

Carnal Mischief

Written By: Skabaard

With an enduring sigh, Valorie turned away from the display before her, shaking her head. Sometimes it seemed hopeless. The senior Lancer who stood in front of the handful of recruits was trying his best to gently ease a little knowledge through their thick skulls, but, as usual, the task was proving a difficult one. She chuckled as she strolled away, keeping an eye on a few pairs sparring on a stretch of lush, green grass. She knew she was too hard at times. It had been quite a few years, but she remembered when she didn't know which end of a sword was the dangerous one. Admittedly, that had been a very long time ago, and she had certainly figured it out faster than most, but she remembered nonetheless.

There were things that required her attention, certainly, but they were all located in her office, and she had been desperate to get out of the stuffy space for some fresh air. To that end, she took long, deep breaths and meandered aimlessly for a few moments across the expanse of the large, circular park that was enclosed by the enormous, white-marble walls of the Sanctum Arcanum. It seemed a world apart, calm and contemplative in spite of the occasional clash of steel on steel that echoed across the grassy hilltop.

Her own sword was sheathed comfortably on her belt, and it tapped against her leg with each step. Her armor, plates of mirrored argentum intermeshed with fine chain links, jingled musically as she walked, and the air caught the rich, royal blue fabric of her cape, snapping it out behind her with her calf-length horse tail. She'd left her helmet on her desk, and she enjoyed the way the breeze tickled at her tapered, equine ears and filtered through the golden brown hair that was bound into a loose, low ponytail behind her.

As Valorie stepped around a small group of Lancer's running through a complicated series of stretches, she scratched idly at her cheek, heaving a sigh. She was surprised that there hadn't yet been anyone running up to her with the usual barrage of question and information. Cera must have been off somewhere feeling the brunt of it. A few heads turned at the lazy laugh that bubbled up from her broad chest at the thought. Neither she nor the other of the Lance's two most senior members were really cut out to be leaders in any official capacity. She tried to be inspirational, and she tried to be helpful, but logistics and organization had never really been her strong suit. For much of her early life, in fact, she was used to being a one-woman operation. Being looked up to, being expected to have answers where, at times, there were none to be found, she was certain she would never grow used to it.

Valorie was coming close to completing her circuit of the large, airy space, which meant that she was going to soon be forced to go back to her desk and continue poring over reams of letters, requests, and reports. The statuesque equine dreaded it, but it hadn't killed her yet, and she traded a few lazy salutes with a handful of lithe felines at the door before she swept through the portal and into the imposing structure. The vast building's innards were as grand and lavish as its exterior, but that was in spite of the simple, if well-made furnishings. The walls were streaked with veins of silver that shimmered like they were liquid, and the lofty halls were filled with clean, white light that seemed to come from the air itself. She needn't have really gone outside for fresh air. Each breath she took was crisp and untainted by stagnation, and in spite of the constant weight on her shoulders, it seemed easier to bear when within the borders of the Archmage's domain, a slice of tranquility in the heart of the metropolis that was Southcliff.

Before she could begin to chafe at the endless salutes that greeted her from Lancers rushing to and from their duties, she hurried down the endless, circular hallway to the familiar door which would grant her entry into her humble office. Despite her eight-and-a-half foot frame, she never had any trouble cramming her bulk through the doorway. It stood ten feet high and was at least half that wide, large enough to comfortably fit even the largest of morphs, barring the rare exception, the wizard who had originally called the place home being one of them.

After only a moment of hesitation, she reached out and wrapped her fingers around the handle, bracing herself for the rest of the afternoon sitting hunched over her desk. Before she could summon the mental fortitude to drag it open however, she was abruptly and immensely distracted by the sensation of a hand clapping firmly over half of her thick, muscular backside and giving it a rough squeeze. She jerked forward with a hoarse yelp, nearly bouncing off of her door before whirling around, a grimace stretched over her equine muzzle and her hand tightly gripping the hilt of her sword in a wordless threat. The only other person in the hallway at the time, a lanky, dark-furred cat morph, had frozen at her outcry, and was staring at her like she'd lost her mind. "Uh..." he said cautiously, "Are you alright, Captain?"

She went slack as righteous outrage dissolved into utter befuddlement, tainted by a little sullen anger. "G-Gravis, what..." she stammered, "Wh-who...? What?" It couldn't have been the feline. He was on the other side of the hallway, frozen in mid-step, and was carrying an armful of papers that clearly precluded any foul play. And then her brain caught up with itself, and a wave of chilling prickles worked their way down her spine. The hand that had so improperly felt her up had bypassed her armor and dark, skintight trousers both, skipping straight to her warm, chocolate-colored fur. Her fingers tightened further on the hilt of her weapon, and she let out a breath as an indignant huff. "N-nothing! Just... I'm fine. It's nothing! Get going before I find something dirty for you to scrape clean!"

