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<The Quest>

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Chapter Fourteen

The next two days on the road were thankfully uneventful, Sorin was a kind and generous man who was focused on protecting Alice and Amelia as they travelled through the forest. Amelia and Alice were glad of the help but even more glad that Alice's growth was rather slow, the "bandage" had to be adjusted once this morning, but it was holding up well.

Near midday on the second day, they felt the caravan come to a stop.

"What's going on?" Alice said she was a bit spooked.

"I think we're here..."

Sorin's rough face peered in, a kind smile spread over it and he looked at the two passengers.

"I can't take you any further ladies... We're a wanted company. Any closer and... Well... This is the last time you'd see Ol' Sorin." He chuckled and reached a hand in to help the girls out.

Grabbing all of their things, he helped them out and set them up to make

the last leg of the journey themselves.

“Right... You keep yourselves safe. I haven’t just trekked over this whole land to see you not get in there and break that curse so please.” He placed his hands on each of the girls’ shoulders. “Be safe.”

There were no words or even actions that could repay Sorin for his generosity.

Bounding down the hill through the thicket onto the main road, they found themselves met with much more traffic than they were expecting.

“There are so many people...” Alice said under her breath, trying to hide herself from the various people traveling to and from the town.

The masses looked a mix of merchants on carts and people commuting towards the capitol, families, people with business and the like no doubt. It was a capital after all.

“Just try to blend in.” Amelia said, looking at her friend’s gigantic chest and trying not to laugh at her own instruction.

The people here were certainly not as rude and brutish as the propaganda back home might’ve suggested; there was an air of class about them that they were not quite expecting. They were in deep Dark Elf territory, so this wasn’t the brutes of the outskirts, it was the families of the inner circle of the kingdom.

They used it to their benefit, rushing towards the nearest magic shop, Amelia only hoped that they had the correct reagents to create more charms to stop Alice going through another growth spurt.

Getting through the gates was surprisingly easy, they certainly hadn't expected to just walk through but it appeared that the guards on the gate were there to stop any trouble, not act as gate keepers to the inner walls.

The capital of the elves was certainly not as advanced as the human counterpart, but everything looked much newer, there wasn't old architecture that made you think of centuries past, it was more like a newly built town back home, more thought had gone into the layout, more considerations, it wasn't a hodgepodge of buildings built together and relentlessly built upon so it was a dense and crowded look.

Sightseeing was not their objective, finding a magic shop was. As soon as they entered the large gate into the town proper, they took an immediate turn down an alley, an attempt to hide Alice's burdensome bosoms.

"There has to be one around here somewhere!"

"Oh my!" a female elf shrieked as Alice bounced past her, almost knocking her off her feet.

"We're drawing too much attention..." Amelia said aloud, mostly under her breath to herself but Alice obviously heard.

"Sorry..." The apology was not heard.

The stress that Amelia was feeling, being so unprepared, so lost and out of her element was taking its toll on the mage. She stopped suddenly, too suddenly for her hyper busty friend who crashed into the back of her. The princesses' legs had stopped but the continued momentum of her giant breasts carried her forward and extra step that made her plough into the back of the

mage, making her stumble forward a step herself when she took the impact.

Amelia grunted as she took the blow, the wind being knocked out of her momentarily, she felt the immense pressure of the younger woman's boobs trying to swallow her. The mage took a step forward and looked at her blushing friend who mouthed an apology. Amelia looked around, her nose stuck out.

“That smell.”

The pause allowed her to locate the smell, like some sort of beast she was led by her nose into a small little building, there was a haze in the air. Amelia entered first, the dimly lit shop was about as creepy as could be, she stopped when she realised that Alice hadn't followed her. Well, that wasn't quite true, Alice was unable to.

The doors on these old looking shops were narrow, far too narrow for someone as endowed as the princess was right now. She looked at the friend, defeated, but Amelia wasn't about to leave Alice out in the city alone. Reaching over she held out her hand; Alice had to bend forward and reach over her cleavage to be able to get her hand to meet the mage's.

“Come on, one big pull and you'll get in.” Amelia was as confident as she was desperate at this point.

