

The Sentence

Written By: Skabaard

She stood placidly at the windowsill, defying her desires to pace the length of the room. She wasn't nervous or anxious, but the sound of her new hooves clopping against the floorboards enticed her. She had to admit, she hadn't really expected the transformation to go as far as it did, but that was both the blessing and the curse of alchemy. The results were rarely one hundred percent predictable. A wry smile gracing her lips, she glanced down at herself, taking in what she could without shifting too much.

The majority of her view was halted at her chest, blocked by the expansive mounds of her much more than ample bust. Her smirk broadened into a shameless grin. That much certainly hadn't changed. She'd lived with breasts nearly size of her head for very nearly her entire life, and despite how she sometimes grew embarrassed at the stares she attracted, in private moments like this one, she could appreciate the generosity of her assets, even if they were now coated, like the rest of her body, in a layer of soft, strawberry blond fur the color of light honey.

Several shades darker than her new fur was her hair, long waves of bright auburn that rolled around her shoulders in the faint breeze that invaded the room through the open window. The air carried with it the bitter chill of the dead of winter, but a simple spell over her and the woman with whom she shared the room robbed it of its bite, leaving it brisk and bracing rather than bone-chilling. The light wind brushed over her fur, rustling the curtain of hair that fell from above her shapely rear nearly to her ankles, washed over the bare curves of her chest, lightly kissing her flesh and leaving her shivering from something other than the temperature. She had maintained her delirium-inducing sensitivity through her alchemically-induced transformation, though her fur dulled it somewhat, made it more bearable.

She was standing in the nude before an open window, but she was certain no one would see her. The sun was just beginning to rise, tinting the sky a purple that was just barely discernable from the black of night, and the air was murky and dark. Occasionally, a flake of fresh snow would drift from the patchy clouds that would occasionally block her view of the sluggishly brightening sky. Nothing moved outside, the small town in which they had stopped for the night far from waking from its wintry slumber, and she stood, leaning casually forward against the window, thrusting out her prodigious chest and letting out a dreamy sigh.

She'd been unable to get more than a couple hours of sleep curled up next to Valorie, but she felt distant from her fatigue, separated from it by a gulf of giddy excitement. An idle hand drifted up to her face to run along the unfamiliar contours of her freshly equine muzzle. The sensations from her body swallowed her as she moved, alien and unexpected. She would grow used to it, she was certain, but for the time being, she luxuriated in the sensations of confident strength that came with her larger frame. She still possessed little in the way of real muscle, though what she did have lent her opulently curvaceous figure a toned shape, but she had to have been at least a couple feet taller than she had been, and with that came more physical power than she had been accustomed.

As bright, amber eyes surveyed what she could see of her face, extending from her skull as it did, her fingers drifted over the base of the long, spiraling horn that jutted from just below her hairline. That had been truly unexpected, but it was growing on her. She had already woven a subtle ward around its tip, a shield of blunt, invisible force to keep her from accidentally

harpooning Valorie in her sleep. It, too, would take some getting used to, but that was what she had been after in the first place, a change of pace, a break from the stagnation she had felt crawling over herself. Perhaps she would find content with her current form, perhaps not, but it was the change that enticed her. She altered herself for reasons other than the ones that had seen Valorie with the form of a statuesque equine, but it still sent lines of pleased fire through her veins as she considered herself.

She turned, putting her back to the small window to sweep her sharp gaze across the room. Small, almost humble, and dominated by the breadth of a bed large enough to hold two people of her stature. The mattress was lumpy and hard, barely enough to cushion its occupants from the sturdy wood frame, but that hardly mattered. It had been a godsend after nearly a week of sleeping in her bedroll, curled up next to Valorie. The thought gave her pause. She would no longer fit in her blankets, nor any of the clothes that she had brought with her. She chuckled softly at her lack of foresight. Clothes would be easy enough to manufacture with a few spells, and she was certain Valorie wouldn't mind sharing a blanket until she could conjure something more appropriately sized for her.

Stepping softly, she approached the bed, her alabaster hooves clicking quietly against the smooth, wooden floor. The draft at her back made her thick, luxuriant mane dance around her head, and her tail swished lightly as it flicked in an unconscious display of joy. She had to stifle more laughter at the sight of Valorie splayed out over the tangled bedding, head thrown back and snoring ferociously. It was enough to pull a sympathetic pout across her horselike features. The insensate woman must have been utterly exhausted from their night's activities. Sleep had certainly not hesitated to crash into Valorie after Dawn had been done with her.

With a thin thread of magic, she shored up the spell keeping her love warm against the bitter bite in the air. Bending her knees, she lowered herself demurely to the bed, wiggling until she could nestle herself into the exposed crook of Valorie's arm. There had always been ample room for her beneath the powerful limb, but as she slowly molded herself against her love's form, she noted with no small amount of satisfaction that she filled it more decisively than she had previously. She had been short her entire life, and she still was, compared to the horse morphs she knew. Valorie still had more than a foot on her, (two feet, she noted wryly as she aligned her hooves with the other equine's more human appendages) and there was ample room for her slight, well-endowed form to occupy.

Valorie's breath hitched at the warm, intimate contact, and, almost by instinct, her arm curled to clutch limply at Dawn's back in a welcome embrace. The wizard slid even closer, brushing a light, feathery kiss over a chocolate-furred cheek. Without opening her eyes, Valorie smiled and shifted sluggishly, curling up around Dawn through force of habit. The wizard let out a long, pleased sigh, letting a more solid kiss drift over her love's lips as she pressed the length of her voluptuous body against the one with which she shared the bed.

The larger of the two equine's looked a ragged, disheveled mess. Valorie's golden brown hair was tossed around her shoulders, splayed wildly out in a luxurious tangle that would be a hell to brush. The only piece of clothing to have survived the night was a single thick, woolen stocking that hung haphazardly off of its corresponding foot. Still, the haunting beauty on display was more than enough to rob Dawn of her breath. Bleary green eyes fluttered open as she failed to stop herself from letting a series of light pecks dance over her love's strong features, and Valorie took in a more solid breath, filling her lungs with brisk, wakeful air as a happy, private smile flickered over alluring lips when those eyes focused on hers. "Morning, sexy." Valorie

mumbled, continuing in a groan that lacked any real venom, "Would it have killed you to have at least let the sun come up before dragging me away from dream-you?"

"Probably." she whispered in answer without hesitation as she let her lips be magnetically drawn down to Valorie's, meeting again and again with slow, soothing energy. The woman beside her grumbled grumpily, but began to lift her own head to hers in order to connect half way. She stifled a girlish giggle as she was pulled inward with a strong arm. Valorie let out a soft, pleased coo as her body squished suggestively into the hard mass of her love's densely muscled form, and the twinkle of excited joy slowly replaced the haze of sleepiness that fogged sharp, green eyes. "Were you enjoying dream-me?" she wondered innocently.

"At least she was letting me sleep after what you did to my crotch." Valorie slurred into her lips.

"Sorry..." she murmured with false sorrow, "But I didn't hear you complaining much."

"That's true..."

This time she made no effort to choke back a breathy chuckle as the larger equine wrapped her further and further up in thick, powerful limbs, holding her close. Valorie rose to kiss her again, but instead of pulling away with a quiet smack, she lingered, pulling her down into those ever-smiling lips. The room was murky with shadow, barely brightened by the increasing glow from the slowly rising sun, but it was enough to highlight the wonder in the eyes that briefly looked at her before sliding closed. It was the same awed glint that had always drifted over her love's expression when looking at her, a mixture of joy enough to make her heart explode and utter disbelief. That hadn't changed with her, and she had known it wouldn't, but that hadn't fully stifled shadowy doubts. Seeing it there, still, filled her expansive chest with pride enough to nearly scorch her fur from within.

