

The Verdict

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As they traveled, the deepening winter had certainly not abated any. She had been fine with pitching a tent, but Valorie's seemingly endless list of contacts and acquaintances had netted them a premium room at a comfy inn, one of the last ones they would pass by before they reached their destination. Sure, with only a couple simple spells, Dawn could shield them from the cold and ensure their comfort, but Valorie had made a convincing argument. How, she could hardly remember, but she was sure the reasons for their accommodations were numerous. The room, spacious enough for them both, even had a real, soft mattress, not straw or something horrifically itchy. It was clean and pleasant, and she could only guess at how much Valorie had needed to beg for such a room during such an inhospitable time.

The horse morph's heavy, forest green cloak was hung by the door over their discarded footwear, and she idly watched Valorie's bare toes wiggle under the blanket draped over both of their lower bodies. They were propped up against the smooth, wooden headboard, leaning into each other and basking in the warmth that passed between them. It was late, and there were no sounds to be heard save for the icy wind whirling around the building. It was harsh and very much in line with the season's infamy. Through hairline gaps in the shutters over the window, a chilly draft filled the room, but she had already taken care of that, shoring up their surroundings with a softly-spoken spell. The only things affected by the moving air were the flickering flames of a squat, brass candelabrum on a table by the window, the only source of light in the room.

It left the space dark and murky with shadow, but neither of them minded. They should have been asleep hours ago, but neither of them wanted to be the first to break the contact between them, and so they rested, quiet, just being with each other. The silence wasn't oppressive; it was companionable and affectionate, just as the darkness wasn't worrying, it was calming. It meant to them that the cares of the day were far from pressing down on them. At that moment, there were only their immediate surroundings and them, holding one another and just existing for the sheer, simple pleasure of it. It left Dawn's mind to wander, and it was drawn unstoppably back to her quandary. She just couldn't help it.

Shifting, the wizard let her head lay more firmly against Valorie's arm. She took in a slow breath, letting it out with equal laziness. The equine's arm was hard and thick, and the silky, chocolate brown fur that coated it was hidden by the fabric of a enticingly tight shirt, simple in design and secured over Valorie's rather impressive chest with a line of sturdy buttons. The dark blue cloth meshed well with the mane of thick, golden brown hair that fell around the horse morph's shoulders, loose and luxuriant. She took some of that briefly endless moment to appreciate her love. Feet taller than her, Valorie was big and statuesque, even around other horses, standing out as a beacon of confidence and obvious strength. Her muscle was firm and well-built, toned into chiseled definition by years and years of training, but her touch, like her smile and her luscious, womanly figure, was soft and welcoming. She longed for it even then, that touch, and in an unconscious reaction, the hand attached to the arm against which she leaned slid over to her, squeezing her leg through the thickness of the blanket with fond strength.

Valorie could feel it, her admiration and want. She sent it through to her with no control over it, along the invisible cord that connected them that tied their minds and auras together. If she wanted to, she could inspect it visibly with a simple spell, which would let her visually detect

the auras of those surrounding her. She would see her own, pale blue, reach out to Valorie to mingle with the equine's, bright, eye-catching orange, like the sky surrounding the rising sun. It was beautiful, and the mere thought of it put a smile on her face as Valorie gently touched her, lacking energy, but carrying with the contact plenty of emotion. It was Valorie's joy returned, and she quietly delighted in it.

And then her apprehension returned. It made her breath catch in her throat, and doubt threatened to swallow her. "Valorie...?" she voiced, forcing the words through uncooperative lips, before her courage could flee from her body. Her voice wavered, and even a child could make out the discontent that roiled in her gut. It embarrassed her, for Valorie to hear her insecurity. She wanted to be strong for her love, to return some of what Valorie had given her, but her weakness made itself known. She voiced the questioning name again when Valorie didn't immediately react. Eventually the equine sighed heavily, squeezing her leg again before humming a soft interrogative, keeping dark green eyes ahead and looking at nothing in particular.

She quailed at the robust horse's attention, cursing herself for even thinking of bringing up her personal struggles to someone for whom she so wanted to continuously prove herself. So many years, and she still felt absolute, girlish adoration of the object of her love, and she nearly laughed at her own ridiculousness. "Valorie..." she eventually made herself say, trying to keep her voice from wavering nervously, "I've been thinking."

Anxiety stole her momentum, and when it seemed she would say no more at the moment, Valorie lifted that powerful arm up, sliding it over her shoulders to squeeze her more firmly into a broad, well, endowed chest. "That's good." came the equine's deep, throaty voice, smooth and confident, calming and alluring even in her casualness. It was enough to make Dawn blush. "Thinking's a hell of a good way to pass the time, especially when you've got nothing better to do with your brain." There was a hint of sarcasm, but just a little, only enough for the wizard to hear.

"I've been thinking very hard..." Damnit! Why couldn't she just spit it out?!

That low, soft voice thrummed in that powerful chest, curious for a brief second before it gave way to words. "Oh? Must be important. I'm surprised you're telling me, then. Usually I'm the last one to hear important things." A momentary, wry smile washed over Valorie's short, equine muzzle, and her long ears flicked restlessly. "You sure I'm cleared for this sort of information? I'd hate for someone to have to wipe my memory and turn me into a vegetable."

"Would you stop it?! I'm trying to tell you something here, and you're making it harder for me!" Valorie looked down at her, and her heart stopped. "Val... I-I'm... I'm sorry. It's just... I don't know what... God's Blood, what's wrong with me? Val... I didn't mean it like that. Please, I-I-"

"Hush." said the horse morph smoothly. Her green eyes sparkled even in the dim light, peering down at the wizard, and Valorie smiled more genuinely. Her strong arm slid down, pushing her back away from the headboard of the bed and curling around her lower back. The burly equine lifted, easily hauling Dawn out of her spot and settling the little form in her lap, using her other arm to tent the blankets to ease the feat. Valorie hugged her, squeezing the flustered woman tightly to her hefty chest, letting a hand gently pet the wizard's thick, auburn waves as she laid a kiss down on the lucent locks. "I know what you meant, and I bet you really wanted to tell me right then just to shut me the fuck up, huh? Wipe the smug smile off my face?" She took a deep breath pulling air through Dawn's hair to do it. "Come on Dawn. We're both too old to be acting like little girls on their first date, sneaking out from under their parents just to see

each other." She grinned, hugging her diminutive love again. "Remember that? You were blushing so hard I thought you'd catch fire. You asked me to kiss you, and I couldn't help but just hold you." A low, husky chuckle shook her chest. "We've been through too much now, Dawn, too much to doubt, too much for nervousness. Why don't you just talk to me? You know I'll always listen, even if I don't have to agree. Tell me what's been weighing you down. Let me help you carry it. I'm strong enough to handle whatever troubles you; I promise. And if I'm not, I'll work harder, but that's on me not you. Just tell me, Dawn."

