

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 20

The party gets caught in a nasty storm and takes shelter in a spooky haunted shack.

“Minerva, come on!!”

“I’m trying! The horses can only go so fast when they’re pulling a cart!”

Eris pulled her shoulder cover over her head and stared at the looming water-laden clouds hanging in the evening sky. “It’s going to start pouring!”

“Well we *would* have been there by now if someone hadn’t made us stop for lunch *and* a nap!”

The sorceress urged the horses into as fast of a gallop as she dared given the road and their burden. Craggy cliff sides rose on one side as they rode along the base of the mountains. It had taken them another day to reach their final obstacle before Glomia, but progress was being made.

“How are we going to cross those...” Eris awed, craning her neck to see their peaks pierce the dark sky.

“There must be a pass somewhere. We’re not going to find it tonight, though.”

DRIP

DRIP DRIP

Rain fell from the heavens to pelt their skin. The girls were dismayed while Tria took cover under the tarp.

Minerva wished she had a cloak. “Just what we needed: a night in the rain.”

A sudden excitement in Eris made her jolt when she shot her index finger forward.

“*There!!!! I see a building!!*”

It was dim in the distance, but squinting, Minerva could make out the shape of a sizable structure. “It’s better than sleeping in the mud!”

They sped down the moistening path toward shelter. No sooner had they managed to arrive and secure the horses than thunder cracked overhead, illuminating the night like a white dagger. Rain showered the girls as they fled into the building for cover.

The floors creaked under their footsteps. Dilapidated and partially in ruin, the building had fallen into disrepair. A rotting front door hung on one hinge, leading into a dusty front room. Several passages led to halls or connecting rooms while a stairway allowed basement access through an inky hole.

Eris flipped her shall down and wrung out her braid. “Did you see the way the back half of the building connected with the mountain? Could be an abandoned mining camp...”

“I was too busy trying to stay dry,” Minerva groaned, leaning against a wall. “Ugh... I’m soaked...”

Even in the low light, Eris could see the colors of her breasts showing through her companion’s drenched bodice. The rain’s chill had brought Minerva’s nipples into prominent

nubs. Catching the scholar's gaze, Minerva hugged her arms across her chest for privacy.

"Wanna help find something to build a fire?"

"Right! Looks like there's plenty of dry wood we can use..."

They separated, exploring the various rooms for supplies.

Tria hovered close to Eris with an air of nervousness. "I don't like this place..." she whispered. Every creak caused her head to spin. "There's bad energy..."

"It is pretty creepy. Looks like it's been abandoned for a couple decades at least. The miners might have been victims of the Gem Blight... I think that happened in this area..."

"Gem...blight?"

Finding some broken boards, Eris gathered them into her arms. "It was a conflict between the human miners living near the mountains, and the dwarves living underground. They were fighting over--"

"Eris!! Stop!!"

They paused when Minerva's scream shot through the shack. Confused glances were exchanged between them.

"What??" Eris yelled back.

"*You know what!! I'm not in the mood!!*"

Tria and Eris shared another perplexed look before shrugging and returning to their gathering. She'd only found a few more pieces of wood before Minerva's voice filled the air once more.

"ERIS!!! Knock it off!!"

"What??"

"*Stop making me fill up with you-know-what!!*"

Eris knew she was referring to her milk. "Huh? I'm not doing anything!!!"

"*I can hear you whispering it!! You're not funny!!*"

In as genuine a voice as she could muster, Eris yelled back, "I honestly have no clue what you're talking about! Tria and I are way over here!"

Minerva huffed and grabbed her chest. It was tight in her arms and heavy with lactation. Much more and her dress wouldn't be able to fit her girth. "*Then why am I--*"

"*Miiiiik...*"

A whispering voice flowed through the rain-drenched air. It was barely visible over the rain pattering against the hole-filled room.

Minerva spun around at the word. "W-Wha--"

GUUURGLE

"*Nngh!!*" Her wood clattered to the floor when she grabbed her aching breasts. Pressure surged as they responded to the unseen request. "*U-Uhhhh, Eris?? Eris!!*"

"I told you, I'm not--"

"*I-I think I'm in trouble!!*"

"*Miiiiik...!*"

GUUURGLE!!

“Nnngh!!! Eris!! Help!!”

Hearing Minerva’s fright, Eris dropped her collection and ran to her aid. She burst into one of the back rooms to find Minerva leaning against a wall. Milk had engorged her breasts larger than watermelons. Her dress struggled to support the bottom halves of her mammaries as her nipples puffed free.

