

A Friendly Competition

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Sometimes her job was too easy. While Calian ran off into the city, having passed over where she stood watching him in the crowd, she snickered and sauntered along the road. He would undoubtedly take the most circuitous route possible to keep his distance from her, and it would likely have worked, too. Luckily for her, she didn't need to follow him when she already had what she wanted. She pocketed the tiny object she had swiped from him while he had been distracted by the guardsman at the outer city's gate. It was surprising what some people were willing to go out of their way to do for a palmful of silver and a kiss from a woman wearing the rich blue cape she had since stowed away, and she laughed more richly at the memory of her quarry getting stopped at the gate for a "routine" search.

It had been a simple matter at that point to brush by, following the flow of the countless multitudes of people that poured into and out of Southcliff on any given day, and slip from his possession her prize. It was a good way to keep both parties' skills sharp when off assignment, and she liked it even more when they were able to sweeten the deal a little further with a more concrete reward. Calian was noble, and far from foolish, but she thought him somewhat naive at times for being so trusting of random crowds. It was something she had been forced to learn a long time ago.

Putting unpleasant thoughts from her mind, she hummed something happy and off-key while she took the most direct route back the Sanctum, the fortress of white marble that stood like a silver-streaked crown atop its hill across from the Castle Southcliff. She waved greetings at merchants and passers-by, to couriers and street performers, whom she stopped on occasion to watch, and to whom she tossed a few silvers for their time. Joining the Lance and persevering through the rigorous training that they had heaped upon her had been the most trying thing she'd ever had to do, but having room and board taken care of meant that all she made was hers to spend. She didn't miss her old life at all, the constant running, the fear of capture, the loneliness, even if she didn't make quite as much through an honest profession as she once did leeching off of the hard work of others.

She sighed as she made her way casually up the hill to the fortress she called home, cradling a few purchases she had made under her arm as she exchanged friendly greetings with fellow Lancers. The entire, monumental structure was in the shape of an immense annulus, a single circular hallway nearly a hundred feet tall that was studded with rooms of every size and description and whose central, outdoor space was devoted to a truly gigantic courtyard that played home to all manner of activities, from training to leisure. She'd never before been in any place that felt more like home, despite the building's imposing nature. Enchantments that were woven throughout the seamless marble of the walls and floor kept the place clean, dust-free, and at a continuous, comfortable temperature regardless of the weather conditions outside. It was a realm of its own, separate, but never distant, always warm and inviting. The massive, thirty-foot tall doors stood eternally open, and she walked through them, trailing an idle hand along the intricate, argentum engravings, greetings in languages more numerous than she had thought existed not too long ago.

The whole place was a symbol, a symbol of safety, of protection, a single, continuous wall to shield everyone from the cold outside, and she, like all the other Lancers who bustled

around her on their own business, was that made manifest, the shield-bearing arms that stood to shelter anyone who needed it, even if they didn't deserve it at the time. A pang of regret mingled in her chest with a bloom of hot pride, and she swallowed past the mix of emotions that rose into her throat as she veered off to the side of the lofty entrance chamber and quickly ascended the staircase that led to the second story.

The building was unbelievably enormous, and even though she was on the correct floor, it was still a brisk walk to where her room was. Her door greeted her silently, as always, gliding inward on perfectly-maintained hinges as she unlocked it with the only key she had ever possessed. It was a modest space, by the Sanctum's standards. There was room for a rather spacious bed, a writing desk, shelves for books and trinkets, a chest of drawers, and then some. It was by far the most luxurious place she had ever laid her head. She pulled her cape, the symbol of her office, as it was, from where she had secreted the flashy fabric away, and hung it on a peg next to the door, doing the same for her pack. Fiddling with the sturdy, leather straps, she then unbuckled her armor, removing the shining, dragonsilver shell that protected her torso, stowing away at the same time the dingy, black cloth she had used to hide the gleaming surface. She made sure it was undamaged before hanging it on a stand with her gauntlets and greaves. The armor alone was worth more coin than she had ever made before her time as a Lancer.

Rolling her arms in their sockets as she stretched weary muscles, she paced a few circuits of the room, gazing out through the window at the sprawl of Southcliff below. It was quite the sight, and she slowed after a moment of gentle introspection, eying herself in the large, full-body mirror that stood in a corner. It was simple, but sturdy, a tall, narrow oval, a sliver of polished silver mounted on a smooth, oak backing. With the exception of her gear, it was the most expensive thing in the room, and she had paid for it on her own, even watched part of it be crafted. It was smooth and free of inconsistencies, and she stared back at herself as she took it in.

Sharp blue eyes gazed at her thoughtfully, her mouth drawn into a discerning line across her canine muzzle. Her erect, triangular ears were focused toward her, only occasionally swiveling toward some minor noise from outside. They poked up from beneath a mop of dark, almost-black hair, and she reached up and pulled away the simple, leather thong that held it back in the ponytail she usually kept it in when away from home, and it rustled softly as it fell around her shoulders. Humming low in her throat, she stepped away for a moment to retrieve a brush from her things and quickly ran it through her hair, making sure it was free of knots and musing on the prospect of cutting it shorter.

