

There and Back Again

Written By: Skabaard

Valorie stood just off the banks of the river, calf deep in the placidly flowing water as she drew in deep, meditative breaths. True to her word, it had only taken Salixia a couple days to return the forest to its natural state. The glade that was dominated by the massive willow once more felt calm and serene, and the path south had been cleared by the apologetic dryad.

She forced thoughts from her mind, focusing entirely on the sounds of the water flowing gently below her, the sounds of the forest around her, and the rhythmic cadence of her own breathing. Discontent roiled in her gut, and she fought to free herself from its icy grip.

Her long, equine ears twitched toward the sound of soft footsteps on the shore. Valorie heard Dawn's voice, light and musical, call out to her, "This is a good look for you."

Valorie opened her eyes and swept her gaze down the length of her body. "What?" she answered, "Naked?" She turned to face Dawn, who stood on the shore eyeing the equine hungrily.

"Yes." said the young woman with an amorous grin.

Valorie chuckled as she strode to the shore, climbing with bare feet onto the loose, pebbly beach to stand next to the apprentice, who laid an affectionate hand on the equine's hip. "You are just insatiable." Valorie murmured down to her.

"I'm in love." came the immediate reply.

The equine's confidence faltered, and she lowered herself to sit, letting her long, golden brown tail splay out behind her. She drew her knees up to her chest and mumbled uncertainly, "Really? Even after what I did?" She stared glumly down at the huge, flaccid length of her heavy, equine member as it lay on the cool stones of the beach.

A patient, understanding sigh whispered into Valorie's ears from the apprentice as she stepped over to rest a hand on the equine's shoulder. "Yes, Val. And I'll say it as many times as I have to." Dawn walked around in front of Valorie, and the equine looked up at her. Simply clothed in a dark grey traveling skirt and matching blouse, Dawn's small, soft frame seemed built to contrast against Valorie's hard, muscular bulk. Though a few weeks on the road had trimmed Dawn down, she still possessed inviting, womanly curves, untouched by all her exercise, and her luxuriant, auburn hair shone gold in the light that filtered through the leaves above them, complimenting her intelligent, amber eyes.

She was, without a doubt, the most beautiful thing Valorie had ever laid eyes on, and the equine woman now thought herself undeserving of this gorgeous, amazing creature's affections. Dawn seemed intent on vanquishing these concerns, however, and she leaned forward, pushing apart Valorie's knees to press her shoulders back. Dawn gently bore Valorie to the ground, the equine's broad, muscular back sinking into the small stones of the beach as the apprentice lay her body against Valorie's.

Dawn's clothed breasts squished softly into Valorie's bare chest, but Valorie felt no lust in the apprentice's movements. She leaned her head languidly down to position her mouth near the base of Valorie's sensitive ears. Dawn paused to wrap her arms around Valorie to cradle her head off of the ground. No erotic energy fueled the apprentice's actions and she let Valorie bask in the calm, warm intimacy of her position for a moment.

Valorie slowly returned the loving embrace, twining her powerful arms around Dawn's slender frame and sinking the fingers of one hand into the apprentice's thick, soft hair. Dawn trembled against her, and Valorie felt the apprentice melt languorously into her arms before she spoke.

"Yes, Valorie," she said with quiet, unshakable confidence, "I love you. I'll say it until the stars in the sky fade away if I have to."

Tears sprung unbidden to the corners of Valorie's eyes as she whispered in return. "I'm sorry, Dawn. I don't know... How do I make it better?"

"We all do things we regret, Val," Dawn cooed soothingly, "and we all regret not doing things when we had the chance. Trust me, I know, I've been there. But most of the time there's nothing that you can do about it but learn from the experience."

With a sob, Valorie clutched Dawn to her in desperation. "I shouldn't have done it. I shouldn't have lost control like I did."

Wiping away an errant tear with a delicate finger, Dawn turned her head to lay a kiss tenderly on Valorie's cheek. "I can't be the one to make that distinction for you, Valorie. Any decision I make will only make you doubt yourself even more. I can say that I don't resent you for what you did or felt, and that I will continue to stand beside you until such a time as my body fails me. I will continue to do everything in my power to show you that I love you, not only because I want you inside of me, and ache for your touch, but also because I cannot contemplate the possibility of life without you."

Valorie leaned into Dawn's next kiss, desperate for the apprentice's reassuring touch as her body shook with anguished sobs. "I-it... It's not just that I did it." Valorie whined, "It's that I liked it. Gods, it felt so good to hurt her like she hurt me."

"I understand Valorie," Dawn murmured. "Revenge is cathartic. You don't have to explain yourself, I promise." The apprentice pushed a lock of Valorie's golden brown hair from her eyes and rested her cheek against Valorie's short, equine muzzle. "But you can talk to me whenever you need to, about anything. I will always be there for you, and I'm sorry I wasn't before."

Nodding, Valorie drew Dawn closer, as if trying to crush the apprentice into her chest as she cried shamelessly. Both women gave a surprised start, however, when a third voice, light in pitch and alien in tone said almost nervously, "I am sorry as well, Valorie." The dryad stood a comfortable distance away, solid, pale yellow eyes showing unrestrained sorrow. "My naive stupidity blinded me to your plight, and I only added to your problems because of it."

It was the first time Salixia had spoken or shown herself since Valorie and Dawn had returned to the glade after their confrontation with the corrupted dryad. She was whip-thin, with narrow, if still feminine, hips and small perky breasts that hung concealed behind the leafy, vine-like tresses that poured over her shoulders. Her fingers were laced together apprehensively and she regarded the two women with dull worry.

"I regret what I did, but I regret more my insensitivity to your situation and I hope that you will forgive me. The deed is done, though. The path southward is cleared and my trees are free of their malignant poison." She turned away hesitantly, peering at them over her shoulder. "If you should find yourselves nearby, please come visit. I would give you a gift when I have the chance."