The wizard couldn't see through the tears blurring her vision. Valorie's chest in front of her was a mellow, blue splotch, and she leaned inward, resting her face against the equine's soft bosom, steeling herself. Her big, strong horse morph just held her and patiently waited for her to conjure the needed strength. "Before you came to the Archmage, what was it that you felt? Why go through body-shaping? Why horses? What... what was it like; what did it feel like?"

Valorie let the air out of her spacious lungs in a long, steady sigh. "Haven't I talked about this before? I'm sure I wrote it down somewhere..." She thought briefly, contemplating. "Beats the hell out of me, I guess. I just felt... discontent, like I was living a lie. At first it was whatever, but I just kept seeing it more and more in myself. My family lives for horses; they have for generations, hundreds of years. It just felt right. Horses are strong and majestic and... big. I liked them, admired them. Their strength would have helped me, considering what I did for a living, so I just went with it. If all I had wanted was muscle, I could have gone with... I dunno, a cow, or a bear, or something equally beefy, but... horses called to me, I guess. Besides... they've got pretty, swishy tails, and expressive eyes, and huge... personalities. Mine wasn't the first dick longer than my arm I had to deal with, you know." At the statement, what lurked under the waist of Valorie's tight pants gave a slow throb, pulsing against Dawn's curvaceous backside.

The equine's grip tightened on her, holding her firmly until Valorie was able to rein in the brief wash of desire that burned low in those entrancing green eyes. Dawn felt herself flush bright pink at her admittedly big love's shameless want of her. "So... You didn't do it to fit in, or to just be different? You weren't just... afraid of being boring?"

Valorie laughed. "No, not really. I was pretty secure with my appearance and everything. I'd never had any trouble making friends, and a lot of those friendships came with benefits, which I didn't at all mind trading for you, by the way. I just felt like I was lacking... something. It took me years to figure out what I really wanted, but once I got it, I realized that I couldn't have lived much longer without it." Dawn swallowed heavily at the equine's look. Valorie's eyes said that her horselike body wasn't what she was talking about, and it was enough to further heat Dawn's blush. "Why?" she mused impishly, "Thinking of getting a little work done, hmm?"

The wizard bit down around her trepidation, trying to choke down the lump that had formed in her throat. "Yes."

The equine's eyebrow rose, lifting coyly upward. "Oh?"

"Is that bad?"

"No." Valorie replied immediately, clutching Dawn's body and holding it to hers, "And it makes me happy that you'd choose to consider my opinion on something so personal. What's got you thinking about it?"

She didn't know, and she quietly said as much through a breathy, nerve-addled sigh. "I can't really say, Val. I've just been feeling... out of place recently. The past few years... I don't know. I guess I've always been different than other people. I'm short, and more than chesty, but now that I have... friends, and a family, and people that I love... more than life, being so... apart, it's not as fulfilling as it used to be. There aren't many unmorphed humans left, Val, but instead

of making me feel special, it just makes me feel... weird. I feel boring, like everyone else is more special than me. I don't feel right anymore, and I don't know what to do about it."

Her love's broad, furred hands whispered as they glided over her shirt, rubbing her back with gentle compassion. "There's no one more special than you, Dawn."

Valorie seemed uninterested in saying any more than that, and the wizard reached into a pocket set into her skirt, her fingers finding and clutching desperately on the firm shape of what had been pressing into her nearly their entire journey. She pulled it out, letting its insignificant weight rest in her palm as she showed it to the equine. It was a fine, crystalline vial, stoppered with cork and wax and an enchantment she had woven around it to protect it. Barely an ounce of murky turquoise liquid sloshed within it. Valorie took in its presence and let out a quiet grunt of acknowledgement. "Potion? No spell or ritual or fancy magic?"

"I-I didn't want Daryn to do it." she stammered. An ashamed cast washed over her blush, and she looked down from the horse morph, closing her fingers around the little flask. "I... talked to him about it. He offered, but I didn't want him to do it. I talked to the twins, too. Asked them what they thought... They weren't helpful... the brats." she added with a huff.

"Ah..." Valorie said with a bemused smirk, "So I *am* the last one to learn about something, huh? I told you."

Guilt ravaged her for what felt like an eternity, only ended by Valorie warm hand clutching the small of her back and the feeling of another slow, tender kiss against her forehead. "I'm sorry." she whimpered meekly, "I... was afraid of what you'd think. I didn't want you to think that I doubted... anything, any second of... us. I had Ranna make this... what feels like ages ago, but I was afraid to bring it up. I wasn't sure..."

"Are you sure now?"

"No."

"Why bring it up now, then?"

She tried to keep her breath from hitching it ragged sobs. "Because I feel trapped. Because I need your help. I don't know what to do. This thing has been weighing me down forever, and I don't know what to do with it. I want to, but I don't want to. I need you to help me."

Valorie's breath was hot against her scalp as the equine breathed against her. "Tell me what you need me to do, Dawn, and I'll see it done if I can."

She held out to the woman into which she was leaning so heavily her burdened hand, letting Valorie see the potion that would leave her changed. Valorie looked down at it before kissing her again, waiting to hear her desires. "I need you to tell me what to do, Valorie. I don't want to make a mistake. I can't. What should I do? Do I take it? It's made for me, keyed to me. It will turn me-"

Valorie squeezed the breath from her lungs, stopping her before she could say into what the potion would make her. "No." said the equine gruffly, lifting her arm to curl her fingers over Dawn's closing the potion away within the wizard's fist.

