

The Procedure

Written By: Skabaard

Valorie sat nervously in an ornate foyer, waiting to be called in by the Archmage's assistant. After years of hoarding every last copper she earned, she had finally been able to afford one of the best body-shapers in the world. Body-shaping was inherently risky, and Valorie had spared no expense in acquiring the services of the best, especially for a procedure as risky as the one she had planned.

There was evidence of others being successfully shaped by less experienced wizards, but the range in quality and effectiveness of the transformations worried Valorie. She could take no risks with her body, her body was her living.

Valorie was technically a mercenary, but she preferred to call herself a treasure hunter. Her clients usually called on her to trek out to some gods-forsaken corner of the world in search of some relic or artifact that sometimes wasn't even there. Out beyond the reach of civilization, she had run into troglodytes, kobolds, and goblins, and so Valorie had to know how to take care of herself. Her body reflected the amount of physical conditioning that was required of her by her profession.

Valorie was taller than most women, with a slender, athletic body whose femininity was accented by sheets of lean, hard earned muscle. Her breasts were small on her frame, but perky and supple. In contrast to her humble chest, her tight, toned waist flared out into wide hips and a full, muscular ass that pulled taut any fabric that dared to hide its majesty. Her body continued down into long, powerfully muscled legs that tapered down into her calves and comparatively dainty feet.

Her light brown hair was cut just below shoulder length, and usually hung in a low ponytail to avoid interfering with the fit of her helmet when she wore it. Valorie's piercing green eyes and full lips drew the eye to a face that was prone to smiling more often than not.

Drawing in a deep breath, she forced it out slowly to calm her nerves. She had no reason to be anxious; she was going to be in the best hands that could be found to oversee her transformation. Valorie stood, and paced the length of the room while she reasoned with herself. She was at the peak of physical fitness, and still there were times where it wasn't enough, where she needed more, and her current body couldn't be pushed any further. So Valorie decided to funnel the majority of her income for several years into contracting one of the best body-shapers in the world to give her an upgrade.

And what was the harm in fulfilling a few of her secret desires at the same time? Valorie envied the equine morphs she saw on her travels, the power in their bodies and the strength and confidence with which they moved. She wanted that for herself, she had for a long time, and now she was but a few minutes from fulfilling her dream.

Valorie turned when she heard someone approaching the door at the end of the room. It swung open a bit and a pleasantly attractive woman stuck her head through the crack, "Everything is ready for you now, Valorie." the Archmage's assistant said, "If you would follow me, I can take you to the ritual room."

Valorie nodded and followed when the assistant gestured and glided down the hallway on the other side of the door. Through a stretch of opulently decorated halls they moved until Valorie was ushered through another door. Compared to the other rooms they passed through,

this one looked plain in comparison. The walls were painted in warm earth tones, intending to compliment the large, marble slab dominating the center of the room.

The assistant gave Valorie a smile and a bow and backed out of the door they had entered just as another door on the opposite side of the room opened. With an air of quiet confidence, the Archmage walked in. Valorie had not talent for magic, but even she could almost feel the man's power fill the room, the feeling she got was at odds with the rather plain looking man that was currently smiling at her as he moved to shake her hand.

He was tall, with broad shoulders and short, brown hair. His face had a strong jawline and a nose just a hair too wide to fit his features. He looked younger than Valorie had expected, and instead of the ornate robes traditional to those of his profession, he wore a simple shirt and pants under a long coat. The only thing that set the Archmage apart was his eyes. They were a deep, yet brilliant blue, and burned with an intelligence that almost gave them their own radiance. They were striking, and Valorie's breath caught in her throat when they fixed on her own.

Reaching her, the Archmage took her hand in both of his own and shook it briskly. He beamed her a smile as he spoke, "Valorie! It's a pleasure to meet you! Are you feeling okay? You look worried."

His voice was deep and powerful, a match for his eyes. Valorie managed to stammer that she felt fine, at which the man in front of her let out a booming laugh.

Those eyes crinkled as his smile deepened, "No need to hide anything, kid. It'll all come out soon, anyway." Releasing Valorie's hand, he moved to the slab at the center of the room, and leaned against it casually. "Any questions before we begin?"

Put a bit more at ease by the man joviality, Valorie peered at the Archmage with a critical eye. "First of all sir, with all due respect, who are you calling a kid? You can't be more than a few years older than I am."

He snickered as he replied, "It comes with the territory, I suppose, I don't mean to condescend though. I apologize if it seemed that way. And please, call me Daryn."

Acceding the point, Valorie inquired, "Okay. So uh, how does this actually work? Do I have to do anything special, or what?"