She frowned at the cat's back as he scampered away, and then finished entering her office, letting the door click softly shut behind her. "That's not *funny*!" she grumbled, knowing that the person who had accosted her likely couldn't hear her. As if to argue with that steadfast assertion, the phantom hand gave her another firm grope, making her slap her palm down over her armored backside and squirm further into the room. "Damnit, Dawn, that's *not* funny!"

With a scowl, she rubbed the tender spot through her chain-and-plate skirt and waited for a few seconds for any further unsolicited contact. The unsettling sensation of a set of fingers that weren't her own brushing lightly over her fur didn't cease, predictably enough, but it lessened in vigor. It lost much of its intensity, until it felt more like she was being petted, granted affection in the form of long, slow strokes over the outward curve of her firm, toned ass. It was almost enough for her to visualize Dawn's form knelt behind her, face turned up in worshipful awe. "Damnit, Dawn, I've got more important things to do right now." Valorie muttered as she tried to force the brunt of her unamused frustration through the link that she shared with her sorcerous lover, who was likely just a few rooms down in her own office.

Valorie questioned for a moment whether or not Dawn could actually hear her when, at her grumble, the unseen hand on her vanished. After a moment of peace, she tugged her cape straight on her shoulders and strutted over to her desk, glaring at the sea of papers that would eventually require her attention. She had left off in the middle of a comprehensive shipping manifest, and she wondered if-

She froze a foot from her chair as a sudden tingling sensation meandered up the inside of her thigh, beginning at her knee. Fingertips, five of them, tickling up along her fur and toward

her most intimate of places. Her hands balled into tight fists, she leaned heavily on her desk and let out a long, shaky sigh. "Come on, Dawn... Now?" The breath caught in her throat as her well-muscled legs tensed and relaxed and her toes wriggled in her boots at the faint, but enticing stimulation. It heated her blood and brought to her cheeks a rosy blush that was visible through her fur, and her ears flicked in exasperation. Her thighs pressed together as if to pinch that lecherous hand between them, trapping it from going any further, but it was no use, for there was no physical hand there to play upward along the hard, lean contour.

Feeling a disconcerting stirring in her loins, she pressed her hand down over her crotch, molding her armored skirt over the monstrous bulge of her hidden masculinity. She could feel it throbbing through the metal and cloth both, beginning to rise up as it fed off of the pleasant, teasing march of ethereal fingertips. If she did nothing to quell it soon, the situation would rapidly get out of hand. To that end, she forced a breathy hiss between her clenched teeth and dug her fingernails into her other palm as she flopped down onto the edge of her chair, leaning hard far back against it. She thought of hideous old hags and the scent of skunk spray, rotten eggs and manure, she chewed on her tongue and tried to rest her attentions on the work scattered over her desks.

However, it was, she knew, a lost cause. She knew because her thoughts would constantly be drawn back to the source of the increasingly exciting sensations tingling up her legs, sometimes in the form of light caresses, sometimes in the form of more urgent, fondling gropes of her thick, powerful thighs. In her mind's eye would form an image of a set of lush, plump lips, curled up in a coy smile, or waves of long, auburn hair falling loosely around a beautiful, equine visage not too dissimilar from her own. Her imagination was more than enough to lose her in her own little fantasy, one of bright, amber eyes and a soft, yielding body pressed intimately into hers.

"Gods... Damnit..." she groaned as her hand was pushed forcefully away from her loins by what lurched upward and outward into blooming wakefulness. Her pants were tight, too tight, for a reason. She was hung like a monster, with a disproportionate tool that, even when soft, hung down past her knee. She took the time to cram herself into her trousers every morning because they made getting an erection immediately and obviously uncomfortable. It was enough to keep her body in line with her thoughts, most of the time, but when fueled by something far more alluring to her than a glimpse at a shapely body or an errant daydream, when she was presented with something real and concrete, however distant, nothing was soon to last.

Her breaths deepened and her pulse quickened in her veins as a traitorous hand, this time her own, rubbed lazily up and down the ballooning bulge between her legs. "Fuck..." rattled her hoarse, strained voice. With each beat of her heart, she could feel blood pooling below her waist, under her armor and beneath her fingers, which tried equally to stroke her sluggishly awakening endowment and to push it back down, where it belonged, where it should, by all rights, have stayed for the rest of the afternoon.

