

The Revelation

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Valorie's long legs had carried her quickly north, out of the deepest part of the jungle. She had been traveling for more than a week, and the trees had gone from massive sky-spanning affairs to the more recognizable deciduous plants of Valorie's native lands. She welcomed the familiar sights. It had been surprisingly hard to find edibles in the jungle.

Valorie had been following a river she had recognized for the past few days, and she was looking for a place to break for lunch. Around a bend in the river she spied a huge weeping willow that was nestled up to the water's edge, some of the long, leafy branches hanging far out over the water. Valorie gave a pleased sigh. She remembered this very same tree from her trip into the jungle to the south. She had stopped at this same tree to rest only a few weeks ago.

Smiling, Valorie walked under the tree's waiting arms with an almost giddy bounce in her step, despite what had happened to her only a week before. Approaching the thick trunk, she gave the tree's rough bark a friendly pat. "Hey there again, beautiful." she said amiably, "Did you miss me?"

Shrugging off her pack, she took a seat on a thick length of exposed root, reclining against the bark of the trunk behind her. She took a second to fish around in her bag, pulling out some of the dry rations she had brought with her. Gazing out over the surface of the lazily flowing river, she relaxed and nibbled on a piece of crumbly, tasteless travel-bread.

Finishing the water in her canteen to wash the powder out of her mouth, Valorie heard a soft, feminine voice murmur into her ear, "Yes, I did. No mortal has ever called me beautiful before."

Valorie rocketed off of her perch, landing unsteadily on her boots and whirling around to face whoever had managed to sneak up on her. She couldn't help but stare, dumbfounded at what she saw.

The woman before her didn't quite come up to the underside of Valorie's bust. Her skin was a pale green, perfectly smooth and veined with thin lines that looked like the grain of a piece of wood. Thin, leafy vines matching those of the tree above them grew out of her head and poured around pointed ears and over her shoulders, obscuring pert, palmable breasts. She had a narrow, lithe body, with simple curves, but when she took a hesitant step toward Valorie, it was with an alien grace.

Thin lips were parted in a cheerful smile and her arched cheekbones and large, almond shaped eyes lent her an exotic beauty. Her eyes, a solid, pale yellow, looked expectantly at Valorie.

Valorie froze. It was a dryad, a nature spirit notorious for their fickle natures and apathy for the affairs of mortals. To see one was a once-in-a-lifetime event, to speak to one even rarer. Valorie had never heard of anyone being approached by one before, and yet here one was, staring at her with a goofy smile on its face.

The dryad spoke again, seemingly unfazed by Valorie's reaction to her presence, "Greetings, I am called Salixia. What are you, mortal?"

Valorie took a shaky breath, and managed to spit out a response, "M-my name is Valorie, it's a pleasure to meet you, Salixia. This is a lovely... tree... you have here." She patted the root she had been sitting on, "Prime real estate."

Salixia shuddered, expression growing dreamy as Valorie touched the bark of her tree. "Valorie..." The dryad's lips parted slowly around each syllable, seeming to taste the words. "How fitting. Such a beautiful creature deserves something beautiful to be called."

Valorie swallowed loudly around a growing lump in her throat, not liking where this was going. "Well, uh, you're not bad looking yourself. I-uh." she took a few nervous steps backward as Salixia approached her. Valorie abruptly stopped when her back pressed against the cool bark of the tree. She watched with rising worry as the dryad stepped gracefully toward her. "L-listen, let's just slow down..."

Salixia reached her and pressed her firm body against Valorie's, sliding her hand up under the equine woman's shirt to let her fingers play along the contours of Valorie's abs. "No need to worry." she murmured privately, "I want to make you feel good; I will go as slowly as I need to."

Rushing to diffuse the situation, Valorie blurted, "No, that's not what I meant." She tried as gently as possible to pry the amorous creature off of her. "Listen..." Valorie tried to explain, "Normally I wouldn't be quite as against kinky sex with a being beyond mortal comprehension, but I've had a rough few days and I would really like to be on my way. I think th-"

Valorie's words died in her throat when she felt something ticklish sliding along her arms. She looked down and saw thin, leafy willow branches coiling around her wrists. Salixia ran her hands across Valorie's muscular ass as she spoke. "Shh... I know. I sensed something different within you when you entered my glade. It called to me." Her alien eyes met Valorie's. "I will make you feel better."

