

After Party

Written By: Skabaard

Valorie giggled as she nudged the door open with her boot, Dawn's weight occupying her arms. "And did you see Daryn try to pull off that jump? I thought Clara was going to die laughing."

The newly minted wizard snickered into Valorie's shoulder. "I know! I mean I knew he wasn't the best dancer, but next to Clara, it was embarrassing!" Valorie adjusted her grip as Dawn shook with laughter. "At least... Oh Gods, my sides... At least he didn't land on anyone."

With a new wave of laughter, Valorie swept Dawn into the room, the wizard's slim body light in her arms. "At least he was enjoying himself." the equine admitted, "What was his face, Mister Stick-in-the-Mud, I thought he would never get loosen up. I can't believe... what was her name? Candessa? The fire-haired one... I can't believe she managed to get him dancing."

Valorie had to support the smaller woman as she slipped from the equines arms, otherwise she would have fallen and curled into a teary-eyed ball. Dawn slapped Valorie's hands away and staggered over to the table, climbing into a chair much too large for a woman of such slight stature. Valorie watched her as Dawn held her stomach in slender fingers as she struggled to rein in her giggling fit. Eventually she did, and she looked up at Valorie, tears of mirth still shining in her bright amber eyes. "Cross threshold, check. Tell me, Val." she said quietly, her fingers smoothing the fabric of her vibrantly colored dress over her midsection, "What do we do now?"

The equine remained silent, but she smiled over at the love of her life as she unfastened the thick cape from around her shoulders, hanging it on a peg by the door. For the sake of convenience, the furniture in the room they shared in the Sanctum Arcanum, the Archmage's home, was all sized for someone of Valorie's stature, and the bed against the far wall, wide enough to swallow Dawn's tiny frame, looked quite inviting. Instead, however, Valorie began to fiddle with the straps of her armor, peeling the shining argentum plates off of her body. The sun had long since dipped below the horizon, but the pale blue magelight that Dawn had hung suspended from the ceiling gleamed off of the polished dragonsilver.

Valorie liked the room, and was grateful to the Archmage for allowing her its use, even though she had a place to call home elsewhere in the city of Southcliff. She didn't think it would feel like home without Dawn, and the former apprentice had been needed at her master's side as the recovery from Salaxa's demonic incursion had begun in earnest. Besides, the Order of the Silver Lance, of which she and another had been founding members, had, at least temporarily, been based out of the Archmage's compound.

But all that was unimportant next to woman sitting in front of her, the light shining off of her thick, auburn hair as she rolled it between her fingers. "I don't know." Valorie answered finally, having divested herself of her armor. She sauntered over, dropping heavily into the other chair to sit across from Dawn, who looked like a child in her oversized seat. "I've never done anything like this before. But I'd be fine with sitting here and looking at you for a few more centuries. I'm not entirely ready for you to take that dress off."

Dawn blushed, and Valorie smiled. The rosy tint that colored the smaller woman's cheeks made her look so... playful and alluring. "I'm glad you like it." murmured Dawn softly, lacing her fingers together to give them something to do.

Valorie reached across the table, taking Dawn's hands in her fingers, thick and clumsy by comparison to Dawn's graceful digits. "I do like it." Valorie admitted, "But you would make rags look like angel down, so I don't think my opinion is entirely unbiased." Dawn blushed harder, and Valorie squeezed her fingers, practically begging Dawn to hear the sincerity in her words. "I love you, Dawn."

The wizard gave Valorie a smile that she thought would make her heart burst. Dawn knew, just as Valorie knew she was loved in return. She could feel it, tickling at the back of her mind through her connection with Dawn. After Dawn's post-graduation party, she had pulled the Archmage aside and begged him to perform the ritual. Valorie thought that Daryn was going to explode, as happy as that question had made him, and he had immediately dragged the two away, to questioning glances from everyone else.

It hadn't taken long at all. A little chanting, a little singing, a lot of hand holding, and suddenly Dawn had exploded into Valorie mind with the force of a bolt of lightning. There had been an abrupt cascade of thoughts and feelings, before Valorie's mind could adapt, but it had eventually subsided to a tiny knot of something in her consciousness, something not entirely her, shared through her new invisible link with the woman sitting across from her.

"I'm glad." Dawn whispered, "I'm glad that you came to the Archmage that day. I can't imagine what I would have done without you."

Valorie scoffed, but her grip on Dawn tightened. "I can. You would have been bored out of your mind. You and Daryn both needed a little bit of excitement."

Dawn laughed, pulling a hand away to wipe her tears on the sleeve of her dress. "That's what you call 'a little bit?'" Good Gods, I don't think I can handle a lot of excitement."

"That's alright." Valorie assured her, "I'll work you up slowly. Maybe next time we can go rock climbing into an erupting volcano." She paused, eyebrows coming together in thought. "Although," she hummed, "that might be right up Daryn's alley, nowadays..."

Valorie watched Dawn's plump lips curl into a grin. "Gods' Blood, Dawn." she breathed, "Have I ever told you that you're beautiful?"

Patting the equine's hands, Dawn slid off her chair to sashay around the table to Valorie. She leaned in, pressing Valorie back into her chair. "I think you made your case fairly well this morning. But if you have anything you'd like to add, I'd love to hear it." Dawn's fingers found Valorie's arm, and the muscular equine flexed for her, hard muscle bulging in Dawn's hand. The wizard cooed. "Actually," Dawn muttered privately, "hold that thought. If we're on the subject of compliments, I must be growing lax. Why, I can't remember the last time I told you how much I admire you."

"Night before last." Valorie mumbled. Dawn blinked at her. "What?" she grumbled, "Writing everything down does wonders for one's memory." She gave Dawn a sly grin before continuing. "But I understand. The past few days have been busy for you. I couldn't expect you to remember every little thing that comes out of your mouth."

The dress that clung to Dawn's voluptuous body restricted her movement somewhat. Dawn huffed, and Valorie helped the wizard up into her lap. Dawn's face was tantalizingly close to Valorie's. Much better, she thought before going on. "I think it was something about how green my eyes are, and how warm my fur is whenever you feel cold." Valorie wrapped her arms around Dawn's tiny frame, pulling her close. "Warmth I am glad to be able to share with you, for what it's worth."

Dawn squirmed, and Valorie held her tighter. A flush of excitement was working its way up through the wizard's skin, and she moaned softly. Valorie smiled at the cuteness of the sound.

It seemed Dawn's sensitivity was not being kind to her, and the smaller woman was taking rhythmic, even breaths, trying to delay the onset of her ardor. That wouldn't do at all. Valorie clutched at Dawn's back, her broad, powerful hand gently caressing as she dipped her head slowly. Dawn's head rose up to meet hers on instinct, and Valorie's lips brushed fleetingly against those of the smaller woman.

Valorie teased Dawn mercilessly, allowing only the briefest contact before dancing her mouth away. Dawn's lips were full and soft, and often curled into an amused smile. It took only Dawn's needy whine for Valorie to relent to her petite lover, pressing her lips firmly into Dawn's. The wizard moaned again and melted into Valorie's chest, her dexterous fingers reaching up to begin tugging loose Valorie's braid as her eyes slid closed. Dawn's lips were hot against Valorie's, and her movements quickened with excited hunger.