"No I shouldn't?"

Her love shook her head, looking down at her, "That's not what I meant. I mean that no, I won't help you."

She blanched, "Wh-what? But I need you right now Valorie. More than ever. I feel so weak and vulnerable. I... I-I just-"

Valorie squeezed her again, silencing her. "I know, Dawn. I know. And I will be here for you forever, but I can't help you. Not with this. It's not for me to decide."

"But you're part of me, Val. You're my life. Everything I do, I do thinking of you. I can't decide without you. Me drinking this will affect you just as much as it will me. I don't want to make you unhappy. It would kill me, Val. I can't let that happen. Just tell me what you want."

The horse morph's sharp look softened, but Valorie shook her head again anyway. "Can't you see, Dawn? That's why I can't help you." The wizard whined at her, but she just smiled dreamily and embraced her miniscule love more and more snugly. "I love you, Dawn, and I don't care..." She paused for breath and to consider her words, mulling them over thoughtfully. "I don't care what you decide to do with your body, as long as it doesn't hurt you. Ranna's good. Very good. I trust her, and I trust you. I don't care what you end up looking like. Fur or scales or a tail or a hundred legs or the size of my house, I don't care. I *don't care*, Dawn. It's your body; I may have to live with it, but you have to live *in* it. I love you, Dawn, for so much more than your hot, little body. Your appearance is just a drop in an endless ocean, the very end of the mile-long list of reasons I adore you. I like to look... a lot." She throbbed again with that same, slow longing. "More than a lot, but compared to that, I like to just be with you so much more. I love to love you, Dawn."

"Valorie..." the wizard whispered. Her thumb had found the wax seal and was pressed ominously against it, straining numbly.

"Dawn," she continued, "When you look at me. What do you see? Do you see the girl I used to be? Do you see the sexy lady I used to be, or do you see the sexy lady I am now?" Pausing, she lifted her arm up beside her, curling it in on itself and flexing firmly. Her bicep rose up, straining her sleeve, and she smiled slyly, going on before Dawn could answer. "Now... that thought in mind, do you think it matters, really matters? Do you think that day changed me, who I was, in more than a physical way? I got bigger... all over, sure. I changed, and I'm certainly pleased with the result, but do you think I'm a fundamentally different person because of it? Do you think that if I had changed my mind at the last second, gotten my guaranteed refund and left before Daryn could work his magic, do you really think that I wouldn't have come back to see you anyway? Do you think the little, drop-dead gorgeous me wouldn't have fallen for you like I definitely did? Do you think Salaxa would have spared me if I hadn't been what I was? Would I have not come to you and Daryn for help? Would I have not loved you enough to save the world with you? Would I not have sired with you two beautiful, if less horsy, children? Really, Dawn? Do you really doubt me that much?"

The dried wax under her finger began to crack under the mindless pressure to which she subjected it. Valorie's hand dropped over hers, enveloping it completely, and stilled her urgent shaking. The equine's breath was hot against her, voice low and purring. She moaned a meager, "Val..."

"I know you've been working yourself up to this." Valorie crooned down to her. She blinked in shock. "Please, Dawn," her love chuckled warmly, "Every lancer, despite, my assurances to the contrary, practically answers to me and Cera. I hear about everything that happens in the Sanctum... *everything*. Did you really think that you could go sneaking around, plotting behind my back? Did you think Daryn wouldn't talk to me? Did you think our *kids* wouldn't come to me about what you asked them? You'd make a terrible spy, Dawn, but that doesn't really change anything. I'm glad you finally decided to talk to me. I almost asked you about it, but I wanted you to feel comfortable. Now that you have... I have to ask you. What do you want to do with it?"

Finally putting real force against the sealed cork within the vial, she cracked the wax and pushed the cork out with her thumb, unstopping the little flask as she stared at it. The smell of

the fluid inside the piece of fragile crystal was rich and nutty, slightly sweet, and it pervaded her nostrils as she considered it. She could just let it drop, spill across the floor, and she could forget her foolishness, or she could put it to her lips and drink it down, accepting the consequences. As her hand moved, Valorie's fingers held her still in a soft but unyielding grip. "Before you do what you need to do, why a potion? Why not a spell? Daryn could give you exactly what you want without a fuss."

"I know, and he practically begged me to, but I couldn't. I wanted it to just be me and you. When I talked to Ranna, we discussed... options, and I guess I've got a vague idea of what I'll end up as, but I really don't know exactly what I want. I suppose this isn't like what you went through. It wasn't a sudden realization, just a growing... discontent that I've been struggling with. I just want to be different, new. Something fresh, I guess."

"Why?" wondered Valorie quietly, not daring to disturb Dawn's train of thought.

"I don't know... I just do. I was afraid for a long time that you'd—I don't know—resent me for wanting to change. I was so worried that some nights I thought I'd be sick, but you always knew. You knew the whole time, didn't you?" She sagged into the equine's arms as Valorie nodded a smug affirmative. "You always just held me, like you are right now, whenever I doubted myself. You were patient with me even when I was being so blind..."

The big horse morph before her took a deep breath, not even granting that statement the dignity of a response. Instead, she asked another probing question. "Are you happy?"

"Y-yes!" she stuttered, "Of course. I could never be unhappy with my life! I've got too much to care about to be unhappy! Upset sometimes, sure, but not anything less than happy."

"Would you be happier if you changed things up a little?"

"Only if you were okay with it. It has to be for us, not just me. It can't be any other way."

"And was my answer clear enough?" Valorie murmured curiously, working over Dawn's forehead with soft, probing lips.

"Yeah, Val. You don't care."

The equine scoffed, blowing her loose waves out of her face in a very horselike snort. "Please, Dawn. Of course I care; it's just that it won't change what's between us. I just want you to be the way you want to be for your sake, not mine, or even ours. Help me here. You're the smart, wizardly one. Uh... I can't be you for you, so you need to be you so you can be you for me? Fuck, Dawn. If you want to drink it, drink it. No matter what skin you feel comfortable in, I'll be there for you. And besides, you're a wizard! If you don't like something, going back's as easy as a visit to Daryn, right?"

