

# THE LAST BOOB BENDER BATTLE ROYALE OI



55 Pages

Hair

BE

MC

<https://www.patreon.com/Hexxet>  
<https://hexxet.gumroad.com>

# Hexxet's Magic Comics

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Any resemblance to actual people is purely coincidental. **This is a work of fiction.** All characters are over the age of eighteen. Graphics have been created with pornpen.ai.


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Today, I'm taking a trip with my class to a museum. One part of me is sad that I will not see Anna today... the other part is relieved... Last time felt like she really was just into my powers!  
:C Well, whatever. Let's just have a nice day out!

A woman with long blonde hair, wearing a bright pink long-sleeved button-down shirt and a black skirt with a silver belt buckle, stands on a paved street. She is holding a black handbag in her left hand. The background shows a brick building with a black door and a blue accessibility sign above it. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image. The first speech bubble, located in the upper left, contains the text: "Alright, Class. Stick together and get the tickets ready I've handed out on the bus." The second speech bubble, located below the first, contains the text: "We are here."

Alright, Class.  
Stick together and  
get the tickets  
ready I've handed  
out on the bus.

We are  
here.






Tickets,  
please.

All seems  
to be in  
order.

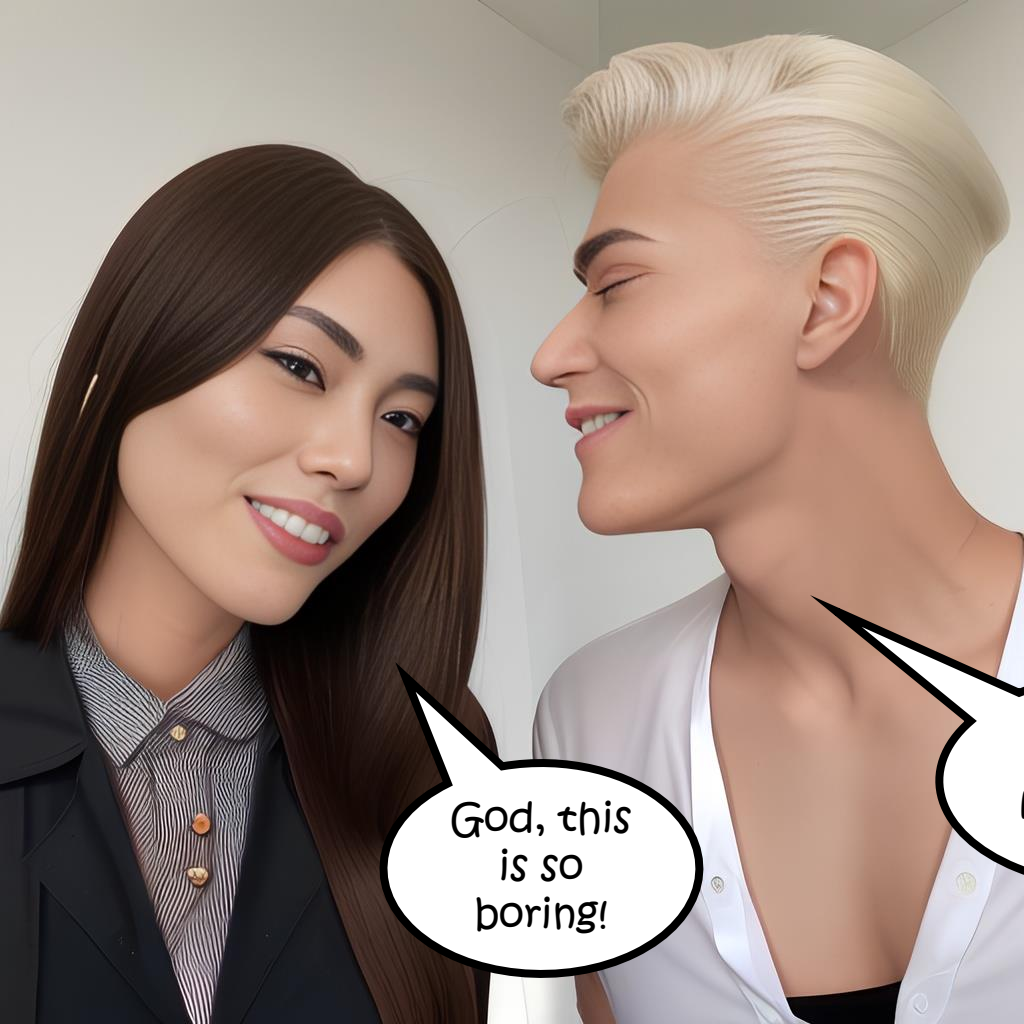
Please  
enjoy the  
tour.

