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<The Quest>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Eleven

Amelia had indeed come through the door, saw her approaching her, she hadn't looked at her friend yet, she was eyeing the other patrons in the tavern, a few more had joined without Alice's notice. Amelia returned her gaze to the princess and gasped at what she saw.

"You... Grew..."

She wasn't wrong of course, she had grown, it was the reason she was wedged behind the table, the wooden edge a painful reminder of her most recent self-inflicted growth.

"I d-don't know... What happened..." The red-faced girl lied.

"We need to get you into the caravan... Quick! Before anyone sees!" The mage tried to rush her friend along.

Amelia was panicked because she wasn't sure what she might see if she saw the rest of her boobs that were tucked under the table. The bulge above the table was more than enough to signal to the mage that she had grown. The red

fabric had torn during the latest growth session, the frayed edges of the cut that Amelia had made yesterday were not as strong as the hemmed edges of the rest of the covering, therefore under any sort of pressure it yielded to the swelling boobs, and to say that the fabric was under pressure now would be an understatement. The tear was only a few inches but now it was at least double that, her great boobs were threatening to burst through because of the added pressure from the table.

“Come on, let’s go before you grow anymore.” Amelia grabbed her friend’s arm and gave a pull.

The resistance she faced was far more than even she was expecting. Amelia couldn’t believe *that* Alice was that wedged behind the table.

“Come on, you need to help!” Amelia said, a bit of panic entered her voice.

Alice was blushing, she looked over at her friend and felt the strong pulling from her friend. There was enough force that it was more than a little painful on her arm, the fingers of the mage were pulling at the grey skin, and the force was not nice on her shoulder socket.

That being said, there was another feeling, it was making Alice stop moving because it was so overwhelming and disarming.

Her nipples had been pulled up and were squashed against the edge of the table, every small movement was sending massive jolts throughout her body. It should’ve hurt, but to Alice, and her oversensitive nipples, it was more ecstasy than agony.

“I... I’m-” Alice let out a soft moan. “Mmmmm.... Trying...”

Amelia didn’t clock on and continued to pull and yank her friend out of the tight fit.

“Uuuhhh.... Mmmmm... Am.... Amelia...” the panting of the princess was stopping her from being able to speak or act.

Still Amelia pulled.

The thick and hard nubs dragged against the fabric of the top she had on qtqinw5 5h3 5hidk wooden table. Her thighs were clamped together, her pleasure centre was in overdrive, and she felt an orgasm build rapidly.

“Come on!” Amelia was losing her patience with the situation.

“FFS!!” Alice bit her tongue as she let out another moan and her body went stiff. “Mmmmmm!” The princess was gasping and panting as her body shuddered.

Amelia had realised what had happened in an instant and she let go of the royal girl who had just cum at the table of a dark elf tavern many miles away from home.

Amelia looked around to see if anyone had noticed, thankfully Alice was pretty good at keeping her volume down and as they were so far away from everyone out of the way it wasn’t really noticed at all.

There was an awkward silence between the two, only to be disrupted by Alice’s heavy breathing.

“I’m so sorry princess....”

Alice looked up at her friend and despite the situation, despite still being

mostly stuck, during her orgasm her nipples had popped free from the edge of the table. Her blushing red face burst into a small and quiet laughter.

“I can’t remember the last time you’ve called me princess when it was just us.”

Amelia did laugh at the formality she had slipped up with,

“Well... It isn’t everyday you see your friend like this.” Amelia giggled.

“Well, grand mage if whatever we call you, I think I am not quite as stuck, let me just slide myself out...”

Alice paused, there was something not right. She held her breath and focused for a moment.

Growing.

There was no denying it, she was growing again. Alice quickly pressed down on her boobs and looped her arm.

“Pull.” She commanded Amelia.

With one final, mildly blissful, pull. Alice popped out from behind the bench. Amelia helped her to her wobbly feet.

“You okay?”

Alice nodded, panting slightly from the ordeal.

Amelia smiled. “Good, follow me.”

The smaller girl led Alice through the tavern, her hand was glowing, Alice assumed it was some magic to try and cover her movements. From Alice’s point of view though she could just see the various elves chatting and talking to one another over their breakfast broth.

Looking down though, Alice was greeted with an even larger expansive view of her gigantic breasts. Alice felt like she had enough cleavage to bury one of these dark elves whole. She felt massive, cumbersome and she really did wonder how she would continue the quest from here.

The morning air was brisk; it only made her nipple stay erect. Thankfully the afterglow of her previous orgasm meant that she wasn't quite compelled to touch them. Yet.

Approaching one of the wagons that they were going to be allowed to ride in, Amelia was sure to walk well around the sleeping Vorlag, and she helped her busty friend into the back of the caravan with the cargo. The noise itself from the weight of her breasts she did think would've been enough to startle Vorlag.

She peered around the corner and saw he was actually sleeping, his eyes were open, but he was breathing so heavily and slowly that it could only mean he was asleep. Amelia waved her hand, but he didn't move at all.

At least that could've gone worse.

As Amelia turned around to speak to Alice she was confronted by a giant brute of a grey elf, his grip was firmly on her top, it was so tight that she found herself being lifted off the floor by her clothes.

Her voice was filled with panic "B-Bel...Gor... I assume...."

The dark elf growled in her face, he was a trained brute, his mission was to protect the caravan and right now this big muscly grey monster had caught someone tampering with their cargo.

“Explain yourself. Or you die.” He was as blunt as he was strong.

“I spoke to Sorin... We’re... Joining you...” Amelia was struggling to breathe.

“You aren’t the one he described.” He looked down at her modest chest and back to her face with a snarl he added. “Too small.”

“That’s Alice... She’s in back...”

Belgor with his other hand opened the curtain and he froze for a second before he let go of Amelia. The mage falling down almost a foot, landing gracefully she still needed a second to catch her breath. Looking down at the ground with her hands on her knees she lifted her head and saw movement in the dark elf’s pants.

Shit!

“So big...”

Alice was stunned inside the caravan when she looked out at the giant elf. She was paralysed by fear. The elf didn’t look as intimidating now, his face softened as another emotion started to take hold. Alice, sheltered as she was, even knew what was happening to this elf.

Amelia stood up tall, she didn’t want to blow her cover and use her magic, but she was rapidly realising that this might be it for them both.

“Hey don-” She was interrupted by a heavy fist to her chest that sent her flying backwards, she lost her footing even and fell onto the dusty dirt path.

Belgor was slowly starting to enter the caravan, and Amelia could only watch from the floor.

No!

A rage filled her and the time to think was quickly coming to an end, all she had come up with was to kill the massive elf.

“I’m sorry Alice...”

In her left hand, a fire started to form in her palm, she focused on it and saw how her fingers started to feed more power into the flame, so it turned blue.

When she lifted her vision to take aim, she immediately stopped the power flowing through her fingers and snuffed out the flame. Kasyr and Malakor both grabbed the legs of the horny elf and threw him out onto the floor behind the caravan. Sorin approached Amelia and lowered himself down to her level on the floor.

“I did warn you about Belgor.” Sorin chuckled, seemingly dismissing the seriousness of what just happened. “Don’t worry little one, I will make sure he sees a punishment fit for his crime.

Amelia looked at the signed earth around her hand and let out a sigh of relief and under her breath she muttered.

“That was close...”

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