

# Dawn's Experiment

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Dawn sat in her office, busily scribbling symbols onto a vellum scroll while mumbling the requisite words under her breath. There was calm to be found in the scribing of scrolls, organizing a spell onto a page to be read off at a later time, and it helped ease her nerves. She was antsy, and she fidgeted in her chair, only the effort of keeping her hands steady warding them from her body. Normally, Dawn would take a brief minute to relieve her tension herself, but Valorie's office, usually vacant but often checked, was only a few steps down the hall, and the equine's strong fingers were so, so much better than her own.

Finishing the last letter, she sealed the spell into the vellum and rolled up the scroll, setting it to the side with the others. She set the pen aside, sliding the stopper into the vial of ink she had been using, very expensive pigments carefully mixed with a few drops of dragon's blood, graciously donated by the resident reptilians. Dawn sighed and pushed her chair back from her desk, rising slowly to her feet. She took short, measured steps over to the window that filled one wall. The room was spacious, but sparsely decorated, containing only a few chairs, one large enough for Valorie, her desk, and a plush area rug to blanket the smooth stone floor. The walls were constructed from the same silver-streaked white marble that made up the rest of the Sanctum Arcanum.

It was only early afternoon, and the sun suffused the room with a warm glow, pouring in through the glass of the window through which Dawn surveyed the roofs and spires of the city of Southcliff. The wizard smoothed her robes over her body, maybe, just maybe letting her fingers linger on the expansive, cloth-straining curves of her breasts. She let out a heavy breath. They were so big, more than hand-filling, soft and heavy, luscious orbs as large as her head. On her short, slim frame they looked even larger, and her matching hips gave her an exaggerated hourglass figure that was plainly visible through the loose, golden fabric of her robes.

She tucked a lock of shining, auburn hair behind her ear where it belonged, forcing her lungs to continue to take slow even breaths. Her hypersensitive skin demanded that she show it some attention, and her hands traitorously complied. "No..." she whined down to her fingers as if they moved of their own accord, "Stop it... Stop it!" She reasserted control over her roaming extremities with violent force and jerked her hands to her sides, clenching her fingers into tight balls.

She made her feet take her back to her desk, unable to stop herself from swinging her hips, grinding what she wore under her robes into her tender skin. She lowered herself back into her chair, crushing her ardor in a wave of wizard's willpower. Taking another of the fine, vellum scrolls, she unfurled it and picked up her pen, determined to do something productive with her time while she had the opportunity. The carefully worded letter she had left in Valorie's office let her lover know in no uncertain terms what she needed, and Dawn knew that the equine would be battering down the door to her office as soon as Valorie could make herself available.

Dipping her pen gingerly into the priceless ink, she started scribing the next scroll. As she carefully lined each letter, she kept her mind utterly focused on the task at hand rather than the heavenly memory of Valorie's fingers on her skin. The statuesque equine was huge, and ferociously strong, but when her big, nimble fingers were on Dawn's body, Valorie was an entirely different beast, slow and delicate. Her gorgeous green eyes always raked Dawn's form,

and no amount of fabric could keep Dawn from feeling like an exhibitionist under her gaze. The things Valorie did to her with that thick, meaty tongue, the equine's obsession with Dawn's sweat, the way Valorie constantly complained about the pants she stubbornly insisted on wearing, it all bubbled up into Dawn's mind, and she dully realized she had stopped writing.

Dawn cursed under her breath, gripping her pen tightly. She huffed, trying to quench the fire rising up in her, just not hard enough to manage the feat. She could, Dawn knew. She could fight it down, sink down into herself and bury her mind in layers of mental defense no amount of lust could crack, but the situation didn't really warrant that amount of defiance. Instead, she moaned weakly, her pen falling from suddenly limp, nerveless fingers. "Come on, Val." she groaned softly, "Hurry up. I need you. I want you. I know you can feel it. Don't make me do it myself."

She knew Valorie could feel it, just like Dawn could feel Valorie. A tiny knot of something not herself was nestled against Dawn's consciousness, a miniscule part of Valorie that connected them. Normally it was just there, at the edge of awareness, but times of particularly strong emotion could occasionally bleed through and make themselves felt. Dawn could feel the need burning her skin, and she was flushed a rosy pink. Valorie would definitely be able to feel it. The equine just had to not get distracted.

Dawn pushed the scroll away from her, resting her elbows on her desk and burying her fingers in her thick, shoulder-length hair to keep them from doing anything they would regret. The way she leaned, however, pressed her bust into the edge of her desk. The wood grinding into her as she writhed sent bolts of lightning down her spine and she shuddered, forcing herself back into her chair. It was hopeless, and Dawn laughed at the futility of her meek resistance, but that didn't stop her from trying and she crossed her arms with a huff, blatantly ignoring the way the motion made her breasts bounce in her robes despite what held them still.

She leaned her head back, closing her eyes and letting thought of Valorie inundate her. Maybe if she could keep her mind occupied her hands would behave and stay where they were.

"You rang?"

The sudden noise shattering the delicate silence almost launched Dawn from her chair, and Valorie giggled as the wizard righted herself, smoothing the wrinkles from her robes with an annoyed huff. Valorie was well over eight feet tall, and her ability to remain completely silent as she moved was shocking to say the least. The equine was leaning casually next to the door, having opened it, slipped in, and closed it again without making a single sound.

Mirth colored Valorie's deep, strong voice. "I can't even take a day off without someone needing me to rush to the rescue, huh?" She folded her arms under her breasts, her bright green eyes glittering happily. In support of her claim, the tall equine was conspicuously missing the argentum armor and rich blue cape of her station. Dawn had almost forgotten Valorie could look so... casual. She was clad in just a simple dark green blouse that hugged her broad powerful frame as much as her ever-present pitch black pants tightly encapsulated her wide hips and did a woeful job of hiding the frightening bulge she packed at the crotch. But Dawn supposed that was the point, to not hide it, and a bloom of pride welled up in her.

A broad smile stretched across Valorie's short, equine muzzle as her nostrils flared around several deep breaths. "So..." the horse morph mused, "Did you get the party started early, or did you have an orgy in here when I wasn't looking?"

Damn that sense of smell. Just because Dawn's crotch was soaked didn't mean Valorie could tease her about it. "Hush, you." Dawn quipped. "Besides, just because you're never in your office doesn't mean I don't see you checking it religiously for messages."

Valorie waved the argument away with a lazy hand, "Maybe when I'm on duty, but I do appreciate the occasional stretch of leisure time. If you want a workaholic, go talk to Cera. I had to leave half a mug of mead sitting to run here this quickly. Southcliff is a big city, and the best bars aren't the ones at the bottom of this hill." The equine wasn't even winded, but it would take a lot more than a ten minute sprint to fatigue the athletic equine, although Dawn did notice a light sheen of sweat glossing Valorie's warm, chocolate brown fur. It was midsummer, after all.

"But a well-trained warhorse should always come running when her mistress calls for her." Valorie informed Dawn as the equine tapped the side of her head. "A romantically worded love letter waiting in my office for me is just a bonus."

Romantic was one word for it, Dawn supposed. Desperate would have been another. Valorie strolled across the room toward her, stepping lightly in spite of her weight and her heavy leather boots, until she could drop unceremoniously into the only chair in the room big enough to support her frame. "So..." she hummed playfully, "Is this visit for business or pleasure... Perhaps both? Do you need another sample of some bodily fluid or another? Want me to try another potion? Maybe one I've already drank for you? Ooh! Do you have any more of the potion that made my muscles grow? Just... exploding out of my clothes like that... it was intoxicating. I'll pay for the ingredients this time. I just... I liked that one. And you're not even listening to me are you? Dawn?"