The girl at the entrance checks all our tickets and wishes us a nice stay... She looks kinda cute... **Stop it!** You've got Anna now!

A woman with dark hair and glasses, wearing a black business suit, white shirt, and yellow tie, stands in a museum gallery. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background features several framed paintings on a dark wall. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, and a text box is at the bottom right.

Behind me, you  
can see several  
paintings dating  
back to the era  
of...

An older woman is our  
guide. As she leads us  
around the museum, she  
keeps talking about the  
stuff we see...



But barely anybody cares.

God, this is so boring!


Wanna make out?



Jen! Erik!  
Zip it!

Sorry, Miss Hendriks. Please continue with the tour..





This next piece is something very rare.

Up to this point, we've been unable to pinpoint this artifact's origin or its era. It could be the oldest stone tablet with writing on it ever found!

Sadly, the inscribed runes keep our linguists in the dark as well as they do not match anything we've encountered so far. So, we currently do not know what is written on it.



# Τηε Βενδερ Χηρονιχλεσ

Ιν τηε βεγιννινγ τηερε ωασ α βεινγ ρεπερεδ ασ Γοδ. Γοδ ωασ αβλε το χοντρολ επερψ ασπεχτ οφ λιφε, επερψ ασπεχτ οφ βεινγ. Γοδ λιπεδ αμονγ τηε ηυμανσ ανδ ηελπεδ τηεμ ιν τηειρ εαρλψ σταγεσ οφ επολυτιον βυτ Γοδ ωασ νοτ αλωαψσ ηαπψ ωιτη τηε δεχισιονσ τηεψ μαδε ανδ οχχασιοναλλψ ιντερφερεδ μιλδλψ ορ λεσσ μιλδλψ. Οπερ μιλλεννια Γοδ χαμε το τηε χονχλυσιον τηατ ηε ωουλδ νεπερ βε ηαπψ λικε τηισ ανδ δεχιδεδ το γιπε υπ ηισ γοδηοοδ βψ σπλιττινγ ηισ ποωερσ ιντο α τηουσανδ μινορ φραχτιονσ ωηιχη ηε διστριβυτεδ αμονγ τηε ηυμανσ, Ωηιλε Γοδ λιπεδ α ηαπψ ηυμαν λιπε ανδ ωιτηερεδ αωαψ τηεσε ηυμανσ βεχαμε κνοων ασ τηε Βενδερσ ασ εαχη οφ τηεμ ωασ αβλε το ,βενδ, α χεσ...

Φορ χεντυριεσ, τηε Βενδερσ λιπεδ ιν ηαρμονψ ωιτη εαχη οφ τηεμ διεδ, ονε οφ τηειρ οφφσπρινγ ινηεριτεδ τηειρ π... επερ βε ρεμοπεδ φρομ τηε ωορλδ. Βυτ ασ ιτ χομεσ σο οφτ... ανδ σομε νεω γενερατιον Βενδερσ ωερε νοτ σατισφιεδ ωιτη τη... Ρυμορσ τοοκ οπερ, ρυμορσ τηατ ιφ ονε Βενδερ βεατσ ανοτηερ ιν... αν τακε τηε οτηερ, σ ποωερσ!

Τηε ρυμορσ προπεδ τρυε, ανδ χεντυριεσ ωερε βατηεδ ιν βλοοδ δυρινγ τηε Βενδερ Ωαρσ. Ωηιλε σομε βενδερσ εμεργεδ στρονγερ τηαν επερ βεφορε σεεν, νονε οφ τηεμ αχηιεπεδ τηε πριμαλ γοαλ, υνιτινγ αλλ ασπεχτσ το βεχομε τηε νεω γοδ οφ τηισ ωορλδ,

