

Distractions

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Valorie had been nearly a master at her craft when she had first met the bold, young woman so long ago. Through the years, her love had done more than perfect it, she had reinvented it. Dawn stood amid the ring of onlookers, behind most and using the height of her seven-foot frame, which she was still unaccustomed to, to observe the spectacle over the heads of the Lancers that had congregated around that particular corner of the training field. Dawn's eyes were glued to Valorie, hopelessly entranced alongside dozens of others, seemingly every other Lancer that wasn't on duty somewhere else.

It was more than what her love wore while sparring, though it didn't hurt. Valorie's shirt was a size too small for her, and clung resolutely to her curves. It was cropped high, showing the entire expanse of the cobbled muscle of her abdomen, and seemed only intended to keep her ample chest from shifting too much with her agile movements, a task which it managed only with the aid of the snug, linen cloth wrapped around the supple mounds of her breasts. Her dark trousers hugged her powerful legs with the same degree of snugness, something which was far from uncommon despite the intimidating bulge she was packing at the crotch, the likewise contained mass of her mixed sexes.

Her sleek, chocolate brown fur glistened with her sweat, and the splash of white in the middle of her chest, above her breasts and dipping down into the beginning of her exposed cleavage, seemed to be a target for her adversaries, a target that, so far, none of them had been able to even threaten with contact. Her golden brown hair whipped around her in a tight, low ponytail that matched the calf-length horse tail that hung from above her well-turned rear, and her bright green eyes shone with an excited gleam in the midday sun, mirroring the sentiment in the grin that bared her teeth.

Dawn winced inwardly with each ringing clash of meeting steel and wrung the fabric of her shimmering golden robes in nervous fingers. Valorie had only been bested in combat a handful of times in the decades she had known the confident horse morph, but the blades that whistled as they were swung through the air were still razor sharp. One of the combatants had already been dragged off the field grumbling at a painful, but not threatening injury across the outside of his thigh.

Which left Valorie facing only two other Lancers in their mock combat. One, a lanky equine whose black and white markings were starkly defined and whose bare chest was shaped with sheets of sinewy muscle, and the other, a gray-furred cat morph who was sorely outsized by both other fighters and continuously moved around the woman who was constantly taunting them with a cocky smile.

Toby and Gravis moved with practiced precision, always trying to get under Valorie's guard. The horse would dart in for a lightning-fast series of jabs and swipes with his blade, each an attempt to distract her while the cat darted around and tried to flank. Each time, Valorie would dodge or turn away each attack with contemptuous ease and step cautiously back to keep both her assailants before her. Despite how she was constantly retreating in a wide circle, she made it clear who had the upper hand. Valorie's own countering strokes weren't as fast as the other horse's, and she only swung once for three of Toby's, but each was perfectly placed and used every ounce of her overwhelming power to slice the air bare inches from her opponent's flesh.

Only the sheer speed of Toby's shorter, more wiry frame let him avoid or narrowly deflect attacks that would have felled him with brutal efficiency.

Gravis harrowed Valorie's flanks, keeping her from directing her full attention on either of the Lancers, which was why both of them were still standing. He had to duck desperately to avoid the casual swings from the equine that had feet on him. His reach limited what he was able to do, but he was even faster than Toby and was always probing for even the slightest of openings. Valorie just wasn't giving either of them any. Toby was bleeding crimson over the crisp, white fur of his forward from a shallow cut she had given him because of a split-second of hesitation on his partner's part. All three were panting, but Valorie was the only one who was laughing as the impact of their swords caused the occasional shower of sparks to cascade around them. She remained untouched.

The entire crowd was held silently transfixed, but none more than Dawn, whose teeth were gritted from the effort of restraining her enthusiasm. She wanted to scream and cheer and shout for Valorie to stop toying with them, but she was preoccupied with maintaining her balance as her legs trembled traitorously with her voyeuristic glee. Through the link she shared with her love, she felt Valorie's giddiness, the adrenaline-laced euphoria of combat tempered with the confidence of decades of experience. Her heart was hammering in her chest, though she did little but watch. She was just caught up in the performance of some of the best the Lance had to offer mingled with Valorie's rampant joy. If there was one place the equine felt at home apart from Dawn's arms, it was with a sword in her hand with something nearby on which to use it.

There were things the wizard should likely have been doing, but Valorie's blossoming enthusiasm had drawn her away from her desk and into the sun half within the shade of the massive weeping willow that dominated the hill. There were still smudges of ink on her fingers from the scrolls she had been scribing, but she could never miss the opportunity to watch her love in action. Without her armor, Valorie looked less like her noble knight and more like some tribal warrior from the northern tundra, big and strong and overwhelmed by the glory of battle.

Dawn's fingers tightened on her robes until it seemed the cloth would rip. Valorie's broad frame was coated with muscle that had been earned over years of ceaseless work. What bulk she had was rock hard, and even the fur that covered her body couldn't mar the contours etched into her form by the hands of a master craftsman. With each measured movement, she tensed and flexed, and it drew the wizard's eye to see such strength put to use by the very thing that had created it. Valorie was built to fight. Her blade, nearly as long as her feline adversary was tall, rested easily in her firm grip, and the emerald set into its pommel caught the light almost as much as her eyes, glittering with each swing, but glinted a vibrant, almost luminous orange rather than the green that could be expected from the gem.

She made the air sing for her with each swipe of her arm, and though she was constantly backpedaling neither Gravis nor Toby could gain any advantage over her. By all rights, Valorie should have had a team fighting with her, one selected at random like that of her opponents, but Dawn knew that Valorie's pride and rightful confidence had likely banished that notion. Any help in this fight would have been laughably unnecessary, and would have ended it minutes ago. Her stance never wavered, and her focus never waned. It looked like she was doing nothing more mentally taxing than going for a casual stroll.

The cacophony of pitched combat masked the sound Dawn's shaky whimper. Beneath her robes, her heavy breathing was dragging her shirt over the bumps of her *extremely* erect nipples, and she wanted so badly to touch her aching flesh that it almost hurt. Were it not for the scene it would have caused, she would have dropped to her knees, and she swallowed noisily, fighting to

rein in her welcome ardor. She was certain that Valorie could feel it pouring off of her through their link. She saw that acknowledgment in the glances that were shot at her in the rare lulls in the fighting to let the parties reposition or even breath for just a few seconds, yet they did little but exacerbate the situation.