"Hmm?" Dawn sighed. She was sure Valorie was saying something important, but Dawn couldn't tear her eyes from the straining buttons of Valorie's blouse. The equine had a tight, dense musculature that spoke of thunderous strength, but she still filled the wonderfully tight shirt magnificently, and Dawn wanted to bury her face in the inviting pillows of Valorie's boobs. The top couple buttons were undone, giving Dawn a tantalizing glimpse at the beginning of the valley of the equine's cleavage. The starburst of white fur that painted the center of Valorie's chest was on display and the equine lifted a languid hand to trace the pattern, dipping a finger into her cleavage, pumping it lazily in and out, dimpling the immaculate globes that hung so perfectly from-

Dawn shook her head, feigning a sneeze to draw attention from the fact that Valorie just caught her staring. "What? What was that? Something about a potion? I think I drifted off there for a second."

"Or a minute." Valorie retorted, "You poor thing. Working so hard, day and night, slaving over a hot... desk. You must be exhausted." Valorie shrugged, heaving herself to her feet to take a couple short, slow steps forward to rest herself on the edge of Dawn's desk. "Or maybe you just need a break, hmm? A quick diversion from the monotony perhaps? Is that it? Would a relaxing horse ride clear your mind, let you focus? Or do you want something a little more high impact, something to get your blood flowing? Or maybe you'll just keep staring at me until the world ends and Mortis has to come peel your emaciated skeleton out of that chair. Dawn?"

Valorie was so close, that hip thrown out, leaning against her desk. Dawn just had to reach out and touch her, run her hand along that black-sheathed thigh, feel Valorie flex for her like she loved. She looked up at the equine and realized that she had zoned out again. "S-sorry." Dawn stammered, "I was just thinking... things. I, uh, wow... Have you been working yourself more? You look... bigger than usual. Holy cow, I... Wow."

The equine looked down at herself with a thoughtful hum. "No more than usual. Although..." The equine bent her arms and flexed, and the seams of her shirt complained noisily but held, if barely. "Huh. You might be right. Everything does feel a tiny bit tighter. But that could just be what you do to me. You make me want to show off. You give me what I need to

push myself, something to fight for, even if it means talking to myself while you stare at my ass... Hey, Dawn. Dawn!"

The wizard's head shot up from where it had been, gazing longingly at Valorie's tightly clad butt, big and firm. She peered sheepishly up at Valorie. "Sorry, sorry." she said meekly, "Gods' Blood, Val, I've got it bad. I can barely think straight. I've just been sitting here alone, and my mind's been wandering to some very... lewd places. I need you. I need you so badly I can hardly breathe."

Valorie showed her teeth in a knowing grin. "Well here I am, sexy. And while I am clearly stunningly beautiful, I'm not a museum piece. I won't break if you touch me, I promise."

Dawn sagged in her chair, practically sliding out of it to her feet. Valorie stayed where she was as Dawn rounded her desk with careful, jerky steps. The equine sat down on the desk, the fine hardwood creaking ominously under her weight, but it held, as she had known it would. Dawn's breath caught in her throat as she finally got close enough, laying a few fingers delicately on Valorie's thigh. The taut fabric covering her sleek fur was no barrier, and Dawn felt Valorie flex for her as the equine unfolded her powerful arms and leaned back on the desk, giving Dawn the run of her expansive form.

Stepping closer, Dawn slid her body between Valorie's legs, running her hands up her thighs and onto her hips, groping the equine with desperate strength. "Touch me, Valorie." she whined, "Please." The equine's strong fingers were eager to comply, but her touch was faint, almost imperceptible, bliss nonetheless to Dawn's skin as Valorie traced her hands along the wizard's shoulders and down her back. Her lover's hands on her body did something to the wildfire of lust that had been burning unchecked through Dawn's svelte frame. It condensed down into her, crystallizing in her chest and slicing through her inhibitions like a sword through paper.

It was now or never. "Valorie." Dawn tried to say through the moan that thrummed in her throat, failing utterly, "Can... can we try something? I-I... I already have everything ready. You won't have to do anything, and I... I think it'll be fun. I know you said you've done things like it before, and I thought that you might... I mean that I could- Ah! There! Harder!"

The equine's interest had been piqued, however, and Valorie relented on the sensitive spot she had found to allow Dawn to whisper her plans up into her ear. "Ooh, kinky." the equine intoned, her face splitting in an intrigued, toothy grin, "I- Oh really? I hope you know what you're getting yourself into, I- Oh? That's even better!" Valorie laughed as Dawn pulled away, and the wizard looked questioningly up at her. "Tell you what, babe. I'll do it, but on one condition. You've got to restrain me, horses kick, you know."

Eager excitement bubbled up from Dawn in a giddy giggle. That was what she had hoped Valorie would say, and had prepared for just such an occasion. She nudged Valorie off of her desk, scooping up the pile of scrolls and sliding them into a drawer with her pens and inks to protect them from the inevitable mess that would be made. She snapped her fingers and murmured a spell that moved the heavy desk to the edge of the room, taking with it several chairs, leaving the space bare but for Valorie's chair.

With another spell, she soundproofed the room as Valorie dropped her weight into the chair. Dawn went to the window and laid her hand flat against the pane of crystal, whispering a phrase that tinted it pure, pitch black, leaving the room in utter darkness. With a word, she summoned a small globe of soft light that hovered over her outstretched palm, filling the room with a dim, pale blue glow. That wouldn't do at all, and she adjusted the color until it shone deep crimson, filling the room with a wan, ruby light.

Satisfied, she tossed it upward to hang from the ceiling above Valorie, and the equine tracked its progress with an excited "ooh." Dawn then turned her attention to the horse morph in the chair. She stalked forward, making sure to roll her hips, swaying and swinging her body from side to side as she got within arm's length of Valorie. "You," she said gruffly, with as much menace she could squeeze into her voice, "are in my chair. Get out of it now and I'll go easy on you."

Valorie scoffed. "Or what?" growled the equine, "You'll run crying to your dragon friend?" She leaned forward, a cruel smile plastered over her face. "You want me to get out so badly, why don't you come over here and make me, tiny?"

Dawn took a steadying breath. "Fine." muttered the wizard, "I'm not feeling very inclined to go easy on you anyway." Valorie was in the middle of another harsh laugh when Dawn whispered a few words, setting in motion the spell she had preconstructed earlier that morning. Materializing from nothing, opaque bands of faintly glowing force popped into existence, writhing through the air before the shocked equine. Two leapt in, clamping around Valorie's wrists, locking tight. The equine let out a worried squeak, and it was Dawn's turn to laugh as, with a flick of her wrist, the magical manacles yanked forward, pulling Valorie from her seat to drag along the ground.

She started to struggle, and Dawn waved the other wriggling bars of force onward. They snapped down, a full dozen of them, clamping first around her thighs and hauling her bodily off the ground, more twined around her biceps, encapsulating the muscle as she fought the irresistible pull of Dawn's will made manifest. The equine couldn't have been very comfortable, and Dawn wasn't a cruel mistress. A particularly thick band wrapped itself around Valorie's waist, taking her weight off of her arms.

