

The Release

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Valorie took a deep breath of the hot, humid air. It smelled of decomposing plant matter, mixed with the sweet aroma of the flowers in the canopy above her. Her ears were assaulted by a cacophony of noises, bird calls, primates in the treetops, and insects all protested her presence in their territory. In front of her stood her destination, a short, squat, stone structure, pyramidal in shape with rough stairs cut into one face. The stone was discolored and worn with age, and vines and lichens covered its lower steps.

She shook her head and sighed. Why was it always a creepy jungle temple? Her employers called themselves archaeologists, but they were nothing more than antique collectors, too scared of fieldwork to fight their way to the objects of their greed. The work was dangerous, but it certainly paid well. The payment for this run would last Valorie a year or more, provided what she sought was actually under the pyramid.

Adjusting the straps of her pack on her shoulder, she started up the stairs, careful to avoid slimy patches where moisture had accumulated. The info her employer had gotten better have been good. There had been several times when Valorie had trekked for weeks into the middle of nowhere just to return empty handed. After that she had started requesting her clients supply their own information, she was a fighter, not a tracker.

The majority of her earnings early on in her career were spent on making sure she had the body of a fighter... and maybe fulfilling a few of her inner desires as well. Body-shaping could be done cheaply, if you weren't worried about being hideously deformed and potentially dying on some hedge wizard's worktable. No, Valorie liked to live dangerously, but she still valued her life enough to not take needless risks. She had saved up her income for years before going to the Archmage, one of the greatest body-shapers alive, if not the best ever.

Long, shapely legs thick with muscle carried her easily up the steep stairs, and were a match for the rest of her powerful body. The damp air coupled with the heat brought a sheen of sweat to her coat of chocolate-brown fur. Long, pointed ears pushed through her shoulder length, light brown hair and a short equine muzzle capped her face. Her sparkling green eyes scanned the jungle surrounding the pyramid as she reached its apex, a sudden, refreshing breeze blowing through the hairs of her tail.

She focused on a squat little building standing at the center of the plateau of the pyramid's surface, a wide doorway opening into the dark interior. Valorie moved up to it and peered inside. In the dim light filtering through the opening, she could see a short stone well that dominated the small space. She gave a thoughtful hum and cautiously squeezed her body through the doorway, entering the murky room.

Valorie reached back and pulled a torch from her pack, and with a few strokes of flint on steel, she had it alight. She gasped at what the new source of light brought to her eyes. Carved into every surface were scenes of sex between men and women so graphic they gave Valorie pause. Men with women, men with men, and women with women, with the occasional hermaphrodite mixed in, all displayed giving and receiving, their spines twisted and faces contorted in ecstasy.

The equine woman grimaced at the sight. Whoever had carved these, they certainly had an eye for realism. Even the time hadn't seemed to mar the artist's intent; Valorie could almost

imagine that the images were moving. She shook her head to clear her thoughts, she could daydream later. As far as she was concerned, the sooner she was out of there, the better.

She strode to the short wall of the well, stooping on the way to grab a small stone from the floor. Upon reaching the edge, she stopped and looked down into the dark opening. Raising her hand, she dropped the stone down the middle of the shaft. Expecting to hear water, Valorie was surprised when after only a couple seconds she heard the stone clatter onto a hard surface.

Valorie sighed with exasperation, it was never easy. Dropping her pack, she withdrew a coil of thick rope, deciding that she was going to have to climb her way down to get what she was after. She expertly tied the rope around the girth of the well, giving the rope a firm tug to ensure its security, then dropped the other end down into the darkness. After replacing the pack on her back, she took the rope in a hand, and with the torch in the other, she flipped over the wall and started down.

In no time at all she found herself standing in a dank, stone room, light from the torch banishing the shadows to the corners and illuminating another staircase descending into darkness.

"Great," Valorie said into the darkness, "more stairs."

She slowly moved to the opening and held her torch down the stairs. It was going to be a tight fit, the stairs would have been cramped for someone of normal size; Valorie would have to go down sideways to avoid scraping her shoulders on the sides of the passageway and stoop low to avoid hitting her head on the low ceiling. She twisted her back, and placing a foot on the first step, she started down.