"Well... I was expecting to have to make adjustments myself, once I managed to fine-tune what I wanted to something concrete. I guess I was just... afraid."

"Afraid of what, Dawn?"

Again, that stubborn blush of utter shame washed over her cheeks, and she was glad Valorie's eyes were closed so the equine couldn't see it. "Of... making it seem like my life wasn't enough for me. Like I didn't appreciate what I had for wanting something more. I was terrified of making you feel inadequate because of something I was feeling about myself. But... it's not like I really feel inadequate, just want something a little different, maybe just to try it out, I don't know. Dripping Ichor, Val, do you have to be so right all the time? I must sound so stupid sitting here, blathering on like a child."

"I try to savor it on those rare occasions." Valorie quipped with merciless humor, "Then again, I savor everything, so that might not be worth much in the long run." There was a long

pause as the equine's confident digits lifted to fondly knead her shoulders, working comfort and extra warmth into her body. "What are you going to do?"

Valorie smile down at her, a gesture full of placid affection, and she felt that same joy and soft desire trickle into her mind through the link they shared. It washed through her brain in waves of gentle assurance, and she felt her hesitation disappear, rapidly replaced by soothing certainty, a security whose resoluteness she's only ever felt in Valorie's strong, capable arms. She closed her fingers of the potion in her palm, laying her thumb over its mouth to stop her trembling hand from spilling any of it. And then, with an upwelling of hot, aching pride, strong enough to tingle over her skin and prickle the hair on the back of her neck, she leaned hard into the equine's chest, craning her neck up to let her lips meet Valorie's.

The well-built horse morph let out an intrigued hum of pleasure at the bold oral contact and let herself be drawn downward into Dawn's lips. The wizard closed her eyes as Valorie gave an entirely pleased huff and cradled her body in confident hands. The contents of the equine's pants became urgent. Their heat grew, and its throbbing gained speed as Valorie's pulse quickened in her veins. The equine couldn't help it, Dawn knew. Valorie was as helpless against her as she against her love. Valorie's burdened loins pressed up, straining against their constraints as a monolith of pulsing flesh pushed into the wizard's curvy rear. "The real reason I didn't want Daryn to do it..." she began after a long, head-rocking moment, "I wanted to be able to feel it. I wanted *you* to be able to feel it. Val, I-"

A long finger pressed over her lips, quieting her as Valorie cooed down at, almost into her, "I know. Do what you've got to do."

Quickly, before Valorie's magnetic lips could pull her back up into them, she pulled her hand up and upended the little vial, pouring its fragrant contents into her mouth. It tasted much like it smelled, dense and strong, and she nearly gagged. It wasn't bad, just much more potent than she had expected, and she swallowed reflexively before she could really experience the flavor. It stuck with her though, lingering on her tongue, and Dawn blinked, letting the puny vial slip from her stunned fingers. She hadn't even flinched. As she felt the viscous liquid sliding down her throat, she let out a low, soft, "Oh..."

Valorie caught the vial and laid it delicately on a small table next to the bed as she pressed forward, pushing the wizard back. "There we go. Was that so hard?" Both her arms went around Dawn, holding that slender, voluptuous body to her chest as she bore down on the diminutive wizard. "Now... If I know Ranna, and I think I do..." She supported Dawn's slight weight as she bent forward, until she could gently lay her love on the covers, and the length of her statuesque body rested over that over her petite lover. "This is going to be fun. You want me to feel it, right? Well go ahead. I'm right here. Why don't you give me something to feel?"

Dawn let Valorie's weight squeeze a longing moan from her chest. The warm, muscular mass of the equine pressed into her, enveloping her alongside the yielding material of the mattress beneath her back. She felt suddenly, unexpectedly warm, and her breath came shorter in her chest. Her voice sounded husky in her ears, and the equine weighing her down giggled and kissed her hotly. She felt fevered, but with none of the aches and chills that often accompanied such sensations. Her already hypersensitive skin burned, and she felt a flush of excitement tingle across her shapely form. Another, more ardent moan escaped her throat, but she found it muffled by Valorie's soft, heavy lips pressed over hers.

She felt a sheen of sweat dampen her form, pushed from her pores by the growing heat in her body. It was quickly wicked away by her clothes, but there was quickly an entirely different wetness making itself felt on her smooth, unblemished skin. As she squirmed beneath Valorie's

bulk, the skin between her plush thighs glided wetly against itself, slicked by what was leaking from her loins as the warmth that lapped at the inside of her skin grew in insistent intensity. "Val... It... I think... something's happening. It feels... hot. Oh, Gods..."

Valorie squished a furry cheek against hers, letting lips hand next to her ear. "Oh?" she growled roughly. She felt strong fingers grip her shoulders, sliding down her arms, gliding smoothly along her body. "Hot, huh? You sure that's not just me..." One of the broad hands on her meandered down her hip briefly before creeping inward. Dawn stiffened when Valorie pressed a hand over her crotch, pushing the fabric of her skirt into her. The equine applied gentle pressure to her, grinding her clothing into her loins with a sly smile. "You really are hot, and oh, so sexy. You just don't know what you can do to me." Lips brushed over her ear, and then teeth nibbled tenderly on her lobe as Valorie breathed against her, voice rumbling in her ears. "I can't wait to see you. I can't wait to feel it happening under me. Come on Dawn... The anticipation is killing me."

As Valorie continued to teasingly play with her, running fingers over her cloth-shrouded womanhood, teasing and caressing with lascivious intent that hid beneath the playfulness in the equine's bright, green eyes. Dawn knew that Valorie wouldn't have to wait long. She could feel the potion catalyzing in her stomach, filtering into her blood, taking root in her body. She felt the magic that had been stored in the liquid unleashed across her frame. It came with a tightness she could feel in the air as much as she could feel growing in her body, and her strong lover's attentions between her legs was only compounding that urgent tension. "Val..." she whined, her voice barely audible, tense with strain, "slow down... I can't... It's going to... Ah! Hnnh! F-fuh-huh, h-help... hold me down. Keep me down. Keep me quiet. It's going to... feel so good. I don't... think I can... Oh... Gods..."

