

Name: Valorie Jasmine McClain
Age: 78 (Appears to be in her late 20's)
Height: 8'6"
Weight: 516 lbs.
Gender: Hermaphrodite (Identifies as Female)
Sexuality: Bisexual
Species: Quarter Horse

Appearance:

At first glance, Valorie appears to be a fairly stereotypical member of her species. At eight feet and six inches, she's slightly taller than average for horse morphs, and her frame is broad enough to carry the muscle that lines it without marring her femininity. As with the majority of equines, she possesses significant physical strength, which is further augmented by decades of rigorous exercise and personal training. She's at the peak of physical fitness, and there is little fat on her frame to soften the incredible definition of her robust musculature. Her breasts are large, but not too much so for her frame, and if she were a normal height, they would be ample D-cups.

Her hair is golden-brown and hangs down to her shoulder blades, and is parted by her long, horselike ears. It's usually tied back in a low ponytail or braid to keep it from interfering with her movements during combat or other strenuous physical activities, but in casual settings, she prefers to wear it in looser styles. Her eyes are a sharp, forest green, and look out from a shorter-than-average, equine muzzle. The rest of her body is covered in a coat of warm, chocolate-brown fur, only broken by a roughly circular splotch of crisp white the sits above and between her breasts. From the base of her spine hangs a calf-length horse tail that's the same color as the hair on her head.

Being a hermaphrodite, she possesses the sex organs of both genders. Her female genitalia are fairly average, dainty-looking compared to the rest of her body, and are completely overshadowed by her more masculine equipment. Valorie's penis is shaped like that of a horse, but is atypical when compared to that of most other equines. It lacks a sheath or foreskin, leaving it to hang down past her knees when flaccid and unrestrained. Despite being feet long when soft, not even that is an accurate warning of its full size. When erect, it reaches nearly six feet in length, long enough to rest well above Valorie's eye-level if held vertically, and it's flesh is a pale, pallid white, darkened and given a pinkish hue only when full of blood. Her scrotum is covered with a fuzzy coat of equally pure white fur, and looks too large for even her statuesque frame, holding a pair of testes that are the size of melons and are more than capable of producing a deceptively large volume of semen.

Rather than hooves, like those of most other horse morphs, her long, smoothly muscled legs terminate in a pair of plantigrade feet whose humanity is only betrayed by the fur that covers them. Her hands are broad and powerful, like the rest of her body, and her shape is made fuller by the larger-than-average proportions of her rump. She's bottom heavy, and her exercise has left her with a rear end that is a point of pride for her.

Despite the unreasonable size of her male genitalia, she scorns wearing skirts and dresses outside of all but the most formal of occasions, and can most often be found wearing pants whose tightness does nothing to hide the fact that she packs more at the crotch than almost anyone she knows. Her shirts, however, are more conservative, and she almost always chooses to wear long-sleeved, button-down affairs that are loose enough to not restrict her movement but

tight enough to show of the physique she works herself so hard to maintain. Her feet are always encapsulated in a pair of sturdy, leather boots except for when she's sleeping or preparing to sleep, and she doesn't often wear hats with the exception of her helmet, which is still a rarity.

When on-duty for the Order of the Silver Lance, she can be found wearing the suit of armor fashioned for her by the Archmage: an outfit of argentum, a light, ultra-hard material the color of silver, which doesn't naturally tarnish or rust. Over the padded suit that is worn under it goes a chain shirt that hangs down to her mid-thigh, over which is buckled the sturdy, finely-crafted pieces of the armor. A breastplate covers her torso. Pauldrons cover her shoulders and upper arms. Gauntlets cover her forearms and hands. Closed greaves shield her feet and calves, and to cover her legs and crotch, she wears a fine, chain-and-plate skirt whose purpose is to not constrict her easily-constricted loins.