Finishing with that, she set aside the brush and busied her fingers with the line of buttons that went down the front of her shirt. Unlike her bright, shining armor, the rest of her uniform was more of a style to which she had grown accustomed over the years. A long-sleeved shirt and trousers of dark, snug cloth, just loose enough to maintain complete freedom of motion. The black of the fabric blended well with the grey of the fur that was most prominent along her body and limbs, and as she peeled it off of her, it displayed the splash of crisp white that colored her chest and belly. She was a husky; the fine, dense hairs that covered her body were thick and numerous, and she smoothed them down as she tossed her shirt to the side.

Her eyebrow quirked up as she stared at her chest. Her modest breasts were still hidden by a clingy, grey bra, meant to support her during vigorous motion more than accentuate anything, but she was still ample enough to give people something to stare at. The rest of her body was tough and wiry, firm and lean to from hours and hours of training and exercise. Her muscle was toned and well-defined even beneath the thickness of her fur, and she lifted her arms to the side, flexing them in on each other and considering the humble mounds of her biceps. She

could swing a sword with the best of them, even if her less than impressive height lent itself more to other—more clandestine—pursuits.

Ivy then wiggled her girlish hips out of her pants and likewise discarded them, kicking them aside. Pursing her lips, she stared for another moment at her near nudity before she shrugged and went to collect one of the two packages she had bought while meandering through the city. She had paid well for the intricate, dark grey dress to be fitted to her body, and she put it on with a little effort, removing her bra in the process. She didn't want anything to mar the garment's elegance. She wasn't really hefty enough to need it outside of the field anyway. Finally getting it on, she couldn't help but grin.

It was high-backed and collared, but the fabric didn't go fully around her neck. It dove in the front, dipping deeply into her cleavage. She adjusted her breasts with a couple idle hands, making sure she was sitting where she was supposed to within the snug dress. Its color nearly perfectly matched the majority of her fur, and the darkness of it mingled with her silhouette. From the front, aside from how her tail wagged from side to side in her pleasure at her decision, the blue of her eyes showed brilliantly out, the only spot of color on her figure. In addition, the white of her chest blazed amid the sea of that dark, shadowy grey, ensuring all eyes would be drawn to what curves she possessed. She wanted people's eyes to be torn between her own and her nearly-exposed bosom. The dress did its job admirably.

Nodding, and intensely satisfied at her spent coin, she stripped from the dress, folding it carefully and setting it aside for special occasions. Next came her second purchase. It had been far cheaper than the dress, though she intended for it no less fun. It was a simple, woolen tunic and a matching pair of trousers, all of the same plain, grey cloth. After bouncing into the ill-fitting trousers, noting that they looked more like leggings on her, she shrugged on the tunic, pulling it down onto her torso with no small amount of effort.

She chuckled at her reflection. She looked ridiculous. She may not have been the most voluptuous woman around, but even she had a form clearly not meant to be contained in such poorly-fitted clothing. The outfit she had bought with no more than a single silver harrow would have been suitable, perhaps, for a boy just entering his teens. On her, it was tight bordering on uncomfortable over nearly each part of her body save for her trim waist. She twisted and turned before the mirror, admiring how the clothing gripped at her body, showing her toned contours as much as her womanly softness, and she idly resolved to get a set like it, but better fit around her chest to allow her to breathe more easily. As it was, she nearly felt corseted, and she left the laces along the upper part of the tunic open. There would have been no hope of getting it any tighter over her bust anyway. It was perfect for her purposes.

She then left the mirror, her bed, the lovely dress, only pausing to collect from her uniform and gear a few tools she was never without and her diminutive prize before she swept out of her room. She had lingered for too long with her reflection, and she didn't want to be late. Scurrying down the hall, she received a few intrigued looks, even a few questions from other Lancers and guests of the Sanctum. She mostly ignored them, giving only brief single-word answers as she hurried to her destination.

She knew by heart which one was Calian's door, and she didn't even bother giving her surroundings a furtive glance before she had her pick in the lock. She had never needed keys before, and that had certainly not changed with her induction into the Lance. It took her only the briefest of moments to have the door open, and she slipped quietly inside, locking it behind her after closing it silently. She had no need to be sneaky, at least not at that particular moment, but old habits were hard to shake, especially after they had saved her life on multiple occasions.

After she had secured herself, she turned around. Calian's room was the same size and shape as hers and most of the rest of the Lancers with her, but it still had his own personal touch. His bed was a little bigger, his down mattress, one he very rarely had the chance to sleep in, a little plusher than hers. His desk showed more use, vials of ink and sheaves of paper ordered neatly on its worn surface. He possessed more books than she, most on history. There were a few paintings hung on his wall, some gifted to him, others commissioned, and the view afforded by his window covered a different slice of Southcliff.

Laughing lightheartedly, she leapt onto his bed, wriggling deep into the linens. He kept himself and his quarters clean, but no amount of soap and sunlight could cleanse them of his scent, hide it from her sensitive nose. It was deep and earthy and musky, and even the hint of its aroma crawled across her shoulders and soothed her tensions. Her tail wagged happily as she breathed his essence into her lungs, saturating herself with him, and she laid there for a few, long minutes, simply basking in the warm aura that any place touched by him was bound to carry.

