

## Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 23

*The old dwarf woman tries to enlist their help with something Minerva is oddly qualified for*

Eris gawked at the inside of the dwarf woman's house. "Wow... You've just been *living* here? All alone??"

It was small and simple. There were few possessions aside from the bare necessities. What was there appeared old and worn by centuries of time. Whatever wasn't made of stone was made from wood so aged neither girl could identify it. Although the door was small, the rooms left just enough space for a below-average-sized person to stand with their neck bent. Minerva had encountered an awkward time maneuvering her buxom self through the doorway.

The old woman nodded and sat in a short chair, leaning her cane against a table. "Tha's right! Jus' me an' tha golems. Ye can call me Meredith."

"I'm Minerva, and this is Eris."

"I just can't believe it..." Eris contemplated their host. "I thought all the dwarves left these mountains after the blight...! Like, centuries ago. Why are you still here??"

Minerva, while drying herself off in a corner, scolded, "Eris, we're not here to pry! Let her--"

"It's alright!" the dwarf shrugged. "I guess I'm jus' too stubborn to leave. Hard for a dwarf to say goodbye to her home." A half-honest smile cracked her wrinkled lips.

From the corner, Eris thought she heard Minerva whisper something under her breath. The sorceress was narrowing her eyes at the dwarf, wary.

Eris paid little mind. "So...you've just been here for *centuries*... Doing--"

***Ding-ding!***

"Maintaining these guys!" Meredith patted a chiming golem on the head as it busied itself around her abode. "I fix them up, and they help me with food and anythin' else I need."

***RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL***

***Clang-ding-ding!***

***Ding-ding!!***

Eris covered her head when the ground shook and golems panicked, trying to protect the three of them. "*It's happening again!!*"

Feeling unsafe within the building as dust and pebbles fell, Minerva righted her dress and moved toward a doorway.

"It'll settle..." Meredith said calmly, not moving from her seat.

As she predicted, the vibrations ceased. Eris uncovered her head and looked around. "You're not scared of a cave-in...?"

The dwarf scoffed. "I know these mountains better than anyone. They're studier than a worm's gut. They aren't goin' anywhere."

Such reassurance from an earthen expert made Minerva rest easier. “That’s good to hear...”

“So!” Meredith stamped her cane. “Tha two of ye know my story. What brings ye down here? Surprised ye managed to find an entrance after all this time.”

Blushing with embarrassment, Minerva tried to shy away from the full story. “We were actually looking for a way through the mountains to Glomia, but there was some rain and an...*incident*...and--”

*“Ghosts!! Ghosts attacked us and made her chest HUUUUUGE with milk and we fell through the floor into an old mine shaft and then your golems found us!!”*

“ERIS!” Minerva turned bright red. “D-Does she REALLY need to know that?!”

Meredith roared with laughter. “I was wonderin’ why ye seemed bigger every time I looked at ye!” Her eyes flashed. “Ye cursed, girl?”

“Not... Not exactly...”

“I remember when I milked for my youngin’s back in tha day. Certainly felt like a curse to me.”

Minerva was eager to change the subject. “About Glomia... Could you help us through the mountains? Maybe point us in the right direction?”

“Ha!” A hand slapped Meredith’s knee loud enough to make the girls jump. “Through *these* mountains? Good luck. No crossing those depths anymore.”

Minerva’s heart sank as her chest tightened with milk. In the small space, it felt all the bigger and unyielding. “Why??”

*RMMMBLLLLLL*

Nervous glances made Eris’s eyes dance around the vibrating room.

Meredith sipped some tea. “Tha’s why. Mountains are shiftin’, gettin’ unstable.”

*“I thought you said it was safe!”*

“It is, for tha most part. But I wouldn’t trust any of them tunnels for another couple decades. One minute they might be fine, tha next they might be huggin’ ya like a bear.” She eyed Minerva. “Be especially troublesome for ye with tha’ load takin’ up so much space.” Another sip of tea moistened her lips. “Usually us dwarves would keep tha mountains stable by throwin’ some magic-infused gems into tha depths to calm the lava streams. I’ve been tryin’ to keep up, but magic is hard to come by down here these days.”

Both Minerva and Eris cocked their heads. Eris questioned, “Stabilizing the mountains...? I’ve never heard of that before... I didn’t know dwarves could *use* magic. I thought they were against it, actually.”

“It’s not magic as ye probably know it. It’s more like usin’ a force of nature.” A sigh made Meredith’s back heavy. “Sad to see my beloved home crumblin’ away. I love these mountains. Wish I could do better by them.”

*Ding-ding!*

*Clank!*

An automata alerted the dwarf by tugging at her sleeve. Meredith's eyes brightened, following its direction to Minerva.

"But then ye showed up!" Meredith beamed. "Ye can help!"

***Ding! Ding!***

The sudden excitement from the machines and dwarf took Minerva by surprise as they all chimed around and outside the house in chorus.

"W...What? I'm no dwarf!" Minerva raised her hands. "I'm a sorcerer's apprentice! I-I can't do anything to help stabilize a--"

"Please, girl, let me smell yer milk."