Sweat lined her brow now, and Valorie lifted herself up only enough to press a kiss down onto her forehead. She felt a broad, flat tongue sweep over her skin, and the equine hummed like she was sampling from a banquet. To compound this illusion, the big horse morph withdrew a hand from her loins, showing how the tips of long, powerful fingers shone wetly with the fluid leaking through her skirt. Valorie slid a finger into her mouth, suckling it lewdly before letting it free of her lips with a wet pop. Her other, still lust-slicked digit, she let fall to Dawn's face. She let its soaked tip wander over her skin, around her lips, tantalizing and prodding until the wizard's mouth opened instinctively to admit its entrance.

Dawn sucked urgently on the finger Valorie teased into her mouth, tasting her own fiery desire as her body began to bend itself off of the bed in its strain. Something explosive was building, and even as she rubbed her thighs together beneath her skirt, grinding skin to skin, she didn't feel like it was her growing sexual tension. She felt like she was going to pop, burst into a ball of the torrential heat that began to roar in her veins, thudding against her temples with each beat of her heart. She ached for Valorie's touch as much as she throbbed in her lusty fervor. The equine only had so many hands, however, but the ones she did were doing their damndest to please.

When her tongue was finished with the finger stuck between her lips, Valorie pulled it out of her mouth, rubbing her saliva into her shirt with a smile. That, however, still left the smear of her own lust spread around her mouth in her idle tracings. Smile broadening into a shameless grin, the equine leaned down, looming over her, to press lips to hers once more. Valorie's mouth was hot and heavy against hers, and it roamed over her face, licking the clear, slick stuff from where it had been spread over her lips, lapping and humming happily. Hands went back to their

appointed tasks, one holding her arm, squeezing reassuringly as its sister dipped between her legs again, gently fondling.

The wizard was on the edge, past the point of no return, teetering on the brink of ruination as her addled mind grasped frantically at each sharp sensation pulsing through her form, holding them like they were her last tie to reality. The heat in her core built into a blinding ball of fire that condensed until it felt almost solid. Her heart pounded against her slight ribcage, hammering for release, and the pressure just grew and grew, two halves of a spiraling coin, racing to be the first to find an outlet. Only a few more seconds of Valorie's teasing stroking was enough to decide the winner of that particular contest.

Her back arched, her head fell back, and only the equine's eager lips stood between her euphoric scream and the chilly air in the room as she came noisily. Valorie dug into her even harder, pushing her further over that edge as the other powerful hand reached up to cradle her head in a broad palm, bracing her and soothing her. As she was roughly savaged through the drenched fabric of her skirt, her breath hitched, and her scream cut off, only continuing as a terse, grunting moan that Valorie practically inhaled. The equine took in her lusty outcries, holding her as she came messily and without restraint. Her silken inner walls collapsed around themselves, rippling along nothing as she milked a phantom member, only wishing that it was Valorie's. Her flailing hands latched onto her lover's broad back, gripping muscle, nails catching on the equine's shirt as she took it up in her fingers, holding on for dear life as she thrashed bonelessly, humping herself wildly against Valorie's hand.

And then the other source of her nearly violent inner tension found its release. She moaned breathily, tensing, still in the midst of her orgasmic rapture, as she felt something else, similar in strength to the lightning bolts of bliss that ripped up and down her spine, worm its way into her very marrow. It felt deep and fierce, heat and pressure, like the building eruption of a volcano that had remained dormant for far too long, and with Valorie's lips pressed over hers, kissing with force to rival it, she felt it explode within her, finding her every nook and cranny and suddenly filling it with a boiling inferno of transformative bliss.

The fingers she had buried into Valorie's shirt balled into urgent fists as every slim, lean muscle lining her body snapped taut with mindless force. She groaned into her lover's hot, plush lips, nearly severing her own tongue as she clenched her teeth in abrupt strain. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and her spine bent upward with dire, unleashed strength, pressing her into Valorie with frantic enthusiasm. The equine took it all in stride, holding her, pushing her back down, kissing her more firmly, and lacing the fingers of one hand into her luxuriant, auburn mane, clutching her and showing her that her love was there to help her ride out the tide of ecstasy that swamped her.

Her skin felt like it was on fire. The nearly disabling sensitivity of it punished her mercilessly, and she wanted to scream again. She likely would have if she had been able to get air into her lungs for more than just helpless grunts of stress. She almost wished it would hurt; at least pain she could shove away and deal with. Piercing, sexual euphoria was so much harder to ignore, and her mind quailed at the sheer force of her vicious pleasure. Her spasming womanhood, drooling a stream of thick girlcum into the inside of her skirt, fluttered angrily, demanding something more substantial than the tips of Valorie's fingers.

She slurred drunkenly, begging for her well-muscled lover to hold her and touch her. She pleaded wordlessly to be fucked senseless just so she wouldn't have to feel the haunting, agonizing bliss her body was screaming into her mind. It was destroying her, and she knew deep down, in the pit of what was left of her rational, wizardly mind, that she was about to change. It

was enough to almost make her wish she had corrected her horrifying hypersensitivity before drinking the potion, but the weight of the rest of her mind, that which was howling through her pleasure, was only fixated on violently humping Valorie's stiff, welcoming digits.

Gasping deliriously under Valorie's resolutely languid kisses, she felt it begin. The fire lining her slight frame sunk into her very marrow filling her bones and tendons and muscle with burning ecstasy. The fabric of her loose blouse, damp with the sweat of her exertions, clung to her form, showing every contour of her elegant figure. Her breasts, huge on her slender torso, pressed vehemently into Valorie's, which were only just barely big enough to overshadow hers despite the feet that separated their heights. The equine pressed down on her, shoving her back into the mattress, crushing her with the weight of her presence, hundreds of pounds of very pleased horse morph holding her down and kissing and rubbing and moaning gently, whispers of reciprocated passion that filtered into her ears.