She jumped when she heard a sound at the door. There was a loud thump on the wood, and then the jingle of a set of keys. Quickly, she spun onto her side, facing the entrance to the room, and cocked one leg up, throwing her tail over her side in as alluring a pose as she could muster given her time limit. The door creaked open, letting a shaft of brighter light spill into the room, and he followed it in. The otter morph looked tired. His shoulders were slumped forward, his thick tail drooped, and he looked at her as if he fully expected her to be there. "I should have checked the pouch before running across half the city. The gate guard?"

"The gate guard." she answered smugly. Poor thing... small wonder he looked so fatigued. Southcliff was no small place, and though Calian was more than athletic, acrobatics of such a caliber were taxing. She knew that better than most.

"Damn... that early... I should have known."

"Yeah... Probably"

"I guess you win, Ace."

"Mhmm..." She could practically feel the coy sparkle in her eyes. Her tail slipped from her hip to begin to wag gaily behind her, thumping against his bed, and he sighed and shuffled over to flop down onto its foot, fumbling with the straps of his own breastplate. She hopped up to her knees and wriggled over to help him. The otter's thick, sleek fur was damp in places from the sweat of his exertions, and the smell of him up close filled her sinuses with hot, tingling musk. It hadn't yet had a chance to sour, and the scent was all him, sweet and powerful and yearning. She couldn't understand how anyone with a nose stayed sane around him, least of all her. "You must be tired, running around all day for nothing."

He chuckled, less bitterly than she had expected. Then again, he was always one to see the bright side of every situation. "A little. This spring's been hot, and more humid than usual."

"We'll have to get you into the showers as soon as we're done here."

"I wouldn't mind that..."

She grinned at his back. "I bet you wouldn't... Here, let me get that strap."

He let out a throaty, gratified groan when his breastplate loosened on his torso, and she peeled it off of him while he unbuckled his gauntlets and greaves. Before she could stop herself, she was licking her lips at the sight of him, unarmored and defenseless. But before she could pounce, he accepted his armor from her and rose to go mount it on its stand as she had done to hers. As he returned to her, she felt her heart quicken in her chest at his smooth, confident motions.

As if he didn't know what he did to her, he began to idly pluck the buttons lining his own uniform shirt from their holes. The dark cloth was even darker on him, and clung to his dense fur from the moisture that it had tried to wick away from his steaming body. It highlighted his strength, enough to make her weak at the knees, and as he opened up his shirt and flapped it to fan himself, she shivered at the glory that was hers to behold. Calian was strong, muscular, and then, somewhere along the course of his life, it was as if the gods had granted him with even more, to pile power onto him until he was a paragon of masculine perfection. His torso was broad and his chest barreled, coated with layers of heavy, sinewy power. His arms were thick from constant use, his legs even more so. His stomach was a cobbled wall of muscle, and it flexed as he breathed his sighs of relief. "Gods' Blood, that's better."

His short hair was a few shades darker than his mellow fur, and his eyes were almost the same shade of placid, resolute brown. He was very nearly monochromatic, save for the whites of his teeth in his near continual, confident smile that melted her heart and left it fluttering within her ribcage. The bastard knew what he was doing to her, teasing her as he left his shirt open and stretched his fatigued muscles, making them heave and ripple beneath the skin that was taut over them. "Come here." she whispered as she crawled forward to sit on the edge of the bed.

He swaggered toward her as she requested, stopping just before her, and reached down to brush her hair back away from her face. "You look lovely, Ivy, even if those clothes seem a little... small. Are you sure you're comfortable?"

Hells no, she wasn't comfortable. She couldn't wait to be out of the too-tight garments. "Of course I am. Don't worry about me. Just look at yourself. You look miserable in those gross rags. Let me help..."

He opened his mouth, perhaps to protest, but no sound came out as she glided her fingertips up his thighs, tickling him through his trousers. Her blunt, canine claws raked up the bulk of his quads, and she eagerly curled her fingers into the waist of his pants. She pulled, cautiously at first, but then more confidently, and gradually dragged his trousers down his legs for the now loose fabric to pool around his digitigrade paws. To her surprise, he wasn't wearing anything underneath, and she blinked when a solid wall of his undiluted musk slapped her across the face as it poured from his flaccid member. Her heart skipped a beat, but then remedied its failure by suddenly thundering in her veins. "You... you fucker." she panted, "You lost on purpose."

He was slowly pulling off his shirt, and he shook his head as he tossed it aside and stepped from his trousers. "Unfortunately not." He sounded genuine. "I was just prepared for any eventuality. I'll be more careful next time, though."

She huffed through her nose as her lips parted to allow the exit of her tongue. She gave Calian's ruddy, pink flesh a little lick, and at even the slight contact, the otter tensed and gave pleased sigh. His cock lurched up at her, stiffening quickly, and she caught it in her hand to stop it from actually slapping her in the face. "Easy there, hero. You've got a long way to go yet."