Ιφ ψου αρε γιφτεδ ωιτη Βενδερ ποωερσ, ψου χαν ρεαδ τηισ τεξτ. Βε ωαρνεδ ψουνγ Βενδερ! Τηε Βενδερ Ωαρσ μιγητ βε οπερ, βυτ Βενδερσ αλλ οπερ τηε ωορλδ αρε μοστ λικελψ στιλλ ον τηε ηυντ φορ μορε ποωερσ! Ωηεν ψου φινδ ψουρσελφ ιν βαττλε ωιτη ανοτηερ βενδερ, νοτε τηατ ψου δο νοτ ηαπε το φιγητ το τηε δεατη, εαχη παρτυ χαν φορφειτ τηε βαττλε ατ ανψ ποιντ, βυτ δεφεατ ωιλλ νοτ ονλψ χοστ ψου ψουρ ποωερσ ιτ ωιλλ αλσο τετηερ ψου το τηε πιχτορ ασ ηισ ορ ηερ δεωποτεδ σλαπε! Σο, βε ωαρψ ψουνγ βενδερ! Ανοτηερ Βενδερ μιγητ...

Curious from the guide's words I draw closer to the glass and look at the tablet behind.



# The Bender Chronicles

In the beginning there was a being revered as God. God was able to control every aspect of life... every aspect of being. God lived among the humans and helped them in their early stages of evolution... but God was not always happy with the decisions they made and occasionally interfered mildly... or ... less mildly. Over millennia God came to the conclusion that he would never be happy like this and decided to give up his godhood by splitting his powers into a thousand minor fractions which he distributed among the humans... While God lived a happy human life and withered away these humans became known as the Benders as each of them was able to "bend" a certain aspect of life.

For centuries, the Benders lived in harmony with each other. When one of them died one of their offspring inherited their powers. No aspect of life can ever be removed from the world. But as time took its course and some new generation Benders emerged they were blessed with. Rumors took over... rumors that in battle he or she can take the other's powers.

The rumors proved true and centuries later the Bender Wars began. While some benders emerged strong, none of them achieved the primal goal - uniting all aspects of this world...

If you are gifted with Bender powers, be warned young Bender. The Bender Wars might be over but the world are most likely still on the hunt for more powers! When you find yourself in battle with another bender, note that you do not have to fight to the death... each of you can forfeit the battle at any point but defeat will not only cost you your powers but tether you to the victor as his or her devoted slave! So, be wary of other Bender might...

As I try to look at the inscription a headache hits me and the runes appear to be flowing around before my eyes...

I get a bit dizzy, but not for long. When I take another look at the tablet it's in plain English...

I can read this?!



# *The Bender Chronicles*

*In the beginning, there was a being revered as God. God was able to control every aspect of life... every aspect of being. God lived among the humans and helped them in their early stages of evolution... but God was not always happy with the decisions they made and occasionally interfered mildly... or ... less mildly. Over millennia God came to the conclusion that he would never be happy like this and decided to give up his godhood by splitting his powers into a thousand minor fractions which he distributed among the humans... While God lived a happy human life and withered away these humans became known as the Benders as each of them was able to "bend" a certain aspect of life.*

*For centuries, the Benders lived in harmony with each other and other humans... when one of them died, one of their offspring inherited their power as none of God's aspects can ever be removed from the world. But as it comes so often... human greed took its course and some new generation Benders were not satisfied with the gift they were blessed with. Rumors took over... rumors that if one Bender beats another in battle he or she can take the other's powers!*

*The rumors proved true, and centuries were bathed in blood during the Bender Wars. While some Benders emerged stronger than ever before seen, none of them achieved the primal goal – uniting all aspects to become the new god of this world...*

*If you are gifted with Bender powers, you can read this text. Be warned young Bender! The Bender Wars might be over, but Benders all over the world are most likely still on the hunt for more powers! When you find yourself in battle with another bender, note that you do not have to fight to the death... each party can forfeit the battle at any point, but defeat will not only cost you your powers it will also tether you to the victor as his or her devoted slave! So, be wary young bender! Another Bender might...*

*The tablet is broken off here...*



Confused I address some  
of my classmates...

Hey, err. Kara.  
Please tell me  
you can read  
this too.

You going  
mental? It's just  
hieroglyphic  
gibberish.





Does that writing look like English to you, Becka?

**LOL!**  
Since when do you care about this history stuff?

And no, you heard the guide. No one can read this. Don't be creepy!





Has everybody seen it? Well, let's continue the tour then.



Keep together guys. We are moving on.



You coming?

Pfft. Whatever.

Yeah... in a moment. I'll just stare at it a little longer.