Valorie's arms cinched tight around her body, holding her firmly, protectively. "You're cold." pointed out her statuesque love, "Why spell me and not you?"

A tide of answers rushed into her mind. Because she wanted to feel the frigid air over her new body. Because she'd hate for Valorie to experience any... shrinkage. "Because I'd rather be warmed by you than some spell." she muttered through the corner of her mouth. Her bedmate flashed that look at her again, and she drank it in, absorbing its nuances. It was the same, but there was something else to it now, a newness, an excitement. The same boundless love was there, matching the warm glow in the back of her mind that poured between them, but now there was a new figure to explore, a new shape to ravish with those fascinating, green eyes.

She could tell that Valorie's hands wanted to wander, but they stayed where they were, cupped possessively over her back, and with a grunt, her love tensed and rolled, shifting to lay supine and in the process hauling Dawn atop her. Something that had never happened prior to that morning happened. As their busts met, compressing lewdly into one another, Valorie's own ample endowments were overshadowed by hers, buried under a tide of soft, inviting flesh. Finally she was big enough to show of just how busty she was. Her love's chest was more than modestly endowed, but she had a shapeliness that would not be denied by anything. More pride tingled up her spine to heat her body as she shifted to find comfort.

Valorie's fingers tenderly rubbed her shoulder blades just as the chest-to-chest contact pressed their nipples to the other's silky fur. The desire to pull her down into another kiss rose up in the joyous green eyes that met her own, but the hands on her back waited patiently, content to just softly stroke her. "You're so much heavier now..." mentioned the darker-furred equine casually, "There's so much of you."

She smiled, trying to stifle an abashed blush and failing. She felt color creep onto her face and ears as she swept a finger up to Valorie's jaw just to let it trail downward. Dawn traced a line over her love's throat, down onto her collar, following the contour of her muscle, up and over the rounded swell of her shoulder before coming to rest over Valorie's upper arm, her fingers spreading wide to encompass what she could of the sturdy muscle that rested there. She squeezed, digging her fingers into her larger counterpart's stony physique. There was frightfully little give to the strength that lurked there. "Not too much, I hope?"

Valorie bent her arm, lifting her hand to Dawn's shoulder and moving just enough to flex for the fingers wrapped over her limb. The wizard gasped and mewled as the muscle beneath her hand tightened and rose up, bulging into a firm ball of raw power, a smoothly rounded peak cast from iron and wrapped in a layer of velvety fur that showed every defined contour of the might that shifted restlessly beneath it. It was strength that made use of every inch of space on Valorie's tall, broad frame, strength that had been turned to corded steel through decades of near-constant use and was only softened by the presence of sweeping, feminine curves. "There could never be too much of you, although if you ever feel like putting that to the test, I'll be right here."

She lost her breath as the arm around which her fingers were wrapped heaved and pushed them apart. Perhaps some time... For now though, the other hand on her back finally shifted from its spot on her shoulder, drifting downward and trailing a line down her spine in the process, leaving a line of tingly effervescence in its place. Valorie briefly fingered the small of her back before gently probing the base of her tail. She jerked, gasping sharply. That spot was sensitive, and the equine beneath her grinned unapologetically.

Sniffing away her loss of control, she pushed, withdrawing her chest from Valorie's and rising up to sit. Her butt rested against her love's sturdy abdomen, and her increased weight was enough to pull a grunt from the broad chest below her as she bent her legs to straddle Valorie's waist rather than sit directly on it. The hands on her back fell down her body, feeling gently her smoothly sweeping hourglass before they were stopped by the breadth of her plush hips. "That's a sight I could get used to." confessed the powerfully-built horse that looked up at her expansive curves. Valorie rolled her hips, hoisting Dawn's weight off of the bed for a split second before letting herself fall back, repeating the process a few times and bouncing the wizard up and down along the way. She gawked shamelessly at how it made the smaller equine heave and jiggle for a few seconds before letting out in a breathy hiss, "Yeah... I could manage this I think."

Dawn scoffed as she wrapped an arm demurely around her chest to cease its endless bouncing as much as to hold it up and squish it together, highlighting the canyon of her soft-furred cleavage. There was little fatigue in Valorie's eyes anymore, having been overtaken by the glimmer of mirthful, boldfaced want that roiled in a low simmer behind the disks of deep green that gazed up at her. At the glance, she was suddenly acutely aware of the way her loins were pressed into the bricklike musculature of Valorie's abdomen, of the way, with each breath the woman beneath her took, she was lifted slightly and pressed into. It was far more than enough to make her squirm and to stoke the ever-present furnace that was her unending desire, cooled to cinders from the previous night, but still there.

A light, little moan bubbled up in her throat, but she swallowed it before it could be given voice. Valorie surely noticed, but she only tenderly squeezed the wizard's ample hips for a moment before letting her fingers glide smoothly down luscious thighs, eventually breaking the contact to lace them together behind her head and prop up her skull. It likely made a more comfortable pillow than her the sparse cushion that was already there. After a few seconds of

staring unabashedly up at the object of her desire, she sighed relaxedly, eyes twinkling slyly in the slowly dawning morning before she closed them with a continued smile.

"Poor thing." Dawn crooned, "You must still be exhausted. It's okay. Just rest. I'll take care of everything." Valorie grunted without opening her eyes, shifting only slightly when the wizard leaned deeply down, hanging her heavy breasts over those of the supine equine before letting them smoosh together yet again. With delicate fingers, Dawn traced the contours of her love's hard, powerful arms, sweeping from a beautifully bountiful chest and along sturdy muscle to finally take up dainty cheeks in her hands. She didn't lift, only dipping lower to let her lips brush gently over Valorie's to linger for no more than a split-second. She gave her big, strong steed little more than a dainty peck, just a taste, enough to strangle her love's appreciative hum into a forlorn whine as she lifted away slightly to press another kiss onto her cheek, and then her jaw.

Valorie's lips tried sluggishly to chase hers down, but she danced away, letting hers fall to the clean lines of a neck just thick enough to support the weight of the head that rested atop it. Tendons twitched beneath her mouth as the woman beneath her shifted to let that head fall back, baring the expanse of her throat as the hands that had been supporting it once more moved to take up Dawn's slim shoulders. Those hands gently held her as she amorously worked over her love's unprotected neck. She felt Valorie swallow heavily, and the fingers cupped over her shoulder blades hugged her with a little more force as they roamed in slow circles, as if to reassure their owner that who they were touching was really the wizard.

Dawn couldn't fault them. She had a new shape, a body that was still alien to even her. She and Valorie had been together for a long time, and they both would need more time to adjust. This was precisely why she meant to savor the novelty of her form before it dwindled. Valorie's eyes were still closed, and she whispered into the well-built horse's throat, "What do I feel like, Val? Do you like it?"

"Gods, yes..." Valorie hissed in reply as she tilted her head further back to push her neck aggressively into the wizard's lips, "You're so heavy, and soft, and..." The hands over her back hugged her tight, crushing them briefly together. "Big... but still little and delicate and... curvy... I couldn't get my hands around them anymore if I tried."

"Is that a problem?"

