

## The Quest - Chapter 5

*The following was a commission submitted to me by a Super Fan on Patreon.*

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Falling asleep was a bit more difficult than you might think when you are concerned about your boobs growing bigger overnight. Thankfully, Alice managed to get a good night's rest. In the morning, she woke up and removed the blanket, overnight there was still some growth like she had expected but this looked again all too much for the normal amount.

Alice started to test their dimensions and quickly concluded that she had grown a lot more than she should. Her boobs had swollen larger overnight, despite the Charm still being on her neck. The growth wasn't some horny imagined dream, it was real, it was concerning and looking down at her chest, Alice could clearly see the growth was getting out of hand.

"I need to speak to Amelia about this..." Alice grabbed another charm from the bag and put it on after removing the first one.

"Talk to me about what?" Amelia startled the princess.

"AAAH!" Alice yelped. "Stop doing that!"

Amelia this time had grown silent, she was staring at Alice's breasts.

"What?"

"You grew again..." Amelia's voice was distant; Alice couldn't gauge her reaction.

"Yeah. Your charm didn't work..."

Amelia's pride took a blow, something she was not about to let slide. "You must've been wearing it wrong. There is no way that my magic failed." Amelia strutted towards Alice and jabbed a finger into her boob. "These are the problem, not my magic!"

Alice should've probably been intimidated by the mage's outburst, but she took it a much different way.

"Hit a nerve?" Alice played dumb.

"What? No!"

"Oh well, I'm sure you don't mind if I question that barrier you put up. I saw a wolf looking over at the camp last night." Alice lied.

Amelia punched Alice in the arm. "Listen here, my magic is powerful, I'm the best mage in this kingdom!"

"I could get you beheaded for that punch; treason I'd call it." Alice giggled, teasing her friend.

"What is it with you royals and decapitation!"

The two laughed it up and started to pack things up ready to make the next leg of their journey. Today was when they would leave the human kingdom and venture into Dark elf land. The capitol to the border was rather short so this was most certainly the easiest part of the journey. Alice was anxious about leaving the kingdom. It would be her first time doing so.

"I don't know what happened last night..." Alice finally brought up the conversation as their horses walked them towards the border. "I felt a warmth in my chest... Then they just grew. The charm still had juice, I knew it did... But it didn't matter, my boobs grew all the same..."

"See! I knew it wasn't my charm!" Amelia missed the point of the conversation, her pride restored.

"I'm serious... I don't know what that was though... What if it happens again? How big do dark elves get in the chest anyway? I'm never going to fit in at this rate... We're going to get captured and killed..." Alice was descending into a pit of despair.

"For what it's worth, they won't kill us, they'll use my magic to help them, and they'll use you as a hostage." Amelia's words were not as comforting to Alice as she might've thought. "Plus, we're not getting caught, I'm the best mage in the kingdom remember?"

"That's the thing Amelia..." Alice pointed to the gorge before them with a large rope bridge swaying in the wind. "We won't be in the kingdom anymore..."

Amelia rushed ahead to the edge of the bridge and dismounted.

"Why are you dismounting?" Alice inquired.

"We're in disguise? Do you seriously think dark elves can afford horses like these?" Amelia pointed to the royal steeds. "We're going to have to walk from here, maybe we can find some other travellers to help but for now... We walk." Amelia pointed to the bridge before turning her attention to the horses.

They got what equipment they could from the horses. Not too much to raise suspicion.

"Here we go then..." Amelia took the first steps onto the wooden slats that held the rope bridge up.

The bridge itself looked sturdy enough, maybe a bit under appreciated and under used. That would make sense, not a lot of people would make the choice to travel between the two lands. Certainly not unheard of though.

The wind was high today, they didn't have the choice to wait, they needed to cover ground quickly, especially before Alice grew any more.

Amelia was sturdy enough on her feet, but Alice struggled thanks to her heavy chest. Her massive mounds wobbled and jiggled with each step. The cloak that was meant to protect her from the wind was being blown open and the peasant rags she had on were taking the brunt of the wind chill, it was making her move and jiggle even more. Her nipples became solid again; Alice was just thankful she didn't have the same urges as before.

Each gust almost knocking Alice off her feet, she held onto the rope as tight as her hands could grip, yet when the whole bridge was swaying in the wind, it was certainly much harder to do. Her breasts too were shaking and pulling her around too, it wasn't very helpful for her balance. The makeshift support band Alice had when she set off was now far too tight, her boobs were barely contained. They bulged above and below the band, the amount of boob that was bulging out was obscene. Thankfully her tatty garment was good at hiding them, although it had far gone past the point of effectiveness doing that job. Her swollen tits were stretching the linen fabric, there were tears starting to form and with all the wind blustering her from side to side, it was only a matter of time before the inevitable happened.

The movement of her I cup breasts finally gave way to the band holding her boobs in, the elasticated fabric snapped and with that her boobs almost seemed to surge forward.

"Shit!" Alice yelped.

The sudden drop made her fall forward and her top tore open down the middle, a vast sea of cleavage, only rivalled by the gorge they were crossing. Instinctively her hands flew to her melons, and she held them tightly to stop any further ripping of her clothes.

This was a mistake as her lack of grip on the sides was timed poorly with the next gust of wind that threw her almost over the side. A few supplies flew out the sack on her back but most importantly her satchel flew over the side. The satchel that contained the reagents for the charms. Despite holding on for her life, trying not to plunge to her rocky demise with her final resting spot being the shallow stream at the bottom, Alice still watched in horror as the one thing keeping her from turning into just a giant pair of tits reached terminal velocity as it breached the water.

Amelia's hand grabbed the princess's cloak and yanked back onto the bridge.

"Go go go!" she yelled over the wind, her voice barely heard as the wind continued to pick up.

The two made it to the other side, barely.

"No wonder nobody uses that bridge..." Amelia fixed up her clothes and hair.

Alice fell to her knees panting. Her boobs hung between her and the floor, massive and heaving with each breath. She didn't know what to do with the fact her breasts were basically out in the open. The weight of them was pulling her towards the floor. Her boobs wanted nothing more than to make contact with the grass and spread out beneath her.

“Am... Amelia...”

“Yeah?” The mage looked down on the floor at her companion.

“I think we might need to rework this disguise...”

“Why-”

Amelia stopped because she saw what the issue was. Alice had lifted herself up onto her knees, Amelia was staring directly into the crevice that her boobs were making. Although Amelia had seen Alice larger than this, there was certainly something much more candid about the whole experience and broken clothes that gave the mage pause.

“Yeah... We might have a problem...”

Alice looked up at Amelia with a serious glare. “That’s not all...”

“What?”

“The satchel... The spare charms, the reagents...” She couldn’t even bring herself to say the words.

“How many do you have left?” The young sorceress looked concerned finally.

“This one and the spare I had in my pocket... I might have the broken one still somewhere... But the satchel... Gone...”

“Well... That doesn’t bode well for your back...” Amelia tried to lighten the mood, but it was not the best time to do that.

“I’m going to explode... Aren’t I?” Alice sounded very concerned.

“No, no. I’ve got a plan B, C and D, so don’t worry!” Amelia reassured the princess, but Amelia was bluffing. There were some ideas in the wizard’s brain but to say they were fully formed plans was most certainly an overexaggeration.

“We just got to hope that one holds up for a bit long-” As if on cue, the charm’s light faded. “Well, I guess we better get moving...”