Daryn nodded his head at her question, and began what sounded like a well-rehearsed speech. "Okay, here's how this is going to go. I'm going to answer any of your questions to the best of my ability, after which you are going to strip and lay here on this big rock." He patted the slab on which he leaned. "Then with a simple, harmless spell, I'm going to paralyze some of your body so you don't hurt yourself during the procedure. Not that you'll be thrashing in pain or anything, but the transformative magic messes with your muscles and nerves, and you can injure yourself if you aren't stilled. From what I understand the process is actually quite pleasurable. After stilling you, I'm going to use a spell to open a link between your mind and mine. You following me?"

Valorie's slow nod turned into a shake of her head. "Wait, why do I have to be naked, and why do we have to be connected?"

As if she had spoken on cue, Daryn continued, "Well, for the first question, my assistant has filled me in on the basics of what you want done, and unless you want to destroy the clothes you're in, you're going to have to take them off. As for the second, I connect my mind to yours for two reasons. One, so that I can monitor your condition to make sure I don't stress your changing body too much. And two, so that I know what to do. The only way I can get your body to look and feel exactly the way you want it to is to go into your mind and read your

expectations. In part, your mind will be controlling the process, steering me so that the results are what you want. That answer your questions?"

Valorie nodded, mesmerized, and Daryn continued on, "Alright. After linking the two of us, I'll be ready to begin the process. I'll cast the body-sculpting spell and slowly feed energy into your body, changing it to your specifications, which I'll be getting directly from your mind." He raised his shoulders in a shrug, "And that's the hard part. After that's done, I'll unstill you and you can give your new body a test drive."

"I feel like you've made it seem easier than it actually is." Valorie said skeptically.

The Archmage nodded with another shrug, "I've had a lot of practice, and the way I do it does make it slightly harder on me, but it makes the process much safer for you. There are still risks inherent to such invasive magic, but I have had no complications in all my experience." He raised his hands, his face growing serious, "I promise you that as long as it is within my considerable power, you will be safe in my hands."

That sentence seemed to allay all of Valorie's fears. She suddenly felt completely comfortable with the idea of the procedure she was about to go through. She really did want this to happen, and she had definitely done the right thing in going to the Archmage. "Alright then, Daryn. Let's do it."

The warm smile returned to Daryn's face, "I won't let you down, Valorie" he said sincerely. "Now, clothes off, and hop up here." He gestured to the large stone surface.

Valorie started to disrobe, but felt uncomfortable with the Archmage's eyes on her. She stopped and looked at him pointedly.

He gave an exasperated sigh, "As if it's anything I haven't seen be-" He caught himself and stopped, shame suddenly burning on his cheeks. He took a deep bow, embarrassment clear in his voice as he continued, "I'm sorry. Every body is unique, and it is disrespectful and hypocritical to disregard your wishes. Please forgive me." He turned, muttering something in an unfamiliar language, and a long, thick piece of dense cloth materialized in his hands, which he quickly tied around his head over his eyes. "Better?" he said?

Surprised at the Archmage's sudden humility, Valorie quipped a quick "Yeah, thanks." and proceeded to remove her clothing. She moved to the slab and hopped up on it, braced for an icy surface, but raised her brows at a comfortable warmth rising up from the stone. She lay down and made herself as comfortable as she could be on a flat piece of rock.

Upon hearing her stop moving, Daryn perked up. "Ready?"

Valorie muttered an affirmative, and the Archmage stepped up to the side of the slab holding his hands out over Valorie's prone form. "I need your help here." he said, gesturing with his outstretched hands. "One hand goes on your forehead, the other goes right where your ribcage ends, I don't want to put my hand somewhere it's not wanted."

Taking his hand in hers, Valorie placed them at the indicated locations, then returned her hands to her sides. "Thank you. Now, you're going to feel a little tingle, then you shouldn't be able to move your extremities. This is where most people freak out, so just take deep breaths. You can still talk, and blink, and breathe, and all that." He quieted for a few seconds, and asked once more, "You ready?"

Valorie took a steadying breath, releasing it as she said, "Yeah, let's go."

He nodded and gave the general direction of her face a warm smile. Valorie felt her muscles tense involuntarily, then relax as a tingling sensation washed over her. She felt a twinge of fear when her arms and legs didn't respond to a few experimental impulses. She focused on Daryn's hands on her body as she took deep breaths to calm herself.

"There you go, just relax; I'll take care of you." He took a deep breath of his own and spoke again, "You should still be able to feel everything, so just lay back and enjoy it. Like I said, it's supposed to feel good."

Closing her eyes, Valerie let herself relax as Daryn narrated what he was doing in a soothing tone. "You won't be able to feel our minds connecting, it's just a one-way thing, but after it's started, you should feel a kind of internal pressure. That's going to be me bringing the you in there to the surface. Here we go."

Is a rich, sonorous voice, Daryn started to sing in the strange language he had used before. Valerie had no idea what the odd-sounding words meant, but she could tell there was a rhyme scheme and verses as the song went on. As the Archmage continued to sing, Valerie could almost see the air thicken with the power being called into action. After nearly four minutes of invocation, the tension in the air suddenly disappeared, reality snapping back to normal with an almost audible pop.