For a brief moment, she cursed her own form. It was times like this that she considered finally asking Daryn for his help in righting the unnatural sensitivity of her body. Without the impetus to focus, she felt each nerve throbbing with pleasure, and it felt *good*, unfairly good. Even breathing, even the little wriggles of her body that rubbed her thighs against one another, filled her with mounting bliss, and as she watched Valorie, watched her impossibly beautiful lover move and pant and show off for her, teasing her without fail, she felt it only bloom hotter in her veins.

Surreptitiously, she slid a hand downward to glide smoothly over the curve of her ample hip. While Valorie stood tall and proud, clear and confident in her purpose, her cheeks flushed hot with embarrassment as her fingers teased inward along her shapely thighs. She pushed and rubbed against where the fabric of her robes hung over her loins, and she felt her skirt be born in to grind against her hidden womanhood. Her engorged flesh yearned for stimulation, and she could feel the heat radiating from her pulsing femininity. The lusty fluids she was leaking down the insides of her legs must have been nearly boiling, and she knew that if she didn't soon rein herself in, she would lose control.

Need overpowered her shame, and she brazenly fingered herself, praying no one would actually turn away from the scene that played out before her. She got enough attention as it was. Just as it was clear what Valorie was meant to do with her body, her form screamed its purpose to anyone with a pair of functional eyes. Even the loose shapelessness of her robes was insufficient to hide the raw sensuality of her figure. Her immense, nearly head-sized breasts and full rounded rump were separated by a trim, slender waist that seemed unable to support the weight of the curves that bordered it. Though she was terribly short, especially for horse morphs, she was well proportioned, with long, lissome legs that held the heft of the broad, motherly hips that swung to and fro as she walked in spite of how much she tried to appear normal.

It was a shapeliness she'd had for nearly her entire life, and it certainly hadn't been hindered by her still relatively recent equine form. Her rich, strawberry blonde fur gleamed almost as much as her thick, auburn hair, which cascaded around her narrow shoulders in seemingly endless waves. Her large, expressive eyes, a rich amber in color, stared hopelessly awed, and her heavy breasts strained against even her loosest of clothes as she took deep, increasingly impassioned breaths. The hard-packed earth underfoot was warm against her alabaster hooves, and her own lengthy, ankle-length tail swished sporadically with her excitement.

Her spine tingled ominously, and she felt her entire body aching for contact, from the tip of her spiraling, ivory horn to the roots of her hooves. Her fur helped to create a barrier between her skin and her clothing, but her ruddy pink nipples were still enflamed and disastrously sensitive, and in this state, every follicle of hair on her body wanted to stand straight up as if to reach upward to brush against her helplessly snug blouse just to torture her. While everyone's back was turned toward her, she ignored the heat of shame on her cheeks and covertly masturbated, using her fingers as surrogates for Valorie's thicker, less hesitant digits.

With a sharp jolt that shot up her back, shattered her mind, and darted back down between her legs, she climaxed. While her limbs trembled, she concealed her throaty moan as best she could with a grunt and a meek cough. Despite how she tore her hand away from her

crotch, she felt her quivering, feminine passage clenching with desperate force around nothing. She felt fresh wetness drooling down her thighs, and her entire body throbbed with delirious euphoria. She hissed at her lack of control, and though she righted her mental balance quickly, she knew it was too late. As her mind filled with harsh, orgasmic pleasure, it flooded through the connection she shared with her love and caught Valorie unprepared with what would feel like a mini orgasm of her own.

Dawn could hear the breath catch in her lover's throat, and she saw Valorie's footing falter for no more than an instant, her focus broken. Her combatants, though no masters yet, were experts in their own right, and were both able to take advantage of her momentary weakness. Gravis darted in and swung wildly at Valorie's legs, and while she was avoiding the length of razored steel, Toby lunged forward and slid his blade down along hers. With a flick of his wrist that he made look easy, he spun Valorie's sword from her shaking fingers and sent it careening off to the side to clatter against the ground.

Recovering nearly instantly, she lashed out in a kick that nearly connected with Gravis's chest and quickly backed away from her opponents. "Sorry fellas," she panted, "but playtime's over. I'm needed elsewhere, and urgently." Her assailants, however, didn't dare lower their swords, and Valorie only grinned and slipped a lengthy knife from a sheath on her belt. Holding the blade against her forearm in a reverse grip, she dug her boots into the dirt and charged them both. Her adversaries just held their swords out in defense, as if to skewer her, with Gravis off to the side.

She reached out with both arms like she was going to hug Toby, and in the process, brushed aside his sword with her knife, sliding it harmlessly past her as she slithered inside his guard. She grabbed his other wrist and jerked him sharply down as she threw her knee up into his gut. He grunted out all the air in his lungs, and she hauled him to the side to keep him between her and the feline who hadn't dropped his sword in sudden pain. She reached out and snatched up Toby's weapon as the equine dropped to the ground to writhe weakly and to try to start breathing again. Then stepping toward the cat, she entered a flurry of vicious blows that had him flailing desperately to avoid being sliced open with his own ally's sword. Each only barely turned aside or avoided. Still, he was fleeing and very much on the defensive when Valorie cried out and brought her appropriated weapon down with both hands. Gravis intercepted it only a split-second before it bisected him, but it wasn't enough to stop the terrifying momentum of the length of steel. His sword snapped at the point of impact with a metallic screech, and the tip of Valorie's blade whizzed past the fur of his chest as he tumbled backwards out of the way.

Chuckling, she swiped her own mangled sword down at him to keep him down and off-balance and then almost casually reached down to grab the cat morph's ankle. He shouted a biting oath as she straightened her spine and hurled Gravis by the leg into the watching crowd. "Thanks for the workout, guys," she chirped as she tossed Toby's sword at the wheezing equine and slid her knife back into its sheath. She collected her own weapon from where it had fallen and inspected the blade before letting it drop into its scabbard. As her opponents recovered, she grinned at the smattering of cheers and applause she received and made a beeline for the edge of the training field.

