

# Late Nights II

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Valorie knew she was wasting time, but she couldn't help herself. She was far from nervous, but even though only a single wall of smooth, marbled stone stood between her and her eventual goal, she remained where she was. She sat almost perfectly still, legs crossed and back straight against the cool surface behind her. The simple, if large, door to Dawn's office stood closed just next to her, unlocked and easily opened, practically inviting her to simply give it a gentle knock.

It was late, very much so. She should have been asleep and resting for the following day hours ago, but she couldn't, not yet. Her bed was far too large and empty to make use of it alone. And besides, she'd been preparing something special for days. So she waited. Dawn had been busy all day, even taking visitors from the Order, ones that were there to see her, rather than the Archmage that shared with them his grand home. The wizard had been proving herself popular, something that made distant pride warm Valorie's veins while she sat and bided her time.

It was late enough in the evening that the traffic that would have made the long hallway a bustling concourse had dwindled to the occasional Lancer strolling by on business, and none gave Valorie any more attention than a passing wave or salute. It wasn't like she was on duty. Her armor had been oiled and polished and was hanging on its rack in her office along with her bright, argentum-inlaid cape. Her clothing was as plain as it ever got, a snug blouse of muted green and a pair of even snugger, black trousers that showed the contours of her well-muscled form almost like a second skin.

The only thing that remained with her from her day of labors was her sword, which rested, in its scabbard, across her lap while she idly rubbed her thumb in lazy circles over the faceted emerald set into its pommel. Where her fingers stroked it like a favored pet, little pulses of tingling sensation crawled up her arm, a feeling to which she had yet to grow accustomed. It would grow stronger if she drew it, and with the easy motion would come the usual rush of the blade's telepathic impulses. She could almost feel it anyway, but she pushed aside that possibility in favor of that in which she was currently immersed.

Her eyes were almost totally closed, and her breathing was slow and even. She was wholly focused on the tiny knot of thoughts and swirling emotions that was nestled up against her own, familiar but not of her. If things were quiet and she could pull her attentions inward, she had found that she was able to draw more of that awareness into herself. She could welcome in more of Dawn's flickering inner self, and could even envision it as splashes of moving colors, bits of sound and wafts of aromas that she didn't recognize. She'd been told that the connection would never go as deep to allow for true mind-reading, but she didn't really want that. She simply enjoyed savoring the intimacy of it, being one with someone else, someone she loved. Valorie wondered if the wizard could tell when she was trying to get so... close.

She sat up straighter when the seemingly vast ocean of emotion that faded from one to another changed noticeably. It was like someone threw a heavy blanket over her mind, and the usually easily-identified sensations of happiness, anger, pride, or sorrow grew muted and hazy, indistinct. Dawn had fallen asleep. With a rueful grin, she opened her eyes, dragged her thoughts back into her own head, and stood with an enduring sigh, buckling her sword back onto her hip

where it belonged. She worked, and she worked hard, but it seemed funny to her that everyone who made a habit of telling her she worked *too* hard were guilty of the same.

Carefully, and as quietly as she could manage, she opened the door to the wizard's office and slipped inside, leaving it slightly ajar behind her. Though she was more than eight feet tall, she managed to keep her booted footsteps soft and silent, and she sauntered across the space to the large desk that occupied one side of the room. Dawn was seated firmly at it, a disheveled stack of books to one side of her workspace and an even messier pile of scrolls and loose papers to the other side of the usually orderly surface. The wizard occupied the center, face hidden in crossed arms, and Valorie smiled warmly at the low snoring emanating from beneath the windblown mass of lustrous, auburn hair that hid much of her love's features.

She approached cautiously, stepping around the desk to stand beside the snoozing wizard. Dawn was in a fairly precarious position, teetering on the edge of her chair. "Hey..." Valorie said in a low murmur, "Hey there, sleepyhead. It's time to give up."

As she rubbed her palm across Dawn's shoulders, the wizard shifted sluggishly and grumbled something that might have been "No..." in an unintelligible mumble.

"That's fine..." she answered, "Your reinforcements are here, milady." Leaning forward, she hooked her arm behind Dawn's knees and, bracing her other under the wizard's shoulder blades, she gently lifted, straightening her spine and hauling the other woman's relatively slight weight from the chair. "Come on. Let's away to greener pastures. I'll take you somewhere we can frolic naked in the moonlight, somewhere far away from all those stuffy mages and stacks of scrolls. Quit wriggling."

It seemed to be with only the greatest of effort that Dawn pulled her eyelids half-open, letting slices of her fatigued, amber eyes shine through. "But... I need to finish... I need-"

Valorie quietly hushed her while carrying her from her desk and out of the room. "It will be there in the morning, Dawn. I promise. I'll post a guard if I have to. If someone gets huffy with you, just send them to me. I'll take care of them. Right now, I need you more than your scrolls do."

At that, the wizard in her arms relaxed a little. Dawn's eyes drifted lazily closed, and she slurred a meek capitulation while nestling the end of her equine muzzle more deeply into Valorie's shoulder. The spiraling ivory horn that graced the wizard's features stuck up and out and rested alongside her bearer's throat, and she idly wondered if her drowsy lover could feel her heartbeat through her fur. "You smell nice..."

Valorie let a toothy grin slide past her lips as she strolled down the barren hallway. "I had time for a bath while I was waiting for you. I figured I'd take advantage of it."

"I'm sorry I missed it."

She laughed. "I bet you are." With a gentle bounce, she hoisted Dawn higher into her arms, letting the wizard's cheek rest comfortably on her shoulder while she walked. In the wan magelights that shined down on them from the vaulted ceiling, those amber eyes glimmered a dull gold, a match for those luxuriant auburn waves. "You know... You're extra beautiful at night."

Through the soft, strawberry-blonde fur of her cheeks, Valorie could see Dawn flush a darker shade of pink, and she brought her lips to the exposed, velvety surface in a chaste kiss. The wizard sighed softly in response and wiggled in her arms, shifting enough to wrap arms around what she could of the breadth of her chest. While they both carried with them an equine shape, it would have been difficult to call them more different. Valorie was tall and strong, with rich, chocolate fur that was broken only by the splotch of white that sat over her heart. Her hair

was straight and golden-brown and pulled back into a tight, low ponytail that contrasted with the loose waves of the unicorn cradled against her.

Where her physique was hard and dense, given to her at first but maintained through hours and hours of rigorous exercise, Dawn was a tiny little thing, for a horse morph, being barely more than seven feet tall. However, what she lacked in height she much more than made up for in shapeliness. The wizard's shimmering, golden robes, the mark of her station, would have been loose and flowing on almost anyone, and they were on Dawn, to an extent. The unicorn's expansive bust, on the other hand, filled it with what seemed utter contempt for what had the gall to cover it. She was compact, but chesty enough to stand out in a world where an "upgrade" was only ever a coinurse away.

Dawn was soft and yielding to her strong fingers, but her less impressive musculature was lean and toned enough to be obvious from the wizard's participation, at least in part, in Valorie's morning exercises. Just a warm-up for her, admittedly, but for the daintier woman, enough to keep her suggestive curves bounded by slender proportions. Even now, after all these years, it seemed to her that the unicorn didn't, perhaps couldn't, understand exactly how impossibly lovely she was. But that was perfectly okay. Valorie never hesitated to remind her.

At the sound of her voice, Dawn huffed and wriggled again, trying to press herself even more firmly into her chest until their respective bosoms were squished into the other's. Valorie smiled dotingly down at her, and the sound of her calf-length horse tail swishing happily behind her was the only sound apart from the falling of her booted feet for several long minutes. They passed through the huge, lofty hall that contained the set of massive doors that stood perennially open. She nodded to the handful of Lancers that were gathered there, either on guard or for leisure, before bounding up one of the grand spiraling staircases to the third floor.