"Alright, spell's cast, brace yourself. We begin now." He lifted his hands off of Valerie and took a couple steps back, arms still outstretched toward her.

At first, Valerie wasn't sure anything was happening. Daryn stood still, lines of concentration etched into his face. Valerie was about to open her mouth to ask if anything was wrong when she felt something. A warmth slowly blossomed in her chest, near where Daryn had had his hand moments ago, and it crept outwards, filling the empty space in her body with soothing heat.

Valorie could feel the warmth filling the nooks and crannies of her body, and could feel her muscles relax further as it continued. She let out a sigh of relief. It did feel quite nice, and it produced some very interesting sensations when it passed down over her womanhood on its way to her legs. Perhaps this wasn't going to be so bad after all.

After the sensation had spread through her extremities she laid and basked in the sauna that had bloomed from her core. She looked over at Daryn as he gestured with his hands. While one arm still held a hand out to Valerie, the other pressed his fist to his chest. Valerie felt an odd pressure well up from within her, pushing outwards from her center. The wave of pressure seemed to force the heat outward toward her skin, and as it did so, the temperature slowly climbed. Hotter and hotter it grew, and yet it never seemed to grow painful, or even uncomfortable.

Valorie was sure that she would have been cooking under such heat, but as the wave of pressure forced its way outward, it never hurt. In fact it only felt better and better. The rising heat and pressure made her feel as if she would explode, but in the best way possible. The building inferno within her gave the impression of something rising to the surface, demanding release. The magical fire pushing outward toward her skin cause a sympathetic fire to begin to burn in her veins and she felt herself become aroused at the prospects of what was happening to her.

She could feel the pressure nearing a critical point, building toward an eruption that would change her forever. She urged it on. Valerie had wanted this for so long and now it was finally within reach. She wanted to scream for Daryn to make it happen, but she could only hold her breath in anticipation. Her senses were on high alert. She was acutely aware of the comparative coolness of the slab beneath her, and she could feel every strand of hair as they stood on end.

The onslaught of the pressure slowed to a gentle halt, and for a second that stretched on forever, Valerie felt herself teeter on the precipice of release, until finally she tipped over that critical point and her transformation began.

Like a bubble popping, the firestorm of energy within her suddenly rushed outward, and instead of being blown apart, her body surged to accommodate. With a startled grunt, Valorie felt herself slide along the stone beneath her as she surged outwards, gaining several inches in height in an instant. It was as if the floodgates had been thrown open, and though she couldn't see the changes taking place, she could feel every fiber of her being thrumming with energy, and could feel her body shifting to her new form.

As waves of pleasure washed over her, her body continued to expand, inches gradually being added to her frame. Her muscles tensed and flexed of their own accord as they bulged under her skin, swelling to keep up with the rest of her body. An erotic tension built in her now growing womanhood, and she moaned in ecstasy as she saw her breasts rising higher on her chest, outstripping her previous proportions.

Her skin stretched taut over dense, powerful muscles as they pumped larger, at first keeping up with, and then outpacing the growth of her body. Then with a sudden tingling, fine, dark brown hairs sprouted across Valorie's body. The new coat of short, soft fur did nothing to hide the contours of her expanding musculature. A similar feeling sharpened at the base of her spine, and with a quiet rustling, a long horse tail grew into place, the light brown hairs matching those atop Valorie's head.

Valorie was having trouble keeping up with the countless sensations raging through her. From her soft, new fur easing her growing body's passage across the marble beneath her to the muscles across her body bulging larger with each beat of her heart, she was being overwhelmed, and it showed no signs of slowing. Her ears began to ring as they shifted position, moving upwards to stick up through her hair, their shape shifting to a more equine nature. Her nose and mouth pushed out, forming a short muzzle.

Her new mouth opened in a drawn out moan as she felt an orgasm approaching. She wanted desperately to be able to touch herself, but she wanted more for her body to continue its march onward, and she egged it on, begging for more. Sweat soaked through her fur and clear lubricant gave the hair around her enflamed vulva a glistening sheen.

"More... more..." Valorie panted, "I'm so close, please give me more..." She looked to Daryn, who seemed not to hear. Beads of sweat ran down his own face, and he seemed lost in the concentration required to maintain the spell that was raging through Valorie's body.

Closer and closer, she neared her release. She could no longer focus on the changes warping her body. The only sensations she cared about now were those pulsing from her engorged womanhood. Her growth slowed as the spell neared its finale, and the energy within her body seemed to begin to withdraw, condensing down into her center, from where it had come. As flames within her receded, they grew brighter yet, building upon each other, compounding until everything seemed to shrink down into a single point in her core.

Yet again her body was balanced on the edge. There was a miniature sun burning inside her, scorching away the remnants of her old self. Valorie's powerful new body trembled through her magically induced paralysis. As the inferno reached its peak, it pulsed in rhythm with Valorie's rapid heartbeat, and for a moment that lasted forever, inundated her with waves of pleasure. Just as the wave of her orgasm crested and began to crash over Valorie, the blazing ball of energy that was within her exploded outward.