For what seemed like forever, Valorie stalked silently into the darkness, the stairs spiraling gently down into the belly of the pyramid. Eventually, she saw a brightening of the tunnel, and turning one last corner, the short, cramped passage opened up into an enormous room.

Light filtered into the massive masonry cavern through several small holes in the ceiling, which, Valorie presumed, led to somewhere on the surface. The light filtered through dense, musty air to illuminate the prize she had come here seeking. Sitting on a thin, stone pedestal was a small statuette that shone golden in the dim light.

Valorie approached cautiously, keeping an eye out for any pressure plates or tripwires. She had nearly been injured too many times in the past to risk anything now, despite her goal sitting within sight. Seeing nothing, she stepped through the shallow puddles of water towards the pedestal.

She stopped a few feet away, and carefully inspected the statuette. Looking to be made of solid gold, it gleamed with a dull glow. It was a delicately detailed statue of an incredibly well-endowed hermaphrodite sporting a raging erection, its arms outstretched, beckoning some unseen subject. Eyes of glittering amethysts seemed to follow Valorie as she moved stalked around the pedestal. A burnished golden serpent twined itself around the statue's limbs, its intricately scaled head resting just above the head of the statue's golden member.

"Ugh... I suppose that was to be expected." Valorie said to herself as she pulled a soft cloth bag from her pack. She gazed anxiously at the statuette one last time. It didn't appear trapped, and it was easily small enough for her to grab and run, but she still had a terrible sinking feeling. She took a slow, deep breath and swallowed her anxiety. She had come too far to turn back now.

She gingerly grasped the statuette around its waist, then froze as her fur suddenly stood on end, her skin tingling at the potential in the air. Her fingers moved with agonizing slowness as they started to release the figurine. "Oh fuck m-" she blurted out.

The last syllable was cut off as the air shimmered for a split second and a shockwave exploded outward from the statue. The wall of force hit her square in the chest, throwing her backward through the air. She landed heavily on her back and skidded across the stone floor of the chamber. Dust filled the room and Valorie struggled to pull in a breath.

The dust began to settle and she gave a ragged cough as she tried desperately to rub the grit out of her eyes. She froze, however, when she heard something approaching through the murk.

"I suppose that could be arranged, if you ask nicely." The voice was quiet, confident, and unmistakably feminine. Blinking away her tears, Valorie looked up as a shape materialized out of the gloom. It was huge and statuesque, at least as tall as she, with eyes that blazed with a brilliant violet light that shone through the dust that still hung in the air.

"Well aren't you just adorable, you'll do quite nicely I think." the figure said with a seductive tone as it leaned down, extending a hand down towards the still prone Valorie. She started to scrabble backward when the ornate silver clasp that fastened her cloak over her shoulders glowed with a pale yellow light for a split second then shot a beam of liquid gold at the obscured figure.

Valorie caught a glance of a plush, womanly figure and pupilless violet eyes wide in surprise before the beam caught her would-be assailant in the gut, tossing her back like a ragdoll. The strange woman sailed through the air clear across the length of the room before slamming into the opposite wall with bone-breaking force.

Struggling to her feet, Valorie was sure that the other woman must be dead after an impact like that, but she heard soft laughter echoing across the chamber at her. "Alright, alright, you could have just said so."

The other woman extricated herself from the crater she had made in the far wall and stepped forward, a smile gracing her features. When she entered the soft light illuminating the center of the chamber, Valorie's breath caught in her throat. While Valorie was unsure when she first saw the strange creature, she was now sure that it was not human.

She had skin the color of blood, bright and crimson, free of any blemish that would mar its perfection, and a mane of jet black hair that cascaded down her back and framed the most beautiful face Valorie had ever laid eyes upon. Delicate features and plump, kissable lips curled in a smile sat below a pert nose. Lacking pupils, her violet eyes had pitch black sclera, and glowed with an inner light.

Her huge breasts hung pendulously off of her chest, full and perky despite their enormous size. They jiggled enticingly with her gentle laughter, their ruddy maroon nipples bouncing through the air. Her chest's width was matched by the girth of her hips, luscious curves that sloped gently into her thighs. In between her hips and breasts, her waist sat, trim and looking exaggeratedly narrow in comparison.

