

A Late Start

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As she strolled casually through the slowly waking streets of Southcliff, Valorie had to appreciate the ambiance. The sun continued its sluggish climb into the early morning sky, spilling rays of red and gold into the murky purple of the night. The warm glow banished the last of the twinkling stars from the firmament to return once the day ended. Despite the chill of the oncoming winter, it promised to be a delightfully beautiful day, and she couldn't wait to see it.

Valorie couldn't help her good cheer. She had always been a morning person, and this morning in particular felt wonderful. She had been on her morning run, doing a lap around the city's walls, and had stopped by the Sanctum for a shower and to pick up breakfast. A private blush colored her warmly-furred cheeks. She had been starving; the opportunities to eat the previous day had been few and far between, but what she had busied herself with had been blissfully worth it.

She clutched the rough cloth bag close to her beneath the thick, forest green cloak that was draped over her shoulders, doing her best to keep Dawn's breakfast a semblance of warm. It was cold, but not bitterly so, and the combination of her clothing and the sleek, chocolate brown fur that covered her densely muscled body was doing an admirable job of keeping her warm.

As she walked, hips swaying happily, her long, golden brown horse tail swished gently against the inside of her cloak and matched the motion of the ponytail in which her similarly-colored hair was tied back. She towered over the people she walked by, but she got nothing more than friendly, unshy waves of greeting from the shopkeepers and couriers that she passed as she strutted down one of the city's larger avenues.

Eventually, though, she dipped off of the main thoroughfare and onto the side streets that she knew better than the back of her hand. She had lived in Southcliff for very nearly her entire adult life, and she was intimately familiar with its layout. She took the requisite twists and turns, eventually winding up outside a simply ornamented, two-story building. She had purchased the entire structure long ago, but she only used the upper floor, renting the lower out to a family of pleasant canines.

Hopping up the stairs that crawled up the side of the building she pushed open the door and swept into the home that she stayed in when she wasn't on duty for the Silver Lance. Her sparsely decorated living room greeted her with silent, well-used warmth. The whole place had a comfortable, lived-in look, and she sighed happily as she laid her parcel on a table and shrugged off her cloak, hanging it on a peg on the wall.

When she had departed for her run, she had left a fire crackling in the hearth that was set against one wall, but it had long since dimmed to glowing cinders. She took a few moments to stoke it back to life, feeding it again until it was once more burning brightly enough to heat her deceptively modest home. Afterward, she slowly cracked the door to her bedroom, peeking in and entirely expecting the sight that greeted her.

Her room was dark, the thick, heavy drapes entirely blocking the morning sun from slipping in through the windows. Through the darkness, she looked at her bed and smiled, a bloom of hot emotion rising to fill her chest. Her mattress was long and wide. It had to be to hold the entirety of her long, powerful body, and the figure that was occupying it looked like a child that was curled up in the covers and huddling against her pillow.

It was enough to pull a bemused sigh from her lungs, and she bent to begin unlacing her sturdy leather boots. She had left Dawn hesitantly awake, and the diminutive woman was *supposed* to have been getting ready to leave, but it seemed that the call of a warm bed on such a lazy morning proved too strong for the little wizard to handle. Valorie could sympathize with that, at least, and, once she pulled her boots off of her feet, she cautiously tiptoed over to her bed.

Slowly, so as not to wake the softly-snoring woman who had so boldly laid claim to her pillow, she slid sinuously under the covers. Her bed was cold for the most part, but there was a discernable knot of warmth where Dawn sat, and she sidled closer to it, cautiously approaching the sleeping woman. Gently, Valorie crawled her hand over Dawn's slender arm and pulled with tender insistence on the pillow locked within the wizard's clenching fingers. Shifting uneasily with a wordless murmur, the petite figure was forced to yield the cushion to which it was so desperately clinging.

Not about to be called cruel, Valorie wiggled closer still, giving Dawn something much warmer and much more alive to hold on to as she threw her own arms around the wizard's soft form. Her little lover's fingers rubbed along the hard contours of her back as Dawn unconsciously hugged her, and she returned the embrace with soothing enthusiasm. The smaller woman was a light sleeper, and Valorie knew that she was the only person with which Dawn would feel so blithely comfortable. That fact made her happy, and she snuggled close to the warm body pressed into her chest.

Dawn was wearing one of her blouses, and the baggy cloth covered the wizard nearly to the knees. In spite of that, the oversized piece of clothing looked to almost fit the snoozing woman around the curves of a more-than-ample bust. The sumptuous mass of the breasts that sat proudly atop a slight chest pressed intimately into Valorie's own, and the equine smiled and hummed appreciatively as the sensation.

She lay with her love, affectionately stroking voluptuous curves and pressing long, doting kisses into the top of the smaller woman's head until even the careful motions were enough to gently prod the wizard back into wakefulness. Dawn's eyes fluttered hesitantly open, and Valorie caught a glimpse of expressive, amber irises before their owner closed them languidly and heaved a fatigued sigh. Moving with more purpose, the arms wrapped around Valorie's chest squeezed tightly, and Dawn let out a soft groan as she stretched. "Good morning..." she hummed, eyes still closed, "Again."

Valorie hooked her hand around Dawn's back and returned the hug, doing everything in her power shy of tying the wizard down to encourage her to remain where she was. "Yeah..." she murmured into the smaller woman's luxurious auburn hair, which was a snarled mess from the night's—and the previous day's—activities, "I guess it's been pretty good so far. I brought you breakfast. The cooks were making those really meaty pies that you love so much. But if you want it, you'll have to get out of bed and get it before it gets cold."

"It can wait." Dawn informed her, nuzzling a gorgeous face into the equines full bosom with glee, "I was having such a nice dream. You and I were off to the south in a vineyard. You kept trying to get me to try your favorite wine, and you eventually got me to taste some. We walked through the grapes and had a bottle. It was lovely, and warm... We should go sometime, Val. It would be fun."

The equine agreed with a gentle squeeze. "This spring, for sure. We'll take some time for ourselves, away from everything. You work too hard, anyway."

Dawn looked up at her dubiously. "I work hard? Val, if you spent any more time in your armor, it'd meld into your skin."

"Well, at least *I* take breaks sometimes. You're always busy with something or another. I feel like I see Cera more than I see you during the day." She hesitated when Dawn met her eyes. She saw the dull sorrow in them just as she felt the blossom of sheepish dismay through the faint, mental connection she shared with the wizard. She smiled soothingly and rolled over onto her back, hauling the slight weight pressed into her atop her chest. "We can work on that though."

