

A Fateful Proposition

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It was late, and Valorie sat placidly, lounging in her bed, the dim magelight that illuminated her bedroom providing just enough glow to read by. There were few things she liked to do more than read, and the Sanctum Arcanum's libraries were vast. It would take her centuries to read all the books that were archived within the white marble walls. She grinned ruefully; she might even have centuries, thanks to Dawn.

Realizing she had read the same page three times now, she closed the book and laid it gently on her bedside table. Her mind kept wandering away, and she just heaved a slow, relaxed sigh as she reclined back against the headboard of her bed. The soft, plush mattress was wide and expansive, but her body filled it nonetheless. She wasn't exactly small.

Valorie's lean body was more than eight feet long, not counting her tapered, equine ears, and was covered in a velvety layer of dark, chocolate-brown fur that was broken only by the splotchy mark of crisp white that sat high on her chest. It was roughly circular, and it was large enough to fall down onto the upper curves of and between her breasts. She was in the comfort of her room, far away from her office or her responsibilities, and she was rightfully nude. With a slight smile, she lazily lifted her hand and traced the circle of white. It was an everlasting reminder of what she had been through, a little patch of purity, right over her heart, a spot of light in the darkness. She liked it.

Sitting in the splotch of white was the tiny silver locket her love had made for her. Its well-polished surface was engraved with a stylized image of a rising sun that spilled rays of light up from the arc of the horizon. It was a little piece of Dawn that rested above her heart, and was likely her most valued possession, just as it was currently the only thing she was wearing.

She couldn't help it. The way Dawn looked at her made her feel beautiful. The petite wizard let no one see how her desire bubbled in her, but she couldn't hide it from Valorie. They were connected. In the back of the equine's mind, a tiny knot of something that wasn't her tickled at her thoughts. It was Dawn, and sometimes emotions, particularly strong emotions, bled through that delicate link. When Dawn looked at her, it was like a star, hot and bright, blazed to life in her head.

It made Valorie proud. She was strong, more so than was stereotypical for other horse morphs, with a lean, sinewy musculature whose density and definition spoke of unyielding power. Her chest was broad and her waist was narrow, but packed with muscle that moved beneath her fur. Shapely curves rounded her out, making her shapely and feminine despite her imposing physique. Her breasts were big and hung weightlessly off of her chest, and were more than matched by the breadth of her womanly hips and tight butt. Long legs, capped with fur-covered, but otherwise humanlike feet, hung down from her tapered waist, likewise made sturdy and well-formed with hard muscle.

From just above the tight roundness of her rear hung a calf-length horse tail that was the same color as the hair that cascaded around her ears, falling nearly to her shoulders, a soft golden-brown. It was more often than not tied back in a low ponytail or braid to keep it out of the way, but for now it fell forward to frame her face. Her mouth and nose were carried out from the rest of her head by a short, equine muzzle, but her eyes, a piercing viridian, and lips that were,

more often than not, curled into a warm smile spoke of her humanity. Appearances weren't everything.

She knew that better than some. Resting, blissfully asleep, on the length of her tail that was between the legs that stretched out on the bed underneath her was a massive, animalistic phallus, shaped like that of some tremendous horse. It was enormous, hanging down to her knee even when flaccid. Valorie's manhood lacked the bestial sheath that many other equines had, but she doubted anything was capable of holding it anyway. Regardless of what she decided to wear on her lower body, it always made an intimidating bulge in the fabric, and she hated skirts, despite the armor she wore over her legs being a light, chain-and-plate skirt. It was more for comfort and freedom of movement than anything.

Her pants were much better. She was long since past the point that her... masculinity... made her uncomfortable. In fact, Valorie had gotten over it rather quickly. Dawn was okay with it, liked it even, and that was more than enough for her. Now she wore what she liked, and drank in the stares she got, particularly those she got from her little wizard. Sure, she was still one of the most *well-endowed* people she knew, but it had been a long time since hermaphrodites were considered weird by all but the most... conservative. People like Valorie were a little bit less uncommon than they were when she was a naive twenty-something.

It too, the slumbering leviathan between her legs, hadn't stayed the same. When she had "received" it, it had been a stereotypical, mottled pink-and-brown, but when Dawn had cast the purification spell on her, her curse had become a gift. The wizard had touched her, just like she had her chest, and just like the fur that had lain under her love's fingers, her overwhelming masculinity had changed. It was white now, a pale, pure white, tinted light pink only with the blood that flowed sluggishly through it. It complimented the snow-white fur of her scrotum, likewise touched by the spell. It hadn't been intentional, but Valorie refused to let Dawn change it back.

The *thing* that had been forced on her under the direst of circumstances was part of her, as much as the comparatively dainty lips of her more natural womanhood were part of her. Despite Dawn professing to only have a thing for ladies, the wizard didn't seem to have any problem having to move some things out of the way to get to her shier parts, even when those things were either the size of ripe melons or as long as she was tall.

The way Dawn looked at her made her hot, but it wasn't the way the wizard lusted after her body that made her most proud; it was the way her little love looked at her eyes. She was proud of her body. The Archmage may have given her the body of the horse she was now, but it took hard work to maintain her fitness. However proud she was of that, however, it paled in comparison to how much she enjoyed seeing Dawn looking at her, seeing her own love reflected in eyes that burned with intelligence and passion to the point that it seemed like they glowed.

Valorie sighed. Her thoughts pulled her attention to the little, vacant space next to her on the bed. It was small, but the perfect size for a soft, delicate form to curl up next to her, lean in and rest a dainty cheek against her shoulder or arm. It was with that thought that she felt the little bump on the inside of the back of her skull that was Dawn tingle with brief excitement. The wizard was close, and not a second later, the door in the outer room of her two-room suite opened to admit a slight form that dropped a heavy-looking bag on the floor and threw its head back to let out an exhausted groan.