Valorie took a breath to say that she felt fine at the moment, but stopped when she felt the tickling of whip-thin cords of willow twining themselves around her ankles. The air left her lungs in a grunt when the flexible branches pulled taut, hoisting her up off the ground. She bobbed in the air for a few seconds, coming to rest only a few inches off of the forest floor. Valorie yanked at her bonds, but the flexible branches had plenty of give, and she could get no leverage.

Salixia stepped around in front of Valorie and started to tug gently on her pants, slowly pulling them over her hips. "I have never understood why mortals insist on hiding themselves from each other." Valorie's pants pooled around her ankles, held on by the cords binding her. The dryad gave a pleased sigh as she pulled off Valorie's underclothes, revealing the source of the intimidating bulge that had been obscured by her clothes.

Unbound from its confines, Valorie's flaccid dick flopped freely through the air, nearly smacking the surprised dryad in the face. Salixia unabashedly raised a hand to the bobbing member, testing its girth with gentle squeezes. Valorie had done everything in her power to avoid any situation that might have aroused her, pointedly ignoring the needy signals her new tool had been sending her. Now that her neglected rod was receiving the attention it had so desired, it began to throb and harden, thickening in Salixia's grasp.

Valorie gave a quiet moan and her heart beat faster, beginning the process of supplying her member with the blood it would require, and she tried once again to talk down the determined dryad. "Please Salixia." she implored, "I don't know what's going to happen. Please... Please stop."

Salixia replied almost absentmindedly, enraptured by the expanding flesh in her hand. "This is your first time?" Once more those odd eyes met Valorie's, not recognizing the worry and fear that lay in them, "Your first time is always the most special. I promise to be gentle."

Valorie wanted to scream in frustration, and was going to try again, when the air traitorously left her lungs in a lewd moan. Salixia's cool lips met the head of Valorie's swelling

cock in a gentle kiss, and the dryad wrapped another hand around it, coaxing the beast between Valorie's legs to life. Salixia was forced back a step as the turgid flesh lengthened, and she used her tongue to stimulate its sensitive glans. Valorie gasped as the dryad pumped her hands slowly along her growing length, and gave another throaty moan when Salixia ran her tongue down the underside of her sensitive dick, all the way to its base, then back up to its tip.

The fluid that Salixia's tongue left in its wake was slick and sweet-smelling, and the dryad spread it easily across Valorie's skin as it stretched over her ballooning cock. Salixia spread her lips wide, and lapping up a bead of pre that had formed on Valorie's urethra, slipped the head of the cock into her waiting mouth. Still pumping gently, Salixia slowly fed inch after inch into herself.

Valorie couldn't even speak as she panted breathlessly at the dryad's ministrations. The inside of Salixia's mouth and throat was cool and moist, well lubricated with the nectar she had spread over Valorie's equine member. The dryad used her tongue and lips to work more of Valorie into her mouth, flesh disappearing almost as fast as it lengthened. Salixia's throat flexed around her rapidly hardening cock, resisting more and more the bend of the dryad's neck.

Recognizing the problem, Salixia waved a brief gesture, and Valorie felt herself being pulled up to lay parallel with the ground, her throbbing cock aimed downward into the dryad's throat. More of the thin, leafy tendrils wrapped around Valorie as they formed a cradle to support her weight more comfortably. Salixia's lips were stretched more and more thinly as the flesh inside her grew in thickness. It had long since surpassed the point where she could wrap her fingers around Valorie's girth. Still, she pushed inch after inch of dickflesh inside of herself.

Luckily for Salixia, it appeared that she didn't require air to breath, as the bulge visibly throbbing in her throat would have blocked off any attempt to draw in a breath. Valorie struggled weakly in her bonds as her growth slowed, cock finally reaching its full size. Its slicked skin shone a florid red from the blood that pulsed through it, and although she had only taken half its length, Salixia's mouth was stretch obscenely around its girth.

Salixia stood motionless for a moment, eyes closed in euphoric bliss. Through the haze of her lust, Valorie wondered how the dryad hadn't been split in half like a log on the chopping block. Despite the lack of external movement, Salixia's throat tensed and contracted around Valorie's cock in rapid pulses, formerly cool flesh growing hot with the fire of Valorie's need.