Valorie thrashed, grunting as she threw everything she had into pulling herself free. There was a series of loud pops when the seams of her shirt started to give way as her impressive musculature bulged with strain. But it was no use. "Put me down right now!" she screeched, "Put me down right now or so help me, when I get loose I'll shove my foot so far up your twat you'll taste it for a week! Put me down!"

"Alright..." Dawn said with an impish grin. She rolled her wrist and Valorie's bindings shoved her down, slapping her body into the ground, pulling a grunt from the equine's lungs with the impact. She was still trying to speak, but the equine couldn't get her mouth out of the thick rug. Dawn walked coolly around her trapped aggressor, one of the bands of force following her like a loyal pet. "My, my, my." Dawn muttered, "What do I do with you now. So defiant! So high and mighty, hiding behind her size, using those big, strong, muscles to bully the little ones. Well let me tell you something, animal." She knelt down next to Valorie's face, her voice dropping into a whisper, "The little ones sometimes have fangs, and even the horse respects the rattlesnake."

Dawn snatched the last tendril from the air, and it reacted to her touch, curling into a ball that the wizard crushed in her hand into a perfect sphere of dim, red force. She then sank her fingers into Valorie's thick, golden brown hair, taking a second to delight in the texture before she viciously yanked Valorie's head up. The equine sucked in a breath, likely about to start in on another tirade, but Dawn just used the opportunity to shove the orb in her free hand deep into the equine's short, horse-like muzzle.

The gag was sufficient, and Valorie huffed, her words gone, as she tried to work the ball from her mouth with her tongue, but the faintly glowing globe stayed stubbornly where it was, to

the equine's dismay. Valorie glared up at Dawn, and she smiled back before patting the horse morph gently on the head and shoving her face into the carpet once again.

"I don't know where you got the idea that language like that is acceptable, but while I have you here, I might as well take the opportunity to teach you a lesson, hmm?" She brushed her hand tenderly along Valorie's head and neck, showing Valorie that she could be gentle, so long as the equine was well-behaved. "You'd like that, wouldn't you? Deep down you just want someone to hold you down and show you who's boss, right?" Valorie snorted and growled, struggling in vain against her bonds. Dawn tutted, patting Valorie again. "Don't worry; you'll come to like it. I might even be able to convince my dragon friend to part with a nice, juicy apple for you if you're a very good girl. Will you be good for me?"

Valorie huffed and renewed her thrashing, nearly hitting Dawn with her head as she swung it from side to side. Dawn gave a hurt sniff, rising gracefully to her feet while letting the equine tire herself out. "That's alright," she said, soothing her wounded feelings, "It more fun if you fight me for it. It makes breaking you so much more rewarding."

The equine sucked in a breath through her nose, likely to vocalize some more of her displeasure, but Dawn preempted any of that by flicking her hand up, willing Valorie's prison to haul her off the ground and heaving her upright, supported by her bonds a few inches off the ground. "Oh there's just so much." Dawn said thoughtfully, "I don't know where to start." She sighed, eyeing her prisoner up and down, greatly liking what she saw. She raised a theatric finger, crying, "Aha, I know just the thing for you! Just let me get ready first, I'd hate to get my robes dirty."

Dawn undid the sash keeping her robes closed and spread them open, letting them roll off her shoulders and crumple around her feet. She had gone to great lengths to make sure her outfit would fit the occasion, and the way Valorie's eyes nearly rolled out of her sockets made Dawn think she had done a good job. Shining almost wetly in the dim light, a single piece of ferociously tight, form-fitting leather, colored bright, blood red, hugged Dawn's body, covering her from breasts to crotch. Matching the leather on her torso, similarly colored thigh-high boots were wrapped around her shapely legs. Dawn shook out her hair, letting it pool around her shoulders, breathing slowly. The leather cradled her loins in unforgiving tightness, and she had been desperate to touch herself all day.

But now she had something better to focus on. "There." she sighed, "Now let's get you dressed for the occasion." She kicked away her robes as she stepped toward her suspended toy, lightly touching the fabric of the equine's blouse. "This won't do at all. Clothes aren't meant for big brutes, animals like you. They've got to go before you permanently injure my delicate sensibilities." Dawn snapped her fingers, willing a tiny amount of energy into the offensive cloth that covered Valorie's body, just enough to scorch it from the equine huge, hard frame. The blackened dust fell away from Valorie's silken fur, leaving her bare to Dawn's hungrily roving eyes.

"My, my, my..." Dawn said in awe, "You're quite the big girl, aren't you?" She stepped forward, pressing her fingers into Valorie's midsection, feeling the dense, powerful muscles that moved with the equine's even breaths. "Big and rock hard, hmm? But maybe not everywhere." She kept her eyes locked on Valorie's as she let her hand drift lower, slowly teasing her fingers around the base of Valorie's heavy, fleshy horsecock. "At least not yet." It throbbed slowly in her fingers, pushing up into her hand as it stiffened despite the venomous look Valorie had fixed her with. "This big, scary girl's been hiding quite the stallion down here. Poor thing, you must have quite the time finding something to wrap around it. Or do you not bother, just stick it in whatever

has a hole remotely big enough?" She gave Valorie a knowing look. "I feel sorry for whatever poor, defenseless woman's had this thing buried in her. Hopefully she was stretchier than she looked."

Valorie huffed, trying to pull her pelvis back, and drag herself away from Dawn's squeezing hand. The wizard let her get away, moving her hands instead to Valorie's thighs, crushing the thick muscle in her slender fingers with what strength she could manage. "Those big, heavy shoulders... these statuesque legs, they scream workhorse. But those abs, that solid wall of muscle comes from moving your body, twisting and turning, it says warhorse. What would you rather do, work for me, or fight me?"

The equine mumbled into her gag, unintelligible, but clearly defiant. She struggled briefly against her lucent prison, and Dawn clamped down on the equine's body, feeling Valorie's muscle ripple and bulge against her fingers, heaving against her bonds to no avail. "Does that frighten you, animal? Fighting with everything you have just to realize it's not enough to set you free, to realize that you are totally at another's mercy?"

Valorie calmed down, looking at Dawn with a new expression, one of worry, almost fear. Dawn smiled and nodded. "Now you begin to comprehend your position, now for our next lesson." She stepped aside, standing next to Valorie's pinned form and leaned heavily on the bigger woman's hip. "Horses aren't meant to be upright for so long, you must be terribly uncomfortable. Let me help you with that."

She twirled her fingers and the equine dropped, forced to the ground by her bonds settling her weight onto her hands and knees. "There." Dawn soothed, "That's better, isn't it?" Dawn traced the contour of a long muscle on Valorie's back as she considered her options. "Now," she said calmly, settling on one, "This next step is going to take some cooperation, so let me go get something to help... encourage you. Sit right there, big girl." Dawn left Valorie's side, strolling over to her forgotten desk and opened one of the drawers, removing from it the instrument of Valorie's punishment.

The equine's eyes went wide when Dawn stepped back into the light, swinging her hips in time with the threatening cracking of the long, leather riding crop against her palm. Valorie whined and twitched against her shackles trying to distance herself from the approaching wizard as much as her prison would allow. Dawn leaned over as she approached, checking to make sure Valorie wasn't too constricted. The equine's thick horseflesh was knee-length when flaccid, so being on her knees might not give her the room she needed to grow. Luckily, her defiantly excited member rested heavily against the rug, sliding harmlessly as it inched across the floor. Dawn winced; that must feel good.