With a sensuous wriggle, Dawn crawled upward along the length of her torso to let an unhesitant kiss be pressed into her lips. Valorie hummed appreciatively and returned the intimate contact with one of her own. She gently rubbed the smooth lines of Dawn's back, tracing the wizard's shoulder blades and holding the smaller woman with confident strength. The lips meeting hers were full and soft as much as they were placidly probing. A hand drifted around the back of her neck, anchoring the woman occupying her powerfully muscled arms, and it squeezed her firmly, enduring its owner of the reality of her presence.

She cooed encouragingly as Dawn lifted lips away from her and let them curl into a beatific smile, eyes half-lidded. The wizard then dipped down, snuggling into her and nuzzling a pretty face into the hollow of her throat. Dawn's voice came, but was muffled by her fur. "Val... have I ever told you how beautiful you are?"

"Nope. I don't think you have." chirped the equine impishly, "I guess you'll have to get started on that."

Dawn grumbled. "Nnh... Maybe later. I'm too tired right now... And I'm hellishly sore. Bones and Ichor, Val, what did you do to me yesterday?"

Valorie shrugged, letting her fingers drift playfully down the wizard's back while tracing the line of Dawn's spine. "Oh, you know... the usual. I was *very* pent up, you know. I can hardly be held responsible for my actions, especially with you encouraging me like you were." A hand finished its downward march, to let her strong digits eagerly cup the smooth contour of the smaller woman's perky, shapely rear. "Besides... I didn't hear you complaining..."

She felt slender fingers crawl up over her chest to eagerly squeeze the curves of her bust. "No... You didn't." Dawn replied faintly. Grinning, the equine slowly, but firmly, squeezed the wizard's plush backside in an almost subconscious question. She moved with cautious hesitation, sliding her hand under the vastly oversized shirt that sat on Dawn's petite frame, putting the fur of her fingers to smooth, flawless skin. She squeezed again, more firmly, delighting in the lean, tight muscle of her love's well-endowed rump.

In answer to her quiet probing, Dawn moaned softly into her throat, giving her a go-ahead that couldn't have been clearer. However, Dawn added in a cautioning whisper, "Be gentle, Val. I really am sore after everything we did yesterday. I don't know if I'm in the condition to handle any more horse-play."

"Don't worry, Dawn." she breathed as she moved her unoccupied hand up to cradle the wizard's back, "You won't even know I'm here." Dawn's hum sounded doubtful, but was choked off into another moan as she squeezed again. "I figure I've just got to get you blood flowing a little to get you out of this bed. Here... Let me help you with this."

She let her hand slide smoothly off of Dawn's alluring butt, lifting her shirt from her love's curvaceous body and teasing it upward along the wizard's torso. The cloth was loose enough to not require her to undo the buttons that lined the blouse's front, so she just gently tugged it upward. The only issue was Dawn's hefty bust, which proved resistant to her efforts. Still, she managed, and they both let out pleased, breathy hisses when Dawn's expansive chest was bare to press into Valorie's. She dragged it up over her love's head and pulled it off of slim arms, turning the shirt inside-out in the process, and tossed it away.

Finally nude, Dawn's fully-figured frame pressed intimately into Valorie's torso, and she went back to cradling her love's tiny form to her warm body, rubbing fingers over smooth, immaculate skin. Taking a firm hold on the woman whose puny weight felt like feathers atop her, she wiggled, pushing herself back into her mattress until her head reached the headboard. Slowly, she sat up, reclining back against the sturdy frame of her bed, and held Dawn to her with nothing but loving force.

As she rose, the blankets draped over them threatened to slide free from the wizard's petite shoulders, and she caught them before they could bare more than Dawn's beautiful features. Like that, she sat, holding her sorcerous lover up to her, and with half-lidded eyes, the smaller woman leaned against her, wrapping arms around her muscular torso and pressing soft, pillowy lips to hers. It was with nearly breathless glee that she let her head be pushed back against the wall behind her as she reclined casually.

Dawn eagerly looked up at her before letting hauntingly beautiful eyes slide shut. Her hand braced the wizard's back while the other cradled the shapely curves of the dainty woman's rear. Huffing a heavy breath that blew locks of auburn hair around the face pressed into hers, she squeezed the soft form in her arms tightly to her chest, delighting in the sumptuous yield that Dawn's body had. Her lover's breasts were big, big enough to almost look too big on the slight build on which they rested, but in Valorie's hands, they were the perfect fit. They were big enough to squeeze and grope, round and supple enough to fill her broad palms with tantalizing flesh.

She let herself embrace Dawn with low-burning affection. Those breasts were now pressed into hers, and were smaller by only a scant fraction. She felt herself, hidden by her shirt, squishing readily just as she felt Dawn rocking her hips and undulating her spine. The motion pushed the wizard's lips more firmly into hers even as it ground the perky buds of the dusky pink nipples that capped the graceful swells into her. A soft moan whispered into her mouth from that of her love, and she accepted it with doting attention.

Moving slowly, she let Dawn be the one to escalate the rigor of their exchanged affection, and a calm, intimate moment passed before, almost hesitantly, Dawn's agile tongue slipped between her lips. An intrigued hum buzzed low in her throat, and she accepted it with calm poise. Her own tongue, a fit for her boxy, equine muzzle, was slow and clumsy by comparison, but that fact didn't seem to bother her lover any, and she felt the wizard's fingers roaming over her body and fondling her lean, sinewy strength with growing ardor.

It was a seasonably cold morning. Before long, snow would come to blanket the city of Southcliff in a coat of white. The fire she had stoked in the other room hadn't yet crept through the half-open portal, and the air in her bedroom had a nip to it that was only blunted by her silken fur. Dawn, on the other hand, had no such barrier to the cold save for the blankets that Valorie was keeping wrapped around the voluptuous figure pressed into her. To the wizard, however, this didn't seem to matter, and using an idle hand, Dawn wriggled out of the covers and pulled them from Valorie's slack fingers.

The blanket draped over the wizard's shoulders slipped free with the silky sound of cloth on divine skin, and Dawn was suddenly bare to the chilly air from the waist up. Her lover let out a low groan, parting from her long enough to murmur in a breathy whine, "Oh, it's... a little nippy. That'll get my blood pumping." When Valorie made to wrap her lover deeper in her corded arms, Dawn resisted with a coy smile, pulling away incrementally. "Mmh..." said the wizard in a pleased purr, "Your hands are nice and warm though."