Ending like it began, the magic's last surge forced her body into one last spurt of growth, and in response she grew another few inches as the walls of her womanhood clenched tightly around nothing in release. The waves of pleasure roaring through her pushed her eyes back into her head and her lips parted in a silent scream as she lost control of her vocal chords. Every

muscle and tendon stood out under her skin as her entire body tensed, overcoming her paralysis just enough to arch her back slightly off of the slab on which she laid.

Regaining control over her lungs, she gasped in ragged breaths, coming slowly down off of her orgasmic high. The cool air on her sensitive flesh sent aftershocks through her body, her bountiful new breasts heaving atop a powerful chest, rising and falling in response to her shaky breathing.

Valorie didn't know what to say, if anything could be said. That was the best thing that she had ever felt. Blinking to clear her eyes, she looked over to Daryn, who had backed up to lean against the wall, breathing heavily from his mental exertions with beads of sweat rolling down his face and soaking into his shirt. He absently waved his hand in Valorie's direction, releasing her from her paralysis as he sank down to sit with his back supported by the wall, trying to catch his breath.

In between deep, rhythmic breaths the Archmage managed to speak, "Go ahead and sit up, but slowly. Don't get in a hurry; you'll likely be dizzy at first."

Taking care to move with exaggerated ease, Valorie gently raised herself to a sitting position, her powerful arms easily lifting her new bulk off the slab. Her vision swam for a few seconds, and she let herself slouch over, holding her head in her hands to steady herself.

Valorie took a steadying breath. "Gods above," she said incredulously, "what the actual fuck was that?" Her new voice had changed from its predecessor, becoming deep and smooth.

Daryn smiled and laughed. "That was body-shaping done right." he said, "Although the complexity of the process you requested may have made it more intense than usual. It required more energy than I'm accustomed to. Give me a moment and I'll be right as rain."

The newly minted equine woman shook her head in disbelief. "That wasn't anything like what I expected. Is it always so... um, sexual?"

The Archmage laughed again as he leaned his head back against the wall. "Whenever I do it, yes, usually. I told you I do things my way, no hokey alchemy that gives unpredictable results or simple illusions to change your appearance. We changed your essence, the you beneath your flesh and bone. You came in touch with yourself during the process, and most people describe it to me as a very... sensual experience, bringing your outside into harmony with your inside."

He staggered to his feet and leaned heavily on a desk along the wall. "One benefit is that no amount of dispelling magic will change you back, this is the new you, the only you, now, which is why you have to be absolutely sure before the process begins and why I needed to connect myself with your mind during the process, to ensure you won't regret anything that is done. Only the greatest healer or body shaper could change you back now, and not without your consent."

"This is the body you wanted, whether you knew it or not." he said with a grand, sweeping gesture. "I just helped pull it to the surface. Because this body was your desire, consciously or subconsciously, you should grow used to it very quickly, just take it slow for a few days and try not to do anything drastic."

Valorie eyed Daryn with wonder as he wiped the sweat off of his still blindfolded face with the edge of his coat. "I... I don't know how to thank you." She said in an unsure tone.

He waved her comment away. "I need nothing more than your gratitude. I just want you to be happy with yourself. Besides, with how much this cost you, you can rest easy in the knowledge that the orphanages I donate most of these profits to will receive a generous gift, courtesy of you."

"Wait," Valorie questioned, "the money I spent on this doesn't go to you? Why not? And why charge so much?"

Daryn pondered the question before responding. "Well, for your first question, I'm the Archmage of the Ordo Arcanum, I don't really need money. And to answer your second question, what is valuable is my time. While I have no need for material wealth, there are those in need. So most of the money I make goes to paying the salaries of those that work for me, or more usually gets donated to a cause I find worthy. This month it's orphans."

He started toward the door, feeling his way along the wall. "If you have any more questions, I'll be finding something to eat, this always makes me ravenous." He reached the door and pulled it open pausing in the opening to say, "My assistant, Dawn, should be here shortly to bring you something to wear and take you somewhere you can get cleaned up. Today's the first day of the rest of your life."

He left and shut the door behind him. Valorie could hear his footsteps receding down the hall until they faded into silence. She took a deep breath and started to shift her weight when felt the shallow puddle of her own fluids she was sitting in. She winced at the feeling, she really did make a bit of a mess, although, she supposed it wasn't too uncommon of an occurrence.

Sighing in resignation, she slid herself so that her feet were dangling off of the edge of the slab, or at least they would have been before. Now she felt like she was just sitting on an uncomfortable stone chair, her feet flat on the floor. "Wow," she muttered to herself, "just how big did I get?" Pushing herself off of the slab to a stand, she got a sense of vertigo and she leaned heavily on the stone for support. Her point of view was much higher than it was when she entered the room.