She stood up, sauntering over to Valorie's head, who had once more fixed her with an insolent frown. Dawn flipped the crop up, tapping the equine's chin and forcing her head up to give the wizard a good look. Valorie mumbled something under her breath, and from the number of syllables, it was nothing very complicated. Dawn nodded imperiously, letting her head fall as she walked down the length of Valorie's body to stand silently next to the curve of her pet's thick hip. She stood there for a long minute, letting the implications of her position sink into Valorie's mind, before she gently lifted the length of Valorie's calf-length horse tail with the crop, baring the heart-stopping curves of Valorie's well-rounded backside. She flipped the hair up and to the side as she stepped over the equine's calf to position herself behind Valorie.

The horse morph peered back over her shoulder, eyeing Dawn cautiously. Dawn smiled at her over the expanse of her broad back, draping her free hand over the tight, shapely muscle. It was magnificent, so big, but so firm, and it fluttered under her fingers as she kneaded the

rounded swell lovingly. The leather sheathing her body creaked as she leaned in, pressing her abdomen into Valorie's ass, putting her weight behind her effort to dimple the muscle. She rocked her body against Valorie, grinding the smooth leather into the equine's velvet fur.

She let the crop dangle from its wrist strap so she could tenderly lay her other hand on Valorie, groping her energetically. "Oh..." Dawn moaned, "How many squats this ass must have taken. It's clear you take pride in your body. That's good, because in the end, it's all you really have isn't it?" Valorie grumbled something into her gag, and Dawn moved with lightning speed. She flipped the crop up into her hand and shoved herself away from the beautiful butt, whipping her hand around to bring the crop against Valorie's rear with a resounding CRACK! Valorie tensed, crying out into her gag, eyes wide in shock, and Dawn struck her again, the echo of the previous still bouncing off the stone walls.

"Wrong!" Dawn shouted at the trapped equine, "You're mine!" CRACK! "Everything about you is mine!" CRACK! "Every square inch of you is mine to do with as I please!" CRACK! "And if I want to stand here and whip you until your skin shines red through your fur, I will!" CRACK!

Dawn lowered her voice, letting it drop into something low and soothing. "But I don't want to, and I won't, as long as you do everything I say without hesitation." Valorie whined against the orb in her mouth, tensing as Dawn laid a few fingers delicately against the equine's battered rear, rubbing away the pain with gentle, soothing touches. Valorie relaxed, and Dawn cooed at her. "That's right. If you'll be my good girl, I promise I'll take good care of you." Her fingers dropped lower, teasing against Valorie's enflamed womanhood. "I take very, very good care of my pets. Do you understand?"

Valorie squeezed out a muffled "Mhmm." and nodded vigorously.

Dawn shook her head in disappointment, laying the tip of her crop against Valorie's abused ass threateningly, but doing nothing to her yet. "What kind of horse talks like that? I'll let you get away with it this once, but why don't you give me a neigh like the good, obedient horse that you are?" Valorie huffed, making a confused sound low in her throat, and Dawn let out a dejected sigh. She drew back her hand and spun her arm around, brutally smacking her crop against Valorie's upraised backside. The equine squealed, and Dawn struck her again for good measure, marveling at how Valorie tensed as the crop cracked against her fur.

"Now, now." Dawn cautioned, "I don't know what horses you've been around, but I've never heard any that sounded like that." The wizard, teased the tip of her crop in small circles around the spot she had hit, soothing the shock with gentler contact while Valorie panted. "How about another try, pet? If you do well I promise to reward you." She reversed her grip on the crop and prodded its knobby leather handle against Valorie's exposed nethers. The equine was clearly enjoying herself, and beads of slick lubricant coated the petals of her rather dainty-looking flower.

She pushed harder, sliding an inch or so into the equine's folds. Valorie moaned, and Dawn's hand tightened on Valorie rear in warning, but she did nothing, letting Valorie's oozing womanhood suck hungrily on the instrument of her pain for a few seconds. Dawn pulled out, speaking in a low murmur, "I can give you more, pet, if you would just neigh for me. It doesn't have to be much, just a little whinny. Just prove to me that you can behave. Show me how eager to please you are under all that muscle."

Valorie pressed back, trying to reach Dawn, but the wizard held her hand playfully away, gesturing with the crop, urging the equine to give her what she wanted. Valorie whined, but assented, and she made a sound, deep in her throat, barely audible. Dawn frowned and leaned in

gesturing again. Valorie groaned and made the sound again, and Dawn whipped the crop back up into her hand, swinging it down mercilessly to thwack against the equine's rump. Valorie jumped forward, running from the tool of her torture, but she was held in place, and Dawn cracked it over her abused ass several more times for her insubordination.

Sullen anger crept into the wizard's voice as Valorie whined. "You call that a neigh! Maybe if you were old and sick!" She raised the crop again over her head before swinging it down, straining the taut leather as it whipped across Valorie's fur. The fine hairs must have been cushioning her blows, and Dawn didn't let up, hitting the same spot again and again, punctuating every few words with the loud crack of hard leather striking tight, gorgeous muscle. "How dare you... insult me like that! My pets are rewarded... for obedience... not timidity! I expect to be obeyed! Just as you... should expect to be praised... for your submission! Now do as I say... and neigh... with some spirit!"

Dawn brought the crop down one last time, and she finally got what she wanted from her pet. High pitched, and shockingly horse-like, a squealing whinny boiled from Valorie's chest, muffled by the gag, but still clearly what Dawn had asked for. The wizard blinked, not having expected something that sounded so authentic, but nonetheless did as she promised she would. Dawn dropped to her knees behind Valorie, and immediately pressed her lips to the spot of fur she had pummeled.

Valorie's skin burned hot through her fur, and Dawn soothed the welt that would likely form with gentle kisses and cooling saliva, spread onto her pet by a mistress's tongue. "Good girl... Good girl." Dawn cooed between kisses and loving strokes, "That wasn't so bad, was it?" Dawn smiled as, in answer, Valorie gave her a low nicker, bobbing her head up and down. "That's my girl... my good, good girl." Valorie pressed eagerly into her as far as the equine's bonds would allow, and Dawn rewarded her pet's enthusiasm with calming kisses and loving caresses.

"Yes. Yes." Dawn encouraged, "Let your mistress soothe your wounds. Let her take away your pain." The wizard dipped her head lower, taking in a lungful of the musky aroma exuded by Valorie's oozing pussy, practically gushing liquid lust that matted the fur around her swollen lips. She ran her finger down, trailing it slowly through Valorie's thick slime. "You're beautiful, pet. I'm glad I didn't have to fight you too hard. I'd hate to have marred such perfection." Valorie whinnied and snorted, trying to press back further into Dawn's hand, but her restraints wouldn't allow it. Dawn stroked her rear, urging the equine to relax. "Calm, pet. Calm. Your mistress understands your needs. Let me care for you... like you will care for me."

Before she began truly rewarding Valorie for her obedience, Dawn leaned over, inspecting the equine's undercarriage. Valorie had made quite the mess underneath her, her shockingly hard shaft oozed a steady stream of pre into a puddle of her own making, and occasionally she would twitch her hips forward, rubbing her flared head against the carpet with a soft quiet moan as another thick gob of clear lubricant would spurt weakly from her distended horseflesh. Dawn could see the veins in Valorie's snowy-furred scrotum pulsing with the equine's frantic heartbeat, feeding two full, heavy testes the size of both her fists held together. Dawn cradled the burdened sac in dexterous fingers, feeling the heat that had built in Valorie's loins for her.