To augment her nearly impregnable defense, she nearly always wears her sword on her right hip. For a warrior of a normal stature, it would be large and unwieldy, but in her hands it fits well, and she wields it with speed and precision born of years of practice and experience. It's a simple weapon, plain and functional, made ornamental only by the large, polished emerald set into its pommel. When hesitant to permanently injure, or when intent on making a point, she prefers to use her fists in combat, which are her real weapons. She's adept at using her speed and strength against her foes, and she rarely loses a fight that she sets herself to.

Beneath everything, resting between her breasts and over her heart, is the only piece of ornament or jewelry she wears, a small, circular locket of silver that is engraved with a stylized image of a rising sun, a gift to her from the woman she loves. This pendant is by far the object she values most out of all of her worldly possessions, and as such she rarely takes it off and never removes it from her person.

Biography:

Valorie was born a human, and a McClain, a member of the most influential family of horse ranchers in the entirety of Arvandor. Her childhood was pleasant and happy, and she was raised by her mother and father alongside with two brothers and three sisters, of whom she was the middle child. Her family's profession made them wealthy, and she wanted for little as she aged.

During her adolescence, she was drafted into the family business, caring for the horses on the ranch and riding and training the horses that were to be sold to patrons across the continent. It was at this point that she developed mixed feelings about her prophesied lifelong dedication. She liked horses. She loved them. She liked to be around them. She talked to them when her siblings were busy with their own chores, and she connected with them almost more easily than she did with other humans.

That being said, she hated caring for them. They required endless grooming and cleaning, and the work was stifling. She couldn't stand riding them, despite loving to run alongside them. This went on for years, until one day, she'd had enough. She quit, determined to find her own way into wealth and popularity. To her surprise, her family supported her all the way, and she left home with their blessing and a promise that home would always be home for her.

If there was one thing that working on a ranch for years had left her with, it was the body of a young woman used to and unafraid of taxing physical labor. She loved her body. She was fit and strong, and continuing to push herself was a joy, so that is what she chose to do. With the money she had saved during her years at home, she purchased a suit of tarnished armor, a shabby blade, gave them a serious spit-shine, and marketed herself as a sword-for-hire.

At first, people had laughed uproariously at her. A youth, and a woman at that, left a lot to be expected in her chosen profession, but she was not afraid to practice endlessly, and when she began to outfight her potential employers, she found jobs an easy thing to find as her reputation for steadfast reliability grew. It started as simple contracts, bodyguards and caravan security, but she relentlessly pursued bigger and better things, and it eventually paid off. In only a few short years, she made a name for herself as a treasure-hunter. Clients would pay her to venture out into the wilderness to seek out forgotten treasures and ancient relics, and they would pay significant amounts of money.

Contracts came in from nobility, and she traveled far and wide to dig up dusty stone tablets and clay urns made by long-lost civilizations for people too weighed down by their own money to do it themselves, and she made a killing. The money was just a bonus, though, really. What she liked to do was travel. She walked the continent east-to-west and north-to-south, meeting all types and tasting different cultures like she was at an international buffet, all before she hit her mid-twenties.

Something still unsettled her, though. Horses seemed to call to her, practically mocking her for doing what she was doing without them. She missed the ranch at times, not because of her distant family, which she stayed in contact with religiously, but because she missed being around creatures of such easy majesty. She sometimes felt hollow, like she was missing something, like she was incomplete. She threw herself into her work and tried to bury the unwelcome sensations in money and sex with anything with a pulse, but if anything, that only made it worse.

During her youth, she had seen animal morphism become increasingly popular and available. Since she could remember, it had only been royalty and nobility that could afford the expensive alchemical or magical treatments that would give one the features of an animal, but as she worked and worked, she saw that gap closing. She knew horse morphs, had screwed around with more than her fair share of them, and it was with frustrating slowness that she realized what she wanted. She wanted what they had. She wanted to be big and strong like they were. She wanted to be beautiful and powerful in the ways that only they could, and so Valorie set a new goal for herself.