Wiggling his webbed toes, he grinned, touching her cheek. "So I do. To the victor, go the spoils, right?"

"Right..." she mumbled past the crown of his shaft as she engulfed it with her lips. She felt it pulse against the roof of her mouth, gaining length and girth with frightening quickness. For someone who wasn't some overhung horse, he was massive. Soft, he didn't have to worry too much about bursting a seam over his crotch, but as inch after inch poured vigorously into her mouth, she wondered how he managed to at least not deform his trousers. She moaned, pulling back and slurping her own saliva from its throbbing length, and she wrapped her fingers around

it while those of her other hand slipped down, trailing past his root to fondle his big, firm testes, aching within his furred sac.

He swallowed hard as she stroked his tumescence to rigidity. Her mouth watered hungrily, and she let it lube the passage of her pumping hand as he rose to his full, nine-inch length, hard and thick against her palm. Ivy cooed up at him, once more lapping up his flared glans to suckle from his immense shaft. His legs trembled, and she gazed longingly up at him, into his eyes. He was so helpless sometimes, and she teased him mercilessly, growling whenever his hands twitched toward her. He was hers, and the pace was likewise hers to dictate.

She pulled away when he began to dilate in threat of orgasm, sliding her head back and breathing heavily over his steely flesh. "What's wrong, big guy? Close already? You must be so pent up, you poor thing." He said nothing in reply, simply absentmindedly licking his lips as she continued to toy with him. Dribbles of slick pre drooled down his length, occasionally joined by fitful spurts as she deftly manipulated his heavy balls and lapped at his distended urethra. "You should lay down before you pass out, hero. You look... flustered."

Gently, he pushed her aside, and she allowed it, watching him climb atop his mattress next to her. He took deep, calming breaths, trying to rein himself in for what he surely knew to be in store for him. He limply flopped onto his back, propping his head and shoulders up against the simple headboard of his bed. His claws dug into his thighs, as if a little discomfort was enough to cool his ardor, and she grinned at his attempt at regaining composure while she rested on her hands and knees, head low and ass up, and prowled toward him, her tail wagging excitedly above her. The husky climbed up over his legs, running his proud erection down her face and chest, dragging it over the simple cloth of her newly-purchased tunic. He hissed down at her, rubbing his leg and tenderly caressing her shoulder, then her arm.

Her tongue slipped from her mouth to wet her lips, and she bowed her head to press a long kiss into his stony abdomen, lusting over the hard muscle. His needy cock poked into her chest, twitching despite his best efforts to quell the fires she was so ardently stoking, and she slipped a lazy hand beneath herself to continue to idly stroke it. His eyes raked her over even as he squirmed, staring at her through the tightness of her outfit, undressing her, following the familiar contours of her athletic, feminine body, the figure she was proud to have earned after so much hard work. She knew she was sexy, but his eyes took it to a new level. Calian's impressive manhood, the way it spasmed in her hand at even the slightest touch, told her she was sexy, but his eyes told her she was beautiful.

Her lust-reddened cheeks flushed further with a twinge of lewd embarrassment, and she was sure he could see it beneath the fur that covered her muzzle. "I'm going to enjoy this."

"Not as much as I." he breathed, clenching one strong hand into a tight fist while stroking her hair with the other.

She barked a throaty laugh and gave his rock-hard equipment a firm squeeze. "We'll see about that."

Without giving him a chance to speak she lunged forward, briefly splaying the length of her body against his, slipping his cock between her clad thighs and pressing her modest bust into his pecs, where they squished lusciously. She stayed there only long enough to kiss him on the lips, mouth closed but probing and passionate, before she popped back up, hopping acrobatically to her paws, where she straddled his waist. Standing on his mattress, she loomed over him, and she stared hungrily down the length of her body at his, so big and kind and confident. He waited for her.

A look of momentary confusion flickered across his muzzle when she spun into her hand the knife hidden up her sleeve. Chuckling coyly, she banished his fears when she simply lowered the wicked point, dragging it lightly over her tunic, letting it catch momentarily on the imperfections in the weave. She palmed the blade for control and precision, and then rested it over her loins, where, with a quick slice, she cut partway through the cloth between her legs, weakening it just enough to suit her purposes. With a flick of her wrist she tossed the knife aside where it landed with a clatter on Calian's desk. Then, with a preparatory sigh, she stretched her arms over her head and dipped into a squat.

The fabric she had cut ripped with a sharp snapping of thread, and she giggled, cupping a demure hand over her mouth in feigned shock. "Oh my..." she gasped, "My trousers seem to have a deficiency, I knew I should have paid to get them tailored..." Her hands trailed back down her body and slipped between her legs, where they explored the rent in the cloth. Fingers probed and dug in, and with a short flex and a playful grunt, she widened the hole a little further, suiting it for her purposes.

Calian's eyes were wide. Her enflamed netherlips were obscured by her wandering fingers, but no longer by any of the cheap fabric. There was a long gash up her crotch that bared all she had to the comparatively frigid air around her. "Well..." she whispered conspiratorially, "I'm nothing if not an opportunist. We might as well take advantage of this little mishap, right?"