"You're making a mess on your mistress's rug, pet." Dawn said without anger. She sighed lightly as she eased the handle of her crop back into Valorie, one slow inch at a time. "Luckily for you, your mistress can handle messes, so I don't mind. Go ahead, you've earned it. Let me make you feel good. I would expect you to do no differently for me."

Dawn pressed forward, sliding more of the crop in until the entire handle disappeared into Valorie's eagerly accepting womanhood. The equine's passage was long and wide, but Dawn had been elbow deep in it many times, and knew just wear to prod the thin piece of hard leather. The crop would hardly give Valorie a good stretching, but the resistance Dawn felt as she worked it further into her depths signaled crushingly tight walls lined with muscles that clenched with desperate strength.

The equine move with the wizard, helping her mistress plunge more and more vigorously into her needy folds, begging wordlessly for more with urgent moans and a quiet nicker every now and then for good measure. Dawn gave her pet simple, verbal directions, lean this way, lean that, press back, and with each obeyed command, she gave the equine a quick, hard thrust with the crop, watching Valorie tense and squirm at the sudden penetration. Dawn cooed lovingly into Valorie's dripping snatch as if it were her ears, murmuring to her pet how good she was being, how strong she was, how beautiful she looked, continually reinforcing the notion that obedience was received with continual praise and pleasure.

The wizard continued until Valorie's short moans turned to heavy grunts as she neared her limits. Dawn could feel the trembling of the equine's legs, could see the way her dainty toes curled and uncurled in time with the tensing of her sexy body. It all screamed that Valorie was going to soon explode. Dawn couldn't have that, at least not yet, and ceased her ministrations, slowly pulling the drenched crop from Valorie's loins with a wet sucking sound.

Valorie was so close she couldn't even vocalize her dismay beyond a heavy groan. "Easy, pet. Easy. I've still got you; don't worry. But don't you think your mistress deserves some attention of her own for her efforts?" The equine seemed to consider this for a moment before she whinnied hesitantly, bobbing her head in a nod despite the burning need so plainly visible in her throbbing pussy. Dawn stroked Valorie's hip affectionately as she stood. "I'm glad we agree, pet. Now sit right there while I prepare."

Replying with a whining huff, Valorie braced herself as best she could, awaiting her mistress. Dawn purred at her willingness and slowly stepped up along the length of the equine's body, trailing the tip of her crop up the horse morph's side, outlining contours and tracing muscles as she went, feasting her eyes on Valorie's perfect body. Eventually she came to a rest in front of the equine, and Valorie looked hesitantly up at her, briefly making eye contact. Dawn brought the crop up under Valorie's chin, lifting her long, horse-like head up until Dawn could see her hauntingly gorgeous face. Valorie may have looked somewhat like a horse, but there was an entrancing humanity to her feminine features that resonated within Dawn, enhanced by the intelligent gleam in her viridian eyes. Eyes that now looked up at her expectantly, waiting for her to do something.

Dawn didn't need to do anything, because it only took a couple seconds for Valorie's nostrils to flare as they took in the smell that was emanating from a scant few inches from her nose. Valorie leaned forward, getting as close to Dawn as she could, gulping down the aroma that was wafting from Dawn's loins as best she could through the gag in her mouth. Dawn couldn't blame her; the wizard's crotch was absolutely soaked with her lusty secretions. It ran in rivulets down her legs and dripped onto the floor. Dawn was so achingly hot it was only absolute dedication to the charade she was putting on that kept her from tearing her leather outfit off and begging Valorie to screw her.

Valorie nickered through the gag in her mouth in an unspoken question. Dawn answered her by leaning forward, sliding Valorie's muzzle between her slick legs, grinding herself along the top of the equine's long face for a short moment, letting her lust build as much as she dared.

"Do you like that smell, pet?" she asked around a barely suppressed moan, "Your mistress getting so hot she can't help but puddle on the rug with you? Does it make you feel good, knowing that you bring such pleasure to me?" She reached down to cup Valorie's cheek, pulling her face up into her for a hard, brief second. "Would you- Nnh... Would you like a taste, pet?"

The equine between her thighs neighed filled with enough excitement for Dawn to feel it through the leather cradling her crotch, and her voice shook. "G-good girl, pet. You've been very good. You've earned a treat." She stepped back and knelt down, bringing her head close to Valorie's, until only a hair's breadth separated them. Valorie made the first move, leaning her head into the wizard's, nuzzling her wetted nose into Dawn's cheek. The wizard's giggled wrapping an arm around Valorie's strong neck in an intimate hug as she pressed her lips to Valorie's cheek in a chaste kiss. "You're such a good girl, such a good, good girl, pet. Let me help you."

With a huff that begged Dawn to maintain contact, Valorie protested Dawn's decision to lean away, but dutifully let the wizard stroke her cheek with the hand that held the crop, rubbing Valorie's own fluids into her fur while the other hand reached between Valorie's teeth to pull out the dimly growing crimson ball gag. Valorie carefully waited for Dawn to get her hands out of her mouth before her teeth clicked together as the equine worked the tension out of her jaw, popping the tendons in a vicious yawn.

"There." Dawn whispered to her pet as she opened and closed her mouth experimentally, "I don't need this anymore, do I? You're such a good, devoted pet aren't you?" Valorie gave her an excited whinny and nodded vigorously pressing her muzzle into Dawn's hand to be stroked. "Good girl." Dawn stood back up, tossing the orb back over her shoulder where it hung suspended near her, glowing dully like a scarlet will-o-wisp. The wizard watched the equine lick both of their leavings from her snout with her long, thick tongue, a tongue Dawn intended to put to good use.

Dawn reached back, bending her arms behind her to get at the buttons that held the crimson leather to her full figure. She was so excited that her normally graceful digits had trouble with the small buttons, but she eventually had them loose. She watched Valorie's bright eyes light up in glee when she started to peel the leather from her curves, beginning to bare her torso to her pet's eager attentions. The still material rattled on the ground as it dropped free, and Valorie leaned forward hungrily, licking her lips at what Dawn had been wearing under that layer.

She was now covered by only a matching leather corset, intricate laces cinched around her already waspish waist. It stopped at her hips, leaving her now exposed womanhood, freely running down her legs, open to the air and the greedy gaze of the equine below her. The corset seemed to give up halfway up Dawn's expansive bust, and it only gently cupped her heaving breasts, leaving the uppermost part of her dusky areola visible to her pet, who was practically drooling.

Valorie whined, eager to get at the dripping honeypot before her, leaning hard into her bonds. Dawn laughed and patted her on the head with her crop as she curled a finger, murmuring a word that brought the long-since vacated chair to within a respectable distance. Dawn hopped up into it and spelled it closer, letting Valorie get a long look at how she started to puddle the wood of the chair beneath her. She scooted as far forward in the chair as she could manage before she lifted the crop off of Valorie's head, removing the final obstruction that sat between Valorie's tongue and her loins.

Impatience coloring her tone, she cooed down at Valorie, "Lick, pet."

Valorie looked up at her quickly before darting her gaze back to the slick gash Dawn presented her with. The wizard could see trepidation gradually overcome by raging desire as her pet leaned in, testing the water with a soft, tentative lick against Dawn's sensitive flesh. Valorie moaned, lapping the remnants of her experimental dive off of her lips before going back in for seconds. The equine was gentle, probing, content for now to just clean Dawn's lower lips of her heady lubricant, but she eventually began to press in harder, scraping Dawn's folds with growing hunger.

