her onto the back of the cart, Eris and Tria joined her on either side before the trader cracked the reins. A jolt sent the cart in motion. Before long, Malghi was shrinking in the distance, and with it, the cloud of sweet heifer’s milk that permeated the countryside.

“Really?” Minerva whispered, “*Four* kids in here?”

“It was the only number that sounded believable! You saw the way he was looking at you! He was *mesmerized*. Trust me; the bigger the number I said, the better. Did you want me to say you cleaned out the local buffet?”

“No... Just...” She rubbed her fake womb. “*Four is so much...*” Motherly desire drifted through Minerva’s mind. A child was something she saw herself having one day. Seeing herself so distended, even fake, caused confusing emotions to flood her mind.

Eris snickered. “Or maybe I should have said more?” Her hand drifted to caress Minerva’s waistline. The visual stimulation of it made them both blush. “Maybe five?”

“E-Eris... Stop...”

“Why? Can’t a husband rub his wife’s big pregnant belly?”

Tria watched the scene unfold with a reddening face. She didn’t dare say a word as Eris unbuttoned the illusory gown to expose a sphere of firm blushing skin.

“Looks even better uncovered!” Eris confessed. “Maybe that’s all Marci wanted to see: how big you really were.”

“S...Seriously...” Minerva shifted and stifled a groan. Eris might have been rubbing her belly, but her palm was in full contact with her breasts in reality. The touch made her milk boil and froth. “That’s...enough...”

“How does it make everything look downstairs, I wonder? I know I saw Marci’s eyes bulge when you lifted your dress.” Her fingers inched down, drifting over Minerva’s navel. The

distance turned intimate when her fingertips grazed a private bulge of soft flesh wedged between Minerva's thighs.

"E...Eris! You're--"

Guuurrrrgle!

"Mmng! That's... That's enough!!" Minerva snapped and swatted Eris' hands away. Her gown closed with a huff.

"Alright! Fine! I was only messing around! What's gotten into you??"

"How about the fact that while I was kidnapped, you and Tria went to a BROTHEL and proceeded to destroy the place and send a pyromancer after us?"

The driver looked back and cast a glance at the husband who would go to a brothel when his wife was so pregnant.

"I--" Eris looked at the ground passing under their dangling feet. *"I said I was sorry..."*

"I don't think 'sorry' is going to keep her from melting our eyes out of our skulls. How can you..." Clutching the wooden seat's edge, Minerva feared her nails would turn to claws. "Why can't you just stop causing trouble. Everywhere we go... You *always* have to do something."

Eris looked hurt. "I don't mean to..."

"But you still *do*. You just, I don't know." Minerva rubbed her eyes. "You don't think. You jump first and measure later. It's exhausting cleaning up your mess every time."

"Nobody asked you to clean up my messes..."

Minerva's eyes flared orange. "And I didn't ask to have dragon blood in my chest!"

The outburst silenced the ride. Eris seemed to shrink and Tria was desperate to look anywhere but at her friends. Ahead, Tanner cleared his throat and wondered why he'd let a big belly get the better of him once again.

"I'm sorry," Minerva said finally. "I know you don't mean to do the things you do. But it's frustrating and tiresome. Usually I can put up with it, but I haven't had a good night's sleep in days because my chest keeps me up. Everything is against us and I'm just *so tired*. And you know what the most annoying part is?? Out of everything??"

Eris blinked her watery eyes. "H...Having to fix your dress every time?"

Silence followed the joke. At first Eris thought she'd gone too far, but a gentle laugh eased her worry. Minerva gasped and leaned her head back, allowing herself to laugh.

"You're right! That wasn't what I was going to say, but you're right!! I HATE having to fix my dress a dozen times a day!! IT'S THE WORST!!"

Tria piped, "You should just learn illusion magic! Like Mel! Then you can just be naked and have illusion clothes! Or you can hide your chest with a big fake belly whenever you want! And I wouldn't mind--"

The air shimmered around them like heat dissipating from a road. Within a second the illusion was broken. The trio was back to their normal selves, naked and sitting on the back of a cart rambling down a dirt road.

The driver looked over his shoulder. "What's all this about a big fake--"

His mood changed when the family had been replaced by three naked girls. He stared at the giant fairy only until he noticed the dark-haired sorceress with breasts enough to fill her lap seconds later. Dragon horns and a tail made his face lose color. The trio all blushed at their exposure and scrambled to cover what they could from the stranger.

Eris, arms clamped teasingly around her nudity, smiled weakly and did what she could to heft her breasts together into a pillow of cleavage. “I-I don’t suppose this changes how far you’re willing to take us...?”

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

What happens next?