Minerva backed away and hugged her chest in shock. "*What?!*"

***Ding!***

***Ding-ding!***

***Ding!***

"The golems sensed it tha minute they found ye!" Meredith's eyes shined with excitement. She rose from her chair and approached, extending a hand toward Minerva's chest. "They tell me thar's somethin' special in thar, and I couldn't agree more. It's plain as day, like a rich vein of ore. Just a little should tell me if--"

***Slap!***

Minerva smacked her coarse hand away gently, leaving the dwarf defeated. "*I-I don't--*"

"Come on... Just a little, Minerva!"

A glare flashed from the sorceress to her friend. "*You stay out of this.*"

"But she needs help!! Her home is crumbling! Her *home!*"

***Ding! Ding!***

***Clank ding!***

"Please, dear..." Meredith begged. Staring at Minerva's loaded bust, she appealed, "The golems are certain of it. They sense a special energy. If it could help calm the mountains, isn't it worth it to try? It could help stabilize the tunnels for ye as well..."

***GUUUURGLE***

"*N-Nngh...*" Her breasts tightened, sensing the dwarf's desire for her milk.

"Ye have so much... I'm only askin' for a glass to see if it could help."

Eris added, "What else are you going to do with it, Minerva? Might as well give her some..."

***GUUUURGLE***

The world was against her. If they continued to beg, Minerva feared she might soon test the limits of Meredith's house. She released her chest from her arms and allowed it to hang to her belly button. A sigh fell upon her cleavage as she asked, "Alright... D...D-Do you have a glass?"

Meredith's eyes sparkled with hope. "Yes! Of course!"

She handed a smoothed stone container over. Taking it, Minerva adjourned to a far corner and turned her back to her audience before attempting to fill the cup. Her nipples already ached with eagerness, pounding against her hands. "A little privacy...maybe?"

“We won’t look!” Eris promised, turning around.

“Take yer time, dear.”

A golem stared up at her with innocent, glassy eyes as Minerva slipped one side of her dress down her arm, allowing a massive marbled breast to tumble free. Its nipple squished between her fingers like a ripe fruit as she squeezed its tip into the tiny glass’ mouth.

*GUUUURGLE*

“*Mmgh!*”

Her milk swelled at her touch. Trying not to pant too loudly, she pulled on her pink nozzle.

*GUUUURGLE!*

“*Ngh!*”

They bloated, but no milk released. Minerva shivered as her nipples tightened, cold in the chilly underground air. She pulled again.

*STRRRRTCH!*

“*A-Ah...!*”

Hot, firming flesh bulged over her arms as fluid poured into her to crowd the bottleneck that was her nipple. Several drops rolled into the cup.

Eris snickered, daring to peek. “Need some help over there?”

“*Give me a minute, for goddess’s sake!*”

“Fine, fine...”

Beginning to sweat, Minerva knew she did indeed need help. There was milk, but her breasts weren’t full enough to flow. They had grown accustomed to being large and engorged. The thought of them reaching her hips and no longer feeling overloaded was frightening.

Heart racing, Minerva allowed herself to enjoy the touch of her hand on her breast. It was warm and soft, filling her palm with heat. She could feel her milk within.

*GUUUUURGLE*

“*M...Mmm...*”

She grew fuller and wetter, her glands starting to strain. It would have been easy to lose herself to the pleasure. Moisture ran down her thighs. A whimper pursed her lips as she cautiously told her breasts, “*O-Overflow with milk...*”

*GUUUUUUUUUUGLE!!*

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!!*

“*MMMGH!!!*”

They obeyed her desire with puppy-like excitement, swelling with several inches of growth. Her nipples trembled in her grasp before erupting into the waiting cup. Cream filled it within seconds.

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!*

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!*

“*Mmmgh!! M-Mmmmgh!!*”

Meredith leaned toward Eris, whispering, “*Is it like this every time?*”

*“ALL the time.”*

Milk ran over the floor when Minerva lowered her arms. Back heaving with rapid breaths, she pulled her dress back on before turning around. Milk soaked her front and sweat peppered her face as hair fell in messed strands. The blush in her cheeks betrayed the pleasure she desperately wanted to hide.

*“H...Here...you go...”* she announced, handing an overflowing cup to the dwarf.

*“Ha!”* Meredith accepted the dripping gift. *“Ye might make even more than Ol’ Big Bertie did back in tha day!”* Looking into the cup’s white contents, she brought it to her nose and inhaled.

The room was silent as they waited.

*“Mmm... Mhm... Mhm...”* Meredith nodded, looking hopeful. *“Just tha kind of nourishin’ energy tha mountains need!”*

Eris was more excited than Minerva. *“Really?! Her milk can help??”*

*“With a little assistance from some dwarven handiwork to draw out the energy!”* Looking at the sorceress still trying to catch her breath, Meredith asked, *“Ye feelin’ full, girl?”*

*“She’s always feeling full,”* Eris snickered.

The annoyed look on Minerva’s face made Meredith laugh. *“How much of this can ye produce?”*

Minerva swallowed. *“W-Well, I--”*

*“SOOO MUCH!”* Eris answered for her.

*“ERIS!!”*

*“You wouldn’t believe how much milk she can make!! She nearly destroyed a castle she got so big!! I don’t think she has a limit!!”*

*“D-Don’t tell her that!!! I can’t just--Ah!”*

Meredith’s hands clasped around Minerva’s, drawing her down to eye level. Sloshing cleavage jiggled between them. *“Better get to growin’, girl! Ye got something special in thar!”* The dwarf grinned. *“And I have just tha use for it.”*

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*What happens next?*