Shameful apprehension twisted Dawn's guts into knots as the crowd parted around Valorie as she approached. She was abruptly shadowed as her love drew close to her, still breathing heavily, to loom over her. "That was hardly fair, was it? Just couldn't wait a few more minutes, hmm? I guess I-"

Valorie shut up as Dawn reached up, took hold of her cheeks, and pulled her down into a firm, fast kiss. The words simply died, readily replaced by a beguiled purr. She stepped forward and leaned down, sliding a hand into the small of Dawn's back, and the wizard quickly found herself trapped. Valorie's hard-worked body burned with the heat of her exertions, and the robust equine rapidly turned the tables on her, digging into her mouth with awakened fervor. With one hand bracing her from falling over, her lover pushed down on her, bending her backward and making her hold on for dear life. The other hand teased down her side and along her hip before it could cup the perky muscle of her butt, and as Valorie lifted her bodily into the air for them to kiss face-to-face, she whimpered helplessly.

Moving of their own accord, Dawn felt her fingers lace into Valorie's thick hair to hold on for dear life while those of her other hand clawed frantically at her lover's broad back. Despite the fact that she was easily several hundred pounds of luscious curves, the hornless equine held her aloft with all the effort required by a sack of flour. When Valorie pulled away wetly, licking her lips, she had to swallow hard before she could make herself whisper, "People are staring..."

A powerfully-muscled leg slid between her thighs to push her robes and skirt both up into her loins, rubbing against her. "So it seems. They're just jealous."

Valorie's head dipped to let her muzzle press against the side of her throat. Dawn hissed as teeth gently nibbled at her neck between short, almost shy kisses. The crowd was slowly departing, and despite how embarrassed she felt, most people were averting their eyes from the display of increasingly amorous affection taking place before them. "Of me or you?"

"Exactly."

Arms held her protectively, shrouding her in well-used strength and pulled her into Valorie's chest. Her ample assets squished lewdly into her lover's more confined endowments, and a meek moan rattled in the back of her throat. "To the victor go the spoils, but not here, Val."

"Where then?" the worshipful equine growled into her throat while taking a slow step that bounced Dawn in strong, confident arms.

"Our room, an office, the stables. I don't care. Just somewhere we can be loud and messy."

"Same old routine then?" Valorie muttered with an impish laugh, "You know, I could use a bath..."

"There then!" she nearly shouted in her desperation, "Bones and Ichor, just take me with you!"

"As my lady wishes." rumbled the rich, feminine voice into her neck. Valorie's lips seemed hesitant to leave her fur, but they still managed to navigate their way within the Sanctum's towering marbled walls and into the central hallway. Eventually, Valorie's arm slipped behind her knees, and she was carried like a fragile treasure the rest of the way to the nearest non-communal bathing room. She was used to push open the door before she was swept inside, and Valorie snapped a sharp, "Scram, squirt. This room has been requisitioned by the Silver Lance."

The room's current occupant just cocked a scaly eye ridge at them. "Uh-huh..." Emma mumbled dubiously as she gathered up her things and threw her towel over her shoulder. "I was done with it anyway. I'll just go finish polishing on the roof or something. Try not to pull anything, you old crone. And hello, Dawn. I like the new look. Majesty suits you."

Trying to rein in her sheepish blush as the dragoness sauntered out of the room, she replied with a quiet, "Uh... thanks, Emma."

Valorie shooed away the dragon and kicked the door closed as soon as the two were alone. Dawn was gently lowered to her hooves, but before she could draw herself away, her statuesque love took her hands up and held them together between them. "Now then... What's wrong, Dawn?"

Embarrassment further colored her cheeks, and she felt her ardent enthusiasm dwindle a little. "N-nothing, Val... I just... I've been a little tense lately."

Parting with a sigh, Valorie drifted away and turned a broad, chiseled back to her. "Don't do that to me, Dawn. Please" she said sadly as she removed her shirt, tossing it away to the corner of the room. "It's been a couple months, and you and I both know that we've both been off our game since we got back."

While the big horse casually removed her bindings, she fidgeted anxiously. "I need time, Valorie. It's hard getting back into the swing of things after something like that."

"I know." came Valorie's voice as her lover knelt down to the basin carved into the floor, fiddling with a knob. With a soft gurgling, water flooded from a grate set into it, filling it quickly and steaming gently with soothing heat. Dawn watched her remove her boots and stockings, and mourned her all-too-brief glance at her exposed backside as she pulled off her trousers and underclothes before slipping into the water. A satisfied, throaty groan escaped the robust horse's throat, and she disappeared for a moment to soak her hair in the bathwater. Upon coming back up, she slicked her hair from her face and motioned toward the nervous wizard. "Come here."

Dawn did so, and sat down at the edge of the pool when Valorie gestured for her. Hiking her robes and skirt up along her lissome legs, she let her hooves and calves dip below the water, and she sighed at the pleasant heat. "I'm sor-"

Valorie silenced her with a sharp negative and a shake of her head. "Lose the robes."

Blinking, she awkwardly slipped her arms from their sleeved and undid the belt that cinched them around her waist, letting the rich, golden fabric pool around her and exposing her light, colorful blouse. Valorie nodded, gathering up the garment and throwing it away toward the pile of discarded clothes. Satisfied, the powerfully-built equine then stood in the pool, rising such that her entire torso was free of the water's surface, and her slicked body dripped into the water below. Calm, confident digits went to her shirt to undo the buttons lining her front. When Dawn moved to help, Valorie simply pushed her arms back down, shaking her head again. "Val, I-"

"No." her love whispered, "Let me."

Slowly, cautiously, Valorie removed her shirt, baring her chest. The other equine's sharp, green eyes lingered for only a second on the expanse of her curves before her hands dropped, doing the same to her skirt, baring her legs and making her nude. The way the remnants of her lusty fluids glistened on the insides of her thighs made her droop her head in shame at her lack of control, and her lover's fingers lifted her chin back up before they drifted away from her. Sinking back into the water up to her shoulders, Valorie hid the contours of her muscular body, instead looking quietly up at her and waiting for her to speak. Dawn took a calming breath before reaching down to run her hands along her love's beautiful, if limp, hair. "You've been running yourself ragged, Val."

