

# The Return

Written By: Skabaard

Something impossibly light tickled against Valorie's consciousness, dragging her to reluctant, sluggish wakefulness. For a brief few seconds, the equine's disoriented mind scrambled for footing before it kick-started itself and Valorie's eyes fluttered open to blink blearily at the dim morning light filtering into the room through a gap in the drapes.

She began to stir, but froze when she Dawn nearly slipped off of her. Valorie lay on her back, and the still-sleeping apprentice was occupying the equine's torso, her face buried between the soft fur of Valorie's breasts. Valorie wondered for a moment how the exhausted apprentice had managed to work her way up onto her chest, but she let the thought slip from her mind as she delighted in Dawn's nude form lying prone atop her. She rested a gentle hand on the small woman's slender waist, rubbing Dawn's silky skin as her fingers drifted lower to the apprentice's hips.

Valorie smiled thoughtfully, letting her fingers drift idly over Dawn's smooth, immaculate skin. Dawn, much like her namesake, was stunningly beautiful, with a room-filling presence to rival that of the Archmage himself, only she seemed to be able to turn it off. In reality, however, the apprentice was painfully shy, despite the ease with which she was able to take command of a situation. Truthfully, Valorie thought that she was the only person with whom Dawn had ever really had a friendship, and Valorie considered herself blessed by the Gods to have had the opportunity to be that friend.

All the earthshaking power, the heart-stopping beauty, the grace, the confidence, the small, private smile Valorie had seen Dawn give to no one but her, the way she swung her long, auburn hair over her shoulder when she got frustrated, everything that Dawn was, everything that made Valorie's heart threaten to burst from the love she felt, was laying on top of her, looking fragile and delicate in the wan light that filled the room. Valorie would have laughed at the absurdity of it all if she could have without having woken Dawn. Instead she just lay there, softly stroking Dawn's shining hair, waiting for the apprentice to rouse herself from her slumber.

Valorie wanted the moment to just stretch into eternity, but eventually, Dawn twitched under Valorie's wandering fingers, and the apprentice raised her head languidly to stare blankly at Valorie through tired, amber eyes. "Oh..." the apprentice groaned incoherently, "and I thought I was sore yesterday..."

Hooking her hand under the curve of Dawn's ample rear, Valorie hauled Dawn up the length of her body until the apprentice was looking down at her, their faces inches apart. "Good morning to you too, gorgeous." Valorie said before closing the distance between their lips, planting a tender kiss on Dawn's mouth.

With a soft giggle, Dawn returned the kiss, eventually letting her tongue wander languorously between Valorie's lips, as if drawing strength from the amorous contact. After a long minute, Dawn pulled away, looking again at Valorie, her eyes glittering with delight. "I dreamt of you." she said quietly, "And it made me realize something."

"What's that?" Valorie mused, playfully pulling the apprentice down into another kiss.

Dawn let herself be drawn down, but the instant before her lips met Valorie's again, she twisted, presenting her cheek to the equine's affectionate mouth. Valorie growled and gave chase, gradually backing the apprentice's lips into a corner and pinning them under her own. Dawn

surrendered, and she clutched Valorie's head in both hands as she pressed herself passionately against the equine's muzzle.

"It made me realize..." Dawn said as she pulled back to take a breath, "It made me realize that I've been neglecting you."

Valorie snorted in disbelief, blowing Dawn's hair back from her face. "I'm serious!" said the apprentice earnestly as Valorie's freed lips traced a line down Dawn's throat. "But it's okay, because I'm going to take good care of you from here on out, and what better time to start?" Dawn let her hands fall from Valorie's head to her shoulders, gripping the strong muscles in gentle fingers. "Here I am, already naked, lying on your topless body." She leaned her head down to mirror Valorie's kisses as she made her way down the equine's neck. "It would be so easy; I could just take you, right now. I've even got you pinned down already."

At this, Valorie laughed, and faster than Valorie's mind could comprehend, Dawn acted. With a ferocity that startled the unprepared equine, Dawn dove down, pressing her full, pert lips to Valorie's with sudden passion. Valorie grunted under the force of Dawn's oral assault, the apprentice's fingers tightening on her shoulders as if to hold her down. Dawn let her legs slide off of Valorie's body, one to each side, so she could wriggle her way up the equine's torso to straddle her.

The apprentice parked her plump rear on the densely packed muscles dominating Valorie's abdomen as she leaned far over the equine's full breasts to get more leverage with which to ravage Valorie's mouth. Dawn slipped her hands free, letting her fingers play lightly along the hard lines of Valorie's powerful arms before she pressed her palms firmly into Valorie's plush bust, directly over the blushing, rosy skin of the equine's thick nipples.

Valorie let out a quiet, intrigued moan, which was all the encouragement that Dawn needed. The apprentice greedily kneaded the sumptuous flesh of Valorie's chest as she redoubled her efforts on Valorie's lips. The equine's broad tongue felt slow and clumsy compared to Dawn's agile organ as it danced eager circles around Valorie's mouth. "I know you feel pent up." said the apprentice with rising energy, pulling away long enough to let Valorie pant in increasingly ardent breaths. "I've seen the way you bite your tongue. I've seen how reluctant you are to look at me for too long. Well, here I am. Look all you want!"

Using Valorie's breasts as soft, cushiony springs, Dawn pushed herself upright, raising her arms to the sky and giving Valorie a full, frontal view of her naked form. Valorie's heart almost stopped, but instead it just sped up, shooting waves of rising heat through her veins. The equine lifted her hands to place reverent fingers on Dawn's flawless body. "That's right Val." cooed the apprentice, urging Valorie on. "Touch me! Feel how hot I get for you!" She gently laid her hands over Valorie's, not guiding, just exulting in the extra contact. "I can feel my body vibrate with need whenever my skin meets yours. Every time you so much as look at me with those gorgeous, green eyes."

A lascivious grin spread across Dawn's features as Valorie's hands drifted up to cup the luscious orbs of the apprentice's awe-inspiring bust. "Do you like them?" Dawn queried teasingly, "They like you. I never thought I could ache for someone's touch as much as I do for yours." Valorie's squeezed. "Yes, that's right, so big and soft, all for you... Squeeze them. Harder! Ngh... Yes! Can you feel how much I need you? Can you feel how hard it is for me not to ravage you every time you look at me?"

Valorie could feel Dawn's stiffening buds throbbing against her hands, and she ground her palms into the apprentice's breasts, drawing a shuddering moan from Dawn's throat. Valorie practically shook with desire. Dawn had taken the gentle, ever-present heat of her lust and stoked

it until it had become a searing inferno that now raged within her out of control. Her hands dropped slowly from Dawn's breasts to trail lightly along the apprentice's graceful curves. When Valorie's hands spread apart around the flare of Dawn's wide, plush hips, she let her fingers slip free so that they could deal with another of Valorie's growing concerns.

Quick as lightning, Dawn grabbed Valorie's hands and slapped them back down onto her hips, and Valorie whined a wordless question. "What's wrong?" Dawn asked back as her grin broadened with excitement. "Did I make your pants too tight? Are they digging in to your sensitive areas, rubbing you as you squirm underneath me?" Valorie nodded with another whine, her breathing quickly growing heavier. "Poor thing..." murmured the apprentice in reply with a pout, "I guess there's only one thing for it. You're going to have to take them off." Valorie moved to do exactly that, but once again, Dawn caught her hands and returned them to her body.