Valorie forced herself to move slowly. Too much, too fast, and Dawn would be shuddering in orgasm long before either of them got their clothes off. The hand on Dawn's back she moved up, cradling the smaller woman's head in her fingers as she slid her other hand down Dawn's side. The long, equine ears that stuck up through Valorie's hair twitched, focusing inward to keep close tabs on Dawn's breathing as her hand glided down the wizard's flawless body. The dress Dawn wore tucked in at the waist, showing off how narrow it was compared to how the dress had to billow out to have any hope of containing the wizard's wide, womanly hips. Despite the dress's best efforts, though, it was still marvelously tight around the swell of Dawn's full, perky butt, and Valorie gently groped the smooth curve of the wizard's hip for a moment before moving her hand down further to caress the outside of Dawn's thigh tenderly.

Leaning into the kiss, Valorie braced her forearm against Dawn's spine as she hooked her hand behind the wizard's dress sheathed knees. With one smooth motion that Valorie didn't dare let break her contact with Dawn, she stood, hoisting the tiny woman into the air. Dawn huffed at the sudden motion, but didn't let it slow her down as she dug her fingers into Valorie's luxuriant, golden-brown hair. Valorie took a single step into the room, but paused, pulling away briefly to whisper into Dawn's ear, "Where to now, my Lady Wizard?"

Dawn didn't open her eyes, and her lips never completely left Valorie as she now trailed a small circle of kisses along the equine's neck. "I don't care!" she moaned, "I'll go wherever my big... strong..." She punctuated each word with a kiss, "sexy... gorgeous... noble steed decides to take me. I don't care where you go, Valorie, as long as you promise to take me with you."

"Noble, huh?" Valorie mused as Dawn threatened to wear the fur off of her neck with kisses. "I understand big and strong, but I don't know about noble. I've got all kinds of ideas running through my head right now, and I wouldn't call any of them noble."

"Oh no!" whined Dawn playfully, "Did I, in my excitement, mistake this lusty beast for someone good and virtuous? To what horrible den of debauchery will I be dragged off to?"

"Lusty beast..." Valorie echoed, "Yeah, that's a bit closer to what I've got in mind."

Dawn finally broke contact, looking up at Valorie with an impish grin. "Is this amorous creature open to suggestions? Because this helpless maiden might have some ideas of her own that she's been working on for a while now."

Valorie's ears perked up. "Is that so?" she wondered aloud. Dawn's grin widened and she reached up, whispering ardently into Valorie ear. The equine's mouth fell open as she listened. "You're kidding me." Valorie breathed, "Are you sure? Daryn mentioned it was dangerous."

Dawn's fingers fell to Valorie's shoulders and she squeezed them encouragingly. "This is hardly a serious shaping," she reassured the equine, "It's a fairly simple transfiguration, after I got everything worked out. And it works off of preset conditions. It's as safe as turning on a

light." She massaged Valorie's shoulders as she leaned in for another brief kiss. "I'm not strong enough yet to make it too drastic, but it should last for a few hours. Long enough for some fun, hmm?"

Knowing next to nothing about magic, Valorie was hesitant, but Dawn was very good, and trust squashed any inhibitions she may have harbored. "You have piqued this lusty beast's interest, milady. Care to give a demonstration?"

With a nod, and a squeeze of Valorie's shoulders in thanks for her trust, Dawn slipped free of Valorie's arms, taking a few, swaying steps away to make room. She spun to face Valorie, her dress billowing outwards and catching the pale light that hung over her. The breath caught in Valorie's throat. Dawn was always beautiful, but there were times when Valorie wasn't sure whether her heart would explode, or stop altogether. Dawn gave her a smile, a small, private smile that seemed reserved for Valorie alone, and the equine tried desperately to return that smile as Dawn started to chant in a light, musical tone.

The spell must have been simple, because Dawn finished after only a couple of seconds. There was another second of quiet nothing, and then the tiny wizard huffed out an unsteady breath as the spell took effect. Dawn's body abruptly surged beneath her robes, stretching longer and wider as her spell made her svelte frame blossom larger.

Valorie's ears drooped in disappointment when Dawn's dress stretched with her, but perked up again when Dawn moaned. It was happening quickly, and Valorie watched with open mouthed surprise. Dawn's hands were on her body and her eyes were tightly shut as she expanded in one smooth motion. With a hesitant step forward, Valorie watched, stunned, as Dawn's head rose past her own, giving the equine a new look up at the formerly puny wizard.

As her growth slowed to a stop, Dawn hissed out a long, slow breath as she blinked, her eyes finding focus on Valorie's. "Ooh..." she said shakily, "That... tingled. I... Oh Gods... is that my voice?" She laughed. Her voice, usually smooth and lilting, was now deep and resonant, more so than even Valorie's, which stood to reason. Valorie gaped up at Dawn, who now stood head and shoulders higher than the statuesque equine. The wizard must have been nearly as tall as Clara, easily having doubled in size "So?" prompted Dawn, "How do I look?"

"Uh..." stammered Valorie, "I-I didn't... W-wow. Dawn, I... H-holy shit."

Dawn giggled low in her throat, smoothing the cloth of her dress over her waist. "I hope that means you like it." she whispered. Valorie thought her head was going to roll off with as hard as she nodded. Dawn smiled down at her. "I pray you don't mind that I kept the dress. I wasn't sure if you were done staring yet." Valorie nodded again, her breath short, and Dawn crooked her finger in Valorie's direction, beckoning her over slowly. "Why don't you come take a closer look before you drool all over the rug, hmm?"

Valorie reluctantly pulled her jaw off of the floor as she did as Dawn requested. Bands of awe constricted her chest as she stepped into Dawn's arms. There was just so... much... of Dawn now. "Ooh..." the enlarged wizard purred, "So that's what the top of your head looks like. I must admit; I like the view."

"Me too." Valorie breathed, barely audible, "Me too..." She struggled to reconcile the sight of Dawn towering over her. Few people had the ability to look down on Valorie, most of them were morphs of one kind or another, and now Dawn, in all her pure, radiant beauty was looking down at her, the same, intimate smile spread across the wizard's face. The depth of Dawn's new voice held the same emotion and compassion, but it tugged at Valorie's ears in a way that echoed through her mind. "What now?" she said, her mind beginning to burn with possibilities.

"Already lost your way, hmm?" Dawn murmured through a lascivious grin. "Here," she said, taking Valorie's hands in her own, "let me get you back on track." Dawn pulled Valorie closer, and the equine was suddenly faced with a pair of tightly sheathed breasts that heaved in their colorful wrapping with Dawn's excited breaths. Dawn slapped Valorie's hands down on her waist and let the formerly taller woman's instincts take over. Valorie's fingers tightened on Dawn's still-slim midsection, and the wizard cooed, "There you go. Don't be shy."

Timidity was the last thing on Valorie's mind as she heaved in a heavy breath, suddenly able to fill her lungs again. Dawn smelled so strong up close, earthy and floral, with a hint of something primal that tickled at Valorie's nostrils. The scent had been magnified along with everything else of Dawn's, and Valorie gulped it down. Dawn laughed lightly, smoothing back Valorie's hair as she combed out with her fingers the curls that her braid had left in it. The laugh made her breasts bounce in her dress, and Valorie stood transfixed, her fingers sliding down to grope Dawn's hips.

