

“And one more petition. The Horde Emissary would like to have thirty more visas issued at his discretion. He claims he’s shorthanded.”

Aura looked up at Leorajh skeptically. “He cannot be serious. He already has a cabinet almost as large as I do. At this rate he will be asking for carte blanche to bring in anyone he chooses so long as they work in some imaginary office he made for them.”

The saberon shrugged, his shoulder causing some of his hair to shower behind it as it shifted. “He seemed serious. That said, it isn’t impossible the Magister is trying to organize something.”

The worgen sighed and swiveled in her chair, looking out the window at the setting sun. It was getting quite late, and while she wanted nothing more than to be home and starting her weekend the city seemed determined to make her put that goal off as much as possible. She felt her temple twitch. It had been a long week. “What do you think of him?” she asked.

“Honestly? Sure, he’s corrupt, but I think he’s just being constructively lazy rather than trying to subvert any authority here. Unfortunately for him, he *is* good at his job, so he needs dozens of people to replace himself. I think he just doesn’t want to work.”

It sounded about right. She could occasionally get a slimy impression off the emissary, but it was more the self-serving variety than any sense of insubordination. Besides, she knew for a fact he liked maintaining the status quo, whatever that happened to be. Aura grinned wryly. “Blood elves... Why work when you can make others do it for you and then take all the credit?”

“Clever, isn’t he? I would certainly never do that.”

She gave Leorajh a sidelong glance, her expression quite knowing. He made a terrible attempt at feigning innocence, his ears flattening against his head and his tail swishing against his wide, feminine hips, but the grin was too disingenuous. “No, you would sooner be caught dead before being seen getting other people to work for you. It is long hours of diligent, hands-on labor for you.”

His theatrics continued, holding a hand gingerly over his heart and he gasped with faux surprise. “Why, Miss Mayor, your accusations wound me!” He huffed and turned away, placing the back of his other hand to his eyes. The sudden pirouette made his dress rise with a twirl, revealing quite a bit of leg to her. He sniffled. “Your implication is not lost on me! To think you’d suggest such slanderous things.”

Aura rolled her eyes, but she did smile softly, his jesting having a margin of success in cracking through her stress. She looked back at the form. “Hmmm...I do not think I am going to allow this entirely. I will let him expand his cabinet, but I need background and references on them, I must approve them.”

“I suspect that’s what he was ultimately after.”

Aura nodded, writing down her decision and signing it before Leorajh slid the wax and signet over to her. “Anything else?” She asked, placing the seal of the city in place at the bottom of the document.

“No, that’s all. I’ll have the courier deliver these in the morning.”

The worgen smiled. “At long last, we are finished!”

Leorajh stacked up the papers and walked off to put them in their proper slots for pickup. Aura stretched in her chair before standing. She went to replace her crimson jacket, but the summer heat discouraged her from this, instead folding it neatly over her forearm and walking out in just the black blouse she originally had on under it. The two exited in unison, the guards by the front doors nodding to them.

“Well, there you are! I was getting ready to walk home on my own.”

They looked up and spotted Janne, her piercing gaze bright in the half-light of evening. She slinked over to them with fluid grace in her long limbs. She deliberately folded her arms around Leorajh's neck and leapt up. The saberon caught her, wavering for a moment in surprise. Aura could feel a whisper of a pulse through the ground under her feet as he stabilized. Janne leaned close and kissed him.

"Hmmm, missed me, did you?" he purred.

She jumped back down. "Yeah, I guess you could say that," she answered, swatting him smartly on the rear. "I've got some *plans* for you." She drew out the word with relish.

"O-oh! Oh, this ought to be good."

Janne looked over to Aura. "Hope your day wasn't too bad, I know how you feel about working late on Friday."

She smiled, "Not difficult, just tedious."

"I know exactly what you mean." She turned and took a couple steps towards the road. Leorajh followed behind her, his hips swaying back and forth as he walked. "Are we still on for next weekend?"

"Assuming no surprises come up, of course."