"N-no... Gods... you're so... *heavy*! I can really feel you now. It's like... you're still my dainty, little Dawn, but now... there's so much more of you to *feel*." Arms wrapped around her chest, crossing over her back, and squeezed tight. "I can give you a real hug now, without feeling like I'm burying you in the back of my mind. I... I don't know what to say, Dawn. I loved you before... every tiny inch of you, but now... It's like you're the same, but totally different, new. It's like there's someone else straddling me, but every fiber of my being's screaming that it's you. It's really you. Big enough for me to get a good grip, but still small enough to... to..."

As her lips fell to Valorie's collar and danced past the tiny, silver locket that hung there, nestled into the splotch of white fur over her love's heart as it was, she reached up to trail a finger over her lover's cheek. "That's what you liked, wasn't it, being bigger than me, being bigger and stronger than almost everyone? You've practically dedicated your life to it and worked so hard to keep it that way." Her lips crested the swell of a robust deltoid and dropped to Valorie's arm to let her press lips to the hard-earned strength that lurked there. "It would take more than a potion to make me tall, Val. I just don't have the structure for it. I'm still so tiny, aren't I? Your hands still cover so much of me. I look more like a pony than a horse." She shifted to keep the tip of her horn away from Valorie's face, twisting so that she could run her lips over

the convex curve of a relaxed bicep, still so rigid and unyielding. "That's what you like, isn't it, being the bigger one while still so girly? Do you like being strong and feminine, tough and dainty? You're like a walking contradiction, you know?" She lifted her head, peering at Valorie's face. Her love opened her eyes to look at her, and she felt need vibrating within her at the sight. "I love it. I love you. I did this for you as much as for me, and I'm going to hold on to that look, that smile you've always given me. It's mine, and I'm never giving it back."

Valorie made to rise, and she tapped the other equine on the nose with the side of her tapering horn before placing a finger in the middle of a confusion-furrowed brow and pushing her back to the bed. She tutted disapprovingly. "Oh no you don't. You just lay there. I'll take care of everything."

She returned her lips to the corded muscle of a powerful arm, and she felt the strength there twitch as Valorie considered disobeying. Eventually, however, it relaxed, going limp but far from soft beneath her mouth. It was like iron, and she let her lips part with an encouraging purr to playfully scrape her teeth over warm fur. The arm below bent cautiously, flexing against her lips to let its attached hand lace into her thick mane. She let it, and flicked her eyes upward, briefly ravishing Valorie's eager expression before casually retreating. Her lips lifted into a smile as she pulled away and slid her opulent form down that of the other equine. Sensitive flesh dragged over its counterpart, leaving trails of tingling pleasure across the softness of her chest as the tender nubs of turgid nipples rubbed against her.

Swaying her hips as sensually as she could manage, her fur glided down the length of Valorie's torso as she backed away. It bared to her roving lips the tapered waist that rose and fell in time with its owner's breathing. It lurked between an amply endowed bust and full, flared hips, and was lined with a nearly intimidating amount of hard muscle, and she let the end of her muzzle trail languidly between the densely packed ridges of strength to lay a short kiss on each one as she worked her way down. She pressed worshipful fingers into the slab of that immaculate altar, the strength beneath her, and with each slight motion, she stroked the smooth fur that was wrapped so dangerously tight over the unyielding might below it.

Heat from the robust form radiated into her through her full-body contact, and she luxuriated in it, letting it rob away even the slightest nip in the air she let reach her skin. She lingered there, lip-to-ab, breathing slowly, letting Valorie feel her, hands sweeping up over her shoulders and running through the hair she spent so much time maintaining. The heat grew, pressed up into her chest, and eventually resolved itself as something that throbbed very insistently against her body, aching with a need she could feel in the back of her mind. "Be gentle." Valorie whispered through short breaths.

She lifted her head, peering with an impish, toothy smile back up the length of the body sprawled out before her. "Aren't I always?" Her answer was a scoff and a heavy roll of enticing eyes as she sat up, pulling her weight off of Valorie's lower body and letting her legs border the other horse's powerful thighs. What sprang up to meet her was far from a surprise, and she was amused at how vigorously Valorie must have been trying to restrain herself. Her lover's equine masculinity, tremendous and pale, pallid white, was a bare fraction of the size she knew it could obtain, still mostly limp and barely able to begin to arc upward under its own ponderous weight.

Her hands rose to meet it, lifting its heavy mass and squeezing the spongy flesh, feeling it begin to pulse more forcefully in her fingers. It was already so enormous, two feet at least, and she leaned back as it threatened to prod her in the chest again as it inched outward with every beat of Valorie's heart. "Easy there." she murmured, squeezing more firmly, toying with it, "Let me enjoy it too."

Again, she received little in the way of a verbal answer aside from a throaty groan that left Valorie's head limp against their lumpy mattress. She watched her love's desire gradually solidify, thickening in her grasp and pushing her fingers apart, and, licking her lips with a stretch of broad, pink tongue, she parted them, slipping a portion of Valorie's flared crown into her mouth. Its owner tensed, grunting in surprise as much as need as it surged abruptly, shoving her head back and pushing wide her jaw. The sheer immensity of what poured from Valorie's crotch was enough to take her breath away, and it promised no end to its magnitude, if she would just treat it with the vigor that it required.

It pushed and pushed into her, bending her backward as its downward curve grew less and less pronounced as it became increasingly rigid, and she encouraged it with a wandering tongue. For as long as she could, she let her lips open and her nimble oral appendage sweep over a broad, flattened head. Its skin was all pale, darkening only slightly with the blood that raced into it, turning it a slight, lurid pink that was enough to differentiate it from the color of its accompanying scrotum, which was a white to match the freshly-fallen snow outside. She purred lovingly to it, used an idle hand to support it as it lengthened into her, sliding between her breasts and pushing up into her hot, waiting mouth. She couldn't hope to get even its tip inside her, even half-hard, but that didn't stop her from making the attempt, and she casually pleased Valorie with a length of her tongue and gently suckling lips.

She worshiped it like an idol, an obelisk that she was determined to make shine with her saliva, and, letting out a warm breath over what rose past her face, she shifted her attentions to its throbbing shaft, gripping it tightly, stroking it longingly and pressing yearning lips against its tightening flesh. Valorie moaned sharply with each motion, every swirl of her tongue or flick of busy fingers, and as feet of steely flesh separated its tremendous, pelvis-cracking head from its immense base, she let herself be carried up with it. She rose to her knees from her sitting position, keeping her lips attached to it with loyalty befitting its majesty, and she lusted over it, rubbing it against her plush figure as she slowly rose to her hooves, standing to loom over the still-supine equine.

The graceful motion slid its entire length through the cavernous canyon of her cleavage, and she noted with tremendous pride that now her breasts were sufficient to envelop even its enormous girth. She could finally see over it, standing taller than it could reach, and she let her body support it, as it gained the last of its length, putting it nearly to six feet in length, something of impossible dimension for her to lavish with attention. She peered over its thick glans at its owner, whose vibrant eyes were half lidded. Valorie whispered her name, breathless and nearly panting, and she hummed happily in return, squishing her breasts lewdly together around the length just below its flattened head. The things she could now do...

Veins as thick as her fingers crawled over its rock-hard length, pulsing visibly beneath its skin as Valorie's heart raced, and she felt it against her, stiff and throbbing, as true an expression of desire and physical appreciation as could be. Words weren't needed. She had done this, just her presence, the sight of her lush figure, different but still the same, and that knowledge heated her own blood with pride and love and need that was suddenly reciprocated. It roiled in her chest, sending shivers down her spine as the rod of burning steel pulsed along the entirety of her form from her chest to between her legs, against her thighs. It spoke of its desire; it yearned for stimulation, hungered for sensation, and she was utterly determined to provide enough for them both.