Abruptly, Valorie felt herself being lowered, and unbelievably, the dryad began to take even more into herself, jaws spreading impossibly wide around their intruder. The equine woman could barely breathe under the sensations that poured into her from her cock as it was given a full body massage. Lower and lower she dipped, until to her shock, Salixia's face came to rest against her crotch. The girth of her cock at its base stretched the dryad's jaws open impossibly wide. Seemingly defying anatomical possibilities, Salixia had managed to take Valorie's full length, despite the fact that the steel-hard pole that grew from her crotch would have run more than the full length of the dryad's body.

Valorie could feel a stream of precum leaking constantly from the tip of her penis, but it seemed to wick away into the dryad's body as soon as it was ejected. Salixia, heedless of her plight, moved slowly with Valorie as she was gently lowered to kneel on the ground, leaving the dryad on her hands and knees. With agonizing slowness, Salixia drew back a few inches, exposing a small length of Valorie's throbbing dick to the cool forest air, before sliding it back between her lips.

With trembling hands, Valorie struggled again with the cords that bound her, but every time she would begin to get any leverage, a shock of pleasure would pulse through her, robbing

her of her concentration. Salixia gradually increased the tempo of her thrusts, also increasing the distance that she pulled back before beginning her return trip to kiss Valorie's crotch. The dryad hugged her thin arms around Valorie's wide hips to brace herself as she pounded horse cock in and out of herself.

Valorie could almost hear the gurgling of her balls preparing their load over the wet squelching noises that filled the space under the giant tree's canopy. An all-too-familiar tightness was growing in her groin and if Valorie couldn't do something right now, she was going to paint Salixia's insides white with her cum. Valorie had a terrible feeling that it would be disastrous, given the source of her throbbing member.

She struggled to speak through her gasps, but she gritted her teeth savagely and managed to spit out, "Salixia you have got to stop this." The dryad simply hummed an answer, adding vibration to the long list of stimulations that assaulted Valorie's senses. "Please, I don't want to hurt you." Salixia shook as if with laughter as she full-on face fucked Valorie's huge organ.

Valorie shook, struggling to hold back an orgasm as she neared the limits of her endurance. "You... you have to... get off." she begged weakly, "I can't hold... much longer... Please listen... Please." Salixia simply swallowed Valorie's absurd cock repeatedly, fondling the equine woman's heavy sac in deft fingers, urging Valorie to release.

And release she did. Valorie's orgasm crashed into her like a charging bull. Her muscles tightened reflexively and she let out a long wail as her cock swelled thicker with the first wave of her seed. With swallowing motions, Salixia milked the swollen organ within her. Valorie felt repeating contractions pulse up and down her shaft as she shot rope after rope of cum deep into the dryad.

Salixia moaned gratefully around Valorie's cock, hot seed filling her like a lake of molten rock. She drank deeply as the thick fluid poured into her, but after a moment, a strange feeling welled up within her and she gave a soft whimper of concern at the unexpected sensation. Valorie's lip curled upward in a snarl as she rode out the storm of her orgasm, eyes shut tight, oblivious to the dryad, whose body began to tremble and whose whimpering grew more urgent.

A never before felt emotion surged through Salixia's mind, fear. Something was happening within her, she could feel it, and as her body gratefully wicked away the fluid that Valorie was pumping into her, she felt the alien feeling grow only stronger. The dryad pushed against the equine's wide hips in a desperate attempt to extricate herself from her predicament, but the broad head of Valorie's penis was securely lodged within her.

Valorie's orgasm seemed to stretch on forever, and she was lost in the firestorm that roared through her. Eventually, though, the flow from her pulsing cock slowed to a dribble and she gradually came to her senses. The first sound that was carried to her ears jolted her to full alert.

Someone was screaming.

She looked down with a gasp. The dryad's body was trembling uncontrollably and muffled screams filled with terror escaped her as she pounded her tiny hands desperately on the hard muscle of Valorie's thighs. Tears poured freely from the corners of her eyes and she looked pleadingly up at Valorie. Upon meeting Valorie's eyes, the dryad's cries died off, ending with a pained whimper, before her eyes slowly slid shut. Salixia's frantic movement slowed until she lay completely motionless, harpooned on Valorie's member.

