

Preparations

Written By: Skabaard

Valorie walked with Dawn through the maze-like halls of the Archmage's compound in companionable silence. It was not long before Dawn ushered the equine into a small, but opulent room. Centered in the space was a spacious table accompanied by two chairs, one small, one large. Strewn across the table were platters piled high with foods of every description.

Dawn gestured to the larger chair as she moved to seat herself in the smaller. "Come on, dig in. It will be good, I promise. I made it while you were asleep."

Valorie had forgotten the last time she had eaten a proper meal. She shot Dawn a wordless glance and immediately took the proffered seat across from the young woman. She attempted to eat with at least the pretense of decorum, but Valorie's restraint did not hold out for very long. "I'll be honest," she said, looking at Dawn in rapture, "it might be because I haven't really eaten much of anything at all in a few days, but I've never tasted anything so good in my life."

Slowly cutting a small bite, Dawn smiled at the praise. "Flattery will get you everywhere, Val. Just try not to stuff yourself. I would never forgive myself if my cooking ruined your girlish figure."

The equine woman just growled around a huge mouthful. Valorie's large, powerful body required an appropriately large amount of nourishment. She had possessed her body for more than a year, and she had yet to put on an ounce of unsightly fat, no matter how much she ate. The dense, lean muscles that covered her broad frame required a significant amount of energy, and Valorie's metabolism and appetite showed it.

Were they standing, Valorie would have towered several feet over the head of the smaller woman, who barely came up to Valorie's chest. Warm, chocolate-brown fur covered her skin and complimented nicely with the smooth, golden brown hair that cascaded over her shoulders when it wasn't held back in a loose ponytail. From just above her shapely, well-muscled rear, a long tail, akin to that of a horse, hung down to her calves, its color matching that of the hair on her head. Her short, equine muzzle protruded from her face, not detracting from her delicate, feminine features and accentuating her piercing green eyes. Poking up through Valorie's hair was a pair of long, equine ears that swiveled easily toward unexpected sounds.

Finally satisfied, she pushed her plate from her and uttered a contented sigh. Valorie patted her full stomach and basked in the satisfaction that only a good meal could give. Eventually, however her fatigued muscles reminded her of her exhaustion with a dull, throbbing ache. "Not to eat and run," Valorie yawned, "but I think I'd like to clean myself up a bit before calling it a night."

Dawn nodded with a smile. "I suppose that can be arranged." She snapped her fingers, and a small, dimly glowing sphere of pale blue energy faded into existence, hovering a few feet above the surface of the table. "I'll stay here and clean up; this will take you there. A bath should be ready for you when you arrive."

Valorie stood and thanked Dawn profusely, and she waved the equine away with a grin. Valorie mused idly on the convenience of magic in the household, letting her feet numbly carry her along behind the glowing blue orb as it drifted lazily down the hall a few feet in front of her. She had no idea where she was when the orb halted abruptly in front of a plain wooden door and vanished. Shrugging, she pushed open the door and chuckled, recognizing the room.

It was less opulently decorated than some of the rooms in the massive complex, with a simple stone floor into which had been carved a deep stone basin, which was currently filled with crystal clear water. Valorie squeezed her frame through the doorway, eager to rid herself of the filth that had been matted into her fur over the course of weeks. She recognized herself in the tall, full-body mirror that sat to the side of the room. It had been a long time since she had found herself in this room.

Peeling herself out of her clothes, Valorie soon stood nude in front of the mirror. She winced at the state of her body. Despite having the cuts and scratches she had accumulated over the course of her journey healed, her normally smooth, silky fur was in a state of disaster. The fine hairs were caked with blood and semen, a stark reminder of what exactly she had been through during her endless march to find the Archmage.