Salixia strode slowly over to the tremendous willow and laid her hand on its rough bark. She didn't slow, and her body disappeared into the tree with an eerie groaning sound. The tree shuddered in a nonexistent breeze, then stilled, silence falling over the clearing once more.

Dawn sighed. "And I was just getting used to the peace and quiet." She pushed herself off of Valorie with a loud groan. "Now we have to go back to the endless walking! And through the jungle no less!" She looked down at Valorie with feigned dismay, but her expression quickly softened. She leaned down and favored Valorie with a brief, but passionate, kiss. She hovered playfully over the equine's lips with a smile. "We better get you in something before my mind wanders too much."

Valorie couldn't stay morose as Dawn brushed her slim fingers over the bare fur of her abdomen, tickling her mercilessly as the apprentice started to push herself to a stand. Instead, Valorie caught her and pulled her back down as she rose to a sit, plopping Dawn down on her lap. Dawn let out a girlish giggle as Valorie returned her digital attentions, working her fingers against the apprentice's ribcage.

The apprentice squealed with delight. Her increased sensitivity left her susceptible to Valorie's probing fingers, and she writhed gleefully against Valorie's bare chest. "Stop! Stop!" she cried ecstatically, "I can't breathe!" Valorie pulled her hands away reluctantly, grinning shamelessly down at the smaller woman, her tears forgotten.

Dawn still laughed shakily as she slid her own hand up the length of Valorie's arm to rest on rounded muscle of the equine's shoulder. The apprentice's eyes sparkled up into Valorie's, her wavy auburn hair framing her beautiful face. Valorie's heart wanted to stop and appreciate the sight before her, and Dawn seemed eager to let it happen as she reached up over the pliant mass of Valorie's ample bust to brush her lips against the equine's collarbone.

Valorie's pulse quickened in her veins, and Dawn couldn't have possibly have missed the sensation of the tremendous equine phallus as it throbbed slowly and inexorably beneath her. The apprentice gave Valorie a small, private smile that sent a thrill of excited ardor rushing through the equine's veins. Dawn's lips made contact again and worked their way down until they dimpled the soft, warm fur that coated the swell of Valorie's breasts. She kept her hand on Valorie's shoulder, but let the other drifted its way down the length of the equine's hard body. Her fingers idly brushed along the densely packed muscles of Valorie's abdomen, eventually stopping to rest lazily on the base of the twitching member on which she sat.

The apprentice's fingers were pushed incrementally further apart as the flesh in her hand began to harden, pulsing in time with Valorie's heartbeat. "Better calm down there, big girl." Dawn said cooly. "If you keep this up you'll never manage to squeeze into your clothes." The amorous young woman leaned forward to rest her cheek against the hefty globe of Valorie's chest and let her other hand fall to tease at the dusky pink flesh of the equine's tender teat.

Valorie let out a heavy breath through her nose as she felt herself stiffen against Dawn's plush rear. "Maybe if someone hadn't made my pants so tight, we wouldn't constantly be having this problem." she said in mock accusation.

"What can I say?" Dawn replied with an impish grin, "I like watching you move. Hiding that perfect, sexy behind of yours underneath a skirt is a crime against nature." Valorie cocked an eyebrow at her, glancing judgmentally down at the skirt the apprentice wore. "Don't look at me like that." she said defensively, "If I let you ogle me all the time we'd never get anywhere." Valorie rolled her eyes with a derisive snort. "Besides," Dawn mumbled into the fur of Valorie's breast, "don't you think skirts look better on me than pants would?"

Valorie grinned knowingly. "I think a lot of things." The equine shifted Dawn until the smaller woman's back was pressed against her chest, the apprentice's head nestling gladly into the valley of her cleavage. She laid a hand on Dawn's thigh and massaged the smooth muscle that lay under the apprentice's skirt. "I think everything looks good on you." Valorie snaked a

hand under the fabric of Dawn's blouse, running her fingers up her slim midsection until she could gently cup the rounded swell of Dawn's perfectly formed breast. She leaned her head down to whisper into the apprentice's ear, "But I think everything looks better off of you."

With casual strength, Valorie pulled her arm away from Dawn's chest, taking her shirt with it. It snapped taut, resisting for only a split second before, with a staccato popping, its buttons gave way and the apprentice's voluptuous chest was bared to the cool, morning air. Dawn briefly grumbled about the loss of her buttons, but her complaints died away when Valorie returned both of her hands to the apprentice's sumptuous bust.

Valorie leaned down to press her lips tenderly into the side of Dawn's throat, growling softly into the apprentice's ear, "Mmm... So big and soft, right at home in these hands." She squeezed her fingers together for emphasis, dimpling Dawn's sensitive skin as she began to gently knead the pliant flesh that filled her palms. "You've got curves that would look good on a woman two feet taller than you. On you, they look... divine." Valorie delighted in the feeling of Dawn's nipples puffing up, pressing into her hands as they stiffened with the apprentice's building desire. "It's probably best that I've been leading the way while we walk. If I had to watch you swaying right in front of me for hours... we really wouldn't get anywhere. Walking with an erection the size of your leg gets very difficult before long."

Her voice grew quiet, and her fingers trailed lazy circles over the surface of Dawn's chest as she murmured to the apprentice, "The first time I saw you naked, I thought you had cast a spell on me. I knew you were gorgeous, that much was obvious, but I didn't believe that anyone could be so... absolutely perfect." She kissed Dawn's throat for a long minute, moving slowly so she could keep track of the apprentice's racing heartbeat. "But you hadn't." said the equine, pulling away reluctantly, "It was all you, and you were going to share your body with me."

Valorie laughed, a happy, sincere sound, but lacking the usual boisterous nature of the equine's mirth. "I remember how happy I was, how excited it made me when you said I could touch you... anywhere I wanted. But what made me the happiest wasn't that I was getting to have sex with the most beautiful creature I had ever seen, it was that I had the chance to get even closer to you."