Valorie realized that the cords that had held her previously had disappeared and she acted quickly. She wrapped her hands around Salixia's slim waist and pulled gently, trying not to harm either of them. With a protracted, sickeningly wet sucking sound, she pulled inch after inch of

her softening member out of the insensate dryad, until, with a loud pop, her head came free of Salixia's abused body, still oozing pearly white goo onto the forest floor.

Gathering the dryad's body up in her arms, she picked up Salixia and carried her over to her tree. Despite its wooden appearance, the dryad's body was surprisingly soft, and Valorie felt panic rising within her; when Salixia had pressed up against her before, her body had felt much firmer than it did now. The dryad's arms and legs dangled uselessly, bouncing with Valorie's heavy footfalls, steps made awkward with her pants still around her legs.

She laid the dryad on the soft soil near a large exposed root, jerking her trousers roughly up over her nudity to get them out of her way before she knelt down to see to Salixia. The dryad was completely motionless, and didn't appear to be breathing, but considering her previous performance, Valorie wasn't sure that she had to breathe. The dryad's hair had fallen away to reveal that a pair of dusky, dark green nipples capped her small, round breasts, and Valorie placed a hand between them to feel for any sign of a heartbeat. She felt no sign of life, but still wasn't sure that the dryad even had a heart. What she found shocking was the feverish heat that burned under Salixia's smooth skin.

"Come on, Salixia." Valorie muttered quietly, more for herself than the dryad, "Please wake up. At least give me something to work with, here." Valorie moved her hand to the dryad's abdomen and wracked her brain, trying to think of something she could do. She blinked in surprise when she felt a slight twinge of motion from the dryad.

Suspecting that her voice had reached the unconscious dryad, Valorie wrapped her arm around Salixia's narrow shoulders, drawing her up close. "That's right," Valorie said with a soothing voice, "I've got you, you're not alone. Just wake up so I can make sure you're all right."

Valorie felt Salixia's arm rise weakly off of the soil to rest on the equine's thigh. Encouraged by the dryad's reaction, Valorie continued, trying to draw Salixia back to consciousness. "It's okay, I'm right here. Try not to move too much, I don't know what happened to you." Slowly the color returned to her skin, tinting her cheeks with a rosy blush. "There you go," Valorie cooed, "you'll be just fine. You're looking better already."

Valorie stopped. Salixia had been green. The red tint spread across her skin like a stain, growing darker with every second. "Gods above," said Valorie in a hoarse whisper, "what's happening?"

The thin woman in Valorie's arms began to tremble, jerky motions growing increasingly erratic until Valorie was afraid the dryad would injure herself. She wrapped her arms around Salixia in a bear hug, bracing the dryad against her body, trying to ride out the sudden seizure. Valorie could see the color creeping around to Salixia's back, quickly coloring the dryad's delicate features a flushed red. As Salixia shook in Valorie's arms, her skin darkened further, eventually turning a ruddy purple, reminiscent of blood-engorged genitalia.

Abruptly as it started, as soon as the color settled on its new, lewd purple, Salixia stopped her uncontrollable shaking. Pulling the dryad slightly away from her body, Valorie started to ask if everything was okay, but was cut off when Salixia suddenly screamed, her body tensing powerfully. Valorie felt the tingle of released energy a split second before it hit her and, for the second time in as many weeks, a wave of force slammed into her, throwing her across the clearing underneath the huge willow.

Valorie managed to roll as she landed, saving her from what would have been a broken arm. Still, she bounced across the unforgiving soil, coming to rest nearly thirty feet away from where she started her flight. Valorie coughed loudly to clear her throat of the dust it had picked

up and shook her head to clear it as she struggled to rise. Getting her feet underneath her, she looked over to Salixia when she heard the creaking of shifting wood.

The branches of the huge tree occupying the clearing swayed and trembled in a nonexistent breeze, whipped by an unfelt gale. Salixia sat near the base of the tree on her knees, the fingers of one hand buried deep in an oozing gash between her legs. The dryad stared down at her body, her other hand fondling her perky breasts.

Salixia looked up at Valorie as she spoke, breath coming out as a pleased hiss, "Mistress, I am cumming for you!" The last syllable was drawn out into a protracted moan of pleasure as the dryad came forcefully into her hand, spraying clear fluid onto the ground between her knees. Valorie could only stare in abject horror at Salixia's eyes, eyes that were once a pale yellow, but now glowed with a familiar violet light.