As I stay back in front of the showcase the girl from before approaches.

Oh. Eh..  
Hi!

Hi  
there!

Did I just  
get that  
right?

You can  
read this?

A strange smile appears on the girl's face...

Wha...  
No... I  
mean...

The writing...  
looks familiar?



Oh, my!  
I'm studying  
this tablet for  
so long now!

Will you come with  
me real quick? Any  
info you can give  
me on the tablet  
might help in my  
research.

Or maybe I'm just imagining things. She's probably just really into this tablet thing...

I... should probably stay with my class.

No, no. You are coming with me.

I promise to return you before the tour is over!

This way!






The girl looks left and right, before dragging me through a nearby door into some office-like room.

Thanks for coming with me. I'm Trish, by the way.

So, you really can read the tablet? That is awesome!

I... mhm. Do you want me to write down what I could read?

She really is cute. And so enthusiastic about this.



Oh, no, that  
won't be  
necessary.

You see, I  
can read it  
too.

Huh?

What do  
YOU mean?



**See?**  
I've got powers  
of my own.

I'm a hair  
bender.  
What can  
you do?

Oh, wow.  
That's... I've never  
met another...  
I ... er... I... I can  
bend... breasts  
**\*blush\***





A breast  
bender?  
**LOL!**

Now that  
sounds like a  
power wasted  
on a man!

I'll take it  
from  
you.

What?!

Oh, don't make that  
face. And don't bother  
screaming for help.  
You are not my first  
victim and I've picked  
up another useful  
power already!

I try to run from her and rip my school uniform at the elbow in the process.



I feel my short hair getting longer!

Soon hair is falling into my eyes, and I have trouble seeing where I run.



The weight on my head increases dramatically as I feel hair falling down my back!





I don't come far.  
I think my hair got entangled  
in something and I fell.


Behind me, I can make out  
some girly footsteps closing  
in on me.





Oh, my.  
We've got a  
runner, how  
cute.

As I said, this  
is not my first  
rodeo.




I'm watching this tablet for quite some time now to identify other benders.

Works like a charm!

Now all I have to do is wait until you slowly strangle yourself with that hair of yours.

I brush the hair to my sides so I can see... and I see Trish smirking at me. I try to appeal to her, but my voice is gone! Must be another power of hers! As I contemplate my plight, I feel that hair from my head getting longer and longer... getting heavier and heavier... and slowly I feel it slinging around my neck!

A woman with vibrant purple hair and bangs is the central figure. She is wearing a black vest over a purple long-sleeved top and a matching purple skirt. She has a choker necklace and a watch on her left wrist. The background is a gallery with a statue on the right and a framed picture on the wall.

You can  
give up any  
time now.

I've never imagined using my  
powers in... a defensive manner...  
but buried under the sheer  
weight of my own hair it's the  
only thing I can do...



My powers take effect...

Not that I  
really care  
if you die  
or not.

But I could use  
an errand boy  
if you get my  
drift. \*chuckle\*



And while she keeps talking, I channel my all into this... "attack".

Wait...  
Something  
feels off!





Quickly Trish takes off her vest before she gets trapped in it. Her tank top already stretching under the volume of her new assets.

What are you doing!?

STOP IT!

Moan



Through strains of hair, I can see Trish's top finally pop as her bust becomes too much to contain for the thin fabric.

Oh, god!  
Please  
stop.

It feels so  
good!

Moan

I'm  
cumming!



As the orgasm hits her  
Trish drops to the floor...

Moan



She spasms in pleasure, her pussy probably most sensitive right now after such a strong one. **But I don't care!** I don't give her time to get her head back in the game. I keep pushing my powers into her bust.

Moan  
Moan





And I keep pushing!

Please  
stop!

I can't bear  
another!

