

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted Chapter 10

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.

“MMMMPH!”

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.

SHRRRIP!

“*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-Mmng...*!”

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.

“*Mmmng!! Nnngh...*!”

The men watched in awe.

GUURRR--SPLRRTCH!!!

“*Nnnng!!*”

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.

“*Mng!!*”

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.

“Nnnngh...” Minerva groaned. Glaring at her captures, 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.

GUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE

“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!?”

STTRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

“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!!!!

“NNGH!”

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.

SSPLLLLRRRTCH!!!!

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?