With a look of silent confusion, Valorie let her fingers be moved, this time to grope the supple flesh of Dawn's rear. As if in answer, Dawn leaned forward, hovering tantalizingly close to Valorie's lips to whisper, "I never said you could use your hands..." Sudden realization lifted Valorie's eyebrows just before Dawn finished reaching down to kiss Valorie once more.

Dawn shuddered when, after a moment of silent, slow kissing, a series of rapid, staccato pops signaled the beginning of the end for Valorie's increasingly overburdened pants. Valorie grunted into Dawn's mouth, and the apprentice only pressed herself more firmly into the supine equine. "Come on, Val." Dawn teased, pulling back enough to pant the words at Valorie with rising vitality. "You're not going to let some string get between us, are you?" Valorie clenched her teeth in answer, her body tensing under Dawn as the sounds of tortured fabric filled the room, punctuated with loud tearing sounds as Valorie's pants gave way, much to Dawn's glee.

"That's right!" whispered the apprenticed as she cupped one hand under Valorie's head, letting the other slip between them to tease playfully at the equine's puffy pink nipples. "Oh, God's Val, that sound! It screams that you want me!" She dragged herself shakily up and down Valorie's torso, grinding her crotch against Valorie's fur as her breathing grew frantic. Dawn lifted her head when Valorie worked her muzzle under the apprentice's chin to press her lips against Dawn's throat. "Don't hold yourself back;" the apprentice moaned into Valorie's twitching ear, "don't let anything ever hold you back! You're so big, and strong, nothing can stop you from taking what you want!"

Valorie groaned with sudden relief when the impossible tightness around her crotch abruptly gave way with a resounding shredding sound. Dawn trembled at the sound, seeming to take more joy from it than Valorie. "Only one thing left." Dawn murmured, and Valorie huffed as the thin, gauzy fabric Dawn had given her to wear under her pants began to constrict uncomfortably around her. Dawn's excited breaths were hot on Valorie's ears as the apprentice urged her on. "So tight!" she sighed, "And only getting tighter. Tighter and tighter, until it feels like you're going to burst, so you do! You break free, cut loose, pop! Release is sweet, explosive relief, but only the beginning of your ecstasy!" Dawn's breath came in short, ragged gasps, her skin burned with excited desire. "Cut loose the beast, Valorie. Set it free so we can play!"

Arching her back and lifting her hips several inches off the bed with the force of her strain, Valorie's lips parted in a feral snarl, and with a loud twanging pop, the last barrier between Valorie's loins and the open air split apart. Valorie's huge, bestial cock, thick and heavy with blood, sprang forth, arcing up and over to slap wetly against Dawn's bare back.

When Valorie's flesh met with Dawn's, the apprentice stiffened and let out a choked mewling cry, her womanhood splattering feminine fluids against Valorie's chest in orgasm. Valorie froze, looking with surprise at the panting apprentice. Dawn looked back, hunger

burning in her shining, amber eyes. "Your turn." she growled, shivering as she felt Valorie's growing length inching its way up her back as it swelled larger.

Hands on Valorie's breasts for support, Dawn rocked back and forth, massaging Valorie's gradually expanding girth between her shoulder blades until it's stiffness won out against its weight and it lifted ponderously off of the apprentice's back. Dawn grinned and whispered down to Valorie, "Stay right there, I'll be back in a minute." The apprentice then lifted her legs and spun to face the intrusive organ as it slowly surged upright with every beat of Valorie's thundering heart.

Almost gingerly, Dawn laid a hand on it, resting her fingers on its hot, mottled flesh. She scooted down the length of Valorie's body until her crotch met its base and she could feel it throb along her entire torso as it pushed her breasts apart around it and stretched upward to meet Dawn's chin. She squished her breasts around it and undulated her body, coaxing more blood into Valorie's enormous member with the blissful softness of her chest. When it had lengthened enough, she pressed her mouth to its broad, flared head, running a line of tender kisses down its length while tracing a thick vein as it throbbed under her lips. Valorie was moaning now, and Dawn could feel the equine's hands on her body, groping and squeezing. Eventually, Dawn could no longer reach the tip, and its stiffening girth was pushing even Dawn's impressive breasts apart contemptuously. Harder and harder it swelled, pulsing greedily until it reached it's full, intimidating length, towering over the apprentice's head.

Valorie was ready, and so was Dawn. "Tell me, Valorie." Dawn asked, pulling her lips away from the equine flesh in her hands. "Has anyone ever told you to fuck yourself?"

Valorie laughed weakly. "More times than I can count." she answered, her voice shaking with passion.

"Have you ever thought about what it would feel like?" Dawn wondered, her voice full of false innocence as her fingers played along Valorie's mass.

"What do you mean?" Valorie said with a suspicious snort.

Dawn's turned back hiding her mischievous grin, she replied, "I mean hold still and watch." The apprentice took hold of Valorie's girth, her fingers unable to encircle its circumference as she worked her hands over its taut surface. After a deep, relaxing breath, Dawn began to chant a complex rhyme in a language she didn't understand, but did recognize.

It made Valorie nervous, Dawn working magic with her hands on the equine's dick as they were, but trust and curiosity outweighed caution, and Valorie waited patiently, enjoying the feeling of Dawn's slender fingers on her burning skin. Eventually, the apprentice let her voice drift off, and she let out a satisfied sigh. "Alright." she said, "Step one, complete. On to step two."

Sliding off of Valorie's body, Dawn hopped off the bed to her feet, and Valorie marveled in the apprentice's stunning beauty while she muttered another series of words under her breath. The air in front of Dawn began to glow a familiar, pale blue, and Valorie felt a tingle run down the length of her stiff, equine tool. The light seemed to coalesce, brightening as it condensed, and Valorie gaped at what she saw taking shape.

Letting the last word free to impel the magic she was using, Dawn opened her eyes and inspected her creation. Hovering directly in front of the apprentice's critical eye was a perfect scale model of Valorie's throbbing cock, exact down to every vein and contour, only colored a solid, opaque blue. Shifting her gaze from real to fake several times, Dawn ensured herself of the quality of the model before giving Valorie a pleased smile. "Pretty neat, right?"

"Y-you... You made a dildo out of me?" Valorie stammered, lifting herself onto her elbows to get a better look at it. It was smaller than her real length, perhaps just more than a third as large, leaving it still nearly as long as her forearm, and as thick as her wrist.

"As if..." Dawn scoffed. "This is hardly some stupid sex toy." The apprentice rested a hand on her hip, throwing the proud curve out to tease Valorie. "This is a DAMN good sex toy. Allow me to demonstrate." Almost casually, Dawn reached out to pluck the pale blue construct from the air.

Valorie let out a shocked gasp. She could feel it. Dawn wrapped her slim fingers partway around its girth, and a ghostly pressure manifested on Valorie's genuine member, scaled up to full size. Dawn giggled at Valorie's reaction and ran her tongue up the underside of the length in her hand. Valorie moaned and bucked her hips as she felt a giant tongue glide smoothly up her oversized, equine mast.

With a sly grin, Dawn turned to face Valorie, pumping a hand slowly up and down the glowing, blue dildo. "I'm going to ask again, now that we're on the same page. Have you ever wondered... what it would feel like... to fuck yourself?"