"Excellent, have a good weekend, Aura!"

"And you as well. Good night."

"See you on Monday, ma'am," Leorajh added, his eyes sparkling as he looked back to her before sharply looking passed her shoulder. He grinned gleefully and turned to continue on with his partner.

Aura looked behind her to see one of the night watch blushing furiously. An amused smile broke out on her face as she walked off to home. It seemed Leorajh had caught yet another's attention.

This late, many of the shops were already closed, or else in the process of doing so. Men and women of all races closed windows, swept floors, and locked doors as they finished their business. Stalls were wheeled off, either by hand or drawn by beasts of burden, back to the homes of their owners. In contrast, the nearest tavern to city hall appeared to be growing louder even just as she was passing it. She didn't envy the people that worked there.

A few people here and there gave short or silent greeting to her, but she was otherwise left alone with her thoughts. There was a small irritation at the back of her head and an acrid taste in her mouth that only grew as she walked, and she couldn't quite place it. The bitterness grew a bit more and she suddenly placed it, feeling foolish for not recognizing it sooner and then quickly ashamed for feeling it in the first place: jealousy. She quickly stuffed the feeling away, locking it behind a gate of her iron will. Janne and Leorajh were a cute couple, happy together, and her friends. It was unbecoming of her to feel envy because Leorajh was able to support his woman as she leapt into his arms.

The worgen bowed her head as she walked. Her ears twitched, betraying a flash of the inner turmoil she felt before disappearing again. It was something she had thought about more than a few times. She wished she was strong enough to carry Miyuki, but she just didn't have it in her. Not to say she wasn't strong. Aura was athletic, with wiry muscles that allowed for bursts of speed and power that caught most of her enemies off guard back in her adventuring days. She had strength that belied her willowy figure. But Miyuki...the pandaren was easily twice her weight. She could throw her off her feet if the monk let her, but that was about the limit of what she could accomplish. Even once, when they wanted to see what the other could muster, and Aura beseeched the Dream of a great bear and empowered herself with the gift of

Ysera, she could only match Miyuki's immense brawn, bolstered by the radiant might of her spirit, for a few moments before the pandaren wrestled her to the ground.

Aura knew Miyuki admired strength. Her eyes glittered and she became dreamy whenever she talked about Chen Stormstout, she had caught her wife eyeing the odd Tauren on occasion, and she heard of the fiasco with the old war horse of a Gilnean who trained the new Guard recruits, injuring himself trying to impress the monk. On their wedding day, Miyuki carried *her* across the threshold, because she couldn't manage it. It was always the pandaren that got to be playful when feeling randy, sweeping her wife off her feet and carrying her to bed. Aura could admit to herself how much she liked to be carried in her wife's thick, soft, but powerful arms, and knew full well that Miyuki would like to know the same experience. She shook her head. It wasn't fair. Just as the thought occurred to her, she stuffed that one away, too. Life generally wasn't fair. And if she really cared, she'd find a way. She'd pay the price and make it happen. The worgen sighed and looked up at the bloodstained sky. It simply surprised her that such a small gesture had gotten under her skin that much.

The druid continued looking up into the scorched twilight of evening, only occasionally glancing back to the ground to watch where she was going. The clouds streaked up and crashed over the mountain ridge to the east, creating long tendrils that looked like fire stretching across the sky in the sunset. The purple glow of the sky and the higher clouds above them created a sharp contrast. The sky faded as she looked to home and dimmed into inky blue, the feathery fingers of the setting sun trying to keep feeling the horizon to the last moment before it must let go and yield to the night.

Her estate loomed up, and she saw smoke rising from the building. But there was a little more than usual, more than could be explained by stoves and hearths. The extra trail of smoke seemed to be coming from the back of the mansion. She circled around behind, approaching the gardens. Above the chorus of insects Aura could hear a faint, haunting melody, hollow and wooden. It sounded almost as though it echoed despite the lack of any nearby feature that would allow it to do so, drifting through the hedges like the sighing of wind. It was beautiful and melancholy, stirring deep thoughts and strange feelings as it flowed up and down through alien modes, tones not unpleasant to the ear but too exotic to fit her expectations of how music should sound.

