

# The Quest - Chapter 1

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

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The sun beat down on the market town with relentless force.

“By the gods it is hot today.” The merchant said out loud, wiping his forehead with a rag he had hanging up on his stall.

“Sure is...” The merchant next door commented with an exasperated tone.

They both looked at the royal palace which stood tall on the other side of the market.

“Bet they’ve got it nice in there ey?”

“I bet they’ve got some ice in there...”

“How?”

“Mages? You’ve seen how many mages go to that place each week?”

“What are you talkin’ about?”

“They say the princess has a curse; don’t tell me you’ve never heard about that?”

“Well-”

“It’s a bit rude to gossip about someone standing in front of you, don’t you think?” The two men were interrupted by a sweet voice that commanded more respect than one might expect for the age.

“The Princess!” Both men yelled.

Standing before the two sweaty men stood Princess Alice, she had recently turned 21 years old a few months ago, a short and sweet girl who was slim and fit, had been her whole life. Her long brown hair and deep blue eyes made her stand out in the town. She used to visit all the time but since her 21<sup>st</sup> birthday she had been a bit more of a recluse.

For good reason.

Alice was a Princess of the people but when she turned 21 she started to change, it started with her not being able to fit in her B cup brassiere. In a few days she was looking at sizing up again and again two days after that. Whatever was going on only accelerated.

Thankfully she was the Princess, the kingdom was rich and there was plenty of help from the mages across the realm to help her.

Today was the first day she had been able to visit the town since her 21<sup>st</sup> birthday.

“I’ll take this lot.” Alice pointed at a small fortune of fruit and vegetables from the first merchant. “And that rug, I love that design, I’ll take that one and throw in another one.” Alice dropped a large satchel of gold onto the counter. “I suspect that will more than cover it.”

The men looked at each other and back at the generous youngster. “Ma’am we couldn’t...”

“You can, or you talking behind my back will be the least of your issues.” She giggled.

Alice was known for spreading her wealth around, being kind to all townsfolk and without her around it was only natural that the chatter of the town was solely focused on her absence.

“Yes Ma’am” The men got to work getting her things ready.

Alice shuddered; there was an eerie sense that sent a shiver down her spine.

“Well... I guess what they say isn’t true...” The voice of a woman behind Alice made her shake.

“And what would that be?” Alice turned and was face to face with a large and imposing woman, she was thin and lanky but she looked very creepy in her long white robe, the hood that covered her face was especially unnerving, beneath the hood Alice could just about make out that her face was scarred. There was a mark of a religious cult on the robe that meant that she was probably in some sort of danger. Alice knew she needed to be careful.

“They told me that you couldn’t leave your chambers...” She let out a single cackle. “Couldn’t fit...” Her spindly finger came up to Alice’s neck. “Through the...” Her finger made contact with the white faintly glowing charm on her necklace. “Door.”

There was a sudden release of energy that only Alice and the strange woman seemed to feel.

Alice gasped as she felt a warmth spread over her chest, the tight-fitting corset that she had bound herself in was suddenly feeling much tighter. Looking down Alice gasped and then back to the woman with a large smile across her face.

“Oops...” She giggled.

“No... Not here...” Alice struggled not to lose her cool.

“I know all about that curse Princess... I know who set it and most importantly...” The woman pushed and prodded Alice's swelling breasts with her finger. “How to stop it.”

“S-stop... It...” Alice mumbled.

Alice had been given very little hope since she was first told she was cursed, she was given next to no information even. She just knew that unless she had some help from the mages of her parents' court, she wouldn't be a B cup for long.

When the growth first started there was a call to arms to mages to gather as much information as possible as possible and a hope that they could not only stop the curse but reverse it. They were barely able to reverse the effects but all attempts to stop the curse had failed. The reagents that the slowing spell required were costly and rare but to reverse the Princess' bust back to normal was even more costly.

The first few weeks required the spell to be cast a few times but as the weeks progressed it started to accelerate. Suddenly the need for more reagents had increased and so did the price. Thankfully there was a very powerful mage that specialised in charms and creating totems. Her name was Amelia and was well known to the Royal family thanks to being a third-generation sorceress. Using her knowledge and wealth of power she was able to make a necklace that was capable of transmuting a slowing spell via a charm into the princess' body which would slow the progression of the curse. It wasn't fool proof, it wasn't that cheap, but it was better than the alternatives offered so far.

The charms had been working well; they sometimes would break or malfunction but not any more than the spell's usage that the other mages had tried before. Each charm lasted a few days but due to the immense power within, they would require Alice to visit Amelia to create the charm on the spot for her. That was a number of months ago and over time the two had become close friends. They were both almost the same age with Amelia being younger by only a few months.