Dawn was a little more aware of their surroundings now, and she let out an interrogative whine when Valorie carried her past the door to their shared quarters. "Not tonight." she answered softly as she continued on her way, "We both could use some fresh air, and it's been such a lovely evening. Won't you join me?"

The wizard's puzzled frown drifted away, quickly replaced by a slow, contented smile. "Always, Val."

She smiled back as she sauntered out into another of the large, spacious halls that ringed the annulus of their home. From the ringlike structure rose nine towers, and with the Archmage's permission, she had appropriated one of them for the foreseeable future. The staircase was broad and shallow, a gentle upward curve, and carrying Dawn's insignificant weight up it took almost no effort on her part. She was hardly breathing hard when she whispered the word she'd been told, making the stone at which the stairs terminated melt and pull away, revealing the entrance to another, darker space. She then stepped up and in, repeating the alien syllables and watching for a moment as the floor sealed over once again.

The room was a huge, open space, bounded by nine, regular walls. She wasn't interested in its contents, however, so she made her way toward the large window that filled one entire panel of their ornately marbled surroundings. As she approached, it revealed itself to have set into it a set of tall, double doors made almost entirely of resilient, masterfully-crafted glass. They drifted outward on silent, hidden hinges, and Valorie carried Dawn out into the open air of the spacious balcony that ringed the pinnacle of the tower.

She took a huge breath of the crisp, but comfortably warm evening air as a gentle breeze wafted past her. It really was a beautiful night. The innumerable stars were unhidden by even thin wisps of clouds, and the constellations were out in full force, looking down on her like the

twinkling eyes of distant gods. An intricately crafted, argentine railing protected them from the plummet to the city below, and as she approached it, her altitude let her look out over the entirety of Southcliff in its entire sleepy splendor. Braziers burned on the walls, and the mesh of roads was marked by the slow crawl of lanterns carried by people on late night business. The peaceful silence was sublime, and she watched Dawn stare thoughtfully out into the distance for a minute before she gently lowered the wizard to her glossy, alabaster hooves.

"You know... I haven't been up here in a long time..." murmured the unicorn while resting pensively on the railing, "I'd almost forgotten how serene everything can be when you're so far away from it all."

She nodded. "The dragon's aren't the only one who can just fly away to escape their troubles for a little bit."

With a breathy chuckle, Dawn turned to lean back against the rails, fixing her with a lazy smirk. "Is that what we're doing here? Are we escaping?"

With a sigh and a shrug, she drifted forward and bent enough to put her elbows on the cool metal. "I don't know. It's awfully hard to run away from your dreams, and I've never really been one to back down from challenges. I just... I just want a good night's sleep, and I thought that a new perspective might help with that." She glanced over at the wizard, who was peering thoughtfully up at her. "But I couldn't do it without you. That much I know."

A delicate hand trailed up her side to rest on her shoulder. "All you had to do was ask, Val. You're more important to me than some dusty scroll or puffed-up bureaucrat."

She laughed at that. "That's why I didn't get you earlier. *Someone* in this place has to get *some* work done. Although... maybe next time I'll give in and rescue you from Baron Whatever, if just to see him cough and splutter like someone dumped a bucket of meltwater on their head."

"Why pretend?" Dawn added with a giggle, "That would be easy enough."

They laughed for a moment before silence could once more dominate the universe, and she slowly peeled herself from the railing. "Come here. I want to show you something interesting."

Dawn's tapered, equine ears perked up, and the wizard followed her as she walked around the balcony to a portion of it that couldn't be seen from inside the chamber. There waiting for them was a bed, of sorts. It was really little more than a pallet of warm blankets laid over a thick downy pad that rested directly on the stone, but it was large, and looked immensely comfortable. Around it was set a loose semicircle of simple, brass candelabra, and in each of those was a number of beeswax candles at which she waved with a simple gesture. While the wizard watched, Valorie stepped away and wrapped the fingers of a hand around the hilt of the sword that still hung from her hip.

Letting out a heavy sigh, she pulled, drawing the blade across her body with a sharp, metallic ring. She'd heard the sound more times than she could count, but it was still like music to her horselike ears. When the length of razored steel was free of its prison, Valorie felt a rush of tingling euphoria shoot up her arm and into her chest like an invisible bolt of lightning. It kicked her heart into action, and it suddenly thundered in against her ribcage as the elemental spirit that resided in her longtime weapon stirred from dormancy. "Shit, Gladia..." she hissed, "Relax. I'm just showing off our little discovery."

With the telepathic equivalent of a flustered grumble, the tension that had leapt into her body dwindled away to something more normal, and she lowered the tip of the blade until it ran parallel to the floor. Another, more attentive sigh escaped her chest, and she focused on the residual tingling of the weapon's enchantment. At her acknowledgement of its existence, the

lingering energies sparked to life, and the air shimmered over the polished steel for a brief second before it burst into tongues of flickering, orange flame. Boldly, she reached up with her other hand and rested the burning blade in her palm. It was warm, comfortable and inviting, and it seemed far from capable of inflicting the damage she had wrought with it. "Just touching it is all well and good." she mused at Dawn's skeptical expression, "But watch this."

The wizard leaned in without a word as she dropped into an easy crouch and reached out with the length of fiery steel in her grip. Gently, she set the blade against the wicks of each candle in turn, bestowing on each a tiny sliver of the peculiar, orange flame. When she had the bed she had prepared surrounded on one side by a wall of softly glowing radiance, she let herself relax, and the fire she had called into existence flickered and died. In spite of the fire now being separate from her, its odd color remained, a warm, clear orange, and she glanced up over her shoulder at Dawn as she extended her hand and held it fearlessly over one of the candles.

The unicorn standing behind her lifted eyebrows in amused surprise when, on contact with the flame, the fur of her hand remained untouched by it. Valorie stroked the low, steady tongue of fire like she would a pet, and beamed up at Dawn. "How awesome is that?"

Seemingly genuinely intrigued, Dawn hummed and knelt beside her. The wizard likewise extended a hand, approaching the source of gentle, soothing warmth, and cautiously let it wash over her fingertips. "It's so pure..." she said in a low, reverent whisper. She appeared to struggle for a brief moment, chewing over her words before she managed to spit them out. "It's beautiful." Her eyes swept over the arc of candles, each glowing with its own muted thread of Valorie's brilliant, orange aura. "It feels like you're all around me."

She'd wondered what it would be like for someone sensitive to such energies. Dawn looked properly awed, and she smiled broadly at the sight. "I guess it's a good thing that there's plenty of me to go around, then. Gods forbid I spread myself too thin." Her hand slid surreptitiously into the wizard's, and she felt it be squeezed in an instinctive grip. "Just let me know if I overstep my boundaries, alright?"

Dawn looked over at her, lips pulled into a timid pout. "Quite the task... Do you really think that I have any boundaries that you haven't crossed, or that there are any boundaries left for us to cross with each other?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. I'd think I'd like to hope so. I've never been on an adventure quite like the one you've taken me on, and I'd hate for it to slow down too much, let alone end."

Pulling gently on her hand, Dawn guided her over to their simple, expansive bedding with a thoughtful sparkle in her eye, a glint of gold reflected from the flames around them. "Just because a river might collect in a pool before continuing downstream doesn't mean that it's stagnant. I'm sorry if I'm not exciting enough for your high-stress lifestyle."