Dawn had always been remarkably well endowed, with perfect, ripe breasts that hung weightlessly off of her chest, nearly the size of her head. Blown up the way they were, Valorie could only marvel at how they stretched taut the fine cloth that dared to conceal them. She couldn't understand how the wizard hadn't developed a back problem, but it did explain how smooth and lissom the muscle of Dawn's back was. Valorie kept her hands where they were, latched onto the sweeping curves of Dawn's thick hips. She didn't want to risk marring the flawless shape of the wizard's soft, inviting mammaries with her clumsy fingers.

Traitorously, however, Valorie saw herself drifting closer, dipping forward toward the heavenly, twin pillows of Dawn's bust, encouraged by the wizard's inviting voice in her ears and guiding fingers in her hair. Her lips met gently with cloth cloaked boob in a tender kiss that made Dawn coo wordlessly down at her. Valorie didn't have to crane her neck up or down to let her lips drift over the blissfully warm swells, dipping in occasionally to press her mouth down, dimpling the luscious orb with faint pressure.

Valorie moved slowly as much for herself as for Dawn. The wizard's erogenous zones were unbelievably sensitive, and too much stimulation too quickly would bring Dawn to her knees if she let it. Valorie knew; she had done it before, made Dawn scream her name with just her fingers on Dawn's magnificent bust. The wizard moaned softly, almost privately, as if she didn't want Valorie to hear how excited she was getting. Valorie smiled, not letting her pace be dictated by the slowly building fire of ardor that burned restlessly beneath her skin.

She let Dawn guide her, one of the wizard's hands pressing her forward while the other tugged at the button's holding Valorie's shirt on. Valorie let Dawn busy her fingers, let her give herself something to do while the equine gleefully explored every new inch of Dawn she could press her lips to. The fine, thin cloth that stood between them was hardly an effective barrier, and Dawn moaned again, her fingers faltering on Valorie's blouse. The horse morph grinned into Dawn's chest as she reached her hand around, cupping the perky muscle of the wizard's rear in teasing fingers.

Valorie took an aggressive step forward, pushing Dawn back. The wizard was bigger for now, but Valorie was still much stronger. "I'm ready." growled the equine, her voice heated with desire, "Dress. Off. Now."

Squeezing the flesh in her fingers tightly, Valorie took another step forward, sliding Dawn backward despite the wizard's attempt to brace herself. Dawn pushed back, fighting a losing battle, but her hand behind Valorie's neck begged the equine not to stop. Valorie didn't, and her mouth found the bud of Dawn's nipple through the fabric before her. Dawn gasped as

Valorie nibbled gingerly, pushing the furiously blushing wizard back until Valorie had Dawn pinned between her own hard body and the silver-streaked white marble of the wall.

Dawn whimpered, her hand leaving Valorie's blouse half open to tear numbly at her dress. "Come on, big girl." Valorie intoned with rising impatience, "Take it off for me before I can't stop myself from tearing it off of you." She closed her mouth around Dawn's blooming bud, stroking it tenderly with her tongue through the increasingly offensive fabric. "I'd hate to ruin something so beautiful." She bit down, looking up at Dawn with a knowing expression. Her dress was hardly the only beautiful thing about to be ruined.

With a shuddering whine, Dawn begged for time. Valorie growled in response. She left one hand tenderly caressing Dawn's plush butt while she lifted the other up, crawling ever so slowly toward Dawn's neglected breast. Dawn appeared to have completely forgotten how to remove the dress that was wrapped around her body, and was reduced to tugging uselessly on it. As Valorie's hand found purchase on Dawn's chest, the swollen wizard shuddered. Valorie's normally nimble fingers couldn't hope to corral Dawn's delightfully yielding flesh, but the equine kneaded it lovingly, deigning to give Dawn a bit more time to regain control of her spasming extremities.

Valorie heaved a sigh, forcing hot air through the fabric under her lips to warm Dawn's skin. "The buttons are under a flap in the back, love." Valorie urged, "Now hurry, please." Dawn nodded, pleading for Valorie to have mercy, but the equine defiantly increased the energy of her ministrations as Dawn scrabbled behind her, desperately searching for the buttons of her dress.

Rolling her eyes, Valorie lifted her hand from Dawn's rear, sliding it up the wizard's back. If you wanted something done right... Valorie left Dawn's nipple for the time being, not wanting to push the wizard too far too soon as her fingers found the bottom-most button and agilely popped it free. The fabric around Dawn's midriff suddenly loosened, and the wizard moaned euphorically. Up another inch, and another button came undone, then another, then another. Valorie punished Dawn's divine bust for the wizard's clumsiness with groping fingers and probing lips.

Dawn hissed, begging Valorie to slow down, but the equine shook her head slowly, grinding her muzzle across Dawn's bosom as more buttons came loose. Three left... two, one. As the last button popped open, Valorie pressed forward hungrily, forcing Dawn's back into the wall. "Arms!" Valorie growled, "Now!"

The wizard assented, wriggling rolling her shoulders to give herself enough slack to slip her arms free of her dresses sleeves. Valorie huffed. About damn time. Taking a fold of cloth between her lips, Valorie pulled her head back, dragging the fabric off of Dawn's chest, freeing the wizard's huge, pendulous orbs so they could heave with Dawn's urgent breaths. The magelight above and behind Valorie gleamed off of Dawn's flawless skin, and her fingers grew once more slow and tender.

Dawn took the initiative to begin working her dress down over her hips. A daunting prospect, considering their girth and how tightly the dress still hugged them. Valorie let her work at it as her lips dimpled the blissfully tender flesh in front of them in a series of light kisses. "Perfect." Valorie groaned, "Absolutely perfect." The equine's mouth couldn't manage it alone, and where her lips weren't, Valorie fingers were, teasing and caressing. They were so big and soft, and the noises Dawn made as Valorie's fingers and lips glided over her skin were tantalizing, urging Valorie to continue and begging wordlessly for more. It was Valorie's pleasure to serve her lady's needs.

Valorie's eyes had been closed since she had met the wall. Grown as it was, Valorie still knew every angelic inch of Dawn's body. She knew just where to poke and prod, where to kiss and suckle, and the equine was taking full advantage. "Nngh! Oh! Please...! Come on, come on!" Dawn moaned, writhing under Valorie's hands, "How the- Gods! How the hells did I get this stupid thing on?! Fuck! Harder! Right there!"

Valorie was barely touching the big, svelte woman she had pinned against the wall, but that hardly mattered to Dawn's hypersensitive skin. She teased Dawn as gently as she could manage, but the wizard was growing only more urgent. Backing away and giving Dawn the space she probably needed was simply not an option for Valorie. Her ears flicked excitedly when she heard the faint sound of tearing cloth. It seemed Dawn was putting her new size to good use, brute forcing the dress down over her hips with frantic zeal. Dawn cursed when the dress finally pooled around her ankles, but it turned into a protracted moan as Valorie thumbed a particularly sensitive spot, her fingers dancing around the wizard's enflamed areola, puffy and flushed ruddy pink with need.

She pulled away, Dawn's flesh falling from her mouth with a wet pop. Valorie licked her lips as her eyes drifted open and looked up into Dawn's. "See?" said the equine with a faint, but hungry smile, "Was that so bad?" Valorie's fingers played along the heavy swells of Dawn's breasts for a long minute, tenderly rubbing in the remnants of her saliva. Dawn gibbered wordlessly, not knowing what to do, one hand splayed out on the wall behind her for support while the other rhythmically clenched in Valorie's hair. "I can take care of the rest," Valorie assured her shaking lover, "But I might have to take a detour on the way. I hope you don't mind."

