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<The Quest>

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Chapter Ten

The night was uneventful, Amelia was very glad that she didn't have to fight anyone overnight, although she didn't get a lot of sleep because she was on edge so much and the floor wasn't particularly good for getting the highest quality rest.

First light started to break through the window and Amelia rose to her feet, looking down at her busty companion. Due to the pillow support she had helped fashion Alice was able to get to sleep in a fair degree of comfort but it was clear that overnight she had grown again, the size increase was relatively small really but Amelia was quite honed in on the girth of her friend's breasts and to her it was very clear.

Her clothes didn't really hide the change in size, and she was sure that the Kasyr and Malakor would certainly notice. The red fabric she had on with the boob window that Amelia had made was looking extra strained as her boobs had filled more space from within the fabric.

She looked quite peaceful laying there with boobs that were rapidly outgrowing her torso.

Overnight their disguise magic had run out, so it felt even stranger to see the human form of Alice looking like this.

“Come on Alice, it’s time to get up, we should get some breakfast.” Amelia gently shook the princess awake.

With a surprising grace she handled waking up very well, she looked down and saw her larger cleavage bulging through the gap in her top.

“I hope we’re close...”

Amelia didn’t have the heart to tell her that they still had quite a long way to travel. She didn’t want to break her hope; she just wanted to keep the princess moving towards the goal.

“This caravan will speed things up.” She avoided answering the question.

“Good. I’m starving, do we have time?”

“Yes... But I need you to take another one of these...” Amelia pulled a small orb out of her satchel and handed it to Alice.

“Oh, that’s funny, I didn’t even notice my skin wasn’t grey anymore.” Alice chuckled.

“Well, I suppose when you have boobs that big, they kind of take the main stage.” Amelia had a big smile on her face. It felt like everything was going to be okay in that moment, they were laughing and there was seemingly hope again.

Two gulps later and they were both ready to leave the room.

The tavern was already showing signs of life; the barkeep was downstairs making something in a cauldron over the open fire that warmed the otherwise chilly air. There weren't many people up yet as the sun wasn't quite up yet.

"We don't want attention so go sit over in the corner, I'll get us some food and check the caravan, make sure they haven't left yet."

Alice nodded and jiggled over into a dimly lit corner, tucked out of the way as she sat behind the table. It was fixed to the floor, so she needed to squeeze herself behind the edge of the thick wooden surface. Her boobs were in the way, it was a relatively tight fit, not too uncomfortable, just more of a constant reminder that she had gigantic boobs.

If she didn't think someone would see, she would've rested them on the table, it certainly would've helped her back but that would've certainly drawn attention to her. For now, a low profile was something she was hoping for.

Amelia returned with a bowl of whatever was in the cauldron. It looked like some sort of casserole or brothy vegetable mix. It didn't look too appealing at this time in the morning, but it was obviously a very easy thing for the dark elf to make.

"You okay?" Amelia asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"You look quite tightly packed in there..."

"It'll be fine, it's just breakfast right?" Alice smiled and looked down at the bowl before her.

“Breakfast might be a bit of a stretch but... It certainly is food.”

The discoloured water was home to a few pieces of vegetables and questionable meat. The princess was used to fine dining but at this point she was grateful for any meal because she was just that hungry this morning.

“I’ll check on the caravan.”

Alice started to eat as the mage made her way to the front door of the tavern.

There was a surge of energy that flew through Alice’s body, it wasn’t an unfamiliar sensation, but it certainly was one that she was not expecting nor welcomed right now.

A building warmth spread over her chest, pulsing from her hard nipples.

“Not now...” Her voice was hoarse, desperate and pleading, yet her fingers were kneading the underside of her breasts below the table line.

Her nipples were tucked under the wooden edge of the table, just about, only an inch or so separated the wood from her nipples. Trying desperately to resist the urge to rub and play with them was proving too much for the seemingly weak-willed princess. Lifting and playing with her boobs made her thick nubs rub against the wood and she continued to wobble and move them up and down. Every time her nipples were pressed into her large breasts she gasped.

“Sh. Sh...” she tried to hush herself, but it wasn’t working, if anything her moans only grew louder as she continued to play with her boobs.

It felt too good to her, she was powerless to resist the sensation, her

nipples were just too sensitive, the urge too great and then there was the swelling. Like all the other times, her boobs were growing, Alice knew she shouldn't be doing this but there was no stopping her, she needed that feeling. The one issue was that it was quickly becoming harder to play with them as the pressure of her swelling mounds had nowhere to go.

Alice's boobs were now digging into the table, thankfully for her she managed to get her nipple out from the direct edge of the wood, so she was still able to play with them under the table. Her fingers danced around her areola, the bumps outlining the growing circular disk that outlined the area of heightened nerves. The uneven surface of her elongated nipples, about the size of her thumb, added more sensation than her body could handle. Her finger traced over the surface, even through the thread of her clothes she couldn't deal with the immense pleasure.

Biting her lip, hard, she moaned as an orgasm rocked her body.

It didn't stop there, she continued to play, a bit rougher now, pinching slightly at herself, her vagina was spasming from the feeling, she was building up rapidly to another explosive release.

"Too... Much..." She moaned under her breath, and she came again, her body spasming on the bench in the tavern.

The movement made her spill some of Amelia's broth, not that she cared right this second, she was so focused on the pleasurable sensation she was feeling from her huge and swelling breasts. Every second was pure bliss, and she didn't want to stop, for any reason. There had been nothing like this in her

whole life, which felt this good. The building pressure throughout her body as another orgasm loomed was the primary feeling but her boobs were feeling better by the second, bulging above the table and below it, the table acted as an instrument to cause more pressure against her swelling tits.

“B... B-ig...” Alice murmured, revelling in the sensation of being the bustiest woman in the world most likely, the feeling of her boobs was driving her wild and she was losing herself to the corruptive powers of her nipples.

The door to the tavern opened and she panicked, Alice knew Amelia was on her way back, she needed to stop but she didn't want to. She tried to move so that she blocked off the access to her nipples, but Alice realised her next dilemma.

During her orgasmic session she failed to really understand that the swelling of her breasts was creating a problem. With another jerk of her body to try and move she realised she couldn't.

“I'm stuck...”

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