

Mana Leak 2

“Have a good sleep, pervert!” Hawly called from the guildhall. The voice carried well through its rafters and up the flight of stairs where Kit was ascending to his chambers.

Rolling his eyes, Kit ignored the teasing and replied, “I will!”

“Hope ye ‘ave some *swell* dreams!” another mage, Calfor, added, roaring with laughter at his own joke.

Hawly choked on his grog. “Shh! Don’t make fun of him too much! Or he might cast a nasty growth spell on us too!”

Calfor snorted and starting re-dealing the playing cards for another round. “Maybe now tha’ he’s gone we can give it our all and not be ‘fraid of beatin’ him! Or do ye save those spells for jus’ the ladies, Kit?” He nudged an elbow into the side of a sorceress sitting to his left. “I ‘ear Melda here was interested in givin’ them a try or two!”

Melda shooed Calfor’s elbow away. Lifting her cup for a swig of her own drink, she glanced over its rim and up the stairs while Kit could still hear. “You come near my body with one of those spells and it’ll be the last thing you ever do,” Melda warned, narrowing her eyes at the mage. She had seen the effects of his efforts first hand on the evil sorceress Cyana; her curves were overflowing a merchant’s small cart when Kit brought her into town. Melda placed an arm protectively across her own chest and found a familiar set of ample assets hidden under her tunic. “Last thing I need is to be any bigger...” she grumbled.

“For the last time, it was an accident!” Kit tried to defend himself. “I didn’t mean for Cyana’s body to grow in such a way!”

“Suuuure ye didn’t,” Calfor winked. “And I’m sure ye didn’t watch e’ery second o’ her filling transformation either!”

Kit sighed. “Good night, guys.”

“Have a...*fulfilling* rest!” Hawly called.

The chamber door closed and cut off their laughter. Life at the guild hadn’t been the same for Kit after he managed to capture Cyana. It was true he reaped the benefits of a hefty reward and infamy, but with it came the wide-spread word of his unusual methods. At worst he was labeled a deviant, perverted mage using his magic to transform unsuspecting women’s’ bodies. At best he was a sex dream come true with beautiful harlots begged for his magic touch. The first wasn’t true and unfortunately, the latter had happened only once.

Kit leaned against his door and sighed. “If I had known that damn demon’s counterspell was going to have such an effect, I might not have used it.” Deep down he wasn’t sure; the expanding effects of the mana reversal spell were incredible and hard to keep from his thoughts. Having such power had gotten the better of his imagination on more than one occasion and the thought of using the spell on Melda was a common one. Based on the stern glance she passed him tonight, he wondered if he hadn’t been hiding his daydreams well enough.

“It turned out well regardless,” he accepted. If his reputation was the price for the evil sorceress and her murderous deeds being locked away, then Kit was willing to pay the price. The sack of gold in reward money was nothing to shrug off either. He could retire now as a young mage with a perverted reputation and live a comfortable life.

The idea was quick to be dismissed. “Still more adventures to be had.”

Content to ride the waves of his new renown, Kit relinquished himself to sleep amid the never-ending ruckus of the mage’s guild.

He awoke hours later with crashing apprehension. Lying on his back, he found his legs pinned to the mattress as well as his arms immobilized above his head. At first he thought an instance of sleep paralysis was to blame, but then he saw the black figure at the foot of his bed. A set of piercing ruby-red lips almost glowed in the darkness beneath two sinister eyes.

“C-C-Cyana!” Kit stammered, shocked to see the malevolent sorceress not only free from her prison but standing over his sleeping body. The mage struggled but found his limbs utterly immovable.

“Fight it all you wish,” Cyana’s voice slithered, “I can assure you my magical bonds are quite unbreakable.”

She moved closer and set a knee on the bed followed by both hands. “G-Get away! *Hel--*”

“Ah ah ah!” Cyana moved faster than a fox. Before Kit could cry out, she was straddling his torso. Tempress eyes stared down at him with seething intent.