Her knight in shining armor reached forward to touch her bent knees. "It's not as though I have much choice."

She gave him a wolfish grin. "True enough." Her hand arm twisted behind her to brace his turgid maleness as she bent further, letting herself fall to her knees above the otter's hips. She rocked her pelvis backward, lining herself up, and Calian hissed when the crown of his massive cock slid wetly against her glistening womanhood. With a few careful breaths, she gritted her teeth and pushed further back and down, heaving a gratified sigh as he parted her with his stunning girth. "Oh... *Oh*. Gods' Blood, I'll never get... tired of you... filling me up." His broad hands grasped at her girlish hips, helping drag her down, and her moan gradually raised in volume and pitch as she lowered herself to his crotch, only stopping when the curves of her tight, firm backside rested on his thighs and his manhood was hilted within her.

She pressed a hand over her trim, taut abdomen, feeling from without how decisively she was stuffed. It felt as though a nine-inch bar of unhammered steel, still glowing from the forge, had been crammed up into her, and her slick fluids smeared over his loins as she wriggled atop him, savoring each throb of his hard flesh. She could very easily get off just where she was, speared atop him, with his hands on her hips, holding and squeezing while he pulsed against her fluttering walls as they quivered in disbelief of what had been pushed into her. She wondered what it was like, having so much of oneself inside someone else. Could he feel her breathing, her heartbeat as it thundered in her veins? She could feel him, and she flexed the muscles lining her feminine passage, treasuring her connection with him.

With a shaking hand, she reached into her pocket, pulling from it what she had swiped from him earlier that day. He noted the presence of the fine, glass vial in her hand, the cork stopper and the wax seal still intact, and she swirled the liquid it held within. It was their prize, to be used at the discretion of the winner, and she intended on taking full advantage of her victory. "So, big boy, do you want to get off before or after?"

"Why not both?"

"Ambitious..." she purred, impressed, "I like ambition." She rocked from side to side as she cracked the seal on the vial with a claw, grinding him within her. Carefully, so as to avoid

breaking the glass, she removed the cork and took a whiff of its contents. The potion was strong, very much so, and smelled rich and earthy, like mushrooms and fresh-cut wheat and dark, loamy soil. She looked at Calian beneath her, pinned beneath her slight weight and perfectly content, to be teased. He throbbed continually within her, and she her lower lips drooled all over him in return. "Gods, Calian... You have no idea how much I was to shove this down your throat just to watch it happen."

"But you're... not going to."

The fluid was already past her tonsils before he finished speaking. She hadn't even waited to taste it, and she shook the last few drops into her maw, intent on getting the full effect, even licking the inside of the cork clean. "Nope." she quipped, tossing the vial and its stopper aside. Careful of how she bet at her waist, she leaned over onto him, draping her hair over his face and giving him a lingering kiss. Perhaps the residue on her lips would give him a little bit more fortitude, but it was as likely as not. She kissed him just to taste him, to linger over him and tickle his whiskers with her shoulder-length mane while her tail flailed spastically behind her and against his legs. "Alright, big boy, if you want it, you better fuck me..." She hesitated, wincing slightly as she felt the heat of the potion ignite within her gut. "While you still can." Her voice was lower, coarse, and she licked her teeth as he got a better grip on her exposed ass.

The strength in his arms let him left her off of him, a couple inches at most, and she allowed him to. She was preoccupied with more than the way he pulsed fitfully inside her feminine depths. He eased himself back in, and she moaned eagerly, rocking her hips as the contents of her stomach gurgled ominously and heated further. "Oh... Here it comes, hero." She tensed and grunted as he sped up, beginning the process of fucking her the way she deserved, as hard and as fast as her ample lubricant and his powerful musculature would allow. He battered her with a series of quick, brutal thrusts that had her bouncing atop him, her breasts visibly jiggling within the confines of her too-tight top.

She squealed at the rough treatment, but then shuddered as the potion hit her veins like a burst of adrenaline. Her head fell back, and her mouth snapped shut for her teeth to clench frantically under the sudden, overwhelming onslaught. A sharp, "Hnngh!" was forced from her chest as her whole body tensed explosively, muscle standing in stark relief against her freshly-purchased outfit, and she balled her clawed fingers into tight fists in sudden strain. It didn't slow her devoted lover though. If anything, it spurred him on, and he desperately bucked his thick, virile length into her depths as even those muscles flexed and collapsed down onto him in a delirious parody of an orgasm.

She aided him as she could, but the pleasure he forced her to experience quickly mingled with a different, more surreal sensation. With a soft grunt, she lifted her arms and held her hands behind her head, thrusting out her chest and pushing her shoulders back as her body began to burn with the hot, pulsing energy of the alchemical cocktail. Her heart pounded against her ribcage as it pushed her heated blood through her arteries, and she ached for a few sweet, pulsating seconds while Calian fucked her inhumanly tight tunnel.