As always, Dawn was enough to take Valorie's breath away. The shimmering, golden robes that were the wizard's symbol of office were conspicuously absent from her curvaceous body. Instead, she was clothed in a dark, forest-green blouse and a dark grey traveling skirt that

fell to her ankles, showing a strip of her sturdy leather boots. She had been out on business for the Ordo Arcanum for weeks, and her absence, coupled with Daryn being out with the twins, had left Valorie, Cera and Clara as heads of the household, such as it was. It had been lonely without the almost ever-present, supportive warmth of her love at her side.

Leaving her bag on the floor, Dawn grumbled wordlessly, stretching her arms over her head before she turned and strolled deeper into the room. Valorie had to stop herself from drooling. Long, auburn hair that, in the right light, shone like spun gold was tantalizingly messy from her travels, a windblown mess that fell around her petite shoulders and down her back in waves of honey.

Despite the fatigued slump of her shoulders that the way she dragged her booted feet across the floor in her exhaustion, Dawn couldn't help but be the most beautiful creature Valorie had ever seen. A pert nose and plump, soft lips accentuated the delicate features of a gently smiling face. Almost more striking that, however, was the way the wizard's bountiful curves stretched dangerously taut the simple, if colorful, cloth that dared to hide the majesty of her body.

To say that Dawn was voluptuous would have been an understatement that the equine could scarcely have comprehended. Valorie was certain that if the demure woman that strolled closer and closer took too deep a breath, buttons would be lost. Big, supple breasts, bigger than Dawn's head, were barely contained by her defiant blouse, and bounced gently with every step she took. They looked almost absurdly large on her otherwise dainty frame, and if they were much bigger, Valorie thought they would have been too much. The equine still suspected suspiciously that the wizard used some form of magic to keep her back from aching. Dawn steadfastly denied her halfhearted accusations, though, and she was hardly inclined to press the issue. The bust that she watched, entranced, may have been enormous on Dawn's short build, but in Valorie's fingers, they were perfect, soft and pliant.

Her little, sorcerous love's allure hardly stopped there, however. Matching her womanly, upper proportions, her hips and a shapely, round rear filled out her skirt, bringing stunning contrast to the narrowness of her lean waist. When they had met, Dawn had possessed the soft body of a woman who spent most of her time in sedentary study, but a few years with Valorie had changed that. The wizard didn't have the breadth of frame to carry all the lean muscle that Valorie did, but her morning runs with the equine kept her body tight and perky. It made the statuesque horse morph proud beyond pride, even if she had to work twice as hard later to keep herself in tip-top condition. She wouldn't trade that daily hour for anything.

Which reminded her that it had been weeks since she had seen Dawn, and she fought back tears of unbridled joy as the busty woman came within arm's reach. Their eyes met, and she lost herself in the wizard's brilliant, amber irises, stunning orbs that seared into her own with passion her mind could only begin to grasp. With that meeting, the tiny lump of Dawn that rested, usually peacefully, against her thoughts blazed to stunning brilliance, burning bright and hot enough to take Valorie's breath from her lungs, and she could only hope beyond all hope that the slice of her that resided in Dawn was doing the same.

There were no words that could possibly express that feeling, and it seemed almost sacrilegious when Dawn leaned in to rest her forehead against Valorie's arm to whisper, almost inaudibly, "I missed you."

Casually, the equine curled her arm beneath the curve of the wizard's rounded butt and lifted gently, easily hefting Dawn's slight weight off of dainty feet and depositing it in her lap, resting against her chest where it belonged. Her other powerful limb went around a slender back,

using a bare minimum of its strength to squeeze Dawn tightly into her chest in an intimate embrace. Valorie's head fell down, letting lips drop to the top of the wizard's head in a doting kiss.

Dawn didn't fight it. She didn't even move for the longest time, but eventually she let out a more relaxed sigh and wrapped her own comparatively spindly arms around the densely muscled chest into which she was pressed, returning Valorie's hug with one of her own. They sat this way for a long time, chest to chest, the wizard's cheek resting as it always did on a hard shoulder. "I missed you so much." came her voice again, light, muffled slightly by the patch of fur she pressed lips to.

Valorie hummed an affirmative, holding the little head pressed into her with doting fingers. "I know, but it was just a few weeks. It wasn't that bad." She lied. It had felt like each day would never end. She had thought she would go crazy. "For what it's worth, I missed you too."

Squirming happily, Dawn wriggled in the arms that held her. "Three weeks..." she mumbled in a breathy laugh, "Was that it? It felt like each day stretched on forever. Three weeks..." The wizard hugged tighter with all the strength she had in her body. "Three weeks is a long time, Val. It's such a long time, plenty of time to miss this. Nights aren't the same without you there beside me."

It was like the tiny woman pressed into her chest was reading her mind, but Dawn had promised not to do that. "Mmnh... You're here now, though." Valorie squeezed tighter, reciprocating Dawn's hug. Her voice dropped lower, and she leaned down, brushing lips over a smooth cheek, near an ear. "You're here now. I've got you now. I'm here for you now." She said it for herself just as much for the wizard. Dawn was warm against her, alive, close, and she wanted little more than to sit there until the world crumbled around them.

"Yes..." the petite wizard murmured forlornly, "For a few days, at least. But I'll need to go again soon, something urgent for the order. I only have a few days here at home."

Icy apprehension shot through Valorie's veins and tightened her gut. "B-but..." she whimpered, "It's... It's been so long... You have to go already? How long will it be this time?"

Dawn looked up at her, bright eyes full of sorrow. "A month, maybe two?"

Throwing her head back, Valorie groaned loudly. "Two months?! Come on! You're killing me, Dawn! What the fuck am I supposed to do for two months?!" She bent forward, shadowing the softly-curved form possessively with her bulk. "That's... that's not fair, Dawn. It's been so long." She sighed sullenly. "It's been so long, Dawn. You're right; this bed gets so cold at night without someone to share it with. How do I survive for two months without you?"