Pert lips were pressed into her again, hot and probing, but tantalizingly brief before Dawn dropped to her jaw, trailing a line of quick kisses along her muzzle and down onto the contours of her throat. Valorie was left to encourage it with searching fingers that eagerly rubbed smooth skin, which was dimpled with goosebumps from the chill in the air. Her long, equine ears quivered at the sound of another longing moan that slipped from Dawn's lungs to vibrate against her neck, and she felt her heart quickening with a very real, avid heat that began to boil through her veins.

Dawn picked up on this, whether through instinct or the sensations that were pouring through the link that connected them Valorie didn't know, but the wizard's eyes gleamed with mirth that hid something vicious and primal. Valorie could sense it; she could practically smell it in the air and on the wizard's skin. There was a silent, unspoken strain in the air that screamed that both women were holding back from something. The petite woman broke the tension first, breathing a barely audible, "Val..." into the fur of her throat.

Valorie answered with an interrogative hum that sounded from deep in her lungs, and the woman clinging to her nibbled tenderly on the lines of her neck in an unspoken continuation. Dawn's hands slid up along the powerful musculature of her arms and up to her shoulders. They crawled upward, one taking the chance to firmly squeeze her unyielding strength while the other laced slim fingers into her thick, golden brown mane. The strength with which the wizard pressed herself into her spoke of desperate desire, as if Dawn was trying to crush them into one being, and the tiny woman whined meekly and shuddered against her chest.

She had to smile. The little motion hadn't felt like it was spawned by the cold, and as she rubbed her oversized hands across Dawn's smooth, slender back, the wizard's slow, even breaths grew more forceful. The fingers dug into her hair tightened ominously, and their owner stiffened with resolve that made Valorie's heart quicken further in anticipation. Her curvy lover lifted herself, using her torso as an anchor, to once again press their mouths together with almost violent force.

Valorie was pushed back under the strength of her little lover's ardor, and Dawn continued to haul herself upward until the equine had to crane her neck to maintain the vigorous oral contact. From her perch within the strong arms that supported her, she bore down on the statuesque horse morph with unrestrained fervor. Fingers tightening on Dawn's lush figure with instinctive zeal, it was Valorie's turn to let out a moan of her own as the miniscule wizard mined her mouth with frenetic zeal.

They were both panting hotly when Dawn pulled away with a wet smack. Their mouths hung open, ready for more, and a thin strand of their mixed saliva still connected them. The wizard's eyes were wide with almost disbelieving bewilderment, as if the sensations Valorie could feel practically roaring between them were a stunning surprise. A hand drifted up from the equine's shoulder to her cheek, and Dawn stroked her fondly for a brief moment before cupping her jaw and pulling her face forward.

She let herself be guided, and her lover gently dragged her muzzle into the hollow of a willowy throat. Eagerly, she kissed the elegant line of Dawn's neck, not resisting as she was pushed into warm, pale skin. Her eyes drifted shut, and she bent herself to her appointed task, orally worshiping her lover's slender throat with all the enthusiasm of a cultist her idol. Her breath was stolen from her by her love's eagerness. Dawn's breath was hot in her ears, and her distinct aural organs flicked wildly as the wizard stroked them tenderly.

Letting the petite woman consume her focus, Valorie pushed forward, letting her lips roam in small circles over the skin was presented to her. She could feel Dawn's heartbeat in the

pulsing of the artery beneath her lips. It was fast and hard, and completely at odds with the slow, sensual way the wizard caressed her cheek and breathed softly into her ears. Carefully, the fingers buried into her hair tugged at the ribbon that she had used to tie her hair back that morning, and, freed from its restraint, her luxuriant locks dropped to cascade around her face.

Dawn made a pleased sound in her throat. "That's better..." she purred, "You should wear your hair down more often, you know. It's so soft and shiny." She buried her face in the equine's scalp and tightened her grip on Valorie's hair, letting out a quiet, playful growl. "Oh, Val, I love you. I missed you so much, and I'm glad you can come with me this time. After all these years of being with you... I never really realized how happy I could be with someone." She squeezed tighter, furiously, protectively tight. "Valorie..."

Dawn pulled away, and the horse morph looked up to meet the wizard's tear-dampened eyes. Before the first drop could fall, Valorie reached up and wiped them away, pulling her love back down to lay a kiss on Dawn's forehead. "I know." she replied, eyes closed, "I'll stay with you until the world crumbles around us and fire rains from the sky, and I might even be able to be convinced to stay a little longer than that, if you're well behaved."

"I'm always well behaved..." the wizard mewled innocently.

Valorie scoffed and kissed the little woman again, more firmly, on the lips. "Please, Dawn. Don't think I don't know where Aurora gets her rebellious streak. I'd never thought I'd say that Virgil's the level-headed one, but I've watched that little girl talk shit to bulls and bears twice her size. And I don't think it's the magic in her that makes her so ballsy..."

With a grumpy harrumph, Dawn pouted and leaned back into her arms. And then with a stubborn, unabashedly sexy wiggle, the wizard crossed slender arms under her generous chest. "Aw, come on, Val. Since when was I the bold one? You're the one who's always ready for a fight, not to mention the fact that you're the one who actually *has* balls. Our daughter's bull-headedness is none of my doing."

Valorie surrendered the point with a weak snort that sounded decidedly equine, letting her head fall back to the headboard behind her. "Yeah, maybe. I still say that you're a sneaky devil who's too sly for her own good."

"That may be..." Dawn admitted innocently, leaning forward to press her plush chest against Valorie's once more, "But I'm sure I've picked that up from you."

Before the equine could protest, she was kissed again, and she couldn't bring herself to pull away. She just sat there, Dawn atop her, and felt the wizard quiver with something other than the chill in the air. Once more, she was reminded of the boiling furnace that was her lover's desire burning in the back of her mind. After everything they had done the day previous, Dawn was still voracious, and Valorie took advantage of her bedmate's disposition, teasing and urging with shameless fingers.