Despite her statement being answered with a dismissive shrug, Valorie leaned into her hand anyway. "It's called staying busy. I would think that you would know the concept, considering you've been doing the same thing to yourself."

She huffed. "No, it's just... I... It's easier to just not think about it."

"I know." Valorie repeated, "But you know that you'll eventually have to, right? You'll have to come to terms with it sooner or later."

Her flustered exhalation turned into a weary sigh. "Yes, but later sounds so much better than sooner."

"Exactly... which was why I was surprised to even see you down on the grounds instead of cooped up in your office doing gods know what. That's why I asked what was wrong." Valorie glanced up at her again, turning aside to push a kiss into her fingers. "Not that I'm complaining, mind you. I sort of missed seeing you all hot and bothered."

Again, her nostrils flared around a heavy, sheepish breath. "I don't know; I just... You felt so relaxed and eager and excited, you always do when you're sparring. You're almost carefree. I wanted to see it, I... Maybe I missed seeing you too, all hard and hot and panting."

Valorie grinned and rolled her eyes. "There's something about people swinging swords at you that sort of forces you to exist in the present. There's no room for retrospection when you're trying not to get cut to ribbons. It gives me an excuse to give my mind a break and my body a little exercise. It is relaxing in a way, and exciting." The equine woman's hands drifted out of the water and splayed out over her exposed thighs, gently massaging her. "Mornings have been a little hard for me lately, and fighting's as good a way as any to help me focus on the tasks at hand."

In the little knot of sensation against her consciousness that was Valorie, she felt a swirl of trepidation. "Have the nightmares come back?"

The half-submerged horse morph nodded hesitantly. "Yeah. I thought I was over that silliness, but I guess not."

She reached down and cupped Valorie's cheeks, and she received a grateful squeeze of her legs in reply. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

The other woman shook in a gentle laugh. "You're already doing more than I deserve, Dawn. All I need to do is wake up next to you in the morning to feel better. You've been holding me together, despite how we've avoided each other like we're plagued."

Blinking, she pulled a hand back to rest in atop her leg, atop Valorie's fingers. "Is that what we've been doing?"

Another shrug was her answer. "Feels like it sometimes. We wake up, breakfast, work work work, kiss good night, go to sleep. We talked more on the way back than we have since we've *been* back. And then you come out of nowhere, cream yourself and jump me like an animal. If I'm overworking myself, then *you're* neglecting yourself, Dawn. That can't be healthy."

Her fingers trembled as she wrapped them around the ones resting on her thigh. "Is that what I'm doing, or am I neglecting *you*? Gods, Val, what happened?"

Valorie stood up to loom over her. "Something terrible, Dawn. Something that's messed us up, and will probably keep us messed up for a while yet. But we'll get through it. We're good like that, and we've been through things just as bad." The heavily-muscled horse leaned inward, dipping forward and resting her lips on her forehead for a moment. "Would you like to forget all about it, at least for just a little bit? You're still tense, and I haven't gotten to do much besides kiss you in a while."

"Yes..." she said in a shuddering whisper, "I'd like that very much, Val."

She got a sly, toothy grin in response. "Then why don't you give us some privacy." Dawn nodded and whispered a brief phrase that was accompanied by the odd pressure against her ears that signaled the barrier that soundproofed the room. As soon as her lips were finished mouthing the words, Valorie found her, pulling her head upward and into a slow, longing kiss. She whimpered softly as strong hands grabbed her shoulders and pulled her forward and stroked her

soft fur. The hands were tough and unyielding, but gentle and yearning, and they slipped down to her arms as she lifted her own to her lover's cheeks, holding them together.

When she pulled away an inch to get in a breath, she was panting. "I thought you were getting sick of kissing me."

Valorie shook her head and pulled her back in. "I never said that. Just that I've been wanting a little more than that lately."

"Well..." she mumbled after a moment of thought, "Victor and spoils, right? What are you going to do about it?"

She cooed, her excitement building, when Valorie's grip tightened on her arms. When the powerful equine spoke, her voice was low, gruff and aggressive. "I'm going to make you scream my name until you forget how to breathe, that's what I'm going to do." She found a giddy laugh in her at the prospect of it, and she let herself be drawn back upward into another brief, firm kiss. "Hold on, Dawn."

Her hands slapped wetly down on Valorie's drenched fur as she did so, tightly gripping the bunched muscle of her lover's rock-hard biceps. Lips dropped lazily to her jaw, and then her throat, pushing up her chin to bare her neck to a hot, roving mouth. "I'm sorry, Val." she whined as the taut tendons in her throat were playfully nipped at. "I haven't been myself. I've been ignoring too much. I've been letting myself hurt too much, and it's hurting you too. Please forgive me."

"As soon as you have a real reason to be sorry, I will." Valorie murmured into her collarbone. "We've both been hiding. It's weird enough getting used to my fucking sword talking to me whenever I draw her. And then there's the Lance. These hopeless kids need a leader no matter how much I tell them otherwise, and Cera's only able to do so much alone. Sure, I've been burying myself in work because it's easier than dealing with the things that happened to us, but it's not fair for us to judge each other too harshly. I just want to be here for you, Dawn. I want to be here if you need me."

She pulled Valorie from her monologue with a hand on her hard shoulder. "Hey, Val." The burly horse looked up, hands hesitating on her body. "I need you."

Valorie's nostrils flared in a wry chuckle. "Right. Thanks for the reminder." Her lover straightened her spine and arched her back in a languid stretch that popped tendons. Dawn simply looked on in pleased wonder. From the tops of her hips upward, her steadfast love's flawlessly-carved physique showed itself to her. Beads of water idly ran in thin rivulets in the crevices between rigid, prominent muscles and through already damp fur, though it was beginning to dry in the air. She looked her up and down with shameless reverence. The simple, silver shape of the locket that rested between Valorie's supple, perky breasts drew her eyes, and she reached up to gently touch it where it lay amid the splotch of white that covered the other horse's chest. Then her fingers slid lower, through that valley of cleavage and down through the hills and valleys of a densely-packed abdomen.