Lips met hers, and her mind dropped her next question in favor of a soft huff as she let her eyes close. Dawn was soft, gentle, probing. Slender fingers took her by her cheeks, letting the wizard rise up to meet her. A quiet, barely perceptible moan vibrated between them, and Valorie didn't know from whose throat it had originated. She didn't particularly care, and she let it continue, adding to it lazily.

She had no idea how many minutes passed. It could have been one; it could have been dozens. Eventually, however, their lips parted with a tiny smack. "Before..." Dawn whispered coyly, "Before I start making up for lost time, I'll go ahead and tell you what you can do. You can come with me. It's nothing sensitive this time, so you can... you can come with me. Two months, another adventure, maybe with a little less hellfire this time, would you like that? I'd like that, Valorie. Would you come with me?"

"Dawn... I..." stammered the equine, "What about the Lance? What if they need me? I want to... I really want to."

The wizard smiled at her, stroked her cheek. "Then come with me, Val. The Lance can operate without you for a few months. Cera is completely capable of being a leader. I know because..." She looked bashful for a brief second. "I know because I already spoke to her about it. She's willing. All you have to do is come with me. Please come with me."

A smile couldn't help itself, and stretched over her equine muzzle. "As if I'd let you get away again." she intimated quietly, "I'm not leaving your side until we've caught up." Valorie leaned down, a teasing kiss hovering over Dawn's lips once again. "Who knows how long that might take?"

"I promise I'll stretch it out for as long as possible." said the little wizard with a sly flutter of her eyelashes. Her eyes flicked downward, just as sparse fraction of a second, and she smiled, a tiny, personal smile that touched her eyes more than her mouth. "You're naked..."

Valorie quirked an eyebrow upward. "You're not." she quipped in a short observation, her own eyes drifting downward, lingering far longer than Dawn's had.

That slim body, its round curves filling her arms, wriggled under her gaze. "So it seems..." the wizard retorted, "What do you plan on doing about it? They're so... tight, keeping me all covered up like this. You know how sensitive I am... No cloth is soft enough. It's always rubbing and grinding..." She pressed closer, squishing her soft breasts into Valorie's. "I know you could feel it. I always thought of you... every time."

The equine swallowed heavily. She had felt it every few days. She'd had to stop whatever she had been doing, her breath temporarily robbed by an abrupt surge of euphoria that flooded her mind from Dawn's. The wizard had been poisoned years ago with a viciously potent aphrodisiac that had left her skin and flesh sometimes painfully sensitive. Even walking was enough to stimulate her. Normally, she used simple enough magic to dull the sensations that poured almost constantly from her hypersensitive erogenous zones, but she was still prone to disastrous build-ups of... pressure... that she sometimes stopped to relieve, lest they interfere with her focus. Valorie was usually the one to fulfill those needs; she felt almost as frustrated.

The smile that covered Dawn's features broadened. "That's right Val. I've been taken captive by these old rags, and I'm in desperate need of a hero to come save me." Her eyes were huge, innocent, but beneath: hungry, utterly ravenous. "So I guess I need to ask again. What do you plan on doing about it, big girl?"

She would show her; she would show her what she planned on doing about it. An insistent hand supported the back of Dawn's neck as Valorie pulled her back in to continue their oh-so-rudely interrupted kiss. It was the equine's turn to be the aggressor, and with soothing, gentle pressure she pushed forward, forcing her little love back into her arms. Dawn was tiny, frail compared to her tough, powerful body, but she moved with careful timidity, easing and lifting. She rose up, her tongue dancing with her lover's as she reversed their positions, lying Dawn down, supine on the bed beneath her. More of that delightfully insubstantial weight rested in her arms than on the mattress. That suited her perfectly fine.

Another subdued whine bubbled up from the wizard as Valorie's hands started to roam lecherously. With blind searching, she found the waistline of Dawn's skirt and steadily tugged the fabric of her blouse up from where it was tucked in. Confident fingers slipped through the sudden opening, playing along the clean lines of a lean abdomen as she stuck her hands beneath the contemptuous fabric of her diminutive lover's shirt.

With a sudden, shameless jerk, she popped free the row of buttons that held Dawn's blouse to her perfect form. Valorie grinned at the sound of them scattering off of the floor. She didn't lay the shirt open, not yet. Instead, the equine just let lay bare a thin strip of smooth, flawless skin from the waist of her skirt, up along her trim stomach, between those bountiful breasts in an endless canyon of cleavage, and up onto her throat. Even then, she didn't break contact with her lips; she just let her hands return to their tantalizing drifting, sliding over soft cloth. "Better?" she mused in an impish tone, "Loose enough now, sexy? Those tight, mean clothes backing off a bit?"

For emphasis, she dipped lower, pushing the length of her long, hard body onto that of her lover, using *just* enough pressure to make herself felt. "I know what you feel. Maybe not in the same way... I'm... a little more normally sensitive, but I know what it's like to have fabric that's just so tight. It always clings and rubs. I know what it feels like to want to *explode* out of my clothes. I know that... bliss. Do you feel better, sexy?"

Valorie's lips transitioned down to a slender, willowy throat, giving Dawn room to pant. "Y-you... missed a spot, Val."

With a thoughtful hum, a rueful smile stretched her lips wider. "Mmh... so I did. Shame on me. Let me take care of that for you." She slid her hands back down the length of that curvy body, idling and rubbing, until her fingers found Dawn's skirt. There were no buttons to send flying there. Rather, by some miracle, the wizard had managed just to pull it up over her broad, lush hips, an impossible feat, considering how disrespectfully tight the skirt was on the ample curves of a shapely rear.

That hardly mattered. With a grunt, more to show her lover she was working for her that because it required any real effort, she flexed powerful arms, pulling a moan from Dawn's throat as the fabric of the skirt tore loudly. Valorie let the grunt drop into an aggressive growl as she finished the job, splitting the skirt all the way down to its hem, making the wizard arch her spine almost imperceptibly, pressing back up into the equine's body.