Her strong muscles rippled faithfully under her fur even as they complained when Valorie stretched, combating the stiffness that had set in. She tried and failed to ignore the girthy, equine penis that hung heavily from her loins, accompanied by a sac that held testes the size of her fists. She experimentally prodded its mottled flesh with a finger. It felt perfectly normal, as far as Valorie's knowledge of male genitalia went. Gone was the surge of liquid need that would have poured through her at even the slightest of stimulation.

She reached down, gingerly lifting her weighty scrotum out of the way so she could further her investigation into her nether-regions. Hidden from view, but sitting patiently where it had always been were the dormant folds of her comparatively dainty womanhood. Letting out a heavy breath, she let her delicate pussy hide itself once more and spun to face the pool of crystalline water.

She stepped over and tried to ease herself into the hot, steamy bath that had been prepared for her ahead of time. She let herself sink slowly toward the surface, acclimating her body to the temperature one overtaxed muscle at a time. When the water finally made it to her neck, she took a breath and dunked her head in, smoothly coming back out and slicking her hair back out of her face. Valorie reclined herself against the bowl of the basin, resting her head on the lip of her bath and letting her thoughts slow to a crawl as she basked in the luxuriant heat that was slowly seeping into her bones.

She must have lay like this for an eternity, and Valorie had resigned herself to laying there an eternity more when she dimly registered the quiet sound of the door slipping closed and someone padding silently toward her across the smooth stone floor. Valorie let her ears swivel of their own volition toward the sound of someone divesting themselves of silky clothing; and she didn't even move when she felt the water ripple with the addition of another body in her bath.

Valorie let out only a pleased grunt when she felt something soft and familiar press itself against her and a smooth, feminine voice murmur into her ear. "I knew I couldn't trust you to finish a bath by yourself." Dawn purred, "You have a fantastically terrible track record."

Valorie's eyes stayed closed as she draped an arm around Dawn's slender shoulders, pressing her into her more intimately. "I was getting to it, I swear." she mumbled innocently.

"She says having been in here an hour. You don't even have a towel... or soap." Dawn slithered from Valorie's grip, dipping below the water to wet her own shining auburn hair as she moved in front of Valorie, sliding her hands along the smooth fur covering her thick, muscular thighs. "But that's alright; you've got me here to remember the important details for you."

The scent of lavender wafted gently across Valorie's nostrils as Dawn moved to her other side, snuggling up against her once more. Dawn felt small and fragile with her thin frame pressed tenderly into Valorie's bulk, but she moved with calm confidence as her delicate fingers played

lightly over Valorie's shoulders. With her hands slicked with sweet-smelling soap, she began to gently knead the tension out of Valorie's stiff muscles.

Valorie wasn't sure if it was magic or not, but as Dawn worked soap through the fur of her upper body she felt herself melt, drifting languidly further into the pool. "There's a good girl." Dawn breathed in a confidential whisper, "Let me take care of you."

The equine let out a series of short, low moans as Dawn's magic fingers chased away her stress and she felt herself, for the first time in weeks, begin to truly relax. She took deep rhythmic breaths as Dawn continued to give her a soapy, full-body, underwater massage, occasionally stopping to scrub her fur clean of some nameless stain that had matted it together.

Gradually, Dawn worked her way down, rubbing the stiffness from Valorie's abused body. First her shoulders, then her arms received the treatment, Dawn straining to dig her fingers into the equine's dense musculature in order to chase away the physical burden of Valorie's cares. As she moved on to Valorie's torso, she hummed a slow, melodic tune that made the equine smile in spite of herself.

Valorie's breath caught in her throat when the apprentice's roving fingers lingered on the silky fur that covered the pliant flesh of her large, full breasts. Dawn ran long, gentle caresses across them, taking advantage of their delightful sensitivity and Valorie bit back another moan as she covered Dawn's hand with her own, halting its trek across her chest. "Dawn..." Valorie said quietly, "I... I don't think-"

Dawn ceased Valorie's unsure stammering with a gentle squeeze of her breast. She slipped her hand from under Valorie's and moved up, cradling the equine's head in her arms as she spoke. "What?" she questioned candidly, "You don't think you deserve to feel?" She wrapped Valorie's hand in slim fingers, "Do you think that because of a sequence of events far beyond your control, I can no longer find you beautiful? To care for you?" Her voice grew soft and heavy with emotion. "Do you think that I can no longer want you, need you?" She twined the fingers of one hand through Valorie's fine brown hair, her other hand pressing the equine's fingers into her chest so that Valorie could feel the stiff buds that capped her luscious curves.