She actually hesitated before she could roll her eyes with a theatric groan. "Oh please, if it weren't for you, I'd probably be getting old and fat on some ranch somewhere. I'd be sitting in some creaky old chair and... *knitting*." She grimaced. "No, I wouldn't trade this for anything. But there'll be time to slow down when we're both wrinkly and grey, hmm?"

Dawn released a beatific sigh and flopped down on her back, wriggling deeply into the makeshift mattress. "I wouldn't mind that... I guess."

With a low chuckle, she sat down next to the wizard, who looked as comfortable as comfortable could be. Valorie reached down and let her fingertips trail along the contour of Dawn's jaw, and she let it linger there as a slender, delicate hand cupped over it. "You know I love you, right?"

"Yeah..." Dawn muttered, her voice soft and lazy. The wizard's hand drifted up her arm, and it gave her a little tug. "Come here." Valorie relented under the gentle pressure, letting herself be pulled closer as she lay down on her side next to the sorcerous equine. Dawn turned to face her, and she felt slender arms worm around her chest in a warm embrace. Idly, the wizard looked around them, at the clear sky and the flickering candles, before heaving a quiet sigh and nestling her muzzle against her love's exposed throat. "This is lovely, Val. I'd say thank you, but it really doesn't seem enough for all... this."

With the unicorn's ivory horn resting against her cheek, Valorie chuckled and shifted enough to return the hug in which she found herself. "It's not like this was hard. A few candles, the mattress from an unused bed. My legs needed the stairs. I've been sitting down too much lately."

"Sometimes the simplest gestures have the most meaning, Val."

"Is that so?" she mused through an impish smile, "Be careful, now. You're starting to go all wizard on me with the wise words."

"Gods have mercy on me if I slip that far." Dawn mumbled into the fur of Valorie's throat, speaking through an affectionate kiss. "I must be spending too much time around real wizards. I just need a pointy hat to fill out my ensemble."

"*Real* wizards..." scoffed the larger equine. "Please, Dawn. You're the realest wizard of them all."

"That's not what I mean..." huffed the voluptuous mage, pinching Valorie through her trousers. "Sure, I'm only ever a sentence to two from tearing the world apart underneath someone's feet or ripping holes between planes or calling up energies that would melt the brain of the uninitiated, but I don't *feel* special. Especially during times like this. When I can just be alone with you, without Daryn or some Lancer breathing down our necks, I feel as small as... as I am. I feel normal, like I'm just another girl. When we're apart, this is what I miss most, being able to breathe and let someone just... hold me. That's why I need to thank you. You give me what I need. You always have."

She struggled not to giggle like a schoolgirl at the bold sincerity in Dawn's tone, but the wizard clearly sensed her mirth, because she looked up at her with a critical half-frown. Valorie gave her lover her most stern, genuine expression, an epic struggle against the toothy grin that threatened to overtake it. "Good thing we both have simple needs, then."

The way Dawn rolled her eyes was almost audible, but she squirmed closer anyway, pulling herself up Valorie's body to let their lips meet for a brief second. "Yeah, but I should still try to properly display my gratitude, don't you think?"

She cocked an eyebrow at the alert, sly gleam in Dawn's eyes. "Well, it's not as if I've done anything all that impressive, but if you feel the need, I've always been one for giving credit where credit is due..."

"That's what I thought you'd say." murmured the smirking wizard.

Dawn gradually disentangled herself from her arms and gave her a gentle push. Valorie relented, rolling over onto her back and chuckling as her love mounted her, straddling her waist and plopping down firmly. The wizard leaned deeply down over her, wrapping hands over her shoulders and giving them each a good, confident rubbing. "What can I say?" she eventually chuckled, "You know me too well."

She tilted her head back, granting Dawn access to the uppermost button of her shirt, with which her lover's delicate fingers eagerly busied themselves. "Maybe just well enough, hmm? You definitely still have a way of surprising me with the sweetest things."

"Careful now. Don't give me too much credit. This is for me as much as you. I just thought a little fresh air would do us both a world of good."

After Dawn had exposed enough of her torso, those slow, wandering fingers slid down into her half-open shirt, rubbing tenderly over the splotch of white that colored the fur over her chest and between her breasts. "You certainly made sure we had enough room. I think this bed is bigger than the one we have downstairs."

"What can I say?" she mused as the wizard's dexterous digits toyed idly with the snug, gauzy fabric of her bra, "I like being able to stretch out."

Dawn's head dipped to her chest, and the unicorn's horn brushed against her cheek as lips affectionately dimpled the pliant mass of her bust. "Speaking of stretching out..." the wizard murmured with a playful glance upward, "Not *all* of these long, long days have been spent on strictly business matters. I've been working on a few thing of a more personal sort when I can get a spare minute or two."

"Oh?" she replied with a sly quirk in her tone. Dawn answered with an affirmative hum, mouth busied with the task of grabbing the underside of her clingy, supportive undergarment and pulling it up over the swells of her big, supple breasts, large, but not even close to approaching the proportion of the wizard's more impressive bust. When they were allowed to flop free of their own accord, bordered above by her lifted bra and below by her opened shirt, the wizard cooed happily, pressing her muzzle once more between the yielding globes and kissing along their ample curves.

With a sigh, she reclined further backward, laying her hands over Dawn's back and holding her close while her lover languidly nuzzled her warm, silky fur. "Sorry..." she murmured after a long, silent moment, taking a deep breath and looking back up at Valorie, "I got a little distracted there. I just meant to say I've been practicing a few things on and off lately. Hold still and watch this." Hands sliding up to her shoulders, the wizard straightened somewhat, enough to block out a unicorn-shaped patch of stars in the sky. A look of concentration drifted over her lovely features, and a string of alien, incomprehensible syllables whispered between her parted lips. The equine beneath her felt a wave of prickling sensation wash over her fur, and with a soft rustling sound, she also felt the temperate breeze abruptly caressing her suddenly naked body.

Valorie shivered and let out a little gasp as her clothing simultaneously materialized in Dawn's outstretched hand, only for it to be tossed carelessly away with a flick of a wrist. In spite of how she quivered, she was far from cold. In fact, the warmth that bled into her abdomen from the contact with her lover's spread legs was quickly and acutely brought to the forefront of her mind. "I'm still working on moving *people* from place to place, but I've got to admit, I'm getting pretty good at inanimate objects."

Without the barrier of her shirt or trousers, the plush silkiness of the bedding she had prepared made itself felt, and she heaved a long, blissful sigh, smiling down at the unhidden curves of her bare chest as they rose and fell with the languorous breath. "And I didn't even burst into flames or grow a second head. I'm proud of you."

Dawn accepted the praise with a small smile while she coyly undid the black, silk sash that held her shimmering, golden robes closed over her front. With a roll of her shoulders and an almost catlike arch of her spine that thrust her heavy bust out before her, she shimmied from the loose, flowing garment and likewise tossed it away. She was wearing her usual accoutrements beneath it, a dark grey skirt and a hopelessly tight, colorful blouse. Her position had pushed the hem of her skirt up her legs to let them part around Valorie's midsection, and the pinned equine lifted a hand and ran fingertips along the wizard's exposed calf, tickling the light, red-blond fur

just above a glossy hoof. "Wow..." crooned the pensive unicorn, "It feels like it's been so long since I've gotten to just enjoy this view."

Heaving a breathy laugh that bounced Dawn on her stomach, Valorie spread her arms and let them flop out to her sides. "It's not changed much recently," she admitted, "and it's all I've really got to give, but it's all yours, Dawn. Always."