As the worgen reached the rear terrace, she saw the source of the smoke. Miyuki had set a large fire in a bronze pit she hadn't seen previously. The pandaren sat on a heavy wooden bench nearby, eyes hooded as she played on an instrument that appeared to be little more than the base of a bamboo stalk, the bottom end flared and carved appealingly and with holes drilled into it to control the pitch. She was dressed less than usual, her usual harness in place, but the only other garment she wore were simple charcoal colored silk pants with a simple leather belt. The fabric only just reached her knees. It looked loose and comfortable, designed for great amounts of movement and activity. She casually approached up to her wife, listening to her music. The monk slowly moved as she played, swaying and flexing her core as the notes flowed out. Her meditation wavered and she turned to Aura as she came close. Miyuki stopped and pulled the shakuhachi from her lips but Aura quickly gestured silently for her to continue. The pandaren smiled and resumed her performance.

Aura stood and watched. There was something different about the way Miyuki looked. Perhaps it was because she had never seen her illuminated only by a raging bonfire. No, it wasn't just that... Her hair wasn't as straight as it normally was. There were rogue strands here and there that refused to join the others, dancing as she shifted and when caressed by the gentlest

breeze. Her fur also bristled slightly, appearing as though she had gotten completely wet earlier. The harsh, flickering light of the flame cut hard lines of shadow across her features, making her seem more jagged than usual. The contrast made every contour of Miyuki's body seem so much sharper. The worgen walked to her side. She glanced at the bench and decided, with how tired she was, she wanted something with back support, and improvised. She laid her back on the bench beside Miyuki and then neatly sat on the ground next to her legs, leaning back against the seat and her lover.

She remained quiet, listening to the drifting tones of the bamboo flute. Everything about it was so different than the music of Azeroth. She could recognize certain notes, certainly, but the resonance was so exotic, a foreign music coming from an instrument carved from a non-native plant from a remote corner of the world. It looked old; it may even have come from the Wandering Isle. Aside from her accent and cooking, there wasn't much about Miyuki that particularly stuck out as a flag reminding Aura that she wasn't from these lands. While it wasn't as though she forgot, the pandaren had acclimated to her life in the Kingdom of Stormwind well enough that it was not something that readily came to mind. She leaned her head against Miyuki's knee. She could feel the muscles rhythmically tense and relax as the monk balanced herself through her motions. They felt like the waves of the sea, slow but powerful. Her verdant eyes drifted to the fire and gazed into it.

Aura quickly became lost in the music, the warmth from the flame and from Miyuki's body. She wrapped an arm around the back of Miyuki's legs and watched the searching tongues, rising high into the air above her. The wood popped and snapped and a log fell, a burst of embers soaring up. Her eyes focused for a moment. She thought they looked like birds, the way they fluttered and spiraled around the column of smoke. They faded just as quickly as they appeared. Her mind wandered. She thought of her day, recalling its mostly dull events with little interest, but she lingered on Leorajh and Janne briefly. She banished it once more. Jealousy did not become her. There was...something else, something she wanted to ponder while she had this quiet moment, but it didn't seem to be worth the effort. She breathed deeply, smelling the sweet smoke, the acrid metal, the faint musk trapped in Miyuki's fur under a lair of her flowery perfume, but it was all underpinned by earth and soil. That wasn't a strange scent to be on her love, nor to find in the gardens, but it was surprisingly strong. Its heady aroma made her calm, and she let more of her weight slide onto Miyuki. Yet still her leg didn't shift from it. It felt so solid, like the trunk of a mighty tree. The pandaren leaned again, her meditation resuming. Aura rose from the slow tension of the muscles, pushing her upright before relaxing once more.