"You weren't my first, Dawn. I certainly wasn't new to the concept of sex. Maybe I was too familiar. Who's to say? But it wasn't until that first night with you that I had ever made love to someone. I don't even think I knew what love was until I told you how I felt about you. But as soon as the words left my mouth, I understood. It's like I could feel it in my soul. I still don't know how to explain it, but I know it's true. I love you, Dawn."

The apprentice raised her own hands to Valorie's and whined as she tried to force the equine's fingers to increase the tempo of their ministrations. "Val... I-I... I love y-you too! Just-Nngh! Oh Gods, don't stop!"

Valorie snickered. "What's wrong, Dawn? Getting a little flustered? It's okay. I know that you're a lot more sensitive than you used to be. I guess some good did come out of that night at the inn... aside from multiple screaming orgasms, I suppose." Dawn opened her mouth to say something, but Valorie clamped down the apprentice's aching breasts, and she released only a long, lewd moan. Valorie huffed a quiet laugh as Dawn writhed wordlessly against her. She could feel herself throbbing harder against the firm roundness of Dawn's magnificent ass, but she ignored it for now.

"I wonder if I could make you cum like this..." she said pausing to nibble delicately on Dawn's ear, "with just my hands on this goddess's body." She pinched her fingers together around the swollen buds that capped the apprentice's breasts, tweaking them playfully until

Dawn choked out a muffled, gasping moan. "I think I could. It would just depend on how long you could hold out, hmm?"

Dawn trembled against her and vigorously shook her head. "Not long!" she whined, "Oh Gods, not long! D-don't stop! P-please, don't stop!" Dawn's fingers tightened on Valorie's hands as Valorie moved them in long, slow circles, teasing the sublimely sensitive skin of the apprentice's chest. Dawn groaned and latched on when Valorie tried to pull a hand away, but the equine just made soothing sounds and eased herself out from between the apprentice's fingers.

Valorie's other hand took up the free hand's burden and the equine slung her arm over Dawn's bare chest to press her forearm into one breast while its hand gently massaged the other. With her freed hand, Valorie reached casually down to hike up the thick cloth of the skirt that covered Dawn's legs. As the fabric slid up the length of the apprentice's lissom legs, Valorie's hand dipped under the rising hem of the skirt to rub the smooth skin of Dawn's inner thigh.

"Perfect..." growled Valorie into the apprentice's ear as her exploring fingers crept up Dawn's leg. The lean, tight muscle that now lurked beneath the apprentice's proud, womanly curves fluttered urgently under Valorie's powerful fingers. Dawn's skin burned with unhidden desire, stoked by Valorie's probing fingers and hot breath on her throat. The temperature grew hotter and hotter as Valorie's wandering fingertips approached their final destination.

With a coo of pleased excitement, Valorie's brushed her finger's fleetingly against the apprentice's enflamed womanhood. Dawn gasped at the momentary contact, and Valorie chuckled at the sudden reaction. "Ah, so hot." the equine murmured between long, ardent kisses on the apprentice's neck. "So wet. It's running down into your skirt. You must be aching for this. Are you? Does your body scream for me to touch you?"

Dawn grunted through her raging lust, her wavy, auburn hair bouncing as she nodded energetically. "Oh Gods, yes!" she squeezed out with a shaky breath, "I-I can hardly stand it! Stop t-teasing me, damnit!"

Valorie returned her lips to Dawn's throat with a gentle chuckle. She slid her hand slowly back up the length of Dawn's trembling thigh and swiped a finger experimentally along the length of Dawn's burning, feminine flower. Blood flow powered by Dawn's hammering heart had pushed her lips wide around her swollen pussy, and her throbbing entrance drooled a thin, steady stream of slick fluid that ran down into Dawn's skirt.

Dawn squealed when Valorie prodded a finger gently against the opening to Dawn's desperate passage, slipping herself easily into her nearly insensate lover up to her first knuckle. Valorie let out a satisfied grunt when Dawn tensed against her. Inside the apprentice, Valorie could feel the scorching heat of Dawn's desire seep into her finger. Dawn was tight even for such an insignificant intruder, but Valorie knew there was plenty of room, so she slowly pushed the rest of her finger into the panting apprentice.

Arching her back in sudden ecstasy, Dawn bucked her hips, trying unconsciously to drive more of Valorie's body inside of her. Valorie took the jerky motions in stride, working her finger around inside the spasming apprentice, delighting in the velvety walls caressing her finger. When Dawn's eager motions slowed, Valorie pushed a second finger into the apprentice's needy depths. A strangled grunt escaped Dawn's throat and her trembling legs tried to force her backwards against Valorie's chest as she flexed involuntarily.

Valorie refused to budge, however, and the hand the equine had on Dawn's chest moved rhythmically, in time with the fingers occupying the rapturous apprentice's soaked womanhood. "That's right." Valorie whispered into the insensate apprentice's ear, "I'm here to catch you if you stumble." She increased the tempo of her movements as Dawn's breathing grew increasingly

frantic. "These big, strong arms will always be here to keep you safe and warm." The apprentice was breathing in ragged gasps, and Valorie knew from the way Dawn shook against her that she would reach her climax soon.

"Do it, Dawn." Valorie urged, "Do it. I can feel you holding back. Do it." Valorie squeezed a third finger into Dawn, stretching the apprentice around the comparatively thick digits. Valorie could feel the scream Dawn stifled in her throat. It emerged as a short, huffed moan. "You don't have to shy away from me, Dawn. Let it out! Come on! Don't you dare hold back on me!" She shoved her fingers as deeply as she could into Dawn's trembling form, mashing her palm against the apprentice's exposed clit and shouting, "Do it!"

Dawn assented, and her slender fingers tightened on Valorie's arm as her entire body was wracked with a massive, shuddering orgasm. A shaky grunt was all Dawn managed to push through the sudden tightness in her throat and her entire body flexed with the strength of her release. The walls of Dawn's fluttering passage abruptly clamped down onto Valorie's fingers with almost painful intensity as they tried to milk Valorie's fingers with quick, rippling contractions. Valorie's hand was splattered with Dawn's steaming girlcum as the apprentice's squirted forcefully in her bliss.