Even as her orgasm seemed to wind down, she continued masturbating with unabated urgency. Salixia spoke in shuddering gasps, eyes locked onto Valorie's own, "Thank you Mistress, I could not have done this without you."

Her brow creased slightly in concentration, and she gave a wordless grunt as, with a loud, wooden popping sound, her body swelled in size, gaining more than an inch in height and girth in a split second. Her knees dug shallow furrows in the moist soil as her widening hips forced them apart. The fingers squeezed around her breasts spread apart as her bust bulged outward.

Despite the effort she was putting forth, Salixia's eyes never left Valorie's. "You were right mistress, I was naive. I could have never pleased you as I was." She paused for a moment and moaned as her body surged again. "But then you gave me this gift. I promise I can give you something to work with now. Just..." Her body throbbed wider, "Just give me a moment, mistress." A groan of wood rubbing against wood issued from the dryad and she shot up another few inches. "I will please you. You will see."

Salixia frantically pushed her fingers in and out of herself, pouring the energy given to her by Valorie into her growth, eager to please her new mistress. The glade was filled with the sounds of tortured wood, from the both the trees thrashing sympathetically through the air and the dryad's own expanding body. Her shoulders creaked wider to support her swelling breasts, which she caressed with slender fingers. She gyrated her narrow waist through the air in an erotic display as her hips rushed to keep up with the dryad's rapidly ballooning ass.

Her mistress's expression troubled Salixia, the equine look almost... afraid. The dryad mentally berated herself; she must be doing something improperly. The sensations assaulting her mind made it difficult to concentrate; she must have gotten the proportions wrong somewhere, easily corrected. She failed to hold in a soft gasp as her legs and back, responding to her silent urgings, popped, thickening and growing longer.

Valorie could only stare as the dryad's body surged outward in jerky spurts and Salixia stared back adoringly with those unnerving violet eyes as they glowed dimly with an inner radiance. Valorie took a hesitant step backward as she searched desperately for a way to escape the situation without setting the dryad off.

Upon seeing her step back, Salixia's expression grew panicked. "W-wait, mistress!" she implored, "Please do not leave me!" The rest of her breath left her in a shuddering moan as her hips suddenly swelled wider, far surpassing her previously svelte proportions. "You have made me feel so good. Please let me return the favor!"

Halting, Valorie got an idea, and prayed to the gods that it would work. She wasn't sure what had happened to the dryad, but it had obviously given her a submissive streak. Maybe she

could take advantage of that? She reversed her direction and instead took a step toward the kneeling dryad.

At this, Salixia grew excited, a smile splitting her face. "Oh, yes, mistress." she said, growing another couple of inches with a soft groan, "I just need a moment, then I will show you pleasure the likes of which no mortal has ever known." She removed her hand from her swelling breast to beckon Valorie nearer, "Come close. Watch me bloom for you, mistress."

Trying to look confident, Valorie took cautious steps closer to Salixia, coming to a stop only a few feet away. The dryad looked worshipfully up at Valorie, but not as far as she would have had to before her growth started.

Valorie kneeled down in front of the moaning dryad. "Salixia, listen to me." she said gently, placing a hand on the arm the dryad was using to get herself off. At Valorie's touch, the dryad slowed her movements, her growth abating, and looked questioningly at Valorie with her glowing violet eyes. Valorie hesitated, trying to choose her words carefully. Salixia had grown to half again her previously tiny size, and Valorie wanted desperately to talk her down.

With gentle but insistent pressure, Valorie pulled the dryad's hand out of herself. She spoke as gently as she could while still sounding firm, "Please stop this, Salixia. What you're doing to yourself is unnatural."

The dryad blinked, her expression shifting to a pout as she responded. "B-but mistress, I could make you feel so good. You helped make it possible. All I want is to make you happy." She leaned forward, pressing her engorged breasts into Valorie's arm. "I promise I can do it. I just need a bit more time."

Valorie sighed. "I know you could make me feel good, but part of making someone feel good is taking into account what they want." She put a hand on the dryad's shoulder before continuing, "And you forcing yourself on me is not what I want."