Valorie tensed, grunting as she returned her lips to its huge tip, kissing it wetly and letting her tongue sneak out to lap over its aching flesh. It heaved with its owner's tension, blood filling

it utterly and stiffening it even further against her, and she delighted in the clear signs of pleasure that flickered between them both. She rolled her hips and rocked her spine back and forth, undulating like a snake and dragging the last third of its length between her breasts, which she made a tight, velvet sleeve with her arms as she hugged her own chest. Valorie hissed and grunted, clenching at the covers, and it was only the slightest of time spans later that a thick gob of heady precum issued from the flesh beneath her mouth, slicking her lips and sliming her tongue to give her a taste of her lover's lusty viscosity.

It seemed hesitant to stop once it started, and it only pooled on the contours of Valorie's broad glans for a brief moment before it became too much and spilled down the shaft of ruddied flesh and into the dip between her breasts. She cooed excitedly as it matted into her fur, easing the already nearly frictionless passage of veiny steel through the sleeve she provided for it, and she used that opportunity to increase the force behind her languorous pumping. The breath left Valorie's lungs in a series of terse grunts, each one delivering a blob of quivering, translucent pre directly to her waiting lips, and she slurped noisily, swallowing little, just enough to get a taste, and letting the rest of it smear over her face and down her body. Liquid desire pooled between the swells of pillowy softness that sat on her torso, eventually running down her body and making the entire length of the column of throbbing, quivering horseflesh shine wetly with need.

Each time, it was an event, and she celebrated each with a little victory. Every erection Valorie got, she lavished over herself, knowing what it was, knowing its cause. The strength of that need was for her; that adamant flesh, that stunning hardness, was for her. A hand dropped, briefly fingering the bump of her lover's medial ring, making Valorie twitch and buck upward ever so slightly. She pushed her now-slicked hand up and down in long, but comparatively short stroke along the middle of the shaft bulging against her, impatient and urging. Her tongue favored small circles around her lover's urethra, leaking copiously in a steady stream, and as her entire body employed itself in Valorie's pleasure, that same hand glided back up to trace slow circles around the circumference of the fleshy crown that jutted through the gap between her breasts.

She felt her lover dilate, so close already, and she teased that line, pushing slowly, carefully. Valorie grit her teeth, whining helplessly as her hand danced inward, sliding a cautious finger in across the plateau of that flaring knob of meat. She suckled directly from her lover's hole, mingling her saliva with the stream of pre that flooded her mouth as she did so. Lubrication was in no short supply, and her fingertip was drowned in it before she could manage to approach her goal. Slowly, teasingly, she prodded her slender digit against that same hole. Valorie tensed, whimpered, eyelids fluttering, and snapped taut, groaning ferociously as the wizard pushed her finger inward, sliding into her lover's masculinity to the first joint.

"F-fuck!" Valorie grunted, unable to keep herself from bucking up into her, adding to the penetration. "More!" she added in a piteous whine, "Oh Gods, more! Please!"

She pushed her finger another hair's breadth inward, pumping it slowly, carefully. "So big..." she breathed, more for Valorie's benefit than her own. "I can just..." she pushed harder, feeling her lover's impossible hardness squeezing her finger through sheer stiffness, "push it in..." She casually fingerfucked the statuesque horse morph, forcing in her finger to its base and using her tongue to add to the sensation, lapping along the border of Valorie's distended urethra. She couldn't begin to imagine what it must feel like, but the harsh moaning and weak humping coming from beneath her made her doubt it was entirely uncomfortable. spurts of pre leaked from around her penetrating digit, squirting up into the air under the force behind them, and she

caught a few across her face, letting them run down along her muzzle as she mashed her breasts together with her other hand. "So big..."

Valorie's back arched off of the bed, pushing the throbbing cock connecting them upward along her body, smooshing its head into her face, dragging it along her cheek, and she watched it thicken dangerously. The testes that were attached to it, ripe, heavy melons in their own right, drew up against the crotch from which they hung with the flexing of muscle powerful enough to maintain the kind of rigidity on display. Dawn could swear she could hear them gurgling, churning with the ocean of spunk that was on the edge of release. She pushed her weight against the underside of the enormous tool that throbbed against her, stroking it urgently in a wordless demand that was far from silent with the obscene squelching coming from her lust-soaked fur.

Valorie's girthy member burned like a bar of unshaped steel against her torso. It trembled against her lips and around her licentiously pumping finger, stiffening ever further in preparation for something catastrophic. Veins stood out in stark contrast from the pallid flesh that surrounded them, lines of darker pink that pulsed forcefully enough for her to feel through her fur. She counted out the tempo of Valorie's racing heart in the delirious throbbing along her chest and between her titanic breasts, against her tongue and mouth, which eagerly probed and lapped over the quivering crown that pointed straight at her face, promising a hosing to end all others.

She whispered only loud enough to make herself heard over her lover's frantic moans. "Come on, sexy. You know how much I need it; why are you holding back so hard? Just give it to me..." With agonizing slowness, she withdrew her finger from Valorie's heaving cock, freeing a long arc of thick pre that splurged over her face. She giggled, returning both hands to her chest and pumping languidly as she leaned her head down. "Please..." she continued as she pressed her lips against the urethra that ached to deliver its load. With her mouth, she begged, pleaded for what Valorie had to give her. She kissed and sucked and rocked her body against the rod of steel-hard meat that bulged in silent threat against her.

That was all it took, it seemed. Valorie's head fell back, mouth open to scream, but only gave voice to a long, gurgling groan. Hands shot to the base of the towering cylinder of desire-hardened flesh, jerking up and down with mindless vigor as the channel that would carry the cataract that she had unleashed dilated hugely under the pressure that had been undammed. Dawn felt it in a wave of roiling pressure as much as a thought-erasing pulse of rapture that flooded her mind from Valorie's, but she felt it much more physically in the thickening of the tool against her body. From base to tip, it distended, roiling towards its glans, powered by muscle whose strength boggled the wizard's mind.

The first rope of pearlescent seed struck the underside of her chin with force enough to throw her head back. She gasped, pushing out a sharp breath that turned into a lewd moan as she watched streamer after streamer shoot up over her to impact with a wet thud against the ceiling above her. Each wave of tension that pulsed through the powerful body below her was mirrored in an arc of pearly white seed that splattered over the timbers of the barrier above her. "Yes!" cried the giddy wizard. Pints plastered the ceiling before the first heavy droplet, borne downward under its own gooey weight, could fall from the wood above her to strike her across the muzzle.

She moaned with almost as much helplessness as Valorie, who writhed between her spread legs. Each drop of vulgar rain that struck her sent a bolt of lightning up her spine, making her shiver and piston her breasts with even more force around the source of that delicious precipitation. *Thud thud thud*. With each heavy impact, she moaned again. Her mouth lay open, and she caught as much between her parted lips as she could, tasting it, drinking it down. It drizzled down across her, slicking her red-gold fur. It drooled between her breasts and down her

back, along the lines of her neck and along her trembling arms. It was more than enough stimulation for her hypersensitive body, and she let the waves of euphoria pouring through her from Valorie fuel an orgasm of her own, miniature by comparison.

