

Processing Mana the Right Way

This story contains themes of: "Breast Expansion", "Slow Breast Expansion", "Age Progression", "Beautification", "Hourglass Expansion", "Height Growth"

It was during the midday on the busy and lively streets of Aetheria, a city soaring high above the skies on a monumental sky island, when one of the most renowned magical item shops – “Spectral Arcane” – closed its doors for the day. Something not unusual for the popular shop found in one of the many side streets near the central city plaza. Through one of the small windows at the back end of the store, one could hear muffled rumbling sounds and metallic items clattering together.

The owner of the shop – a young-looking and petite lady in a dark blue magical robe – hastily arranged some weird products on a wooden table before her. The name of the small build woman was Elara Vespera, a prestigious archmagistra and one of the most recent absolvents of the Celestial Academy. Despite her young appearance and more adolescent charm, she was of age and lived for 23 calendrical cycles and was one of the youngest mages to achieve the rank of an archmagistra. Only recently has she opened her own magical item store, in the hope to find and trade for items, that will help her with her unending research. Something to find a solution for her ridiculous problem.

Ever since her early days of puberty, she was blessed by the goddess Aurel with a special gift, that is only bestowed onto the most powerful souls and personalities. There were many more like her in the world, using their Blessing for either their own good or to help others in need. Elara’s blessing was a bit different from others, as she was given the gift of [Eternal Youth], letting her live for as long as she wants, only dying when she succumbed to an unnatural cause. Of course, most envied the young girl for what she was gifted, but she despised her so-called “gift”. It stopped her body from aging altogether, trapping her great mind in the body of someone that maybe lived for 14 calendrical cycles.

She longed for nothing more, but something that could help her to alter her cursed body. Elara was always jealous for the bodily development of her classmates and fellow students at the academy. Especially for the growth of their busts. She did envy them for their breast size, yet adored women with a well-developed chest more than anything. The archmagistra hadn’t had any interest in the other sex though, as she always orbited around women of all kinds, especially those with large breasts. Despite it being common in the kingdom of Aurelia to be drawn to the same sex, Elara was something else entirely. She seemed to exclusively swoon for women with large bosoms, wishing to be smothered by them and having them for her own. She loved big boobs, but at the same time was annoyed and envious when a busty lady would enter her line of sight.

“Now, there must be something I could use...,” she whispered to herself, examining the items she traded this day, still reminiscing what had happened today and wondering how her business would go in the foreseeable future. It was a meager array of various kinds of appliances scattered around a thick and dark wooden table. Some seemed unassuming, others were downright unoriginal in design, one unassuming book with a bland cover, and one was – to say the least – simply perverted.

Overall, the young magician was disappointed by today's exploit. Nothing out of the entire assembly before her was anything of use for her goal. Together with a big and frustrated sigh Elara turned around and made her way to one of the many backrooms of her shop, grabbing the books in the process. Her long white hair swayed slightly back and forth as she entered a moderately small room, filled to the ceiling with different kinds of scrolls, books and even flying pages. It was her personal library, containing more than over 200 tomes of magical wisdom and now it was one member larger than before. She tilted her head downwards to meet the unassuming black cover of the book, opening it on the first page.

Let's see who wrote you, she thought to herself, searching for a title or the name of the author, so she could put this book away properly. Moments, then minutes pass, and she has yet to find something that could give her a hint to where she should sort this book into. *What the?* Disbelief crossed the young mage's cute and adolescent face as she frowns. *Where in the name of Aurel is the author's name?* Elara has searched far too long for something that could reveal the seemingly missing name of the person behind this very book and grew frustrated. Angered, she opened the tome on its first page and began to read. *If I can't find your name, let me give your book a goddamn name...*

The white haired archmagistra sat down on the floor, her legs crossed, and one single flying candle was placed just behind her head. She was angry at the fact, that she couldn't find the author's name, and nothing would stop this dedicated young lady in her tracks. That's how she got to be the youngest absolver of the Celestial Academy to this date, and she was very proud of that title.

Unsure how long she has been reading, Elara found herself absorbed by the contents of the unordinary manuscript in her delicate thin hands. It was just too interesting for her to lay it down and end the reading session, she has been enjoying much. The light that came through the ceiling high window had been tainted in a soft orange hue for quite a while now and it grew dimmer by every passing minute.