At least until another sound made itself heard over the quiet, needy rumbling of their intertwined voices. There came from within her light, tender popping sounds, as of a piece of green wood complaining as it was bent, muffled and almost distant. The nearly painful rapture burning through her spiked in intensity in her bones, and she felt a wave of dizzying vertigo sweep through her, leaving her head spinning. Her shirt felt suddenly tight, the waistband of her skirt a little closer to her trim abdomen. She felt like she was squishing even more intimately into the heavy, hot weight that had borne her down, was draped over her, long and loving. She began to change, and her knuckles popped harshly as her grip on Valorie's shirt grew even more desperately tight.

Her breasts, big and pillowy affairs larger than her head, bloomed slowly atop her chest as it increased in girth, and Valorie stiffened as even the equine finally felt it. One of Dawn's breaths left her heaving lungs in a sharp hiss, sounding like a quiet, eager, "Yes..." whose s's were drawn out for the duration of the long exhale. The equine lifted off of her partway, looking down at her eyes, her own glimmering in the dim light as she grinned eagerly and dropped back down. The wizard could only hold on, using her grip on her horselike lover to brace herself and grind the length of her morphing form against Valorie's body. Her breasts felt electrified at the sensation of her shirt sliding softly over her massive curves, and under the extra stimulation, she felt the tender blooms of her nipples stiffening against the inside of her blouse.

The cloth covering her upper body strained at her growing voluptuousness, but her bust continued to greedily expand, enthusiastically filling the confines of her once-loose shirt. Her supple mammaries rose atop her ribcage, which, with more soft, crackling pops, pushed outward beneath it. It forced Valorie upward, making the equine blink in dull surprise before going back to her duties concerning Dawn's mouth, leaving the wizard's hands free to claw at her back. She reasserted only enough control to drag them from Valorie's shirt, and she flailed at the broad expanse of her lover's thick torso. She felt Valorie's muscle tensing under her fingers, and she was able to reach more and more as her arms lengthened, sliding free of her sleeves and straining her cuffs around her slim forearms.

Her spine popped painlessly, stretching and carrying her taller with new inches of length shortly before the rest of her body surged within her clothes to keep up. She grunted and moaned as the ocean of sensation in which she was drowning washed over her again and again, each delirium-inducing wave leaving her a little bigger all over, her legs longer and shapelier, her body svelte and ludicrously endowed, and the contents of her shirt bigger and more plump. She grew larger in slow, pulsing bursts that made her cry out softly over and over, each one

thankfully muffled by the presence of Valorie's lips, lips that felt less and less clumsily oversized as seconds passed and she ballooned outward.

But larger wasn't all she was becoming. As the buttons lining the front of her blouse became ominously stressed by the plush breasts that pushed outward, squishing into Valorie, she felt the rest of what her potion would give her wash through her in a distinctly different pulse of peculiar, alchemical energy. She gasped, snapping rigid beneath her lover's mass as her skin prickled, a line of roiling effervescence tingling over the surface of her body. A sharp, short moan rattled through her expanding lungs briefly before anything could happen beyond what was making her skin bristle in bumpy gooseflesh. When it finally happened, the energy germinating in her smooth skin, she actually managed to pull a hand from Valorie's back to snap to an ear, where she felt something she had never before experienced.

Beginning at the top of her ears, her skin itched slightly, like it was disturbed, and its cause made itself known beneath her wandering fingers. Like tiny needles piercing her flesh from below, thin, fine hairs sprouted from her unblemished dermis, soft and close together. It swept down her ears, covering her face and dropping down her neck and onto her chest as she shuddered and groaned at the disconcerting feeling of her new fur coat coming into being with a soft rustling against her overburdened clothing. When she saw it on her arms, she saw its color, blinking at the new rich, creamy, strawberry blond hair that she could feel coming to cover her entire body. She sensed it sweeping down over her belly, cloaking her slender back, and crawling down the lengths of her lissome legs all the way to her dainty feet.

Before her hand could leave her ear, however, she felt her body truly begin to change. The cartilage beneath her awed digits writhed in what would have been a disturbing fashion had it not been so vehemently pleasurable. Instead, she felt her ear bent inward on itself, growing longer and longer as it crawled up the side of her head, making her hearing muffled and awkward until they both stopped their journey. They came to points, and when they both finished their transformation, they were both able to get a glimpse at the beginning of what she was becoming. Valorie laughed slowly, leaning down to whisper into her new aural organs, "Horse ears? You're such a tease, you sexy, little minx. What else have you got for me to play with under that new fur?"

Her ears flicked automatically, foreign muscles twitching them away from Valorie's teeth as they were nibbled daintily. She moaned, teeth tightly clenched, when a fierce, unrelenting pressure built at the base of her spine, and she knew exactly what would be her next addition, despite being unable to tell her lover through her gritted teeth. As the frontmost button of her blouse snapped off under the pressure building beneath it, she arched her back, bringing her perky, full rump into the air, only possible because Valorie pulled off enough to allow the motion. Under the waistband of her skirt, a tube of loose-hanging cloth that tightly encapsulated her thick, womanly hips, a knot of twisting flesh and bone formed. It twitched and grew, pushing from her lower back, just above the upper curves of her butt.

Her spine jutted further from her back to a chorus of popping bones and sinew, and strained at the fabric that hid it. The cloth had little give, and tried desperately to constrain the jittering expansion of the growth that was bulging from her sacrum. It stretched her skin, felt it forced to bend, sliding between the bare mounds of her rump, but her skirt, put through the wringer by the budding girth of her hips, didn't have it in it to resist for much more than a few paltry seconds, which to Dawn's hazed perception of time felt like an eternity of tormenting discomfort as her skirt grew tighter and tighter against her blossoming appendage.

When the muted grey cloth of her travel skirt rent over her blooming growth, she jerked in abrupt euphoria as her short, stubby growth was free to extend directly behind her. Valorie felt the jolt, heard the distinctive, familiar sound of shredded cloth, and grinned shamelessly, holding her up with both hands now. As Dawn surged larger, her hips and growing backside continued to tear itself free of her skirt, each second seeing a little more length in the rip that was splitting the simple fabric like a cocoon. Over the course of the short moment, she had lost more buttons from her front, and what felt like half of her now-furred chest was squishing enticingly into Valorie's front, enveloping the equine's now no longer larger assets.