She turned, lupine eyes coming into focus gradually, and watched Miyuki. Her dense fur and soft padding, from food and motherhood, covered her beautifully, filling out her body and making everything curve and arc, round shapes to every part of her figure that called out to Aura. But the firelight caught and highlighted the muscle under it to appear defined as she hadn't seen since they first met. With Miyuki's arms flexed, holding the flute, her biceps made her arms seem so thick. For a brief moment, Aura thought it must be almost as broad as her thigh. Miyuki wasn't that big, was she? She gingerly reached up, fingertips gracing the red fur. The pandaren's eyes fluttered briefly but she continued as though not bothered. Aura felt the dense cords of power there, wound up and ready whenever Miyuki called upon it. She had seen the bear unleash enormous strength, and felt it on a few occasions, but knew it came not just from an impressive physique but also her Chi, the very vitality of her spirit. She wondered whether it was something she had to will forth, or if she had to fight to contain it. It seemed to come so

effortlessly when she displayed her might, perhaps it was the latter. Her fingers traced the bulging shape, firm underneath the plush flesh atop it. She dropped her hand down to her side and turned back to the fire, resting her head against Miyuki's thigh. The flames rolled and bent, dancing one way and another. It almost seemed to move in time with the melody, spiraling through the air as if the notes themselves were made purely visible in the tongues. A sudden, rising scale sounded, and the fire leapt up and spread to match the pandaren's flute. There, Aura saw with certainty the great wings of a crane fly open and soar into the air, head held high, singing with Miyuki's song.

The crane dissolved into a great plume of smoke that continued its rapid ascension. The music ended, relative silence fell in around them, the chorus of insects and the crackling of the fire filling the background. Aura looked up at Miyuki. She gazed back down, and warm and loving smile on her face. The shakuhachi rested at her other side, and with her nearer hand she caressed Aura's head.

"Had a good day at work, dear?"

Aura smiled and returned to the flame. "Well enough. I am just glad to be home. It promises to be a quiet weekend, and I think for once I would rather like that."

"Aww," Miyuki beamed, "Just want to spend some quiet time with your five little loves?"

Aura relaxed between the pandaren's paw and leg. "Maybe... I cannot truly recall the last time I did not actually have work to get done over the weekend." A tingle began to flow down the back of her neck as Miyuki's claws gently found their way to the base of her ear on her scalp. "And how was your day?" she said through the mounting haze.

"Quite fun! We began endurance training today. I have to wonder if the trials I'm giving them are unfair for...ah...non-pandaren. No, certainly the Draenei should be able to handle it. Anyway, it's no different than what I had to do: plough, as the beasts of burden. I'm putting them in teams to start, but once they start getting comfortable they'll be on their own. I may have gotten a little excited showing off to them, letting them know my request wasn't impossible."

Aura felt herself drift a little towards sleep. She felt quite warm, but not oppressively so. Miyuki's touch was so soft, so comfortable, and she had known for over a year now that she made a wonderful pillow to sleep on. Her thigh was no different. Yet under it she could feel the ever present power, still and unshakable as the earth. As she sat there, growing drowsy simply by how calm she felt, the back of her mind mused how Miyuki had such an easier time getting their children to sleep than she had. Previously, she thought it had to be some special, intimate link between mother and child that she simply lacked. Now, she suspected it may be something different, something simpler. She felt so content in the pandaren's sweet embrace, but also safe, sensing the strength of her limbs, the determined movements of her fingers. Here the troubles of the outside world vanished and Miyuki was a shelter against all that would ail her, seek to harm her. It would be so easy to rest, she just needed to stop trying to focus, fall asleep. Wait, no, that would be rude. What was Miyuki saying?

"-so once that was all set up, I simply charged off ahead of them. I ran backwards just to watch the astonished look on their little faces. Unfortunately, I wasn't paying attention to where I was walking, and brilliant lady that I am my paw slipped across a rock and I nearly fell flat on my back. I don't know if they suspected that's what happened...I think they were just scared that I started crawling, claws digging into the earth, and pulling the plough even faster."

"Hmm...is that why you smell like soil?"