With her other hand, she fussed with the leather straps and polished buckles that held her skirt onto her body. While she did, she could feel the fingers on her, her spectral, salacious assailants, wander more lewdly, heedless, it seemed, of the way they left her squirming in her seat. Valorie felt a palm, warm and real save for how it wasn't really there, slide deep between her thighs to cup one of the melon-sized spheres of her massive gonads through her stretching trousers. It gave her a gentle squeeze, sampling her virility with the faintest of pressures, but that was all it took to further encourage the rise of her trapped, monolithic member.

The armor that shielded her lower body clamored like a set of fine chimes as she tossed it aside, staring down at the mountainous deformation she was making in her doomed pants. The outline of the cock of a titanic horse, feet long already, pushed upward against the sturdy fabric, bending uncomfortably against its prison. She felt as much as saw it seeking freedom, sliding down the legs of her trousers in a hopeless attempt at escape. There was nowhere it could go. As it shifted, hardening all the while, it struggled against her hand, which tried to force it down, keep it restrained to no avail. The seams began to pop before she could even think to remove the restricting garment.

Her head lolled limply back, and she let out a pleased sigh as her pants surrendered, slowly at first. A splash of pallid, blood-darkened flesh made itself seen as fabric ripped down her leg. It pushed up against her palm, veins as thick as her fingers throbbing furiously as they fed it, and it spilled out into the air, tension dragging it upward under its own girthy heft. As if it had been made to stand out against the warm, dark brown of her fur, the skin of her swelling, bestial horsecock was a stark, abnormal white, and it visibly changed hues to a pale, washed-out pink as it filled with her onrushing lust. It fell readily into her hand, and she gave herself a languid stroke, feeling it push her fingers further and further apart with each passing second. It was so hard to stop once the process had been started, and if she had been honest with herself, she would have surrendered all the faster to the unashamed groping that she was being given from her phantom lover.

Finally, the spectral hand on her was joined by its partner, and both savored the rotund weight of her taut sac as the bulk of her churning testes pulled it down over the edge of the seat and made it hide the dampening lips of her much daintier feminine sex. That was no barrier to her ghostly assailant, however. The mystery hands left her for a moment, leaving her alone and hot and bothered for only a brief heartbeat before they once more lighted on her fur, this time the inviting flesh around her delicate womanhood. At their touch, she had to stifle a loud, brazen moan, pinching it off into a sharp whine as they toyed with her supple netherlips.

Sometimes, in the presence of such stunning masculinity, even she had been known to forget what else she was packing, but Dawn, from her hidden spot, wherever it was, wasn't so keen on that misunderstanding. While Valorie whimpered and writhed, she felt slender, worshipful fingers feeling their way around her overshadowed flower, parting its petals and exploring the ruddy, reddened skin that awaited its own pleasure. Each gentle, meandering prod against her made her gasp and jerk, and each likewise caused a sudden lurch in her more forward of endowments. Her colossal cock trembled as she leaned back hard enough in her chair to make it creak. The sharp motion flopped the column of quivering horsemeat back against her, and she cradled it against her chest, watching it strain and pulse inches from her face.

She moaned at the overpowering presence of her own fertility. The rod of flesh that heaved against her chest burned with the heat of her oh-so-easily-stoked desire even through her chestplate, and the chill of the polished metal was like ice against her scalding tool. Valorie held it there, practically vibrating in her chair, and took deep breaths as she focused on the torturously light touches being granted to the shier portions of her overcrowded loins. Her mouth hung limply open now, and her eyes stared, unfocused, and the broadening tube of animalistic meat that surged before and against her. It crawled up her body, bulging thicker than her muscular arms, nearly matching the girth of her strong, well-built thigh with its huge, flared crown sticking up into the air over her head.

The stress of its weight resting where it was connected to the rest of her body was a familiar one, one to which she was sure she could never really grow accustomed. It dragged

downward on her crotch, thick and heavy and unmistakably... potent, the heat roiling from its tight, steely flesh washing over her face alongside the scent of it, dense and musky so close to its throbbing surface. And then she stiffened, gasping at the light touch of a soft set of lips pressing into the underside of her impossible masculinity, across from her own. "Oh Gods, Dawn, yes..." Her desk of papers lay forgotten before her, shadowed from the magelight by the monolith of bestial maleness on display, and she didn't care to draw her attention down to them for the time being.

