

Mana Leak

“Is that the best you’ve got??” Cyana laughed, reflecting another of the young mage’s attacks. “I must admit, I’ve fought some low-skill adventurers in my time, but none quite like you!”

Kit stumbled to the floor from exhaustion. Even his armor hung heavy on his body; he wasn’t sure he could muster any kind of defensive attack should the sorceress choose to strike.

The list of her atrocities was long. One town in particular had been terrorized by Cyana’s perverted kind of rage for many years. Thus far none had managed to best her in battle, though many had given their lives attempting to do so. Perhaps if the journey to locate her in such a dungeon hadn’t been so grueling, Kit would have had the energy left to fight.

Black leather boots echoed in the cave walls when she approached. Her boot stopped only inches from his face and reflected the golden light of the surrounding torches. Craning his neck upwards, Kit looked upon his target.

Cyana was a picture of erotic beauty by all measures. Though wanted for more crimes than Kit had bothered to read, he couldn’t deny the pure sexuality pouring off the sorceress. Many adventurers found themselves defeated by her looks alone before even exchanging spells. Looking up at her now, even Kit had to admit it was tempting to give in.

A flowing black dress covered her body and shimmered purple with its movements. It trailed behind her but drew shorter in the front, only reaching above her knees. With a slit going up each side of the dress, her legs were free to move as she needed, as well as gift any opponent a tantalizing view of thighs covered in a softness only attainable by magic. The slit extended far enough for Kit to glimpse the side of her bare hip and he knew she wore no undergarments. Further up, the dress led into wisps of sheer fabric winding around her torso like a tornado. Enough skin was shown to give any man a clear image of what lay beneath but withheld enough to leave them desperate for more. Slivers of black cradled the underside of her breasts and curved to block her nipples from view. The same fabric fluttered down her arms and attached at a finger. With black hair and piercing ruby lips, Cyana was as beautiful as she was dangerous.

“Enjoying the view?” she laughed with amusement. Kit was sure she bent her leg enough to tease him with a view of what waited between her thighs. Catching his gaze, Cyana laughed again and took a few steps back. “You adventurers are too predictable. Either you want to fight or you want to ogle.”

“I-I’m here...*nnggh*...” Kit grunted, trying to get to his knees and rise to face her once more. “I’m here to do a job,” he affirmed, “To take you in and make you atone for the crimes you’ve committed!”

“Ooooh, and what would those be?” she cooed, raising a finger to her lips.

“Seduction... Theft... Murder... Bribery... Impersonation--”

“That noble was *lucky* to have found me in place of his wife,” Cyana scoffed. “And very excited too, I might add. He--”

“*Arrugh!*” Kit flung his hand forward to send a ball of fire crackling through the air. The effort sent him to the floor, struggling to stay upright on a single knee.

It took minimal effort on Cyana’s part to avoid it and she batted it away with a bare hand. “Come now, do you really still wish to fight me?” Going down to one knee to bring her face to face with Kit, she stated, “You’re out of mana, kid, and I’ve yet to break a sweat.” Her arms crossed under her bust to raise an ample pair of mounds toward her collarbones. Pale cleavage called to Kit like warm milk after a long day. “Isn’t there something *else* you would rather do with me before I end your life?”

The temptation was near overpowering. Kit wanted nothing more than to accept defeat and give in to the lustful aura pouring off the sorceress. Plenty of adventurers had fallen prey to it before him.

“I...I can’t,” he said, tearing his eyes away. “If I do the cycle continues. Someone else will come along after me. I can’t let that happen.”

Cyana smiled and stood up. “You’re a determined mage, I’ll give you that. *Mmmm*, and handsome, too...” One of her hands slid across the sheer fabric covering her stomach and rested between her thighs. Eyes shining with hunger, she giggled with a sexual madness. “How about I cast a seduction spell on you and we finish this squabble?” Rubbing her groin, she moaned and added, “A sex slave isn’t the worst way...*mmm*...t-to go, you know...”

Cyana raised her hand and her fingertips began to emanate a red glow. There wasn’t much time left before Kit’s mind was gone and he was the sorceress’s object to use as she pleased. Every attack and spell he had tried until this point had failed and his mana was low enough to cause faint. Straining for any possible way out, Kit searched his mind for any strategy or attack he could use to turn the tables.

Cyana’s hand glowed brighter, her spell ready to cast. A foggy memory popped into Kit’s mind, bringing with it a half-remembered spell from a drunken night years ago.

“I promise I’ll be gentle,” she said licking her lips. Her hand flashed a second later in a bath of red light just as Kit touched his shaking fingertips together and drew them apart to expand the space between them.