"I know now is not the time." Dawn said after a shaky breath. "I understand you don't feel ready, and I am not about to press the issue." She leaned down, and Valorie felt droplets strike her face as they fell from Dawn's cheeks. "I just... I don't know what to feel, Val." she croaked, nearly unable to speak through her tears. "You came in and I was so scared, more than I've ever been. And then Daryn was scared, and that scared me even more; he may not have shown it, but he nearly killed himself to cleanse you. But we did it, and I was so relieved I couldn't think straight. Now it's all mixed up in my head and I... I just don't know what to do."

She squeezed her eyes shut, sobbing audibly around her words. "You're so strong and determined, and beautiful enough to make me ache just looking at you. I lack the mastery of language to express how much I love you, Valorie. I don't know what to say." Dawn's shoulders slumped and her arms went slack as her voice dropped to an almost imperceptible volume. "Please, Valorie. Can... can you just hold me? I'm tired of being alone."

"I... Yes, Dawn, I can do that much." Valorie said earnestly as she rose partly out of the water, moving to clutch Dawn's delicate frame to her chest. She wrapped her powerful arms around the apprentice, easily enfolding her and hugging her gently as she wept softly into Valorie's shoulder. The equine let her voice fall low as she tried to comfort the woman in her arms. "I wish I could give you the words, Dawn, all I can say is that I love you too." She ran her fingers along the smooth, flawless skin of Dawn back as she cradled her lovingly. "But you don't ever have to be alone again, I promise." Valorie wiped away the tears from Dawn's cheeks as she

gave the apprentice a wry smile. "I don't know what spell backfired on you to make you think you deserve someone like me, but I am so glad it happened and I am not going to argue with you."

Dawn laughed at this in spite of her tears, stirring slowly from Valorie's arms. "Well," she said, scrubbing her face with her hands to revitalize herself, "I guess we're stuck with each other then." Her cheeks puffed up as she blew a long, slow breath to steady herself. "I... I suppose I should let you finish here." she said as she let herself float away from Valorie.

Valorie seemed to have other plans, however, as she caught Dawn around the waist with an arm, drawing her close and planting a hot, passionate kiss firmly onto Dawn's lips. The apprentice let out a muffled "Mmph!" that quickly dropped into a lurid moan as she returned the kiss with ardor. Valorie easily levered Dawn's body on top of her and enfolded her once again even as the apprentice laced her fingers into Valorie's mane of golden brown hair for leverage.

They maintained the intimate contact for several blissful minutes until Valorie pulled away with some difficulty, leaving both of them panting for breath. Valorie let her hand casually take up Dawn's in her strong fingers and replaced it atop the curve of her breast. She held Dawn's hand there until Valorie could feel the apprentice gently squeezing her sensitive flesh. "I didn't think you a woman to leave a job half-finished." Valorie growled intimately. "I'm still so dirty, and there is so much of me to clean. I don't think I can handle it by myself."

Dawn's lips curled into a low grin. "I suppose I could be persuaded to stay." she said, slowly slipping back into her familiar, mirthful tone. "But the price may be too steep for you."

"I'd be willing to make payments..." Valorie whispered as she leaned down to press her lips against the smooth line of Dawn's throat, tracing a circle of small, light kisses across her skin, "with interest."

Valorie twitched and gasped as Dawn firmly tweaked a nipple the thickness of her thumb. "Alright, Val, you've talked me into it, if only because I can't abide poor hygiene. Now quit wriggling and let me work." The equine nodded shortly and failed to stifle a moan as Dawn continued to tease her thick bud into proud stiffness.

