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<The Quest>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Thirteen

“Sorin!” Amelia shrieked.

There was a pause of sound from outside the wagon, the heavy footsteps from the large elf Kasyr had stopped. Her scream frightened the giant oaf.

“Sorin! I need you in here, now!”

This better work...

Amelia looked over at Alice, still panting from her recent orgasm, her massive breasts wobbling from the heavy movements from her breathing.

Oh gods... This isn't going to work...

The heavy footsteps continued outside and to Amelia it sounded like Kasyr continued his advances to the entrance of the wagon.

“No! Sorin! It has to be you!” Her demand was a bit risky, the boss might've asserted his authority and denied her request, but this was a desperation play from the Mage, she could only hope that her plea was not

falling on deaf ears.

There was a second thud and heavy footsteps moved towards the first set.

“You heard the girl, she asked for me.” There was a thud outside where it seemed Sorin had placed his heavy hand on Kasyr and yanked him away from the door. “Get back up top and make sure we’re clear.”

Sorin’s voice was commanding and intimidating. Amelia nervously started to shake. She had no plan to get out of this, this was the play and she had to commit.

Okay... Let’s go...

Sorin opened the wagon and he was shocked by what he saw. Amelia was right by the entrance; her eyes were streaming tears as she was almost crying hysterically. An act of course but to Sorin, very real.

“Sorin... Please... We need your help... It’s Alice...” She blubbered. “Your men... They won’t understand... Please... Only you...” Amelia cried.

“What’s wrong girl?” The elf at first looked a bit disgruntled but after Amelia threw her arms around his head to hug him, he softened up, her wet eyes covering his shoulders.

That is when he saw Alice. The immense girl was somehow even bigger, the stoic leader gasped. Her hands were trying to conserve her modesty, but it was near impossible now that she had grown so immense, she kept flicking her gaze from her giant tits and Sorin, blushing profusely.

“W-what happened?” He couldn’t bring himself to comment on her

breasts, he tried to keep his composure.

“She... Just grew... Again...”

“*Again?*” The elf asked.

“Yeah, this is why we’re headed to the capitol. Her... Her... She’s cursed!”

Amelia blurted out.

Not necessarily a lie, it meant that it came out much more realistically.

“Cursed...” His voice wavered off, in awe at the newfound growth that Alice had undergone.

“She went over the bridge... That’s why we were on the outskirts... There was a witch there... She cursed her...” Amelia paused to sob. “I need to keep her hidden... We need to get to the capitol, I have a friend there that can help...” Breaking off her hug, she looked into the elf’s eyes, her own still pouring with tears. “Can you please help us...”

Sorin looked at the crying woman and nodded. “Yeah...” then he looked over to Alice. “I’ll keep the boys away... We’re setting up camp... I can get something to help her... Cover up...”

“You would? Really?” Amelia didn’t wait for the answer, she threw herself at him and give the big elf a hug.

Sorin let it happen, for a bit longer than Amelia would’ve thought he would. Alice was still out of it behind her. Sorin broke off the hug and looked her sternly in the eye, behind the tough stare was a caring warmth that she had not seen from him before.

“Stay here... Let me deal with them...” He placed a hand on her shoulder.

“I’ll keep you both hidden and safe... We’ll get you to the capitol... Just...” He paused and his face lowered. “We can’t get you in.” He flashed a look of vulnerability that took Amelia by surprise. “We’re... Well, we’re not the best bunch of Elves around...” He didn’t elaborate or say any more, but Amelia knew this meant that once they get near the gate, it would be just the two of them on their own.

“Thank you Sorin... Any help...” Purposefully not finishing her sentence she welled up again. “Thank you” Amelia made herself cry again and Sorin gave her a shoulder a little rub, more affection than she thought the elf was capable of.

“Just... Sit tight...” Sorin added before stepping backwards and closing the wagon back up.

“Right, listen up, we’re setting camp up here. The ladies are not to be disturbed, unless you want to find yourself bleeding out in a ditch. Got it?”

There were a few grunts of agreement that Amelia could hear followed by footsteps away from the wagon.

“I think we’re safe...” Amelia whispered to her busty friend.

“But... I’m...” Alice was panting, still struggling to catch her breath from the body-wracking orgasm she just underwent. “I’m still growing...”

Amelia hung her head low.

I know...

What do we do...

The mage was stumped, but grateful that Sorin was at least seemingly on

their side. The duo sat still and waited for Sorin to give them the heads up that everything was ready for them.

It was a long wait, one that neither girl could relax for, the constant worry that Alice's breasts would suddenly grow once more. Thankfully her growth spurts remained dormant for their time in the back of the wagon.

Exhausted, stressed and feeling hopelessly out of their depth, they waited for the leader of the elves setting up camp to come back.

Sitting together, Amelia kept thinking and trying to plan what their next move should be. Many iterations of various plans came and went from her mind, there was just so much risk involved and plenty of things that could go wrong, as proven by their current run rate.

It wasn't like Amelia to be this down on her luck, she was a fantastic mage, a wonderful planner and for things to go this far wrong, it was unheard of.

"Alright you lot! Go get some food and wood!" The booming voice of the stoic Sorin made the duo jump. There was a mix of noise in the background and then footsteps getting closer. Alice gripped Amelia's hand, hoping it was Sorin.