Dawn gripped her tightly, and she huffed a plaintive groan as the wizard pulled on her hair. She didn't let that stop her, however, and she delighted in the trembling sounds that escaped her lover's throat. The wizard was sublimely sensitive, sometimes to a fault, but in times like these, when they were alone with each other, she couldn't help but grin and let her fingers drift over every tantalizing curve that made itself available to her. "Valorie..." Dawn hissed, nearly hyperventilating while managing to sound utterly pitiful at the same time, "Don't tease me."

Valorie looked at the little wizard after pulling back with a sly smirk. Dawn's eyes were wide; her breath was disastrously short. If the wizard's cheeks were any redder, they would have caught fire. It only made the equine smile harder. "Don't worry, Dawn." she said as she took all of her love's weight into her arms, "I'll take good care of you. Don't I always take care of you?"

"That's what worries me." whined the wizard.

Barking a short laugh, Valorie hugged Dawn to her chest as she pushed herself off of the headboard. She leaned forward, bending over until the slight weight occupying her arms met the center of her mattress. Slowly, she relaxed her hold, gently laying Dawn down beneath her and moved her arms to support the mass of her body as she hung over her lover. Bending her arms, she let herself drop, slowly pressing her comparatively gigantic frame into that of her love. Her breasts squished into Dawn's own, and her powerful torso splayed out over the wizard's nude form.

Her magically-inclined lover shivered at the intimate, full-body contact, and she let herself rest there, over Dawn's tiny figure, as she shadowed the wizard protectively and possessively. For a long moment, she sat there, hovering. She felt Dawn relax, watched the petite woman slowly, peacefully close her eyes and felt slender arms wrap around her muscled chest as they squeezed fondly and accepted what was to come.

Dipping her head down, Valorie let her lips fall again to Dawn's slim, beautiful throat. Once more, a fluttering heartbeat made itself felt against her mouth, and she tasted the force of her lover's need through her tongue as she ran the broad organ over Dawn's neck, pulling a quiet, private moan from the well-endowed chest beneath her. "That's right, sexy." she growled playfully, "Just lay there under this big, hard body. I know you're sore. I got a little enthusiastic last night, and I promise I'll be gentle. I can be gentle, just for you."

She returned her lips to Dawn's neck, and she moved with even more exaggerated slowness. She lingered on the contour of a tendon that stood out under her tongue as her lover tensed, letting out a sharper moan. She didn't let that add any rush, though. Further downward, following Dawn's neck down onto her collar, she let her lips wander almost aimlessly. In spite of the coolness of the air, she could taste her love beginning to perspire, and she could smell the need in it through her sensitive sinuses.

Dawn smelled like she always did. The wizard smelled clean and earthy, faintly of wildflowers, but beneath that scent was what truly invigorated her. It was the scent of something fierce and primal, almost bestial in nature, and it made Dawn smell like hunger. She loved it; she couldn't get enough of it, and she gulped down the warm, vitalized air that hung over the smooth skin beneath her lips and tongue.

Her ears perked up, swiveling toward Dawn's face as the wizard's panting became noisy and full of little, needy sounds. She listened intently, delighting in it, before letting her lips drift further down the length of her curvy lover's torso. The delicate lines of the wizard's collarbones gave way to the soft, pliant masses of the full, ripe globes that were pressed so intimately into her. With reverent motions, she snaked a hand between them to glide fingers smoothly along the sensual contour as she let her lips begin to do the same.

She pressed her mouth into Dawn's breast, dimpling tender flesh with gentle, loving force. She liked them, she had to admit to herself, and Dawn's were beyond perfect. They were huge and heavy, and in spite of how much larger than her little love she was, they felt big and flawless even in her broad, powerful hands. One set of fingers savored the luscious orb that wasn't beneath her lips, squeezing and caressing as its twin was orally explored. The sound of the soft fur of her fingertips gliding along silken skin excited her just as much as the girlish noises escaping the little wizard's throat did, and she worked to encourage them.

Dawn moaned loudly, sharply, and the body beneath her tensed against her yet again as she found the ruddy pink buds that capped the glorious mounds. She stroked one with a thumb as she savored the other with her lips, gingerly kissing. Under the delicate stimulation, they

stiffened against her, poking up as a pair of cute, sexy buttons that begged Valorie to rub and knead them. "Val!" Dawn gasped, "I... Nnh! Y-yes! Come on! S-stop teasing... Ah! Stop teasing me!"

"I'm not teasing..." answered the equine calmly, "I'm just taking my time..." The sensation of her rich voice vibrating against Dawn's tender flesh made her lover stiffen, and she giggled softly.

"Y-you... Ah! Nnh... You're so mean!"

"Maybe a little..." she admitted with an impish grin, "But I can't help it. It's what you do to me. Why...?" she mused as she closed her thumb and forefinger around the wizard's turgid nipple, pinching it lightly. Dawn gasped and arched her back, pressing herself into Valorie's hands with greater force. "Do you want it a little rougher?"

The only answer she received was a hoarse grunt as her lover twitched and writhed weakly against her. It was answer enough for her, though. She returned her lips to Dawn's expansive chest, kissing and sucking gently, and as she closed them around the fleshy bud, she rolled her tongue over it, firmly tweaking its twin with her fingers. To her delight, the wizard yelped sharply before her voice fell into a husky moan that was practically begging for more.

More is what she gave, and Valorie bent herself to the worship of the divine bust that heaved under Dawn's panting breaths. She alternated between roughly groping and daintily massaging, and the lithe figure beneath her shuddered with easily stoked pleasure. Closing her eyes, the equine tasted Dawn's velvet flesh with an eager tongue and let her teeth fall to the aching nipple within her mouth. She nibbled as she worked, and Dawn squealed and convulsed briefly against her. The wizard must have relaxed her hold over her hypersensitive skin, and Valorie took full advantage of her lover's condition, moving with light touches meant to entice a greater reaction.

She pressed herself down on Dawn, pinning her lover to the bed with the weight of her muscular body as the wizard began to lose control of her limbs. The fingers of one hand laced once more through her hair, gripping tightly, while the other dug nails into the lines of her back, raking along her shirt. "Val... F-fuck, Val! I'm... I'm-nngh!"

"Close?" she finished, breathing hotly into Dawn's chest, "On the edge? Quivering with anticipation?" She pulled away an inch, letting her get a good look at how Dawn shuddered and panted. "I know. I can feel it. It's exciting, isn't it? Let's see how far I can take you." Dropping back down, she pulled the wizard's smooth breast back into her mouth, letting her teeth close once again on a button of electrically sensitive flesh. She bit down, sucking and urging as her hand roughly kneaded the other. Sumptuous mammary yielded to her powerful fingers, and she ravished her buxom lover with as much gentle savagery as she could muster.