Dawn's grin widened and she reached out to grab the bar of soap from where it had been discarded. She lathered her hands then returned to kneading the soft, warm mass of Valorie's hefty breasts. Dawn's small hands and slender fingers couldn't hope to contain the majesty of Valorie's bust, so she relegated herself to roving her hands over the silky fur and teasing gently at Valorie's dusky nipples.

Biting her lip to suppress the occasional moan of pleasure, Valorie arched her back, pressing her chest eagerly into Dawn's waiting fingers. She felt her body heat under the apprentice's tender ministrations, and short, tingling jolts of pleasure shot up and down her spine. Much to Valorie's disappointment, Dawn eventually let her hands slide down to explore the shallow ridges and valleys of the equine's densely packed abs. The apprentice giggled at the sounds that were leaving Valorie's throat and continued to mercilessly massage the equine's statuesque physique.

Valorie gritted her teeth when she felt the dull burning of her own arousal reach her loins. Her girthy equine member, having lain dormant and forgotten, reacted sluggishly, slowly beginning to fill with blood. Valorie had braced herself for what she was used to feeling whenever she got hard, for the burning fire to shoot through her veins, to fill her with uncontrollable lust. Instead Valorie blinked in surprise. It didn't threaten to overwhelm her or drive her half-insane with desire. In fact...

"Good Gods, Dawn," Valorie said around a choked groan, "don't stop. That feels... so, so good."

Dawn smiled lasciviously as she slid off of Valorie's body, prodding the equine in the side to goad her to flip over. Valorie grunted and did as directed, resting her head on her arms as she leaned on the lip of the pool. Presented with the broad expanse of Valorie's well-muscled back, Dawn took the soap and went to work.

She scrubbed Valorie's fur clean of the filth that had been caked on it, then forcefully dug her fingers into the knots of tension in the equine's impressive musculature. Valorie tensed and grunted, before feeling her stress melting off of her under Dawn's careful ministrations. Dawn diligently worked each individual muscle on her way down Valorie's long back, to the equine's increasingly vocal pleasure.

Pushing aside the wet, heavy hair of Valorie's thick tail, Dawn exposed the twin mounds of Valorie's muscular rear, bordered by her wide, womanly hips. Dawn reverently whispered a barely audible "Wow," taking a moment to appreciate the sight before laying her fingers lightly on Valorie's backside. The apprentice's fingers dawdled at length on the equine's firm flesh, caressing and groping almost worshipfully. Hugging her arms around Valorie's plush hips, Dawn pressed her cheek into the soft, wet fur covering that coated the equine's luscious butt, nuzzling it lovingly. She stayed there until Valorie twitched under her and she remembered she had a job to finish.

Clearing her throat awkwardly, Dawn quickly washed the fine, velvety fur of Valorie's rear, moving unceremoniously down to the thick, powerful muscles of the equine's thighs. These she gave the same treatment, working every ounce of tension out of them before continuing onto her calves and her comparatively dainty feet. Valorie stifled girlish giggles as Dawn worked her fingers along the soles of the equine's ticklish feet.

Dawn paused with her fingers massaging the tendons around Valorie's ankles. "I've been meaning to ask, Val." the apprentice wondered aloud. "Why didn't you spring for hooves? Most of the other equine-morphs I've seen have them."

Valorie snorted derisively. "Have you ever had to clean a horse's hoof? It's not pleasant." Valorie wiggled her toes for emphasis. "My family owns a horse ranch, so I've dealt with my fair share of hooves. Shit you wouldn't believe gets caked up in there and Gods, does it reek when you dig it out." Valorie moved her leg, brushing her feet against the supple curves of Dawn's nude body. "Besides, I like my feet. They're where I put my shoes."