“Ok, just one more page and I will stop, I need to sleep... At least now I know, where to put it,” she said aloud, reminding herself, that she still had a store to attend in the early morning. With a swift motion, she placed her index finger just underneath the letters, where she last read, concentrated the mana around her in her blue eyes and began to absorb and comprehend the words even faster than before. A technique she learned from her professor in the academy. He called it “Reading swiftly like the wind” and Elara hated the name for it. She simply called it “Speed reading” a much better fitting name in her opinion, not something that screams ‘Look at me, I am special. I have a complex name!’. Catching herself daydreaming, Elara’s eyes stop their tracks, and she reads the previous phrase again, not wanting to miss any details. Baffled at what she just read; she begins the sentence anew. And again. And again.

“Huh?!” Elara stood up from her comfy wooden floor, she was dumbfounded at what she just read.

“If this is true, then... Where did I put that device?”, hastily she rushed to the front of her shop, searching for something that was a necessity for every magician. A mana viewfinder. It was a contraption that would allow one to see the flow of mana in the air and it was quite popular amongst the early magic students and professors of the academy. If what Elara had read in the book was true, it could finally grant her lifelong wish once and for all. It was nothing short but a technique that she already used and learned from her professor, but differently executed.

A way to store mana in one’s own body, how didn’t I think of that? It was quite simple, as she did this very practice every day with her eyes, so she could read faster, but let the mana go out of her body, once she was done. But why didn’t she just let the mana stay in her eyes, so she could permanently read faster? It hurt, when she tried, as not only did she read faster, but she also did see everything a bit slower, as her eyes were catching more information and pictures than ever. It gave her a mild headache to let the mana in her eyes, so she assumed that it could not be stored for long in the body, let alone cause for changes, if it was stored in particular regions.

After she read that book, she had to try again, and with the approach the text recommended, it should be free of any pain. *Come on, you’ve got to work!* she cursed to herself, as she wanted to turn on the viewfinder. It was a bit old and not often used by Elara, she didn’t need it much outside of the academy. After a few seconds of cleaning and positioning, the viewfinder turned on and a light red ball emerged from the device, emitting a red light in the room and revealing the flow of mana around the young magistra. The mana danced like thin red strings of silk in the air, it always was a sight to behold. Elara was reminded of how she first used the viewfinder. Back then, she was impressed by the how mana looked like and gazed upon it for hours, trying to understand how it moved and what it did.

Pushing herself out of her daydreams, as always, she put herself in a state of meditation, trying to focus on the flow of mana. It was curving around her, like a river in the atmosphere and it smelled of wet grass. It was earth mana that swirled around her delicate young body and now, she would use it to become, what she always wanted to be. A proper woman.

First, she had to test out the waters and invite the mana into her body. With a deep breath in and out, her flat chest rising and sinking, as she imagined, how she inhaled the mana and circulated it inside her body. This was one of the most common ways to replenish one's mana, when your body's natural mana production couldn't keep up with one's mana consumption. Nonetheless, Elara wanted to know, if the contents of the book were right, so she concentrated on her chest, visualizing how the mana she inhaled wandered up to her breasts. How it would settle there and cause her breasts to grow, by just a bit. She meditated in this state for several minutes, only focused on her chest and the feeling of mana in her body. Elara didn't think that it would be as easy as the speed-reading technique, but she also didn't anticipate, how much more complicated this would be.

Suddenly, she felt a jolt in her body and her chest itched and ached, causing pain of sorts, she never felt. The white-haired girl removed her clothes as fast as she could and began itching the spots. It was like one of the dung-flies of the southern regions bit her in the chest, unbearable. But as soon as Elara touched her chest, the pain and itching sensation vanished and she was greeted by a pleasant softness and tenderness, which she never felt on her body. She gulped loudly and tilted her head downwards, full of anticipation and nervousness of what she would see.

Oh, my stars, her breasts had swollen to small mounds that rose and sank with each breath she took. Not believing, that what she saw was real, she placed one of her hands on her chest. As soon as it reached her newly grown breast, it was met with a gentle resistance.