Her eyes wide with wonder, Valorie's heavy, panting breaths caught in her throat, her mind desperately trying to process the implications of the question in light of the new possibilities. Growing impatient, Dawn ran her tongue in small circles around the crown of the faux penis, encouraging Valorie to make a decision.

Hardly needing to verbalize an answer, Valorie sprang from the bed to her feet, making Dawn stumble back a step as the equine spun through the air nearly slapping the apprentice with her dick as it swung. Valorie grinned over her shoulder at Dawn as she finished tearing her pants off of her legs and bent over the bed, squishing her full, heavy breasts into the mattress and lifting her broad, firm ass into the air on the balls of her feet, exposing to Dawn the lust-parted lips of her eager pussy before her long, golden brown tail hid it from view once more. Valorie's swollen cock hung down between her legs, nearly reaching the ground, and as Valorie spread her thick, muscular thighs and held her tail to the side to give Dawn a better view, the tip of it actually brushed against the floorboards.

An impish smile crawled across Dawn's face as she mumbled, "I'll take that as a yes." The apprentice stepped forward slowly, and Valorie wiggled her hips excitedly, swaying the cheeks of her tight ass in Dawn's face and causing the melon-sized testicles in Valorie's furry scrotum to swing from side to side. "Gods' Blood, Valorie." said the apprentice in a reverent whisper, "As soon as I figure out how to screw someone with an ass, I want yours inside of me."

Valorie mumbled her agreement. She had always been proud of her impressive backside, and her equine transformation a year prior had not done any harm. Supported by the lean, corded muscle of her powerful thighs and sitting below the corrugated abs that lined the equine's narrow waist, Valorie's hips and rear flared out to glorious proportions, kept taut and perky by the dense muscles that lurked under her inviting curves and warm, chocolate brown fur.

Dawn tried to keep her worshipful admiration to a minimum as she approached, lifting Valorie's tail to the side and draping it over her shoulder as she leaned an arm on Valorie's hip, inspecting her prize. Valorie's womanhood was full and engorged, its lips parted and eager, glistening with beads of clear lubricant. "Nice and slick..." Dawn mused aloud, "But we'd better play it safe, I may have still made it too big." She pursed her lips thoughtfully, her eyes glittering as Valorie tossed her hair around to look at the apprentice over her shoulder. She winked at Valorie as she pointed her finger in the air in mock discovery. "Ah I know!"

Patting the swell of Valorie's ass lovingly, Dawn hopped up onto the bed next to her lover, answering Valorie's questioning glance with a smile and a "Stay right there. I just need to lube this up a bit." She leaned back against Valorie, one arm thrown over her hip and across her back to brace herself. "Truth is, Valorie," Dawn said casually between deep, preparatory breaths, "There's something I've never had a convenient opportunity to demonstrate to you, so pay attention."

Clamping her fingers down on the hard muscle of Valorie's back, she hissed a breath through her teeth as she pressed the tip of the luminescent dildo against the entrance of her well-slicked pussy. Valorie and Dawn moaned as one as, with pressure that bordered on painful, the broad, flat head of Valorie's model dick slipped into the apprentice, stretching her walls impossibly wide. The next bit slid in even more reluctantly, and Valorie whimpered with the strain of holding herself still as Dawn gradually fed inch after thick, throbbing inch into herself.

Dawn's pussy, still soaked with her slippery girlcum, oozed a thin stream onto the surface of the opaque sex toy as she slid it with increasing difficulty into herself. Dawn could feel Valorie's muscles fluttering underneath her arm. "Tight!" the equine whined. "Oh Gods, so tight!" Valorie could only mumble the single word over and over under her breath as, with a titanic effort, Dawn managed to work the entire length of the faux dick into her clenching depths.

Holding it there for a moment, letting her muscles contract spasmodically around its girth, Dawn slowly began to slide it free of herself. It came out much more readily than it went in, and after a long, protracted moan from both women, Dawn held the slicked length in both her hands, panting with exertion.

"Holy... Fucking... Shit..." Valorie breathed, her arms wobbly. "What... What the fuck... was that?"

Dawn slid off the bed, stepping back around to get at Valorie's impatient pussy. "A taste of things... to come." she said mysteriously, trying to get her breathing back under control before she went to work. "Now try to hold still and enjoy yourself." She let out a short giggle. "Literally."

The sturdy muscles of Valorie's thighs bulged apprehensively against her furred skin as Dawn rested the head of the equine's scaled-down horsecock against the quivering lips of Valorie's eager womanhood. The equine whined restlessly and pushed herself backwards, trying to encourage Dawn to give her what she wanted, but the apprentice pulled back with her, teasing her with gently probing thrusts that pressed tenderly into Valorie's sensitive flesh. "I told you to hold still." Dawn chided flirtatiously, "We'll never get anywhere if you keep wriggling like that."

Heaving a steadying breath, and bracing herself on the bed, Valorie groaned in acceptance of her fate. "Much better." said the coquettish apprentice. Valorie hissed an ardent moan through her teeth as, with light but insistent pressure, Dawn pressed forward, burying the first few inches of the luminous toy into the equine's greedy pussy. Slowly but eagerly, Dawn shoved every inch into Valorie's waiting passage. Leaving it there for a moment to let Valorie acclimate to its girth, the apprentice wondered in mock curiosity, "What does it feel like, Val, to bury yourself in something tight and hot while getting filled to bursting?" With her free hand, the apprentice fondly groped the firm muscle of Valorie's upraised ass as she gave the smooth fur a loving kiss. "I bet it feels... orgasmic."

Valorie shuddered as Dawn pulled out until only the tip of the life-like construct throbbed between her lower lips. The apprentice continued to fondle Valorie's rear almost absentmindedly as she pushed back in, stretching the equine's inner walls and pulling a choked moan through Valorie's clenched teeth. With slow rhythmic motions and a sly grin, Dawn began to piston

Valorie in and out of herself, much to the spasming equine's apparent delight. With each muffled squeal of pleasure Dawn managed to drag out of Valorie, Dawn increased the tempo of her motions, until the apprentice was ramming the glowing dildo through the fluttering muscles that flexed powerfully around its thick length.

Turning her attention from Valorie's beautiful, perfect ass, Dawn let her focus drop downward, past her pistoning arm. The apprentice took a knee, bracing herself against Valorie's leg, continuing her assault on the equine's womanhood as she fixed a critical eye on Valorie's heavily laden scrotum. She laid her free hand gingerly onto the taut, furred skin directly over one of Valorie's swollen testicles. Dawn could feel the equine's heartbeat throb just under her hand and the apprentice could practically hear the gurgling as the huge orbs prepared their load. With delicate fingers, Dawn rubbed her palm gleefully over the surface of Valorie's straining sac, eventually cupping her arm underneath it, hefting its weight and pressing the soft mass of her breasts into the equally-sized globes of the equine's throbbing balls.

She leaned down to brush her lips tenderly against the silky fur, and felt cold surprise wash through her. They were getting bigger! Not quickly, but Dawn could feel them swelling incrementally larger with each of Valorie's thunderous heartbeats. Dawn picked up the pace of her pistoning arm when she could eventually visibly see them changing size, growing heavier in her arm as they stretched Valorie's skin even more tightly around them.

"Dawn... I-Hngh!" Valorie grunted through a shuddering breath, "I-I can't... I'm going to-Oh Gods!"