With a big pull, the younger woman was yanked forward into the doorframe, her boobs pressed either side of the narrow wooden frame, the impact made her gasp, not out of pain necessarily. Reality was that her boobs were either side of the door, her nipples pressed against the outside wall.

The mage didn't relent and continued to pull her in, Alice shimmied and moved so that one breast came in first, the slow pull meant that her nipple rubbed against the frame. One might expect that to hurt but because her nipples were so big, so hard, they only felt the immense pleasure of the sensation of touch. The frame rubbed the fabric she was wearing against them, and she let out a moan, barely containing it.

"Come. On!" The mage said frustratedly. She was unaware that Alice was almost experiencing nirvana from the sensation.

The second breast was pulled through and because the princess had to turn to her side, it just meant her entire nipple was pressed against the doorframe from left to right. It was slow, Amelia thought she could feel Alice pull back as if to elongate the movement through the door.

Alice moaned to herself, biting her fist, her legs trembling. After she came through the door she stood before her best friend, shaking and panting.

"T-thanks..." She moaned at the mage.

After finally squeezing Alice through the narrow doorway Amelia spotted a woman behind the counter, a cauldron bubbling behind her.

"Lycan root." Amelia said.

"You've got a keen nose." The old crone laughed. "And your friend... I can sense her curse... Let me see..."

"Huh?" The mage was shocked.

The door suddenly slammed shut and the witch stood up. "Take off the cloak, let me see."

“How did you?”

“Silence Human.”

Amelia almost lost her balance; she grabbed onto the nearby shelf and watched as the old elf walked over to Alice.

“You have done well to get this far, especially with that stench on you.” She mused. “But I think you are very lucky to have wandered into my shop, the rest of the town, if they were to find out what I suspect is going on here, they wouldn’t be so... accommodating...”

“H-”

“Is it that crazy to think there is a magical being with a bit more awareness than yourself youngling?” The crone snapped at Amelia. “Now silence. Let me have a look.”

Alice was shaking, visibly trembling but she removed her cloak after a nod from Amelia.

“Well... I’d say this curse has really taken hold here... Wow...” Her wrinkled hands reached out and splayed across the flesh bulging above the makeshift covering. “I’d say you’ve been reducing these too right?”

Amelia nodded.

“Not a bad idea... But the magic was only making it worse... You’re lucky you got here when you did...”

“What do you mean?” Amelia was desperate, on the backfoot and looking at the two other women in disbelief.

So, to her, at that moment, the mission had failed, they'd been

discovered, yet, she wasn't about to start blowing the place up, they were far too deep and there was something about this old woman that seemed almost helpful.

“I bet you came here to make a spell to stop her from getting any bigger... Is that right?” Casting a side eye over at the young mage, she smirked knowing Amelia was going to nod. The silence was good enough of an answer. “I think if you were to do that... She'd double in size by the end of tomorrow. Assuming the spell lasted that long.”

“Charm...”

“Huh? What was that?”

“I specialise in charms...”

“I suppose that could make it last longer... But it'd fail eventually, the slingshot is the issue here.” The old woman slapped her hands on the tops of Alice's breasts making the princess yelp. “I suppose that magic is why you look like that...”

Amelia nodded.

“Magic is a lost art in this city... Only the old and frail practice anymore...” The witch turned and started playing with some vials. “Not many could help you, however, I am probably the only one left alive to have an idea about what is going on here...” The crone waved her hand in the general direction of Alice behind her. “But this world is all about favours and... Well, I am thinking there might be one you could do for me...”

The girls didn't have much of a choice, lost in this land, unknowing what

to do next and seemingly put in a position where this woman could help them. It wasn't like they could say no, even if she was lying.

"What's the favour?" Amelia asked, she was defensive, apprehensive and untrusting of the witch.

"With that tone I'd say you don't trust me much. *Human.*" The venom oozed off her tongue. "You have *no* idea what your people did to my people. It is I who shouldn't trust you, yet, here I am, forgiving and moving on." She chuckled; her words didn't offer any comfort. "In fact, I loathe the king for his decisions in the war."

The girls listened to the tale from the old elf.