Leaving the equine's ankle for the time being, Dawn returned her fingers to Valorie's feet, carefully sliding a soap-slicked digit between the equine's toes. Valorie tensed, but instead of laughter, a shaky moan slipped through her clenched teeth. "Okay, okay." she gasped, "T-they're also v-very- oohhh... sensitive."

Dawn filed that interesting tidbit away for later use and slid her hands back along the length of Valorie's shapely legs. The apprentice let her gaze linger on Valorie's glorious rump for a few seconds before she eased her soapy hands between the equine's thighs. As gently as possible, Dawn worked soap into the fur bordering the parted lips of Valorie's needy womanhood. Valorie twitched each time Dawn let her finger's brush along the sensitive flesh.

Letting out a frustrated groan, Valorie panted, "Th-that's not fair. Y-you tease!"

Valorie grunted and bucked her hips down into the water when Dawn traced a small circle around her engorged clit. "It's what you deserve after getting me all worked up with that kiss, then making me slave over your hot body." the apprentice growled. "Now hold still or you'll never get clean."

Biting her tongue, Valorie endeavored to remain calm and let Dawn gently scrub clean the fur between her legs. Dawn hesitated when her fingers brushed against the furred skin of Valorie's scrotum. "It's okay." Valorie whispered back to the unsure apprentice, "Just... please be gentle."

Dawn murmured an assent to Valorie and took the substantial weight of the equine's sac into her slender fingers. The apprentice could feel Valorie's heartbeat pulsing urgently just under her skin, stretched taut over testicles Dawn could barely hold in her hands. As delicately as possible, Dawn lathered and lightly rubbed down Valorie's crotch, working her way around to the base of the stiff member that jutted proudly from Valorie's loins.

"Well," Dawn admitted frankly, "I guess this makes it easier to get the whole thing clean."

Valorie let out a weak laugh. "We'll be here all night at this rate."

Dawn prompted Valorie to flip again, and when she did, the apprentice had to stifle a gasp. What sprouted from above Valorie's womanhood was easily as thick as the apprentice's arm, lined with veins that visibly pulsed along with Valorie's heart. The turgid length sagged ponderously under its own weight, obviously not completely hard as it rested patiently, nestled in Valorie's cleavage.

The mottled, black-and-pink flesh was capped with a broad, flattened head, and the whole thing throbbed powerfully as it lay wetly on top of Valorie. Dawn rested her soapy hands uncertainly on it and took a steadying breath before she began to run her slick fingers along its length. She tried to move quickly, but as she moved, the massive member surged quickly to life. It swelled even thicker, pushing Dawn's fingers apart around its girth, and as it stiffened, it began to lift itself off of Valorie's chest.

Valorie's hands were white-knuckled on the edge of the pool as the apprentice unintentionally urged her into full-blown erection. Dawn shot her an unsure glance and asked, "Do... Do you want me to keep going?"

Hissing a pleased breath through her teeth, Valorie nodded. "Please, Dawn." she panted, "I want you to be the one to do it."

"Are you sure?" Dawn questioned with concern. "I... I don't want you to do it just for my sake."

Valorie's nostrils flared as she exhaled a forceful breath. She braced her feet on the smooth bottom of the basin for stability and, cupping Dawn between her legs with a hand, easily lifted the suddenly surprised apprentice bodily out of the water, sitting her down to straddle Valorie's thighs with the equine's throbbing dick between them.

"Listen..." Valorie sighed gently. The equine gripped Dawn's thighs and dragged her forwards until the base of Valorie's swollen member pressed against Dawn's dainty womanhood. With a hand in the small of the apprentice's back, Valorie leaned her over until Dawn's entire upper body was in contact with the pulsing flesh of her dick. "I trust you, Dawn. I trust Daryn. You both rid me of whatever did this to me, and I refuse to be a slave to the fear that has chased me since I got this... thing."