Dawn's fingers threaded through Valorie's hair as she cooed encouraging words down to her pet. The equine's long ears stayed perked up, turned towards her mistress, ready for any command, but Valorie's eyes closed as she buried her muzzle between Dawn's legs, licking and sucking and slurping noisily, unwilling to miss even a single drop of Dawn's fluids as the equine stimulated her mistress. Dawn let her work, urging her pet on with a hand in her hair, but letting the equine move at her own pace. She was well-trained after all.

Valorie knew well her mistress's needs, and now that Dawn was so far gone, so achingly near to release, the equine wasted no time with teasing. Dawn gasped as her pet's tongue wormed its way dexterously into her sopping hole, digging at her with frenzied energy. "Yes!" Dawn squealed as her pet's sudden fire, "G-good girl! Go! Harder!" Valorie assented and pressed forward furiously, nearly shoving Dawn bodily back into the chair as the wizard bucked against her face.

Time was running out, Dawn knew, and it was time for Valorie's reward. Gripping Valorie tightly with one hand, she gestured with her other, signaling the ball she had pulled free of Valorie's mouth to speed to another task. It shot down toward Valorie, splitting into a pair of identical spheres of force before they dipped below Valorie's body. Manipulating them remotely, she fashioned one into a large, if rather rudimentary, cylinder, ridged and bumpy, that immediately pressed into Valorie's own neglected pussy. Valorie didn't dare slow her tongue on Dawn's quivering flower, but the way she moaned told the wizard that it was felt. The other ball Dawn deformed formed into a thick torus, a donut of force that she pressed against the nearly submerged crown of her pet's tremendous horsecock. With a sudden flexing of the muscles lining Valorie's back, Dawn assumed she had made it past the flared obstruction. She tightened the ring on Valorie's steel-hard shaft and used it to begin stroking the equine off, moving in time with the rod that was buried in her needy passage.

Valorie moaned again, this time more urgently, and Dawn's fingers tightened in her hair. "Don't cum yet, pet. Wait for me; hold it off for your mistress." Valorie whined, and Dawn cautioned her, "Don't cum before me, pet. I will be very, v-very displeased if you do. Wait for your mistress, pet. It won't be long now."

The equine attacked her pussy with renewed vigor, and Dawn gasped at the sudden aggression. Two could play at that game. With a simple gesture from her mistress, Valorie's shoulders abruptly tightened as the rod in her own dripping tunnel and the ring wrapped around her cock began to vibrate furiously while maintaining their frantic pistoning, rapidly stimulating the equine's expansive flesh.

This was a race Valorie desperately didn't want to win, but knew she was going to despite her efforts. That didn't however stop her from doing her best to make her mistress scream in orgasm regardless of her own approaching ecstasy. Dawn watched excitedly as her pet's movements grew jerky, and when Valorie grunted, bucking her hips against her restraints with enough force to break a lesser woman's bones, Dawn struck.

With a shouted word, the ring around Valorie's cock suddenly shot to the base of her nearly leg-length member, snapping tight and cutting off the flow of the thick, virile jizz that tried desperately to rocket from her loins. "No!" Dawn cried, "Not before me! Now get to work before you explode!" The air left the equine's spacious lungs in a muffled scream, horse-like enough to keep the crop from her, and her eyes, already closed, winced tight.

Even locked in the throes of painful, denied orgasm, Valorie managed to dig forcefully at Dawn's womanhood as she thrashed against her bonds, desperately trying to get at her pinched loins. Dawn didn't let up on her pet's nethers, continuing to thrust the violently vibrating cylinder in and out of Valorie's frantically clenching passage, but the bliss of half an orgasm couldn't overcome the torture of one whole one cruelly refused.

Dawn almost felt sorry, but she was too close to her own rapturous release to be fully aware of how Valorie writhed before her. Only a few seconds had passed when Dawn's eyes rolled back into her head and she humped furiously against Valorie's face as her own orgasm overtook her. She exploded against her pet, a thick wave of girlcum gushing from her loins to soak the equine's warmly-furred muzzle, and Dawn screamed out her own release even as Valorie groaned, begging for hers to begin.

The wizard was just about to assent to her pet's moans of protest, but she hesitated when she felt a strange pressure against the spell that kept the bands of force manifest. She jumped to her feet, collapsing onto Valorie's back as the spasms of her orgasm still fluttered through her muscles. The equine held her weight as she took a couple staggering steps before falling to her knees, gasping at what she saw. "I knew it," she breathed, "I knew it!"

Valorie had had to adjust her stance when her release so viciously revoked, and Dawn immediately knew why. Between the equine's thick thighs, her scrotum had been stretched taut around melon-sized nuts that had nearly doubled in size. With each tortured spasm that wracked Valorie's frame, Dawn could see them throb under the tight skin, swelling larger and larger. The sounds that Valorie was making shifted in tone as her balls surged, pressing against her thighs. The equine was moaning now, no longer fighting against her prison, instead just rocking her hips, dragging her cock along the soaked rug. The slight swelling Dawn had noticed many times before wasn't just lust, or backed up sperm, it was her actually growing, defiantly fighting against the force that held her release in check.

The sight held her mesmerized, and though Valorie looked to be entirely unaware of the world around her, Dawn purred encouraging words to her nonetheless. "Yes, pet. Show me how big and strong you are, how huge you can get. Bigger, get bigger for me. Get so big that you pop that ring off and flood this room with your seed." She reached up taking the throbbing weight into her hand, massaging the flesh as it grew, spreading her fingers apart. "This must be another leftover from your corruption, but you seem to be enjoying yourself, so I'll consider letting you keep it if you promise to share some of that rich, pure cum with me."

Valorie panted between desperate moans, and Dawn cradled her ballooning balls in dexterous hands, feeling the pressure against her spell surge dramatically. "Go on, pet. Break free. I won't be mad, you've been so good. You deserve a little freedom. Do it, pet; think of how good it will feel when you burst." Valorie was absurdly large now, swollen and vascular, and the enormous globes nearly touched the ground, deforming under their own weight. Her vocalizations were getting louder and louder, and it was clear to Dawn that all hell was about to break loose. Dawn couldn't wait.

The wizard rose to her feet, walking once more in front of the direly moaning equine and took a knee before her unseeing pet. Dawn caressed her cheek, pushing her head up so that Dawn

could see her face. "Valorie," she whispered quietly, just loud enough for the equine to have to strain to hear her, "cum for me."

Valorie gave no outward indication that she had heard her mistress, continuing to shudder against her bonds, but Dawn felt the pressure against her spell peak, and with a scattering of tiny motes of dim, red light that quickly winked out of existence, the ring that held Valorie back exploded with a faint pop. Dawn cradled Valorie's head against her shoulder, an arm thrown around the equine's neck, and she could feel the tendons snap taut in sudden strain. Valorie howled a victorious cry that boiled up from her toes and pressed forward as far as the bands that held her would allow, leaning heavily into Dawn.

She could hear it, the torrent that began the journey along the length of Valorie's elephantine cock. Her member surged thicker with its load as the first hot, sticky rope launched from her tip with the force of a javelin thrown by a giant. Dawn felt it strike her stomach, hitting the leather of her corset with an impact that knocked the wind out of her. A second, a third, and Dawn was quickly soaked with jizz that splattered down her body and slicked her skin with a coat of alabaster goo.