Valorie had just straightened her back to stand unsteadily on her feet when there came a soft knocking on the door. She heard the voice of the woman she met earlier call to her, "Miss Valorie? Is it okay if I come in? I can close my eyes if you like. The Archmage said you were a bit shy. I've got something you can wear."

Dawn opened the door and stepped in at Valorie's insistence, her eyes tightly shut and holding a large piece of folded cloth, which after taking it from Dawn's offering hands, Valorie realized it was a loose robe, sized to fit someone of her new stature. Now that Valorie was standing, she realized how tall she had become. Dawn wasn't particularly tall; she had been a few inches shorter than Valorie. Now her head didn't even come up to the underside of Valorie's breasts.

After Valorie had wrapped the robe around her body, she let Dawn know it was okay for her to open her eyes. When they blinked open, Dawn's eyes lit up and she flashed an excited grin at Valorie. "Wow!" she exclaimed, "It worked perfectly." The young woman bounced giddily on the balls of her feet. "You're beautiful! Here, come with me. You can clean up while I make you something more practical to wear on your way out."

Valorie smiled back at the smaller woman's excitement and followed Dawn out of the room down another ornate hallway. She took the opportunity to ask, "Not to question the speed of your work, but I really don't see how you could make anything to fit me on such short notice."

Without slowing, Dawn giggled, throwing Valorie a sly look. "Well, it really isn't too complicated, it isn't like trying to synthesize functional, living tissue, I'm not that good yet. But I think that I can manage a few yards of cloth, maybe even some leather, if that would be to your liking." Dawn looked over and caught Valorie's confused expression. "He did it again, didn't he?" She gave an exasperated sigh and continued, "He keeps calling me his assistant. He knows it annoys me and he teases me about it all the time." She held out her hand, and snapped her

fingers. Instantly a ball of warm yellow light popped into existence over her outstretched palm. As Valorie's brows rose in surprise, Dawn continued, "I'm not just his assistant, I'm his apprentice. That man may be one of the most brilliant wizards of this era, but he does have a way riding the nerves. I assure you, conjuring an outfit would not push the limits of my abilities. Although I'm not much of a fashion expert, so expect functionality over form."

Valorie's body shook with suppressed laughter as she told Dawn that she preferred functionality over fashion anyway. Dawn just grumbled about not being some madman's maid until they reached another door, this one smaller and less ornate.

Pushing it open, Dawn ushered Valorie inside, who had to stoop and squeeze through the door. This room was much less opulent than the front most rooms, with a ceiling almost low enough to brush the tips of Valorie's long, pointed, horse ears. In the center of the room, there was a basin carved into the smooth stone of the floor that was full of water, next to which sat a table that held a stack of fluffy towels and an array of scented oils and soaps. Standing at the other side of the room was a huge body-length mirror, tall enough to nearly reach the ceiling, long enough to hold her entire reflection.

Valorie gave a low whistle. She hadn't had a bath that looked this expensive in quite a long time. Dawn gave her a short bow, saying that she only had to call if she needed any assistance, grimacing at the last word. Valorie laughed and shooed Dawn out of the room, replying that she was sure she could handle a bath.

After Dawn left the room, Valorie breathed a deep sigh, and, discarding the robe she had donned only moments before, walked over to the mirror to get a good look at what had been done to her.

Starting at the top, Valorie swept her gaze down her body. She stifled a gasp as she took in her new form. Long, horse-like ears stood up from her head, poking through the light brown hair that framed her face. Her face, which was capped by its own new addition, a short, equine muzzle. She made faces at herself in the mirror, testing the range of motion of her jaws. Her entire body was coated in a layer of fine, silky fur the color of chocolate, which contrasted with the lighter shade of the hair on her head and the hair in the horse tail that swished happily behind her, reaching down to her calves.

Her eyes reaching her chest, she sucked in another gasp and released it in a breathy "Wow..." She reached her hands up to cup her breasts, bouncing their weight experimentally. They were huge, nearly the size of her head, soft and supple with ruddy pink nipples. Valorie squeezed her breasts in her hands, running caresses along the velvety fur coating them. She moaned softly as shivers tingled down her spine; they were sublimely sensitive.

Valorie let her hands fall lower as they traced the curves of her tight, lean abdominals down to her hips, which, true to her previous proportions, swelled out, surpassing the width of her shoulders to support her full, round ass. She couldn't keep her hands off of herself. She sunk her fingers into the flesh of her rear. Her ass only gave a bit before her fingers encountered the wall of muscle that lay under her skin.

She shuddered as she felt herself growing aroused again. She was turning herself on with only the lightest of touches. Almost as if they were acting of their own accord, her hands now roved over her body, exploring her new contours and probing her tightly packed muscles as she flexed them experimentally. Even though she was much taller than she was when she arrived, her body had kept its proportion. Her narrow waist still looked almost waspish compared to the girth of her hips, especially now that her breasts rode huge and heavy on her chest.