Dawn wore nothing underneath. She couldn't, not without running the risk of pushing herself to an orgasm every hour as her underclothes rubbed against her with each movement. In a show of stunning willpower, Valorie kept her hands away from the place that they desperately desired to go, instead forcing them up to wander fingers along broad, sweeping curves, rustling quietly over the cloth she kept covering Dawn's daintiest of bits. The wizard's hands, light and nimble, were wrapped around the equine's back, cupping shoulder blades and feeling muscles that tensed as Valorie moved atop her. "What about now?" hissed the amorous horse morph between kisses that stole ever lower, aimlessly touching the line where neck met shoulder, "Still feel cooped up?"

She could feel tendons in the throat beneath her lips tighten in turn as Dawn shook her head meekly. "N-no... Oh... Gods' Golden Blood, Val, I missed this. I missed you being on top of me, how soft and warm you are, how big and hard you are. I missed your hands. I... I missed your voice. I missed that most of all. Say it for me, Val, please."

Valorie snaked her hands beneath Dawn, pushing her body down further as she lifted the wizard into her, pressing with tender force so that her lover could feel her voice, feminine but deep, rumble in her chest. "I love you, Dawn. These three weeks were the longest of my life, just like every day you're not with me is the longest day of my life. I missed the smile you give no one but me. I missed your laugh, the warmth of your body next to mine. I missed your eyes, the way they look at me as much as I like to look at them, the way they shine gold in the light. I missed your little fingers in mine when we walk. You were all I could think about, Dawn. I

missed you here, underneath me; I missed having this body to hold. I missed the squeaky, tiny sounds you make when you cum on me." She shuddered, pushing a shaky breath out over Dawn's skin. "I know you didn't feel it. I stayed strong for you, Dawn. I haven't even touched myself in three weeks. But now that you're here, I'm suddenly reminded that I'm *starving*!"

An excited whimper escaped Dawn's lips as Valorie held her tighter, closing arms around her luscious body like bands of iron. Now that she had acknowledged it, she couldn't stop it. The equine panted, her heart thundering in her chest hard enough for Dawn to feel it. It poured needy energy as much as blood through her veins. It pooled in her loins, feeding the beast that was sluggishly waking from its entirely-too-long slumber.

Her lover squirmed beneath her. "Here." Dawn whispered into a quivering, equine ear, "Let me up, I want to see it."

Valorie assented with a huff, dropping the wizard to the bed with careful slowness and lifting off of her. She pushed herself to her knees, towering over Dawn's supine form as her love looked up at her, familiar hunger burning low in her own eyes. With a smile that stretched full lips over her teeth, Dawn lifted delicate fingers to her blouse, slowly teasing it open, baring the big, fleshy globes of breasts that were the size of her head. She then put her hands to them, squishing them together, grinding her palms against nipples that bloomed to stiffness in her grip as she let out another muted moan.

Making sure she had Valorie's full, undivided attention, which she did unquestioningly, Dawn rolled out of the tattered remnants of her skirt, out from under the equine that loomed over her, off the bed, and to her feet in a single smooth motion. Her blouse dangled loosely off of her arms, and as she rolled her shoulders, she let the horse morph that stared at her see dusky pink buds as she let the offensive fabric fall to the floor around her, baring herself completely to Valorie's roving eyes, sliding dainty feet free of her boots.

The equine almost didn't stop herself from launching herself off of the bed and bearing Dawn to the ground to utterly ravage her. The body that had been made by the gods, specifically for her, all for her, was on completely audacious display in front of her. The wizard stood there for a long time, letting Valorie take a good, hard look. Slim fingers wandered over smooth skin, seemingly just to highlight each sweeping curve or slender proportion. Dawn was excited. She was always excited, really, but it was painfully obvious now. She trembled as she stood, and between her legs, the petals of her dainty, feminine flower were spread with the beginnings of her lust, glossy with the wizard's nectar, sweet and aromatic.

Dawn crooked a finger, beckoning Valorie forward, over to her. The equine obeyed wordlessly, scooting over and dropping herself to sit at the edge of the bed, just a little more than an arm's length separating them. Her love touched herself for her, bouncing hefty breasts in woefully undersized hands, sliding a single finger around her womanhood, making herself squirm through the air with wordless, lusty whines. Smoky, half-lidded eyes urged Valorie to give in, and the horse morph clenched her own teeth around a whine of her own at the sensation of the blood that was roaring through her veins, shooting straight to her crotch, nearly overwhelming her.

That it hung to her knee while soft was only a hint at its true size. At Dawn's quick glance, brief grin, Valorie let her hand fall to it, taking it up in her fingers. It needed no further stimulation; Dawn before her was more than enough to make it a bar of steel that stood proudly from her loins, but she stroked it anyway, encouraging the flow of blood that made it throb harder in her fingers. The wizard let a pleased hum buzz in her throat as she sashayed the requisite few steps closer to add her own fingers to the equines with an alluring sway of her hips.

"Go ahead Val." Dawn whispered as she, too, rubbed its surging girth, "Get it ready, but I've got a surprise for my shy, little flower that I think she'll like. This big boy might have to wait for a bit."

The little bit of stallion, which was rapidly growing not-so-little, pulsed furiously at the very idea that it would be ignored for even a second, but the set of hands on it cooled its anger. Valorie huffed, leaning back to give herself room. She needed it; she was so big. The pale flesh grew dark and ruddy as it tightened in eager anticipation. Valorie's flared, animalistic tool swelled larger in short, explosive bursts with each pound of her racing heart, and it defiantly shoved wide the fingers that tried pointlessly to encircle it.

It lengthened relentlessly, and Valorie's hands did little more than squeeze it as it resisted more and more the tightness of her fingers. She watched, awed as always, as it inched away from her body, rising up to meet Dawn against the pull of gravity. The wizard cooed lightly, caressing it as she would a beloved pet, loving it as it rose to her, past her, pushing her aside as it arced up through the air in front of the equine. Before it drifted away, Dawn pressed a fond kiss into its broad glans, giggling as a thick gob of pre issued from Valorie's tip to smear over her cheek.