Tears formed at the corners of Salixia's pupilless, alien eyes as they finally left Valorie's face, darting around as if searching for an explanation. "Why... I-I don't understand, mistress. Why would you not want to...? P-please, mistress, just tell me what you want and I can..." For a split second, realization dawned in her expression before the tears finally began to fall as her face contorted in sorrow. "Y-you... You don't want me."

Salixia's arms went limp as her shoulders slumped and her head bent down under the weight of her sudden grief, hair-like vines falling to obscure her face. The dryad wrapped her arms around her middle as she shook with the force her sobs.

Valorie placed a soothing hand on Salixia's shoulder. "Come now," she said "It's not all that b-"

Cutting Valorie off, Salixia suddenly gave a loud gasp and hunched further over on herself as if in agony. Valorie took her hand off of the dryad as she started to shake violently. Each of her pained breaths was released in a quiet whimper.

"S-Salixia?" Valorie questioned, "What's wrong?"

The dryad just vigorously shook her head as she clutched her midsection desperately. For a few second that seemed to stretch into eternity, Salixia rocked back and forth, huddled into a ball sitting on her knees. Valorie took a step back, a shocked look on her face. Salixia gasped in a deep breath and her shaking slowly subsided as the air left her lungs in a high pitched whine.

Valorie suddenly jumped back when, without warning, the dryad uttered a savage growl as her body abruptly surged outwards. Salixia swung her head up, whipping her hair back to flow around her shoulders. Once glowing dimly, her violet eyes now fairly blazed with power, and her mouth was set in a fierce snarl. The dryad's expression was etched with rage.

Valorie felt the worry in her gut turn into fear that shot ice through her veins. While the dryad's previous growth was slow and methodical, Salixia now gained mass in explosive bursts. She got a foot beneath herself and pushed herself to a stand with a lurid moan, body stretching taller as she did so. The dryad now stood easily a full head taller than Valorie, and showed no signs that she was finished with her transformation.

Valorie stood stock still, frozen in fear by the look in Salixia's eyes. The dryad's body appeared satisfied with its new height, leaving Valorie to stare forward at Salixia's swollen, ruddy purple nipples. The dryad took a step forward, adjusting her balance as her rapidly widening hips forced her feet apart.

Salixia stopped a scant few feet in front of Valorie. Her hips had finally stopped, leaving them much wider than Valorie's well-muscled shoulders and tapering up into the dryad's comparatively narrow waist. Valorie stared forward as the dryad cupped her breasts, which had not yet filled in, and looked disproportionately small on Salixia's frame.

This did not last long, however, and with a long, needy moan, the dryad's firm breasts began to swell outward. Valorie could feel her cock twitching in her pants in a sympathetic reaction as the dryad encouraged her breasts to blossom from her chest, skin sliding on silky smooth skin. Salixia's fingers ravaged her nipples with panting breaths as her breasts slowly filled the space between her and Valorie.

The dryad's breasts surpassed the size of her head, their growth not slowing as their ruddy purple areolas bloomed into proportionality, supporting nipples as thick as Valorie's thumb. Salixia's breasts surged to titanic proportions before eventually slowing, coming to a stop mere inches from Valorie's face. Each of the fleshy globes hung, full and heavy, off of Salixia's chest, heaving up and down with each of the dryad's deep breaths.

The mountainous breasts filling Valorie's vision jiggled enticingly as Salixia shivered with anticipation. The dryad removed a hand from her breast, which, Valorie couldn't help but notice, were oozing a clear, sweet-smelling liquid from their stiff buds. Salixia's hand fell onto Valorie's shoulder, and the dryad's slender fingers tightened in an iron grip. With steady and unrelenting pressure, Valorie was forced to her knees, her head coming to rest a few inches from the dryad's drooling pussy, engorged and visibly pulsing with need.

The heady aroma emanating from the lubricant-slicked lips of Salixia's flower threatened to overwhelm Valorie's senses, and blood began to rush to her loins, where the seams of her already overstuffed pants began to protest as their occupant began to swell larger. A faint moan escaped Valorie's lips as she fought the urge to dive face-first into the dryad's waiting passage.