The wizard's eyes hazed over in a smoky smoulder that made her heart skip a beat. "I know Val, and that means so much to me." Slowly, dainty fingers dipped down to Valorie's chest and trailed along the fine, silver chain that secured the simple, circular locket around her neck, the only thing that she had been left wearing. "I know..." Dawn leaned deeply forward, and she lifted her head to put her lips to those of her busty, little lover. A palm cupped her cheek, and she let herself get lost in the sorcerous unicorn's tender attentions for a minute, and then two.

Her pulse quickened in her veins, and she allowed it. She let herself get excited, and she felt her blood heat with eager energy. A low, intrigued moan vibrated low in her chest. Dawn's lips on her made her fur want to stand on end, and she tingled dangerously as her hand began to meander along her love's sweeping, expansive curves, rustling softly over the layer of fabric that still separated their furs. She knew each contour by heart, but no amount of such intimate knowledge could negate how enticing it was, feeling the wizard's body, smelling that particular scent, or listening through quivering, equine ears the quiet, alluring sounds that emanated from the chest pressed suggestively into hers,

She was pushed down by the body atop her even as she was pulled upward by the fingers curled under the nape of her neck, dragged more firmly into the kiss busying her lips. When Dawn parted from her, panting, she was just as breathless, like she had just finished a mile-long sprint. "I wish it was more convenient, being alone with you. I like the quiet. I like being able to listen to you breathe, or to the beat of your heart, your big, strong heart." Her lover pulled away an inch, beaming with raw, innocent excitement. "Oh, Valorie... I wish I could find the words to describe what it does to me, knowing that little old me can make you breathe so hard, knowing that your heart beats so hard for me, just me."

Dawn might not have had the words, but over the years, Valorie had developed an idea of what her excitement was able to do to the timid wizard. In fact, evidence to support her thoughts chose that moment to show itself as her lover sunk lower onto her calves. As the unicorn's skirt rode higher on her legs, her loins were pressed down onto the pinned equine's abdomen. She hissed as she felt her lover's slick wetness rub over her fur as Dawn gyrated her hips in a series of slow circles, letting out a lilting moan as she did so. "Words aren't enough..." added the spellcaster with clenched teeth and heavily-lidded eyes, "but it's so *good*..."

Reaching down her trapped body, she grabbed a handful of Dawn's curvaceous rump, squeezing it through the meager shield of the unicorn's skirt. It had just enough give to it, and she worked her fingers around, feeling each square inch in appreciation as the lithe, beautiful horse morph ground herself into her stomach. The thundering in her veins was growing increasingly pronounced, and the pressure created by blood flooding into her crotch was growing unbearable, but she knew without a shadow of a doubt that it was only the beginning of the all-too-familiar sensations of lustful tension. She groaned, and the wizard's eyes opened a hair wider, sparkling with sudden, sly glee. "It must be nice, not being all cooped up in those dreadful rags anymore, nothing but fur and... flesh to meet the breeze. I envy you, though. At least you can get away with wearing an outfit that fits so... tightly."

Dawn reached behind herself, and gentle, teasing fingertips brushed over the huge, throbbing girth of Valorie's two-foot horsecock. It was still almost completely flaccid, but her

heart was making a valiant effort to remedy that issue, and it was gaining volume in massive, pulsing spurts, encouraged by the sensation of the wizard's digits trailing over its pale, almost-white skin. Normally, it would have hung between her knees, soft yet monstrously-proportioned, but she was much more a grower than a shower, and it lurched upward under its weight as it twitched and swelled. The melon-sized, white-furred gonads that rested between her thighs were equally tremendous, a match for her immensity, and the heat and tension that built at that most intimate of intersections made it feel like her blood caught fire and raced through her mingled sexes, including her comparatively diminutive womanhood, buried as it was beneath the sheer, imposing heft of her oversized masculinity.

As inches pounded between her legs, the wizard just stared down at her, smiling and knowing full well the monster that roused from its slumber behind her, stiffening and throbbing with desire to mirror that which Valorie felt. "You put so much effort into being the best, the biggest, the strongest, the bravest, and it pays off so well. So many owe you so much, and to know that you don't care for praise... it makes me want to worship you like the goddess you deserve to be all the more. Dripping Ichor, Val, I love you, all of you, even if I would have doubted it all those years ago. If I knew what would happen to me, to everything, before I met you, I would have laughed. I'd have never believed, but after everything, I wouldn't have anything any other way. I might have done a few things differently, sure, but nothing could tear me away from you. If I'd have known I would have met someone that completed me so wholly... maybe I wouldn't have been so lonely for so long."

It seemed like the wizard couldn't decide whether or not to prostrate herself atop her, or sit upright, looming magnificently over Valorie's supine form. She would lean forward, pressing a kiss into her cheek or her neck, then rise up, look at her, smile gently, thoughtfully, hungrily, before reconsidering her retreat and sinking back down to favor another little piece of her body with a worshipful mouth. "There's so much of you." Dawn murmured, "So much of everything: poise and grace, beauty and power." The unicorn latched onto her wrist, pushing her arm out to the side so that she could run her parted lips over the contour of the hard, muscular limb.

While she used her other hand to brace the small of Dawn's back, she flexed for her ardent attendant. The unicorn huffed as her mouth was pushed back by the steely mound of her bicep as it bulged forth under the strain. Wrapping fingers around the prominent muscle, her lover gave her a firm squeeze, feeling the unstoppable might that lurked beneath the fur that clung tautly to her physique. A stray hand wandered down her side, tracing the outline of her obliques before rolling up and over the cobbled, bricklike slabs of her abs. She hissed as Dawn's teeth raked over her upper arm, across her shoulder, feeling each stiff, rigid bundle of strength in turn before moving on, finally encountering some of the softness that seemed so rare on her frame, the generous mounds of her perky breasts.

"I'm jealous..." Dawn breathed around Valorie's nipple as her tongue flicked over it, making the object of her affections twitch and writhe. "I'm not afraid to say it. Even where I've seemingly got you beat, you put me to shame." For a moment, one of the wizard's hands left its duty to gesture at her own hugely-endowed chest, at a bust that would have anyone drooling over themselves. "I've carried these things my whole life, and I'd have to be blind to miss the way you stare, but there's more to beauty than quantity. The rest of you is big enough to not look... oversized. You don't have to fight to fit yours into a shirt, or even the loosest of robes. And yet, I can still hold you, grab and squeeze and kiss and dive in and enjoy."

While Dawn did all of that and more to her helplessly-exposed bust, Valorie whimpered and whined and contorted with the feelings of tingling euphoria that spread from her chest. She

wanted to speak, to tell Dawn that she was far more perfect, delicate and luscious and lovely, but each time she opened her mouth, all that escaped was a throaty moan. Her pulsating tool was very nearly visible over the wizard's shoulder, her gigantic, flared crown rising up as she grew increasingly rigid with harsh, piercing need. With her eyes threatening to roll back into her skull, she reached with a shaky hand, grabbing the root of her bestial member and shifting her hips, flopping the whole turgid mass of it up and against Dawn's back.

The unicorn jumped and cooed at the sudden contact with the several feet of burning, aching flesh. "Speaking of oversized endowments..." she hummed, pausing to wriggle and grind her back against the whole of Valorie's gargantuan cock, using its own weight to pleasure it against her. She spasmed, and it did the same, bulging obscenely and surging outward a few more inches, swelling while veins thicker than her fingers pulsed and her pale flesh darkened with the blood that fueled her expansion. "I love watching you from my office. Training, shouting orders, berating recruits for stupid mistakes, standing there in your armor in all your glory. That skirt hides this thing so well, and it's a good thing. For something that's really not my *thing*, seeing the outline of it in your pants is rather distracting, and knowing that, not only am I able to bring this out of you, all this desire, but that we can both get so much pleasure from it, is almost enough to make me wish handling it were easier."