The mammoth manhood that poured from the fidgeting equine throbbed to hardness. It dragged itself up, needy tightness lifting the weight of the blood that continued to darken its skin. Foot after foot of endless rigidity twitched to life between muscular legs, and Dawn slid closer, pressing herself against the scorching heat of Valorie's shaft, pushing lips to a pulsing vein, running a tongue along it lovingly. "There you go." murmured the wizard, "Nice and big. Oh, you must be so pent up. You look positively swollen." Valorie yelped as a pair of graceful hands slipped down to roughly fondle the stretched skin of her fuzzy scrotum.

Dawn kneaded her gently, and she could practically feel herself churning between her legs. The wizard couldn't hope to fit the throbbing gonads in her dainty hands, but that didn't stop her from trying as she pushed herself forward, grinding her body against the shaft that slowly reached its full, impossible size. Valorie could see it rising up past her, past her head. It was so huge; she could see her heartbeat in her skin. It filled her vision, and Dawn peered around it with a cool smile. "Much better..."

With that, the wizard stepped away, leaving Valorie to her own fingers as she wandered to the side, keeping up that familiar smile. With a sensuous wiggle, Dawn slid the equine's knee between her legs, dipping tantalizingly low, her netherlips hovering a hair's breadth over a hard thigh. She scooted closer before she let herself drop, straddling Valorie's legs, letting her dainty womanhood rest against soft, chocolate-brown fur. Thin arms slipped around the horse morph's chest, lacing fingers together behind a muscular back.

The wizard squeezed tight, pushing her body against Valorie's, pulling close, so close. Dawn's little frame was soft, warm, and the equine left her hands leave the contents of her crotch to wrap around her love once again. Valorie felt the tiny form shiver, heard a hushed moan. The fur on her thigh was dampened with the hot fluid was leaking from her minute lover, and with a slow rock of her hips, Dawn dragged her slick flower over the hard muscle. "Come on, Val." she hissed through another moan, "Do it. Let me feel it."

Valorie did so, tensing the muscle of her thigh enough to lift up her increasingly ardent lover as her leg bulged between Dawn's. The wizard clenched her teeth around a high-pitched whimper that the equine muffled with hungry lips in another kiss. With increasingly insistent motions, the petite woman rubbed herself on the leg pressed into her crotch. Her thin fingers slid up Valorie's back, bracing her as the equine pushed down on her more and more forcefully.

Those soft, little sounds grew in pitch and volume as tension lined Dawn's body. The equine kissed her mercilessly, using a hand in the small of the wizard's back to add force to her movements. Barely a minute later, her little love stiffened against her, the familiar, terse squeaking pouring into her lips as she felt the dainty folds pressed into her thigh quivering in a spastic climax. There was more abrupt wetness on her leg, enough to mat her fur, and Valorie cradled her lover tenderly, letting Dawn ride it out, jerking against her.

Making gentle, soothing noises, she breathed heavily through the pulse of orgasmic ecstasy that rushed into her mind from Dawn. She welcomed it, savored it, and kept lips locked with Dawn's until the wizard's breathing returned to normal and was able to pull away of her own accord. "That..." she said in a breathy hiss, "was a good start. Did... Did that fulfill your "me cumming on you" quota?"

Valorie watched Dawn slide off of her leg, leaving a thick sheen of liquid desire matted into the fur. "Not even close." she growled, eyeing the erection that stood out from her crotch, nearly as long as Dawn was tall, "But like you said, it's a good start." She rested a hand along the underside of her tremendous tool, rubbing it idly. She felt strong, heavy, and the building pressure in her loins demanded her to bury herself into something. Valorie ignored it, and the demand became a plea, just touch herself, do something to relieve that disastrous tension.

With that, the equine just continued to languidly stroke as she watched Dawn do a little dance and fall to her knees with a sly look. Wispy arms pushed Valorie's legs apart as the voluptuous lady scooted her body between them. The view of that mischievously smiling face was eclipsed by the girth of the enormous horseflesh that bounced lightly with each beat of her heart, and she felt more than saw the wizard press lips to the taut, furred skin of her overburdened sac.

"So tight..." she breathed, "You're going to make *such* a mess when I finally get you to empty these. They must ache." Hands found them, squeezing gently. The stimulation was enough to pull a grunt from Valorie's lungs as precum started to trickle down her elephantine length in copious amounts. "Speaking of getting you to make a mess... would you like your surprise now? I'm sure you'll like it; I've been doing some experimenting for you."

The equine's eyebrows rose. Dawn's experiments usually meant good things, and she watched Dawn rise gracefully to her feet, intrigue plain on her horselike features. "I am certainly fond of pleasant surprises, sexy, especially from you." When it looked like Dawn's aimless legs would carry her out of arm's reach, Valorie snatched her up, hugging her lover tightly to her chest as she let herself fall back onto the bed. The wizard looked tremendously pleased, and put lips to a strong shoulder.

The weight of Valorie's gargantuan phallus rested on Dawn's back, but neither of them paid it any mind, despite how angry it was at being ignored. Dawn just wriggled happily in the embrace of gentle arms as the equine's girthy tool throbbed against her. "I can't believe I didn't think of this sooner, but I'm pretty sure you'll like it." mumbled the wizard into soft fur, "Sit up, Val. Watch."

Grumbling as Dawn giggled excitedly and rolled off of her chest, Valorie sat up and pushed herself back on the bed, leaning with her shoulders against the headboard, peeking around her obstructing erection at Dawn, who sat on her knees before her. Those bright, amber eyes stared at her, and Dawn had the temerity to blush shyly as if she hadn't just pushed herself to an orgasm. The equine's thigh was still glossed with her feminine fluids as a reminder of the burning desire she could still feel trickling into her mind from her link with her love, mingling with her own.