"That's more like it!" Valorie cried as she wriggled her finger's inside of her petite lover and ground her hand into Dawn's diamond-hard nipple, trying to tease out as much mind-numbing pleasure as she could manage from Dawn's slim frame. The apprentice jerked spasmodically against Valorie's torso, teeth clenched around shaking moans as Valorie slowly worked her down from her orgasmic high.

Valorie's finger's left Dawn's body with a protracted, wet sucking and she raised her hand, inspecting her fur, slick with Dawn's feminine fluids. Valorie grinned when, with shaking fingers, Dawn grabbed Valorie's upraised hand and pulled it toward her. The amorous apprentice carefully slid one of Valorie's drenched fingers between her soft, full lips and worked her tongue along its drenched length. The apprentice uttered a pleased sigh at the taste of her loins, and treated Valorie's strong finger like a succulent delicacy.

Her tongue flicked eagerly around Valorie's finger, and when one was licked clean, the next took its place. Valorie languidly stroked Dawn's plush breasts as the apprentice cleaned her hand. "Hey there, hungry." Valorie joked, "Save some for me." Dawn huffed and twisted, slamming an unexpected kiss up onto Valorie's lips. Dawn's slim tongue snaked out to play with Valorie's thick, clumsier organ.

Intrigued by the flavors on Dawn's tongue, Valorie leaned down into the apprentice's passionate kiss, returning it with rising ardor. Dawn, evidently having not forgotten the sight that had filled her vision as Valorie had gotten her off, dropped her hand low, between her legs, then kept going down. Valorie hummed an excited moan into Dawn's mouth when the apprentice's slender fingers slid gently along the stiff surface of her neglected member.

"Your turn." Dawn mumbled, pulling away teasingly, eager energy burning low in her shining amber eyes. Valorie favored her with an inspired grin and let herself fall backward, pulling the apprentice back with her. She bent her knees as she fell, pushing her hips up and used the momentum of her movement to swing the turgid length of her tremendous, equine cock up and over to slap solidly onto Dawn's bare chest.

Dawn accepted its weight with girlish glee, wrapping her arms around its still stiffening girth and leaning back into Valorie's chest. It hadn't yet reached its full size, but Dawn encouraged it with long, wet kisses and slowly pumping arms. It's steadily swelling mass pushed

apart Dawn's impressive bust, and the apprentice just squeezed the full, soft orbs around it, letting them be Valorie's pillows as she used her arms to urge it to full hardness.

Valorie's full length lay heavily along Dawn's body and as it slowly surged to its full size, the broad, flared head of her huge dick stretched out of the reach of Dawn's soft lips. Dawn didn't slow for a second, sliding her mouth down to let her tongue lap eagerly along a thick vein that throbbed in time with Valorie's speeding heart. Valorie's girth was trapped between Dawn's warm, gloriously soft and yielding breasts and her arms as they pumped languidly up and down what length they could.

Dawn undulated her entire body against Valorie's pulsing cock as it finally reached its full, intimidating size. Dawn was unfazed, and did everything in her power to pleasure as much of the sensitive flesh as she could. Valorie reclined her head, and closed her eyes, exulting in the feeling of Dawn's small frame as it writhed against and around her.

She felt cool wetness at her tip and she reached up to help Dawn, but the apprentice slapped her hand away roughly. Dawn reached up instead and collected the beads of slippery lubricant that had started to ooze from Valorie in her building desire. Dawn's delicate hands spread the slick fluid along Valorie's steel-hard length, letting her body slide easily around its thick, veiny surface.

Valorie felt a familiar tightness building in her loins, and the equine's hands went to Dawn's body, eager to show her how much she was wanted. Valorie had thought that she would never have gotten used to the feeling of the enormous mass of the cock that now constantly dangled from her loins, but several weeks of frequent use did wonders to the doubts she had harbored. She was no longer entirely sure she wanted it gone.

Valorie raised her head, burying her muzzle into Dawn's luxuriant hair as she took deep breaths. Her broad, equine nostril flared as they were flooded with the overwhelming aroma of their combined sex. Underneath the dense, musky odor of the fluid being smeared over the length of Dawn's immaculate body Valorie's sensitive nose could still pick it out. Through the tang of the sweat of her exertions, something sweet and floral drifted up from Dawn's scalp.

The equine woman smiled. Valorie could never grow tired of that smell. Dawn, even soaked as she was with a plethora of different fluids, still smelled like a field of wildflowers, tempered with the faint, clean earthiness of soil after a spring rain. It set Valorie's veins on fire with sudden passion, secure in the knowledge that Dawn's particular scent was all for her.

With a lascivious grin, Valorie kissed Dawn one last time and pulled her hands from the apprentice's body. She wrapped her strong, lean arms around Dawn's willowy form in a loving embrace, pressing her titanic equine tool more firmly into Dawn's body in the process. Dawn had done a good job of sufficiently lubricating Valorie's now slick length, and as Valorie began to thrust her hips in an increasing rhythm, she pumped easily in and out of the twin rings of her own and Dawn's encircling arms.

Valorie tightened her grip, eking out as much friction as she could from her position without making it uncomfortable for the trapped apprentice. Dawn's body bounced in time with Valorie's more and more energetic motions. Valorie could feel the apprentice's body tense and flex against her as Dawn rubbed the smooth, silky skin of her slender abdomen against the top of the equine's engorged flesh.

An urgent whine bubbled up, unbidden, through Valorie's throat. She was approaching the limits of her endurance, but she gritted her teeth and dug in, determined to give Dawn a sticky surprise. She twitched between the apprentice's bountiful breasts, trying desperately to stem the tide of white that threatened to smash the floodgates she had erected.

Dawn growled, "Now who's holding back?" She shifted, pulling herself up further on Valorie's back, inching toward the flared head of the equine's colossal prick. "Fine." the apprentice said with exasperation, "We'll see about that."