My tits, they are... a tear developed in her sparkling eyes and ran down her adolescent face, a slight smile formed on her thin lips. Never in her life felt she this much joy. *They are bigger! They really are bigger!*

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Excitement rushed through the young archmagistra's veins as she lifted her other hand, simply to cup her now slightly larger bosom. Playing with her breasts, she faintly let them

bounce up and down. She stood up from her seat on the floor and felt how the additional flesh on her torso shifted ever so slightly with her movements. Enthusiastically, Elara squeezed her chest together, forming a small but visible cleavage before her. Joy clouded her mind and the only thing she could think of for a short time were her breasts.

“Finally, after so long...”, she slowly sat back down on the floor, her voice trembled from the disarray of emotions roaring through her – just like her knees – but she was fully content with the changes she longed for. Even though it was a small change, Elara was happy that after such a long and hurtful time, she now can enjoy a body which she felt she deserved. Something, that would make sure that her gift of [Eternal Youth] could be enjoyed fully and which would make sure that others were envious of her instead the other way around.

But first, let's test something, while Elara was still happy about the growth she experienced, she calmed down fast enough and quickly swapped to her collected self. She hadn't removed the mana that altered her physique from her breasts, and it gave her reasons to doubt the potency of the technique. After all, whenever she dispersed the mana in her eyes, the effects would be gone just as fast as they come. *Hopefully I'm wrong this time!*

Anticipation and nervousness spread in her mind as she closed her eyes and focused on the mana inside her body. It swirled in her breasts, restless like the waves of the ocean beneath Aetheria. With another deep breath in and out, she allowed the mana to finally settle down and evaporate. For her it felt like something left her body just as quickly as it settled in, and the tickling feeling she had just until now went away as well.

“Oh please, let me be wrong this time”, hoping that the changes weren't gone, the whitehaired girl opened her eyes again widened again as she tilted her head downwards and saw the results before her. The breasts were still there. They didn't change back to their old size!

“Fuck yes!!”, she yelled as loud as never before, surely disturbing some of the people that still roam outside on the streets. But she didn't care for that at all. Her wish became true, and it would be abused by her until she had what she desired. An evil grin distorted her young face and let the colors of her envy shine through the facade. Nothing, not even the goddess could stop this soon to be woman.

She didn't want to wait any longer to riddance her problem. Elara casted a spell with a few words to create a temporary mirror before her. Gazing upon her childlike body caused her to feel contempt for herself. She never liked her body and for a long time, the magistra wondered, if she would've gone on another way of life. After all, she only became a mage and did everything in her power to learn spell simply to get an older

appearance. Would she maybe have become some entirely different person? What way would she go? Was her body her only motivation? All these questions she had evaporated as her sight fell unto her enlarged bosom. All that hate for her body went away, as if it was never there to begin with.

Ok, let's get rid of this body first. Elara decided to first discard her juvenile body and grow into an adult. Everything else, clothing, explaining to friends and family or whatever besides that could come after that. Her eyes shut again, and her attention went to her mind.

She visualized a beautifully tall, yet feminine frame. In her mind, she was at least three heads taller than now, slightly taller than the average Aetherian woman. Elara's face overall got more mature and beautiful, but she imagined her thin lips somewhat thicker. The white hair still cascaded down to her waist, but formed curls at the end, giving her straight and messy hair an aesthetically pleasing form. Her shoulders broadened a bit, and her arms grew longer, more delicate yet healthily full. The waist remained the same in her mind, slim and paired with a flat and fatless stomach. While it was regarded as healthy, Elara herself didn't like the small rolls of fat on her belly. Finally, her hips grew until she felt comfortable with their size. They widened to a width similar but marginally wider than her shoulders. She wanted an adult body, but at the very least one that would look naturally attractive and not to extreme. Her legs stretched to be far longer than before and – especially her thighs – thickened and got fuller, forming alluring imagery, able to seduce anyone into wanting to lay their heads onto her motherly lap. Her breasts became even more larger, than they were before, prodding forward on the new feminine frame. They got bigger and bigger until they reached a size that was more than enough for Elara, just a tiny bit smaller than her own head but big enough to surely be amongst the biggest busts in the entire kingdom, if not the biggest.