Slowly, shakily, she sank back to her knees, hugging the column that fed her bliss with delirious strength, but strength far from enough to stifle that endless flow. Valorie's cum dripped and rolled over the mound between her legs, mingling with her own release, weak and timid by comparison. She quivered and whimpered, lapping her tongue over whatever throbbing flesh was presented to her by her own ecstatic pumping. She bathed in her thick, musky shower, letting it coat her body, and even after Valorie finished, firing a few final, comparatively small spurts directly over her over-glazed head, she knelt and shuddered and whined, breathing as hard as her twitching lover.

However, her strength and passion returned with a fiery force that couldn't be denied. Her sinuses were drowning in the scent of her lover's virility, and she knew beyond doubt that she needed more, ever more, and she said as much, growling a coarse, "Again..." before she pried her sticky body from the sagging tower of Valorie's masculinity. The well-built equine watched through fatigued eyes, splattered with their own glaze of thick, potent jizz, as she spun from the bed and rose to her hooves. Her arms spread, and she let herself drip, listening to the chorus of gentle plipping noises that emanated from around her, sounds of which she would never tire.

Valorie's tremendous, equine tool was being born down under its own massive weight as blood sluggishly receded from it, but she knew that such a problem was simply remedied. She leaned into the bed, wiping cum from her eyes to smear it over her lover's cheek as she took hold, murmuring a needy, half-moaned, "Roll over for me, Val." A soft whimper was her answer, but Valorie faithfully performed. The other equine must have suspected her plan, because she only had to help a bit before her lover was on her own feet, bent over the bed, heavy, muscled ass raised and cock pinned beneath her thick torso.

Dawn fell to her knees in awe before pushing a long kiss into the curve of that upraised rump. "One day..." she hissed in promise through pursed lips. Valorie's butt was a work of magnificent perfection, generously proportioned, big and firm and tight with well-worked muscle. She shamelessly lusted over it, and knew she would never grow tired of its flawlessness as it was presented to her. She stroked its soft fur, warm, chocolate brown, fondling the hardness beneath its velvet coat. Weight shifted, and with the slight movement, muscle tensed and flexed against her lips. Valorie whined a curious, wordless question, and the wizard's eyes slid open to look at her lover's face, turned to peer back at her over a powerful shoulder. The rising sun glinted off of the other equine's own thick mane, framing Valorie's features in a luxurious tangle, and she smiled, dropping back down until her view was eclipsed by the curve of her lover's rump.

There it was, her beautiful flower, the parted petals of Valorie's lust-flooded womanhood. The slick slit was drowned by the forgotten effects of its owner's previous orgasm, its feminine half hidden decisively by the full, pendulous sac that hung below it. Thick girlcum, the remainder of her lover's more womanly release, drooled slowly down the pale white fur of the scrotum that separated cock from enflamed gash. It looked almost small compared to the big, hard body to which it was attached, and she crooned motherly to it, whispering half-decipherable affections between the robust horse's thickly muscle thighs. She stroked those thighs, sliding her dexterous digits up and onto the muscled swells of the utterly magnificent ass twitching above her. She did it again and again, rubbed and loved, until Valorie uttered a hoarse, "Dawn..." that was more whine than strained grunt.

She giggled, and let the girlish sound be her answer. Reaching down and back up, she felt Valorie's stunning hardness, once more pulsing furiously, ready for round two. She hadn't even needed to touch it, and it already throbbed between the bulk of her lover's body and the bed into which that weight was pressed. With another playful laugh, she let her lips fall to their lusty counterparts, kissing the cleft between the walls of muscle that bordered the object of her desire. She tasted Valorie, let the slippery fluid sliming warm, soft fur roll over her tongue, and as she did so, she lifted her hands.

The furred skin of the scrotum whose hefty weight came to rest in her palms had delightfully little slack to it, so taut was it stretched around the twin melon-sized gonads that it contained. She squeezed gently, hefting the globes of pulsating flesh that had once nearly rivaled her breasts in sheer size. She leaned inward, letting Valorie feel that such was no longer true, and her nipples traced a pair of lines across snowy fur, pulling a moan from two separate throats. The smile wouldn't leave her face, and as she pulled away, leaving a sticky streamer of salacious fluid connecting her tongue with the netherlips that had parted around it, she rose to her feet, lapping it up.

Valorie huffed when she spoke in a soft, teasing whisper. The words her lover couldn't understand, but the alien syllables had been uttered more than enough times for the Lancer to recognize them, remember them. She knew the spell by heart, and so well was it practiced that she could barely feel the intangible drain on her mental reserves as the air before her began to glow the color of her aura. She bent reality to her will, and the pale blue light gradually coalesced, falling in onto itself until it seemed to solidify and pop into reality with an almost discernable snap.

Reaching out, she caught it in the palm of her hands, and Valorie stiffened, feeling sensation disconnected from her body. Her lips lifted further in a sly grin. In her outstretched hands rested a stiff, translucent blue horsecock, which was nearly as long as her forearm. It may have only been a third the size of Valorie's true member, but it was otherwise a perfect replica. Every bump and ridge and vein had been remade, scaled down to more manageable dimensions, and as she gripped its base and gave it a long stroke from root to crown, Valorie hissed a sharp intake of breath. Once she had figured out how to do it, it was a simple task to transfer sensation from phantasm to reality, and as her hand glided slowly along the toy's luminous length, her lover was caressed with a set of ghostly fingers on the fruit of her loins.

It was a quick process, lubing the phantom tool with a portion of the ocean of cum that still dripped lazily from the ceiling, though she took a moment to savor the experience. This size she could manage more easily, and she eagerly pushed a lucent flare between her lips and over her cupped tongue. "Oh... fuck!" Valorie grunted as she was enveloped in the warm depths of the wizard's mouth. Still, the more-than-athletic equine was helpless, and could only claw weakly at the bedding beneath her as her head butted up against the entrance of Dawn's throat.

Fighting to keep her eyes from rolling back into her head, the busty equine pushed further, straightening her neck as she forced Valorie's massive glans further into her. Her gag reflex had long ago surrendered to her lover's sheer size, and she moaned loudly before her voice left her with a wet gurgle, stolen by the rigidity of her throat's intruder. She swallowed as much as she could, forcing a not insignificant portion of the nearly transparent conjuration between her lips and past her writhing tongue. The muscle of her throat wrung at what was lodged so deeply into it, and Valorie's outcries gained strength and desperation. So perfect was her facsimile that she could feel it throbbing inside her, thickening and relaxing in time with the pulsations of need that held it stiff.

Pushing her hips forward, she mashed her crotch against the mound of Valorie's upturned ass, grinding herself into the wall of strength that refused to yield to her. She pulled Valorie from her throat only long enough to heave a deep breath before cramming it back from whence it came. A hand stroked the ass she lusted after while the other pumped, using her throat as a sleeve for her lover's pleasure. She swallowed it again and again, milking it with her neck until the horse morph beneath her was squirting heavy gobs of precum over the thin blankets under which they had slept. It was enough to form a ball of childish petulance in the pit of her belly. That deliciousness should have been feeding into her stomach, not going to such a waste. But then again, that made it all the more indulgent.

Valorie tensed dangerously, and she grunted a negative, pulling a foot of pale blue faux-flesh from her mouth with a long, wet slurp. "No!" she gasped, "Not yet. I've got a better idea."

"F-f... Fuck! Oh Gods, Dawn... Please! Make me cum! I need to cum! Gods' Blood, just let me cum!"