Hand finally stopping their ceaseless march over Dawn's sensitive skin, Valorie lifted the wizard's weighty orbs and dipped her head to brush her lips languidly along their underside. She roamed lower, eventually leaving Dawn's heaving gobes. The wizard's skin was wet. "Oh, Dawn." Valorie mumbled into the larger woman's chest, "I love the way you sweat, how you get so hot and bothered. I can smell your need in it, you know." Valorie breathed in hard, licking up beads of sweat as they appeared, leaving a trail of saliva down Dawn's front. "It's delicious, that smell, the taste of your lust. To know that you want me, that you want me so bad that it boils up inside you and oozes from your pores..." Valorie shuddered as she let air out of her lungs and pushed on Dawn's chest, shoving the wizard back into the wall with sudden, vigorous force. The equine went forward with it, and she pressed the crotch of her straining, woefully overfilled pants against Dawn's thigh. "It excites me, Dawn, that smell, that taste on your skin. I can't help but get... enthusiastic."

Dawn must have been growing impatient, because she suddenly slapped her hand down on Valorie's big, firm ass and pulled the equine hard into herself, grinding her thigh up and down Valorie's bulging crotch. "Come on, Val." she whined, her voice growing rough and needy, "Stop teasing me..."

"No." Valorie said defiantly, pinching Dawn's nipples hard enough to make the wizard back off. Dawn had given her a playground, and now she was going to play with it, come oblivion or hellfire. The wizard's hand stayed where it was, which Valorie supposed was okay. Dawn was definitely an ass girl, and the wizard's other hand dropped to join its twin, joyously fondling Valorie's taut muscle. The equine mercifully relaxed her grip on Dawn and returned her lips to the wizard's chest, bending her knees as she dropped, eventually making her way to Dawn's abdomen.

Smooth, lean muscle lurked just under the skin there, and Valorie could feel it tensing under her lips as she let her hands drop to Dawn's hips. She dipped lower and lower into her

crouch, until Dawn could no longer keep her hands on Valorie's butt. The enlarged woman's hands pulled up to Valorie's shoulders briefly kneading the muscle there before winding up cupped around the equine's head. Valorie allowed herself to be gently guided across Dawn's midsection, as long as the fingers didn't try any funny business and let Valorie move at her own pace. Valorie memorized the track she took over Dawn's waist as she was slowly but surely pushed down, running into the cleft between the wizard's now titanic thighs.

The smell of Dawn's sex was terrifically strong. Valorie's eyes had fallen closed again, but she didn't need to see to imagine the stream of clear, liquid lust that must have been running down the insides of Dawn's legs. Valorie pulled energy from the smell, and used it to resist the pull of the hands clutched around her, instead turning away to let her lips and tongue run luxuriously along Dawn's broad hip and shapely thigh. Her hand followed her lips, gently squeezing the lean, tight curve of Dawn's leg. The wizard had taken to waking up early to follow Valorie on her morning walks, and the trim, sexy muscle flexed wonderfully under Valorie's fingers. It was utterly worth having to work herself that much harder to make up for lost time.

Valorie dropped to her knees from her crouch, planting a long, lingering kiss just above Dawn's knee as her finger's roamed south. Eyes closed, Valorie peeled down Dawn's stockings and unlaced her boots. She prodded Dawn, who obediently raised a leg, allowing the equine to slip off the obstructing leather. Dawn's dress went with it, and soon both the wizard's dainty feet were bare. Her lips still attached, Valorie gave Dawn's gorgeous, well-formed calves a long rubdown before switching legs and beginning to work her way back up.

Valorie's fingers trailed lightly up the back of Dawn's thighs, stopping to grope here and there when they got too far ahead of Valorie's mouth. Dawn's legs were stiff, the muscle tense under her perfect skin. The wizard was trying so hard to force down her ardor, to control the spasms of bliss Valorie's lips must have been causing. The equine smiled warmly; Dawn would have her reward. Valorie missed Dawn's hands; they had been retracted when the equine had dropped to her knees, too low for the wizard to reach. Valorie knew they were probably white-knuckled at Dawn's sides from sheer strain.

Making short, soothing sounds in her throat, Valorie continued her relentless, unhurried march up Dawn's thigh. She let her fingers dance up the backs of Dawn's legs, lingering on where the curve of the wizard's callipygian rear began, marking the seamless transition between leg and perky, perfectly-formed buttocks. Valorie's hands drifted up further, giving Dawn's smooth cheeks a firm grope as the path of the equine's lips returned to where it had branched off, resting just north of Dawn's fragrant honeypot.

Valorie kissed Dawn's smooth skin for another endless minute, stubbornness making her reluctant to pull away, but eventually she did, keeping her fingers latched around Dawn's taut rear. She lifted her head, forcing her eyes open to peer up at Dawn. The wizard's eyes were tightly shut, her teeth clenched and her body stiff against the wall behind her. "Dawn..." Valorie murmured to her, "Come back to me Dawn."

Dawn's eyes peeled open as she gasped in a desperate breath, sagging into Valorie's hands, to the equine's delight. "Val." she panted, "I'm so close, so, so close. You... your... Oh Gods, you look so... small down there. Your eyes... they're so green. How are they so green? Oh... fuck, Val, what are you waiting for?"

"Just making sure you're still conscious up there, big girl." Valorie grinned, "It's no fun if you're too tense to squirm for me, so loosen up. Let yourself melt for me, okay?" Dawn whined her acceptance, and Valorie whispered her thanks. The equine let her hand drift away from Dawn's ass for a second to peel the wizard's palm off of the wall next to her, threading Dawn's

long, slender fingers back into her golden brown hair where it belonged. Valorie pulled with her other hand, dragging Dawn's hips forward as she dipped her head down, inspecting her prize as the wizard gasped in anticipation.

Dawn's womanhood was colored with heat, blushed, lips parted with need. Even after doubling in size, Dawn still looked so delicate. She was like a ruddy pink flower, dainty petals glossy with sweet nectar. It pulled Valorie, demanded that she dive in, spread apart those petals to get at the source of the aromatic glaze that flowed freely down the length of Dawn's graceful legs. Instead, Valorie bobbed her head lower still, sliding her horse-like muzzle between Dawn's legs. The hand in her hair tensed as Valorie glided upwards, resting the top of her muzzle against Dawn's lust-parted lips. "My, my, my..." Valorie hummed, "Looks like someone's sprung a leak down here."

With a groan, Dawn tried fitfully to grind herself against Valorie's long face. The equine held her in place with a smile. Dawn's clear lubricant soaked into her fur, wet and hot with the wizard's desire. She pushed her head forward, and then pulled it back slowly, dragging herself through Dawn's drooling slit, pulling a tense squeak from the helpless woman's throat. Dawn was trembling, and her breath came in ragged pants. She wasn't lying; she was close, tantalizingly close, close enough for Valorie to have to change her tactics.

The equine moved mechanically back and forth, picking up speed without hesitation. "Do it!" Valorie growled, "I can feel how much you want to, so do it! Get this party started! Cum on my face! Squirt all over me! Make me drip with you! DO IT!"