It was something about her lover's touch, even by magical proxy, which made Valorie feel so incredibly erotic. Yes, she worked hard to keep her body at the peak of its physical potential, she was thick and heavy with muscle and feminine strength, but Dawn's fingertips made her big, pliant breasts tingle with the desire to be fondled, hidden as they were beneath the mirrored surface of her breastplate. It made her breathing come uneven in her broad, well-worked chest, contrary to her practice, and it made her breath-stealing cock pulse all the more furiously, demanding the sating of her wanton lust. She clawed at the front of her armor, as if to grope herself through the shining material, and while she fought to feel the heft of her impressive bust in her hand, her lips drifted forward, to the surface of her fat, twitching phallus, and kissed it across from the spot that effervesced under the intimate contact from the invisible, phantom lips.

She wondered how powerful the waves of piercing euphoria were as they flooded from her mind to Dawn's through the sorcerous link that linked them. Even hidden under her own pleasure, she could feel the reverberations of it filtering into the back of her mind. She could imagine easily enough the lusty, half-lidded look that would fall over the wizard's eyes, and the confident way her lover would thrust out the prodigious curves of a truly, more-than voluptuous chest, knowing what it did to her and yet still managing to possess a hint of girlish uncertainty, just the littlest bit of hesitation, as if it wasn't enough. Just the thought of it pushed thick, trembling gobs of slick precum from her distended urethra and sent them streaming down the side of her throbbing flesh.

The lips began to wander, and hers did the best they could to follow suit. Her hand dropped low, to the very root of her inhuman cock, unable to even get a good grip due to its impossible girth. That didn't stop her from trying, though, and she gave herself a fierce squeeze, pulling herself firmly back into the hardness of her armor and grinding hot, needy flesh against her lips. Her tongue slipped free, and she eagerly traced the line of a single, hammering vein as far up along her titanic cock as her flexibility would allow, leaving her skin shiny with a layer of saliva.

Her spectral suitor, however, was bound by no such limitations, and those lips wandered along the entire, almost six-foot length of steely horsemeat that stood stiffly from her loins, from beneath her fingers at her huge, girthy base to her very tip, where her broad crown flared a little broader with each beat of her heart. Kissing and licking and gliding smoothly over each contour that she had, her ghostly lover's plush mouth orally worshipped her, savoring her most sensitive of spot with ardent concern for her pleasure. All the while, slim, nimble fingers prodded and teased at her quivering womanhood, encouraging her to leak all over her chair as she grew only more excited.

With little warning, a pair of those same fingers abruptly jerked up into her, parting her inner folds and scraping savagely against her sensitive, silken passage. She tensed and grunted. She tried to rock her hips around in a slow circle to worm the fingers deeper into her, but it was a hopeless endeavor. Dawn's ethereal touch was going to go at her own pace, and there was little Valorie could do about it. Her slender, wriggling invaders raked forward and ground against her

swollen sex, gleefully stimulating her and causing a steady stream of slimy pre to issue from her flaring tip and run down across her lips on its way to her crotch. With a huff, she took the heady fluid up in her hands and smeared it over each inch of flesh that she could, all the while feeling her bulging cock tighten and strain ever harder against the wall of her fortitude. "Come on!" she groaned, her voice low and rough with need, "Come on; I'm so close. It's too late to stop now. Don't stop! Hnngh!"

She was on the road to the height of her bliss. She could feel it approaching, making her body go increasingly rigid and her breaths come fast and more shallow, but her dazed mind couldn't have expected what was coming for her. In an instant, her eyes nearly bulged out of her skull and the air left her lungs in an utterly shocked wheeze. Slowly, far too slowly for her overwhelmed mind to like, she felt *something*, something hot and wet and pulsing with life, press against the end of her bestial maleness. Her hazed eyes flicked up, saw nothing, but the concept of physical possibility was dashed as she felt herself push inside a warm, rippling hole that clenched down on the beginnings of her rock-hard flesh. "O-Ooh... Gods... Fuck!"

Her back arched almost painfully as she tried numbly to buck herself deeper into whatever warm, velvety passage that stretched around her, but she got nowhere for her troubles. She knew without a doubt what was happening. It wasn't as common an occurrence as she would have liked, but she knew each fold and contour of Dawn's vicelike womanhood with intimate precision. Like a yielding, fleshy sleeve, it was pushed open around her, and it clamped down on her as she was enveloped, making each inch that passed into it an increasingly arduous chore, but one that her unseen assailant took to with vigor. Valorie felt it shudder and twitch around her, stroking her as foot after foot came into contact with pliant, blissful sensation.

Unlike any normal penetration, this didn't preclude her hands from coming into play, and she gleefully jerked her fingers up and down her immensity as she was sunk to her very root into the steamy, sucking hole that wasn't really there. And then it began to withdraw, sliding off of her until she could feel only her trembling crown pulsing in its invisible prison. After a moment of stillness from her ethereal aggressor, she gasped and lurched as the entirety of her colossal cock was abruptly slammed home, buried into a tight, grasping passage that milked a spurt of precum from her body, splattering it over the floor behind her as it sailed over her head in a graceful arc.