For now, Elara didn't care about visualizing her assets. She feared that the changes would overpower and overstimulate her, which she didn't want. What would a beautiful body bring her, if the only thing she could do, was laying on the floor? And if the technique were limited to a certain number of modifications before it didn't work anymore, she would at least have the body of a fully grown-up person, suitable for her age and no longer some child's body.

She began to follow the same technique as before, after the archmagistra solidified the new image of herself in her mind. It took a painfully long time, until Elara felt the adjustments in her body taking place. Before it was itching and painful, but now it was pleasurable and irresistible. If she would have to describe, what happened to her, she would say that it felt like she was drinking water. A cold, yet enjoyable substance ran down her neck when she breathed in and spread across her entire body as soon as it hit

her abdomen. Her entire frame felt embraced by some unfamiliar heat which stimulated every little bit of her skin.

She ripped her eyes open and tried to look into the mirror. It was apparent that her mind was in a jumble as the surface of the mirror was wobbly and unstable, but she could still see the changes happen with her own eyes. Just like she visualized, her vision sprung up in the air, as if with one go, she grew taller and taller. Her balance was thrown off with the sudden alteration and she fell to the floor. Apparently, the transformation caused her to be overall more sensitive than before as the pain of falling on her butt was tremendously more painful than before. But just as soon as she felt the downsides of the transformation, she immediately got to know the positives as well. She felt her still untransformed breasts jiggle just like earlier, but it was way more phenomenal and pleasurable than before. A jolt of electricity went through her body, more apparent and intensive than anything she felt until now. A small puddle formed in her crotch, and she orgasmed. Elara couldn't hold back her voice any longer, the unimaginable pleasure and feeling she just witnessed was too much. But when she heard her voice, she was taken aback. It sounded more deeper, sultry and attractive, more suiting for her new body. Like the voice of a confident adult, not some kid on the streets.

“By the holy Aurel!” the now grown archmagistra stood up again, looking up in the mirror and before her was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen in her life. If she hadn't known that this was her, she would've done her very best to get to know that goddess before her.

“I'm so attractive!” Elara's new body had the exact same physique, which she had imagined in her mind and naturally she posed, inspecting every bit of it. She was horny and at the very least aroused by herself.

Sadly, those puppies didn't grow like I imagined them to... she thought, as she inspected her chest at first. Although her breasts hadn't grown to what she imagined, she was more than happy with what happened. Finally, the young woman had the body she deserved, and she would use it to enjoy her life to the fullest.

After she fully inspected her body, Elara picked up her robe and began to dress up again. Her robe – which before her transformation was too large for her frame – got so much shorter and smaller, that it now looked like a fancy dress instead like the robe of an archmagistra.

“Oh well, while I'm a bit sad, that my breasts haven't grown I've got no room to complain. I really should go to b-“, even before she could finish her sentence, she was

interrupted by another jolt. The same feeling as before returned. That hurtful and itchy sensation around her breast only stronger and more prominent than before. Without thinking, her hands wandered up to her chest again, feeling how her boobs grew larger and fuller. Slowly they've crept forward, lifting her robe more and more all the while Elara did nothing more than watching what happened before her.

Oh, oh my... I can't believe it... She didn't undress, she hadn't looked in the mirror, she simply watched her vision being taken up by her growing bosom. Like snow, steadily building a thick blanket in the winter, her breasts grew bigger every moment and it hurt immensely. But Elara forced herself to withstand the pain, so she could watch the spectacle from beginning to end.

When the steady growth of her breasts subsided, she used her hands to squeeze yet another time, making sure that she didn't dream all of it and that everything was real. As her hands sank into her clothes and sensing a marshmallowy softness, and heavenly elastic feeling she began to cry. All her sleepless nights, all her mental blockades, problems and insecurities fell in one go and Elara felt nothing but free. No more frustrations, no more envy and no self-deprecating image. Instead, she would be proud of herself, happy to have the body she had.

"Thank you, Aure!!! Praise your kindness for fulfilling my wish!!" her voice was unintelligible and full of cries, but she felt the need to thank the goddess for the first time in her life. She thanked the goddess for what she has given her, instead of cursing it.