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<The Quest>

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## Chapter Sixteen

The three left in their disguises, even the witch joined them in covering up as she had been a long member of the community, she didn't want to draw attention to herself. The king was oddly cruel so finding out about one of his subjects doing something not to his liking, it seemed like a good idea to just to keep hidden.

The trail was unkept, thankfully at her new size Alice was a lot more mobile and cutting through the thick brush was a breeze now. The two magic users would cast spells to speed their journey up, so long as it was safe and once they arrived at their destination they wasted no time and made their way into the ruins.

With torches fashioned out from some discarded branches and a little bit of magic they made their way into the depths of the stone structure. The castle above ground had been all but destroyed but under the structure was a tunnel that led them to a door, one with a magical lock.

“Thank goodness...” The old elf whispered.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing girl, I am not the only one who knows about this place, and it has been a number of years since I travelled here. I had doubts that it might’ve still remained sealed.”

“Sealed?” Alice spoke up. “So, we can’t get in?”

“I didn’t say that.” The old elf yanked the young princess to her side, taking Alice’s hand, she placed it on the lock, and it immediately started to glow with a pinkish hue. “Yes!”

Despite knowing so much the young woman thought that these reactions did not scream like she knew all the answers.

“So... You know what you’re doing right?” Amelia spoke up.

“Just follow my lead, okay?”

With a forceful shove, she pressed Alice’s breasts against the lock and the pink hue turned into a bright and dazzling light that made all three of them recoil.

“AH!” Alice screamed as she felt her boobs tingle, her legs wobbled as she tried to stay upright.

After a few seconds they all felt the room shake as the massive granite door slid open. A stale draft of air came rushing out from within the depths.

The old crone discarded Alice, thankfully Amelia caught her friend, looking her over she noticed that her nipples were rock hard and her face was flush.

“You okay?”

The blush on the princesses face only deepened, her hand kneading the side of her breast.

“Can you walk?”

Alice nodded, too embarrassed to speak. Amelia helped her still busty friend to her feet.

“Wait up!” Amelia yelled to the witch who was halfway down the next part of the tunnel.

“This is incredible... After all these years...” The old elf was talking to herself; she was so enthralled with the ruins that she had forgotten about the other two.

“Let her go first... We don’t know if this place is safe...” Amelia and Alice followed behind her.

Anything that could’ve posed a threat was taken out by the crone, her keen prowess of the arcane allowed her to protect herself, and by extension, her companions in this dungeon crawl.

Finally, the narrow corridors turned into a large room, the room was covered in what appeared to be runes, Amelia couldn’t make out what they were and if the old elf knew, she was keeping that to herself. Her head was panning around the room, wide eyed she took it all in.

“Incredible...”

“What is all this?”

“Everything I have been searching for...” She trailed off after she met

the altar in the centre of the room.

What's that? Amelia was on edge, she was very worried about this, something wasn't quite right.

"Alice... Come here..."

The Elf's tone put the mage on edge, but Alice was quite out of sorts since the binding to the seal that got them into this place. She willingly left Amelia's arms and shakily walked over to the old witch, she was breathing quickly still, and her nipples were as hard as stone.

"Put your hands on here..." She pointed to the stone altar.

As Alice's fingers made contact with the cold stone, there was a light glow emitting from the altar, a ring forming around the two of them, the old elf was still nimble, she managed to bounce backwards to be outside of the ring when it was complete. It was faint but there was a small amount of magic coming off of the markings on the floor.

"What is it?" Amelia asked.

"Your boobs." The witch yelled. "Put them on the altar."

Despite shrinking in size, it wasn't a hard task, they were still large. Opening the cloak, she placed her boobs on the altar, they squished against the surface, but nothing happened.

"Why isn't it working?" Alice asked.

"The bandages..." Amelia murmured.

"The bandages!" The elf yelled.

After spending time to cover up and readjust the bandage like coverings,

it still wasn't too difficult to release her boobs from their coverings and press them against the stone and the second they did the princess let out a shiver, the cold stone made her nipples very hard very quickly, goosebumps spread over her skin and Alice let out a gasp from the instant rush of cold. Then, before the young woman could complain a dazzling light filled the room in a quick flash. It wasn't quite as bright, and it lasted only a second or so before dimming into a much more reasonable brightness.

Alice's face was one of ecstasy, the altar was moving, morphing and sculpting itself around the princesses' breasts slightly.

"What's happening to her?" The mage yelled as her friend was being swallowed, breast first, by the strange altar.

"There!" The elf pointed to the glowing circle on the floor.

The large circle had two circles that were positioned in front of the altar, much smaller, about the same size as the altar. The magic that was building up in those smaller circles was concerning to Amelia, but the witch was thinking a bit differently.

"We need to stand in those." She commanded.

"How on earth can you know that?"

"I am much older and wiser than you my dear, I know what that magic is, we need to channel into it so we can help Alice now. If we don't, the altar will consume her."

Amelia was too frightened by the words of the elf to risk not following her instruction. She ran over and stood in the circle, a few feet away from the

elf and much farther away from her friend. Her feet inside the circle, she felt the power coursing through her. Turning to her side she saw the witch raise her hand and direct it to Alice.

Amelia did the same, looking at the face of her friend and she didn't look pained or panicked, in fact if Amelia didn't know any better, she would've thought she was turned on.

The thought couldn't stay in her head for long, she needed to concentrate, there was immense power flowing through her legs and now being channelled out of her arm into her friend.

The effect of the completed cycle of power was immediately evident: the altar stopped its advance on the boobs of the princess, but her breasts were looking different. The young human watched on as her boobs looked to overflow the edge of the altar, her friend's eyes rolled into the back of her head and her boobs continued their advance.

“What's happening?”

“We're completing the cycle...”

“What cycle?”

The elf didn't answer, they just continued to channel and watched Alice's breasts grow. Second by second they continued to bulge over the stone circles that had tried to consume her boobs, they grew bigger, but they looked fuller and the veins were starting to look more prominent. The room was filled with the low hum of the magic being transferred into the princess and her moans as she continued her growth.

“Princess?” Amelia shouted, trying to rouse her friend from whatever daze had befallen her.

“Alice?” The elf even seemed a bit concerned.

The young and growing woman continued to explode in size, rapidly returning to the size that they entered the witch’s shop. Her hands were pawing at the ever-expanding skin and she started to moan as her boobs grew. She was starting to lose the ability to reach all the way around so she plunged her hands into any part of her tits that she could reach, gasping with every new inch added.

“Alice!” Amelia shouted louder this time.

“Wrong... Something...” Alice gasped as her hands squeezed into her growing flesh mountains.

“What’s wrong?” The mage asked back.

The question went unanswered, the sensation of the growth was too much for the young woman, the difference between her normal growth and this was slowing her cognitive functions. The softness of her boobs was slowly disappearing, she could feel like her boobs were getting firmer but that wasn’t quite it. Her hands were not sinking into the flesh as much as they were before and Alice was feeling a building pressure in each of her gigantic boobs.

That is when it clicked.

“Filling... Up...” Alice said between moans.

“Filling up with what?” Amelia asked the elf who was looking a bit flushed in the face. “Are you okay?”

The old woman turned to Amelia. “Don’t you feel it?”

The question didn’t need an answer because after she had finished speaking the mage felt what the witch had felt moments earlier. A tightness in her chest, she looked at the older elf’s breasts and saw they were moving under her clothes. They both didn’t break the cast; they dare not risk hurting the princess.

“What’s happening?” Amelia said, feeling a pleasurable tingle wash over her chest, her modest bust was starting to swell.

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