It seemed to work. "Yes!" Dawn cried, her voice steadily rising in pitch. The wizard squirmed and contorted, twisting and grinding herself against the equine's broad frame. "Yes!" Fingernails dug frantically into the muscle of her back as their owner squeaked with frenetic zeal. Her name echoed off the walls of her bedroom, and despite the vigor with which she moved, she wanted to do more. The hand she was using to hold her weight shifted, letting her wrap her confident fingers around Dawn's waist, squeezing firmly, feeling her lover breathe, feeling muscle tense in preparation, and it was with no mercy that she pushed the wizard off of the precipice of her recklessly built ardor.

Dawn's spine bent in strain, and the only sound that escaped the petite woman's sender throat was a high, half-gurgling squeal as the figure beneath Valorie's mighty form flexed in release. Thin fingers balled into fists that opened and closed in time with the rhythm of the

wizard's spasming, and the equine moved with her tiny love, rocking her body against Dawn's to lessen the impact of the weak thrashing that washed over her.

The euphoria of Dawn's orgasm crashed into her mind, nearly blinding her, and she spent a few delirious moments moaning and shaking alongside her lover before she could get a hold of herself and Dawn alike. She let her lips and tongue drift away from the wizard's huge chest. The nipple she had been so voraciously pleasuring shone wetly with her saliva, and she pushed herself further upright. Both hands went to Dawn's plush torso, squeezing the lush flesh and making her little wizard gasp in the midst of her explosive relief.

Valorie grinned hungrily. She was far from done, and she wriggled on her knees backward, baring more of Dawn's body to her roaming eyes. Her back bent once more, letting her lips fall to Dawn's trim abdomen while her fingers continued to busy themselves with the plump masses that were their charges. She knew what she wanted, and her tongue trailed downward in lazy circles as her love tensed again and again in her release. There was so much more to be done, and she was certain that the woman that moaned so deliciously beneath her mouth would appreciate a little more intimate of attentions.

Her arms were plenty long enough to let her continue to deftly manipulate the pillowy cushions that were Dawn's breasts and still get her equine muzzle low enough. Dawn's legs were spread around the breadth of her shoulders, and her lover was open to her. She kissed along the wizard's shapely thighs, slowly creeping inward to her goal. Her busty beauty groaned frantically, begging wordlessly for what they both knew was coming, and Valorie assented with an affectionate chuckle. She squeezed Dawn's breasts firmly, eliciting a terse moan, and let her lips meander toward the cleft between the long, sexy legs that wrapped around her chest.

Dawn's womanhood was a match for the wizard, delicate and beautiful. It's lurid, pink lips were slick and parted, and she could see it pulsing visibly with the force of the wizard's unleashed passion. It had its own distinct scent, thick with desire, and she breathed it in, letting the passion-heated air rest in her lungs before she let out a warm breath over her lover's loins. Dawn squealed again, nearly bucking into her face, and Valorie was certain that if the petite woman's thighs spread any further open in invitation, the pelvis that connected them would snap in half.

Her lover's flower had bloomed, and the nectar running from it smelled sweet and enticing. Valorie couldn't wait for a taste, and it was with that in mind that she let her head drop to plant a caring kiss on the velvet petals that were spread open before her. She nuzzled the end of her muzzle, her nose and lips, into Dawn's eager womanhood, and her tongue drifted out to taste the furious desire present in her lover's lusty fluids. It was enough to make her whine in reciprocated enthusiasm.

It bent her spine, made her push her head forward into Dawn's crotch, and she began to gleefully lick the gathered moisture from the wizard's silky flesh. As she licked and loved, she dug for more, working her way inward, until her lips were pressed against the petite woman's equally demure entrance. She felt it throbbing against her, hot and demanding, and she yielded to it, bearing down, forcing Dawn open around her tongue, and the wizard arched her back, crying out roughly at the sudden, if gentle, penetration.

She made a mess of her face, but she reveled in it, celebrated her love's lust and stoked the fire that raged against Dawn's burning skin with a probing tongue. A thunderous heartbeat pounded against her, and she slipped her hands free of her lover's bust to take hold of a slender chest, bracing it and holding it against the mattress. It wouldn't do for Dawn to pull something after such a long night with no lasting injuries, and she held the wizard down as she increased the

vigor of her oral ministrations. She worshiped Dawn, the air that touched her flawless skin and fed her life, the ground that touched her feet, and the opportunity to pay her respects to the altar of her immaculate form was never turned down.

Dawn's mouth snapped shut as she came again, this time around Valorie's urgently lapping tongue. Velvet walls shuddered and collapsed, frantically rippling around anything that Valorie could cram into her feminine passage. Her scream was muffled by the force with which she bit down in her ecstasy, but it still made a hoarse, unforgivingly grateful sound in the back of her throat. She flailed against herself, but was gripped firmly by Valorie's strong hands. She viciously humped the equine's face, and her ardor was met with nothing more than an excited laugh as the equine vigorously worked her through her rapture.

Dawn looked down the length of her opulently-shaped body, at the lust-matted fur of Valorie's face, and the robust horse morph's eyes opened to look back. They shone with happiness and excitement, and it was clear that Valorie was enjoying herself immensely. Wave after wave of jagged euphoria swept through her, powered by the equine's lips and tongue and she cried out again and again, bucking her hips in time with the crests of her fervent release.

Valorie's grin was supremely satisfied when, with a wet squelch, she pulled her broad, flat tongue from her lover's femininity. She was panting nearly as explosively as Dawn, her chest straining at the buttons of her shirt with each breath, and she lifted the still-shaking wizard from the mattress to pull her into a tight, affectionate embrace. Dawn's skin was wet with the sweat of her own coital exertions, and her fingers laced into shining auburn waves as she held the wizard close to her chest.

As her lover caught her breath, her name was whispered into her ear over and over, softly and with slowly cooling force. "F-fuck, Val..." Dawn hissed, "Why... How are you so good at that...? Why do I never get tired of... *that*...? Gods' Golden Blood..."

She smiled, whispering an answer into Dawn's own ear after pushing luscious hair out of the way with a tender thumb. "Because I've had a lot of practice, and there was never anyone better than me to begin with, no matter what Clara says." She squeezed, letting their warmth equalize. The air was beginning to finally heat up from the fire burning in the hearth in the other room, and she held her love for another endless minute, trading a long, heated kiss with her little lady.