Slapping Valorie's hands away from her thick member, Dawn reclined on Valorie's chest to lean up and press her mouth against the desperately throbbing flesh of the equine's broad head. Valorie whined as Dawn worked her pillowy lips and probing tongue over the larger woman's sensitive skin. Dawn looked back into Valorie's eyes and gave her a knowing grin and a wink before turning her attention back to the flesh still pressing heavily into her chest, and devilish idea having formed in her mind.

Dawn gathered up a thick glob of Valorie's precum, slathering it over the fingers of one hand, and, while the other pistoned with ferocious speed up and down the equine's bloated cock, the apprentice playfully pushed her slick finger into Valorie's urethra. The alien sensation of something entering her dick from the wrong direction robbed Valorie temporarily of her focus, and she felt her body tense in orgasmic bliss. Powerful muscles pulled her swollen testicles close to her body as they emptied of their virile load.

With dire purpose, Valorie's hands clamped onto Dawn's svelte shoulders, holding her in place, and Dawn soon saw her predicament. The shocked apprentice got a prime view of Valorie's vast horseflesh visibly distend with the sheer volume of spunk her actions had sent rocketing along its length. Valorie twitched, Dawn's finger slipping from her cock as the equine's first blast of hot jizz caught the apprentice full on in the face.

She spluttered wetly, and, not thinking, opened her mouth to cough. The second rope of Valorie's seed went straight into her mouth, and Dawn choked on the intense flavor, barely managing to swallow half of it before more of the thick liquid splattered onto her cheek. Dawn writhed in Valorie's grip, trying to escape her fate, but the equine managed to hold her steady through the heavenly sensation of her scrotum emptying itself onto her pinned lover.

Like always, Valorie's orgasm seemed to stretch on forever, and she seemed to produce an impossible volume of the thick, sticky fluid, utterly drenching the shocked apprentice in musky cum. More and more she dumped onto Dawn's face and chest, until it ran off to drip down Valorie's arms and onto the equine's body. By the time Valorie's flow abated and her well-used cock began to deflate, Valorie lay in a puddle half an inch deep that slowly oozed into the pebbly beach.

Only then did Valorie relinquish her grip on Dawn's shoulders, letting her fall backward onto the equine's chest. The apprentice sputtered, trying to clear her mouth of the thick, pearly coat that glistened on her skin. "I'm going to get you back for that." she stammered in warning, "Just you wait."

Valorie sat up slowly, pushing Dawn up to sit on her lap with her. "With bated breath." Valorie giggled mirthfully.

Dawn groaned and staggered to her feet, dripping heavy globs onto the stones below her. "Gods, it's so thick! What have you been putting in this stuff, glue?"

"Oh... this and that; you know how it goes." Valorie answered. The equine looked up at the drenched apprentice. She was a sight to see. Dawn clumsily wiped thick strands from her eyes, blinking to clear them. Her blouse clung wetly to her huge, perky breasts as they shone with a thick coating of the pearlescent fluid. Valorie likewise rose to her feet, albeit a bit less clumsily than Dawn had. The equine's green eyes glimmered with sly humor as she echoed Dawn's earlier sentiments, "This is a good look for you."

Dawn glared up at her, but her face quickly cracked in a smile as she laughed, "What... covered in your jizz?"

"Yes." came Valorie's expected reply. Dawn giggled lightly and stepped up to wrap her arms around Valorie's waist in a warm hug. Valorie scooped the apprentice up in her arms, raising her up to press a kiss casually onto Dawn's lips. She could taste herself of the apprentice's skin, and Dawn twined her arms languorously around Valorie's neck. Valorie stepped lightly. "Where are we going now?" Dawn asked dreamily, eyes closed and head pressed into the equine's shoulder.

Valorie's arms suddenly flexed as the equine said with a chuckle, "Hold your breath and find out." Dawn squeaked a cry of surprise as she went sailing out into the cool water of the river. Valorie followed her in, and the apprentice surfaced with a laugh, scrubbing her scalp free of the mess that was tangled in her hair. As Valorie approached Dawn, she lowered herself into the water, anchoring herself with her feet so she wouldn't float along with the lazy current.

"You know, Val." Dawn said thoughtfully as she scraped Valorie's leavings off of her skin, "I think I know why I like baths so much now."

"Why's that?" Valorie mused as she scrubbed herself clean, letting the river's current carry away the unwanted material that had been caked into her velvety, chocolate brown fur.

"It's so simple; I don't know why I didn't realize it earlier." Dawn said blithely. The apprentice swished her way through the water to cling to Valorie's body. "In the water, our differences don't matter. I don't have to crane my neck to look at those beautiful eyes. I don't have to stretch to reach your lips." For emphasis, she leaned in and pressed a brief kiss onto Valorie's mouth. "Not to say I don't like watching your big, strong body move, not at all. But in the water, it's not about big you and little me; it's just you and me."

Valorie smiled and pulled her into another kiss, long and slow and full of undulating tongue. "I can't say I mind it much either, Dawn." Valorie stated giddily after pulling away for a breath. "I'll have to keep that in mind for later. Come on, let get everything together, and we can walk up a sweat for our next bath."

Dawn groaned in good-natured protest, but shot Valorie a small, quick smile before swimming to shore and beginning the process of putting her ruined clothes back together. Valorie slid herself into her own traveling outfit, and after Dawn helped her buckle on her armor, the two women were ready to be on their way. Valorie called out to the clearing that they would be back on their return trip north, but if Salixia heard it, she gave no outward signs.

Only a few days after leaving the dryad's glade, the climate grew significantly more hot and sticky, despite the fact that it was only mid-spring. The trees grew tall, with broad, branching canopies, and a plethora of wildlife made themselves known from the treetops. Valorie took it in stride, but Dawn seemed disturbed by the rapid change in climate.

It rained constantly, and by the second night of trudging through the jungle undergrowth, Dawn had fashioned a spell around them both that incinerated any insect bold enough to come within an inch of their skin. They persevered, however, and only a bit longer than a week after they had left Salixia, the two found themselves standing at the foot of a squat, stone ziggurat.