The wagon was opened and standing before them, Sorin held up a large piece of fabric, it was folded over many times and draped over his arm.

"I think your friend might want to use this..." He said kindly.

Amelia took the fabric and opened it out and wrapped it around Alice. Her breasts were exposed this whole time and whilst that had become something completely normal to Amelia, Sorin was not dealing quite so well

with the obscenity of what he could see.

His eyes were wide before he caught himself and turned away.

“Thank you Sorin...” Alice murmured weakly.

The large elf blushed and lowered his head out of respect, a surprisingly soft side to the older elf, “I think you girls might want to get into your tent before the others get back...”

He was right, they didn’t want the others to see her in this state, even now covered. It wasn’t worth the risk.

“*Our* tent?”

“Yeah, well, the curse... Don’t want the other’s seeing her like that so I thought to have them make an extra-large tent for you both...”

“That’s so kind.”

“I... I have a daughter... I’d want anyone finding my little girl out in the forest needing help to give them the same treatment...” The elf showed a vulnerability that was far from the brooding leader from before.

“Thank you Sorin.” Amelia placed a hand on his forearm.

Alice got up, barely keeping the fabric covering her breasts as it was just draped over her form, not that it gave her much coverage with her huge hard nipples very visible through the fabric because of their immense size. When she managed to stand straight, she stretched her back, struggling with the immense strain her spine was under that she wasn’t used to, she lost her footing, stumbling, thankfully Sorin caught her by her arm, the sudden jerking of her body made her boobs swing and partially collide with the Elf. Neither of

them was willing to address it out of embarrassment.

With considerable effort she wobbled towards the larger tent, Sorin following them to make sure that they got in safe and unseen.

Once inside, Sorin stuck his head in to say one last thing before he left them in peace. "I'll bring you food once the boys are back. If you need anything..." He didn't finish, he didn't need to, he left and the two friends looked at each other.

Amelia looked at her friends' giant tits. "We've got a lot to sort out..."

Amelia started by fashioning the large cut of cloth into some sort of a bandage to contain and hopefully help support Alice's boobs. It wasn't perfect but it was certainly better than being topless. The covering at the very least was helpful, although at her size now hiding her body was not possible really.

Sensing the privacy that the tent offered Amelia continued to fasten the makeshift bandage like bra and finally broke the silence between the two.

"So... Tell me... What happened in the wagon..."

"What do you..."

"You know exactly what I am on about..."

Alice's attempt to play dumb was a pointless waste of time but the embarrassing blush that spread on her cheeks was enough of a tell to the mage to suggest that she didn't want to say.

Tough.

"I need to know... If I am to stop, this..." Gesturing openly to the princesses' tits. "I need to know what it is..."

There was an awkward silence for a moment before she relented.

“I... It just feels like... A... Ugh...” It was clear that the princess was worried about being so vulgar and forward.

“I don’t have time for you to beat around the bush here... You looked turned on? Is that right?”

Alice nodded.

“So, it feels good when you grow?” Amelia grilled her friend.

“Yes but... It’s before that too...”

“You get turned on, then you grow?”

The princess looked confused, she was working it out herself.

“There is a feeling in my...” She took a deep breath, as if about to rip a bandage off that had soaked into a wound. “Nipples.” She blushed. “They get very... Itchy but in a good way... I have to touch them and then...” She pointed down at her massive melons, her cheeks reddening as she prepared to admit something that she wasn’t even sure she was ready to admit to herself. “I can’t resist... My hands... They... They just go to them... I can’t stop...”

Amelia finished with the bandage, and she stood up and walked before the royalty. Thinking, trying to work out what this meant, if anything.

“Is there anything that happened before either event that might’ve turned you on or made your nipples hard or something?” She was grasping at anything to try and make sense of it.

Alice shook her head. “Not that I can think of... It’s like a wave... It washes over me and then...”

The rest being implied, Amelia started to pace. “No trigger... No reason... Not even sure how it works...” It was a conundrum that was going to bother the mage. “I don’t know how hard it will be but... You can’t touch them... If they feel like that again. Really fight it... Promise me princess...” The desperation of the situation was clear from her plea to the busty woman.

“I’ll do my best.” Alice nodded.

“Good enough.”

“Food’s ready.” Sorin had snuck up on the pair with two big bowls of stew for them. “And... Here’s something else... To help cover up...”

The elf dropped a rather large cloak at the entrance to the tent, it was bright and red, it looked just about large enough to cover a decent portion of the princess, at the very least it might obscure her size from behind so that she could blend in a bit better.

They thanked Sorin and ate their fill before bed, laying down by her side, the warmth of Alice’s breasts proving to be somewhat useful to keep Amelia warm in the cold midnight air.

“Tomorrow... We move on... I hope Sorin will prove to be a real ally to us...” Amelia said softly, resting her body against her younger friend.

The words fell on deaf ears; Alice had already fallen asleep. Amelia couldn’t help but stare at the princess’ massive boobs, watching as they heaved with each breath, the smallest of movement from her diaphragm made those huge things move.

They’re so huge...

It was painfully obvious, but those words couldn't even capture their enormity. They were bigger than anything Amelia had ever seen, there was no good comparison to something of that shape to be that size. Thinking of the largest animals she could, even when they carry a child, their stomachs don't even look as big as Alice's breasts now.

We really need a good run here...

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