Now in view of the moonlight, Kit could see the sorceress had been through quite a journey. Her flowing black dress was gone, replaced by what could only be a stolen cloak. Wraps and bandages formed make-shift clothing and hugged around her breasts, hips, and thighs. They appeared fit to snap, they were wrapped so tightly. A slender, naked mid-drift shifted hypnotically. Her assumed hardships were complete with disheveled jet-black hair, yet somehow the sorceress’s allure was even more powerful.

Kit opened his mouth to call for help once more but was silenced by Cyana leaning forward. Globe-like breasts pressed around his face, silencing his words and making his cheeks hot. “*Mmmph!*” was all Kit could manage to get out.

Gripping his headboard for support, Cyana stared at the mage silenced by her bust. “Can’t have you screaming, now can we?” Kit’s eyes looked into the cleavage swallowing his nose and Cyana grinned. “I see you’ve noticed the remnants of your little reversal spell... Seems my body thought it acceptable to retain some of that accursed swelling... I couldn’t move for *days* after what you did to me.”

Kit struggled again under Cyana’s body. Her groin burned with heat against his own and her breath carried dangerous powers of intoxication. The squirming only served to jostle her frame and shift her chest against his head.

“My, you’re a fighter!” she laughed, running a hand along his cheek. Cyana leaned forward and applied more pressure with her chest, bringing her face inches from Kit’s. The

bandages creaked around her hips and under her groin as they bent. “Most men would have given in to me by now...”

Kit only stared back, praying he could keep his arousal under wraps.

“Before we continue, let me remind you I could have killed you while you slept. I’m still capable of it. Your life, as well as the lives of all your little mage friends sleeping in this guild, are in my hands. However, I promise to bring no harm so long as you give me what I desire.”

Kit was shaking from nervousness. The sorceress’s body felt like it had a hearth burning inside and it was making him sweat. The scent of her own odor rising from her cleavage was like spiced honey.

“Whaph phoo you wanpht?” Kit asked, muffled under flesh.

Cyana’s eyes flashed. “I want *more*.” Her back arched into the air and she slithered down Kit’s body, dragging her chest over his until it pressed into his cock. Raising her rear into the air presenting a view Kit could only imagine, Cyana massaged his cock with her mammaries and looked into his eyes. “Cast your spell. I-I want to feel my mana...fill my body! I *need* to feel it rushing into me again!”

Hair was falling over her face as Cyana worked herself up. Kit could see the sorceress was desperate for the magical thrill, but what consequences could there be? What was stopping her from killing him after?

One of her hands snaked its way up the leg of his undergarment and found his shaft. “*Please*,” Cyana begged, panting from her need alone. “Please, I-I’ll do *anything*... In all my years of study, I’ve never come across such a spell. I-It’s simply...*divine*.”

Kit struggled but her bonds were firm. The situation was dire as her lust grew. Sharp nails scratched across his chest. She was becoming desperate. Most importantly, Cyana was still an extremely dangerous magic-user. The guild could be destroyed in the blink of an eye if she saw fit. Calming himself, Kit formed a plan. He would have to dance with the temptress.

“I-I’ll need my hands,” he said.

Cyana grinned, flipping his waistband and licking the exposed head of his cock before responding, “Don’t you try anything...”

The restraints vanished from Kit’s wrists and Cyana straightened her back, sitting on his groin. Deep breaths filling her lungs and stretching the bandages covering her chest, she begged, “I’m ready... Fill me once more!”

It was hard for Kit to concentrate given the situation. “Y-You’ll need to cast a spell for me to counter. The stronger the better and the more mana will--”

Cyana’s hands glowed a bright red as she raised them overhead. Eyes bulging in terror, Kit knew he would be dead in seconds if he messed up. Bringing his hands together, the reversal spell was cast just as Cyana brought her own hands down. Energy flowed from her fingertips only to re-enter her core in a different form.

“*Augh!!*” she gasped, collapsing onto Kit. Her back rose and fell like a smithy’s bellow fueling a raging fire. “*Yes!! O-Ooohhh yes! I-I’ve waited...so long!! I--MMMM!!*”

Every wrap and bandage on Cyana's body tightened. The heated softness pressing into Kit's chest exploded and her body started to rise, lifted higher atop engorging mammaries.