What showed the most drastic change however, aside from Valorie's more equine nature, was her improved musculature. While her muscles hadn't grown obscenely, they definitely took advantage of her broader frame. They looked to have swelled beyond their previous proportions, but not enough to threaten her femininity; their true difference lay in their density. Valorie lifted her hands over her head and flexed her whole body. The muscle lining her frame instantly responded, growing rock hard and standing taut against the confines of her skin.

Valorie relaxed and found herself laughing aloud. Her movements were effortless, despite her size. Deciding to test her range of motion, she slowly bent backwards, eyebrows rising in surprise as she felt no resistance from her joints. She kept going, bending in half backwards until her hands were flat on the floor behind her feet. "Holy shit," she whispered to herself; there wasn't even a twinge of discomfort. She had always been flexible, but this was ridiculous.

With an upside down smirk, she committed to see how far she could push herself. Valorie slowly lifted a leg up to hover over her, then, with a gentle push, she kicked her remaining leg off the floor, winding up in a handstand. She had to bend slightly at the knees to avoid looking like she was walking on the low ceiling, but her balance came easily to her. She held this position for several seconds, then bent her elbows, slowly lowering herself until her nose touched the floor. It required no effort at all.

With a thoughtful hum, Valorie straightened her arms, and then carefully lifted one of the ground, holding it close to her body. She dipped down again into another pushup. Disappointed with how little effort the one-armed pushup required, she did a dozen more, moving slowly and deliberately. She grew giddy with excitement at how easy it was. She stopped and with a quick push, hopped off the ground with one hand and caught herself on her fingertips. She did another dozen pushups, supporting herself with just her fingers without even a hint of fatigue or a bead of sweat.

Valorie returned to her feet with a giddy giggle and turned her attention to the basin of water behind her. She stepped across the cool stone floor and dipped her toe into the water. It was surprisingly warm, and Valorie suspected some magic was at work to keep it that way. Shrugging her shoulders and deciding not to let the effort go to waste, she gently lowered herself down into the warm water, grunting in surprise when her body fit.

She relaxed and laid her arms along the lip of the smooth stone bowl she lay in, letting herself slide down until she was visible from only the nose up. She sucked in a deep breath of the humid air resting above the surface of the water and released it, feeling herself lose tension she hadn't known she was carrying. She closed her eyes and let her mind drift, slowly coming to terms with everything that had happened. She put thoughts of what she had been before out of her mind, and a feeling of acceptance welled up within her. Holding her breath, she let herself slip below the surface of the water and hugged her arms tightly to herself.

Surfacing, she let herself bob up and down on the surface of the water as she wiped strands of hair from her face; she thought that it may have gotten longer as well. Valorie didn't bother to stifle her laughter as she reveled in the sensations coursing through her new body. Each movement brought with it a surge of confidence as she grew more accustomed with herself.

Valorie heaved a noisy sigh and reached up to the tray next to the bath, taking a soft cloth and selecting a bar of soap at random. The soap smelled of lavender, and after she wet the cloth, she worked it into a lather, letting the scent fill her nostrils. She then lifted herself out of the water to sit on the lip of the basin with her legs dangling into the bath and started to scrub the soapy cloth through her fur.

She started with her arms, working the cloth along the defined lines of the muscle that lay along them. She then switched to her back and shoulders, arms easily twining behind her to scrub the hard to reach areas. As her hands moved to her front, Valorie's motions slowed as the cloth brushed along the rounded curve of her breasts. Her body was slowly returning to a sensitivity that could be considered normal, but for the time, even the slightest touch was enough to bring a flush of heat and color to her skin.

Valorie released a little coo of pleasure as she ran the cloth in gentle caresses over the velvety fur of her chest. As small streams of soapy water ran down her front, she used her free hand to work it into the fur covering the hard packed muscle of her abs. One hand dragged the cloth over the flesh of her hardening nipples, eliciting a gasp from Valorie, while her other idly drifted lower, moving in to tease traitorously at the lips of her womanhood.

Valorie let out a barely audible moan at the electric jolts of pleasure that issued forth from the brief contact. The hand on her breasts let the cloth drop to her thigh to roll the bud of a nipple in her slippery fingers. Somewhere deep down Valorie knew that what she was doing was ridiculous, but the rest of her didn't care and her slick middle finger slid into herself with agonizing slowness.

She moaned again, louder this time, at the digital penetration, and probed the lining of her quivering pussy with slow strokes in and out. Just a single finger inside of her felt better than the best sex Valorie had ever had, and she was sure to take advantage of it. She shoved her finger in to the knuckle and mashed her palm into her swollen clitoris. Valorie let out a sharp gasp as she spasmed, letting the waves of ecstasy wash over her. Her whole body thrummed with a need that lent her motions an increasing urgency.