“Miiiiik... Miiiiiiik...!”

The whispers rang all around.

GUUUURGLE!!

She felt her skin tighten against her palms. *“E-Eris!! What’s happening?! W-Why am I getting bigger?! Do you hear the voices?!”*

“Miiiiiiik!!!!”

Eris heard it now, spinning around to find the sourceless noise as her friend bloated larger by the second. Tria hid down the front of her dress and pulled the fabric up to her chin, whimpering, *“Told you this was a bad place...”*

“Miiiiiiik.....!”

GUUURGLE!!

“Ahh!!”

“Look at her...!” a disembodied voice drifted. *“Positively brimming with life!!”*

“She’s overflowing with it!”

“Give us milk!!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

Panic filled Minerva’s eyes at her rapid engorgement. Dealing with Eris’s playfulness was one thing, but it was another matter when she couldn’t escape the cause. *“Who’s there?!”* she called out, arching her back to help with the distending weight.

“Miiiiiiik!!!!”

Chills swept through the room. Eris hugged herself against the frigid air while Tria dove further into her dress from fright.

Foggy shapes appeared around the room. Dim and shapeless at first, they soon assumed defined forms. Some were vaguely humanoid, others appeared as long teardrops flying like comets with human facial features. The ghostly presences swirled around the room with rising vigor, congregating over Minerva.

“Mooooore miiiiik...” they moaned.

GUUURGLE!!

“Look how she swells...!”

Eris was taken aback by the sight. *“Are these ghosts?! I’ve never seen one outside of the illustrations in--”*

“I don’t care!!! I DON’T CARE!!” Minerva screamed. *“I have to get out of here!!!”*

Trying to flee, she sank her arms into her bust and stumbled to the door. Milk sloshed with every step as she neared reprieve.

SLAM!!!

The door closed before she could escape. Falling upon it, she pulled at the knob to no avail. *“W-We’re locking in!! Eris, they’re holding the door shut!!”*

“Give us milk...!!”

“Sweet nectar... Sweet nectar of life...!!”

STTTTRRRRTCH!!!

Minerva squeaked as her knees knocked together. *“N-Nngh!!! Ohhh goddess, no more!! Why are they already so full?!”*

The ghosts were everywhere. Their howls of thirst rang in her ears and spurred her milk glands into overdrive. Her nipples swelled in anger, irate at their lack of downtime.

“Why are they doing this?!” Minerva shrieked.

Eris ran to her to provide any aid possible. *“They’re longing for life!! Milk is one of the first things infants experience after birth!! To a bunch of ghosts in the cold afterlife, it’s probably like a fireplace! I don’t think they can resist the--”*

“MILK!!!”

A white figure shot toward Minerva like a rocket.

SHLMMP!

“W-W-Wai--MMGH!!!”

Its spectral form penetrated her chest, vanishing into its depths like a rock to a pond.

GRMMMBLLLLL

Minerva swelled with her chest assuming greater size and firmness. Grimacing, she doubled over as a new pressure competed within her body against her bubbling milk. *“W-What did it just--”*

“GIVE US LIIFE!!!” another howled, sailing toward her. It flew through her outstretched arm and buried itself into her mammarys.

SHLMMP!

GRRRRMMMBBLLLLL

“NNNGH!!! Eris!! W-What are they...” Minerva gasped at the shifting forces bouncing around her chest, forcing her larger. *“What are they doing to me?!”*

“we thiiirst!!!”

“Such vigor!! Such warmth!!”

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

They assaulted her one after another without mercy. The ghosts dove into Minerva’s breasts to claim residence among her lively magical dairy.

GRRRRMMMBBBBBLLLLL!!!

Each one brought her bust to tremble as it was forced to swell. Their energies fought with her milk as if balloons were rapidly inflating within her. The sorceress heaved from the struggle as her breasts rumbled with each successive tenant. Her legs trembled with her incredible weight. Reaching to her hips, her chest appeared round and bloated. Her skin beat firmer with each ghost, reminding Eris of an infant kicking its mother’s pregnant belly from within.

“G-Get out!! Get out!!” Minerva rasped. *“I-I--AHH!! Eris, do something!! I could barely hold my milk as it was!! Goddess, I can feel them inside of me!!”*

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

GRRRRMMMMBBLLLL!!!

Eris raced around the room swatting at the ethereal beings. *“Get away from her!! Tell them to get out before--”*

SHLMMP!