Beginning with a slow, easy pace, the pistoning of the phantom flesh around her inescapable masculinity quickly built into a brutal, unforgiving tempo that had her grunting and writhing in her chair. Valorie's mouth was pushed forward as her lust-engorged cock was forced back into her face, and her lips parted to let her tongue roll in clumsy circles over her taut, pre-slicked flesh. Her unseen assailant fucked her, and did so with gusto that drove her eyes back into her skull and her eyelids up and down with frantic fluttering. She moaned into her bestial tool, gripping it with wild abandon as if to simply hold on to it for dear life while she was pleased beyond her mind's capability to process. She still felt fingers slipping up into her drooling slit with another flicking up and over her pulsing clit, driving her spine further and further backward with each slight, easy motion.

Her chair creaked ominously as her entire, powerful physique drew dangerously tight beneath the remains of her half-ruined uniform. Her gauntleted hands couldn't figure out what to do, and they slapped down on the arms of her seat, white-knuckling with strain enough to nearly snap the sturdy wood. Her mouth opened to the ceiling, but she couldn't make herself make any sound apart from the hoarse whines that bubbled up from her lungs. In a moment of nearly divine mercy, she remembered herself, where she was and what was happening, and a split second

before the sensations that were tearing like white-hot lightning up and down her spine could drive her over the edge, she knew what she had to do.

Valorie threw herself forward, nearly overturning her desk in the process of seeking out what she needed to find with utmost speed. A large, metallic drum, a tall, fat cylinder that she kept near her workplace in case of emergencies, she found it without even a heartbeat to spare. As she lunged, her tremendous, flaring member heaved forward immensely, and as she tossed the lid of her... receptacle across the room, she plunged the head of her steely cock as deeply into the container as it would go just as she reached the crest of her ethereally-induced ecstasy.

The air escaped her lungs in a raw, throaty cry, and sharp, breathless, "F-fuck! Fuck... F-fuh-huh-*fuck!*", and she got a prime view of her immense tool as it bloated with the first sticky ropes of her thick, virile seed as she dumped load after hot, pulsing load directly from her churning testes and into what she frantically hoped was up to the task of holding it all. The wet, splattering sounds echoing from the brazen drum quickly subsided as her swollen glans was submerged in quart after quart of her boiling cum, and she leapt from her chair, bearing down with as much of her bulk as she dared as she threw her head back and languished under the weight of her orgasm.

Valorie's entire frame trembled urgently, from the way her toes curled in on themselves in her boots to the way her frantic grip on the rim of the woefully inadequate canister made her arms bulge and quiver with strain that was visible beneath her armor. She squealed and squirmed and humped the simple, cold contraption as the force that fucked her senseless only redoubled, grinding up and down her quivering, spurting length and milking her until she could see the level of the gooey, pearlescent fluid rising dangerously high as it slicked her pulsating shaft. "Oh Gods!" she whimpered, "So much. There's so much! Don't stop! Yes!"

It didn't, not for a good, long time, long enough to leave her gasping for air and leaning heavily on her desk for support. Only miraculous foresight had made her pull part of her violently aching cock from the fluid, freeing some of the volume it displaced for even more of her scalding jizz. Even then, when she was done, when she was doing little more than panting and oozing a fitful trickle into her emergency canister, it was almost full, and a messy slurry of her slimy cum had been spilled by her jerking hips, a slowly spreading puddle on the floor around her boots that made footing treacherous.

She scrubbed at her face with a shaky hand, clearing her thoughts of the dregs of her release with only the greatest of efforts. Gradually, she felt the unearthly sensations brought to her by whatever sorcery Dawn had cooked up drift away, leaving her alone with only the awareness of her own viciously pleased body. With a firm, grasping hand, she milked the last streamers of cum from her cock and fought to straighten her spine, an effort that still left her resting a palm heavily on the edge of her desk.

Valorie glanced down at her sagging maleness as it dwindled down to its still obscene proportions, leaving her ruined trousers and the garment she had worn beneath them hanging, tattered and open at the loins. She looked at the floor, at the mess that could have been so much worse, and let out an enduring sigh as she got her breathing back under her control. "Well... shit." Stepping over with unsteady legs, she picked up her armored skirt from where it had been discarded, and after cleaning herself up a little, she strapped it back on over her bare, dangling sex, leaving it hanging between her knees and uncovered by a new set of pants, at least for the time being. She had work to do, yes, but first, *someone* had some explaining to do.