She stared back, marveling. For the longest time, Valorie had known wholeheartedly that Dawn hadn't realized how truly stunning she was, and at times like these, those suspicions came back to her. After all those years, her love's eyes still had that quiet innocence, that youthful naïveté. It made Valorie feel like the older of the two, despite the wizard having decades on her. Her little lover's hands roamed gingerly over a fully-figured body, as if she was discovering herself for the first time. That much Valorie knew was a coy tease, but it didn't take away the sincerity in those eyes, that silent yearning for the approval of her equine companion.

As if the equine needed any more a symbol of her approval than the five-foot horsecock that wouldn't stop drooling pre down its titanic length. As Dawn wriggled for her pleasure, she used a lazy hand to languidly stroke herself, spreading the slick slime over her lust-taut flesh, more to give her hands something to do than because she expected to use it for anything.

Although... Dawn had a history of creativity that never ceased to amaze her.

Her ears perked up, twitching excitedly, when she heard Dawn begin to chant. The wizard half-whispered the incantation, her voice low and musical, and Valorie wished she could understand the strange, alien words. She'd heard her little love work countless spells, but with each one, there always came the familiar surge of wonder and expectation.

The air between the two women shimmered briefly before it started to glow with a faint, pale blue light. The radiance collapsed down on itself, steadily brightening, at it took its shape. When it was done, there was an opaque, softly luminous rod, perhaps a foot long, which floated in front of Dawn. A few more murmured words and it writhed in the air. Its shape grew indistinct, vaguely lumpy, and with an air of finality, it dropped into the wizard's waiting hands, the glow slowly fading until it was a bar of muted, pale blue force.

Dawn grinned up at her. "You know how I can copy body parts, make magical analogues of various bits?" Valorie nodded. Because of that, her dick had been places she had never really expected it to go. The wizard whispered a few more words, and the rod in her hands morphed, becoming vaguely phallic in shape, with a defined head and shaft. "Well, it works on more than just penises. I was going to surprise you by blowing up my... lady-bits for you, and maybe we can do that later, but I had a better idea, something that will let us get closer, a little more intimate, let us put skin to fur instead of having me sitting to the side and watching you fuck me." She blinked as if hearing that for the first time. "Actually, let's do that sooner rather than later."

Valorie's little love scooted forward on her knees, inching closer. A hand dropped, gesturing to the cleft between her shapely thighs. "It's just a tube, really, a tube lined with sensitive nerves. With a little bit of spellwork, one might be able to hook those nerves on the inside of that tube to the outside of another tube." She bounced the result of her spell in her hands for emphasis. "And what would that leave one with, I wonder, turning one's delicates inside-out? It certainly does look rather... *lewd*, doesn't it? The possibilities... the possibilities..."

The equine's interest was piqued. "So that's... your...?"

"Mhmm." hummed Dawn, "Now... what if I did this?" With careful hands and a few more whispered words, the wizard deftly manipulated the shaft in her hands, which had begun to glow slightly once more. She stuck the base against her loins, just above the beginning of her slick flower, and with a little bit of pressure, it appeared to melt. It softened like candle wax, running over her skin, combining, and when she pulled her hands away, it looked like nothing more than a dimly glowing phallus had grown between her legs. "Ta-da!" she finished with a flourish of her nimble fingers.

It took a few seconds for Valorie to close her mouth. When she did, her teeth clicked together in a lascivious grin. "Oh... Well..." she said, pushing herself up off the wall behind her, "That's just adorable. Why don't you come closer so I can get a closer look?"

Dawn blushed cutely and squirmed closer over the sheets. "It feels... weird... the air moving over it."

With a thoughtful hum, Valorie just leaned over, cradling her own adamantine length in a hand. The wizard squeaked as another arm curled around her slender waist, hefting her off of the bed, spinning her around, and sitting her back down with her back to Valorie's chest. The equine leaned down, putting lips to the top of Dawn's head as her titanic tool throbbed between her lover's legs. "Gods' Blood..." hissed the tiny woman who pressed back into the cushion of Valorie's chest, "I almost forgot how hot it is."

The statuesque horse morph growled playfully as she threw her arms around the petite form pressed into her, cupping the palm-filling globes of Dawn's bust. "He's just excited to finally see you. He's missed you almost as much as I have." She ground her hands into the perky nubs that capped the wizard's breasts for emphasis, "It's been a while since I've been able to play around with something that wasn't my own. You'll have to forgive me if I'm a little out of practice." With that, she let a hand drop to curl strong fingers around the faux phallus that stood from Dawn's loins.

She stiffened against her, and the equine smiled at the sharp moan that bubbled up from Dawn's toes. It was interestingly textured, and didn't have the rigid unyielding quality of the other... toys the wizard fashioned for her. It felt more like true flesh, despite its odd color and pale luminance; it gave when she gently squeezed, depressing just a bit. "What does it feel like?" she wondered between tender grips.

Dawn gasped between eager, digital embraces. "I-it... e-everything's reversed, so when-nngh! W-when you squeeze it... it... it feels like there's something inside... p-pushing out. Oh..."

Valorie let a curious hum vibrate in her chest. She gave the wizard a slow, languid stroke, using the slick fluid on her hand to get it well-lubricated for what she was considering. "What about this?" Squirming against her arm, her lover just mewled wordlessly in answer. That was okay, she could imagine it. "Does it feel like I'm inside you, rubbing around?" Dawn nodded with another strained moan as she writhed against her. "I bet it feels good... but I think I know what would feel better..."

With a playful shove, she pushed Dawn off of her, watching the wizard tumble to the sheets. The startled woman barely had time to roll over with an excited giggle before Valorie fell on her like a rabid animal, pinning her underneath the weight of a few feet of burning manhood. The trapped wizard whined and squirmed, putting hands to the beast whose weight pressed down on her as the equine shadowed her with a broad chest. "By your leave, my Lady Wizard?" mused Valorie.

Dawn just lifted her head enough to rub her face along the pulsing shaft that was currently using her breasts as plush cushions. "Please do, dear Lancer."