"So soon?" she purred mirthfully as she stepped back enough to put some space between them. With one hand, she toyed momentarily with the curtain of Valorie's golden brown tail before lifting it out of the way, exposing the contents of the equine's loins to her roving eyes. With the other, she pressed the blunted base of the toy she had summoned against her own crotch. Valorie groaned, and a breath left her in a hoarse mewl as the bar of pale force melted and deformed, molding itself to her womanly contours. When she removed her fingers, it hung suspended from her loins like it had been there her entire life. Looking down her length, past her breasts, she marveled at the sight. While she couldn't feel its sensations, she got a glimpse of its weight, and she let a hand fall to support it, running a few fingers along it underside in time with the throbbing she could see as much as feel.

Valorie must have been putting up a hell of a fight. Dawn could see toes and fingers curling with the effort of reining in her out-of-control lust, and she was certain that her playful fingers weren't making it easier. Despite emptying herself so violently only moments before, her lover looked positively backed up, testes swollen and straining at the furry hide stretched over them. She stepped forward again, sliding the head of the tool between her legs against the firm, pulsing orbs so that Valorie could feel her own virility, the heat and the need that had built up there. Her hands fell to thick hips, taking a firm hold as she bent her back and the body splayed out before her pushed up against her in eager anticipation.

It was with a hiss that she shifted, sliding Valorie's crown up smooth, slicked fur and against lush, impatient lips that surrendered to the girth of her phantasmal cock as she pushed. It wasn't without resistance, however. Her lover's passage was slow to stretch around the mass of its intruder, but it eventually accepted what she had to offer, and took the first few inches with agonizing slowness. A dire oath growled between her statuesque lover's lips, between clenched teeth, accompanying a hoarse, "Fuck, I'm tight! Slow down!"

She did as she was requested, very nearly halting her forward march, sliding inch after inch inward with languid, yet insistent, thrusts. She wondered what it felt like, enveloping oneself, both giving and receiving through one's own overburdened crotch and deliriously sensitive flesh. She supposed, through Valorie's strained grunts and moans, that it must feel delightful, and it was with that assurance that she slowly, deliciously slowly, hilted the toy into the deepest reaches of her lover's stretched tunnel. She squeezed luscious hips, womanly curves that smoothed all that dense muscle, made it feminine and beautiful, a fit for Valorie's frame. "Feel better?" mused the wizard.

"So big..." whimpered an answer. Dawn nearly laughed aloud. What she had crammed between tense thighs was barely a third of Valorie's true size, but she couldn't help feeling sympathy. Valorie was full to completion, the flared head of her false cock butting up against her womb, deep in her gut. She rocked her hips back against Dawn, trying to cram more into her in bold-faced contempt of her whines for mercy. The movement dragged her needy flesh over the bedding beneath her, dragged her huge member between her breasts, sliding and grinding, piling sensation atop sensation, and the overendowed equine squealed, a sound full of nearly panic-inducing ominousness.

Dawn supposed she should participate, otherwise Valorie was likely to just explode without her. She pushed back into the firm swells of her lover's delicious rump, forcing Valorie back into the bed with a harsh grunt of effort, bracing herself, pushing and pushing, securing, before she held the other horse morph still and rocked her own hips in a long, steady circle, pushing up and down and using the phantasm attached to her to stir the loins into which she was secured. It was enough to make Valorie give up trying to see to her own pleasure, and Dawn whispered soothingly, promising to take care of everything.

She shoved the limp weight into the bed, pressing her love's powerful thighs into its frame as she rolled her hips back in a luxurious arc, sliding nearly a foot from Valorie's wildly clenching tunnel with no small effort on her part. She felt her lover fighting her efforts, trying to hold herself in while pulling and rippling hungrily, even without being able to directly sense it. The sensation of it must have been driving its source mad, and Valorie seemed to be having trouble keeping air in her lungs, each breath leaving in a terse groan as she contorted against the security of Dawn's steadying hands on her hips and waist.

With violence that utterly stunned her overcome plaything, she jerked forward, reburying her conjured tool into stretched folds that were brutally parted around its girth. Valorie cried out, shock and need warring for control of her expression. The wizard bent forward, crushing the pillows of her breasts into the breadth of a well-muscled back. They compressed, cushioning her weight as she dragged her own sensitive flesh over smooth fur. She put her lips near a flicking ear, hissing a breathy, "Hold on tight, Val. Have some fun." She rocked her entire form, pulling partially free, savoring the wet, squelching sounds emanating from the space between them, before pushing back, shoving inch after massive, veined inch back where it belonged. Muscle fluttered, not knowing what to do, and she rewarded such patience with a soft kiss on a contoured shoulder. Her hair framed her face, draping Valorie's as well, and it shadowed them both as her lover looked up, lost eyes wide and disbelieving. Perfect.

She began slowly, calmly, carefully building, but she couldn't maintain such a pace for very long before she felt her own desire compiling into something unstoppable. She was sensitive enough not to need much in the way of direct stimulation. The way Valorie shuddered, eyes rolling urgently into the beautiful face into which they were set, was more than enough for her. Each drenched slap of the front of her plush thighs meeting her lover's heavy ass sent a brutal shockwave of needling bliss up her spine to explode behind her eyes, half-blinding her, and she heard more than allowed her voice to mingle with the one emanating from below.

It was a new sensation. Valorie was still significantly larger, taller, broader, delightfully stronger, but she was still big enough to loom, to shadow with the breadth of her curvaceous form. She pulled on the hips that seemed eager to mold to her palms, dragging Valorie back into her with each vicious thrust forward. That meeting was all she needed. She let her lover's strained loins contend with themselves, focusing instead on that most intimate of impacts, leg to rump, cracking wetly, loudly, her aching womanhood, only receiving the slightest of

stimulations, pulsing hot nonetheless. "Oh... Fuck... Val..." She growled bestially, born down under the weight of her furious need, "It's enough. You're all I need... want... this... Right here, now... *fuck!* Cum for me, with me. Cum and make me cum! Make me feel it! I need it! I need you!"

The last syllable drew itself out into a yearning moan that she crooned directly into Valorie's ear, her voice, soft and musical, wavering under the force of her passion, and she felt muscle bunch against the plushness of her chest as her lover's body tightened in sudden strain. Release was hastily, shoddily restrained, withheld, and Valorie squealed into her own cock as she was brutally reamed with herself. It felt like the woman pinned under her rather insignificant weight was about to explode out of her skin, and if her muscle grew any more disastrously rigid, something was sure to rip or break, yet still her efforts were fought, that bliss prolonged just a few seconds longer.

There was no hope of truly stopping it, however, and only brief few heartbeats were all it took to unleashed the earth-shaking cataclysm that was only barely contained beneath a coat of warm brown fur. Valorie grunted, voice rough and coarse, until all of the air had been evacuated from her lungs and her whole frame threatened to burst from the cataract of her need fulfilled. Huge, heavy balls pulled from the ether a sea of roiling jizz and sent it hurtling down her elephantine length to geyser from her pinned cock.

Dawn reacted with even more violence, arching her back and opening her mouth to howl in sudden ecstasy. Valorie's climax impacted against her mind, flooded her, and triggered her own, pent up and caged. Chains burst and set loose a raving animal that savaged her hold on reality, skewing her perception of the world around her. Colors blurred as her womanhood gushed wetly, loosing a tide of her lust that splattered over her thighs and slicked her lover's powerful backside. She wailed her euphoria, jerking with mindless force into Valorie's loins, thoughtlessly trying to peak and prolong their combined release as she was crushed under the weight of her rapture.