She cut her spending drastically, saving every scrap of silver and copper that crossed her hands. She sought out the most dangerous of jobs, the ones that took her far from home, knowing that they would pay her the most. She needed the best, and the best cost a significant amount. Her body was her life, and she couldn't jeopardize her well-being with the chance that she might be left horribly scarred, deformed, or dead on some two-bit hack's worktable. That in mind, it was only when she could afford the best that she went to the best.

She lived in Southcliff when she wasn't out on a job. Every morning she could look up from her window and see the place where it would happen, the Sanctum Arcanum, the home of the Archmage. When she had enough, she went through the proper channels, contacted him, and paid the price for what she wanted done to her. He accepted, and she had been invited up the hill to the imposing granite complex.

It was there that she met him and his apprentice, and it was there that her dreams were finally realized. It had been ecstasy, feeling her body twisting and writhing to what she wanted to be, what she could see herself as, and entirely too soon, it was over. The Archmage had blessed her and sent her off into the rest of her life with a new body, but she had trouble staying away.

His apprentice had enspelled her, or at least that's what it had felt like. Months passed, and she slowly fell in love with the beautiful woman who seemed to love her back. She saw her

life coming together before her eyes. She was blissfully happy, and she felt like there was nothing that could dull her high spirits.

Nearly a year after her transformation into a horse morph, she had been sent into the jungles to the south on contract to recover a lost treasure, and it was eagerly that she went. Life was easier as she was now, more so than it had been, and it was with little fear that she had delved into the bowels of the squat, stone pyramid in the middle of the jungle.

She found what she was looking for there, and she had reached out and grabbed. Inadvertently, she triggered the release of a powerful demon of lust and domination. As a cruel joke, the demon "blessed" her with a gift to match the magnitude of her attitude, and it was on the steps of the pyramid that she had grown her impossibly large maleness, shattering her world and her hope in the course of a single night.

The demon's corruption tainted her mind and destroyed her self-control, and as she fled back home to seek out help among her friends, she unwittingly spread her demonic curse as she went, leaving a trail of sadistic hedonism in her wake. The Archmage was barely able to cleanse her of her corruption, and she immediately tasked herself with stopping what she had started. She and the Archmage's apprentice traveled back to the jungle to find out what they could about the force she had released, and her new love had found what they had been after.

Upon her return home, she was imbued with a spell capable of cleansing the demon's taint from those it had affected and even banishing the demon itself. The spell had turned her genitalia and the fur over her heart white, and it was with unwavering determination that she embraced her duty and prepared to finally end what she accidentally began.

Wasting no time, Valorie and her new allies sought out the demon with the intent of defeating it at the seat of its power. In retaliation, the demon nearly killed her, which triggered the latent power in the Archmage's apprentice, and it was her love acting out in defense of her broken body that had truly vanquished their foe. Despite their victory, the demon's taint was still rampant in the world, and she and another had been inducted into the Order of the Silver Lance as founding members with the mission of finally wiping the demon's corruption from the world.

Through a ritual that bound her with the Archmage's apprentice, her life has been greatly extended, and she spent the next several decades in service to this new goal, doing what she can to train the following generations and helping slowly stamp out the remnants of the demon's tainted supporters. In that time, she and her love have had children, a set of twins that are now apprenticed to the Archmage, and she has never been more hopeful for the future, especially since she has come so far after tasting true despair.

Personality:

Stubborn is the word that best sums up Valorie's attitude. She's outspoken and opinionated, and not afraid to let her voice be heard. She feels everything strongly, from love and happiness to anger and sorrow, and she is often vocal about those feelings. Despite that, she is capable of being calm and calculated, something made easier with the addition of decades of learning to restrain herself. Around friends and enemies alike, she's happy, boisterous, and unafraid to show off. She's proud to the point of arrogance, though her pride is not entirely unearned. She has almost literally been through hell and survived through the worst that the universe could throw at her, and because of it she has a stoic attitude concerning hardships that affect her. However, if those hardships are shifted to her friends and loved ones, she becomes very protective of them, willing to do anything to shield them, including give her life if necessary.