Dawn's breath had fled her when they parted again, and the blush in the wizard's cheeks warred with the mischievous cast to her beautiful features. "I guess... I guess it's your turn now, isn't it?"

An eyebrow lifted lazily as she took in the wizard's determined expression. It was only through a miracle of the highest order that her pants were still in one piece. Her flared, equine member had gorged itself on the sensations of Dawn cumming against her, and it strained defiantly against the fabric that hid it, demanding attention even when barely a fraction of its full size. She would greatly like a little playtime, if just to relieve the pressure in her loins that had been building during the time she spent with her face pressed into her lover. "Is it?" she mused slyly, "What about our early start? I might have to protest, my lady."

Dawn parted from her, and Valorie watched a lascivious grin slowly stretch over the wizard's features. With tantalizing slowness, Dawn lifted her lips to a flicking, equine ear and whispered a string of words that held no definite meaning to the horse morph. Valorie recognized enough of it however, and that, accompanied by the familiar tension that suddenly filled the air, was all the warning she had before her world was turned upside down.

The wizard wriggled from her arms a split second before a dull, pale blue glow suffused the room. It condensed down into several points of the comfortingly-colored light, taking the shape of thin bands of opaque force that darted inward at her. Dawn giggled and rolled away to watch as luminous shackles snapped around Valorie's wrists and forced her corded arms behind her back. She was pulled and twisted, and she knew better than to put up any real resistance as she was forced to lay supine on her bed, her arms magically secured behind her. Dawn knelt next to her, looming ominously over her pinned form. "I'll just insist." the wizard said with a shameless grin.

"Aw, come on, Dawn..." she whined as she writhed against the luminescent restraints that held her down with unsurprising tenderness. If it weren't for her inability to easily pull her arms out from behind her back, she would have been pleasantly comfortable. "I was going to let you... There's no need to tie me up this time!"

Despite being a naked mess, Dawn crossed her arms with all the authority of a judge passing down a death sentence. "Maybe... but I don't see you doing anything to stop me."

She was sure her blush was visible through the fur on her cheeks. "Well, shit. You've got me there, I guess." She found herself easily slipping into a guise of wild-eyed innocence at the idea of being held down and ravished by such a lovely, regal creature. "What... what are you going to do this time?"

The wizard's look softened, and she tested her bonds again, squirming helplessly against them as Dawn laid dainty hands on her stomach. "Something messy." Delicate fingers fussed with the buttons lining her front, but rather than pluck them from their holes, the curvy woman hovering over her deigned to just pull her shirt up, exposing her midriff to lingering fingertips. Dawn touched her gingerly, tracing the furred contours of her densely muscled abdomen as those dexterous, tantalizing fingers slid slowly down the length of her taut belly.

The breath left her lungs in a coarse grunt when Dawn brushed up against the barely contained outline of her pulsing horsecock. Her heart pounded beneath her breasts, pouring a raging torrent of lust-filled blood between her legs, and as the seconds passed and the wizard's faint fingers teased against her, the dark fabric of her trousers began to complain noisily as it became disastrously tight.

Her hands clenched and relaxed behind her in time with the thunderous pulsations rushing into her loins. The frighteningly-sized bulge between her smoothly muscled thighs throbbed frantically, and her toes curled as her lover's fingers traced the lines of veins that visibly dilated to carry the sheer volume of her passion. "Dawn..." she breathed, barely able to keep her composure, "These are my... my best pants. At least let me save them."

Cautiously, the wizard crawled between her spread legs, letting fingers run along the insides of her thighs with a thoughtful hum. "No... I don't think I will. Don't worry, though. I'll make them good as new after we're done." Dawn's hands went back to the contents of her pants, rubbing and stroking, feeling it grow with dire, twitching surges that measured out her racing heartbeat. Valorie moaned and wrapped her long, powerful legs around her lover's body, pinning Dawn against her crotch, forcing the undersized woman to watch the results of her handiwork.

She groaned when the seams lining her bulge began to rend with sharp, staccato pops. The euphoric freedom she felt as she destroyed her trousers was at odds with the delirium-inducing tightness she felt continuously building behind her crotch. Her skin burned, and her flesh grew taut with the pressure produced by her need. Despite the familiar sensations, she still felt swept away by them. For years and years she'd been hung like a horse three times larger than

normal, and still, at her size, every erection felt like an event of cataclysmic proportion. Cloth popped and shredded around the rising force of her enormous masculinity.

She flexed her statuesque physique in time with the urgent pulsations robbing her of her muscle control. Dawn rubbed her lovingly, feeding her ardor, and thoughts of the wizard, the sight of the shamelessly nude figure locked between her legs made her desperate to reach out and touch the source of her passion. She panted and moaned, and Dawn smiled at her as her trousers surrendered to the strength of her tremendous, equine member. The last thread snapped like an overdrawn bowstring, and the monolithic column of lust-firmed flesh arced upward, free of its prison.

Its rigidity pulled its weight upward against the drag of gravity, and it slapped heavily against the wizard's chest. Dawn was ready for it, and before the pillowy bust she had impacted could stop jiggling in a most eye-catching way, her lover had wrapped the masses of the cushiony orbs around her throbbing girth. Her flesh was a pale, almost milky white, only darkened and given a hint of pink by the cascade of blood that thundered into its length, and she pulsed with frenetic zeal as Dawn began to pump the weighty breasts that seemed to attract her gaze like magnets along her burgeoning tool.

Inch after inch pounded between her legs, and each passed moment forced her back to arch higher and higher off of the mattress beneath her. The feeling of Dawn's softness yielding to her bulging member as smooth skin glided along her deliriously tight flesh was little but blissful, and she was moaning eagerly as she watched her pounding horsecock crawl upward and outward. It got bigger and bigger, and veins thickened along it, feeding its growth as she whined and contorted in her rapture.

It felt like a rod of freshly forged steel was sprouting from her loins, just above her fluttering womanhood, and the heat pouring off of it could be felt even from where she lay. It was longer than Dawn was tall, and there was little hope of even the wizard's expansive bust being able to fully envelop it. That didn't stop her from trying, and the petite, well-endowed woman vigorously pleased Valorie with nearly everything in her arsenal. A worshipful tongue left a sheen of saliva as it trailed along the lines of her throbbing veins, lips kissed and worshiped, and breasts pistoned along an increasingly insignificant portion of her length.