The red glow vanished, retreating into Cyana’s body like a ghost. She staggered back in shock and felt her abdomen for injuries. Unsteady on her feet, she gasped between increasingly heavy breaths. “W-What...*mmmm*...What did you do??”

Kit watched, pleading the spell was cast correctly. Within moments it became clear.

“My body... M-My *mana!*” Cyana stammered. Her face was flushed red with unprecedented arousal and she staggered backward. Landing heavily on her heels, Kit saw a heavy bounce fall from her breasts. The sorceress felt the same, looking down with wide eyes.

“*Ahh! A-Ahh!! What have you done??*” she exclaimed, hands flying to grope her bust as it began to buck and heave. The beautiful design of her dress shifted and warped across her front. Cyana’s breasts were filling outward as if each gasping breathed were flowing into them. He

could see their outlines expanding through the sheer fabric fighting for room. An evident line of cleavage divided them down the middle and rose from her collar.

“*MMM!!! M-MMMM!!*” she howled in ecstasy, hands digging into a bust swelled larger than her head. She raised a hand in retaliation but the spell backfired once more, increasing her growth. “*What...NNGH...What magic is this?! My bosom!! It’s--*” She stopped, a second tightening in her dress grabbing her attention.

Cradling her bust, Cyana looked behind her to see the outline of her rear end drawing fabric from the dress. Her hips widened like the banks of a river in a storm and she struggled to keep her balance. “*A-Ahh!! MMMMM!!! I can’t...fight this!!! I...MM!*”

Energy returning, Kit stood to wobbly feet. “You like it?” he huffed. “It’s something a demon taught me after I bested him in a drinking game. Counters a spell and directs their own mana back into them.” Looking upon Cyana’s bloating curves, Kit was pleased with the results. “Wasn’t sure I remembered how to do it!”

“*AHH!! OOHFFF, GODS!!*” The pleasure surging through Cyana’s body was torrential and all-powerful. It paralyzed her in place and numbed her thoughts and actions. Orgasmic waves passed through her almost as frequently as her labored breaths. “*O-OOhhhhh my BODYYYY!!*”

Kit watched as her dress pulled tight. The lines of her breasts could be seen creeping across her stomach through the sheer fabric and filling all available space. Stuffed down her front in a rounded mass, the sorceress almost looked to be inflating like a balloon. The bright pink of pulsating nipples stood hard, ready to tear through the dress and greeted him through the warped windows.

“*I-I can’t!! Gods, I CAN’T handle this!!*” Cyana moaned. Her nails tore at her dress and ripped holes into the fabric. Desperate to feel her engorging skin, she split her dress open to release a pair of mammaries reached beyond her hips. “*MMM!! MMMMM!!! A-All my manaaa is...i-is filling me!! I’m STRETCHING!!*”

Cyana’s legs buckled together under the weight of such a chest and a balanced ass large enough to bunch her dress on top of her hips. Its cheeks protruded on each of her hips like massive, jiggling globes of flesh and folded against the backs of her thighs. One hand gripped a thumb-like nipple while another dove between quivering thighs to massage her pussy.

“*Too heavy, it’s too much!!*” Cyana’s breathing grew more rapid by the second. Kit was almost scared the spell was too much for her to handle and wondered if her body could last.

BWOOMP HH!!

Cyana fell to the ground amid the jiggling masses of her curves. The force of her weight on top of her chest pushing against the ground threw her into an inescapable abyss of pressurized orgasmic pleasure. “*AAHHHHHHGGGHH!!!*” she screeched, her entire body tensing as her arousal completely took over.

Shuddering in release before bloating to a final, skin-stretching size, Cyana passed out from overexertion with a number of fingers still thrust inside of her. Kit stood over the defeated

sorceress in shock, not expecting the spell to work as it had. The over-stimulated cries still rang in his ears; her breasts and rear were large enough to fill a traveling merchants wagon with enough left over to bulge over the sides.

A sigh of relief escaped the adventurer. His life was safe and his target was incapacitated for the time being.

“Not sure if I didn’t cast the spell right, or if that was supposed to happen...” he thought, scratching his head. Shrugging, he gathered himself to return home. “Time to claim that rewa--”

Kit stopped, now realizing his situation. Exhausted and completely out of mana, he had no clear way to transport Cyana’s bloated form back to town and turn her in. A simple attempt to lift a one-hundred-gallon-barrel-sized breast only resulted in his arms sinking into their depths of extreme softness. The sorceress would not budge, much less move.

“*Dammit!?*” Kit swore, falling to the ground in frustration and leaning against her wobbling cleavage. Its warmth was soft and inviting, lulling the tired adventurer into a drowsy state. “Not the worst way to recover my energy, I suppose...” he grumbled closing his eyes for the time being while he considered his next move.