Valorie thrust forward, pressing up fiercely into Dawn's womanhood and grinding against the sensitive flesh. The legs framing her face spasmed, and Dawn's tensed suddenly. The giantess above her started to thrash, but Valorie was there for support. Dawn's feet left the ground, her toes curling spastically as she shuddered around Valorie's face. The equine caught her swiftly in her hands, draping Dawn's knees over her shoulders to carry the wizard's weight. Dawn hardly felt light as air now, but Valorie loved to show off for her magically-inclined lover, and what better way.

"Yes!" Dawn hissed as she rocked her hips, grinding herself against Valorie's muzzle. "Oh, fuck yes! Yes!" Dawn's other hand found Valorie's head, and she forced herself down onto the equine's face, riding it out as she exploded against Valorie. With a wordless cry, Valorie accepted the sudden gush of girlcum that poured from Dawn's overstimulated womanhood and ran in rivulets off of her face and down over her partially exposed chest. "Valorie!" Dawn squealed, "Yes! F-fuck! Harder! Yes! YesyesyesyesYES! AughfuckingfuckmeYES!" A scream died in her throat before it could begin as she was reduced to wordless gibbering.

Yes was right. Valorie pulled her head back with an energized growl and dove into Dawn's sputtering lady-parts, digging into the wizard's sopping hole with gusto. She watched Dawn's eyes bulge and felt the legs draped over her shoulders clench tight, locking Dawn's lower body to her chest. Valorie laughed, getting her feet underneath her and heaving upward. Dawn's back slid up the wall as Valorie rose to a stand. The wizard's body was an order of magnitude more heavy than it usually was, but that didn't stop Valorie as she forced Dawn's shoulders against the ceiling.

Valorie lapped hungrily against Dawn's throbbing womanhood as it shuddered against her mouth. "That's right!" grunted the equine into Dawn's folds, "Give me everything you've got! I want it all! Show this big, strong beast how much you love it!" Valorie had to swallow or drown; her oversized lover was so wet. "Come on, Dawn! Tell me how much you want it! Scream it so I can hear!"

Dawn's mouth got so dirty whenever Valorie's face was buried in her crotch. "Fuck!" she cried in a voice too deep to be called a screech, "Don't stop! I'm not done! I-hnngh....! I need you! I need you so badly! Please! Fuck me! Please! Gods fucking fuck, please! Ah!"

"Begging..." Valorie mused, thoughtful despite her energetic mining of Dawn's loins, "I don't recall asking you to beg. You must really want it, hmm?" Dawn only replied with a wordless wail as she humped at Valorie's face. "Well then." the equine said, wincing as Dawn tugged on her hair. It was okay. Valorie could handle a little horseplay; now it was time to see if Dawn was as sturdy. "Okay..." Valorie purred low in her throat, "I suppose since you've asked oh so nicely." The equine gave Dawn another long lick up her engorged slit, and pulled her bodily off of the wall, clapping hands down on her back to keep Dawn upright.

With grace that belied her heavy load, Valorie spun, marching Dawn over to the bed before she tossed the wizard down onto the crisp linens. The bed creaked under the sudden strain, but held, as Valorie knew it would. She and Dawn had done much more to test that bed. Valorie let Dawn lay there for a minute while she slowly continued Dawn's half-finished task of undoing the buttons of her blouse. Dawn's long fingers clutched at her chest, and the wizard watched Valorie with huge, starving eyes as she spasmed with the aftershocks of her first orgasm. "Yes Valorie," she whimpered shakily, "You have no idea how much I've longed for this."

Valorie forced herself to move with controlled slowness. "Oh, I might have an idea." she replied. As she popped the last button holding the shirt to her torso, she sighed with relief as the fabric of her pants started to tear explosively. It was euphoric, and Valorie never tired of hearing that sound, despite this being the second pair of pants she had ruined today alone. It was okay; Dawn was good for it. She slipped the shirt back over her shoulders, pushing out her still clothed breasts for Dawn's benefit as the sound of shredding cloth filled the room.

Valorie moaned as Dawn watched her disrobe. Blood rushed to her loins, filling her ever-tight pants to capacity and beyond. "Do you see what you do to me, sexy?" asked Valorie as she tossed her shirt aside and began peeling off the gauzy fabric of her bra. As Valorie bared herself to Dawn, her fingers found her breast, hefting the firm orbs. She had started life with what people had called a modest bust, moderately sized, but perky and supple. When the Archmage had made her into what she was today, she had put on a lot of weight in the chest area, but had miraculously maintained her wonderful texture, and she fondled herself while Dawn watched. She hadn't the perfection of Dawn, huge and soft, but she was proud of her boobs, and the way Dawn looked at her made her feel beautiful in a way no one ever had.

"Like what you see?" the equine wondered intimately. Valorie smiled at Dawn's excited nod, and she increased the tempo of her ministrations while her pants shredded around her. Valorie let herself moan again, for Dawn's sake. She wanted her enlarged lover to hear as much as see how much Valorie wanted her. She needed Dawn to know how much she was desired. "This... Oh! This is for you, Dawn, because of you." Dawn gasped along with Valorie when, with one last rip, Valorie flopped free, her turgid horsecock hanging down below her knee under its own weight. It wasn't even half-hard yet, and it had torn its way free of the confines of Valorie's clothing.

With a smirk, Valorie let one hand fall from her chest to her hip, and she started to work off the remains of her pants, dragging them down over the hard muscle of her legs. She ignored her pulsing member for the time, turning as she pulled her pants down over her butt, giving Dawn a view of "The ass she wanted inside her," as Dawn put it. That was something that had changed little during her transformation. She had always had a taut, muscular behind, a product

of the nearly constant exercise that Valorie put herself through. The body of the eight-and-a-half foot tall horse she now occupied just compounded on her gifts. Chocolate brown fur covered her body, with the exception of the hair on her head and tail, shining golden brown in even the dimmest light.

As Valorie slid the ruined fabric of her trousers down over her thick thighs, she bent, swishing her tail from side to side, giving Dawn glimpses of her big, round ass and the gash of her own enflamed womanhood, often neglected in favor of her more... outgoing endowments. With one hand Valorie began to loosen the laces of her boots while with the other she stroked the curve of her rear, giving it a nice, hard slap for Dawn, moaning lewdly. "Valorie..." Dawn breathed slowly, "I could cum again just watching you."

Valorie peered back over her shoulder at the wizard, who had levered herself up onto her elbows to watch the equine strip for her. "Don't let me stop you." she mewled back, giving herself another slap as she gyrated her hips through the air. Valorie watched Dawn's eyes track her movements for a moment before she bent down further, tugging off her first boot, then the other. Socks came afterwards, and then the tattered remnants of her pants. Valorie straightened, finally bare to her lover's roving eyes.

With a roll of her broad shoulders, Valorie flexed her back, tightening her statuesque musculature to Dawn's ecstatic coos. Despite it having been given to her by the Archmage nearly a year-and-a-half prior, Valorie's body required maintenance, and she worked hard to keep it up. She smiled; the extra appreciation did wonders for her motivation. She had actually gotten larger in the year she had known Dawn. Valorie's muscles were rock hard when she flexed them, dense beyond belief, and she was much stronger than she looked because of it, and she looked very strong. She was broad in both shoulder and hip, but her slim, trim waist and hefty breasts marked her as unmistakably feminine. Her strength was a manifestation of incredible density and definition more than any hulking mass, and she had out-muscled men three times her own weight to the surprise of many.