When she was fully hard, nearly six feet of adamantite, equine meat stood up like a monument to her sexuality from the intersection of her legs. Dawn kissed it one more time before letting it go, and Valorie shifted her hips, allowing it to drift downward. The weight of it pressed into her chest and face as it lay parallel to her powerful frame, and she joined the game, letting her tongue trace around the veins that pulsed beneath her explosively tight skin. She had to crane her neck, and even then, she couldn't quite get her tongue to her flared head.

Dawn let her, watched her urgently touch herself. Valorie wished her shirt was off so she could use her own breasts. Her nipples ached for contact, stiff against the inside of her filmy bra, and she undulated her spine, dragging her flesh up and down her torso in an effort to get herself off. Dawn laughed. "That's right, big girl. Just sit there. It's my turn to take care of you."

The wizard directed her gaze downward, to the base of Valorie's massive tool. Her fingers wouldn't go around its sheer thickness, but she still spent a moment stroking it nonetheless. After that, she let her fingers fall to the melon-sized orbs of the equine's stuffed scrotum. She had to pull the horse morph's rent pants down her thickly muscled thighs, but she eventually bared them. Her fingers went around them, and she cradled their weighty masses with delicate force. They overfilled her palms, and she had to knead and squeeze gently. Her spine

bent in a curve, and she dropped her head to plant a kiss over the snow-colored fur that covered them.

Every time she applied even the gentlest of pressures to Valorie's taut, heavy gonads, the equine tensed and let out an uncharacteristically high-pitched squeak. She giggled, kissed and stroked them more firmly, watching the way Valorie moved. The way the horse morph's arms were held behind her back threw her chest out proudly, and her big, supple breasts rose and fell with her gasping breaths, squished under the weight of her titanic tool as they were. The hard muscle lining the legs that were wrapped around Dawn tightened against her as their owner moaned and whined and writhed.

The intimate embrace was pleasant, but Valorie's legs were in her way, so the wizard snickered and snapped her fingers. The spell she had called into action glowed in the air, and two more bands of pale, luminescent force materialized around the equine's knees. Gently, they forced the horse morph's long, well-turned legs open, giving her room to move. She backed away enough to make it more comfortable to bend herself to her self-appointed responsibilities.

Pressing her face into Valorie's furred sac, she kissed it again. She felt her imposing lover's heartbeat through the taut skin; she could practically hear the equine's firm, heavy testes churning in preparation. With soft, murmured words, she encouraged them, begging for an always-impressive load of thick, virile seed. She loved them, worshiped them; she nuzzled her face into their burning masses. She hefted their weight in hands that looked pitifully small beneath Valorie's oversized maleness, but she eventually lifted them out of the way, baring the true object of her desire.

On her grand, powerful frame, and bordered as it was by such an intimidatingly large member, Valorie's womanhood looked petite and girly, with thin lips that glistened with beads of heady moisture. Dawn spent a moment admiring it fondly. It was her perfect, little flower, fragrant and beautiful, and she knew its silky petals intimately. She greeted it with a smile and a loving caress, gliding a finger along the equine's tender folds to pull it back and slide the dampened digit between her lips. Valorie watched her taste the nectar that had gathered there, listened to her delighted hum. Her big, strong horse was as delicious as ever.

Valorie's eyes were huge, threatening to roll from their sockets. All she could see before her was what pressed against her face under its own ponderous weight. Her rock-hard horsemeat throbbed angrily against her, and she could feel the heat of it through her shirt and pressed into her lips and tongue. She kissed and licked it, wished she could put hands to it. She was so hard it almost hurt, and her skin ached for contact. Dawn gleefully fondled her balls, hefting and squeezing the massive globes of tight, pulsing flesh, and she moaned and strained against her bonds at the sensation of building tightness.

When Dawn's fingers began to linger against her needy womanhood, streaks of jagged, icy bliss shot through her veins, and she squeaked out sounds that didn't seem like they were capable of being created in her throat. As her lover played with her soft, yielding folds, lines of strain etched themselves into her already dense, defined musculature as her body tensed. She could feel her disastrous release building from a mile away, and the wizard sitting placidly between her legs only stoked the fire that heated her blood and continued to feed the growing ardor of the beast sprouting from her crotch.

Dawn dipped lower, disappearing behind the throbbing mass of what filled her loins, but Valorie felt what her miniscule lover was doing. Full, plush lips kissed hers, slick and aching, and her head fell back in anticipation. Her mouth hung open and the muscle lining her arms bulged as she tested her restraints. Her physique filled her shirt; she could feel it straining over

her flexing strength, but the tightness of the fabric across her powerful shoulders was nothing compared to what was building behind the contents of her loins.

Her lover kissed her desirous lower lips again, this time slower, firmer, more longingly. Fingers drifted over her swollen testes, caressing them, encouraging them even as they were held up and out of the way. Dawn's tongue drifted out to trail over her ruddy pink flesh, and she was tasted again, delighted in. With a gruff moan, she rolled her hips in a single, jerky motion that dragged her womanhood across the wizard's lips and nose. Her sensitive clit was full of blood, peeking shyly from its hood, and it scraped over Dawn's beautiful face, eliciting another delirious squeal from the immobilized equine.

Dawn giggled and let her continue to use the flawless skin of the most alluring features Valorie had ever seen as something against which to rub, and she went on taking advantage of that, grinding her overburdened loins against her love with blind glee. Eventually, though, Dawn pulled away, and she couldn't contort herself enough to follow. The wizard smiled along the length of her body at her, lips shining with her own lusty fluids, and whispered another round of quiet unintelligible words.

Another cord of faintly glowing light manifested in the air above her, twining around itself like a sky-colored serpent before it swallowed its own tail, forming a ring that drifted down to her. Her breathless panting was interrupted by a terse gasp as the sorcerous circlet pressed against the flared head of her twitching, equine member. With a jerk that made her spasm against her bindings, it made it past the huge, meaty obstruction and slipped down the length of her trembling horsecock, foot after foot, all the way to its base.

Once there, it cinched tight around her throbbing, adamantite flesh, pulling a nearly frantic moan from her lungs. And then, with a word from her manically grinning lover, it began to vibrate against her. Her body snapped taut, and she let out a wordless cry for mercy as the yielding torus of Dawn's strength began to slowly, almost languidly, pump along the seemingly endless length of her thick, bestial shaft. The air left her lungs in a hoarse grunt as it picked up speed, squeezing and stroking her gigantic maleness with numbing vigor, and she saw her doom before her as Dawn smiled impishly and dipped back down to her unforgotten womanhood.