With as much ferocious strength as her tiny fame could muster, Dawn shoved the luminescent sex toy into Valorie, burying its length between her legs as her body tensed with the first wave of her orgasm. Dawn let out an exhilarated laugh as Valorie buried her face in the mattress, muffling a ragged scream as she emptied her lungs in rapturous ecstasy. The testicles in Dawn's arm twitched violently, and Valorie genuine member distended as she shot her first thick rope of scorching seed against the floorboards with enough force to splatter it up onto her legs. Dawn tried to pull the faux phallus from Valorie, but couldn't fight against the strength of the equine's walls as they clenched down on it, holding it in her with desperate force.

The next blast of pearlescent cum shot from Valorie to add to the quickly spreading puddle that washed against Dawn's knees like a miniature, white tidal wave. The tension in Valorie's muscles made them stand out, rock hard against her fur as Dawn tried in vain to pull out of the equine's shuddering form. Giving up, the apprentice let her hands go to Valorie's pulsing testicles, kneading them adoringly in her slender fingers as they began to slowly deflate.

Valorie shook as each furious contraction rocked through her body, her walls rippling hungrily around what felt like her steel-hard length as it added jet after jet of pearly-white jizz to the puddle that flowed across the floor. After what seemed like an eternity, however, the flow from Valorie's enormous, equine member slowed to a dribble, and she collapsed limply onto the mattress, her torso lying on the bed as her chest heaved with deep, panting breaths. With idly wandering fingers, Dawn rubbed the hot, thick seed Valorie had splashed onto her into her skin, and reached up, finally managing to pull the luminous model of Valorie's dick from between her legs, Valorie's wheezing a quiet shaky moan as she did so.

With a steadying hand on Valorie's thick rump, Dawn hauled herself to her feet to lean heavily on the equine's broad hips. She idly tossed the model of Valorie's softening member back over her shoulder, where it broke apart into motes of glowing, pale blue light that blinked out of existence. "Gods' Blood, Valorie," she said with exaggerated shock, "there has to be gallons of

this stuff! It's going to take me at least..." she paused, her finger raised in thought, "oh... three minutes to clean all this up!"

Lying limply on the bed as she slowly recovered, Valorie's ears swiveled back to listen to the apprentice mumble several strings of words under her breath, doing, the equine supposed, exactly what she had said she would. Dawn graciously allowed Valorie the opportunity to get her breathing back under control before she slapped her palm firmly on the equine's still upraised rear. "Alright! Morning workout over!" Dawn cried, moving to the window to throw open the heavy drapes, letting the bright morning sun fill the room. "Up and at 'em!"

Valorie stirred sluggishly, pushing herself slowly upright, turning around to face the giddy apprentice. Dawn threw the bundled cloth of Valorie's repaired clothes at her as she sashayed, hips swaying, over to Valorie's side. The apprentice looked up earnestly at the equine before she wrapped her arms tenderly around Valorie's waist. "I love you, Valorie." Dawn said with quiet confidence, "Thank you... so much."

Laying a hand on Dawn's shoulder, Valorie returned the embrace with a thoughtful hum, "For what?"

Dawn smiled up at her lover, a small warm smile that brought a happy grin to Valorie's face. "Everything, Val. Just everything."

A chuckle bubbled up from Valorie's chest as the equine hooked a hand under Dawn's plump rear, lifting her into the air to plant a soft kiss on her smiling lips. Dawn hummed happily, leaning into the intimate contact for a few seconds before pulling away to say playfully, "How about you make yourself decent and go get us something hot to eat? I'm starving."

Dawn flew through the air with a yelp as Valorie tossed her onto the bed. The apprentice fixed Valorie with a grumpy scowl as she tossed her hair out of her face. Valorie stuck out her tongue at Dawn as the equine began the process of pulling on the thin, sheer fabric that trapped her now flaccid member against her crotch. Then went on the matching bra, as if Valorie's proud breasts needed any extra support, followed by the light blue fabric of her long-sleeved blouse. Valorie eyed Dawn's wry grin suspiciously as she slipped her legs through the appropriate holes of her pants.

"What the..." Valorie questioned uncertainly. "Did you make these things even tighter?" Valorie had to bounce up and down on her feet to squeeze her hips into the warm, black fabric, only managing it because of her smooth, silky fur.

Dawn sniffed, "Maybe... I didn't want anything to chafe. But don't worry, I strengthened the fabric, so it will hold... most of the time." she winked at the equine, who sighed heavily.

"Chafe... yeah right." Valorie mumbled, disbelieving. "I think you just want to stare at my ass some more."

Dawn hopped up from the bed, grinning widely. "I can hardly be held responsible for any happy side-effects that may arise." She giggled girlishly, "Arise..."

Valorie groaned wordlessly, tugging her shirt straight on her shoulders before she swept out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

Leering at Valorie's receding curves before the door cut off her vision, Dawn took a deep breath, leaning heavily against the high, wooden table. "Gods' Blood, I'm sore!" she muttered to herself. With a grimace, she stretched her tense, overworked muscles, trying to work out the kinks that had developed over a week of constant walking and an hour of constant orgasm, as nice as it may have been at the time. With a whispered word, Dawn cleaned last night's mess from the mattress before she sat down on the bed to massage her aching legs.



Valorie was right; the apprentice was trimming up nicely. Tight, lean muscles had developed under the skin of Dawn's shapely legs, and the way they flexed promised more should Dawn continue to work them. Dawn even considered it, if doing so would make them eventually stop hurting. For the time being, however, Dawn kneaded the knots of tension out of them as best as she could, before rising sinuously to her feet and moving over to the pack.

She pulled from it a brush and a new set of clothes. Her last one was still missing in action. She ran the brush through her hair, letting the rhythmic motion relax her until she had worked out all the tangles that had formed over her long night and her thick, auburn hair shone golden in the sunlight. Dawn tossed the brush back in the pack and pulled on her clothes. A tight, supporting garment, similar to the one she had made Valorie, went over her full, pliant breasts to keep them from swinging uncomfortably if she had to move quickly, followed by a dark green blouse to compliment the hue of Valorie's heavy cloak and bright, shining eyes. She slipped her legs through a long, dark grey skirt that swirled around her ankles, and then pulled on a pair of thick socks before she slid her feet into her sturdy boots, lacing them up expertly.

When Valorie returned bearing a tray with two plates piled high with breakfast offerings and a pitcher of steaming liquid, she found the apprentice sitting in a chair, cross-legged, with her head bowed in concentration. Dawn raised her head slowly to glance happily at the equine as she set the tray heavily on the table. "Is that tea?" the apprentice asked excitedly.

"I figured it's a bit too early to get completely wasted." Valorie answered, "And you did ask for something hot."

Dawn didn't bother verbalizing an answer, instead electing to pull one of the plates forward and dig in with gusto befitting a person twice Dawn's size. "So..." Dawn wondered around a bite of moist, flaky biscuit, "Get any weird looks?"

Valorie's eyebrows lowered in confusion, before she let out a surprised grunt. "No wonder they were looking at me like I'd grown a third leg!" Valorie laughed. "I uh... I guess I just forgot about it. There's goes that secret."

Dawn's eyes glimmered. "It was a silly secret anyway. I, for one, like it." She took a sip of hot, herbal tea, rubbing her leg against Valorie's under the table.

Growling a warning to the amorous apprentice, Valorie withdrew her leg from Dawn's reach. "None of that now, or we'll be here all day. We do have somewhere to be going, you know."