What really drew Valorie's eyebrows up in horror, however, was what lay nestled between the strange woman's legs. A turgid, semi-erect penis hung down between her knees, throbbing visibly with every beat of the woman's heart. Behind it hung a sac stretched taut over two fist-sized testicles. The blood-darkened skin of the massive cock stretched to allow it to thicken as it slowly hardened, bobbing up to hang in the space between Valorie and the creature.

Whatever it was gave Valorie plenty of time to stare before eventually breaking the silence. She shifted her weight and slid her hands up her curves, stopping to bounce her breasts lightly in her fingers as she said, "See something you like, dear." She smiled lasciviously, "I know I do."

Valorie backed up to a wall, managing to stammer, "W-Who... w-what are you?"

The creature's expression took on a predatory cast as she replied, her smile becoming mirthful, "Why, this world's salvation, of course." She stepped forward, her dick bobbing in time with her footfalls, to the center of the room, where she was illuminated from all sides. "And I simply must thank you for freeing me." She placed a slender finger on her chin, brow wrinkled as if in thought. She napped her fingers. "Ah, I know. Since you seem to be keen on horses, I have just the gift for you before I must leave."

Her eyes glowed brighter for a split second and Valorie felt something move in her hand. The equine woman looked down; she somehow managed to hold on to the statuette during her flight. Before Valorie could react, the snake on the statue lashed its head out and sunk its fangs into the back of her hand.

Valorie flung the figurine away and clutched her hand to her chest as she felt an oily burning sensation begin to spread from the bite. She cast a fearful glance at the woman standing a few yards away.

The creature waved her hand in dismissal as she said casually, "No need to worry, you'll love it." Her eyes took on a hungry gleam, "Now, I've got things to take care of. I'll be seeing you around, dear." And with a flash of violet light and a crack of collapsing air, she disappeared.

Valorie gave a stunned look at where the strange woman had been standing, took note of the fire spreading up her arm from the bite, and without a second glance, she ran. She scrambled to where the torch had been flung and scooped it up in her good hand, then booked it for the exit. She hit the stairs at a sprint, and her long legs carried her up them faithfully. The burning sensation had spread to her shoulder, and she frantically rushed to get out of the pyramid.

Reaching the room she had first entered, she carelessly tossed the sputtering torch to the ground and flung herself onto the rope, climbing it one handed with some difficulty. Valorie reached the top and heaved herself over the lip of the well, her booted feet hitting the ground firmly. The pain of the bite was beginning to take its toll, and she stumbled through the doorway into the wan light filtering through the jungle canopy.

She leaned heavily on the wall of the structure, and slid down to a sit, tearing off her pack in the process. She inspected her hand, expecting to see a swollen, bloody mess, but gaped when she saw that whatever wound there had been was completely healed. Not even a hint of blood marred her fur. She carefully prodded the skin where she had been bitten. She had no idea what was going on, but fully half of her body was full of searing agony, and it was only spreading. She curled her arms around her midsection and whimpered helplessly as the fire slowly spread through her body. She gasped as the pain suddenly disappeared when the wave of fire inside her reached her womanhood, leaving behind a filthy, greasy feeling.

Blinking away her tears, she moaned breathlessly as the fire turned into a gentle urging warmth in her crotch. She felt a slowly building pressure and sat motionless as the memory of the blinding agony turned into raging desire. She shook uncontrollably with lust. She had never been this turned on before. She fought vainly as her mind drifted to the image of the creature that had done this to her. The red-skinned woman's heaving breasts and huge, throbbing cock. Valorie wanted to bury her hands into those luscious mounds, to shove that dick so far up her pussy she could taste it.

Shudders of need pulsed up and down Valorie's spine and she trembled. Her breaths came out in short pants, and sweat drenched her skin as the pressure built upon itself. It felt similar to what the Archmage had done to her, powerful and erotic, but at the same time this was somehow wrong, leaving her feeling slimy. Somewhere deep down, Valorie resisted, but she felt an orgasm approaching and she knew that if she came, she would change.