Salixia seemed to have other plans, however, because she slowly placed another hand on Valorie's other shoulder and began to push, forcing Valorie to lie on her back, pinning her down. The dryad slid down and lowered herself, pendulous breasts squishing softly into Valorie's own. Valorie could feel the fluid leaking from the dryad's nipples soaking through her shirt, and as Salixia lowered more weight onto Valorie, the dribbles of liquid became a steady stream that drenched her upper body and began to stain her fur dark with moisture.

Valorie could hardly notice, however, because the dryad's face had come to a stop just above hers, and Salixia's formerly innocent smile had become one filled with lust, and something darker, more malicious. The dryad's lips, which had become fuller and more prominent, stretched as Salixia grinned viciously and started to speak,

"You did this to me." she said, her voice was deep, slow, and sensual, yet resonated with something primal and alien. "You gave me this, and thought to cast me aside like a leaf in autumn." The dryad's transformation was evidently not complete, because as she spoke, Valorie

noticed her pearly white teeth give a faint cracking sound and reshape, growing longer and sharpening, leaving Salixia with a mouth full of viciously sharp fangs.

Continuing as if she didn't notice her ongoing changes, Salixia said, her voice hardening, "I gave you all I had, mortal. And you were going to walk away, leave me with this burning desire." Her burning violet eyes narrowed dangerously, "It would have been torture, and you were heartlessly going to leave me to my fate. Well not anymore."

Salixia shifted, dragging the parted lips of her pussy along the clothed outline of Valorie's swollen member, eliciting a desperate moan from the equine and the dryad alike. With a tiny popping sound, the seams restraining the behemoth between Valorie's legs began to give way, and the rapidly hardening horsecock pressed urgently into the dryad's crotch.

Salixia's toothy grin widened at the breakdown of Valorie's inhibitions, and the dryad continued to stroke herself up and down the length of the growing beast beneath her. "Yes," she hissed as Valorie whimpered underneath her, "good. It is well you grow accustomed to your new place, beneath me. You, mortal, are going to stay right here, for if you will not be my mistress, then you will be my plaything!" Salixia winced briefly in discomfort, and it took Valorie only seconds to see why.

Where the thin vines that made up Salixia's hair met her forehead, two thin, black appendages had sprouted, and were rapidly gaining size. They quickly resolved themselves into a pair of shiny, black horns that thickened and curled back over Salixia's head. The dryad grunted as the last few inches pushed themselves out of her skull, then she gave a pleased sigh, reaching a hand up to feel along their length. Salixia's new additions lent a menacing air to her attractive features.

Valorie shook, desperation powering her thoughts. The scorching heat of Salixia's pussy rubbing her though her increasingly ruined pants threatened to cause her to lose herself completely. The whole glade was now filled with the intoxicating scent of the dryad's need, and with every passing second, Valorie found giving into the desires of the creature above her more and more attractive. She had to do something, and fast.

Salixia returned her gaze to Valorie and smirked before pushing herself up, leaving herself straddling the helpless equine's hips. Valorie's brain struck upon a desperate plan. She was strong, and fast. She knew that it caused dryad's extreme discomfort to be away from their home trees for too long. If she could just get away from the willow, Valorie knew she would have a chance.

Valorie knew that Salixia was stronger than she, but the equine had an advantage over the dryad, leverage. Gathering her resolve and all the strength she could muster, Valorie bucked her hips upwards. Salixia took the impact with a grunt of surprise and she bounced a few feet in the air. Not wasting a moment, Valorie moved with blinding speed, bracing herself on the ground and drawing her legs tight against her abdomen. Then, with every ounce of strength her heavily muscled body could summon, she shot both booted feet out, catching the lust-crazed dryad in the midsection and throwing her clear across the glade and into the water of the river.

For a split second, time seemed to stand still for Valorie, then the world went mad.

An ear-splitting scream, filled with primal rage seemed to emanate from the air around her, and every piece of plant life in sight began to writhe and twist. The massive willow tree dominating the clearing buckled, its branches whipping wildly around, until they seemed to gather themselves, then shot toward where Valorie lay.

Not intending to stick around to see what would happen if they caught her, Valorie spun to her feet and sprinted to the nearest edge of the clearing, mourning the loss of her pack that lay

near the roots of the ancient tree. She crashed violently into the forest proper, barely managing to avoid the snatching branches of the willow behind her, but she was far from out of the fire. Everywhere around her, branches reached out to snare and snag, roots leapt up to trip, and even the grass she ran on tried to wrap around her feet and ankles at every opportunity. Valorie refused to let any of it slow her down. Whatever she couldn't dodge or deftly avoid, she ran straight through, including a wall of vicious brambles that left her scratched and bloody.