She felt it first in her shoulders. She flexed her arms where they were, and her deltoids visibly throbbed. As a throaty moan filtered through her tense vocal chords, the balls of muscle twitched and grew. They rounded with more than simply athletic strength, and as they enlarged, that fire swept in both directions, bleeding into her arms as it touched upon her lean traps. The cords of muscle bordering her neck rose upward as she rolled her arms in their thickening sockets, and the process lifted her tunic upward, baring a sliver of her midriff as her muscle dragged on the taut fabric. She let out a shaky breath and dragged in another as she lowered her

arms and snapped them inward toward herself, forcing the muscle that lined them to fight against itself.

She gasped as her biceps bulged, and she flexed them again and again, delighting in the way that they retained more and more of their tensed size and strength. With a sharp *pop*, the first part of her carefully-selected clothing gave, the seams over her upper arms. Her biceps, bordered on the opposite side by her equally-growing triceps, burst the line of stitches over them, pushing tight, grey fur up and into the air over a building mound of steely power. More and more heat flooded through her system, and not only in the shaft of glowing steel that was thrust into her time and time again. She began to sweat, and she pushed her chest even further out, lifting her arms to border her head and giving them another good flex that made sinewy muscle surge down their lengths.

Lazily, as Calian bounced her on his girthy manhood, she turned her head aside and pressed a doting, intimate kiss onto the peak of her knotted bicep. "More..." she whimpered in a voice that became gruff and needy, "Show me what you can do." As the bunched muscle heaved and writhed beneath her fur, she lavished lusty affections over it, watching with glee as her forearms twisted and tightened with a glorious cracking of the innumerable tendons that lined her limbs. She tossed her hair around her head, exulting in the sensations of strength and growth, the stretching of her furred skin and the feeling of added weight that swept into her torso, weight that felt weightless as it carried itself and then some.

With a creaking groan, her tunic protested against her breasts as they were pushed suddenly outward by hard, taut pectoral muscles that bulged to life beneath her supple mounds. Even though she left the laces undrawn, there was nowhere for her titflesh to go, so it was compressed even more resolutely by her confining top. That was enough for her though. Her nipples were like perky diamonds as they ground into the constricting cloth, visible through the strained wool. Even more stress was put on it as her back broadened while a layer of firm, powerful muscle thickened into being down its full length, from her flaring traps to the base of her flicking tail.

She let out a coarse laugh as she brought her arms forward across her torso, crossing them and putting all of the strain across her back. The seams popped over her shoulders, and with the sound of her silver being put to glorious use, she felt the fabric that ran down her back rip noisily in a long line that her swelling physique expanded into with tenacious zeal. "Yes!" she cried, straightening her spine and thrusting her chest out once more. Her breasts had room yet again, and she groaned as her lats bulged and broadened her already thickening torso. Carelessly, she finished tearing off her sleeves, the useless rags having no more purpose any longer than to obscure her bulging, throbbing strength.

Her obliques tensed and twitched, and her hands dropped low, scraping her blunted claws down the suddenly intricately carved muscle, muscle that possessed definition that wouldn't be hidden beneath the thickness of her fur or the remnants of her shirt alike. It gave her a glimpse of what the rest of her would be shaped like, hard and tight and on the verge of unseemly bulkiness. She gasped and grunted again, more hoarsely, as her diaphragm rebelled against her for a breathless moment. Her tensing abdomen bent her forward, and her hands scrabbled for purchase on her ruined tunic to she could pull it free down her front, baring her entire torso to Calian's awed gaze.

The otter still fucked her, but was having trouble lifting her with such fervor thanks to the pounds she was gaining in the form of sheets, and then slabs of unyielding muscle. As her individual abs bulged and pushed outward, the same changes rocked through her internal

musculature, and her quivering womanhood suddenly collapsed down onto his cock like a vice. He grunted, spluttering weakly as he bucked wildly into her for a brief moment, and then he came with a shuddering cry. She moaned as he spurted into her depths, and she rubbed her ballooning abdominals as he filled her with seed that was hot enough to almost rival the temperature of the energy remaking her body in a more powerful image.

His backblast gushed out around their connected loins from where she simply had no room for accept the full amount of his virility. She still moaned and wrung at him with muscles she had no full amount of control over. He simply twitched and blinked and moaned with her, and her hands busied themselves with her stomach. She felt her six-pack, felt each muscle striate further into an almost impossible eight-pack, and felt each bricklike mound harden until they wouldn't be differentiated from actual bricks, slabs of stone that lined her belly from her breasts down to her messy nethers. Her claws traced around each bulky shape, working their way downwards, and she took up the chore of doing the fucking as Calian's overwhelmed mind showed difficulty in keeping up the pace.

Actually using her legs for something other than resting her weight on seemed to spur on their growth, and she watched with a giddy, toothy grin as her quads heaved under her trousers and furred hide both. She could see each fibrous bundle of strength moving and working to haul her inches upward until nothing of him remained in her but his thick glans, and as she dropped herself to his loins, she squirmed and grew. More ripping sounds filled the air as the fabric of her pants gave way under the force of her heavy, meaty expansion, and she dug her fingers into her exposed thighs, feeling how new bulk pushed apart her slender, nimble digits. She gripped with the power now inherent to her upper body, trying to do anything to even dimple her strength and failing utterly.