Tendons popping, Valorie brought her arms up, curling them tight. Valorie peeked back at Dawn as her biceps practically jumped off of her arm, standing out in sheer contrast against her fur. "I'm not kidding, Val." the wizard whined, "I'm going to cum again."

Valorie's tail floated through the air as she spun to face Dawn. "You're damn right you are." Valorie uttered without a shred of hesitation, "Again and again and again... until I get tired of hearing you scream my name." She rolled her hips as she swaggered forward, swinging her dick like a pendulum until she stood at the edge of the bed, looking down at Dawn's magnificent, huge body, hers for the taking. Even when flaccid, her thick, flared horsecock hung to her knee, and with the way Dawn was writhing, wrinkling the neatly made sheets, she was rapidly losing any ability to call herself flaccid.

She stood, staring down at Dawn, tensing and relaxing her body rhythmically, feeling blood rush down to her groin, bloating her distended cock more and more. She reached down, rubbing its base fondly, resting her fingers on a vein that throbbed angrily as it fed the beast between her legs. The skin of her dick matched the fur on her scrotum, pale, ghostly white from the purification spell Dawn had laid on her to fight the demon Salaxa. A rough starburst of white also occupied her chest, just above her breasts, running down into her cleavage, and Valorie fingered its outline idly as she stroked herself to giddy hardness, the pallid skin taking on a pink tone from the blood that pooled in it.

Dawn just kept watching her. "That's right, Val." she urged, "Get nice and big for me, like I got nice and big for you. It's never been more possible, and I want you... I need you inside

me, as much as I can take. I promise I'll keep working on making myself bigger, and one day I'll do it, and ride you into the ground like a broken-down racehorse, I promise. But right now, I need it. I need you."

With a growl, Valorie demanded the little bit of stallion between her legs to comply with her lover's wishes. Dawn was right, Valorie would still be too big, but it was close enough. Dawn's delightfully slick womanhood was deceptively spacious, and would be even more so now that its dimensions had been doubled. Her throbbing horseflesh pulled itself up against the pull of gravity, pressing insistently into the side of the expansive bed she and Dawn shared. She could feel it inching longer down the fine mattress, skin stretching, heaving with every beat of her heart.

She forced herself to take a slow, measured breath. Valorie wanted nothing more than to jump on Dawn where she lay, and with the way the wizard was batting her eyelashes, she would hardly complain. Perhaps later, when Dawn was more sturdy and Valorie wouldn't have to pull her punches, but for the time being, Valorie wanted to take it slowly.

Valorie rolled her hips back, making room for her stiffening, equine member to clear the lip of the bed. She held it in her hand, encouraging herself with idle strokes. Dawn's eyes looked ready to fall from her skull, and Valorie chuckled. "Hmm..." Valorie mused, choking back a pleased grunt as she felt herself thicken dramatically, pushing apart her fingers, "I-oo! I think I'm missing something, something slick and juicy, something to let me slide in nice and easy. If only there was something that... Oh! I know! I'll just..." Valorie drifted off, lifting a lazy hand to her chest to run a finger through Dawn's leavings, a thick trail of fluid that drenched her front.

The heady liquid had begun to dry, caking Valorie's fur, and the equine tutted in disappointment. "Oh, that won't do at all." she sighed, "I guess I'll have to go somewhere... fresher." Valorie hiked a knee up onto the bed, and Dawn's legs shot open, the wizard begging wordlessly for Valorie to dive in again. "Oh no you don't." Valorie said as she levered herself onto the bed with Dawn, "I'm not going to do all the work here." Dawn whined, but nodded, her hands moving quickly to do what Valorie needed.

Valorie caught the errant limb, clamping her fingers down on Dawn's wrist as she crawled forward on her knees. "What's the rush?" asked Valorie when Dawn groaned and struggled weakly against her, "I'm not even all the way hard yet. There's plenty of time..." Dawn hissed and bucked her hips as Valorie angled her girthy tool down, sliding it up along Dawn's dripping flower, coating the underside of it in a slick layer of the wizard's intoxicating fluids.

She felt Dawn touch her, slim fingers attempting to encircle her shaft. They couldn't, and Dawn's other hand dove in to assist. Valorie grunted, and she spurted a thick gob of precum onto Dawn's abdomen. Her giantess lover played with her endlessly surging length as Valorie crawled up and over Dawn's legs, straddling her waist. Her flared tip slipped easily up into Dawn's cleavage, and the wizard seemed content to let it rest there while she hungrily stroked Valorie's exposed length as it ballooned in her fingers, ever thicker, longer.

Not even Valorie's titanic member could escape the confines of Dawn's breasts as it reached its full, stunning hardness. Thick veins throbbed along its length and it twitched eagerly, ready for action. Valorie pushed herself forward more, and the crown of her cock broke free of the warm softness of Dawn's chest. The wizard lifted her head enough to dip down, running her tongue over Valorie's sensitive tip. The equine groaned at the sudden, hot wetness, and her cock pulsed, giving Dawn a mouthful of pre as her reward. The wizard spluttered at the unexpected gift, but she dutifully swallowed most of it.

The slender, dexterous fingers dancing along her length were euphoric, and Valorie had to resist the urge to hump at Dawn's face until she couldn't hold herself back any more. Instead, she kept inching her way forward, sliding more and more of herself through the velvet embrace of Dawn's cleavage, until the wizard could no longer reach the tip with her mouth. That didn't stop her hands though, and Dawn was vigorously spreading what little lube Valorie had managed to pick up across Valorie's entire surface, supplementing it with Valorie's own oozing fluids.

Valorie let her work. The equine snaked one hand behind Dawn's neck, the other worming its way beneath Dawn's smooth back, and Valorie lifted, dipping down to meet her lover halfway. Their lips met, and Valorie nearly came on the spot. Dawn's mouth was hot and inviting, her lips soft and finally large enough to stand up to Valorie's own. Dawn's tongue slipped out, and Valorie moaned, returning the gesture with violent passion. She had never felt anything like the spike of blinding, white-hot need that abruptly lanced into her mind. Valorie couldn't be sure whether it was coming from herself, or was instead bleeding through the link she shared with Dawn, but she didn't care.

Her arms flexed, crushing Dawn's body upward into her chest, pinching her member between them. Dawn whimpered, not with pain, but desire as her hands scrabbled for purchase, eventually finding grip on the muscle of Valorie's back. Dawn squeezed just as tightly, attempting to pull herself bodily into Valorie's chest, to smash them into one being. Valorie felt Dawn tense, and the wizard squealed into the equine's mouth as she shuddered in a second orgasm. Valorie's tail, draped over Dawn's womanhood as it was, was soaked with a fresh wave of girlcum that spluttered messily forth.

Valorie grunted again with a huff. She was going to cum too at this rate. Dawn dug into the equine's mouth with the ferocity of a starving woman as she moaned out her release. Valorie lifted her tail, flipping it up through the air to slap wetly back down onto Dawn's gushing pussy. The wizard spasmed, her fingers digging desperately into Valorie's back as the equine battered her swollen flower with a length of drenched tail. Valorie wanted to say something, something clever, or sexy, but Dawn would have none of it. The wizard kept herself pinned to Valorie's mouth with surprising, lust-fueled strength, and Valorie relegated herself to wrestling with Dawn's tongue as her big, beautiful lover writhed in her arms.