The further she ran, the less avidly the plants around her tried to impede her progress. She was nearing the limits of the dryad's domain and her reach was growing weaker, yet still she ran on. She ran and ran, her breathing growing labored and her muscles quaking with fatigue, but she dared not slow so long as she could still move.

Eventually, Valorie's trembling body gave out beneath her, toppling her to the ground, leaving her gasping for breath. The tree cover had thinned dramatically, dwindling to the occasional stand of leafy hardwoods dotting the rolling hills of the landscape around her. Eventually Valorie had realized that she had been running almost due east, out of the woods she was traveling through, taking her far out of her way, and adding days to her travel time before she reached the city of Southcliff, where the Archmage had made his home. Valorie didn't care. She lay there in the tall grass that covered the hills around her, panting, trying desperately to catch her breath while her muscles screamed in agony, punishing her for her overuse of their strength.

Valorie had never done anything like that before. She knew that the body given to her by the Archmage was strong and fit, but as she lay there, the sun was beginning its descent over the hills to the west. She had run at a dead sprint for nearly three hours without stopping. If Valorie had had the energy required for rational thought, she would have been amazed. Instead, she just lay there, trying to breathe.

She didn't know when the panting gasps turned to sobs, but tears were soon falling. She felt used and both physically and emotionally exhausted, small and suddenly so very alone under the stars that were beginning to twinkle, ushering in the night. She curled up in on herself, stiff muscles protesting even the slightest movement with twinges of pain.

Everything had gone so wrong. She should have never taken that stupid contract. If she hadn't, none of this would have ever happened. Her thoughts drifted to the idol she had been sent to retrieve, and the events that had ended with her new addition. Even now, in her state of exhaustion, her cock's presence pressed in on her mind, demanding that she pay attention to the need she had felt since it had first grown in. It took progressively more effort to ignore it, and now that it had gotten a taste from the dryad, it was more persistent than ever.

She felt her member stir from its stasis as her mind drifted back to Salixia. Despite how good it had felt, how gentle the dryad had been, Valorie had been used, and she felt disgusted. Disgusted that it had happened, disgusted that she had done something horrible to the innocent dryad, and most of all, disgusted that she had liked it, that she had wanted almost nothing more than for it to happen again.

Valorie covered her face with her hands. She could still smell the dryad's sexual fluids that had wicked into her clothes, smell it through the sweat that soaked her fur. Her mind began to wander, the familiar, enticing smell carrying her down a road lined with dark thoughts before she vigorously shook her head clear and sat up stiffly.

She looked around. Night had fallen, and she shivered as a cool, steady wind blew along the hills, chilling her damp fur to the bone. She struggled to her feet, limping awkwardly to the

nearest stand of trees. Shielded somewhat from the wind, she lit a small fire, a process made difficult by the loss of her flint with the rest of her pack.

Valorie glared into the flames, taking a small amount of pleasure from the pops and cracks the sticks she fed carefully into the heat made as they burned. She was not about to be put down by the likes of a few feet of meat and some twiggy trollop. She winced. She didn't know what had happened to the dryad, but the currently sleeping beast between Valorie's legs was obviously the cause.

Her plans had not changed; going to Daryn in Southcliff was still her best bet. If anyone would know what was going on, or be able to figure it out, he would. Besides, he had already offered her his help should she need it. Valorie had known him for almost a year and had come to trust him. She glanced down to the silver clasp holding on the cloak he had given her. Intentionally or not, he had already saved her once before.

Valorie heaved a deep sigh, piling more dry, dead wood onto the fire, and settling down to sleep. She dreaded what her muscles would have to say to her in the morning, but it would be better if she slept. Besides, she needed to regain her strength if she was to make it to Southcliff with any speed. She didn't know why, but she knew time was of the essence, and the sooner she could be on her way, the better.

Wrapping her cloak around her to ward off the draft, she closed her eyes and let her mind wander to memories of happier times while the crickets chattered away, lulling her to a surprisingly content sleep.