Practically vibrating with excitement, the equine pushed the wizard back, grinding her length along that supple body until Dawn's crotch was in the appropriate location. She leaned down, letting her lips fall open to run her tongue over the oddly-cool surface of the sorcerous implement that was affixed to her lover's loins. It was glossed with her own lustful secretions, and she could taste it as she took the engorged tip into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it as the wizard yelped and jerked. "Oh?" she said through a teasing smile, "Still sensitive? I'll take it nice and slow, give you plenty of time to get warmed up."

She pushed back down, letting a few inches pass between her lips, licking, kissing, sucking gently, unable to really imagine what it must feel like. However, this was hardly the equine's first experience with a dick, even if it had been... quite a few years. She was fairly certain she could manage. Pulling off, she returned the fingers of one hand to it while her other stole lower. "So..." she pondered, "if this is all connected, what does it feel like when I do... this..."

It sounded like Dawn nearly swallowed her tongue when Valorie teased a sturdy finger into her aching passage, using the other hand to stroke her new toy with increasing urgency. Her lover shuddered as she pushed in a second finger, working it in and out in a slow rhythm. "F-fuck, Val!" squeaked the wizard, "How... H-how do you manage having... both?!"

Valorie chuckled lightly. Dawn wasn't having any more teasing if she'd already devolved into profanity. That was usually *her* thing. Her lover moaned when she pulled her hands away. "It must be practice, I guess. Give it a few years. Until then, I guess I could let you be in charge... this time."

The wizard snorted derisively, looking up with a frown. "Making me do all the work as usual?"

Shrugging innocently, she pushed herself up to her knees and flopped back down onto her butt, her throbbing member bobbing in front of her. With a coy smile, she went back to stroking herself. "Tired from your travels, then? Should I just finish up here and let you go to sleep? I'd hate to get between you and your beauty rest."

With an almost audible roll of her eyes, Dawn rose further up, seeming to chew it over. Eventually, she huffed, grumbling, "Fine... lean back and spread 'em, big girl. You're mine."

Cocking an eyebrow, the equine refused, having a better idea. Her less... discreet parts would just get in the way. Instead, she flipped over, splaying her hands out on the wall, letting her masculinity rest on the sheets as she arched her back with her knees spread. With a teasing flick of her tail, she swished it around behind her, letting Dawn see the dusky lips of her engorged womanhood through the curtain of golden brown hair. "Here." she breathed, resting her forehead against the headboard of the bed, "I'm all yours, sexy. Don't hold back."

Dawn gaped, inching forward until she could throw her arms around the round curves of her muscular butt. It made Valorie smile when the wizard pressed worshipful lips to the taut fur. Her miniscule lover was certainly an ass girl, and Valorie had been... bottom-heavy even before she had become a horse morph. Her statuesque musculature only accentuated that, and Dawn loved it. "One of these days, Val..." hissed the tiny woman through her awe, "One of these days... I'll work my masterpiece and get this ass inside me."

As her little lover knelt behind her, staring and rubbing for what felt like forever, Valorie huffed impatiently, wiggling under the slim fingers that roughly groped her. Dawn just teased her more, hands drifting achingly close to the cleft between her powerful thighs, touching with tantalizing insistence. She stiffened, her body heaving beneath her fur, when she felt a finger brush over her engorged clit. The electric sensations pouring up her spine from her crotch to her skull urged her to push back, bring herself closer to their source. Instead, she just heaved forward against the wall, giving herself something to strain against during the little pulses of bliss that throbbed in her loins at each contact.

The wizard made cute, soothing noises low in her throat, and while Valorie couldn't see it, she could certainly feel how her lover dipped a little lower, letting her hands fall to her strained sac. To replace the fingers on her fleshy lips, Dawn pressed her own lips against them as she went back to kneading gonads the size of both her fists held together. A wet tongue ran over

her sensitive flesh, adding saliva to the sheen of her liquid lust that already coated her lips, beginning to ooze into the fur between her legs.

As if she needed any further stimulation. Once more, the desire to force herself back, practically sit on the wizard's face, nearly overwhelmed her. The titanic tool that throbbed furiously on the bed beneath her was sitting more and more in a puddle of its own making, her viscous precum soaking into the mattress below it. She was absolutely, stunningly hard; she couldn't remember being any harder, and one hand dropped to touch herself, ease the catastrophic pressure that was building in her loins. "D-Dawn... slow down. I can't... c-cant... almost... Oh Gods..."

Pre-climax shudders were already wracking her body, and every gentle swipe of that delicious tongue on her quaking flower brought her nearer and nearer to a mind-numbing release. The hands on her swollen gonads seemed to milk increasingly abundant amounts of slick pre from her flaring head so she could smear it on the bed beneath her. Once more, she whined a near-wordless plea for her love to slow down. She wasn't sure how long she could hold herself back. It had been some time, and her body *needed* what was coming.

Soft, gentle words drifted up to her, through the haze of her wanton desire. "Easy there, big girl." Dawn practically whispered, "I've just got to get you close, right on the edge. I'm already there again. I'm so close. The sound of your voice, the feel of your fur under my fingers, it's all I need to find that release, but I want more than that. I want to be connected to you. I want to feel you. We've been apart for so long, and I want to be close to you. Are you ready for me, Valorie?"

The equine hissed a shaky affirmative. She could scarcely comprehend why she wasn't already making a *more* unholy mess of their bed. Her whole body throbbed with the promise of disastrous consequences should Dawn continue her innocent kissing and licking, and she moaned softly, muffled by her tightly clenched teeth. She could feel herself dilating, bulging thicker and harder against her fingers in preparation. Her flared glans gave her nowhere to buck her hips, pressed up against the headboard as it was. She had nowhere to run, and she whined excitedly when the wizard pulled her face away from her loins.

Twisting to let her look at Dawn over her shoulder, she watched with anticipation as her lover rose cautiously to her feet to stand, hands braced on Valorie's hips. It put the luminous new toy, still attached to the wizard's crotch, at the perfect level, and with a sensual sway of womanly hips, Dawn bent over to press its tip against her hungry womanhood. "I've never done this before." Dawn said through a heavy moan, "Tell me what to do."