With a crestfallen pout, Dawn nodded. "Yeah, but that doesn't mean we can't enjoy the trip."

"But it does mean we have to actually travel at some point."

Huffing her resignation, Dawn quickly finished the intimidating mound of food that was on the plate, draining her cup as Valorie likewise returned her plate to the tray. They stood as one, Dawn offering to help Valorie buckle on her shining, Dragonsilver armor. When the equine was suited up, standing there in the morning light, striking an imposing figure, Dawn hoisted the pack lightly onto her shoulders, ushering Valorie from the room in front of her.

They made their way down into the inn's common room, the large space much less rowdy than it had been the previous night. Sheb, the massive, bovine innkeeper leaned placidly on the bar, a new, dark red shirt stretched tightly over his enormous, bulky frame. The bartender smiled and waved at them as they descended the stairs, and Valorie walked over to speak to him in a low, murmuring tone.

His eyes widened, looking shocked as Valorie whispered up into his long, cow-like ears. He glanced over to Dawn, then back to Valorie with a concerned expression. He rolled his

shoulders in a muted question, nodding at Valorie's hushed answer. He nodded again, more emphatically, whispering and trading a firm handshake with Valorie, who laughed and slapped him on the arm. The equine turned to go, tossing Sheb a small pouch that clinked softly as the bartender caught it.

"What was that all about?" Dawn asked when Valorie sauntered back over to her.

"Just taking care of some unfinished business, that's all." Valorie said innocently. "Your scaly green friend shouldn't bother you anymore. He was still out cold in the room when I went down for breakfast, unfortunately not drowned in his own drool. Sheb's letting him stay here until the county guard can show up." She laced her fingers together with a smug look. "I also may have needed to pay him for the damage I caused."

Valorie offered Dawn her hand and the apprentice took it eagerly. "You know, I could just go up there and fix the door." she said with a hint of mirth.

"Not happening." Valorie said, ushering Dawn toward the inn's heavy front door. "Besides, Sheb needs some excitement in his life every now and then." Practically pushing the door open with Dawn's body, Valorie showed Dawn out into the cool, spring morning. Valorie pulled in a deep breath, throwing her cloak open to catch the gentle breeze, letting it flap behind her as the equine struck a heroic pose.

"Yes, yes, quite the epic shadow you cast." said Dawn dryly. "Now let's go before I start to cramp."

"Buzzkill..." Valorie mumbled under her breath.

Dawn shoved against Valorie's back, goading her into moving. "Hardly... I'm just now remembering how far we still have to walk..."

Despite the apprentice's complaining, the pair of them made good time as they trekked southwards. Nearly two weeks passed them by as they marched across the rolling hills and flat prairies of the southern plains. Eventually however, they were forced to stop, the intimidating darkness of a massive forest standing in the distance, right in their way.

Taking the opportunity to rest her hands on her knees, Dawn panted, "Is... is this place?"

Valorie scrutinized the treeline, her hand held over her eyes to shield them from the midday sun. "Yeah..." she sighed tiredly. She pointed. "If we follow that river south, it'd lead us right to the place where... I... I'd like to avoid it, if at all possible."

"Can we go around?" Dawn queried, pulling a rolled-up map from her pack.

With a shake of her head, Valorie turned towards her. "We could go part way around, but we'd eventually have to enter the trees, this forest runs straight into the jungle in a few day's travel.

Unrolling the map carefully to study it, Dawn hummed thoughtfully. "Okay then... Well... Dryad's powers only stretch to within a few miles of their home trees. If we bear southwest, through these hills, we should be able to stay well away from her domain without adding weeks to our travel time."

Valorie leaned over Dawn's shoulder, glancing at the proposed route before grunting her acceptance. "As if there's much choice otherwise."

The two women skirted west as far around the forest as they dared before plunging into it, confident that they would be beyond the dryad's influence. Dawn kept a careful watch for any signs of magic, but as the sun set on their first day under the trees, there seemed to be nothing to worry about but the occasional stinging insect or rain carved gully they had to hop over.

When dawn drifted over the world the following morning, however, the apprentice froze in her bedroll at what she saw had occurred over the night. She scrabbled from the warmth of her

blanket, throwing herself over Valorie's body, slapping her hands over Valorie's eyes as they shot open in surprise at the sudden movement. "Valorie..." Dawn said quietly with forced calm. "Don't freak out... but we might be in a bit of trouble."

Valorie didn't move, instead deciding to ask cautiously, "How much trouble, exactly?"

"I don't know yet, but I'm going to guess... a lot." Dawn whimpered.

Growling, Valorie pushed Dawn off of her to sit up and take a look at her surroundings. "Oh..." Valorie mumbled, her heart dropping, sinking a cold stone of fear into her gut. Around the small clearing where they had made camp for the night stood a tight ring of trees, their trunks pressed almost solidly together, forming a round wall around them, broken only by what looked like a narrow entrance. Wane sunlight filtered through the canopy, so muted Valorie couldn't tell what time it was, or even if it was morning past the thick thatch of branches that had grown over them.

"B-But... but we were safe!" Valorie reasoned to herself, "We... w-we were going to make it!" Valorie jumped to her feet, slinging the sword that had lain next to her from its scabbard as she stood. "That's not fair! We were supposed to make it!" The equine charged the nearest woody wall with a cry of outrage and swung her sword with fear-fueled violence. Impelled by Valorie's powerful body, the sword bit deeply into the bark of one of the trees, but as Valorie pulled it out to swing again, the flesh of the tree flowed back together, sealing the wound off as if it had never happened. Not letting this stop her from trying again, Valorie whipped the sword through the air to slam it into the tree once more. Again and again Valorie mercilessly hammered the tree, screeching, "Why didn't I bring an axe?! Why the fuck didn't I bring an axe?!"

Valorie battered the tree with such force, eventually she began to make headway against whatever force kept it regenerating, and with one last savage swing, Valorie sliced the tree's trunk in two, and it began to fall ominously inward, its branches snapping free of the thatch above the two women. Shifting her grip on the sword, Valorie took a step back from the remains of the tree's trunk and, bending her knees in preparation, caught the falling tree across her shoulders before heaving mightily, hurling the tree clear over the shocked apprentice's head to crash noisily against the far wall of the wooden prison. Stepping back up, Valorie screamed in primal rage as she slammed the sword into the tree's ruined stump, then walked away to sink dejectedly against the smooth bark of another trunk.

Dawn walked silently over to the hole in the wooden wall, peering through it to gaze at the round bole of another thick tree pressed up against its fallen brother's stump. With a heavy sigh, the apprentice stepped over to where Valorie had seated herself, the equine's knees pulled up against her chest and her head resting forlornly on her knees. Dawn slid her back down a tree to sit next to Valorie, laying a comforting hand on the equine's arm. "Feel better?" Dawn asked innocently.

With a shake of her head, Valorie croaked. "No, not really." The equine's voice wavered, and Valorie looked down at Dawn, tears glistening in the corners of her eyes. "I don't know what to do, Dawn."

Dawn had never seen Valorie afraid before. It rocked the apprentice to her core. "Well, I told you not to freak out. But that request went to pieces pretty quickly." Dawn tried to give Valorie a strong, confident smile as she reached up to wipe the tears from the equine's shining green eyes. "I guess there's only really one thing to do. We're going to get ready for the day, like we would any morning, and then we're going to go through that very obvious exit and deal with what the universe decides to throw at us, with what we've got to work with." She leaned into

Valorie's side, trying to push confidence through her skin, to let Valorie know she trusted her through sheer contact alone. "Sound like a plan?"