She reached out and ran her palm along its veiny surface, causing it to twitch in anticipation. "Can you feel it, Dawn, pulsing along your whole body? That's not because of some filthy taint clouding my mind. It's because I love you, because I want you." She shifted her hips, tilting Dawn forward until Valorie's rod nearly smacked her in the face. She pulled Dawn further forward, until her weight was completely supported by Valorie's rock-hard member. When the two women's breasts were pressed together around the huge pole that bounced Dawn up and

down with every needy throb, Valorie reached her short, equine muzzle down around it and kissed Dawn amorously.

Every time her dick threatened to separate them with strong, slow throbs, Valorie clutched Dawn to her even more forcefully. Dawn was audibly moaning around Valorie's tongue when the equine finally pulled away and flashed her a confident grin. "Whatever tried to curse me with this was definitely not well-intentioned, but as long as this thing is attached to my body, it. Is. MINE! And I will do with it what, or whom, I please!" Valorie's voice grew more and more impassioned as she continued. "I will not have my love life dictated to me by anyone, especially not some lust-crazy demon!"

Green eyes blazing with sudden passion burned into Dawn's. "But that's the easy part." Valorie declared. "I only want you. You are all it seems I've ever wanted, and you are all I'll ever need." Valorie was panting in her sudden exhilaration, but her voice abruptly dropped low, taking on a hungry, yearning tone. "It can't come between us if it's part of me. So yes, Dawn. I want you to keep going."

Strong arms encased the apprentice as Valorie squished their bodies together around her girth. "But now I've got you right where I want you, so I think I'll start repaying my debt now, if that's alright with you."

Her cheeks flushed with desire, Dawn nodded, spreading her legs and wrapping them as far around Valorie as they would go. Valorie only took a moment to adjust the apprentice's position so that the lips of Dawn's dainty womanhood were spread around the girth of Valorie's dick and that the veiny, throbbing surface was pressed directly against Dawn's entrance and sensitive bud.

Thankful for the lubrication provided by the sweet-smelling soap covering her member, Valorie pulled her hips back, sliding her eager rod through their breasts and along the suddenly very excited apprentice's blooming flower. As Valorie picked up a rhythm and began to slowly piston herself in and out of the slick trap she had formed with Dawn, the apprentice used her legs to bounce up and down, adding as much stimulation as she could atop what already assaulted her mind.

Valorie grunted with each thrust, thick fluid freely oozing from the tip of her equine tool and leaving a slimy trail wherever she moved it. Not to be forgotten, Dawn's hands moved to slick themselves in another layer of soap and form her fingers into a ring that Valorie gleefully pounded herself through. Dawn struggled to maintain the integrity of the ring, but Valorie was too thick to fit herself through it, so the apprentice took to roughly massaging whatever exposed flesh she was presented with.

This didn't last long either, though, as the already worked-up apprentice began to lose the fight against her oncoming bliss. "Ohhhh... Val. I-I think... I think I'm a-about to... Oh Gods!" Dawn's nearly constant moaning rapidly rose in pitch as it turned into a longing whine. Even this sound was cut off as Dawn's body jerked and her arms and legs snapped taut to Valorie's form. The apprentice's eyes rolled back into her head and her mouth hung open in euphoria.

Dawn's twitching body seemed to spur Valorie on, and she redoubled the tempo of her thrusts even as she once more filled the apprentice's waiting mouth with her tongue. Somehow, Dawn was able to summon the focus required to return the kiss without biting off Valorie's tongue while she thrashed atop her equine lover.

Their connected lips muffled Valorie's strained grunt and Dawn felt the bloated organ beneath her noticeably distend with the first load of Valorie's steamy seed. Angled as it was, the equine's spasming cock fired the first few ropes of thick, pearlescent cum clear across the room

to splatter wetly onto the polished silver of the mirror. Valorie broke the kiss to gasp in a shocked breath, and caught her next jet of hot, virile sperm over her face.