Moan  
Moan  
Moan

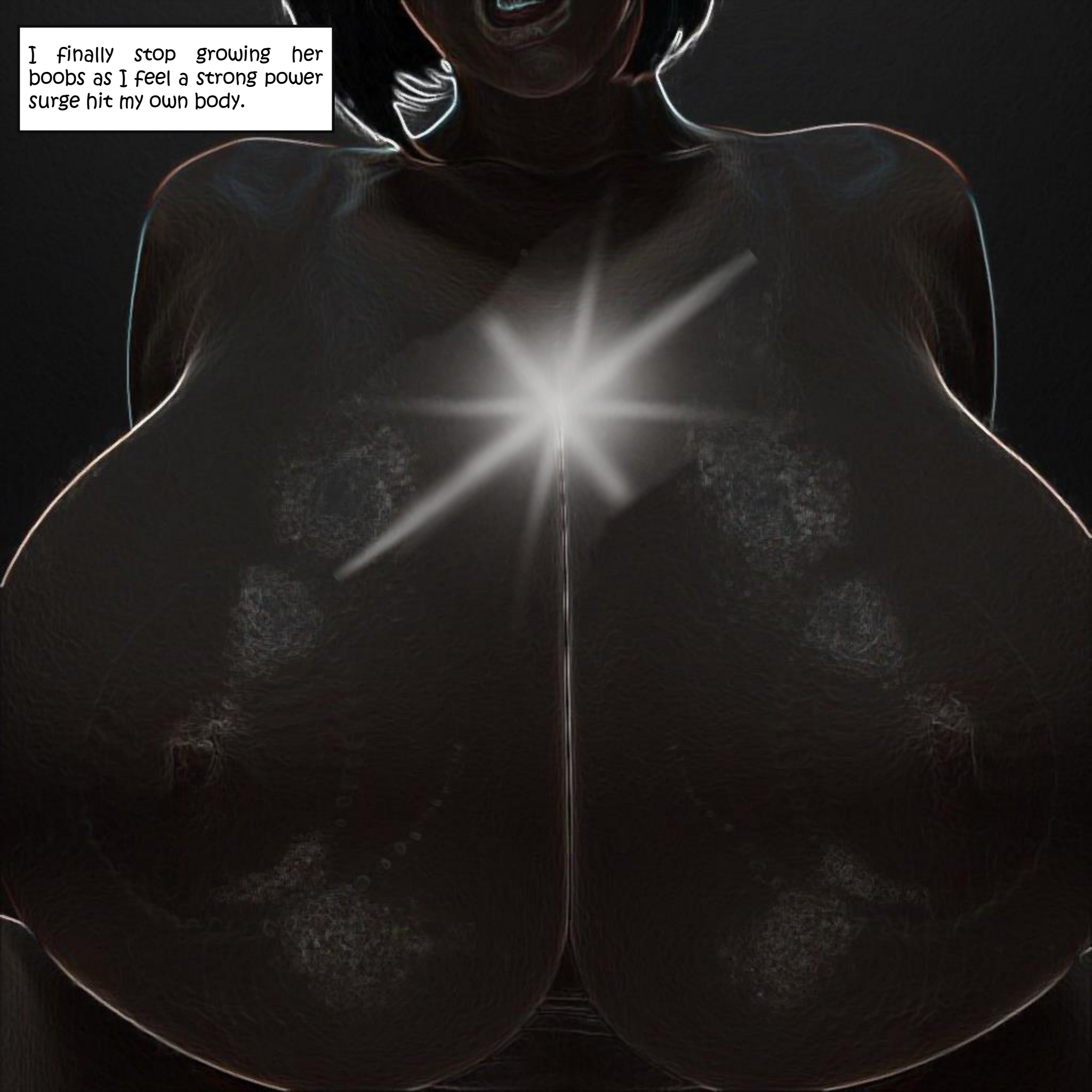
Obviously, she was lying! She could take another orgasm. And another and one more on top before she finally whispered the words as she was squirming on the floor in pleasurable agony...

moan

I... I yield!




I finally stop growing her  
boobs as I feel a strong power  
surge hit my own body.




I had won! I stood up for myself and I won! (Not literally... seeing as I was laying down the whole fight. But that's beside the point!). It felt like for the first time I had stood up to somebody else and come through. It was a huge ego boost for me! **It felt good!**

Adapting to the new powers took me some minutes, but it seems they came with an auto-install handbook as using them became natural quickly. I turned back my hair to normal, restored my voice and I tuned down Trish's boobs to a more manageable size...





You call  
this "more  
manageable"...  
master?

A woman with short dark hair and large breasts is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a black top and a thin necklace. Her expression is somewhat surprised or questioning. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Trish's demeanor towards me did a 180 upon yielding in battle. Unsure whether this was another strategy of hers I left her with the extra baggage so she could not run away... But I think the tablet spoke the truth and she's now my devoted slave.

Yes, master.

Well, you can move again, can't you?