It took several endless, moaning minutes, but eventually Dawn relaxed, loosening her grip enough to pull away from Valorie enough to gasp in a heavy breath. The equine opened her mouth to say something, but Dawn cut her off with a threatening growl. "Not a word, Valorie!" Dawn hissed, her breath hot, her lips but a hair's breadth from Valorie's, "No more teasing! No more talking! The only noise I want to hear from you is the sound of you gasping as you rut me like the huge, strong, sexy beast that you are! Fuck me, hard and fast! So help me, Valorie, if you're not inside me in ten seconds I'll tie you up and fuck you myself!"

Valorie grinned excitedly and gave Dawn a comically chaste peck on the cheek, and when the wizard started to count, she contemplated letting Dawn reach ten. But a little kinky bondage could wait for a later date; Valorie couldn't hold back any longer. Dawn's nails scraped along her back as Valorie pushed herself to her knees, straddling the wizard's chest. The equine's hands fell down, lingering fleetingly on the huge, heavy curves of Dawn's breasts before she took hold of her lover's torso. With a tight sigh of exertion, Valorie heaved, hauling Dawn backward away from her, sliding the wizard's voluptuous body through the arch of Valorie's spread legs. It was a tight fit, and Dawn's thick hips posed a problem until Valorie had had enough and lifted herself off of the sheets to permit Dawn's passage.

Dawn gasped and tensed when her retreating body dragged her tender lower lips back along the underside of Valorie's frantically throbbing horsecock. Valorie clenched her teeth and let the wizard wriggle in her ecstasy, pushing her enlarged body back until the equine had enough room to maneuver. So close... she was so close, and Valorie laid trembling fingers on Dawn's nerveless legs. She hefted them from where they lay on the bed, draping them over her shoulders so that the crook of Dawn's knees rested easily on her firm muscle. She then straightened her back, lifting Dawn's hips to hang an inch or two off of the dimpled sheets.

Valorie could hardly breathe, she was so excited. Dawn, having evidently forgotten about her count, arched her back, raising her hips further and giving Valorie a prime angle. With her hands resting tenderly on Dawn's thighs, Valorie rocked her hips backward, lining her tip up with the visibly throbbing entrance to Dawn's needy passage. She closed her eyes as she pushed forward gently, probing gingerly against Dawn's tight, wet hole. Dawn's thighs tensed in anticipation, and Valorie made soothing noises low in her throat as she bore slowly onward.

Being hung like a horse the size of an elephant had its drawbacks, and Dawn hissed a pained grunt as the wizard started to stretch. Stop, Valorie's thoughts whispered in worry, you're too big. She's too small. You'll hurt her. She'll break. Valorie hesitated. The only people she had ever really been inside were the demon-touched, and they had never demonstrated anything close to realistic elasticity. Dawn was real, pure and human. She wouldn't give like the rest of them. Valorie would rip her love in half, and Salaxa would be proven prophetic.

"Valorie."

She opened her eyes. Dawn was up on her elbows, staring her down with those bright, amber eyes. "Trust me, Val. Just take it easy at first, and trust me. I can take it, at least some of it. I promise."

Trust. Valorie gave Dawn a nod and a weak smile, and steeled herself, pushing forward once more. Dawn was still dripping with the remnants of her previous orgasm; lubrication wasn't a problem. What was an issue was the sheer girth of Valorie's thick, flared head. Her tip was the widest part of her tremendous tool, and if she could get it in, the rest would follow.

Dawn returned the equine's nod and spread her kegs as much as she could and still remain on Valorie's shoulders. Thrusting in a slow rhythm, Valorie eased Dawn wider and wider around her, until, with a quick, euphoric jerk, her tip slid inside, disappearing into Dawn's hot, clenching depths. Both Dawn and Valorie exhaled as one, and the equine started to lean in, forging onward with renewed vigor.

She started as slow as she could convince her hips to move, pulling out half an inch, pushing in incrementally more. Dawn's breath came in sharp, heavy gasps, in cadence with Valorie's movements. The equine had to fight to stay upright. The feeling of Dawn's walls contracting spasmodically around more and more of her shaft was heavenly beyond anything Valorie could have imagined, and by the way Dawn had begun to moan and clutch at her breasts, she felt the same way.

Bliss, honey-sweet, welled up within her, and Valorie eased herself into a more natural rhythm, much to her lover's spastic delight. "Yes!" Dawn panted in a breathy hiss, "Keep going; don't stop! I-hnngh! Fuck! Ah! Oh Gods, Valorie, you're so... Gah...! So-F-fuck! You're so thick! Come on! Give it to me! Give me a piece of that- Hah! H-huge, hard stallion!"

Dawn's walls fluttered around her, stretched taut around her girth as Valorie began to move more vigorously, pushing further into Dawn with hard, controlled thrusts. The wizard's deceptively yielding tunnel wrung at her length zealously, and as Dawn stretched, the going got easier. Inch after endless, throbbing inch slid into her lover with growing ease, and with each

second, Valorie's ecstasy grew. Dawn was hot and tight, and Valorie could feel the muscles lining the giantess's long, velvet passage fluttering hectically.

Then, with a sudden, jarring jerk, Valorie bottomed out, her huge head butting up against the entrance of Dawn's womb. Her eyes were squeezed closed again, but she didn't need to see. Valorie could feel Dawn writhing around her, could feel the beating of Dawn's heart, feel her lover breathing, muscles tensing and flexing around her girth. She was so close... to Dawn, so close to the woman she loved, close enough to feel the vibrancy of Dawn's life. The intimacy was rapture, and Valorie took a minute to drink it in, basking in the warm glow of the heat that enveloped her.

Valorie sighed, grasping Dawn's thighs in a firm grip, and when she felt Dawn had the opportunity to grow accustomed to her size, she started to pull out. Dawn had taken fully two-thirds of her length, and Valorie pulled herself out slowly at first, baring perhaps a foot of steel-hard flesh before she stopped and rocked her hips forward again, pushing back in. Dawn's hands slapped down on her own, taking her fingers in a frantic grip, moaning as Valorie forced herself back into the grasping passage.

Valorie held Dawn steady as she thrust herself in and out the wizard's vicelike tightness, gradually picking up the pace. It was on the third slow plunge that Dawn arched her back, biting down on a muffled cry as her overfilled womanhood seized, tightening in orgasm. "Faster!" Dawn squealed, "Gods' Golden Blood, Valorie, f-fuck! Augh! Gods, it's so good! Harder! Faster! Yes!"

Valorie had to force her eyes open past the tsunami of toe curling bliss that poured into her through her loins. Dawn's hands shot down between her legs and encircled Valorie's burning girth, frantically stroking what she couldn't fit inside her even as she shook, her legs squeezing tightly around Valorie's shoulders. "Come on!" she begged, "Don't hold back! I can feel how close you are already! Don't make me wait, please! Fill me up! Pump me full until I overflow all over these nice, clean sheets!"

Dawn gasped and cried out when Valorie leaned in with a growl and began to furiously pump herself in and out of Dawn's slick, spasming womanhood. The wizard's grasping hands stroked her with frenetic energy, but they couldn't compare to the delightful, slick passage that seemed locked in constant orgasm around her. Dawn slid back as her hips made contact with the bed under Valorie's weight, and the equine slapped a steadying hand down on the larger woman's slim waist to hold her still. Valorie could feel Dawn's taut midsection bulge out over its load.