As her new tail ceased its growth, it's stretched, sensile skin prickled in a most familiar manner. Rather than fur, long silken strands of hair the same auburn color of that which was now parted by her ears sprouted from her tail, growing longer and longer to pool together beneath her butt. New muscle twitched and shuddered as her brain asserted control over them, swishing her elegant horse tail around under her, she flopped back down onto her back, pressing her tail down between the cheeks of her magnificent backside. The alien presence of the spur of bone and tendon made her brain rebel against what it knew, and the problem was only compounded as the writhing, seemingly sentient heat and force that pushed her outward swept into her legs.

She grunted as the bones of her ankles popped and shifted beneath her furred skin, taking a different, but familiar enough, shape. She didn't need to see it to know what was happening. She felt her bones snapping and grinding briefly against one another as they reshaped. There was a tense pressure in her feet, and she wiggled her toes as the delicate bits of bone that made up those of her foot clumped together, fusing as nerves pulsed their confusion deep into her mind. She couldn't put words or images to what she could feel wracking her feet, but she urged it onward with breathless moans as Valorie went back to muffling her startled, ecstatic cries with plush lips.

Her entire leg below the knee writhed and changed. Muscles rearranged, connecting to new bones with tough new sinews as her toes melted painlessly into one another. Her toenails hardened and thickened as they bled together, pulling into one single object, a smooth, concave curve. They shifted color, lightening in tone from what they had been until her new equine feet were capped in a pair of pearlescent, alabaster hooves. As if to complement their shape and coloration, the fur above them lengthened until they were half-shrouded by shaggy fetlocks. As this happened, her increasingly expansive hands squeezed Valorie's back, dragging fingernails over her lover as if to dig ruts into the horse morph's muscle. She groped and fondled with the same urgency as the changes coursing through her veins.

The cloth over her chest was free of nearly all of its buttons. She had gained nearly a foot, and a significant amount of pillowy mass to her bustline, and she continued to shudder outward. Her voice had grown deeper with more than lust, but had still retained its airy, musical quality, hidden only by the gruff sounds of her rapture. Valorie couldn't keep hands away. One slid down between them, where their chests were compressed into one another, and slipped into her spread-wide shirt to take up the soft, yielding weight of a single full, pliant boob. Fingers worked her over, toying with a nipple and scouring her furred new flesh with grateful fingers as it bulged between them, growing and growing. "Fuck, Dawn." The equine growled between heavy kisses, "Fuck! This is so hot! Moan for me, come on! Keep going! Bigger!"

Dawn did as she was told, although she doubted her scattered mind's ability to do anything else but whimper in her sensual glee and go along with the ride she was being given by her alchemically-induced transformation. Her arms lengthened, showing no signs of stopping. Muscle, still lean and just as moderately proportioned as it had been, tensed under her fur as it

kept up with her swelling frame. Her body thickened, and the seams over her shoulders began to be strained as, with each inch of height, she broadened in proportion. She was getting big, so big. She could feel herself spreading out beneath Valorie's bulk. Her lover was still bigger by a significant margin, but she was catching up an inch at a time, and she couldn't help but feel sublimely excited what was happening.

The entire expanse of her cleavage was bare to Valorie's roaming fingers, from her throat to her midriff, and even her flat, taut belly was beginning to strain the buttons over it. Her shoulders were putting a dire amount of stress on the thread holding her blouse together, and her hips were practically bare from how much of her skirt was ripping from her lower body. Valorie grunted and pushed, forcing her head back against the mattress under a tide of passion as the sounds of more ripping cloth filled the room, cloth not covering the wizard's body.

Dawn whined enthusiastically. The burly equine's masculinity was filling with blood under the force of Valorie's lust, bulging and throbbing, tearing free of the black pants that constrained the heavy bulge at the intersection of thick, muscular thighs. She whimpered, jerking her hips into Valorie, trying to come into contact with the huge column of pulsing flesh she knew awaited her. She knew every vein and contour of it, and when she found it, shamelessly humping into Valorie's stiffening loins, she moaned again. Its heat was immense, pouring off of it in throbbing waves, and it pulsed against her as she grew, stretching further beneath it as her height crept toward Valorie's.

She was distracted, however, by the half-blinding euphoria that suddenly threatened to split her skull as it shot into her head. Valorie pulled away as she slapped a hand down on her cheek. Heat and pressure built behind the delicate, soft angles of her face, filling her sinuses and running into the back of her throat. She grunted almost as hard as Valorie had as the similarly urgent pressure that was filling her head. Her horselike ears twitched wildly, and she dragged her hooved legs up and down, contorting in shuddering waves. Her sleeves threatened to separate from her torso as she bent in on herself, but before it could, her blouse split down her back, nearly tearing itself into two separate pieces around her ballooning breadth.

Before she could comprehend what had happened to her ruined clothing, however, she heard a horrifying *crunch* that shuddered through her skull. Her hearing was suddenly full of the painless sound of bone grinding on bone, and with that, she felt her dainty, attractive features jut out into her hands. She whimpered, unable to give voice to anything more intelligible through her twisting features than a meek moan that was tainted by no pain or worry. Her nose and mouth were carried forward by the birth of a short, boxy muzzle, equine in appearance, with prominent nostrils that flared above pert, luscious lips that looked very much like hers, only fuller and more plush-looking. Her cheeks shifted, and her eyes even had to relocate slightly to ensure the comfort of her new features. Her teeth moved around in her jaws, and she ran a broadening tongue over them, feeling it thicken to fill her new equine maw.

She thought it would be over after that; she had everything she expected to have for a horse: tail, muzzle, hooves, but instead of feeling relieved, the pressure within her skull grew to the point that, were she not certain she was currently in heaven, floating on a cloud of gauzy bliss that fogged her vision and left her writhing aimlessly in the mattress, buried under a pile of panting muscle and barely restrained ardor. There were more bony pops as her jaw finished reshaping, leaving her with a new face, still delicately, attractively featured, from which her fogged, amber eyes gleamed. She groaned as, after putting on several more slow, shuddering inches onto her frame, the heat bled from her limbs, drawing back up into her torso and condensing downward onto itself.