"With magic we could've won, yet it was too late, he called upon us far too late, there was nothing we could do, and my sisters died trying to defend this land from your people. And here I stand, old, withered and wishing I could have my youth back. I was plucked in my prime and sent to war. I am lucky to be alive, yes, but after the war... After it was over, I was no free woman... I didn't get back to this blasted town until I was half withered..."

The crone wandered about still playing with a vial and some reagents.

"I have heard a rumour... A very credible rumour... There is an artifact... One that interests me very much. The ones who know what it is capable of are long gone, except for me."

Her prowess as an alchemist was awe inspiring to Amelia, she was just glued to what she was doing, following along as best as she could, losing her only when she made her hands glow as she applied some magic to the reagents

she was mixing together for whatever tonic she was concocting. The story had stopped just a few seconds before she turned with a bubbling cup of something, she presented it to Alice.

“Here.”

Alice took it, her hands trembling, holding it in her hands. She wasn't sure what to do, how could she trust this witch, this dark elf, one that seemed to harbour resentment for humans.

“It won't kill you.” She sighed. “If you weren't listening properly. I don't care about Humans or Dark Elves. I care about me; it took me far too long to put myself before duty.” The witch held out her hands to gesture to Alice to drink. “Drink it and you'll stop growing for... Probably a week... That should be enough time.”

Amelia's ears perked up and she watched as Alice started to draw the cup to her lips. The crone's long finger stopped her from tipping the mug up.

“If you drink this... You'll promise to do something for me...”

“What?”

“Weren't you younglings listening at all?” She looked frustrated. “The artifact? I thought that was quite obvious... Get me the artifact and I'll tell you all about... *These*” The elf moved her hands quickly under Alice's breast, the huge monstrous tits overflowing her hands, she hefted them the best that her frail body could and despite an impressive amount of jiggle, there was little movement because of the weight of the twin mounds.

“Hang on... Let me talk to her...” Amelia tried to interject.

“Nonsense... She’s an adult, a princess no less... She can make her own decisions...” There was a wicked look in the witch’s eyes.

Princess... How does she know?

“I can even tell you how to stop it.” The elf was manipulating the two women, but they didn’t have much choice, she knew that she had them right where she needed them.

“You can?” Alice murmured.

With a confident nod to the princess, the elf watched as Alice drank the whole potion.

Amelia watched as her friend; the princess of the humans swallowed the mystery concoction. She felt a pit form in her stomach as she watched in horror at how easily this one elf got her to drink something. The mage could only watch and hope that her mission was not about to fail.

Alice...

Alice handed the cup back to the elf and smiled before she let out a cough, her hands flew to her chest, and she let out a pained gasp.

“ALICE!” Amelia screamed.

“Princess Alice...” The witch chuckled, watching the young princess struggle for breath and claw at her chest.

“What did you do!” Amelia screamed, her hands filling with fire.

With a snap of her fingers an orb behind the counter started to glow and Amelia felt her fire being sucked from her fingers and absorbed by the orb that seemed to swallow her magic.

“Patience young one...”

Amelia was about to throw herself at the witch, but Alice’s movements became still, she thrust out her chest, and they all watched as her boobs started to shrink. It felt slow to Amelia as she saw the curse being reversed in real time, her boobs shrinking down faster than any human mage had managed.

“Alice...” Amelia said softly.

They didn’t go all the way down, they shrunk enough down for the wrapping to fall loose and onto the floor, leaving her still oversized breasts in the open. The princess yelped and tried to cover her modesty, although it was long gone because of the size of her previously gigantic tits. Alice stood in the room, holding her hands to her nipples, the sensation feeling good to the younger woman, her face turned a bright red as she covered up her boobs.

“A sample of what I can offer you... This is temporary of course... You’ll have a week to get the artifact and after that, the potion will wear off. I can’t say how fast or how big you’ll grow after that... You can thank your human mages for that.”

There were so many questions, so many things that didn’t make sense to Amelia, but there wasn’t time. She needed to focus on the next part. The artifact.

“Tell me everything about this artifact... If you truly know about this curse, we’ll get it for you.” The fire that had been burning in her palms moments ago was outshone by the intensity of the glare in her eyes. One more time, Amelia commanded the witch who was smirking at the mage.

“Everything.”

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