There. She finally saw it peeking above Dawn's bent back, the broad, flattened head of her equine equipment throbbing full and thick, resting its swelling girth along the wizard's spine. "I... I-"

"I know." interrupted Dawn with a knowing glance. "But the best things in life are never easy. Think of how hard we had to fight to have each other, how hard we fought for the twins." The unicorn's smile deepened further, and one side perked up more than the other, turning it into a broad, coy smirk. "Besides, we're both clever girls, with all sorts of resources at our disposal, and they say a wizard with time to prepare is a force to rival that of the gods." She chuckled, leaning low to kiss her once more on the lips despite how those light, caressing fingers continued to roam over the rigidity of her firm physique. "I'm not going to claim such arrogance, but I've had quite some time to prepare since last time, and I'm ready to try again, if you're ready for your surprise."

If Valorie's ears had perked up any more, they would have flown off of her head. "Well... a Lancer is supposed to be ready for anything, so... why don't you surprise me?"

"With pleasure, Val." Dawn answered, "Just hang on, enjoy yourself, and let me take you for a ride."

Valorie's skin tingled threateningly and her fur bristled before the sorcerous equine could finish speaking. Dawn took a deep breath, and suddenly there was more tension in the air than that produced by her rampant desire, the pressure of her pulsing cock. As if the foreign words would hold any meaning to her, the wizard dropped to her lowest point yet, whispering them directly into her ear, a lengthy, warbling chant that pressed disconcertingly against her eardrums. It lasted for little more than a few seconds, but it seemed that her lover's incantation hung in the atmosphere even after it was finished. For a harrowing moment, it seemed that nothing was going to come of it, but the energetic light in the unicorn's eyes made her think otherwise.

Her suspicion was confirmed when she felt it. A slow shudder worked its way down Dawn's spine, leaving the wizard squirming against her, and the slender woman sucked in a sharp gasp. "Oh, that's it..." a husky, distracted voice crooned to nothing in particular. "Nice and slow, just like I practiced. It's actually-Nnh... fairly difficult to do this sort of thing slowly. The

original spell was meant as a combat aid, quick and easy, but there isn't anything with only one purpose... to someone-Ah! Hnnh... to someone with a little creativity."

While Dawn writhed and whined atop her, she had almost opened her mouth to ask what was going to happen before her unspoken question was prematurely answered. She was cut off by a high-pitched creaking that emanated from above her. Her lover quivered under her grasping hands, and she jerked when one of the overstrained buttons snapped from the front of the wizard's blouse. It was joined by a drawn out, blissful moan, and she added her voice to the other woman's in an intrigued hum when she saw the unicorn's developing predicament. Where Dawn's callipygian rump rested firmly against her abdomen, she felt the little sorceress's weight growing, pressing down into her. The lissome legs that straddled her covered more of her, and she felt warm, silken fur gliding over hers as her love spread outward in all directions, slowly but unceasingly.

The pretty, colorful blouse complained noisily as the twin, fleshy mountains that it had been fighting to contain all day ballooned within it, stretching it even more resolutely and making threads pop with sharp, staccato sounds. "Oh..." Dawn whimpered, rubbing her shaking hands over her swelling assets as her whole body throbbed larger within the confines of her simple outfit, "I see why they make it so fast... All this energy... so good. Oh Gods..." Throwing her head back and sucking in a huge breath, she rolled her shoulders and thrust out her already expansive chest. Dawn cried out as several more buttons practically exploded from their holes and bared a spreading slice of soft-furred cleavage, a deepening canyon that pushed outward into the cooling, evening air.

The wizard had Valorie's complete, unbroken attention. It seemed most of the changes were focused on Dawn's expanding bust, but that was solely because it already occupied so much of her view, heaving above her. The sleeves of her blossoming lover's shirt were riding up, showing more and more of her forearms, and it began to strain over her otherwise slim shoulders. She was getting heavy already, and it was happening faster and faster as the seconds slid by, a sensation that was compounded as the unicorn riding her rocked her widening hips, grinding her loins over the burly equine's powerful stomach. "Come on, Val... Hnngh! H-hah! Touch me! Feel it with me!"

She had to twist to dodge another button before she could succumb to the urgent demand, but she eventually managed to do so. Her hand snapped to Dawn's hips, and the feeling of her arms being pushed apart, of the plush curves beneath her fingers spreading them wider and wider, was as unsettling as it was welcome. Her palms slid back to rest over her lover's spacious ass and she gave the meaty contours a good, firm grope just as they finally overpowered the cloth that thought to hide them. The unicorn's skirt was less restricting but that was clearly not enough to save it. As thumb-thick nipples stiffened and popped into the open after scraping over sagging, tearing fabric, the wizard's other piece of clothing gave over the breadth of her swelling hips and butt, ripping down the side.

The seams that held the sleeves onto the tattered blouse then gave way, separating from Dawn's torso as her arms lengthened. At the sensation of growing freedom, the blooming woman gasped and squealed, her deepening voice calling out for Valorie's attentions in half-garbled pleas, ones that the suddenly-undersized woman took most seriously. Huge breasts that were larger than her head heaved and swayed with the wizard's frantic panting, and she tore a hand away from the sleek fur of her lover's lush rump to reach up and heft one of the heavy, teardrops. At her touch, the magically-inclined unicorn tensed and hissed, pushing downward more forcefully.

Dawn bent forward and brought her arms together on Valorie's own bust, and the motion tore her shirt down her back with a loud *shrip*. Her hands fondled the trapped woman fiercely, covering more and more of her chest with reverent fingers. Though they lacked any significant amount of bulk, even her slim, toned arms were soon enough to strain at the cloth that remained over them, and she grunted with a wild-eyed look as she idly shredded the strips of fabric from her limbs, only sparing it enough focus to get the job done before continuing to loom further and further over the supine horse morph.

Intent on playing at least a small part in the process, Valorie lifted her own arms, reaching around Dawn's expanding chest and taking up the remains of the blouse in her confident fingers. She had to partially sit up to accomplish the feat, and the movement, pushed her face between the massive globes of soft, luscious flesh that hung ponderously from the wizard's front. She let herself hide for a moment in that lusty crevasse while she gave the rest of the shirt a relentless tug, completing the job started by the width of her lover's smoothly-contoured back, and proceeded to flop backward, clutching the two halves of the garment in her fists with a huge grin.

Dawn laughed hoarsely with her, and then Valorie realized it. She could no longer see her stunning maleness rising up behind her ardent lover. It was hidden behind the sheer, growing mass of the unicorn's huge, sexy body. Her own expansion had been met and surpassed, and it didn't seem that the wizard was keen on stopping any time soon. She almost commented on this, but the breath was robbed from her when the enlarging woman pressed down on her once more. Breasts that were blossoming to dwarf her entire torso smothered her for a time, until she could wriggle upward enough to free her head and nip playfully at a taut tendon in Dawn's throat, one that thrummed with the depth of her love's viciously pleased moans.

She was trapped, well and truly, in a way to which she was unaccustomed, but she couldn't find it in herself to care. As Dawn grew in height, more and more of her entire frame was trapped, and she found herself sliding deeper and deeper into the ocean of plush, warm boob that heaved around her. She could feel the wizard growing around her pinned torso, pulsing outward with little spurts. She was certain, by the furious throbbing in the whole of her loins, that she could be no more excited, but as fingers groped blindly at her and her fully engorged horsecock pushed up between the curves of her love's tremendous backside, or rather Dawn stretched down against her, she saw the depth of her foolishness at that presumption.