"Dawn," Valorie panted, losing herself to the sensations shooting like lightning up her spine, "it's so tight. I'm going to burst, Dawn. I can feel it in my-hnnk! Ah! I-I'm about to paint your insides!" She huffed a short laugh, feeling the delightful tightness build in her crotch, swelling to explosive levels. "Care to take bets on how much of a mess we're about to make?"

"Fuck!" Dawn howled, bouncing up and down to the rhythm of Valorie's desperate rutting, "I'm cumming again! Do it with me Valorie, please! Fuck! FuckfuckfuckFUCK! AUGH!"

Dawn began to thrash wildly, losing all pretense of self-control as she wailed in joyous release. The sound, like everything that came from Dawn's angelic mouth, was music to Valorie's ears and the equine let it resonate within her, shoving her over the edge. She pushed forward hard, pressing Dawn into the sheets as she hunched, her entire body tensing with sudden strain as she felt the floodgates collapse catastrophically.

Time seemed to slow, and she could see in painful detail how her immense, equine phallus bulged with the first load of her seed, thickening dramatically as it flared even bigger in Dawn's belly. Dawn screamed, and Valorie's voice joined hers in a frenzied crescendo. Dawn's spasming walls eagerly milked Valorie's twitching length, blissfully unthinking of what had begun. Valorie could feel the aching in her testes as they throbbed, emptying themselves with frightful force into the wizard's womb. Jet after jet blasted into Dawn's depths, pints of scalding jizz gradually distending her belly and slowly hiding the outline of Valorie's hearty member.

Her body had locked up, Valorie could only gasp and cry out her relief as Dawn's stomach bulged under its thick, virile cargo. Her alabaster cream rushed out of her in an endless torrent, and it quickly filled every nook and cranny of Dawn's overburdened feminine flower. The wizard squealed as it started to spurt out of her, splattering wetly on the sheets and Valorie's legs. The smell of it, dense and heady, hit Valorie like the fist of a god. It didn't, however, do anything to slow the flow, and Valorie grunted as the cascade, if anything, only rose in fury as Valorie pushed herself harder and harder. It geysered from Dawn as the wizard's abused womanhood refused any more, pooling around Valorie's knees and Dawn's hips and soaking into the sheets, viscous and sticky.

Eventually, however, the flood slackened in its overwhelming outpouring, gradually slowing to what would have been completely ludicrous for a normally endowed horse. And then it slowed further, reaching a mere dribble in only a couple minutes of constant, mind-numbing bliss, leaving Valorie and Dawn alone with only the sounds of their own furious panting.

Dawn was the first to speak, her hands on her bloated belly. "Gods..." she gasped, "there must be gallons of it. How... Valorie... F-fuck..."

Valorie waved a hand in response, leaning heavily on Dawn's legs with fatigue, trying to catch her breath and doing a poor job of it. She forced herself to take slow, calming breaths despite how much she wanted to roll over and pass out. She was still inside Dawn, but she was beginning to deflate, slowly and reluctantly. She pressed her teeth together in a defiant snarl, hissing as she pulled herself out, foot by foot. Dawn moaned, writhing as Valorie scraped her tender, sensitive flesh until, with a wet, sucking pop and a flood of pearlescent, white fluid, she came free and sighed. She leaned back, sitting on her calves as she let Dawn's legs fall to her sides to splash down into the puddle she had made.

Dawn's eyes were closed, and she was rubbing her swollen belly like she would a pet, occasionally pressing down with a moan, eliciting another gush of Valorie's seed to pour from her leaky womanhood. "Hah..." Valorie muttered over a heavy sigh, "that is quite the view..."

The wizard's eyes cracked open, peering at Valorie with a sparkle of mirth. She slowly reached over and laced her fingers through Valorie's, pulling the equine's hand toward her to lay it on the bulge of her stomach. Valorie could feel the impression she had left on Dawn's womb, tight and hot. Valorie couldn't help but push down, forcing a thick stream of her own sexual fluids from Dawn's body, to the wizard's hissing delight. "Wow." Valorie breathed, pressing down again, "What does it feel like, Dawn? Please tell me it feels good."

Dawn's fingers tightened on Valorie's lovingly. "Yeah," Dawn whispered, "it feels good. It feels like you're still in me, I'm so full of you. It's... so hot, like there's a fire in my stomach" She shifted her weight with a wince. "Gods' Blood am I going to be sore tomorrow. I hope no one expects me to do any walking in the morning."

Valorie bent down to press her lips tenderly to Dawn's burdened belly. "You asked for it," she murmured, "But don't worry, Dawn; I'll carry you wherever you need to go. Although I can't guarantee we'd get very far with you at this size. I do have my limits, you know."

As Valorie's lips worked their way up Dawn's body, the wizard groaned. "Oh... I almost forgot about that. I'm going to put on quite the show when I finally shrink back down." She rubbed her midsection fondly. "My body's going to get smaller, but this won't. That's going to be an interesting sensation."

Waving Dawn's potential concerns away, Valorie continued to crawl up the wizard's body, trailing a line of slow kisses as she did. "Well then," Valorie intoned in brief moments of broken contact, "I guess I better take advantage of the time I have left, hmm?" She straddled Dawn's waist again, making sure to keep her weight off of Dawn's bulge in the process. She let her hands roam over Dawn's expanded body, her lips brushing hungrily over every square inch of sweat-dampened skin. Dawn's hands curled around her back, gently encouraging Valorie's languid explorations. Valorie could spend an eternity on top of her lover, kissing and caressing, adoringly stroking the smooth curves. She may have had another hour, two at most. "How often can you make yourself like this?" Valorie wondered aloud, trying not to sound desperate.

"Not as often as either of us would like, I'm afraid," Dawn answered. "At least not yet. Short bursts I could manage, a few minutes at a time. I could even do it to you, but making it last this long is taking everything I have. After it wears off, I'm going to be... very tired to say the least." She brushed her hand affectionately over Valorie's hair. "I'm glad you like it. I wasn't sure how you would react to being the small one for once."

"Are you kidding me? It's about time I got to lay on you for a change. Besides..." she paused, pressing her lips to the curve of Dawn's breast, "With you like this there's so much more for me to worship."

"Easy, Val." Dawn cautioned, "I don't know if I can handle round two right now."

Valorie whined, but eased up on her manipulation of Dawn's massive, pliant breast, deciding instead to move up and kiss delicately on Dawn's throat. The wizard sighed, resigning herself to more teasing, and Valorie chuckled, sliding her hands down to clutch at Dawn's back. "Fine, fine. No more teasing." Valorie gripped Dawn's shoulder blades and twisted her body, rolling over onto her back and hauling the wizard up onto her chest. Dawn let out a surprised yelp as her weight settled on top of Valorie. "There," she whispered up to Dawn, "Just sit right there and... and let me feel you."

Dawn nodded, leaning down to plant a kiss on Valorie's lips. They kissed slowly, lacking in urgency, but making up for it in passion. Valorie let her hands rest on Dawn's back as she delighted in the softness of Dawn's lips against her own and the weight of Dawn's body atop her. She let the kiss cool her spiking ardor, and she and Dawn both melted into the ruined mattress, and into each other.