For a moment, she felt Valorie breathe while she was watched by bright, green eyes. She lingered there, hovering her hand just over the beginning of her lover's crowded loins. The pale flesh of the warhorse's immense, elephantine member bobbed in the water, only a fraction of its true size and just waiting for her touch to awaken it. Confident fingers looped around her wrist before she could, and she looked up to lock eyes with the source of her excitement. "Lay back for me."

She acquiesced to Valorie demands with that same, strong hand holding her between her shoulder blades while it laid her gently on her back. The smooth, polished marble of the floor

was cold through her fur, but her body was plenty warm, and she sighed and wriggled helplessly under her victor's hungry gaze. With a flutter of her eyelashes, she wrapped her hands beneath her breasts and hefted the heavy globes up higher onto her chest. She was so big, and she ached so easily. She could practically feel her rosy pink nipples already throbbing in excitement.

Valorie accepted her silent invitation, leaning deeply down over her body and holding her sides to keep her still. Soft, probing lips dimpled her equally soft flesh, and she sighed as a hand wandered upward to give the plush mound a firm grope. The muffled sensation of fingers raking smoothly over her fur was an enticing one, and she gasped at the sudden, sharp feeling of one of her puffy, enflamed nipples getting its share of attention from a wet, steamy mouth. As her lover engulfed the peak of her lusty assets, she heard a pleased purr vibrate in the depths of a broad, unrelenting chest. Valorie's own breasts, smaller than hers but big and supple in their own right, squished against her stomach as she was savored like a delicacy. She couldn't help but moan, and she clutched her hands possessively over her aggressor's back, holding her down like she had even a chance at outmuscling her.

Her breath came short in her chest, and each time she managed to get a full lungful of air into her, Valorie squeezed it out in a shaky whimper with a deft manipulation of her luscious assets. She squirmed helplessly as she was massaged and suckled on, and she arched her back with the intention of pressing more of herself up into those eager lips. Her rather fervent attendant giggled and rubbed her all the more urgently, giving the nipple not trapped between her teeth a good, rough pinch that pulled a surprised squeal from her throat. "No..." she said in a long, drawn out whine, weak and halfhearted.

Valorie broke contact with her engorged teat with a loud *pop*. "If you want me to stop it..." said the impressive equine, giving both her generously-proportioned tits some rough play, which only made her head roll back on her shoulders and her voice drop into a low groan, "You'll have to mean it."

She huffed, but the retort that she thought so clever was buried in the back of her throat as her chest was abruptly ravished. Valorie played her body like an instrument, one that her love had been practicing for decades, and it was all she could do to lay there and accept her lusty mauling. Fingers traced lines of effervescent fire along her furred flesh, wandering in long, looping arcs around her prominent areola while lips locked to her thick teats and a broad tongue lashed them like a slick, wet whip. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she clamped her hands down on the back of Valorie's to pull her inward, to try and suffocate her lover with nothing but her huge, pliant boobs.

Valorie let her, easily being drawn into the vastness of her cleavage, but her punishment for being so needy didn't stop. Her lover gently kissed her sternum, and the simple contact contrasted the way that blind, powerful fingers pinched and kneaded and pulled quivering moans from her weakened lungs. The impassioned horse who rested heavily on her began to pull away, and she could do nothing to stop it. Each motion of those well-worked hands went straight to her spine, tightening her body with each stroke like it was a spring being coiled. She could feel how her hyperactive womanhood practically gushed slick, feminine lubricant like a broken pipe. The muscle lining her front threatened to lift her back from the stone and curl her into a tight, blissful ball.

She quickly surrendered, letting Valorie do as she would while her hands were simply taken for a ride on the breadth of her lover's heavy shoulders. The weight of the larger woman's intricately chiseled torso pressed down on her stomach, and the sensation of smooth, wet fur sliding over hers was utter bliss as the warrior withdrew down the length of her shapely body.

Those same lascivious fingers replaced her love's eager lips as the rest of her was lusted over. Her breasts were toyed with, squeezed and stroked, and a wandering line of almost lazy kisses was traced along her belly. With the way Valorie savored each journey down her trim midsection, she thought that there must have been something to her tapered waist that only the sturdy equine could see. Each trip was unique, tracing over a different path over the dip of her navel, or sometimes straying wide to favor her sides, but Dawn knew where the adventure would inevitably lead. Desperation fueled her movements as her spine bent and her hips lifted an inch from the ground to press her oozing intimates into the supple bust of the other woman as it ground its way down her form.

Valorie shot her a sly smirk while retreating almost all the way back into the water. Only her hands remained connected to Dawn's more-than-ample mounds, fondling with slow urgency. Her own hands lifted up to her chest to close over those of her love, holding them there, basking in the warm confidence of that contact and the tingling euphoria of the stimulation that came so easily to her. When the sly woman once more peaked over the hills of her oversized bust, water once more dripped from the Lancer's alluring, horselike features, those that so flawlessly blended the beautiful human woman Valorie had been with the primal elegance of something more bestial. "I love you, Val." she moaned, her breath hitching and shuddering in her lungs when playful fingers gave her a gentle pinch, as if to remind her how delightful her body felt when in the right hands.

Dawn cursed her mouth when Valorie lifted a hand from her chest to tap the side of her head, pausing to slick back the locks of hair that had fallen to obscure one of her practically luminous, green eyes. "I can feel it, you know." Another brief moment of silence reigned, and the woman she absolutely, sublimely cared for rested that now freed hand on her thigh, giving her leg an affectionate squeeze. "Can you feel it too, from me? That's what keeps me going sometimes..."

She let her head fall back when Valorie's face disappeared behind the attention-hogging masses of her breasts. She felt a pair of moist lips on her knees, and she tensed as they began to crawl up her leg, occasionally accompanied by a long tongue. She felt it in the swirl of emotions that filtered against her consciousness, something warm and intimate that made her insides twist into knots when she felt it spike when its source looked at her with that infuriating, self-sure grin. Valorie damn well knew how it made her feel, and took advantage of it whenever given the chance. At least up until recently... "Val... I'm sorry this..."

