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<The Quest>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Nine

Alice tried her best to keep up with Amelia but thanks to her abdomen dominating boobs, she was getting winded even trying to match half the pace of the mage who was not really considerate of the massive weight that Alice was lugging around.

“Am... Eli... A...” The busty princess panted, out of breath. “Wait... Up...”

“Sorry... I guess I didn’t realise.” Amelia stopped and they both waited for Alice to catch her breath.

“What... What are we doing?” Alice asked, she felt left in the dark and she certainly didn’t want that to be the case for even a moment longer. “What did you mean... Put these to good use...” She looked down at the fabric stretching mounds.

“Okay... So... There is a caravan in town...”

“You said that already...” Alice interjected.

“Let me finish please.” Amelia smiled. “We’re going to lay on our girly

charms to get us in the caravan.”

“G-girly charms?” Alice had never had to use her charm for anything; she was the princess.

She looked at her grey hand and back to Amelia’s dark elf form. She wasn’t a princess right now, she was an extremely busty dark elf with tits bigger than probably the whole dark elf population’s breasts combined. Each breast would’ve probably taken a caravan of merchants to fully cover the surface area of her huge globes.

“Yeah, look...” Without warning Amelia raised her finger and a spark shot out of her finger and there was a loud tear that filled the air around them.

****ZZZZZZTTT****

The swift sound was sharp and quick, and Alice looked down to see a hole now in her top. It felt counterintuitive but the vast sea of jiggling flesh seemed to elicit a reaction from both of the straight girls so Alice could only guess what it might do to the opposite sex.

“Woah...” Amelia dropped her cool and confident attitude to admire the bulging breasts.

Despite their grey hue making them look a bit strange to the humans, their size and girth was undeniable, they knew they had to work.

At a much slower pace they made their way to the tavern. With her assets now on show there was a lot more motion to watch out of the corner of their eyes. Getting back into the town Alice had to bring her walk speed to an even slower pace, without the protection of the forest she was concerned about

what it might look like to be seen carrying her gargantuan breasts.

Letting go of them was hard, she did so as slowly and lightly as possible as not to disrupt her balance too much. With each inch she dropped her arms from her boobs she could feel the strain move from her arms to her back. It wasn't a very fun experience, and it was more cumbersome than painful. She had to adjust her gait to make sure she could walk reasonably normally.

Now resting somewhat against her torso they jutted out far in front of her, the fabric was pulled tight against them, and they bounced and shook freely through the gap. Every step she took sent a ripple through her boobs, like a knock on from her body hitting the underside of her breasts.

“We need to give you something for support...” Amelia said bluntly.

“Please...” Alice huffed as they made their way to the tavern entrance.

Outside the small building were a few carts and horses pitched up, there must've been something substantial in the carts that they were carrying because there were two dark elves watching over the carts with swords in their hands.

“Hello there, are you headed to Mirefin Forest?” Amelia kept a hand behind her back, it wasn't glowing. Yet.

Alice bounced into position by her side and saw the guard who looked quite intimidating with his grip tight on the handle to the sword, he eased up when his eyes met the giant breasts attached to Alice.

The dark elf was stunned, how could he not be, the boobs that Alice had were multiple times bigger than his head at a guess. He stared for a few more

seconds before Amelia spoke again.

“And this... This is Lyraia.”

He snapped back to reality and looked at the dark elf before him. “What was that luv?” The brutish man looked particularly muscly for a dark elf, his speech only implicated how much of a brute he was. “You should speak to the boss, he’s in there... Wouldn’t mind having you two on the journey....” The elf clearly thought he was smooth talking the girls, it wasn’t working but to play along Amelia knew what she had to do.

Her hand started to glow, and Alice’s boobs started to move from side to side, a cold spell made her nipples become erect, they were clearly visible through the thin and taxed fabric. Amelia thought the brute elf was going to cum in his pants at the sight.

“We’ll have a word with him... Thank you...”

“Vorlag... I’m Vorlag...”

“Well thank you Vorlag.”

Amelia turned to walk away but Alice wasn’t quite ready to join her. In all of her life she had experienced power but not like this. This man was about to lose his mind because of her body. The power of lust was intoxicating to Alice at this moment, mostly due to her nipples being hard and rubbing against the fabric whenever she moved. She shook her chest from side to side one last time before Amelia grabbed her by the shoulder and yanked her to follow her.

“Glad you’re in character; we’ve got at least one more to get onboard.”

Alice was silent, she was embarrassed that she was losing herself to the

moment.

Walking into the Tavern it was exactly what Amelia had expected. The place was entirely made of wood, the heavy wooden floorboards indicated they had a basement downstairs for their beer no doubt, but it was good she knew it was there, it would allow for a speedy exit if things turned bad.

The bar had some very intricate designs carved into it, the thick heat of the fire was filling the air. It wasn't cold out, but the sun was going to set soon so light and heat were going to be in demand in a few hours.