Sighing, Valorie nodded slowly. "Sounds more like a way of life than a course of action, but yeah, I've got your back." She stood, pulling Dawn up with her, and then marched over to the stump to pull her sword, with some difficulty, from the remains of the ruined tree. She inspected its edge carefully before sliding it back home into its scabbard. She straightened her clothes on her, laced her heavy boots onto her feet, and with Dawn's help, buckled herself into the gleaming Argentum armor the Archmage had given her.

They struck camp quickly, then ventured through the narrow gap in the wall of trunks. The walls continued in two parallel lines that seemed to stretch off into the horizon. "Gee, I wonder where this leads to..." Valorie muttered morosely. Dawn slipped her fingers through Valorie's, the equine returning the fond embrace eagerly, drawing strength from the loving contact. "Well, let's get this over with."

Dawn and Valorie walked in companionable silence through the dim light that trickled weakly through the leaves of the canopy above them. After what seemed like forever, the two were able to tell a change was taking place as the pair neared their inevitable destination. The radiance that suffused the air around them gradually took on a violet hue, as the leaves of the trees around them grew thick and fleshy, tinted a lewd purple. The bark of the trees became thick and black, deeply rutted with rough, ridged protrusions.

When Valorie could actually see the end of the woody tunnel, she stopped Dawn with a hand out to the side. She puffed out her cheeks around a steadying breath. "Okay... there's going to be these, vine... rope... tendril things. I need you keep them off of me." She looked down at Dawn, who smiled encouragingly up at her. "Dawn... listen, I don't... I don't know-"

Dawn silenced her with a gentle squeeze of the equine's hand. "It's alright Valorie..." she said with utter confidence, "You do whatever you need to. I've got you covered."

Valorie wrapped her arms around the smaller woman in a tender embrace. "Thank you, Dawn." Valorie's mouth set itself in a line of grim determination, her long, equine ears perked up and forward as she led the way to the waiting opening in the endless walls of trees. Stepping through, she swept her eyes across the familiar clearing. It hadn't changed much while she was gone. The water of the river flowed placidly by, uncaring of what had taken place by the shore. The enormous willow dominated the clearing, its rough bark black and thorned, and its branches thin and whip-like, covered in fleshy purple leaves.

Stepping forward to the center of the large, open space, the branches of the huge tree shifted in a nonexistent breeze as Valorie called out, "Alright, Salixia! You've got me back! Now come out so I can give you what you want!"

There was a quiet rustling, and Dawn and Valorie spun around to see the corrupted dryad standing a few paces away, her body still transformed from the vile energy she had absorbed from Valorie the last time they had met. Salixia ran a finger up the smooth, purple flesh of her meaty hip to clutch her enormous breast in her palm, squeezing it vigorously and causing a thin stream of thick, sweet-smelling fluid to ooze from the ruddy purple tip of her engorged nipple. A pair of shiny black horns sprouted from her forehead, curling back over her skull. Long, purple-leafed tresses hung down from her scalp, and the dryad smiled, showing rows of viciously sharp teeth as she spoke.

"I knew you would return, mortal." Salixia said confidently, her voice deep and trembling with unbridled desire. She beckoned Valorie forward, and, pushing Dawn behind her, the equine began to cover the distance between her and the dryad with long, slow steps, her teeth clenched

in a snarl of defiant rage. "Yes..." Salixia continued, "It is good you have remembered your place, mortal. It would not have-"

Coming within range, Valorie threw her gauntleted fist up into the side of Salixia's face. The dryad stumbled back a step, raising her hand to her jaw in muted shock. Salixia's jaw hung limply, the tender wood that made up the dryad's body having snapped under the force of the blow. The dryad's hand occupied, Valorie's next punch smashed against Salixia's midriff, the wood splitting violently as the dryad was thrown back another step.

"You think you're scary?!" Valorie shouted at the surprised dryad, "Just because you grew horns and got a few feet taller?! Please! I've taken shits more intimidating than you!" She threw another punch, widening the split she had opened in the Dryad's abdomen. "You think I ran because I was afraid?! No! I ran because I had more important things to worry about than some horny plant!"

Valorie threw her arm again, but Salixia caught her fist with hers. Acting immediately, Valorie spun, bringing her other hand savagely against Salixia's elbow, folding the dryad's arm backward with a rough, wooden snap. "I was going to let you be!" the equine ranted, "But you couldn't control yourself, could you?!" Salixia's glowing, violet eyes gleamed in anger, and Valorie saw more than a dozen thin tendrils dropping from the canopy, lashing toward her like writhing serpents.

Her righteous fury dulled for a moment with pride when, before the slender vines could come close to threatening her, they met with a wall of searing heat that baked them to ashes instantly. The dryad paused once again in confusion, and Valorie took the opportunity to tear herself free of Salixia's shattered arm and throw an uppercut that lifted the dryad from the ground, throwing her through the air to land on her back.

Valorie stepped forward with a menacing growl. "How DARE you do that to me! I begged you. I BEGGED you! And you tied me up and RAPED me!" Salixia struggled to sit up, rubbing her jaw as the damage was slowly repaired. Valorie hurled her leg up, her plated knee pounding into the dryad's face, throwing her back to the ground. "At least after that you changed! After that it made sense! I could forgive it if you did it because something evil was controlling your mind! But it wasn't!"

Salixia's voluptuous body writhed on the ground, and Valorie glared at her, daring the dryad to try to get up again. She did, and Valorie kicked her back down, screaming, "I thought dryads were supposed to be kind! Compassionate! Where was that for me?! What gave you the right to force on me what you thought I needed?!" Salixia moaned softly, but not in pain, her hands caressing the sealing cracks that Valorie had bludgeoned into her body with lustful fingers.

Valorie turned on her. "Like that?! Well, as long as you're enjoying yourself, allow me to help!" The equine reached down, grabbing the dryad around her ankle and viciously jerked upward with her boot planted firmly on Salixia's knee. The dryad's leg snapped, folding up through the air as Valorie straightened her back.

Salixia gasped, panting through clenched teeth, "Yes, mistress! Shove me into the dirt! I am only something to be toyed with! Use me!"

Valorie jerked, and Dawn thought the dryad's leg was going to separate from her body. Instead, Salixia's heavy frame flipped limply through the air to thud heavily onto her back once more. "Use you? USE YOU?!" Valorie screeched, "FINE! If you want it so bad, you can have it!" The equine wedged her strong fingers underneath the polished surface of her breastplate and flexed. The sturdy leather straps that held the Argentum to her body snapped loudly, and Valorie

tossed the plate away to clatter loudly to the ground. She gave the same treatment to the knee-length skirt that hung from her hips.

Spreading her long, shapely thighs in a gesture of submission, Salixia put on display her drooling pussy as Valorie dropped to her knees. The action seemed only to enrage the equine further, and she pulled her fist back behind her head before smashing it down into Salixia's lust-parted lips with cruel strength. Salixia squealed, her legs thrashing around Valorie as she battered the dryad's gushing womanhood. "Hold still!" Valorie growled as she gripped the fabric stretched taut over the seam-straining bulge in her pants and pulled, easily shredding the burdened cloth.