“Yes,” Miyuki said with a bashful giggle, “I went and bathed afterwards in the creek but I guess some of it lingered.” She gave a playful scratch at Aura’s ear. “Some of us don’t have razor sharp noses, though.”

The worgen shivered. “Well, you certainly have had an eventful day, then!” Her ear twitched at the sound of approaching feet and both of the women turned to face a young woman in plain dark work clothes walk up to them.

“Ma’am,” she said politely, curtsying to her employers, “You wanted me to fetch you when the soup was done simmering.”

“Oh!” Miyuki perked up, “Yes, I did. Thank you!” She kept a supporting hand on Aura’s shoulder as she rose to keep her from falling back, then offered to help her up.

Aura looked up, taking in the imposing figure Miyuki presented from that angle. But still she lacked any sharp angles, nothing but smooth and inviting curves and a warm smile. She took the outstretched hands and was pulled to her feet with sudden force. Miyuki let go and wrapped her arms around Aura, hugging her close and planting a kiss on her cheek.

“There, you had that coming since you came home!”

Aura felt flushed being almost swept off her feet like that, surrounded in Miyuki’s loving embrace. She grinned and returned the affection. As they parted, the worgen took Miyuki by the arm, picked up her jacket from the bench, and they went inside. The excitement starting to fade, Aura’s thoughts wandered back to Janne and Leorajh. Did she have the strength to do even that much for her wife? She didn’t think so. She never believed she’d be one to face feelings of inadequacy. That was new, and not a welcome feeling.

The couple made their way to the kitchen, where they were greeted with the smell of spices, herbs, and savory meat. Miyuki bid Aura to sit at the table and she walked up to the open hearth, a large kettle suspended over it by a heavy chain and hook. She picked up a thick cloth and removed it from the flames, carrying it to a stone slab topped counter and placing it down. A few stirs and a taste test later, Miyuki declared it was ready.

“I hope you don’t mind,” she said, carrying over a large bowl and one for more realistic portion sizes full of the stew, “But after how much I exerted myself I only wanted to make something simple.”

Aura looked down at the normal-sized dish placed before her. What was this, Miyuki had tried a different recipe? Typically she avoided anything that wasn’t Pandaren as she didn’t feel confident in her abilities with it, which Aura always felt was a ridiculous concern. It was a hearty dish, full of vegetables of so many varieties, potatoes, and diced sausage.

“Miyuki, you are not capable of making a disappointing meal,” she said, reaching for her spoon.

The pandaren stopped in the middle of sprinkling cheese on top of hers. “Oh, I don’t know about that. Accidents happen.”

“Not in your kitchen.”

Miyuki snorted, “Just because you don’t see me make mistakes because I kick you out doesn’t mean they’re not happening.”

Aura grinned and finished cooling off the spoonful she had suspended over the food. She tasted it. It was a bit too spicy for her tastes. She debated sharing that with Miyuki. It was certainly good, just not how she’d prefer to have it.

“Mmmm...it’s too hot, isn’t it?” Miyuki asked.

The worgen paused. Well, if she already suspected it... “I still like it very much, but I think next time it could use to have less spice to it, certainly.”

Miyuki made another couple spoonsful vanish. “Bah, I should just stick with Pandaren cuisine.”

“No, no! This is quite good. You just need to keep at it. It is far better than anything I could ever make.”

Miyuki sucked in and bit her lips, cheeks swelling with a smile as she choked down laughter. Aura rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t help but smile herself. Not long after they met, Aura tried returning the favor of Miyuki’s cooking, considering the Pandaren kept refusing to let the help cook for them, and it had gone...poorly.

“You know what I mean,” she said, not wanting to leave silence hanging before the bear had a fit of giggles.

Miyuki cleared her throat, and dug in again, trying and utterly failing to hide her mirth. After another moment, she said, “Yes, I do, Aura, I do.” An occasional laugh punctuated her words. She took a deep breath and sighed. “If I care about it, and...yes, I do, I’ll find a way to make it work. I’ll put in the dedication it requires. I can’t pretend Azeroth never ate food before our people came along.” She went to take another bite, but a thought came to her and she added, “Even if ours is still the best.”