The wizard's dark, plain skirt was nothing but strips of eviscerated cloth around her, and Dawn had long since taken the bulk of her weight from her abdomen, taking it up on the girth of thighs that matched that of her waist. That hadn't, however, stopped her love from pressing down against her as best she could, grinding and rubbing slick, parted lips against her stomach, lips that ached against her dampened fur, lips that likewise spread outward. With a huff, Valorie threw her arms around the breadth of the chest that would have likely been uncomfortable, the way it was crushing into her, were it not for the rotund masses of heavy padding that enveloped the majority of her torso. Using her grip, she pulled herself up into the squirming, ballooning unicorn's form, squeezing what she could and at the very least taking part in the enormous woman's very vocal ecstasy while wringing what bliss she was able from her contact by slowly humping herself between those thick thighs as they slid over the steely flesh of her cock.

A hand that could have hidden her head slipped beneath her, bracing her back and lifting with her, pulling enough to free her, at least partially, from her lush prison. Dawn stared down, eyes distant and fogged with rapture, but clearly taking her in. The unicorn was truly enormous, having easily tripled in size. It took Valorie a moment to realize that her growth had stopped,

leaving her more than twenty feet tall. She made everything seem small, fragile, almost childish compared to the girth of her body: the bed, the flickering lighting, even the lofty tower on which they sat. All except one thing, she thought with the jolt of bright, burning excitement that rocked through her body, excitement that was compounded as the wizard shifted atop her. For a brief moment, she spun through the air as an arm lifted her like a doll, and she shook her head to reorient herself when she came to rest atop her love's titanic, lusty form. They positions had been reversed, and she lay prone atop a living bed.

No bedding could have compared to the inviting softness of the breasts that rose and fell beneath her, and a hand pressed her down into them while Dawn spoke, her voice breathless and deep enough to almost rival that of a giantess. "No more magic, no more cheating, at least for tonight. I want to feel you, Valorie. I need it. Please."

Slowly, almost hesitantly, Dawn's hand lifted from her back, and she shuddered with unhidden glee. The wizard laid her arms open and apart, and spread her legs. She dwarfed the bed that Valorie had laid out for them, but in the process had given the sturdy equine something far more enticing to rest on, and was giving her an even more meaningful gift. "Oh... fuck. Fuck! Fuck! Yes!" The way her huge, rock-hard maleness was throbbing between her lover's chest and most of her body would have been enough for her any other day, but rather, she wriggled and squirmed until she could slide from her perch. As she left the spot, long, slender arms lifted to squish those monolithic breasts together, and quaking fingers pinched at huge, puffy teats.

Her impossibly hard erection made moving, or doing anything, a chore, but she struggled through the inconvenience of hauling more than five feet of cock in front of her, a hand supporting its tremendous weight while she pranced gaily around Dawn's impatiently waiting body. "Hurry, Val... Please. I'm so empty, so cold. Please... I need you so badly. I already came so hard on you. I need more. I need all of you. Gods' Blood, look at me. All that magic and I'm still a helpless little girl around you. Please!"

"I'm coming, Dawn. I've got you." she hissed, terminating the thought with a shocked gasp at the sight that awaited her when she stepped over the slowly shifting bulk of her lover's calf. There, leaking all over the foot of the bedding that showed itself under the perky curves of her compressed ass, were the parted petals of her furiously, blushing, feminine flower. Further displaying her unwillingness to wait even a second longer than necessary, Dawn's legs spread wider, and a hand reached down, laying fingers to either side of the copiously leaking slit and pulling it open like a fleshy curtain, displaying the visibly throbbing entrance to her quivering, womanly sex and exhibiting it to her like a prized piece of artwork.

Dawn's horn poked up over the curves of the massive bust that blocked the majority of her vision as the unicorn tried to peer down at where Valorie stood, a difficult task. "No more teasing, no more playing around. Fuck me, Val, like an animal if you have to. I've been waiting for this for so long. Don't stop until neither of us can breathe."

She strode forward, a huge, beaming grin displaying her teeth. A hand wrapped around what it could of her hulking masculinity, swinging it from side to side with each step. With a sway of her hips, she twisted and dragged her flaring crown along the inside of Dawn's huge thigh. She watched as the muscle twitched at the contact, but she didn't let that distract her from the mission she had just been given. "At once, my lady, and with pleasure."

With a foot, she kicked aside the wizard's lengthy tail, getting it out of the way of her approach while her own swished excitedly. Dawn just huffed and slumped back onto her overwhelmed bed, playing with herself to pass the time while Valorie lined herself up. Normally, she would have dived face-first into the wet, drooling gash aching before her, she would have

done the most unholy of things to it before even thinking of completing the act, but Dawn didn't seem willing to tolerate wasting any more time, and she, for once, agreed. She had dreamed for all too long of the possibility that waited before her.

Dawn tensed and moaned loudly when the thick, flat glans of her animalistic cock pressed threateningly against her fluttering entrance. Valorie resisted the urge to immediately plunge herself inward, refusing the promise of that pleasure for a moment while she let her lover ooze a stream of slimy lubricants over her scalding flesh. Even with so much size separating them, she still looked too big to fit. She was still longer than the wizard's forearm, but her love was very talented, and was naturally gifted. She could make it fit. She *would* make it fit, and so she braced her hands on the legs that bordered her and pushed forward, wincing at the strain that filtered between their bodies.

Her head lolled back on her neck as she eased herself forward inch after inch. She watched through the corner of her eyes as Dawn began to stretch obscenely to accommodate the monster with which she was threatened. The wizard's back arched, and a hand mauled her bust while the other vigorously rubbed her engorged mons, forcing blinding arcs of bliss to spark through her body, pleasurable pulsations that spilled over into the puny equine's body through the connection they shared. With a coarse grunt followed by a harsh, euphoric cry, she triumphed over her first barrier, and with a jolt of overwhelming sensation, she felt her outermost length slide into the unicorn with a wet squelch.

"Yes!" Dawn squealed, shaking and nearly screaming with victorious vigor, and Valorie's voice lifted alongside it. Her legs shook, and her knees quivered traitorously. In all her years of carrying around what lurked between her legs, with everything she and Dawn had ever done together, nothing had ever felt quite like that precise moment ever did. She was enveloped, and she took a step forward, groaning and forcing nearly a third of her colossal length deeper into her lover's loins. She could feel the wizard's heartbeat, feel her breathing, feel the violent, euphoric vocalizations vibrate around her. She felt Dawn's life, and she felt more and more of it, more and more intimately as she came closer and closer to meeting the unicorn's crotch with her own.

Loud, clacking sounds emanated from behind her where Dawn's hooves clattered over the stone with the wizard's efforts to keep her legs still, to keep them open and keep them from snapping shut around Valorie's body, trapping the Lancer where she was. The act would have prolonged that moment of pleasure, but would have forestalled anything further, which was an unacceptable possibility. To help in the struggle, her hands slapped down over the fronts of her thighs, balling into fists and pushing down on the long, extensive limbs as they tensed and flexed with mindless fervor.

Valorie, for her part, witnessed each vein-lined, pallid-colored inch disappear into the hole that clenched and rippled around it. Before, with magic, she'd been stimulated with the like, sleeves of hot, pulsing energy, some of which had even been modeled off of the tunnel that she was currently invading, but nothing could compare to the real thing, no matter what either of them said or believed, and she'd felt it's like so rarely. She savored it, every inch, each foot of her, and as she plowed forward, grunting with the strain of forcing herself forward and inward, she felt herself throbbing and spurting huge gobs of gooey precum into Dawn's grasping depths.