"M-My bosom... Ooohh it's filling! I can feel my magic...f-flowing into my body! My skin...s-stretching!!"

Cyana was no more than a slave to her own lust. With his legs still bound, Kit was helplessly trapped under her bloating body. Skin bulged around her bandages and overflowed his torso, two breasts expanding between the two of them like a stack of pillows. Around his hips, Cyana's thighs plumped and thickened like the legs of a meaty animal. Shelves of flesh formed on the edges of her wraps like twine on a roast.

"Mmm... M-Mmmm...! M-My wraps are too tight! I feel...nnggh...they're bound to--"
SNAP!!

The wraps around her hips broke loose and snapped between her expanding ass, vanishing between her cheeks into their jiggling crevice. Skin inched down Kit's thighs towards his knees and air was forced from his diaphragm by swelling thighs squeezing on each side. Before too long, Cyana was forced to spread her legs wider to account for the trunk-like masses connected to her hips.

The sorceress laboriously rose and straightened her back, cradling a set of tits in her arms like heaving boulders. They looked more like a fleshy four-leaf clover to Kit due to the wraps digging into their depths and changing their shape.

"M-More!! Fill me more!" Cyana pleaded.
SNAP!! SNAP!!

The wraps across her breasts burst open into a show of tatters. Nipples engorged with lust stuck into the moonlight and monumental jugs fell onto Kit's chest. A three-foot slope of skin ran from his chin to Cyana's sternum, their heaps pinning him to the groaning bed.

History truly repeats itself. The evil sorceress was quickly becoming more curves than woman. Her torso was sandwiched between her breasts and butt, each of her thighs twice the girth of Kit's own chest. To the best of her ability, Cyana began rocking along his buried shaft as her brow dripped with sweat. Kit was helpless to fight the avalanche of tightening skin rising to cover his head and overflow his legs and bed.

"This is...ORGASMIC!!" Cyana screamed, black hair tumbling in every direction. Gasps slipped from her ruby lips and her hands explored every available inch of her body. Pulsating nipples like flagons of ale pressed against Kit's headboard, his head drenched in the sweat of her cleavage. *"O-Ohhh... OHHH!! MMM!!"*

Cyana's breathing was reaching a peak. Soaking moisture permeated Kit's garments and the creaking of his bed only served to increase her pleasure. *"I'm so...FULL!! OOHhhh I'M OVERFLOWING WITH MY MANA!! IT'S...IT'S GUSHING OUT OF MEEEE!!"*

CRASH!!!

Kit's bed broke in half and split a leg, sending the sorceress to the floor on her back in a jiggling heap. Kit hung at an awkward angle with his feet still bound until they vanished moments later amid the exhausted heaving of Cyana.

"D-Dear...gods..." she moaned, unable to move under her bed-crushing breast weight. A mammoth ass lifted her thighs into the air, her feet limp and several feet off the ground. For the moment she was paralyzed with pleasure.

There was no time to waste. Kit jumped from his bed before the sorceress could recover and flung open his trunk on the other end of the room. Deep inside was a collar gifted to him from a grateful beast tamer from a quest years ago.

Cyana breathed. "That was...equis--"

CHA-CLICK!

She stopped, feeling something snap tight around her ankle. Kit was standing over her, his triumphant expression just visible between her cleavage.

"What...mmmgh...*What is the meaning of--*"

"Shut it."

The sorceress squeaked and said no more, unable to resist his command.

Kit looked over his capture. Even a sorceress as powerful as Cyana wouldn't be able to break the commanding power of his artifact. "You're not to remove this collar," he instructed.

"Y-Yes..." Cyana whimpered, fighting its power before helplessly adding, "*M-M-Master.*"

Kit grinned. The sight in front of him was hard to resist. Sinking a hand into Cyana's bust and drawing out a cry, he considered if there might actually be a bit of truth to his new reputation.