Miyuki’s words stirred in Aura, made her think of her own earlier thoughts. Did this issue really bother Aura as much as it was currently, or was it just the concern of an evening? No, that would be absurd. And shameful to feel such envy for friends, or inadequate compared to her spouse. Certainly, then, just a thorn in her side for the evening, it would pass. But if it was temporary, perhaps a temporary solution was in order. Yes, that could work. She knew there were alchemical solutions that could increase the imbiber’s strength for a time, and it wouldn’t be as though the two of them had never made use of their talents for less academic reasons. She had never attempted to make something like that; her expertise in poultices and elixirs had primarily been for medicines. It would take some research.

“Miyuki,” Aura ventured, “Would you object if I excused myself early? I need to do some work in my lab.”

“Oh.” It was a flat response, no emotion behind it at all. “No, that would be fine.” It would be a matter-of-fact tone coming from anyone else. Out of Miyuki’s mouth, though, it felt saturated with disappointment. “You have hardly eaten. Do you want me to refill your bowl before you go?”

“No, this is plenty, thank you. I will take it to the study with me.” She rose from her seat. “Thank you, for a lovely supper.” She leaned forward to kiss Miyuki, who leaned her head back to help accept it and return it herself. “I love you, dear.”

The worgen’s study was organized much like her own mind. Everything was neatly organized, books alphabetized, herbs and other alchemical ingredients sorted by type, with neat labels on their containers of contents and date they were placed so she knew when to replace them. There was another hearth in this room, and flanking it on either side was a pair of sturdy work tables, each having a full set of utensils and apparatuses to produce alchemical compounds. The left was setup for potions and medicines, the right for transmutation. The equipment on the right was strange, foreign to her. She had even less experience with the latter than what she was about to attempt, but Miyuki had some talent with it. The Pandaren tools on it looked borderline magic with all the artistic shapes and flowing scripts written on them, but she had long since had proven that was not the case.

On the far side of the room was another table, much smaller and more elegantly carved with a number of chairs tucked under its edge, and in the two corners were luxurious sitting

chairs. She placed her bowl down on the table and went to the hearth, kindling a fire to prepare for her labor. She let the wood burn and returned to the table, eating some more of the stew. Perhaps the fact that she started multitasking was good. It meant she wouldn't get as much spice at a time.

Aura browsed the bookshelves looking for titles that would help her. Where to begin? The Alliance had made such elixirs, but not often. Perhaps some dwarven alchemy? She shook her head. The Horde would most likely have much better recipes. One shelf after another, she found she was woefully lacking in such information. She glanced across the room to the one, modest shelf Miyuki had for herself, the only space of chaos in the room. It held more strange tools, statuettes that Aura was dubious of their necessity in alchemy, but for whatever reason Miyuki's art truly did not function without, incense burners, and so on. Perhaps the pandaren was correct, that what she did was not science but another aspect of the Mists. It wasn't too farfetched, she simply had never heard of such a thing. She eyed the monk's alchemical journal. Surely she would have some Horde recipes.

The worgen carefully pulled it from the shelf. The cover was bound in soft, delicate leather, dyed into a rich shade of green, and stamped with an impression of Yu'lon the Jade Serpent. Underneath it was a bold Mogu symbol, one she was able to recognize, for "Transformation." Aura still struggled with the language. It was poetic language, words piled with layer upon layer of meaning and inference depending on context, suggested ideas and tones to each word. In Common, there could be one word serving to translate to a few dozen Mogu words, yet none of them meant precisely the same thing. This one suggested not merely changing of forms, but to take a step closer to perfection, perfection through change, the drive to transcendence. It was a nice sentiment. She couldn't imagine how complex Pandaren had to be. The mostly-lost language, according to her wife, had even more complex nuances.