Valorie milked herself, her confused body doing its best to pull every drop from her trapped member, and wondering why no disastrous bloom of heat came pouring into her gut from the massive tool intruding on her loins. Her true release shot over the bed, powered by unrelenting muscle, to slam against the wall, making a terrific mess of the far side of the room. Delighted at having something to collapse around and ripple along, her muscled walls contracted against the phantasm that was pounded in and out of her, rocking her back and forth and making her own scream leave her throat to linger alongside Dawn's, unthinking of who might hear.

Dawn came without end, each time she began to come down, another was sparked by Valorie's own endless release. Her body threatened to catch fire, and eventually, her muscle betrayed her, no longer possessing the strength to piston in and out of her pinned love. She briefly wished for the larger horse's unending fortitude, but instead of languishing, she hissed a few half-slurred words and shifted her weight from Valorie's back to her hooves. With a nearly audible *pop*, the toy she had conjured detached from her crotch, remaining buried within her writhing lover, and with a lust-maddened grin and a snap of her fingers, the entire thing began to vibrate wildly.

Valorie gasped and screeched a plea for mercy, an urgent request that was politely declined as Dawn, legs shaking, grabbed the plush hips below her and pulled forcefully. She rolled her lover over onto her back, and boneless legs dropped the robust equine to her rump. For her efforts, Dawn received a face and chest full of thick, viscous cum that arced over her body from the quivering masculinity which angled up toward her. Valorie jerked and whined and

squeaked, losing any hope of controlling her twitching musculature as the wizard strode closer, stepping around the column of spurting horsecock, nearly too big to be believably real. Massive gonads deformed under their own weight as their owner reclined limply against the side of the bed, pressed into it by Dawn's approaching body, and she gazed through the haze of her ongoing release up at the opulent curves of the light-furred equine.

Without warning, the wizard leaned forward and shoved her crotch against Valorie's face, finding lips and tongue with her nethers and grinding down with harsh, fast motions. Immediately, without hesitation, strong hands snapped to her hips, clutching desperately at her and pulling her downward with even more thoughtless force as her lover utterly devoted mouth to her pleasure. Impossibly, Valorie's heaving cock lurched upward under its own massive bulk as its orgasm redoubled in fury, perking up enough to rest urgently against the wizard's full rump, making an unholy mess of the curtain of her lengthy tail.

The heat and strength of it shook Dawn to her core, and only encouraged her to dig more hungrily into the mouth that opened to let a tongue worm nimbly against her. She bucked numbly, screaming as her continued orgasm fueled that of her love, and vice-versa. They together, pushed the other's release higher and higher, until the wizard was certain that her very soul was being consumed by the fires of her passion. Her body ached and burned with delirious lust, need that was being filled even as it could be created. Hands flew to her chest, taking her up and mangling hypersensitive flesh in merciless fingers. Her world began to darken. She was but a single, screaming nerve that wailed its ecstasy again and again. She felt a tongue punch into her spasming womanhood, writhing bonelessly even as the pulsing orgasm of the colossal organ pushing up against her butt raged into her fur again and again.

Her release was inconceivable in fury and duration. It felt like eternity passed them by and the world crumbled to dust around them, until nothing existed outside of their connected bodies and engorged climaxes. She ground her cleft into her lover's face over and over, riding the set of lips beneath her as she throbbed and ached with unstoppable insistence. She gave and received as much as she was able. Her mind quailed and fled in favor of more primal urges, but eventually, as in all things, there had to come an end. Finally, she reached her absolute peak, and she stood with Valorie atop the mountain of her euphoria, a crest down which she could finally fall.

Utter, relentless exhaustion crashed into her with force enough to leave her numb and nearly erase all thought from her mind. She collapsed, sliding free from Valorie's face to drag her crotch, nearly painfully tender, down the length of a dense, powerful body. She sank into her lover, falling to her knees to rest her weight atop the larger woman's hard-packed waist. Slumping forward, she threw limp arms around muscle-broadened shoulders, clinging to sanity as the last dregs of her lust leaked from her body to coat the fur of the stomach pressed into her, which rose and fell with frantic force. Between the cheeks of her ass throbbed the monument to her reciprocated desire, still cumming and cumming, drenching everything in a broad arc behind her with rope after dwindling rope of pearly white goo.

Her clumsy lips found Valorie's, and she kissed with aimless, falling passion. She could barely see through the tears that filled her eyes, not from sorrow, but fatigue, as if her body could no longer hold itself in check. Her kiss was only half returned, and Valorie's hands spasmed along her body, eyelids fluttering hopelessly as the mighty form between her and the bed shuddered and quaked with voiceless moans that begged and pleaded for peace. She was trapped, her love, in the cycle of continuing release, and orgasm without end. She could feel it in the back of her fogged mind as much as in the pulsations against her far softer figure. A continuing

orgasm, yet the flow from the quivering cock that rose against her back sluggishly fell away, until only thin, weak spurts of cum could fall between her shoulders.

Confusion pulled her back to reality, and she lifted a worried hand to Valorie's cheek. "Dawn..." hissed her lover between gasps, "take it out... please... I can't feel my dick..."

Cursing her lust-addled mind, she severed the thin thread of her power that held the manifestation of her will solid within Valorie's feminine folds. Her vibrating conjuration vanished, finally putting an end to the sensations that had held her love trapped, cumming far beyond even her generous capabilities. "Sorry." she whispered, returning to her interrupted kiss, "I got carried away."

Valorie moaned into her mouth, adding a tongue to the tangle between their bodies as the well-formed horse finally went slack, leaning hard back into the bedframe. In a display of fatigue that she rarely saw, she felt her lover's titanic erection sag abruptly, no long fueled and more than amply satisfied, retreating down her back to return to its still-ludicrous proportions. As the blood rushed back into her brain, Valorie seemed to be revitalized, and she casually lifted hands to the wizard's cheeks to add more strength to the kiss they shared. "Holy shit, Dawn..." she breathed between cooling meetings.

Thought and intelligence crept back into the disks of deep green that ravished her face, and she let the kiss end as Valorie's head fell back to rest against the mattress, tired and limp. Dawn looked around, noting that all she could smell was the other woman's sex, which seemed to be plastered over every surface in the room, including their own bodies. Where they met, they squelched lewdly, and she couldn't help but shake in a short chuckle. It took no small amount of effort to steel herself and peel her body from the form beneath her, and her legs were still shaking dangerously when she rose back to her hooves. She plopped down onto the bed, sighing heavily and laying a hand on the other woman's face to gently stroke an alluring cheek.

Gods' Blood, she ached. The skin beneath her fur crawled with the remnants of her slaked thirst for stimulation, and she sat and lounged in the pool of her satisfaction, listening to Valorie slowly reining in control of her breathing, occasionally grunting uncomprehending words, awed and agonized. It took a few minutes, and she spent them admiring the glow from the rising sun pouring in through the window. Eventually though, she bent and hauled herself to her hooves as she lifted her arms, stretching languidly and trying furiously to work the tension from her lissome limbs. Swiping her hands down, she murmured softly-spoken words, and a swathe of the nearly pudding-thick glaze that covered everything vanished, whisked away to the nether.

Energy returned to her more quickly, and she bent herself to her task as she let Valorie recover more slowly. It was another process to which she was greatly accustomed, the cleanup, and she made quick work of it with whispered spells she had long ago more than memorized. It was a ritual, bringing everything to a close, and it almost didn't feel genuinely over until she had gone through the usually lengthy process. The volume that Valorie could output was stubborn, and she wiped it away with artistic flourishes until the room was cleaner than it was then when they had arrived and even her fur was smooth and dry. "Much better."