Wordless moaning filled the room as both women writhed against each other in ecstasy. Valorie spewed her load for what seemed like forever, utterly soaking herself in a glistening sheen of her own ejaculate, in addition to coating the floor around the pool in a thick layer of sticky, opaque goo. Eventually, however, even that died down, leaving them both gasping for breath and pawing at each other desperately.

Dawn was the first to regain control of her quivering muscles as she muttered breathlessly, "G-Gods'... Blood... Val..." Each of Valorie's frantic breaths dragged her slowly receding member across the hypersensitive folds of Dawn's womanhood, sending further, quaking jolts of please rocking through her consciousness.

Seemingly revitalized by the sound of Dawn's voice, Valorie uttered a shaky groan as her eyes fluttered open. She raised a trembling hand to wipe the syrupy strands of her seed from her face so that she could see. From the chest up, Valorie was plastered with a thick layer of musky, clinging fluid and it dripped from her chin as she shot an amused grin at Dawn. "As far as baths go," she breathed heavily with a chuckle, "that may have been the least productive I've ever had."

With a sigh, Dawn slid off of her perch atop Valorie into the ruined water. "Or maybe," she mused, slowly recovering her breath, "it was the most productive. It depends on what you were trying to clean." She poked Valorie in the ribs for emphasis. "Now rinse off so I can change the water and have it do any good. We do need to sleep at some point tonight."

Valorie grumbled and dipped below the surface of the murky water, scrubbing her hair and fur as best she could. After she rose, still picking strands out of her hair, Dawn uttered a phrase softly under her breath and touched the water with the index finger and thumb of each hand. Emanating in a ring from the points of contact, the water quickly cleared, leaving them both standing once more in a basin of crystal clear water. Taking the initiative, Dawn also used a murmured spell to clean Valorie's mess off of the rest of the relatively small room before letting herself sink deeper into the water in exhaustion.

Valorie let out a relaxed sigh as she finally got her breathing under control, and picked up a fresh bar of the lavender-scented soap from the side of the basin. She quickly re-lathered herself, vigorously scrubbed herself clean, and roughly scooped Dawn up in her arms, giving the apprentice the same treatment. Dawn started to protest, saying that she could clean herself, but Valorie silenced her with a soft kiss and busily worked the soap along Dawn's sumptuous curves.

When Valorie broke the kiss, Dawn growled playfully. "That's not always going to work, you kn- Ack!" Valorie unceremoniously dropped the apprentice into the water, letting her flailing rinse herself off. Dawn came up fuming, but Valorie only laughed cheerfully and hauled herself out of the water.

Standing dripping in the warm, humid air, Valorie cut an imposing figure, her long, lean body nearly brushing the tips of her elongated, equine ears against the low ceiling. Still half-hard, the mottled flesh of her thick, vascular horsecock hung to her knee, gradually receding to more manageable dimensions. Lifting her arms behind her head to avoid skinning her hands on the stone of the ceiling, Valorie stretched and flexed her muscles, her tendons popping noisily back into position as she sighed, finally feeling comfortable again.

Dawn admired Valorie's impressive musculature as it bunched and rippled under her chocolate-brown fur and likewise pulled herself out of the basin to stand next to her cheery lover. Valorie blinked and giggled when Dawn, with a whispered word, pulled the water off of their bodies and deposited it back into the pool. "Well," bubbled the peppy equine, "that explains why

you didn't bring any towels either." Valorie pulled a carefully folded cloth off of a small tray that Dawn had brought in with her and swirled the dark, silk robe around her shoulders.

The well-fitting garment hugged Valorie's curves exquisitely and she struck a pose, winking suggestively at the apprentice, who blushed fiercely. "It good to know you still remember my measurements." Valorie goaded with good humor.

Dawn's gruff facade cracked, and the apprentice was abruptly bouncing excitedly on the balls of her feet. "Oh, Valorie!" she cried, "I'm so glad you're back!" She jumped at the equine, who caught her lightly and spun, twirling her easily through the air, which was filled with the two women's laughter. Dawn's face was flushed with excitement when Valorie lowered her back to the ground. "I thought I'd never get to see the old you again."