Aura reverently opened the book, looked at a few pages, and swore under her breath. It wasn't surprising, but everything was in Mogu. Even the latest entries weren't in a language with which she was fluent. There was not a scrap of Orcish, even in the margins. Indeed, the margins only held ink illustrations of wild places, animals, pandaren paw prints, flowers, natural elements, and strange shapes she couldn't place. She had tried learning Mogu from the monk, and was doing well, but it was just too difficult a language to master with any speed, and this was too delicate an operation to be willing to risk butchering any instructions. Worse, as she looked at the pages, she had trouble seeing just how this was supposed to be a book on alchemy. There were no lists or step-by-step instructions. It was mostly...poetry. Did she have the wrong book? No, Aura was certain this was the book Miyuki referenced when practicing her craft. How in the Light's name did the pandaren use this? She would have to admire its ornate nature another time. She sighed and replaced it on the shelf. The worgen supposed she could ask Miyuki for help. Her pride suddenly swelled in her throat. No, she could do this herself, and she reasoned her wife would likely tell her she didn't need to do it in the first place. She had made up her mind, and she would handle it.

She paced back and forth in front of her shelves once more. Where to start, where to start... Her eye kept getting caught on a bright, crimson volume with gaudy gold leaf decorations on the spine. She pulled it off and looked at the cover: "A Practical Historie of the High Elfs." The tome was old, far older than her, but preserved quite well. The pages inside felt young despite the fact it was easily a century old. The author was a blood elf, though considering when the book was written she supposed he would have called himself a high elf at the time. She suspected the book was enchanted to resist aging. The diction was decadently

precious, and was written in a dialect of Common that likely wasn't being used for another couple centuries prior to its creation. The latter may not have been deliberate, it was a frequent problem she had found with elves of both kinds when working with humans, but the former certainly was. The work was dripping with condescension and self-congratulatory overtones, clearly assuming the absolute supremacy of Quel'thalas and the disdain the author felt for sullyng his people's history by writing it in an inferior language. She was about to replace it, her mental itch scratched now that she looked over the red book that stood out among the others, when she had an idea. Quel'thalas had been at war with the Amani Empire several times over the centuries, and troll raids were common at the edges of their land even outside of the Troll Wars. Further, the Amani berserkers were infamous throughout Azeroth, fighting with such savage fury that their tales were known far and wide. And moreover, the elves had stolen their magic on countless occasions. Sometimes they weren't able to work out exactly how it functioned, something the trolls would refer to simply as "mojo," but they were still able to replicate it almost without fail. Did they ever take any of their potions?

Aura placed down the book next to her rapidly emptying bowl and retrieved a dictionary. Her own vocabulary was peerless by most standards, but when facing the work of a centuries old elf using a dead version of her language while intentionally making it was difficult to read as possible, she was not ashamed to know she might need help. She took a seat and promptly started working her way through the tome to find the information she sought.

It occurred to her as she flipped through the aged pages she probably ought to attempt to read the whole text at some point. It would be a monumental task, but considering how much it discussed the Burning Legion, the schism between the Night Elves and High Elves, the origin of the Sunwell, and the founding of Quel'thalas, it would certainly be useful information with which to have some sort of familiarity. The book was full of diagrams, sketches, sigils, runes, and other examples of what was described in related passages. She started growing disheartened as she progressed through its pages and had yet to find anything related to alchemy. While she knew the blood elves had a predilection for enchanting, she didn't think the entire book would be dedicated to it. Her concern only grew as she made it through the Troll Wars and still hadn't seen anything relevant to her interests. Did she miss it, perhaps? She was skimming quite quickly, it was certainly possible. Towards the end, she found her first alchemical recipe, but it was only a special antidote for the poison some of the trolls were applying to their weapons. At a little more than halfway, she started seeing diagrams of Amani ziggurats, various fetishes and totems. It looked like archaeological research into the ruins of the old empire. She felt a little ill reading what the elves had done to the trolls' remains. Hated enemies or not, tearing through their tombs and desecrating their dead just to find more magic felt wrong. But then, these *were* the mana addicts, after all, elves and especially mages who were constantly seeking new power, new sources to feed their cravings.