Shaking the gauntlet free from her hand, Valorie shoved her arm up to the elbow into the dryad's slick depths, digging around violently until she pulled out, her arm completely soaked in Salixia's aromatic secretions. With the moistened hand, Valorie wrapped her fingers around the rapidly ballooning girth of her enormous, equine member, stroking herself to hardness and making sure to coat its entire surface with the slick fluid. Before she had come close to reaching full mast, Valorie reached both hands underneath Salixia's hips, lifting her lower body off the ground and giving herself a prime angle as she laid the ardently throbbing length of her masculine flesh atop Salixia's outer lips, letting her still-swelling girth push them apart in preparation.

Dawn's breath caught in her throat, and she turned away when, with an impatient grunt, Valorie shoved her entire, expanding length into the dryad's abused pussy. The apprentice knew that it was going to go this way, and she tried to tell herself once again that Valorie needed this, but Dawn didn't need to watch it happen. She kept a wary eye on the canopy above them, but after Salixia's submission, the serpentine willow branches had ceased their assault. Dawn wished they hadn't; she'd like to burn something. She could hear the dryad stammering incoherently, and Valorie violently growling for her to shut up.

She pulled in a deep breath. Maybe this was a mistake, but Dawn wanted Valorie to have closure. The apprentice had certainly wanted just to turn the entire clearing into a scorched, smoking crater of blasted earth, with nothing left of the dryad but ashes and cinders, and Dawn still considered it. It's what her master would have done, albeit probably more spectacularly. Dawn sighed. She wasn't fooling herself. It would have been Daryn's last resort too, violence always was. The Archmage would have probably talked the dryad to death, or maybe-

Cold, sudden realization suddenly washed through her. Her mouth gaped open, and she slapped her palm to her forehead in shock. That was it! Why didn't she think of it earlier? She should have realized the possibilities that morning in the inn, when she had cast her first spell around Valorie's addition. Dawn lacked the raw, magical power of her master, but she more than matched the Archmage in finesse. With Valorie's help she could do it!

She spun excitedly, her mind dully registering the sight of Valorie pounding herself in and out of the pinned dryad. She shoved the image out of her mind, she needed to focus. She started the required spell, muttering the alien syllables of the language of magic under her breath as she slowly approached the rutting equine. From the familiar cadence of Valorie's breathing, she was nearing the limits of her endurance, and would reach her orgasm just in time. Dawn could feel the air seemed to thicken around her with the energy she was calling into play as she increased the tempo of her chanting.

With the spell primed, all Dawn needed to do was touch Valorie as she peaked, and the magic would do the rest. As Valorie grunted one last urgent breath, Dawn rested her hand on the back of the equine's shoulder, and with a silent prayer to whatever Gods were listening, released the spell. The tightness in the air snapped away with a sudden, audible pop, and Valorie threw

her head back, screaming with the force of her release. An invisible concussion shot through the clearing, flattening the grass around them as a crack like thunder shuddered through the air.

Dawn lurched backward, raising her hand to shield her eyes from a blindingly brilliant flash of clean, white light that filled the air around Valorie. The painfully bright radiance died away with reluctant slowness, but eventually, Dawn could make out Valorie, shuddering as she pulled herself from the insensate dryad. The equine rose on shaky legs, stumbling over to Dawn to wrap her arms around the apprentices slim shoulders, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Dawn... I-I didn't... I don't know..." Valorie stammered shakily. "Please don't... I couldn't... sh-she would have... Oh Gods, I'm sorry!"

Wrapping her arms around the equine's lithe, muscular waist, Dawn returned Valorie's embrace with reassuring tenderness. 'It's okay, Val.' Dawn said softly. "I told you to do whatever you needed to do." The apprentice laced her fingers together behind Valorie's neck to pull her down to eye level. She kissed the equine calmly on the cheek, using a slender finger to wipe away Valorie's tears and pressing the equine's muzzle into her shoulder as Valorie trembled against her. Legs wobbling traitorously, Valorie collapsed to her knees, and she wailed her sorrow into the crook of Dawn's arm as she crushed the apprentice into her chest.

Dawn wheezed in a breath through the pinching pressure of Valorie's strong arms, patting the remorseful equine consolingly on the back. Dawn let the air out of her lungs in a hesitant sigh. She gripped the equine's shoulder in delicate fingers, trying wordlessly to express to Valorie that she wasn't alone, that she could rely on her. Eventually Valorie's heaving sobs drifted into relative silence, and Dawn was roused by the soft, wooden popping emanating from the apparently unconscious dryad.

Valorie groaned, but Dawn caught her head before she could stand. "Just watch, Valorie. Look at what we were able to do, together." Valorie looked at her uncertainly, tears still shining in her vibrant, green eyes, before she nodded and stood, turning to cast a glance at the motionless dryad.

Strange, rippling waves were working their way down the dryad's body, and with each one, Salixia seemed to shrink. A frame that was head and shoulders longer than Valorie's groaned and popped as it rapidly deflated. Salixia's exaggerated curves were most affected, and the dryad looked to be returning to her original thin, comparatively frail build. The shiny black horns receded back into her scalp and her smooth skin lightened, taking on a pale green hue.

"H-how? How did you..." Valorie mumbled in disbelief. Through Salixia's thinning lips, she could see the sharp, needle-like fangs dulling, becoming flat and harmless-looking once more.

Dawn stepped forward to stand next to the gaping equine. "I feel like the answer to that question would bore you terribly." Dawn said excitedly, "But I definitely couldn't have done it without you."

Salixia's eyes fluttered open, the solid, slightly luminous orbs gently glowed a warm, pale yellow as the dryad sat up slowly, clutching at her head. 'Oh...' she muttered with a pained expression, "Why do I hurt?" She glanced up at the two women who looked down at her. "Valorie?" She mumbled in confusion, her face lighting up in sudden recognition, "Valorie! Valorie you must listen to me! You must flee from here! I do not know when I... if I... wh-what happened?"

"If I had to hazard a guess," Dawn answered coolly as she stepped forward, "I would say exactly what you are so keen on warning us about."

Her face taking on a shameful cast, Salixia whined sorrowfully, "I... Valorie, I am sorry. I tried to fight it. It overwhelmed me." Her eyes glimmered in genuine guilt as Valorie took slow steps forward to loom over her. "Did... did I hurt you?"

Valorie opened her mouth to answer, but Dawn shoved her out of the way and rounded on the dryad. The apprentice gripped Salixia by the shoulders and bore her back to the ground, shoving a knee firmly into her stomach. "Tell me." Dawn started in a tone that would tolerate no nonsense, "When Valorie came through here the second time, and you felt the corruption in her, what did you do?" She thudded Salixia's back against the ground for emphasis. "Tell me!"

The dryad stuttered for a moment, finally managing to spit out, "I-I was slumbering when I felt her brush against the Willow. Mortals do not pass by here often, and she called me beautiful." Salixia tried to sit up, and Dawn pressed more of her weight down onto the dryad's shoulders. "I... I was intrigued, but something was wrong. She was injured, but with what, I could not tell. She seemed sad and lonely. I just wanted to take her pain away. She... I-I just..."

"You knew." Dawn hissed in a dire whisper. Salixia nodded slowly. "You knew!" Dawn said again with rising vehemence. "You knew she was hurt! You knew she just wanted to rest, to be on her way, and you forced yourself on her anyway!" Dawn felt her fingers tighten painfully on the dryad's thin shoulders. She had never been so outraged in her life. The apprentice wanted desperately to scream her fury, to crush, to burn everything within a day's walk to a scorched husk. She shook uncontrollably, and tears filled the corners of her eyes with the effort of containing the violence that threatened to explode out of her.