Valorie scoffed. "Please, Dawn." she exclaimed theatrically, "I'm far too stubborn to let a nameless horror from beyond mortal comprehension keep me down." She pensively stroked a non-existent goatee. "Maybe Daryn mixed in a little mule when I wasn't looking."

A girlish giggle escaped Dawn's lips as she tossed her own silken robe over her nudity. "We'll have to thank him tomorrow before we leave."

Valorie raised her arm, letting Dawn slide her own into the crook of the equine's elbow as she escorted the apprentice out of the room. "Better be careful though, you know how he gets when people thank him for things." Dawn snorted in good-natured laughter as, contrary to the confidence with which Valorie was moving through the halls, she led the equine to a bedroom.

A pale blue magelight flickered to life as Dawn ushered Valorie into the humbly furnished room. A simple, wooden desk was pushed against a single window that overlooked the sleeping city of Southcliff, bordered on either side by tall bookshelves that reached to the ceiling, nearly overflowing with books, thick and thin. A modestly proportioned bed dominated one of the other walls, made up with satiny sheets that shined a dull red in the pale radiance.

Valorie surveyed the room, smiling gently at the contents of the space. "Is... Is this your room? Why haven't I ever been in here?"

Slipping from Valorie's side, Dawn moved to sit lightly on the edge of her bed, smoothing the wrinkles from the sheets. "There was never really any reason; it's just a bed and some dusty old books..." She patted the mattress on which she sat. "I moved this up from one of the guest rooms. My old bed wasn't nearly large enough. But if this won't do I can always go-"

"Stop right there." Valorie interrupted, moving to sit next to Dawn, the frame of the bed creaking threateningly under her bulk. Wincing, Valorie hoped it would hold as she continued. "I'd sleep on nails if it meant spending more time close to you. Now quit your crazy-talk and get me a brush, unless you want my hair to strangle us both in our sleep. I can feel it knotting."

The apprentice rolled her eyes heavily and went to a broad wardrobe set into the opposite wall. She picked up her pathetically small hairbrush and turned to face Valorie again. "How... How did you do that so quietly?" Dawn inquired, mouth agape.

In the time it had taken Dawn to locate her brush, Valorie had divested herself of her robe and lay reclined on the bed, her thick, luxuriant tail thrown roughly over her crotch, preserving her dignity, if just barely. Her forearm was pressed against her bust, hiding her dusky, pink nipples from view, while her other hand beckoned to Dawn knowingly. "Trade secret." Valorie murmured seductively, trying to pull Dawn to her through sheer erotic magnetism.

Dawn threw the brush at Valorie, who caught it easily in her free hand, tossing her golden brown hair over her shoulder and gently brushing the knots out of it. The apprentice crossed the room slowly, sliding out of her own robe as she did so, making her hips sway enticingly as she covered the distance to her bed. Valorie hesitated, and the hair covering her crotch twitched. This

just made Dawn grin as she lowered herself into her mattress. Valorie's broad frame nearly filled the available space, but the apprentice took it as an excuse to press her soft form intimately into Valorie's side

Finally clean, Valorie's natural scent, mixed with lavender filled Dawn's nostrils, and she let the familiarity of the smell and the warmth radiating from Valorie's body inundate her. Valorie brushed her hair and tail until the strands shined and flowed around her shoulders and down her legs, then wriggled herself lower into the bed, throwing the sheets over her body. After Valorie had gotten herself comfortable, Dawn flipped over onto her side and pressed her back into Valorie's abdomen. The equine just hummed appreciatively then threw her arm over Dawn's body and pulled the apprentice into her.

Dawn lost herself in the comforting warmth and the rhythmic breathing of her love as she drifted off to sleep, knowing that, with Valorie beside her, the days of whatever was causing what was happening were numbered.