Valorie heaved a heavy sigh, and Dawn's fingers found hers. "This is the place?" the apprentice wondered aloud. Valorie nodded silently. "Well then. Shall we?" as one, they strode forward and started up the steep, shallow, stone stairs running up the front face. The place looked different to Valorie than it had those seemingly endless weeks earlier. The jungle encroached further on the ancient structure. Vines and creepers had begun crawling inexorably up the pyramid's lower steps, having made significant progress in the month she was gone, and the

building looked run down and dilapidated, as if it hadn't been touched by hands for thousands of years.

"Something's weird." Valorie whispered to Dawn as she climbed next to her. "It all looks different. This place was almost pristine when... the last time I was here. Now it looks... old." Dawn looked up at her nervously and nodded.

The two crested the broad, flat top of the pyramid, bare except for a short, stone structure that rose from the plateau's center. Dawn gestured to the small building, as if afraid to speak. Valorie drew her sword, the metal ringing clearly as it cleared its scabbard, taking the lead as they approached the small doorway. As Valorie entered the small, claustrophobic space, a pale blue radiance emanated from behind her, and Dawn stepped up next to her, a gently glowing sphere of light hovering over her outstretched palm.

Dawn's eyes swept the room and she moved to a wall, giving the squat well that dominated the space a wide berth as she traced her fingers over the images graven into the wall. She hummed thoughtfully. "Whoever carved these certainly had an eye for... gruesome detail." Every square inch of the wall was engraved with images of people of every size, shape, and gender, locked in coitus. Every fetish Valorie could imagine was represented in the images that surrounded the pair, but she kept a watchful eye on the well as Dawn moved slowly through the room.

"I think..." Dawn said more to herself than Valorie, "I think this is writing... There's a pattern to it. Argh! I was never any good at pictographic languages! Let me try something." Dawn muttered a complicated sounding string of words under her breath, and Valorie's skin prickled as she felt the silent release of energy caused by Dawn's spell. Dawn paused, and then uttered a defeated sigh. "Damn... I had hoped tha-"

Dawn was cut off when the horrible shriek of stone grinding against stone echoed up from the pyramid. The floor shook below them, and, sparing no time, Valorie grabbed Dawn and rushed from the room. When she ran out into the sunlight, she paused, letting Dawn slip from her arm as she watched the pyramid shift around them. Rising from the large, flat top of the pyramid were a long row of low stone tables spaced every few feet. There must have been hundreds of them, some larger than others, some at angles, no two seemed to be exactly alike.

Valorie's ears rang when the horrible grinding noise finally stopped, and she clung protectively to Dawn as she glared suspiciously at the forest of stone that had sprung up around them. Dawn patted her thigh comfortingly as she stepped cautiously toward the nearest stone table. Valorie followed her, daring the pyramid to move again as Dawn stooped low to inspect the base of the platform.

"Hmm..." Dawn muttered, deep in thought. She went to the next table in line and likewise looked it over. "Aha!" she exclaimed, "Valorie come look at this!" Valorie did so, looking where the apprentice was pointing. Engraved on each side of the thick pedestal that supported the table was a single image, that of a particularly well-endowed hermaphrodite slamming itself with great pleasure into the rear of a woman, on her hands and knees. "See the image? It matches one of the ones on the walls in that room. The table over there has a different image. I think all these tables represent letters!"

Dawn rose, running her hands over rough markings carved into the surface of the table. "These... Oh, Gods... These are ritual slabs... all of them. By Eruditius... Valorie! How many are there?! Oh, Gods, please no! Count them!" Dawn frantically ran along the rows taking a hurried mental tally of the number of slabs that she passed, with Valorie jogging along behind her.

"Dawn, slow down!" Valorie called to the worried apprentice, "What's wrong? Stop... listen! Tell me something!" Dawn stopped looking around herself, not seeing the concerned equine. She moved to sprint back the way she came, but Valorie caught her, spinning her off of her feet and against the hard Argentum of her breastplate. "Dawn! Slow down and tell me what going on."

Panting in her panic, Dawn sluggishly recognized that she was no longer on the ground and stared numbly at Valorie. The equine made soothing noises in her throat until Dawn actually managed to focus on her. "I... Oh Gods..." Dawn panted. "Look around you Valorie. These ritual slabs all represent letters, but there are hundreds of them. There's only one language I know of that has so many letters, Valorie."

Valorie stared at her, not processing the gravity of the implications. "I don't understand, Dawn."

Dawn clutched at Valorie's arms, trying to steady herself. "Valorie, This entire pyramid is one enormous ritual form, designed to channel an unimaginable amount of power into whatever was at its center. But for something so immensely difficult, you can't just say the magic words, you have to do something more meaningful, like the way Daryn and I sing sometimes. It lets you put more emotion into the spell, and thus make it stronger." She gulped down huge breaths of air as she rushed to spit out her explanation. "Whoever built this place equated each letter of the language of magic with some carnal act, and then they would spell out each word of the incantation, one letter at a time, until it was complete. I... I've never even heard of anything like this before. Something so complicated would let you channel enough power to crack the earth beneath this pyramid, but the shape of this place would focus the energy directly to a chamber in the heart of the temple."

Valorie nodded slowly. "Could this be how they trapped whatever is doing all this?"

Dawn shook her head uncertainly. "I... I don't think so, no. I have a feeling that they were trying to do the opposite. This place doesn't really give me a warm, fuzzy feeling." Valorie nodded again, finally letting Dawn back to the ground. "Thanks for that, Val." the apprentice said with warmth unsuited for such a forbidding place, "I need to see the central chamber, if we can still get there."

Valorie smiled at her and squeezed her shoulder confidently before they both strode back to the squat building that sat like a sentinel amidst the forest of low, stone tables. Valorie gaped at what had happened to the well. The low walls had fallen away and in its place, a steep staircase spiraled down into the darkness. The equine felt Dawn squeeze her fingers more tightly around her own as the apprentice resummoned her glowing magelight. "Ladies first." Valorie nodded unjokingly and took the first step with Dawn close behind.