Hoisting her melon-sized gonads up again, Dawn buried herself into her delicate flower, and Valorie's back bent in sudden, overwhelming euphoria as her dainty lips were spread apart and her fluttering entrance was roughly ravished by a hot, probing tongue. Valorie shuddered and cried out, and her legs flexed against the bands of force that held them open. She wanted to close them around her lover, crush Dawn into her; she wanted to hold Dawn close and scream and thrash and cum and cum forever. Instead, she shook and jerked against the manifestation of her love's will.

The wizard dug into her with voracious hunger, and her toes curled in her stockings. Dawn had to conjure another band around her waist to restrain her flexing spine, and she was grateful for the addition of something against which to strain as she was pleased with almost violent force. She found her own voice rising in pitch against her wishes as the throbbing in her loins grew increasingly urgent. "Dawn..." she gasped when she could manage to form words, "Dawn, I... F-fuh-huh... Hah-Hnngh! Yes... Yes! Harder! P-please, huh-hnnk... H-harder!"

The ceiling looked so far away, and it seemed to drift even further as she lost her grip on reality. The ring of eager, pulsing sensation around her stunning flesh grew tighter, and she couldn't tell if it was because it was shrinking or she was beginning to thicken in preparation for her onrushing release. Dawn savaged her alongside noises that grew more and more wet and

messy. Clear, viscous lubricant leaked from her broad, flattened tip in drops, and then a trickle as the pressure in her body grew.

It ran down her length and drooled across her face. It snuck between her lips and let her taste her need, and she rolled her hips, dragging her slicked shaft over her face. As nice as the contact felt, however, what Dawn was doing felt infinitely better. Whatever tool the wizard was using to so energetically stroke her massive shaft vibrated more vigorously, tightening on her lustful flesh as her gleeful womanhood was eagerly and purposefully pleased.

Her muscle quivered under her skin, tightening and flexing as she approached the apex of her mountainous rapture. Her breathing grew jerky with the rest of her movements. Her voice was rough and guttural, and her shaky vocalizations couldn't be distinguished as either moans or growls, but a mixture of the two. The ring of bliss wrapped around her impossible tool was a pale blue blur as it jerked along her length, and the sensations of rapture flooding her mind from her loins was nearly blinding.

Seconds passed; she couldn't breathe. Dawn was merciless, and she was unable to do anything but scream as she felt her orgasm crest and crash through her in a raging tsunami of unleashed ardor. Her powerful frame went utterly rigid, as if she was frozen in her overwhelming ecstasy, and for a split-second, the only motion that was visible was the languorous dilation of the enormous, equine endowment that pulled itself off of her chest as it thickened.

Her muscular abdomen tensed, and beginning at its base, her horsecock flared in girth as it was stretched outward by the sheer volume of the thick, potent seed that rocketed up its length. The scream that rattled in her lungs went on as she unleashed the first of countless long, pearlescent ropes of her jizz to arc across the room and splatter over her wall. Her trembling feminine passage collapsed down on itself, and an abrupt gush of her ecstatic juices was released over her lover's probing mouth.

Fingers clawing at the sheets on which she lay, she humped and spasmed as her tensing musculature forced jet after jet of alabaster fluid to impact with the far wall with slick, wet thuds. She could hear her seed roaring through the maleness that twitched through the air, and the ring that was cinched with euphoric tightness around her girth fell into a fast, urging rhythm that matched that of the pulsing in her loins. Dawn's spindly digits squeezed her stretched sac, practically milking her as her rippling walls were forcefully mined for seconds that stretched into eternity.

It was endless; it almost always was. It seemed like Valorie could lay there and squirt pint after pint of cum so rich and thick it stuck to the wall and oozed down it like pudding before pooling on the ground in a spreading puddle. She bellowed her release, the strain in her throat robbing her of her words, and Dawn wasn't about to translate for her. She squealed and gasped and throbbed and lay there, insensate, as her orgasm finally began to die down.

The geyser of her masculinity fell to a shuddering spurting, which eventually fell to a slow dribble, and it was only then that she went limp against her bonds, fatigue washing over her and slowly, hesitantly, overcoming her bliss. She let her head fall back and panted deliriously, watching as her titanic member slumped against her as it began to recede. Dawn pulled herself from between her legs, slimy leavings and a beatific smile stretched over her elegant features, and fell against her, panting with her.

The wizard kissed her deflating rod and lay against it, hugging Valorie's waist. They spent a moment like that, until Dawn finally waved her hand and dispelled the cords that held the powerful equine. She collapsed further into her mattress, sluggishly pulling her arms out from behind her to lay them gently on Dawn's smooth, slender back. Gingerly, she squeezed her

lover's dainty shoulder blades, clenching her teeth around a ragged moan as her receding maleness dragged over her shirt.

Another minute passed, and she was eventually revitalized enough to get her breathing back under her control. She pulled gently, dragging Dawn's lush body up onto her torso. The wizard didn't resist, only letting her tongue splay out to run along the underside of Valorie's thick member as it shrank back to its still-absurd proportions. The equine growled a warning and finished hauling her petite love atop her.

Despite the messes they had both made, Dawn's eyes shone happily, and only grew more joyful as Valorie pulled her all the way up into a warm, slow kiss. For a minute they swapped saliva and a few other choice fluids that Valorie could taste lingering on her lover's tongue, but eventually they parted. "I love you." softly murmured the emotional equine.

Dawn chuckled like she had said that the sun would rise in the morning. "I know, Val."

There was a hesitant pause, and Valorie kissed her again. "Are you awake now?"

Dawn giggled and pulled away, making her chase the wizard's elusive lips down. "I don't know. I can never tell when I'm with you. Only dreams are supposed to feel this good, Val."

It was her turn to laugh lightly. "Well find out during breakfast... It must be an icicle by now."

"I'll warm it up after I get us dressed."

"We made an awful mess of our bedroom..."

"I'll clean it up after I'm done with you here."

"We're going to be late at this rate..."

Dawn smiled happily at her, reaching slender fingers down to brush a half-tangled lock of golden brown hair out of her eyes before dropping into another kiss. "It can wait..."