She, however, didn't seem to be moving at a pace that suited the wizard's needs, and she yelped in surprise as a huge hand snapped to her back, cradling her taut, firm backside for a moment before jerking her roughly forward. They both let out a scream, one on a much larger scale than the other, as she was forcefully dragged the rest of the way forward and the entirety of her gargantuan, bestial cock was buried into Dawn's boiling, feminine passage. She collapsed

numbly forward, splaying out over Dawn's stomach, over the bump she could feel herself making in her lover's belly. She panted and gasped and moaned, trying to find words but failing time and time again. The hand that had so unrelentingly handled her softened for a moment, rubbing her back, and when the wizard finally managed to find her voice, it sounded with even greater desperation, "Now, Val. Do it."

Valorie turned her prostration into a lingering kiss, and nodded, steeling herself for the rapture to which she was going to subject them both. Straightening her spine and standing as tall as she could once more, she spread her arms and wrapped them as far as she could around the thick, seemingly endless curves of Dawn's expanded hips, bracing herself. Taking only a moment to languish in the unforgiving, blistering tightness of her lover's innermost reaches, she released a shaky breath and rocked herself backward, taking half a step and wincing with the effort a dragging herself a foot or more away from the sorcerous equine's stretched sex.

The taut, lust-darkened skin of her mammoth member came out slick and shiny with a combination of their mingled fluids, and as the fresh air drifted around its girth, it felt cool as the breeze wicked away a tiny portion of the immense, overwhelming heat that poured through her loins. With the help of the hand nestled against her lower back, she pushed forward once more, only stopping when the massive, flared head of her cock butted up against her lover's womb and her crotch slapped wetly against Dawn's nethers.

She wanted to repeat the motion, her body demanded that she give it the workout it needed, but she found she couldn't, not yet. She had to close her eyes, swallow hard, and dig her fingers into her lover's smooth, soft fur. The way her spine was bent to keep her hilted inside the wizard left her big, toned backside pushing into Dawn's hand, and in an astounding display of patience, the wizard took a moment as well to simply enjoy the seconds of intense intimacy and stroke fingers over her heavy curves. She bent further over, wrapping her arms around her love's comparatively slim waist, and pushed a shaky kiss into the plateau of the unicorn's belly, directly over the impression she was making from within. "Please..." a low, quavering voice whimpered to her.

Her breath ruffled the fur beneath her lips as she pulled her mouth back an inch, and she was only a heartbeat away from capitulating when a stark, strained grunt was forced from her chest. She tensed and gasped as Dawn's finger, slender and nimble, but more than thick enough for her as it was, was tucked between her legs from behind. It, along with its sisters, savored the heavy, pendulous globes of her aching testes for a second before it shoved itself upward with strength that was almost enough to lift her feet from the ground. It probed and forced its way into her own womanhood, and she arched her back and let out a harsh, vigorous moan, letting more of her weight force herself onto Dawn's dexterous digit up to the knuckle.

Valorie fought the desire to go limp and let her eyes roll back into her head under the weight of her ecstasy. She could cum like that, harpooned and wholly swallowed by her usually tiny lover, but she managed to catch a glimpse of the depth of the need in Dawn's eyes, and she answered it with a firm, dedicated nod. Clenching her teeth and working her hips around in a slow, grinding circle that used her impossible maleness to stir the depths of Dawn's loins, she then reached to the sides and hooked her arms beneath the wizard's thighs. With a grunt, she lifted those thick, quivering legs up to border her and give her something to hold on to, and she wrapped an arm further around one, pushing herself into it.

She rested her cheek against the velvety fur that lined the inside of the unicorn's inner thigh, letting her breath rustle the fine hairs alongside the breeze that did nothing to cool her ardor. As she steadied herself, she dropped her free hand and rested it over the hot, engaged

mound of Dawn's loins. She could almost feel herself throbbing through her lover's body, hard, so hard. The tight, shuddering walls that surrounded her burned at her vulnerable flesh, stroked her without rhythm. Her heart sounded like thunder in her head, and she was already panting, more from excitement, she knew. The wizard's finger lazily pumped itself in and out of her own packed nethers, rocking her back and forth and making her give gentle, undulating thrust against the flesh that was stretched so much to keep her contained.

With the way she knew Dawn's body worked, she could only hazard a guess as to what this would feel like. Valorie could sense the beginnings of it, blinding, jagged spikes of pleasure that were only the beginnings of bliss poured into her mind from the familiar connection they shared, and she knew her mission in that moment: to do all she could to prolong and build upon that sturdy, peaking foundation. "Here we go, Dawn. Hold on."

She heard the wizard suck in a breath through gritted teeth as she used her whole body to rock backwards, pushing Dawn's hand back with her as she withdrew more than two feet and bared her slick girth to the air. Before her lover could whimper for more, and before she could hesitate, she altered her stance, putting one foot forward and using her confident grip to slam herself back in with as much force she could muster. The shock of the sudden impact sounded with a loud, wet slap of meeting flesh, and the abruptness of it pulled a surprisingly high-pitched cry from the unicorn's lungs.

Her heavy, overfilled sac bounced off the lushness of Dawn's plump ass, and she ground her teeth and groaned as she reversed her momentum and dragged her pelvis backwards once more. Then she bucked forward, making the wizard's entire body move with her dire assaults making those titanic breasts bounce before her and even scooting her enlarged lover back an inch before she could settle herself more firmly and prevent her from escaping any further. The entirety of her hard-packed physique flexed with her efforts, and with each sharp, jerking motion, she broke the relative silence of night with another meaty *slap* and another hoarse, throaty moan.

Her broad, bestial crown slammed again and again against the terminus of Dawn's passage, and each pass she made, it scoured the wizard's hypersensitive flesh, her throbbing veins stimulating each inch while delicious friction threatened to drop her to her knees. Her whole, enormous shaft filled utterly the slick tunnel presented to it, and she was determined to do so over and over, until she could no longer even hope to stand under her own power. She grunted and growled like an animal, holding frantically onto the unicorn's thick thigh and rutting herself and her love both into the bedding buried beneath them. Dawn squealed and squirmed, but she wouldn't, under any circumstances, allow her grip or her steadily building pace to be broken.

She gave herself to the instinct that ran rampant through her mind and the ecstasy that destroyed the rest of her rational thoughts. She could only focus on a handful of things at once, and she chose the vicious, overwhelming sensation of having all of her mingled sexes stimulated in their entirety. Dawn's fingers showed as little mercy as they could as they shook and thrust deeply into her, and she stole their impetus and used it to feed her desperate thrusting. As she pistoned her hips back and forth, bending further and further over to ease her passage, the opposite reaction occurred in the overwrought unicorn. Her lover's spine bent backwards, pushing those magnificent breasts high into the air as she contorted under the strength of the bliss that passed between them, and Dawn's other hand slapped down along her distended stomach, sliding along her stretched lips and finding the thumb-sized nub of her supremely swollen clit.

She knew it was going to happen before she could truly feel it. Dawn's ragged panting hitched, and her entire body went rigid for a single heartbeat. The walls that massaged her girthy

length clenched with primal ferocity around her, shuddering and collapsing down onto her like a vice that wrung violently at her as the wizard came with a long, ululating cry that would have likely been a scream but for the way it rumbled in her ears. Valorie jerked and spluttered from the sensations produced by her lover's tense, rippling passage, but didn't let it stop, or even slow her down. With a huge hand, Dawn mindlessly pleased herself, building upon the outsized and overendowed woman's efforts and likewise sharing what was left of her focus with the finger buried into the burly woman's slick slit.