Cords of adamantite flesh lined her limbs, and she felt her butt getting the same treatment, her already full, toned ass tensed of its own accord, filling even more of her trousers. The slit she had cut into the cloth proved too much of a weakness, and before her swelling asset could push her too much further upward, her pants ripped up along her crack, actually going so far as to tear the waistline. Suddenly slack, her trousers fell limply around her waist, and she snarled, not at all satisfied with the destructiveness of her growth.

Clawing at the tattered fabric, she heaved, feeling her new bulk tense along her frame as she lifted and tore the otherwise sturdy wool up and off of her body. She gripped it in opposite hands, grunting and flexing, and she tore it in half like it was paper before growling a guttural vocalization that carried little but raw, sexual need. She felt hot and anxious. Calian felt like heaven inside her, and she slapped her powerful new hands down on his own thick chest to give herself both leverage and a better vantage to watch her legs as they continued their transformation. Her thighs continued to swell with powerful girth, and her calves turned to diamond under her taut fur. Her toes wriggled ecstatically, and she grunted as she gained the rest of her impossible, toned definition.

Saliva slicked her fangs as her mouth lolled open, her tongue licking her lips almost continuously. She felt like a goddess, pure and physical, and Calian was her consort, noble and worthy and worshipful as his hands drifted up along her rigid contours. "Fuck, I need you!" she nearly shouted. She felt like the sweat that was matting her fur should have been steaming off of her, she was so hot. Her dark hair was a wild mess, and she felt like some savage barbarian warrior, hard and naked and utterly, primally, feminine.

She was easily as broad as Calian, her thick, strong lover, but with a more tapered waist. What her build lacked in being more slender and womanly it made up for in sheer, stunning

definition. Her arms were nearly as thick as his, but were leaner and tougher, more sinewy. Her abdomen possessed clearer, perpetual strength, strength that he caressed and worked over with his confident fingers as she bounced herself atop him, and the desire in her eyes drove her mad with lust. "Fuck!" she cried, flexing her biceps and running a slaver tongue over the huge, nearly hulking mounds of power.

Her shoulders bunched with delirious strain as her head sunk down before her, nearly drowning in her bulging traps. She was going to take him, ravage him to within an inch of consciousness. She pulled away from his crotch nearly enough to drag him out of her, but she wouldn't allow that to happen and instead used that freedom to turn her back to him and slam herself back down. She leaned far over, presenting the curves of her huge, hard, luscious ass to him, which he gratefully took up in reverent fingers. She could look beneath her, down the length of her body and his squirming legs to see his huge erection buried into her oozing slit, and she licked her lips again. His full sac seemed like it could use another good, rough emptying.

Resting the weighty girth of her upper body on her elbows, she pressed her mouth against her bicep while she used her hips alone to lift herself inches from his loins, flicking her fluffy, crescent-moon tail and rolling her pelvis to grind him against her every inner fold. She heard him groan, and she let out a long, lilting moan herself. Everything felt so good, like she was still burning with ecstasy. She presented her ass to him, and he stroked it and groped it, and that too felt right and natural. Once more, and with a tensing of nearly every muscle she possessed, she thrust herself downward, using her arms to lever more of her weight onto him to pound him up into her. He grunted, and she gasped, and then they both moved as one to repeat the brutal motion. He even managed to move his hips up and down a little to further punctuate the wet, squelching impact.

"Fuck!" she screeched, biting down on another string of epithets that would have only taken away from the amount of focus she could apply to using him to ream herself senseless. With her head at his feet and her breasts pressing lewdly into his legs, she humped wildly, using every ounce of strength present in her briefly improved body to force his massive maleness into her impossibly tight passage. Her inner walls milked at him as his thick crown scraped past each delicate fold of her overcome womanhood, and she moaned helplessly as she shivered in the midst of her rapture.

The tension residing in her body was immense, and as her cries rose in pitch, her motions grew more and more spastic. Her new, lightly-used muscle demanded a challenge, and she threw herself into the act of relieving herself with mindless, desperate force. She impaled herself again and again, twisting and rocking her hips with each thrust that filled her and made fresh spurts of jizz leak from her overstuffed, harpooned flower. "You... you better cum with me," she panted gruffly, "or so help me, I'll never let you win."

That didn't seem like it would be an issue. Calian's toes curled threateningly in on themselves, and his legs twitched dangerously. His cock bulged and dilated, already on the edge, and it quickly seemed like she would be the one to show up late to that party. So she stopped holding herself back, holding herself in check. The otter, her lover, was tough, and could take a little roughness. She pushed everything she had into fucking them both with each other. She let her trembling walls flex lustfully around his huge, hard thickness, and he likewise pulsed angrily within her, stimulating every crease and crevice with which she could feel him.