“EEEK!!!”

A ghost flew through Eris’s torso on its way to Minerva. Passing clean through, it left Eris frozen as chills raced down her spine. Her hair stood on end and an intense cold pricked her breasts. She grabbed them out of fright. Her nipples felt capable of tearing through her dress from their extreme hardness.

“Can’t you purify them or something?!” she asked Minerva.

The sorceress was ready to collapse from her engorged chest. *“I never learned any holy spells! I specialize in mental magic!”*

“MIIIIIIK!!!”

“GIVE US MORE MIIIIIIK!!!”

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

GRRRRRRMMMMMMMMBBBBBBBBLLLL!!!!

“Oh goddess!! OH GODDESS!!!” Minerva cried at the flood of ghosts stretching her bust. She could feel their presence fighting for space. Holding so many, her breasts had no room for their own milk. They trembled in her arms, doming her nipples at the extreme pressure.

SPLRRRTCH!!

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

Dairy sprang free in gushing showers. Relief covered Minerva’s face, although it only lasted for a moment.

“SHE FLOWS!!! SWEET, LIFE-GIVING MILK!!!”

The ghosts were thrown into a frenzy at her letdown. They swarmed around her, attacking her chest and vanishing into its depths.

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

“O-Oh no!!! ERIS!!” Sweat poured down Minerva’s face from the struggle of containing so many eager spirits. They tickled her body as if she were rapidly filling with air. *“I-I have to get out of here!! There are too many of them inside of me!! I-I-I feel like I’m gonna blow!!! I CAN’T HOLD THEM AND ALL THIS MILK!!! THEY’RE GOING TO MAKE ME EXPLODE!!”*

Eris knew she had to take charge. Taking Minerva’s arm around her shoulder, she helped the sorceress to her feet. *“Come on!! We have to get you away from them!”*

They stumbled through the swirling white spectral storm.

“But the front door...is locked!!”

“I know!! We’re going downstairs!!”

GRRRMMMMBLLLL!!!

The thought terrified Minerva as they stood atop the pitch-black stairway. *“Why would we go down there?!”*

“Maybe they only haunt the upstairs! There could be a basement exit too!! Or something to help us break the door down!”

“I-I don’t think--”

Ghosts flung themselves at her throbbing chest.

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

SHLMMP!

“NNNNGH!!!! O-O-Ok ok ok!!! Hurry!!!” Taking great care, she supported her breasts as best she dared. *“I don’t think I can take any more!!”*

“You always say that!”

“Well this time I mean it!!”

The stairs creaked under her weight when they began their descent. Heavy and sporting breasts reaching down to her knees, Minerva stumbled with the help of Eris. It was all she could do to cast a simple illumination spell to light their way.

A decrepit basement opened before them. Cast in the eerie light, it offered only a wooden floor and piles of rusted tools. Stone walls stood on all sides. To their backs was a looming staircase teeming with ghosts. They followed in a wave of hunger for Minerva’s energy, approaching like a wall.

“MMMMMMK!!!!” they screamed into the rainy night, soon to be upon her.

“Eris!! Eris Eris ERIS!!!” Minerva screamed, eyes wide at the approaching ghostly assault. *“I CAN NOT HOLD ALL OF THOSE!!”* Panic overtook the sorceress. She ran forward, leaving Eris’s support.

“Hey, wait!!! You’re too big to stand on your--”

THUD!!!

“Oof!!!”

Minerva fell, taking Eris with her. The scholar landed on Minerva’s back, both of them supported by her overfilled breasts.

CRREEEEAAAAAK

The floor groaned beneath them. The shack rattled at the wind. The air shivered with ghostly wails.

“GIVE US YOUR MIIIIILK!!!!”

Minerva looked over her shoulder in terror. Her rising size left her immobile. *“ERIS!! DO SOMETHING!!!”*

CRREEEEAAAAAAK!!!!

“Like what?! They’re ghosts!!!”

“I don’t know!!! ANYTHING BEFORE I POP!!!”

“MIIIIILK!!!! GIVE US YOUR--”

CRREEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAA--CRNCH!

The floor jolted, sinking several inches.

Eris lay across Minerva, fearful and saying, *“W-What was--”*

CRASH!!!!

“AHHH!!!”

The basement was whisked away in an instant when the floor caved in beneath Minerva’s girth. Darkness consumed them in an inescapable maw as they plunged out of sight.

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

What happens next?