Time passed, but that was as far as Valorie's awareness got her. She eventually relegated herself to taking long, measured breaths in time with her thrusting. She hated to pace herself, but she had to. She could feel something catastrophic building behind the wall of euphoric tightness that grew in her loin, and she staved it off, forcing as much needling, orgasmic pleasure as she could into the mind and body of her writhing, wailing lover. Dawn was nearly lost, simply a being of sensation for the moment, a single, screaming nerve that came again and again and again around and over her. She felt the wizard's slick girlcum gush out over her loins when she pulled out only to splatter it over her abdomen as she slammed herself back in with a coarse grunt. Some of it, at least, was hers, she knew. She was pumping a growing trickle of her own slimy pre into her love's loins. She could feel herself throbbing and dilating hugely in preparation, pouring more and more of herself to mingle with the wizard's scalding fluids.

The fur that lined her spine bristled in warning as she felt her fortitude strain against the limits she imposed upon it. She shivered, her hard, toned musculature drawing tight beneath her fur as her end approached. She wanted desperately to extend the moment of her release, to linger in it, but that choice was robbed from her by her traitorous body as her orgasm crashed into her with the force of a titan's hammer, obliterating the last vestiges of thought that sought refuge in the deepest corners of her mind.

She screamed, a raw, brutal sound, and lunged forward, plowing herself, wholly and utterly, to the very limits of Dawn's pliant, yielding innards. Her heavy, swollen nuts drew up tight against her loins, churning furiously, and her whole form quaked as she shot the first, powerful jet of her creamy seed into her lover's stuffed sex. Falling limply forward, she surrendered her arms, wrapping them tightly around the wizard's waist and groaned into the sea of invitingly warm fur beneath her. She humped wildly to the sporadic pulsing in her bulging cock, emptying herself with frightful vigor, and the cascade that the action sparked was cataclysmic in scale.

Dawn grabbed her with her other hand, keeping the one already on her where it was with a finger, then two, pushing forcefully into her. With spasming arms, the wizard added impetus to Valorie senseless thrusting, grabbing her by the hips and pulling with all the strength inherent to her massive new frame. As she spasmed and filled her lover with rope after rope of scalding cum, the waist-thick thighs that bordered her snapped inwards, trapping her where she was and quivering under the weight of rapture, rapture that filled the air as her voice was added to the unicorn's blissed-out wail.

Moving was a difficulty that she had trouble overcoming, but she managed however she could, panting and writhing in whatever method she could find, anything to grind her stunning, heaving maleness against the folds of her fleshy prison. She could feel her testes throbbing in time with the rest of her body, and need drove her forward to the beat of that drum, her pounding heart and pulsating loins mirroring one another for a long, breathless minute. Dawn held her with numb, clumsy hands and tense legs dwarfing her size if not the depth of her ecstasy, and while she geysered her sticky, pearlescent essence into her oversized lover she felt that pleasure course

between them, a hopeless mix of shared orgasm that stretched on forever, until she could barely see and her breaths came as no more than terse grunts and gasps.

Even as Dawn was, it still seemed that the wizard was incapable of holding all that she could output, and Valorie soon felt her own boilingly hot liquid lust gushing out over her crotch, spurting fitfully around the seal she made with the wizard's stretched nethers and dripping down her thighs in an off-white curtain. She throbbed angrily, and her vigorous euphoria continued even when it appeared that she had little else left to give. As the torrent of her orgasm dwindled to a mere trickle, one that leaked down around her feet from their connected bodies, she was still trapped in her release, held there by her lover's own continual orgasm. She could feel it still raking at Dawn's senses like a cornered animal, sending lightning bolts of raw bliss tearing up and down her spine, and it likewise lingered in her own body, unnaturally extended.

When the overwhelmed unicorn finally sagged backward, mouth lolling limply open and moaning breathlessly to the heavens with lidded eyes, Valorie could finally feel the sensation of vicious, prideful satisfaction begin to overcome the needling ecstasy of her release. She didn't, maybe couldn't move; she didn't know because she didn't have the heart to attempt it. Rather, she laid there, supported by Dawn's cum-bloated belly, and languished in the prickling of her skin as sensation gradually crawled back into the rest of her body. She once more, after a moment, could feel the continuing breeze rustle through her tail and play through her fur, and she felt the calm, confidence of the wizard's sagging hand held tightly against her, almost as tightly as the embrace of the plush thighs that were curled around her broad frame.

Where her nostrils were buried into Dawn's fur, she could still smell the reek of her own sex, the little ocean of her own making that surrounded her feet. As she panted, she couldn't help but breathe it in, and it filled her sinuses, a reminder of her own impossible virility. "D-Dawn...?" she breathed with no small amount of effort.

Her lover's answer was a long, garbled moan that may have been her own name mumbled in reply. That Dawn could still talk was a comfort enough, and she sighed, savoring the steady, throbbing ache in her sated loins. The sensation of the blood coursing back into her body as her inhuman endowment softened in its yielding prison was a rush. With how temporary the feeling was, she was very unused to being so primally empty, and she was certain that if she had been a cat, she would have purred. At any rate, her shaky fingers gently kneaded the wizard's hips, idly rubbing as she worked the feeling into her extremities with some stiff stretches. "I haven't... I haven't had a workout like that in a while..." She sighed through her breathy pants.

The laugh that bounced the mountainous mammaries before her seemed tired and strained, but not pained. "I guess... O-oh Gods... I guess we'll... have to schedule another sometime... sometime soon... Fucking Ichor."

It almost hurt to roll her eyes, and she instead used her low-hanging head to push a kiss into Dawn's seed-plumped belly. At the contact, the long, shapely, and greatly enlarged legs that were holding her prisoner quivered and opened, freeing her as the hands holding her hips and rear retreated, pulling from her loins with a wet *schlick*. Finally able to move of her own volition, she backed unsteadily away, her hands on Dawn's legs for balance, and pulled the sagging mass of her turgid horsecock free of its silken, fleshy sleeve. It came out with a lewd sucking sound and a groan that the motion dragged from her lungs, and when she managed to pull it out, it flopped down lazily under its own weight to dangle between her calves, still slowly deflating.

Once they were separate entities once more, Dawn's hands sought to remedy that issue, snaking down to her and wrapping her up to hoist her bodily into the air like a child. Valorie squirmed, but eventually came to rest face-down, and quite happily, amidst the unicorn's

cavernous cleavage. The candles that lit her lover from above looked like a flickering, orange halo, and the dim illumination glimmered metallicly off of the wizard's tired, gleeful eyes. "I wish I could do this more often..." a fatigued voice rumbled from the chest below her, "But it... really takes it out of me."

With some more wriggling, she managed to drag her slimed body forward enough to give Dawn a soothing kiss. "It's okay. I love you anyway. And, next time, I'll be the giant one. Problem solved."

Her kiss was returned for a few gradually slowing heartbeats, only pausing when they both had to take a deeper breath. Dawn shifted and straightened out, taking the time to wrap her arms together over her front, pinching Valorie between them and the immense softness of her more-than-voluptuous chest, covering the smaller, for now, woman almost entirely with warm, slightly wet fur. "I can't wait, but for now... I have a few more minutes like this. Let's enjoy it."

Valorie sighed again and twisted, working her way deeper into the breasts that, even when they weren't the size of her whole torso, she had a tough time not staring at. She had to admit, they made for far better pillows than the ones she had been expecting to use that night, and she rested head against the innermost curve of one of the supple mounds, blinking slowly as an enormous hand lovingly stroked her mussed hair. It was enough to keep her smile warm and cheerful in spite of the way her eyelids drooped threateningly. "Deal."