The equine had devolved into numb wordless gibbering and grunting as she plastered Dawn with quart after quart of pearlescent cream, thrashing nervelessly against her shackles, trying desperately to rut into something, humping the air in a reckless frenzy. Dawn kept up the pistoning of the bar in Valorie's spasming pussy, but gave her imprisoned lover a peck on the cheek as she slid away, crawling through the puddle that had formed beneath her. She moved alongside Valorie's body and ducked down to get beneath her.

It was a stunning sight, Valorie's pale, pulsing horseflesh was as nearly as long as Dawn was tall, but the pressure of her backed up balls had lifted it off the ground in spite of its weight as Valorie's emptied herself with gusto. Without Dawn's body there to interrupt the stream, only the equine's oversized chair was preventing from her cum from sailing through the air to splatter against the far wall. Dawn hunkered down, sliding below Valorie's abdomen to wrap an arm around Valorie's cock, feeling it throb in her grip. She pressed her back up into Valorie, delighting in the sensation of the horse morph's powerful musculature tensing against her as she began to stroke Valorie's sensitive organ, encouraging the flow with eager fingers.

Dawn's entire body was drenched with Valorie's jizz and the equine grunted, gratefully humping herself through the well-slicked ring of Dawn's arm as the wizard sought to give Valorie some stimulation. She eagerly fondled the shaft that was as thick as her leg, watching Valorie ruin the upholstery of her chair, groaning in mindless bliss. The equine's breasts hung from her chest, bouncing in time with Valorie's frantic rutting. Even now, in a state of such primal, violent release, she was beautiful. Each tight, lean muscle visible through her fine fur, every line of each graceful curve, the strength evident in the twitching flesh in her arms as Valorie gasped and grunted through her orgasm, it was all mesmerizing.

The endless geysering torrent wasn't slowing, and cum was beginning to flow outward from Valorie's drenched chair, spreading across the rug and onto the floor. Dawn expected Valorie's distended testes to shrink down as they emptied, and they were, albeit with aching slowness, as if they were making up for lost time by overproducing what poured out of Valorie's loins. Each angrily throbbing orb was enormous, and must have held gallons of boiling seed, and Dawn could feel the spell on them, finally kicked into full gear.

It went on forever, Valorie humping through her arm and filling the room with a lake of thick, heady cream until Dawn was kneeling, hunched over in an inch of Valorie's jizz. And then there were two inches, then three. Minute after endless minute of Valorie moaning and grunting

like an animal lost to instinct. Dawn loved it, every second, and when the sea of horsecum rose enough to touch her enflamed pussy she came, shuddering in orgasm again. Countless gallons of scorchingly hot, wet, thick seed filled the room. It looked like an angry god had struck her office with a flood of vengeance, but it was most definitely not water.

Dawn lost count of how many times she squealed in orgasm, again and again, just as she lost track of how long it had been, having to measure the passage of time in inches of cum and the slow deflation of Valorie's burdened scrotum. She was huddled against Valorie's cock in a full foot of the equines ejaculate when Valorie heaved forward one last time, and the flow finally began to slacken. The horse morph sagged into the her luminous bindings, letting them support her as she gasped, panting as the rest of her orgasm left her in what now seemed like a slow trickle compared to what she had been doing a moment before.

Miraculously, Dawn felt the adamantine hardness occupying her arms begin to soften, finally spent. Dawn patted it lovingly before she dropped it into the pond beneath her. She crawled out from under the delirious equine and stood shakily to her feet, leaning heavily on Valorie's back for support. Where her jizz hadn't caked into her fur, the fine coat covering her skin was soaked with sweat from her exertions, and the whole room was filled with the cloying, dense smell of fresh cum.

Valorie looked blearily over her shoulder at the wizard, finally seeming to be aware of her surroundings. Strands of jizz matted her golden brown hair where it had splashed up onto her, and her nostrils flared as she panted, heaving in huge breaths. Dawn patted the swell of the equine's rear lovingly, purring to Valorie, her voice unstable. "Good, good girl. You've made me so, so very pleased. You're so very, very good."

The equine's ears flicked through the air excitedly, but her head drooped with exhaustion. Dawn snapped her fingers, and the thick ribbons that had kept Valorie trussed up vanished. Her arms and legs wobbled but held her weight as Dawn stepped around to her front one last time, trailing a slender finger along the horse morphs back. She spun to face Valorie and took the equine's muzzle in her hands. She lifted, forcing Valorie to look up at her. Dawn smiled down at her and brushed Valorie's hair from her eyes. "There, much better."

Valorie pressed into Dawn's hands, and the wizard took a moment to hold her before she took a step back, hopping back up into the cum-soaked chair. The sodden cushion squelched as her weight sunk into it, but at least it got her feet out of the foot of slime that sat on the floor. She crooked a finger, beckoning Valorie over, and the equine's ear perked up.

She moved slowly, crawling a step forward before she raised up on her knees to lean heavily on the chair, collapsing into it and resting her head on Dawn's lap. Dawn cooed soothingly and petted Valorie's hair, smoothing it back and streaking the smooth brown locks with Valorie's own leavings, letting the equine take as long as she needed to get her breathing back under control. Valorie gratefully took advantage of the peaceful silence, leaning further up to press her breasts firmly into Dawn's legs.

Eventually, Valorie's breathing grew even and relaxed and she wrapped her arms around Dawn's waist to pull the wizard into her. Dawn hummed happily and pulled back, lifting Valorie's head from her thighs. "So." she wondered quietly, "How did I do?"

As if words weren't enough, Valorie rose up to kiss Dawn gently, soft lips warm and inviting, and Dawn returned the gesture, squeezing Valorie's shoulders tenderly. Dawn pulled back for air, and Valorie immediately transferred her lips to the wizard's neck, suckling affectionately. "I..." Dawn began hesitantly, "I didn't know you could make actual horse noises. That... kind of surprised me."

"Neither did I..." Valorie moaned into Dawn's throat without ever fully taking her lips off of the wizard's flawless skin, "It felt weird at first, but I got into it."

Valorie's voice, after so long hearing her do nothing but whinny and grunt, was wonderful, rich and powerful, thrumming against Dawn's neck. "S-so I noticed." murmured Dawn haltingly, "Did... did I hurt you? I-I'm sorry if I did. I just... you looked like you were enjoying yourself, so I didn't... I-"

Dawn's stuttering was cut off by Valorie's lips again pressed over hers. "Relax... mistress." Valorie sighed with a coy smile, "You didn't hurt me, not with the crop at least. I've got thicker skin than that. Don't look at me like that; my leg weighs more than you. It would take you more than a piece of leather to really hurt me."

Shifting to let her nibble gently on Dawn's ear, Valorie's lips left Dawn's. The wizard clutched at the equine's neck as Valorie pushed more aggressively upward, the life returning to her tired limbs. She hissed as Valorie's hand crept stealthily between her legs, gliding smoothly up her thighs. "Easy, easy." Dawn cautioned, "You aren't the only one who's had the orgasm of her life, give me some time." Valorie's hand slowed, seemingly content to just affectionately caress Dawn's leg, and she heaved a sigh of relief. "Tell me. What did it feel like?" She gestured to the room around them, the chair a solitary island in an ocean of spunk. "All this."