Instead of dissipating as she expected, it continued to pull inward before shockingly being forced all into her head. She thought her skull would burst, pop from her shoulders to rocket through the roof under the pressure that built within it as the entire force of the thunderous, torrential inferno that had burned within her drew down to a single, blinding point, behind her forehead and just below her hairline, where her long, wavy tresses began. A pained grimace slid over her face as she winced, praying for relief from her blissful torment, and for a harsh, endless second, she sat there on the edge of release, as if she were trapped at the beginning of an orgasm, shuddering rapture slicing through her again and again as her heart beat.

It drew her hands to her head, clutching it in desperation, and she felt Valorie tense against her, heard the equine say something tinged with momentary worry. She couldn't make out what it was through the fog of her anticipation. When her release came, it came with the force of an erupting volcano. Euphoria washed through her, pushing her body into another spontaneous orgasm. She squirted copious amounts of heady feminine fluids against the burning shaft practically pressed into her and her entire body locked up as her velvety passage locked down around another void with urgent, overpowering strength. Even that, however, couldn't compare to the relief that spiked deep into the recess of her brain, filling her with thoughts of only one thing, the pressure in head, and how it finally found its outlet.

With another harsh, painful-sounding *crack*, she felt the sheer, blinding wall of sensation blocking her from controlling her body drop a notch in intensity, and then it slowly began to recede, to more and more softer, shivering popping. She gasped in her abrupt, utterly welcome release from her pleasure-bordering-on-torture. Something lanced up from high on her forehead, and Valorie's look of utter shock, visible through her delirium, made her lift her hands to her forehead to inspect what was happening. What her fingers found stunned her to her very core.

Like the bit of a screw, something hard and sharp was twisting itself out of her skull, and with each turn, it got longer, thicker at the base, and the cataract of fire filling her head withdrew, pouring out through the hole being drilled through her skull and taking shape as a thin, spiraling horn that grew from her forehead. It inched outward with infuriating slowness, creeping longer and slowly bleeding away the power of her alchemically-induced migraine. She panted and gasped, eyelids fluttering at the prospect of something so wholly unexpected. With trembling fingers, she numbly caressed her tapering horn as it ground its way from her body in jerky twists.

Slowly but surely, more than a foot of tapering, ivory horn parted the fur just below Dawn's hairline, until, with a sudden hollowness that swept through her body, she felt the agonizingly pleasant fire in her head die away, replaced with a sudden rush of sense-dulling fatigue. The tension in her body drained utterly, and she went limp against the mattress beneath her, gasping, utterly insensate. She let out a quiet, hopeless whine as Valorie shivered atop her, pushing away enough to look down at her, concern in her eyes. With a limp hand, Dawn pushed at the still-larger woman's shoulder, and its owner cautiously rose, letting the wizard sluggishly rise upward.

As Valorie rolled off of her, seeing that it was done, she pushed herself upright on shaky arms and slid from the bed onto her feet, forcing herself upright with blind determination. The shock of her weight falling onto her hooves, the sensation of her body being held up by what were really just her toenails, almost dropped her to her knees. But a hand latched onto her arm, holding her up before she could stumble. She looked over; she hadn't heard Valorie stand up, but the equine was there next to her, close and looking utterly ridiculous with a half-erect horsecock, still feet long, hanging free of ruined pants, but at the moment only concern was etched into her features. "Slow down, Dawn. Take it easy... Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah..." she stammered, marveling for a time at the richness of her voice. "I just... needed to stand up... I... h-holy... Bones and Ichor..." She swayed on her feet, taking a slow, uncertain step toward Valorie. Her hoof clopped noisily on the floorboards, and she had to bend her ankle at a weird angle to manage the feat, but it brought her closer to the powerfully-built equine. Her chest, as big as it had ever been on her formerly tiny frame, pressed into her lover's, just under the other woman's bust. She was so much taller than she was, but Valorie was still more than a foot taller, and looked down on her, curiosity glinting in wide open green eyes. "I'm bigger than you up there now..." she added as an afterthought.

"That's... what it looks like." Valorie stuttered, glancing down at Dawn's shamelessly bare chest. "You've got a horn now... like... a unicorn. Did you mean...?"

Dawn's hand trailed languidly up to touch the length of ivory jutting from her forehead. "No... I don't know why it... I think I like it..." She flicked her eyes up to Valorie's leaning forward, lips parting in a slow smile. "As long as it doesn't get in the way..." She pushed up, hooking a hand around the back of the other equine's neck and lifting her muzzle to Valorie's meeting in a quick kiss, no awkward bending, no being lifted from her feet, just craning her neck in a most girlish manner. It made an unexpected bloom of a more soothing warmth blossom in her chest, and even though she intended just a fast peck on the lips, she couldn't bring herself to pull away.

Her hoof threatened to lift from the ground. Instead, it just stamped impatiently on the floor. Valorie's hands seemed not to know what to do, but they eventually found their purpose, falling to Dawn's thick hips and holding her tightly. Her exhaustion bled from her, quickly becoming replaced with an entirely natural sensation, hot, aching desire. The heat it brought with it demanded her attention in an entirely welcome way, and as her new tongue, broad and heavier than she was used to, wandered, her hands began to do the same. One set of fingers lifted, lazily ripping the remnants of her tattered blouse off of her chest. The other pushed the rest of her ruined skirt down, and the remains of her clothes fell to the floor, sliding from her fur with quiet rustling.

Valorie seemed content to just hold her, squeezing her hips, but the beast that began to press into her leg with much greater urgency gave her a much different message. Her new, longer fingers, still slender and demure-looking, if covered in fur, fell to its hot girth, caressing it shyly. Valorie hummed appreciatively, and as the last dregs of her fatigue were forgotten, she whispered quietly, "I hope you weren't planning on getting much sleep tonight."