Valorie had to take a second to rein in her out-of-control breathing. Anticipation was killing her. "Do what feels good, sexy," she replied, wiggling and grinding herself against Dawn, "and let me take care of the rest."

Her lover nodded sharply and hooked arms around her waist for leverage. Slowly, with a long, low grunt that sounded through closed teeth, Dawn pushed forward, sliding herself into the equine's drenched, fluttering tunnel. Valorie tensed, throwing her head back to let out an eager outcry as she felt herself parting around her love. It certainly felt real enough, and her walls practically pulled it in, stroking and caressing it greedily, making the wizard squeal and squirm.

When Dawn could go no further, her loins meeting the curve of Valorie's rump, she stopped, letting herself sit there for a long moment. "Gods..." she panted, "You're so tight. It's... squeezing... Nnh... W-wait. I can do better. Give me... a second."

Valorie gasped in surprise as the wizard muttered a few terse words under her breath. The equine spasmed as she felt the *thing* buried in her throb and twitch, swelling larger inside her,

stretching her walls wider around its girth. She couldn't help but moan as Dawn filled her. "Yes!" she whined, her mind nearly broken, "Bigger... yes! Stuff me full! Come on, Dawn, don't make me wait anymore! Please!"

In a voiceless answer to her inarticulate begging, the wizard, who was now packing something almost as improbably proportioned as the gibbering equine, pulled out, revealing nearly a foot of pale blue force that was glowing more brightly now. It must have gotten much larger; so much was still filling Valorie, and she groaned as Dawn pushed herself back in with a harsh grunt.

The tightness of her spasming walls prevented Dawn from moving with any sort of vehemence, despite the urgency in her body, but the wizard was so sensitive, and Valorie was already so close. It hardly mattered. The equine's desirous exclamations rose in pitch with those of her lover's, second after second. She could feel the magical monster that the tiny, amorous woman shoved into her again and again; it pushed at her organs, utterly filling her, butting up against the entrance of her womb. It pulsed and twitched, so life-like, and Valorie's eyes rolled back in her head as Dawn reamed her with as much strength as the wizard's little body could muster.

Dawn came first, as almost always, and the equine could feel it in her connection with her lover. As the petite wizard's womanhood collapsed down around nothing, the motion was mirrored in the sorcerous tool that was abruptly hilted into Valorie's own stretched tunnel. It pulsed and surged thicker, practically vibrating with the force of the contractions that rippled within Dawn's dainty flower, and the overcome horse-morph wailed as her own release coursed through her, fueled by the thrashing of the beautiful body behind her.

Her head fell back limply even as every muscle in her body flexed with the sudden relief that washed over her. It burned through her veins like liquid ice and shot like lightning up her spine. She felt her muscle-lined passage do its own intricate dance around the massive intruder that was buried into her as her hand tightened around her neglected maleness. The unrelenting hardness in her fingers swelled thicker, distending with the sheer volume of scorching seed that was suddenly sent hurtling down its tremendous length. Her broad, flattened glans flared one last time and only the sound of her euphoric scream was enough to muffle the wet sounds of pint after pint of jizz splattering against the headboard as her swollen testes were finally able to empty themselves.

She gasped and cried out harshly against the waves of rapture that crashed through her, bucking her hips in time with the throbbing in her body to drag her tremendous horsecock along the sheets below her, desperate for every last scrap of stimulation that she could dredge up. Her loins ached, and it felt like the slender arms thrown around her waist were her only anchor to reality, keeping her braced as her mind went white with pleasure. Each second, as always, stretched out into eternity, and she savored each one as Dawn hugged her ass and savaged her.

Eventually, she could barely support herself, her arm shaking traitorously as the inferno that fueled her climax dwindled to ashes in her veins. The wizard behind her gasped and fell forward onto her rump, and rather than pulling out, Valorie just grunted at the sensation of the incredible shaft inside her just vanishing, leaving her suddenly, viciously empty. The equine looked down at her gratefully receding member. That was nice; her mess had stayed mostly localized to the head of the bed. The headboard was a soaked mess, and part of the sheets were drenched and sticky with a veritable lake of pearlescent fluid, but it wasn't too bad this time. Most of her fluid release had poured down to the ground through the crack between the mattress and the wall. The floor would be a terrific mess.

But that was an issue for a later time. Blinking as the blood rush back into her brain, she pushed herself off of the wall with a shaky arm, looking around at Dawn, who was just letting herself lay limply, smiling weakly. "How'd I do?" the wizard mumbled, fatigue in her expression.

Her eyes flicked back down to the mess she had made. "Pretty damn well, for a newbie." She rose back to her knees and listened to the bed creak under her weight as she let herself flop onto her back, wincing as her hesitantly shrinking member slapped against her tautly muscled abdomen. Dawn was now sitting next to her, and she easily scooped the wizard off of the mattress to lay the delicate form atop her. "But..." she continued, "I think you'd do well with practice... a *lot* more practice. I'll whip you into shape, no worries."

"Mmh..." Dawn whispered, nuzzling her face into the swell of a chocolate-furred breast, "I can't wait, but right now, I'd just like a nap. Maybe... maybe tomorrow."

With a little wriggling, Valorie managed to worm her way under the blankets, draping them over Dawn's soft, curvy frame as she likewise wrapped her arms around the diminutive wizard. "I guess I can wait that long." she whispered intimately, "Just rest. I've got you now."

Dawn assented, squirming happily in her arms as she let soothing hands wander as they would over smooth, supple skin. Valorie had missed that familiar weight on her chest at night, the plush curves and happy, shining eyes, and now that she had them again, she wanted nothing more than to hold them. With a tantalizing wiggle, the wizard crawled further up her body, far enough to plant a slow, easy kiss against her lips, one which she eagerly returned. Parting for just a split second, Dawn murmured a quiet word, darkening the pale magelight that lit the room, letting them lay in shadow.