Valorie whispered, her voice quiet, but not at all weak. "It... That... it hurt at first. It felt like I needed to explode but I couldn't, and it all backed up. It didn't hurt for long, though." She huffed and leaned down, kissing the curve of Dawn's shoulder. "I wish I could have seen it. I could feel it though, spreading my legs apart, all that pressure building up inside me. It felt good, really, very good. I felt heavy... and strong. And that feeling, it grew and grew until I couldn't breathe, or think. It was amazing, and I almost didn't want it to end... Almost."

The equine's finger's tightened on Dawn's body, the memory exciting her. "Gods' Blood, Dawn, I've never... climaxed so hard in my life. I just wouldn't stop cumming, and you kept touching me, and... and I... Oh f-fuck! I'm getting hard again just thinking about it. I... Fuck!" Valorie shuddered against Dawn, and like a beast rising from its slumber, Valorie's girthy equine member started to throb again, slowly starting to lift itself from the pool in which she knelt.

"That's not possible." Dawn said in reverent tones, "You can't be up for more after all that. Aren't you empty?"

Valorie moaned. "I'm never empty, mistress. Especially for you." She pushed forward, and the chair slid back an inch. "I'm always heavy and full, ready whenever you need me. I could cum for you forever and never empty these tanks." The equine put a foot beneath her and pushed again, this time keeping a hand on the chair and shoving Dawn back into it, following her to pinch her between the back of the chair and her torso.

The horse morph's hands once more started to inch up her thigh, and Dawn gasped. "Whoa there, Val. Slow down. Stop. Stop!"

"Or what?" Valorie growled, hunger burning bright in her eyes. "You'll tie me up again? Please, you couldn't stop me even if you wanted to. How about you just sit there and let your pet have what she needs?"

Valorie's fingers started to tug on the laces holding on her corset, but the equine's other hand seemed impatient and roughly groped Dawn's breasts through the blood red leather. Dawn whined. "Valorie stop, that's tender. Wait. Please! Just stop."

The equine looked up at her, lust glazing her eyes. "No." she whispered, taking Dawn's sensitive flesh in her hand and mashing it in strong fingers as the laces of her corset started to come undone, slowing baring more and more of Dawn's body. Valorie cooed when the puffy

buds of Dawn's nipples popped into view and she took them into her fingers, coaxing them to hardness even as Dawn pleaded.

She wasn't stopping. Dawn didn't know what was going on, but worry started to creep into her mind. "Valorie, listen to me! Listen! I'd love a round two, but I need time to recover! I can't do it right now! I-Ow! Stop! Please stop!"

It's work sufficiently done, Valorie's hand reached into Dawn's corset and violently ripped it off, tossing the leather away to splash into the sea of Valorie's making. "Make me." she dared as she took Dawn's aching bud into her mouth, sucking and biting down hard enough to make Dawn squeal.

"Fine!" Dawn shouted, and jerked her hand at Valorie with a word. As one, a half-dozen of the bands of force materialized in the air, this time glowing a bright, pale blue with Dawn's wounded anger. They shot forward and clamped around Valorie's wrists and waist, hauling her backward for the others to clasp the equine's ankles and jerking her into the air. "Valorie! What has gotten into you?"

She laughed. "You know, I'm getting tired of warning people that I'm stronger than I look." Dawn only had time to blink when Valorie threw her arm forward, putting her shoulder behind the sudden movement, and her wrist jerked against its binding with abrupt, shocking violence. Dawn gasped when the muscles of Valorie's arm and chest bulged against her fur, standing out in shocking contrast as the coil of force wrapped around her wrist shattered with an audible sound of breaking glass.

"No." Dawn mouthed, more to herself than Valorie, "That's not possible." The equine didn't seem interested in the bounds of possibility when she lurched and destroyed the bindings around her other arm. Her hands shot down, sliding between her and the belt of power that was cinched around her waist. She heaved and tore herself free with a heavy grunt of strain. The spell was beginning to waver, and Valorie didn't even have to work to free her legs, and she dropped down with a splash.

Valorie was shockingly fast, and she was on her feet and on Dawn before the shocked wizard could squeak out another spell. The equine clamped a hand like a band of iron down over Dawn's mouth, preventing any verbal form of spellcasting as she in turn hauled Dawn into the air, pinching the wizard against her chest with a steely arm. Dawn was afraid now, completely at another's mercy, even if it was Valorie who had her trapped and helpless. Stepping forward without an ounce of hesitation, Valorie bore her to the wall and shoved her against it.

Dawn could suddenly feel the volcanic heat of Valorie's massive cock pressing upward against her, inching longer as it swelled from the equine's excitement, sliding up between them as it throbbed angrily. Valorie leaned in, pressing her lips close to Dawn's ear until her breath was hot on Dawn's skin. "Did I do a good job, mistress?" she moaned, humping slightly into the space between them that her thick shaft was making, "Am I strong enough for you now?"

Dawn whimpered, nodding her head vigorously, and Valorie's entire demeanor abruptly changed. The greedy light left her eyes, and she relaxed, stepping away from the wall to cradle Dawn in her arms. "Oh." she said casually, "That's good. I was worried there for a second." Dawn blinked at her, and Valorie suddenly let out a laugh that filled the room, hearty and bellowing. "Oh, Gods, you should have seen your face when I grabbed you! I thought you were going to wet yourself on me!"

Dawn could feel the look of terror bleed from her face, quickly replaced by sullen annoyance. Valorie didn't seem eager to pull her hand away from Dawn's mouth, but she did

with great reluctance, still giggling despite her sheepish expression. "That..." Dawn said slowly, "was not funny."

Valorie's eyes shone now with mirth as she answered. "I agree completely. That wasn't funny... it was hilarious. I know, I know. I should have been an actress!" Dawn glared at her. "What? This is why a mistress has to be very specific when instructing her pets. You never know how something could be misconstrued." Dawn huffed, and Valorie let her slide down to her feet into the lake in which they both stood. Valorie dipped down into a crouch to give Dawn a kiss on her forehead. "Other than some occasionally poor wording, though, I think you did a wonderful job for your first foray into the dark side."

Dawn pushed her away. "You... I'm going to get you back for that."

"What? Was whipping me with a riding crop until unnatural noises came out of me not enough?"

"Oh it was enough alright. But that was for not getting out of that chair when I asked. I'm going to have to think of something more fitting for such insubordination from one of my pets."

Valorie chuckled, rising and strolling away, stretching her tense muscles and rubbing the tender spot on her ass, perhaps a bit longer than necessary, just for Dawn. She touched the erection jutting proudly from her loins, sighing, softly urging it to go down, to no avail. The equine sighed heavily, popping tendons back into place as she started for the door, her gait made awkward by the several feet of horse sticking from her crotch.

Dawn huffed insolently. "And just where do you think you're going, you... very convincing actress, you."

Dawn stopped with a hand on the door and looked over at her. "Well let's see... I'm going to pop on over to my office down the hall, masturbate furiously into something easily cleaned, clean up a little bit myself, put on some new clothes, and go back to the mead I so rudely left sitting."

"And you're just going to leave me to clean this up by myself."

Valorie shrugged. "Yup!" she quipped, "It's my day off remember? I shouldn't even be here." Valorie gestured outside with a thumb. "When you're done here come find me, I'll buy the first round." With that, she pulled open the door against the pressure of the fluid against it and slipped out, releasing a small flood of still-hot jizz into the hall outside.

The wizard stared after her and groaned. Even with magic, cleaning her entire office would take forever, not to mention what Valorie just did to the hall in front her door. She sighed, stepping over to pull her corset from the slime. After this, she might actually want something harder than tea.