Stairs made it easier to travel deeper into the pyramid than climbing a rope had, and before long, Valorie was leading Dawn down the tight, narrow staircase that led to the heart of the pyramid. The two women stepped out into the dim illumination provided by the thin skylight that poured into the spacious chamber. Dawn fed more power into her light until it blazed with an unforgiving, pale blue radiance that banished the inky shadows to the corners of the room.

The room looked much the same as it had when Valorie had been here last, save for the pedestal in the center of the room, which stood empty. Valorie swept her eyes around the now brightly lit room, but the golden statuette was nowhere to be seen. She followed Dawn as the apprentice stepped cautiously to the pedestal and inspected it closely.

"Alright..." The apprentice mumbled to herself, "It looks like there's some actual writing here. Hmm... Sa...La...Xa... Salaxa... I know those letters. Dripping Ichor, that's a demon's

name!" Dawn stumbled backwards from the pedestal, desperate to put as much distance between her and the pillar as possible. She spun, clutching onto Valorie's armor with frenzied strength. "Valorie we need to get back to Daryn right now! I've figured it out! I know why whoever built this pyramid couldn't release their trapped "God!" And I know why you were able to set it free! Gods, it's so obvious! Come on! We can stop this! I know how we can stop this!"

Valorie was pulled along behind Dawn as the excited apprentice hit the stairs at a run. The equine was excited to leave the unnerving pyramid, and Dawn's frenetic energy was infectious. "Don't wait to tell me on my account." Valorie shouted up at the apprentice's back as they sprinted up the stairs.

"It's love, Valorie!" Dawn called back to the equine over her shoulder. "Demons can only comprehend their own domains. It's in their nature! Salaxa is the Demon Lord of lust and domination, so lust and domination is all it can know!" Dawn sprinted out into the hot, muggy air and started running in excited circles. She slowed, looking breathlessly at Valorie, delight twinkling in her large, intelligent eyes. "Whoever trapped the demon in the statuette knew that, and had a flair for the ironic. Whoever it was made love the key! They knew that the demon could never understand such an alien emotion to such an extent to allow it to escape."

Dawn swept her hair back from her face and returned to Valorie, pressing her body to the equine's armored form in a tight hug. "It must have been able to call out to those easily manipulated, and it formed a cult devoted to its worship. It tried so hard, so pathetically hard to get itself free. But no one who had felt love in their life could wish for something so awful to be free, so it stayed trapped, no matter how much sex it could convince people to have in its name!" Dawn laughed in joyous disdain for her surroundings. "Until you came along!"

Valorie's long, equine ears drooped sadly, "S-so it is my fault it got loose, then."

Looking up at Valorie, a jubilant smile plastered across her features. "Of course it's your fault, you stupid, brilliant, wonderful woman!" In her excitement, Dawn climbed bodily up Valorie to plant a hot, giddy kiss on Valorie's lips before she pulled away to pant, unable to wipe the grin from her face. "You set it free... on accident, no less!" Dawn laughed boisterously at Valorie's confused look. "Valorie... Oh Gods, Valorie... The prison fashioned for this Demon Lord would have had to have been unthinkable powerful. It should have taken more than a single touch from someone in love to set the demon free. It would require a lengthy ritual to amplify and shape the love of that one person into a key to set to the lock. But you managed to free it with just brief, physical contact!"

Dawn clutched Valorie's head frantically to her chest, her legs wrapped around the equine's torso for support. "Oh, Valorie! You must really, really love me to be able to shatter a lock made by a master spellcrafter thousands of years ago with only a touch! It must burn in you with the endless heat of an undying star!" Tears fell freely from Dawn's cheeks to drip into Valorie's golden brown hair. "Val... I-I don't... You said before that you didn't know how to tell me how much you love me. Well you just did and... I-I don't know what to say... except that... I feel the same way about you. Oh, Valorie, I love you so much."

Stunned, Valorie slowly raised a hand to Dawn's back, easing away her gentle sobs. "I..." the overwhelmed equine stammered, "I-I..." she let her voice fall away, content to just clutch Dawn's small frame to her own and stand there against her as she cried. With slow easy step, Valorie started her way down the pyramid, a small, happy smile gracing her features as she walked carefully down the stairs in the main face of the ruined stone ziggurat.

The ancient structure was small and forgotten in the distance when Valorie felt Dawn finally stir against her. The apprentice placed a soft kiss on her lips as she let herself slip from

Valorie's arms to land lightly on her feet next to the equine. With a wordless smile, Dawn slipped her tiny fingers through Valorie's and continued to walk on in knowing silence.

It wasn't until the sun had dipped below the horizon that they broke the silence, and that was only for Dawn to ask that they share a bedroll for the night. Valorie gladly accepted, and spent the noisy jungle night curled up with Dawn's slim frame pressed against hers. The morning seemed more normal to Valorie, with Dawn's normal teasing and whining about the heat and bugs, but Valorie could see a difference in the way the apprentice carried herself. She seemed more confident, and she moved with shameless, heart-stopping grace. It was as if a storm had swept through and torn down the walls the painfully shy apprentice had kept up to shield her from everyone, including her equine lover. It seemed to Valorie that Dawn had gone through some miraculous metamorphosis while she was curled up against her in the night, and it made Valorie supremely happy to finally see Dawn bared to the core.

The walk back to Southcliff let Valorie see how drastically everything had changed. The demon's influence on the world was making itself apparent. No one seemed to question the sight of people fucking in the streets, and the denser the population became the more people seemed to be obsessed with sex. Early on, it started with harmless, lewd catcalls as the two women walked through streets and down roads, but before long, both women and men were making passes at the both of them, despite Valorie's intimidating appearance. Even the people who were supposed to be protecting the populace were joining in.