She arched her back when she came, and only screamed louder and more exultantly when he erupted within her again. "Yes!" her voice wailed, slurring the words into one another, "Fuck me, yes!" her overpowered womanhood exploded with bliss, falling down with the grip of a

demigod on the tool that was filling it so decisively. Once more, Calian spurted his excess, that which her unnaturally snug walls couldn't hope to hold in addition to his girthy manhood, over their slapping loins. Ivy alternated rapidly in pace, going from grinding their ruined crotches against each other to bouncing like a wildwoman in the height of her domain, feasting on the orgasming otter like a cornered rat.

She screamed with increasing hoarseness, and long after Calian had run out of thick, gooey jizz to give her she continued to squeal and gasp and cum, milking him of even his dregs. Her body wouldn't quit; it went mad, and she slavered numbly, gritting her teeth and contorting without end in her throes of glorious euphoria. Her hungry flower wouldn't let her lover begin to soften, not without her permission, and her massive musculature bunched and flexed again and again as waves of rapturous tension wracked her powerful frame. She couldn't help but whimper and pant as the beginnings of fatigue finally began to ache in her new muscles.

Her feminine sex was still quivering and pulsing hotly when her arms gave out, slumping her upper body into the bed and his shivering legs. It wasn't that they lacked strength. Her mind was just broken by the depths of her pleasure, and she couldn't make herself move her arms anymore as she focused all of her dire attentions on her hips and her legs and her steady, continuous humping. Calian's hands held for dear life onto her big, impressive rump, and she wiggled that for him too, thrashing her tail and slowly, gradually, finally putting the brakes on her mindless rutting.

Her body wanted more, but she needed to breathe at that moment more than she needed to fuck herself and Calian both into numbed unconsciousness. Her body practically demanded it, but she only lay there, gasping and rolling her hips to no particular rhythm while her butt was continuously fondled. "Nnh... Fuck." she hissed, slurring her words, "Just... give me a minute. I need more. Before this wears off. Holy crap."

If she'd had the air in her lungs, she would have yelped in surprise as those worshipful hands suddenly wrapped forward and around her muscled waist, hauling her up. She did manage a squeal as all of her new weight fell onto Calian's cock buried within her, and she flailed wildly before she came to rest with her back resting against the otter's thick, firm chest. She may have almost matched him for size, and likely surpassed him for strength, at least for the time being, but he was still no pushover, and his hands then went around to the front of her belly, lacing together over her abs. "That's alright, Ace." he panted, his own voice low and harsh from his lust as well as his exertions. He kissed her shoulder, lingering his lips on her balled muscle, and one of his hands then lifted to tightly grip her bicep as if to compare it physically with the bunched mass of his own thick, rigid arm. While that hand busied itself there, his other sought out her softer places and came to rest over the mound of her perky breast. She whined at the sensation of harsh stimulation after so much attention had been focused downstairs, but he just breathed hotly over the back of her neck and tweaked her aching nipple. "Now it's my turn." he added, almost as an afterthought.

Like hell it was. This was her show, and she was about to show him the error of her ways and that all that fresh, heavy weight was for more than bouncing herself up and down on top of him when the something happened that shocked her. As she moved her arm up, he used the grip he had on her arm to take advantage of her sudden imbalance, and she abruptly spun, the world blurring around her. She squeaked at the sensation of his cock grinding around in light circles against her pulsing walls, but she let out a more incensed vocalization at the sight of the cocky grin on his face. Ivy was shoved against his chest, her breasts providing a slight, pleasant cushion

between their broad, powerful chests, and as she moved again, his other arm shifted almost casually, catching her wrist and dragging her arm behind her.

He pulled with what was practically gentleness, but she squirmed at the way he forced the thickness of her hulking arms behind her back and up between her shoulder blades. It pushed her chest out at him, presenting her bust to his wandering gaze, and she snapped her teeth together in protest. She struggled, but he had her arms locked behind her, and while she was likely as strong as he, the otter had leverage on her. "Wh-what?!" she snarled, "Let me go!"

"Nope." he said, grinning more broadly, "You may have got me at the gate, but your mistake was thinking that this competition was over before it was over, Ace."

Ivy thrashed against him, doing everything but biting him square on the nose for his arrogance, but it quickly seemed like nothing but that would free her, and she quickly collapsed, panting. His immense manhood was pulsing freshly in her, and the ardor that the contact was bringing on was making it difficult to focus on her predicament. "That's not fair." she whimpered, pouting up at him as she tensed her bulky body one last time in protest.

It was his turn to lick his lips, falling inward to kiss her. Wrapped up in such an immobilizing embrace as she was, she was helpless against the way he lifted her off of him, just barely an inch, and pushed himself back into her for their loins to meet with a slick squelch. She moaned into his throat, however, and it was her tongue that invaded his mouth to toy with his slower, thicker organ. "I'm just playing by your rules, right?"

She huffed, but drifted away to lay her chin on his shoulder. With what freedom she had, she helped him haul the mass of her body upward, this time farther than the last, to begin the process of building their pleasure anew. With a resigned smile, she wryly shook her head at him, allowing her breath to come more quickly in her chest in response to the needles of pleasure that began to crawl up her spine once more. "Bastard."

He laughed and planted a comically chaste peck on her cheek. "I love you too."