A sudden pinch of her helpless nipple cut her off in a sharp, squirming gasp. "Shush." Valorie mumbled into her inner thigh as the other hand retreated from her chest, rubbing her gently down her stomach to her leg. "Enough thinking. Just feel with me for a little."

Dawn's hands took up her now neglected bust, kneading with gentle strokes as her voice fell silent save for little moans. Valorie took over, and she laid back and accepted it. As her lover's lips inched up the length of her thigh, hands swept inward, teasing along the inside of her legs before dancing back up and over to the breadth of her wide, womanly hips. Those fingers sunk in to her plushness and held her there, taking the time and effort to drag her forward an inch, as if impatient. Valorie pressed herself forward, and she opened her legs to admit the bulk of the equine's torso between her knees.

She could only imagine the sight of her crotch, her mound hot and swollen, practically pulsing with need, her feminine lips parted and slick with the fluid she was oozing onto the stone. Valorie liked it that way, and she didn't regret her condition making her leak like a spigot whenever she was excited. Hands once more drifted into play, massaging her engorged mons in

little circles, making her writhe in bliss as they pressed inward and stimulated her from without. She arched her back and groaned heavily. Her grip tightened on her breasts as if to hold them there as excited shudders worked their way up her spine. Val was so close to her, lips hovering inches over her steamy slit. Breath was hot on her outermost flesh, stung her timid, half-hidden clit with spikes of pleasure.

Her pulse rapidly gained urgency in her veins as desire fierce enough to solidify in her gut ripped through her. Valorie toyed with her as she ground her palms into her nipples. She was rubbed and stroked and lusted after without anything important being even touched, and she was whining breathlessly before her lover decided to make a move. Dawn hissed as fingers reach inward, gliding against her drenched slit and pressing inward. She tensed, and only the weight of the larger woman's forearms on her legs held her down. Her plump, out lips were gently spread, baring her boiling, pulsing entrance, and another breath was released over her most delicate of places, a shaky, restrained sigh.

When Valorie finally moved toward her, she wanted to scream, but she couldn't find the impetus to do more than squeak and moan as a full, lingering kiss was pressed into her loins, directly over her throbbing womanhood. She froze at the contact. Her lover's lips moved tenderly against her, finally giving her the sensation she direly needed, and Val's nose rubbed up and over the nexus of her sex, bared of its shielding hood. A throaty "Augh!" escaped the confines of her chest as her entire body clenched with sudden ferocity, and she felt herself gush a slick spurt of girly fluids as she came against Valorie's lips. She clawed at her breasts as the sudden bend of her spine shoved them high on her chest, and she shuddered and drooled her pent-up lust across her lover's face with a chorus of low, terse grunts.

Valorie just laughed and pulled away after catching most of the tide of her rapture on her mouth and cheeks while a hand stole further inward to continue her work. Dawn bucked and cried out again as a finger flicked roughly over her buzzing clit, and it took more than an arm to hold her down against the force of her bliss. Where her calves and dainty hooves were submerged in the bath, she churned the water into a torrent around her lover's body, and the other equine seemed only too eager to keep the process going. She rode her release until the flow of her lewd liquids died away to something manageable, and Valorie grinned before dipping back down to her overwhelmed flesh. "Not a bad start, but we can keep this going for a while yet."

She burred something desperate and wordless, and squealed when Valorie kissed her again, this time making no effort to shy away at how wet she was. The end of her lover's muzzle covered the entirety of her blossomed flower, from her brutally erect clit to her aching entrance, and her body responded with nearly violent force when the woman worshipping at the center of her sexuality rocked her head forward, dragging her lovely features up and down along her drenched slit, scraping over her every crevice, and used the motion to forcibly part her pounding passage with the beginning of a thick, equine tongue.

Valorie only let out a muffled, "Mmh..." as she sampled the wizard's scorching femininity with the care of an aficionado tasting the finest of vintages. Dawn herself could only spasm as each slow thrust of that meaty organ pushed further into her quivering tunnel. Her lover lapped at her outermost depths, pulling out before diving back in just so that confident tongue could run up along her fleshy lips, flicking at her sex like a nimble whip that carried only sharp, biting pleasure wherever it decided to touch her. Valorie's voice busied itself in a low series of muted, "Oh's, Nnh's, and Ah's", sounding each time air was allowed to escape her lover's lungs, and each husky vocalization was accompanied with another heavy, rocking push of that fat, oral appendage into her body for it to lick again and again at her velvety passage.

Her back arched again and again with staggered, jagged jerks of her spine that pushed her hips up and her crotch more firmly against Valorie's face. Again, her climax found her unprepared, and she gritted her teeth around a tattered moan that didn't quite make it out of her chest before it dwindled away into a helpless gurgle. Her body seized and shivered, and her sparking nerves forced her fluttering walls to clench around her lover's thick tongue time and time again, pulsing to a fast, irregular rhythm that shocked her thinking mind like bolts of lightning.

Her breasts were huge globes of electric bliss that vibrated with raw, sensual energy in her grasping hands, and each time Valorie moved against her, she drowned out a hoarse squeal with shaky moans filled with utter ecstasy. She exulted in her body's hypersensitivity, she drown herself in it. It felt like the turgid buds of her nipples were having orgasms in their own right, so hot and tight and veritably vibrating with excitement. Her mouth hung open, her tongue limp and listless, and she had trouble making herself speak, or even scream without the direst of focus. "F-fuck!" she managed to spit, leaving her heaving breasts alone to bury her fingers in the wet, shining mass of Valorie's luxurious hair.

She pulled with what little strength remained in her trembling arms, but it was like trying to move a boulder. Valorie wouldn't be shifted from her course for anything. By instinct gained from decades and decades of practice, a half-dozen spells for the situation sprang to the front of her mind, but she knew she would never get the words out of her mouth ungarbled by the heights of her rapture. She was as helpless as anyone else in the face of her lover's steadfast desire, that slowly mounting pace that left her squirming bonelessly on the stone of the floor. She loved it.