When the first man had reached out to grope Dawn's ample rear as they passed, he shrieked and dropped to the ground, writhing in agony. Dawn hadn't even slowed, but had told Valorie with quiet confidence that only she would ever be allowed to touch her like that ever again. Valorie, naturally, immediately gave the apprentice a friendly squeeze which drew a pleased giggle from Dawn. A great many others attempted it, but not any of them ever made it within an inch of Dawn's skin, except one.

They had made it, with some difficulty, to within a couple days walk to Southcliff, and Dawn was, as was the growing custom, accosted by an amorous passerby. She was huge, taller than Valorie and just as wide, with a frame thick with muscle. Her rough skin was a dark, silvery-grey, with a long strip of white washing down her front. The fin and thick, muscular tail proclaimed her to be a shark morph of some description, and when she smiled lustily at Dawn, it was through several rows of razor-sharp teeth. She set herself in Dawn's path, her legs spread wide in a defiant stance that also revealed an intimidating bulge in her tight, black pants that would have split Dawn in half if the shark-like hermaphrodite had even thought of shoving it into Dawn's body.

Valorie tensed, but Dawn ignored the fishy blockage, making to walk around, her stance daring the shark to even try what she may have been planning. The shark wasn't fazed though, and as Valorie expected, the hermaphrodite jerked in the sudden pain Dawn's well-practiced spell brought on. What Valorie didn't expect was for the shark, in an astounding display of fortitude, to shrug off the magically induced agony and clamp a meaty hand onto Dawn's chest.

Time seemed to stop. Valorie struggled to draw her sword, but faster than she could think, Dawn looked casually over at the shark, still hunched over in pain, but with a triumphant look in her eyes, and seemed to study her for a split second that stretched on for an eternity. Dawn uttered a single word that Valorie couldn't make out, and there was a bright flash of light and a violent concussion as the shark was thrown backwards into a solid stone wall, clutching the smoking stump that used to be her hand. Valorie slid her sword back into its scabbard as Dawn murmured a quiet apology to the equine and continued on her way.

The city of Southcliff seemed like a bastion of sanity in a world that was slowly losing its collective mind. The streets were clean and cum-free, and the guards seemed on high alert for any unlooked-for public displays of affection. When the hill that held the Sanctum Arcanum, the home of the Archmage, came into view, both Valorie and Dawn stopped, gaping at what they saw.

On the hill, a structure very much unlike the one they had left sat placidly overlooking the metropolis below it. Instead of towering, grey granite walls and an intimidatingly jagged silhouette, a new building, with walls of gleaming white marble and roofs that shone golden in the afternoon sun. Valorie and Dawn shared a confused look for a moment, but continued toward their destination nonetheless.

As they approached, Valorie realized that the Archmage's complex was even larger than it had been before, she presumed so that he would be able to fit into his own home, but the walls towered high over even Castle Southcliff. She spotted something moving quickly out of the corner of her eye, and she whipped her sword out of its scabbard as something small shot toward Dawn from the eave of a nearby building. She swung, intending to flick it from the air, but staggered to a stop when she saw what it was.

A tiny, quadrupedal, dragon-like creature flapped its delicate, batlike wings to slow its descent and landed lightly on Dawn's shoulder, eyeing Valorie cautiously through irises a brilliant sapphire blue, exactly the shade of the Archmage's. It was the size of a housecat, with scales of mottled, iridescent red. Its thin, whip-like tail waved happily through the air, slinging around a vicious stinger that tipped it as Dawn giggled and scratched it under its chin.

"I... I've never seen a live dragonet before." Valorie stammered, slipping her sword back into her scabbard.

Valorie felt an odd sensation tickle against her consciousness and a smooth, feminine voice sounded in her mind, "A small wonder, horse, if you would greet them all like that."

"Come now, Limata." Dawn chided, moving to scratch the base of the dragonet's thin, delicate horns. "She's just protective, that's all. I think you can understand that sentiment."

The shining red dragonet cocked its head peering up dubiously at Valorie, who still boggled at the creature's voice in her head. "I thought Patronus was your protector? Why do you need this one? She looks slow."

"Of course Patronus still helps me." Dawn exclaimed, "But Daryn has both you and Clara now, doesn't he?"

"Hmm... the Silver One." Limata's voice echoed through Valorie's consciousness, "I like her. She doesn't put up with Master's stupidity." Dawn bent over with laughter, and the dragonet took the opportunity to leap from Dawn's shoulder and onto Valorie's. Tiny claws clinked lightly on her armor as the miniature dragon crawled up onto Valorie's head, snaking its long sinuous neck down to let her peer into Valorie's eyes upside down.

Valorie sat uncomfortably under the scrutiny of the dragonet's gaze for a long minute before she felt Limata speak to her again. "I like you, horse. Just think before you swing next time, or you'll catch my sting."

"M-my name is Valorie." the equine corrected.

Limata cocked her upside down head in thought for a moment. "Valorie..." came her voice in Valorie's thoughts. "Valorie. A strong name... It suits you, horse. I think you should keep it." The dragonet crawled her way down onto Valorie's other shoulder as Dawn doubled over with laughter. Not seeming to react, Limata peered over at Valorie then looked at Dawn, echoing in their minds, "Master will be glad to see you, Dawn. He has worried about you."

Limata shifted her wings against her back in a gesture of nervousness. "He received a visitor some time ago. The tainted one worries him. He doesn't know what to do with her."

Dawn abruptly straightened. "Tainted one? What tainted one?"

Her stinger-tipped tail lashing angrily through the air, Limata continued. "She arrived in Southcliff not long ago. She came to Master for help. She called herself Rhona. A beautiful name, not fit for one with her taint. Master tried to help her and she attacked him after they spoke." The dragonet growled, a tiny, threatening sound that rattled in her chest. "He locked her away. I agree with the Silver One; He should have burned her."

Dawn glanced at Valorie with a brief smile. "I think we can help with that. We learned a few useful things in the jungle." Dawn grabbed Valorie's hand and Limata jumped off of the equine's shoulder, gently flapping higher into the sky as Dawn dragged Valorie up the hill toward the entrance to the Archmage's new and improved home.