Still that scent clung to her sinuses, and she spun on her hoofed feet, grinning down, refreshed and energized once again, at the room's other occupant, who blinked up at her. Taking a deep breath, feeling chilled air spill into her lungs and brace her against her exhaustion, she sashayed forward and extended a hand to Valorie, beckoning calmly with fingers that were eagerly accepted. She pulled, helping drag her love to conspicuously unhoofed feet, and giggled shamelessly as arms made thick with muscle closed around her body, holding her tightly.

Once more, she had to look up into the seas of green that boiled over with affection for her, love and placid trust, a mixture of respect and admiration that tightened her chest before Valorie could squeeze the air from her lungs in a firm hug. Soft, probing lips were lowered to her head, dodging around her horn to push a warm kiss into her scalp, and she squirmed happily. "You're going to poke someone's eye out with that thing; you know that, right?"

"Probably..." she murmured in reply, "I'll just make sure that someone is someone who deserves it. That fair enough?"

"I guess." chuckled her big, strong love, breathing into her mane. Arms loosened their grip, gliding over her furred exterior, lavished attention over her sides and back, and then Valorie pulled incrementally away, breathing her in and savoring her. The contact lingered for another seemingly long span before she slid free of the hold of the hands on her shoulders. The wizard's hips swayed tantalizingly as she clopped smoothly to the wall by the room's door, and she quelled the spell she had spun around the room to silence their cries to the outside world as she pulled their bags from their pegs on the wall, tossing Valorie's across the room.

The smile came again to her lips as she returned and dropped her things to the bed before she pulled the larger form into her in her own embrace, slower, warmer. "What do you think?" she hummed curiously as her hand fell down to run her fingertips along the length of the mercifully flaccid member that hung between them. In a rare event, it didn't immediately respond to her touch to jump into her waiting hands. It ignored her, incensed, perhaps, at her rough treatment moments prior, and she continued past Valorie's quiet whine at even the slightest caress over her abused flesh. "A foot? Two? Maybe I'll grow my own for a night or two. Give you something for us both to enjoy a little more... solidly, hmm?"

"Mmmh... I'll take whatever you can give me, sexy. Although... I wouldn't mind something little and cute, something *just* right."

"Ah, yes!" she growled gleefully, pushing Valorie back until she could slide herself into the provided lap as it plopped into the mattress, "I forget sometimes that you're not the size queen you make yourself out to be."

She felt the huge, girthy python with which she shared the thighs that made up her seat throb slowly as its source scoffed and massaged her shoulders while she rummaged in her bag, pulling from it a fine-toothed brush. "Well, I wouldn't go *that* far. It's just a rarity to see a dick less than a foot long nowadays. What if I want something just average, or small, even? If just to mix things up..."

She ran the brush through her hair, voicing a pleased, "I suppose I could provide, given sufficient incentive."

"You name it."

Her smile grew warmer and gentler as Valorie's hands joined hers, carefully pulling the brush from her fingers and taking up the chore of running it smoothly through her hair. "Careful what you suggest..." growled the wizard without true threat, "I might ask for something offensive to your delicate sensibilities. You never know what lewd thoughts might cross my mind."

"Bring it on, sexy. I think I've gotten enough practice in recently. I'm going to be walking funny for days at this rate. You need to leave my junk alone, let it recover, maybe let *me* take care of *you* for a while."

"I could be convinced, I think, to take it easy for a little bit, but you better take *good* care of me, oh most noble of steeds."

"Don't I always?" replied her firm-bodied love with false hurt. The brush left her auburn hair shining gold in the light of the risen sun, and she squeaked meekly as Valorie prodded her in

the backside with a thumb, encouraging her to rise to her hooves from the warmth of her lover's comforting form. She grumbled further when a hand steadied her by her hips, squeezing her happily as the brush was put to her tail, something that she hadn't thought off. The opulent body of hair that hung from just above her generous rump trailed nearly to her ankles, threatening the ground when she bent her legs, and Valorie grunted at her when it threatened to swish absentmindedly.

When Valorie was done with her hair, she began to drift away, but powerful hands held her still, gripping her waist with nothing but gentle force. "Oh no you don't. There's a new routine you've got to get used to, little miss unicorn. Come here, and I'll show you."

A curious hum purred in her chest as she swapped position with the other woman, and was tenderly pushed down to lie on her back atop the uncomfortable bedding beneath her. Digging in her own pack, Valorie withdrew a different brush, with stiffer bristles, and began the process of working it through the fine fur that covered her body. She wriggled helplessly beneath her lover's attentions, giggling spastically as she was given a merciless rub-down, flipping halfway through the task to let her back be cleansed. She was particularly vocal as her sensitive areas were playfully ravished with eager strokes.

Another, softer brush was run over her lush figure, and Valorie only let her up after a sharp, satisfied nod, her fur suitably sleek. She shined, practically glistened, so glossy was her fine coat, and she had to giggle again as she indulgently admired herself, struggling good-naturedly to see past the ripe spheres of furred boob that rested high and proudly on her chest. The next—problem was far too strong a word—the next issue to be faced... Valorie gave herself a vigorous brushing as she considered her form, working out what she would need to do to once more clothe her generous figure.

Tugging a pair of frightfully clingy trousers over her well-toned legs, Valorie watched her run careful fingers over herself. The wizard whispered a few preparatory words. She'd been apprenticed to a transmuter, the best, and she's picked up a few things along the way. Given form by her voice, she enforced her will onto the structure of the reality between her outstretched fingers. With a soft rustling, threads spun from the ether, weaving into spans of deep, maroon cloth that crawled over one another and slowly mimicked her already luxurious shape. A loose, flowing blouse dropped into her hands, followed shortly by a dark grey skirt that was long enough to cover her ankles. Taking a chance, she also conjured for herself a complete set of plain, black underclothes, loose enough to be gentle with her affliction, but perhaps slinky enough to tantalize the woman with whom she shared everything.

With a coy grin over her shoulder at Valorie, who was busy lacing her boots up her calves, she wiggled into her suitably sexy underwear with several sways of her hips. She pulled her blouse over her arms and shoulders, and the other equine huffed and stood, hobbling over with a boot still sitting on the bed to help her fasten the buttons lining her front. "You..." she breathed, letting her head fall back to rest against Valorie's chin, "You just want to feel me up, don't you?"

A kiss was planted against the back of her neck, breath hot against her fur. "Is that a problem?"

"Of course not. I'd be appalled if you missed a chance to grope me, especially when there's no one around to stop you apart from little, old me."

Fingers lingered over her chest, wavering just over the line of impropriety, fondling her without a hint of hesitation, and the fur of the nape of her neck was ruffled by Valorie's gentle laughter. "Gods... I should just give up and wear skirts..."

"As if they would last any longer than those sexy, sexy pants. Besides, I like seeing you squirm trying not to burst a seam in public. Would you be so cruel as to deny me that pleasure, Val?"

"I suppose not..." came the coy reply, "But thanks for the reminder, anyway." With a gentle laugh, Valorie left her shirt done-up, and Dawn tugged it straight on her shoulders as Valorie went back to dressing herself. She was ravenous, and wondered if she would manage to snag a hot breakfast, or better yet, a cup of strong tea before they would have to return to the road. As her protector, her lover, swirled the thick, dark green fabric of a heavy cloak around wide, lovely shoulders and fastened it with a gleaming, silver brooch, nearly as old as their relationship, she smiled again, showing her teeth in a wonder-filled grin. As Valorie took her in hand and walked with her out of the room, she supposed it didn't really matter, so long as they were as they had seemingly always been.

Together.