Valorie sped again, thrusting deeper into her with increasing force and speed, and she came for the third time, her mind breaking into even smaller shards as torturous bliss paralyzed her and numbed her to everything but her awareness of her body and the one clinging firmly to it. Her throat finally managed to work, and she screamed, wordless and coarse as her eyes rolled back in their sockets, and Valorie rocked her head, bathing in her slick lust as she expressed herself with violent passion onto the equine's parted lips.

Her triumphant warhorse continue to lick at her, but the hands on her hips pulled at her numbed body, and she felt herself slide forward an inch. Valorie shivered and gave her own little moan. Were her mind functional, Dawn could only guess at the sensations of ecstasy pouring between them, but instead she could only watch as Valorie gazed hungrily up along the length of her curvaceous form, remarking that the her bath was growing increasingly confined. She whimpered, clutching at her lover's hair as more and more of her slid into the water, beginning with her knees, and then her thighs, the warm, soothing temperature feeling like ice compared to the heat of her lust.

Valorie broke contact with her as her soaked nethers dipped below the waterline, and her head lolled back on her neck, rolling across the floor as the warm, soothing liquid enveloped her, cradling her weightlessly. "It's my turn now," the big horse morph whispered as her kisses drifted back up her body, "but don't worry, milady. I'd never forget about you."

When she felt it sliding up between her legs, huge and half-hard from lack of direct stimulation, she pulled more firmly on Valorie's shoulders, dragging herself the rest of the way into the water. Her love carried a huge, masculine tool that would have looked normal on nothing living, a girthy, monolithic cock, equine and bestial, whose flesh was frosty white save for how the blood it carried darkened its torrid flesh. It was already almost as thick as her legs, and as it pressed up between them, it came to rest against her pulsing womanhood, thick veins and taut

skin throbbing furiously against her. Valorie held her upright, taking what weight of hers that wasn't buoyed up by the water on the tension of that impossibly titanic, inhuman member.

Her body pulled her down onto it, and her netherlips kissed it eagerly without trying. She tried to close her legs around it, cushion it on all sides with the plushness of her inner thighs, but it's girth would not be contained, so she cradled it as she could, against her, as she rocked her hips, grinding her crotch against it with fast, urgent strokes. Valorie's eyes hazed over with wanton lust, and a strong hand cupped the small of her back, adding strength to her efforts. "That's right." the overhung equine whispered breathily into her flicking ear, "Just like that."

Valorie had to keep taking small steps back, and it took her overwhelmed mind a moment to register why. The pool's breadth wasn't enough to accommodate what was quickly becoming more than a simply oversized masculinity. She felt it throbbing between her thighs, growing thicker and thicker as its normally spongy, flaccid flesh filled with blood and raw, unrestrained desire. It pushed its wielder back as it butted its massive, flared glans against the far wall of their bath, and the knowledge that she was the catalyst of such a transformation filled her with confident glee. "Gods..." she managed to moan, practically drooling on herself, "I almost forgot how good this feels."

"I didn't" Valorie growled. The brief statement was accompanied by a sudden surge of heat and blood between her legs, and she felt herself further parted by the monstrous organ flaring desperately against her. Valorie's next sentence was muffled by her lips as she kissed her. She tasted her own pleasure on that same tongue, and her hands lifted to those broad, strong shoulders, fell down that defined back while they followed the slick lines of her victor's water-darkened hair. Her huge breasts squished into her love's, compressing as they fought to occupy the same space as the other. Her chest heaved with frantic, panting breaths, and she felt the bricklike muscles of Valorie's abdomen doing the same as they melted into one another, molding their bodies into a single, feminine line.

Her crotch met Valorie's, fur-to-fur, and the immense root of her lover's pride ached, thick veins pulsing against her more feminine flesh. Her thighs met the bulk of the larger, well-built horse's, and she felt the strength there, twitching anxiously. Her hands dropped further, below the water, to latch onto the big, heavy curves of her rightfully-aggressive love's taut, firm butt. There was almost no give to the hard contours, but that didn't stop her from mauling those muscular cheeks in shaky, reverent fingers as their tongues took turns plumbing the other's mouth. "I'm ready to scream your name, Val. Fuck, I'm so ready."

Valorie simply nodded, not daring to break their kiss again to say something pointless. Instead, Dawn moaned as steady hands gripped her hips, squeezing her thighs more tightly around the monster that pulsed angrily between them. Her mount let herself fall backward, back meeting the rim of the bath, and braced herself against it. It left Dawn leaning slightly forward, gravity pulling her into the hard, almost intimidating power of her lover's still-shapely form. She lingeringly broke their kiss to rest her head on Valorie's tight, bunched shoulder, wary of her spiraling, ivory horn as she returned her kiss to the equine's throat. Her hands went up, under her lover's arms to cling to that well-formed back, and she repeated her previous assertion. She was so ready.

With a pleased hiss and the flexing of those sinewy arms, Valorie parted their loins, sliding Dawn's hips backwards inch after inch. Their upper bodies stayed where they were, but her retreat didn't stop until more than a foot separated their connected crotches. She chewed anxiously on her lip, staring up into her love's eager eyes. Her body vibrated with need, three orgasms only feeding the fires of her desire. Her womanhood, oozing feminine slime into the

water as it was, needed what was coming to it. She was a hot, overwhelmed mess, and the other woman possessed the only cure.

Contrary to the restrained violence that was given away by the tension in her shoulders, Valorie brought Dawn back in almost slowly, barely any faster than she was dragged away. It was easy and longing, and the movement dragged her tender, enflamed flower over each and every vein and texture that lined the base of the cock that more than filled the space between her legs. It was to accustom her to it, slowly enough for her to feel the pulsing of the individual arteries that pounded blood down its length. The sturdy arms that were her anchor tensed to drag her back, and their crotched met once again with a gentle, submerged slap.

The next time, Valorie's hips moved along with hers, allowing even more seemingly endless inches to be dragged through the arch of her spread legs, only faster, a little less controlled. She squeezed her legs together during the strokes, grinding them around during the hesitation of her apex and their meeting, squirming helplessly. The heat that filled the intersection of her legs was immense, impossible. It was like a bar of steel fresh from the forge was twitching against her, threatening her with pleasure that wouldn't be described.