Instead, she released her hold on the dryad, stood in one smooth motion, and walked away. The wall of trees lining the clearing was as solid as the one they had woken up in that morning, so Dawn had nowhere to go but through the narrow opening and back the way she had come. Dawn's dainty feet carried her numbly up the rough, wooden corridor, until she stumbled, falling to her knees. She sat motionlessly, lost in the storm of her anger for what seemed like an eternity when the apprentice dimly heard Valorie's heavy footsteps approaching from behind her.

The tattered remains of Valorie's clothes rustled against her fur as she knelt beside the apprentice, laying her hand gently on Dawn's shoulder. "Do... do you need to talk?" the equine said hesitantly.

At the sound of Valorie's voice, the fire went out of Dawn's wrath, and she crumpled limply into Valorie's arms. "No, no..." Dawn muttered tiredly. "We would just end up awkwardly trying to out-apologize each other."

Dawn shook as Valorie chuckled underneath her. "Yeah, you're probably right."

The tears that Dawn had tried so hard to hold back started to fall freely, and Valorie cradled the apprentice to her chest. "I... I was just so angry." sobbed Dawn softly, "Angry that I couldn't be there for you when you needed me, angry that she hurt you and I couldn't help you. So... Angry..."

"I know. It's okay." Valorie cooed soothingly. "But I'm glad you were a thousand miles away, safe from whatever I may have done to you."

Quickly regaining her composure, Dawn sniffed, wiping her face dry on Valorie's shirt. "That's the worst part." she replied, "I can't do anything with irrational anger. But I cant..." she sighed heavily, "I can't stand to see you hurt."

Valorie pressed her lips against the top of Dawn's head in a warm kiss as she threw her arms around the apprentice's body. "How about this?" Valorie asked candidly, "The next time I feel sore, I'll let you strip me down and kiss it better. Then we can call it even."



Shaking with a light giggle, Dawn laughed in spite of the tears that still shone wetly in her eyes. The apprentice punched Valorie lightly in the ribs before she leaned more heavily into the equine's powerful frame. "Maybe next time I'll let you sew your own clothes back together."

The equine allowed Dawn's attempts to bury herself even further into the comforting warmth of her arms. "It wouldn't be the first time I've had to take care of myself."

Dawn looked up into Valorie's eyes, wrapping her hands behind her neck before pulling her down into an affectionate kiss. "Maybe." Dawn said after a moment of intimate contact, "But it will be the last, so long as I have anything to say about it." Valorie smiled, letting herself be pulled back down, Dawn's soft lips pressing dotingly into her own. "What do we do now?" The apprentice asked when Valorie pulled back to breathe.

"Well," the equine said casually, "Salixia said it would take her a couple days to move all these trees out of the way. She's working on cleansing her willow right now, something about channeling something or other. Until then, there's nothing really for us to do, aside from twiddle our thumbs and ogle each other. Not that I'm opposed to ogling, by any means."

With an amorous look, Dawn pushed herself to her feet. "I can think of a few things other than ogling that we could get away with." Valorie raised an intrigued eyebrow as the apprentice offered her a hand up. "I distinctly remembering a nice, calm river back there, and we are both filthy. Since you already took the liberty of tearing your clothes off without me, the least you can do is help me wash my back."

Grinning lasciviously, Valorie let Dawn attempt to pull the heavy equine to her feet before she stood under her own power. "A bath?" Valorie mused with exaggerated shock. "A bold first move. Milady's daring may wind up being her undoing. Who know what lusty creatures lurk in those murky waters?" Valorie hunched low as Dawn started to walk away, stalking the apprentice through the dimly lit corridor. "Waiting for tender young maidens to lower their guards." The equine's lips closed in on Dawn's ear. "Sliding patiently up to them before they POUNCE!" Valorie jumped at Dawn, encircling the apprentice's slim waist with her strong fingers and lifting her into the air.

Her anger a thing of the distant past, Dawn giggled ecstatically as Valorie tickled her mercilessly. The equine carried her easily down the woody hallway, dodging Dawn's shapely limbs as they flailed through the air. Valorie tickled her breathless, laughing along with her as the equine heaved Dawn up onto her broad shoulders. Dawn's thick skirt was pushed far up her legs by Valorie's neck, and as the equine carried her, Valorie trailed lines of soft, teasing kisses up the insides of both of Dawn's thighs until the apprentice was panting and moaning, grinding her crotch on the back of Valorie's shoulders.

"Come on, Dawn." Valorie said playfully, "You've got to at least last until we get to the water, a bath isn't as fun when you take it alone."

"I think..." Dawn panted shakily, "I think that you're confusing bath time with something else."

Valorie scoffed, "Well according to you, I can't tell the difference." Valorie pulled on Dawn's ankles, sliding the apprentice's delightfully bare womanhood against her neck. "I see no reason to break the stereotype now, especially after you've already invited me to join you."

Dawn spasmed against Valorie's head, briefly cursing her lack of underwear. Whatever she had been drugged with that night in the inn had seemingly left her permanently more sensitive, and the equine's smooth, silky fur rubbing tenderly against her folds was tightening her muscles in excitement. At this pace, just the gentle impact of each of Valorie's slow, heavy footfalls was going to push her over the edge. Sucking in a breath and leaning over to look at

Valorie's upside-down face, Dawn squeezed out in an ardent moan, "If you want this bath to end like you intend for it to, you need to hurry, because my body isn't going to wait for you to crawl your way there."

Changing the rhythm of her steps, Valorie sped up, taking long, smooth strides. "You'll just have to hold on. Someone's unwillingness to fix my pants in a timely manner has left me hanging, and I'd hate to pull something, especially since you seem to like it so much down there."

A whine of agreement slipped from Dawn's lips. The apprentice looked down the lean length of Valorie's body. The swell of the equine's impressive bust, which, even on her large frame looked ample and inviting, bounced gently as it strained the well-fit, blue blouse Dawn had made for her. The top button of the already low-cut shirt had come undone, and Dawn had a prime view of the alluring valley of Valorie's cleavage as it compressed slightly with each of the equine's deep breaths.

Beyond the voluptuous curves of Valorie's chest, Dawn could see the cause of the equine's concern. Slightly stiff from anticipation, the mottled flesh of Valorie's tremendous horsecock, dark brown and ruddy pink, dangled heavily between her knees, swinging side to side with each of the equine's steps. Beyond that, its silken fur a warm, chocolate brown like the rest of her, hung the taut skin of her scrotum as it carried a pair of testicles the size of small melons, which, despite their size, could output an even greater volume of thick, virile seed than they already appeared to be capable of doing. One day, Dawn vowed silently, she would take the time to measure exactly how much semen Valorie could produce. It would take many trials, of course, but the apprentice was certain Valorie could handle the pressure.

As if it knew it was being admired from afar, Valorie's huge, animalistic length began to harden further, beginning to pull itself up against the drag of gravity. Valorie gave a frustrated grunt as it began to interfere with her walking, but continued on, determined to get her "bath." Dawn leaned back, lacing her fingers together in thought, trying to control the increasingly pleasant pulsations that emanated from the contact between her womanhood and Valorie's body. Two days, she thought to herself. She could manage to stay busy for two days.