I ditched my class and took Trish back home with me where I wanted to interview her in more detail about these powers... Trish got some strange looks on the way over... but we managed!

**Oops!**  
Sorry, master.  
The top rolled  
up once again.



Of course, we had to run into my stupid sister just as we entered the house!

Master?  
Some kinky role-play I should know about?

Woah!  
That's... not Anna. Uhh!  
Brother!


Finally,  
embracing  
life? \*giggle\*

Tsk! This is Trish...  
It's complicated.  
I'd appreciate it if  
you kept this a  
secret.










You will stop  
annoying me with  
your constant  
requests for  
boobs!

Otherwise,  
you'll stay a  
flat ginger  
forever!

Do you  
understand?!






Oh, my god!  
Did you just  
change my hair  
as well?!

So cool!  
How? Since  
when can you do  
that?

Mmmm! Mhhh.  
Mmm

And stop  
talking so  
much, for  
fucks sake!

Trish and I need  
to talk. Don't  
disturb us! I'm  
warning you!



Oh, my!  
Seems my  
brother finally  
grew some balls!


Without taking another look or speaking another word I make my way past my sister into my room. Trish follows behind me like a good slave.



Back in my room, I have Trish remove her shirt and finally tell me about her... now **my powers**.

I am... I was a hair bender. With the power to control color, style, and length of hair. One can even make the hair move a little with practice.



A woman with short black hair and a surprised expression is shown from the chest up. She has very large, prominent breasts. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is a window with a grid pattern, and the lighting is soft and indoor.


I've used this power to get to my first two targets.

From one I took the power to control sound volume.

You can tune down or up a person's volume just like you witnessed.

And the last power? I can feel it inside me... but what is it?






My second  
target was a  
taste bender.

Changed myself  
once such that  
water tasted  
like whine...

It's really a  
rather useless  
ability.

Is that so...  
Blow job now,  
slave.

**You love  
the taste  
of my cum.**



Oh, my god!  
I've never  
tasted anything this  
delicious! Your cum  
tastes divine,  
master!

See, not  
such a bad  
skill after all.



Meanwhile in the sister's room...

I can pull off  
the „flat ginger“  
look pretty  
well...

But I really need  
my voice back...  
I love talking!!

knock

knock



And back with Trish.

Master!  
I report I've  
cleaned off all  
the cum. It was  
delicious!

Yes... er  
good work,  
Trish.

I will now  
turn your  
boobs back  
to normal.

If you prefer my  
breasts in this  
size, I will learn  
to live with them  
for you, Master!



Slave, I am the boob bender. I love breasts of all sizes.



And if I feel like it, I can change them on the spot.

But breasts this huge will draw unwanted attention in public.



Yes, Master, understood. Ohh... I love it when you use your Boob Powers on me.



Yeah... I get that a lot.



Prepare for  
one more  
push.



Yes, master. I  
will "endure"!

Cumming!




Get  
dressed.



I'm back to  
normal, master.  
Do you like it?





Well...  
I thought I  
would.

And while I did  
think you were  
cute from the  
moment I first  
saw you...

That emo attire and  
purple hair... it  
reminds me too  
much of the girl  
that tried to kill me!

**I understand.**  
Sorry for that by  
the way, master.



I'm gonna use "your" hair powers on you now.



Yes, master.

And put on these clothes here. I borrowed them from my sister.



Yes, master.


I'm all dressed up now, Master.



Also changed my makeup to fit the look.



Wow!

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a white short-sleeved button-down shirt, a dark tie, and a dark plaid skirt, stands in a hallway. She is looking directly at the camera. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text. The background shows a hallway with a door on the left and a window on the right.

May I speak  
freely, Master?

Your sister  
dresses like  
a slut.

Er... yeah.  
Sure.

*\*sigh\**  
Yeah... I  
know!





Hello, Hexxet here,

I hope you liked this turn of events (and character). With “Battle Royale” the Last Boob Bender series changes “genres” and graphics. (So, characters you used to know are now made to look smoother/better, like in this chapter the protagonist's sister.)

Will the Boob Bender dump his girlfriend Anna for his slave Trish? How will his sister handle the new him? And what enemies will the Boob Bender face in the future? 😊

More PAIs and of course my regular 3D Comics can be found on my Patreon and in my shops. (If you are only into the PAIs you probably want to visit the shops, not the Patreon). Some free PAIs can be found on my homepage.

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