The increasingly rapid beating of her heart throbbed in her veins and thundered in her ears, and another finger slipped inside her to accompany her first. She shook with unrestrained energy and she ravaged what she could fit of her breast in her hand, kneading the pliant flesh almost frantically. Valorie reclined to rest her back on the cool masonry of the floor as her breathing quickened. The hand working her fingers in and out of herself moved with quick, circular motions, and the walls of her throbbing womanhood pulsed around her fingers as they moved to stimulate every sensitive inch within their reach.

A tightness built in her crotch, and she knew she neared her release. A third finger found its way inside of herself, and it pushed her over the edge. Her muscles locked up and she uttered a muffled cry as an orgasm crashed through her. Her body flexed, and she felt a thick, hot fluid spurting onto the hand buried between her legs. She let out a shaky breath, but snarled in defiance as she felt herself coming down from her release.

With renewed vigor, she redoubled the assault on her enflamed pussy. Her breathing was punctuated with sharp gasps of pleasure and the occasional protracted moan. Her fingers moved with desperate speed in and out of herself, and reaching the limit of her endurance again, she came powerfully for the second time. Valorie's back arched off of the floor and she nearly screamed in pleasure.

Not slowing her blinding pace, Valorie's hand left her breasts and dove down to join its twin. She felt herself stretch to allow another finger to slip inside, its passage aided by the mixture of soap and clear fluid that soaked her pussy. With both hands she pistoned her fingers, alternating strokes so that she was never empty. In no time she found herself cumming again. Valorie's eyes rolled back in her skull and she would have screamed, had she control of her lungs, but they were occupied with supplying enough oxygen to allow her arms to continue their brutal pace, which they did with gusto.

Valorie lost track of time as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. She lost count of how many times she came, but finally after nearly twenty minutes of constant orgasm, her movements slowed and she regained control over her body. Both of her breasts were smeared with her fluids from the hand that rested on them, which was gently stroking one of her nipples. Her other hand was almost absentmindedly pumping a finger slowly, in and out, as she came down from her state of euphoria.

Valorie grimaced as she pulled her finger out of herself with a wet squelching sound and sat up, rubbing her bleary eyes with a forearm. Once again she was sitting in a puddle of her own fluids. She wasn't sure when it had happened, but at some point during her climax, she had pushed herself with her legs nearly ten feet across the floor, away from the bath. There was a slick trail of her fluids that traced her path across the stone.

Not trusting her fatigued legs to carry her, she dragged herself with shaky arms toward the pool of water. Upon reaching it, she reached in and rinsed the slime off of her hands and splashed the still-warm water onto her face. Revitalized, she let herself slide into the water. She surfaced, and committed to finishing her bath properly, she once more grabbed the soap and cloth. She scrubbed away the mixture of sweat and lubricant that had been caked all over her body, wincing when she cleaned the tender flesh of her abused womanhood; it would be sore for a while.

Feeling refreshed, Valorie took some time to clean the mess she had made off of the floor, tossing the ruined cloth in the pool when she had finished with it. She dried herself with a towel, wondering when she would get her clothes when she froze, eyes wide. There, sitting on a table near the door was a pile of clothes. Dropping the towel onto the floor, she rushed over to the table. The clothes that sat there now had definitely not been there earlier. She groaned and put a hand to her face, skin burning with embarrassment.

She sighed heavily and shrugged, nothing to do now but try them on. She slipped on the provided underclothes and inspected the rest. There were similar to the clothes she had worn in, a simple shirt and pants in warm, earthen tones. She slid them on; they were a perfect fit, not restrictive in her movement while hugging and showing off her curves nicely. Then she tugged on a pair of sturdy leather boots over thick, short socks. She gazed suspiciously at the remaining garment. It was a long, dark green hooded cloak made of thick fabric. She swung it over her shoulders and fastened it with a strange-looking silver clasp.

Valorie moved back over to the mirror to inspect herself. She spun and struck a pose, cloak swirling around her. She had to admit, it did make her look dashing. The color brought out her eyes, which had stayed their brilliant green. She nodded, flashing a grin at her statuesque reflection and headed for the door to start finding her way out.

She threw the door open and nearly ran into Dawn, who had her hand raised as if to knock. Valorie stumbled over the tiny woman, bracing herself on the doorframe to avoid knocking the surprised Dawn over.

Recovering first, Dawn said hurriedly, "Oh! So sorry, Miss Valorie, but I don't think this door is big enough for you, let alone the both of us."

Dawn backed up as Valorie regained her balance, squeezing through the doorway and saying, "Yeah, I guess so." She blushed a bit as she continued, "Thanks for the clothes, they feel great. I wasn't so sure about the cloak, but I love it."

Dawn smiled at the praise, "I thought you would." she beamed, "I'll admit I wasn't keen on the cloak either, but Master Skabaard insisted, he said, "No adventurer worth her salt should be without a cloak." Looks like he was right. It suits you."