Their motions grew more and more impassioned, and she began to pant, moaning with each pistoning stroke. Her nerves struggled to carry the sheer bliss that flooded along her spine, and they failed as they began to spark and sputter, shooting jagged arcs of rapturous ecstasy through her whole body. Her ankles bent, curling her hooves upward like they were toes, and she leaned more heavily forward, breathlessly whining her ardent joy. Long before Valorie could build herself to anything resembling a blistering pace, she shuddered, squealed, and came.

Her orgasm made Valorie hesitate, and she cursed herself. The other equine closed her eyes, savoring the ripples of agonizing pleasure that coursed, second-hand, through her. That reaction worked its way down into her crotch, and Dawn felt it in the sudden, heated tension that made her lover's hulking masculinity bulge obscenely against her thighs, shoving them further apart. It only took a second, and her fervent mount went back to using her lower body as a toy for her pleasure, but things had still noticeably changed. Now Valorie was working toward something concrete: more of that, as much as Dawn could produce.

Her body was practically made to give it up, and she gave it in spades as her lover increased the force behind her incessant thrusting, making the slick, grinding sensations come more and more quickly to her thunderously pleased femininity. Valorie used her, lavished desirous attentions over her, growled heavily into her ear barely coherent pleas of lust and desire. She crossed her legs at the knee, doing her damndest to seal her thighs around the bulk of the immense cock grinding against her, but she failed, only succeeding in tightening her grip.

Valorie hissed and grunted. Her submerged fur, slicked with her own slippery leavings, was a frictionless barrier through which to slide effortlessly. She laid limply against her love's chest, numb to the reality around her and certain only of the intimate contact with the other woman, the beautiful, robust woman that held her and fucked her until her muscles felt like jelly and her mind like a torrent of dizzyingly potent sensations. She came and came again, losing count after the first few because at that point it became impossible to tell where one ended and the next began. Her body screamed at her like it was a single, harshly stimulated nerve. It screamed at Valorie, lifting alongside her own voice, and it screamed at the universe for the endless moments that she was brutalized to never end.

The water around her churned with Valorie's efforts. The gap between her thighs, stretched wide and round around the beast that occupied it, was humped with intense efficiency, and that pace only grew and grew, becoming more and more urgent with each passed heartbeat.

Each second that Valorie managed to hold herself from orgasm was another second that Dawn felt build and build, another second that was filled with the cataract of bliss that roared through their interconnected minds. In their focused state, there was no instinctive shield from the other's thoughts and sensations, and their ecstasy poured between them in a continuous, echoing escalation that had them both moaning when they could make their voices work. It was intense enough to make it difficult to distinguish one's rapture, the building tightness in her loins, from the other's, the thunderstorm of violent pleasure that robbed her of thought and wracked her spasming form.

Finally, and seemingly at the end of all things, Valorie arched her back, cried out with a rough, wordless exclamation, and surrendered to the bliss that was swamping her mind and body. Dawn screamed again as her lover's orgasm, finally unleashed after so long being reined in and held in check, crashed through her and sparked a tumbling cascade of her own that wanted to make her swallow her tongue as she convulsed wildly. The warhorse's immense cock flared enormously, thicker than was possible, as it dilated to allow the disastrous flow of what spurted fiercely from her loins.

It didn't stop Valorie's forceful bucking. If anything, it sped it up, and Dawn's loins were suddenly savaged as the hulking beast throbbing and gliding jerkily against her legs was driven between them with strength that threatened to break something. Water sloshed everywhere as her lover's shook and wailed and came and came without end. Pint after pint of thick, pearlescent cum jetted out into the bathwater, filling their basin with sticky, slimy strands of hot, virile seed that plastered over her legs and even managed to splash up between them. It went on, filling them with the harshest, most sublime of torturous pleasures while Valorie filled, overfilled, and refilled the basin with an almost never-ending supply of gooey, white jizz.

Valorie came until there appeared to be more of their intermixed cum—mostly the larger, more productive woman's—than actual water in the water. Their coats of fur were slicked and plastered with the stuff from where it had splattered up onto them, and it even managed to get into Dawn's mouth and eyes. She panted frantically as her lover's euphoria dwindled and the madwoman thrusting slowed to a more languid pace, forward, back, forward, back, grinding her tender womanhood along the base of that sagging, almost six-foot cock. She whimpered and whined, still quivering from the aftershocks of her endless, surreal ecstasy, tiny, little orgasms in their own right that pulled the air from her lungs as she shook.

She came down from her almost dreamy, hallucinogenic high with agonizing slowness. It took minutes. It may have taken hours, she couldn't tell, but eventually Valorie's gentle, lazy thrusting against her rolled to a stop with their crotches touching just as they had when they began. It took nothing but the most supreme of mental effort for her to reassert control over her hands and pry them from Valorie's shoulders, disentangling her arms to wrap them more securely around her lover's neck. Sated, the elephantine organ resting against her withdrew, withering away to its more manageable dimensions, a still ludicrous number of inches.

Shifting lazily, she pushed her thigh forward, resting it against the heavy weight of Valorie's full, yet emptied, testes. If she could have, she would have reached down, just to slip along the lips of the other horse's own neglected womanhood. But she couldn't, not without wriggling out of her love's grasp, so she stayed right where she was, large, well-worked hands holding her warmly and safely. "Fuck..." Valorie croaked, clearly shaken from their shared experience, "That was intense. I'd say that if it didn't involve blue-balling ourselves to do it, we should give than another go in a month or so." Her voice then fell away, and Dawn looked up at her only to be gazed thoughtfully back at. There was a satisfied fatigue in those brilliant green

eyes that she saw so rarely. It took so much to tire the big equine out. "You still feel like talking?"

She shook her head and returned her cheek to Valorie's shoulder. Definitely not. Talking meant thinking, and thinking was too much work as they were. She was going to stay precisely where she was, and she didn't so much as wriggle offensively as her mount slid a little further into the unnaturally warm waters. Valorie was soft where it counted: the lips that found hers, the breasts pressed against her, the affection in those eyes. She was where she belonged at that moment, tired and stewing in an oddly comforting slurry of their own making, and she was going to sit right there until their responsibilities came to break down the door to get at them.