Alice had felt a charm malfunction and break before, but this wasn't what had happened here. Alice knew that this priestess was the cause of it, her finger gave a light flash before the charm faded, and the familiar sensation of growth had returned.

However Alice felt something more this time, the growth was a lot more forceful than before, if she had seen what was behind the priestess' hand she would've seen a purple glowing wand.

She was accelerating the expansion Alice was feeling.

Within seconds she needed to untie the corset but there was no use, she couldn't reach it from her current position. The pressure increased still, and the two women looked at each other.

"Where... How... What do I need to do..." Alice had fallen for the twisted words; she only hoped that it wasn't a lie.

"Here... Take this my future Queen..." The woman handed curled parchment that when Alice opened it she quickly realised where this was.

"This... This is..." Looking up to meet the woman's gaze, she found that she was left alone staring at the map as her boobs continued to grow rapidly in her corset. "Mirefin forest..."

With that her corset tore open under her clothes and she felt herself fall forward to try and catch herself. Minutes had passed and the B cups that the mages had set her up with this morning along with the reduced rate of growth the charm allowed her was a far cry from what she was grasping at now.

“So... Fast...” Alice looked up, thankfully nobody else was paying attention.

Quickly fleeing, she left the gold and the goods to the merchants and rushed towards the castle. Every step she took she could feel the increased weight of her bosom against her arms; it wasn't long before she was overspilling her arm.

“What did she... Do...” Alice groaned, out of breath.

She leaned against a wall near a back passage into the royal garden. Her boobs were now free from her grasp, unable to hold herself up and contain her swelling breasts, she looked down at her chest and saw how their march was ceaseless. Each second she could feel their weight increase, swelling against her hands she continued to grow, feeling the weight start to pull her down. Alice didn't know what to feel or what to do, she was just growing bigger by the second.

“They're so big already...”

“You can say that again.”

Alice almost jumped out of her skin but was pleased to see Amelia was there, with one hand she outreached her palm, and a familiar white glow sparkled from her hand and Alice's boobs felt warm, yet their growth slowed. Amelia was proving herself to be a very powerful mage, capable of slowing the growth for 5-10 seconds at a time without reagents. The free hand conjured up another charm bead. Taking it from her most trusted friend and mage, she attached it to her necklace and felt the small pressure that was still present with Amelia casting her spell, finally disappear.

“Thanks...” Alice panted out of breath.

Amelia tried to look tough, and she nodded before she too burst into a fit of gasps. “I know...” She panted. “I'm not getting weaker...” Looking at the dead charm that Alice had taken off her necklace a few seconds prior. “This should've lasted another four days at the minimum, likely nine...”

“There was... This... Woman...” Alice gestured tall above her. “She had a white cloak and there was this symbol... I think it is the Scions...”

“Lunatics... Right... Well...” She stood back up and took another few deep breaths. “They don't usually possess enough power to break something as strong as my charms... That is a bit concerning.” Pondering the young mage started to go through her brain for some ideas. “Well... What did she... or they want?”

“She gave me this... Said it could break the curse...” Alice handed her friend the scroll and looked down at her chest, thankfully having been halted from their advance by Amelia.

This was not the biggest she had been in the last few months, not that she was aware, but when she would get too big, her parents would get a mage to send her into a sleep to protect her from the curse, it was more a precaution because here she was now, bountiful G cups hanging heavy on her chest, she thrust them out to see their size and feeling the pull of them when she did almost made her fall over. Thankfully Alice was able to grab onto the wall for safety.

“You okay?” Amelia said, startling the princess.

“Yeah... I umm... Just never been this... Big...”

Amelia chuckled. “When you were sleeping, you got a lot bigger, trust me.” Amelia added with a nonchalance that made Alice blush.

Looking back down Alice stared at the way her boobs stretched out her top, struggling to contain her giant melons. She couldn't see her feet and a good portion of the floor, to her they sort of just filled up a large part of her field of vision when she looked down. Imagining herself bigger made her chest flutter.

“H-how... How big?” Alice's curiosity got the better of her.

“Oh... I'd easily say the size of Elemelons.” Amelia gestured her hands outwards from her own D cups, “Probably... About here”.

Amelia's hands gestured to what Alice guessed would be in the middle of the alphabet.

“Oh my!” Alice blushed.

“Yeah, they were pretty big, good thing you've got an awesome mage for a friend to make sure you didn't get crushed by those bad boys... Or erm... Boobs I guess would be more apt.” Amelia smiled.

Alice looked at Amelia's still outstretched hands and then back to her own chest.

“That's big...”