As if to laugh at her meager resistance, Valorie's lust built to the point that she could almost feel the sexual energy flowing in her veins, and she came, hard. Her orgasm exploded out of her, and as her engorged pussy jetted fluids out of her body and into her underclothes, she felt something else exit her.

With a frantic energy, she struggled out of her trousers and peeled her sticky underclothes off of her crotch. "No..." she said in disbelief, "No, no, no..." Standing proudly in the warm, humid air of the jungle was a tiny penis, painfully erect and shaped like a horse's, with a broad, flattened head. It stood there leaking semen, the thick white fluid dribbling down the shaft and running over a furred scrotum that hung over her pussy.

"No, no, no." Valorie muttered the word repeatedly to her new addition, which, as if in defiance, remained rock-hard. Her breath caught in her throat when a new wave of pleasure washed over her and her dick started to twitch and grow. She grunted and moaned as her tender new organ pulsed larger with each of her frantic heartbeats. Veins stood out on the surface as it lengthened, new flesh sprouting from her crotch. It throbbed powerfully as it grew thicker.

Valorie whimpered and closed her eyes when the hand that had been bitten reached out and grabbed her swelling member. She could feel each surge from her cock as it pushed her fingers apart. With long, slow pumps, she jacked herself off against her will, steadily increasing the tempo as her lust built.

What had started as the length of her finger now arced through the air the length of her forearm, and she could barely wrap her fingers around its girth, yet still her member expanded in her hand. She gritted her teeth and stood, leaning heavily on her unoccupied hand. She could feel another orgasm coming on, and her hand pumped her bloating cock with frenzied energy.

Valorie screamed in defiance, but came anyway. Her dick swelled one last time, pushing her fingers wide around it as it spewed thick ropes of jizz a dozen feet or more over the stones of the pyramid. As she ejaculated deliriously, her testes ballooned larger inside their sac, growing to the size of apples, then oranges, stopping when they neared the size of large grapefruits.

Gradually, the flow lessened, and Valorie was able to tear her hand off of her receding penis. The plateau of the ziggurat was plastered with quarts of semen, and still her dick oozed onto the ground between her legs. She gulped in huge breaths of air, struggling to control herself. She drew her legs up to her chest and rested her forehead on her knees, letting the weight of her member lay on the warm stones beneath her.

Valorie sat for several endless minutes on the verge of tears as hopelessness nearly overcame her. She had inadvertently let something free and she shuddered at the thought of what the amorous entity could do. Then, steeling herself, she stood. Moping in the middle of the jungle wasn't going to solve anything. Looking down, she inspected her new package. The skin of her penis was a dark, florid pink mottled with black, standing in contrast to the dark brown of her fur. It had slowly receded to a more manageable size, but when it had been at full mast, it was nearly as long as her arm and much thicker than her wrist.

She took a deep breath to steady her nerves and nearly gagged at the strong, musky odor that rose from the cum-drenched rocks around her. She forwent replacing her slimed underclothes, opting to just slip her pants on over her sweat-slicked fur, her now flaccid package

still making a stitch-straining bulge in the once loose fabric. She grabbed her pack and hurried from the site of her transformation, eager to be away from the pyramid.

She trekked several hours into the jungle to a small stream. The sun was beginning to dip below the horizon, and Valorie didn't want to travel through the night, especially in her condition. She set up a simple shelter in the cleft between the roots of a massive tree and got a small fire started, despite the damp. She took the opportunity to wash her fluids off of her clothes and set them to dry by the fire.

She sat nude in her shelter, poking the fire with a stick, lost in the crackling flames. She had to do something, tell someone. But who would believe her? Her eyes focused on the gleam of the fire off of the silver clasp pinned to her cloak, the cloak that the Archmage had given to her. Valorie smiled at the memory of the man who had done so much for her in the past. Daryn had said that if she needed anything, he would be there to help. Well she needed help, desperately.

Resolving to seek out the Archmage, Valorie slid herself into her bedroll, wincing as the rough fabric rubbed over the sensitive flesh of her new addition. She forced herself to relax and put her uncertain future out of her mind, trying to get some sleep. Daryn would be able to help. At least she hoped.