The dark elves they could see were mostly keeping to themselves, they were glad they hadn't looked up, but Alice was trailing behind. That is when they saw the points.

A dark elf here or there was pointing over in Alice's direction, one by one they turned to look at the busty princess.

"Say nothing. Follow my lead." Amelia said under her breath before she took a first brave step into the bar.

"MmHmmm" Alice agreed and followed.

There was a crowd of three elves on one table, Amelia guessed this was the Caravan boss and team.

"Hello there, Vorlag sent us."

Two of the three elves were gawking openly at Alice's breasts, Amelia determined that they were not in charge, the one seemingly controlling himself was most likely in charge.

"And why did he do that?"

“I just asked if you were headed to Mirefin.”

“Tcch! The capital, why on earth would you two want to go there?” He looked disgusted. “There is a lot more money to make out here in the outskirts. Especially for your friend there....”

The implication made Amelia angry, but she was in control of her emotions and very keen to make this work.

“Well... That might be true... My friend here needs to visit the capitol, she needs some... Support.”

“I’ll say... If my men gawk anymore, I might suggest they carry them for the poor girl.”

Alice blushed from the comment, but she was relishing the shameless staring. She couldn’t help but bounce on the balls of her heels to watch how they followed each movement of her giant breasts.

“I am sure they’d like that...” Amelia laughed. “I was hoping we might be able to hitch a ride with you. Throw us in with the cargo and we will be out of your way. Wherever you’re going, as long as it is inland. Some nasty humans saw my friend and they had to meet an untimely fate.” Amelia’s hand was glowing, and she pulled out a dagger which was covered in blood and placed it on the table.

The two other elves jumped when the knife hit the table, they broke their gaze to Alice’s breasts for but a second to see the blood covered blade.

“Why the cargo?” The leader asked.

“Well... Your men won’t be distracted if they can’t see her.”

The older dark elf burst into laughter. “Right... Right you are...” He chuckled before standing up and outstretching his hand. “My name is Sorin. This is Kasyr and Malakor. Outside you met Vorlag and Belgor.”

Amelia grabbed the world weathered Elf’s big hand and shook it. “We didn’t introduce ourselves to Belgor.”

“Well, you certainly want to cover up your lady friend.” He said sternly. “Belgor can be a bit much.”

“Thank you.”

“We’re resting for the night, if you want to join us in the morning, we leave at first light.” Sorin picked up his tankard of mead and took a long swig. “Might I suggest you get some rest. Here you’ll be safe, I cannot promise what the road might bring.”

“You’ve got some big and mighty men to look after us, I’m sure we’ll be fine.” Amelia complimented the group.

“I meant more from them...”

Like if a switch had been flicked in Amelia’s head, she reached forward and grabbed the knife and stabbed it into the table before Malakor. The noise made him almost jump out of his skin.

“Well. I know how to handle myself.” Her voice was stern and powerful. Her eyes were burning with a rage from within. “Do your men?”

Sorin reached out softly and placed his palm on Amelia’s wrist. “I don’t want to have to replace any of my business associates.” He laughed. “I’ll make sure they behave. Or I’ll warn them that they’ll have to deal with you.”

Amelia didn't let up; she plucked the dagger from the table and sheathed it.

"See you in the morning then." Amelia added before turning to speak to the barkeep for a room.

Alice walked backwards, watching how the two hypnotised elves' eyes didn't leave her boobs the whole time, the tingling between her legs was not only from the stares but from the fabric rubbing against her still hard nipples.

Amelia handed some gold over and turned to Alice. "Everything okay?"

Alice's face was flush, she was still staring at the elves, intoxicated with their hungry gaze.

"Yeah... They... They really like them, don't they..."

"Well of course. Boobs are the cheat code to male brains... Sometimes women too." Amelia paused, still on edge, knowing she was in enemy territory right now, unlike her companion. "We're going to have to set some traps on the door... I don't trust them not to come in at night..."

Alice looked shocked for a second, she hadn't considered the danger she was in but then she thought about what they might do to her, how they might touch her breasts. The thought made her legs wobble. She had never been touched like that in her life.

Amelia and Alice shared a room for safety more than anything. The bed was small, so the mage offered it wholly to the princess and she started casting magic on the door.

"You get some rest; I'll make sure we're safe before I nod off."

Alice looked at her friend and she was quite worked up, so it was going to be difficult to fall asleep. Still, she thanked her friend and made the effort to get some rest.

The bed made a lot of noise, like it was struggling with the weight of Alice's breasts. Amelia watched the hyper busty dark elf as she tried to get comfortable with boobs so big that she couldn't really lay on her front because of the huge boulders, her back because she would get crushed under them so that left the side. But even that wasn't great, they were so big and firm that they meant that she couldn't just lay side on, she was at a weird angle.

"Let me help..." Amelia brought some pillows to her back to steady her in one position. Standing up and looking at her handiwork she couldn't help but think about the most obvious thing.

I really hope she doesn't grow too much tonight... Especially with no charm...

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