She rubbed the back of her neck, unsure of how to continue, "About the clothes, I knocked, but you didn't say anything, and I got worried and... maybe... peeked a little bit, just to check, you know. I uh... saw that you had it... under control, so I just left them by the door. I'm very sorry."

Valorie froze, a mortified expression on her face, and she opened and closed her mouth wordlessly.

Dawn rushed on, "Don't be embarrassed! It happens more often than you think. The process makes your body very sensitive for a few hours afterwards." She paused, considering her words, "It's just that most people don't go so long... you know, uh." She looked up at Valorie's face, whose shame burned visibly through her dark brown fur. "Wow, I am really not helping. I'm really very sorry. I-I'm just going to stop talking now."

Blinking speechlessly for a few seconds, Valorie then let out a heavy sigh and ran a hand through her hair. Dawn was getting more embarrassed than Valorie was. "I-It's okay." Valorie said, trying to diffuse the awkwardness of the conversation. She cleared her throat and continued, "Thanks for checking up on me, I guess the bath was a little bit more than I could handle."

Dawn suddenly laughed, remembering Valorie's assurances that she could "handle a bath," "Yeah, well, it happens to everyone at times." She gestured down the hall, "Shall I show you out?"

Valorie smiled back and bowed deeply, saying, "But of course, kind lady. Let us away."

They walked back through the twisting maze of hallways, chatting amiably along the way. The two eventually reached the large door that marked the foyer of the Archmage's complex. Dawn pulled open the heavy wooden door and gestured for Valorie to continue through. Valorie walked into the familiar room and saw Daryn sitting in a chair in the corner of the room, chewing thoughtfully on an apple while he propped a large book open with his other hand.

He closed the book and looked up as Dawn finished entering the room, closing the door behind them. "There you are!" he said boisterously, "I was beginning to wonder if there was a party I wasn't invited to." Valorie and Dawn shared a knowing look, but the Archmage continued on, "Tell me, Valorie, how does everything feel? Is everything in the right place?"

Valorie smiled at Daryn and nodded, "Everything feels great, Archmage. I've never felt so good in my life!" She twirled, spinning the cloak through the air, "Thanks for the cloak. Dawn told me it was your idea." Valorie slowed, her voice heavy with emotion, "I can't thank you enough for what you've done for me."

Daryn stood, moving to Valorie as he spoke, "I've already told you, the only thanks I need are for you to go and enjoy your new life. As long as you're happy, so am I-MMPH!"

The Archmage's surprise was muffled by Valorie's shirt as she crushed him into her body in a bear hug. Valorie's body dwarfed even the Archmage's, but the size difference didn't undermine the sincerity of the gesture. Dawn laughed at her master's plight as he awkwardly returned the hug, patting Valorie's back.

Valorie released the Archmage, who gasped in a breath when he could. "Goodness!" he panted, "Give a guy some warning before smothering him." He laughed at Valorie's embarrassment and placed a comforting hand on her forearm. "Not to say that thanks aren't accepted in the form of hugs." Daryn took Valorie's hand in both of his and shook it emphatically "I'm sure you'll do fine for yourself. I've worked on several other equine-morphs in the city. You should talk to them. They might be able to offer advice."

Daryn and Valorie moved to the huge door marking the entrance to the outside world. Daryn paused and sighed, "Damn me, but I do hate the farewells." He pushed the door open, allowing a beam of the evening sun to lance into the room. Valorie shielded her eyes and looked down at the Archmage, who seemed to stare directly at the sun, lost in thought.

He shook himself to awareness and looked up at Valorie. "Well, go on. Get out of here before I start crying."

Valorie nearly knocked him over when she clapped him on the back as she walked out of the door. She took a few steps, then turned, hair framing her face, the sun at her back, "Relax, Archmage, I hate goodbyes as much as anyone." She extended her hand in a wave, "This is more like a "See you later"." She turned and continued, calling back, "I'll be around, don't you worry!"

Daryn stood motionless, watching her walk down the cobblestone path toward the rest of her life. Dawn moved up to stand next to him. When Valorie was well beyond earshot, she asked quietly, "Why did you give this one your signet brooch?"

The Archmage's expression grew concerned, and it was a long while before he answered. "I have a terrible feeling that she'll need it. Divination isn't really my strong suit, but even I can see something dangerous shadows her in the future."

Dawn nodded slowly, "I could feel it too. I wasn't sure what it was. I've never experienced anything like that before."

Daryn took a slow, deep breath, then turned, a happy smile once more hiding his worry. He ruffled Dawn's hair with a hand as he spoke, "Go ahead and take the night off from your studies, you deserve a break. I need to check something in the library." And with that he strode off into the depths of his sanctuary.

The small woman watched him go, then turned to face the sun. Despite the warmth on her face, she felt cold and alone, and a stone of fear sank into her gut. Something was coming, and the fact that it was enough to worry the most powerful wizard alive filled her with mind numbing terror.