After sorting through a long, openly derogatory treatise on the Zandalari concept of "mojo," she finally found a series of recipes the elves had successfully reconstructed. She felt her heart begin to speed in excitement. And there it was: a potion of berserk strength. She read the notes carefully, flipping back and forth between books to make sure she understood it clearly. Her translation was probably a little rough, but she made out:

"Perhaps the most infamous aspect of the Amani is their brute nature brought to bear in battle, relying on the fevered ferocity of madmen bent on their own destruction to unleash their bloodthirst on their foes. The berserkers can achieve feats of strength most would consider impossible, even with their disfigured, hulking bodies. Through our own experimentation with

these elixirs, it would seem the urge to strike out with ever-greater rage as the battle continued was innate to the trolls, not a part of the potion itself. However caution is still recommended, as the full application of these chemicals is not fully understood, as their methods of warfare are beneath our refined craft, and simple, mindless strength does not win the day. What is known is that while this will allow the imbiber to share in that improbable strength, the stresses on the body are still borne as normal. For trolls, with their loathsome regeneration, this is of little concern, but for civilized people great care must be taken not to injure oneself.”

Aura could have done without the condescension, but this was certainly what she was looking for. She reread the warning, that her body would still feel the stress of whatever she was doing normally. The worgen took one final bite of her food as she pondered the consequences. There was a good chance when the potion faded she would have a few pulled muscles. But that might be if she was lucky. Could she seriously hurt herself? That was definitely a possibility, though between her talents and Miyuki’s it would be unlikely to be anything permanent. If she kept her head, though, and didn’t try anything stupid to show off, she ought to be fine. It didn’t take much longer to make up her mind.

At once she began moving about the room, collecting ingredients from containers as specified by the recipe. She brought over to her mortar and ground them expertly, the dried flowers and roots turning to dust easily. The mushroom did not grind so smoothly, instead turning more into a paste that she carefully added to the others in a small pot. She returned to the directions one more time, skeptical as to the recommendation of a base. Shaking her head, Aura picked up her dishes and left the room. She thought of other alternatives, in case she missed anything. The only other idea that came to mind, while it certainly had its appeals, was not particularly viable. She remembered the strange Fox Goddess deep in Stranglethorn, how her milk had changed Aura’s body exactly as she’d want now. But such long trips were not practical at this point, between work and being a new parent, and Miyuki would essentially need to come with her, as the effects of the strange life-giving magic was brief at best for her, and the milk lost its own power quickly. A cold, analytical thought reminded her it would work better if she stayed and Miyuki went to receive the goddess’ blessing, but it was quickly silenced. She would never suggest her love should leave their children.

Arriving in the kitchen, she deposited her dishes to be cleaned, noting Miyuki was absent, and continued down to the cellar. Through the larder and passed the long rows of wine racks, she reached a miniature distillery, young beers quietly being conditioned in their casks while a new batch fermented beside it. She looked at the labels, hoping to find something already tapped she could use. Aura still didn’t share Miyuki’s taste for beer. It’s not that it was *bad*, necessarily, especially the fruitier and lighter brews the pandaren favored, but she simply preferred other spirits if she was going to drink. While she had essentially stopped drinking since becoming a mother, Miyuki continued to brew and share her craft with others, or as rewards to her students for greatly surpassing expectations in her class. She even got the occasional request from a tavern in the city. After giving birth, she slowly began to incorporate alcohol back into her diet, albeit very, very small amounts, and at that only rarely.

As luck would have it, there was indeed a small keg with its spigot gleaming in the half-light of the cellar, the oil lamp on the ceiling dimly flickering and making the polished steel shimmer. Aura helped herself, pouring out a mug. The liquid was very pale and bright. In curiosity, she brought it up to her nose and sniffed, immediately smelling wheat and hops. As the softer tones came through, she found strawberries underneath it, and slowly afterwards the alcohol. She took a tentative sip. It was a crisp, light brew, and either its sweet flavor covered

the alcohol, or there wasn't much in it in the first place. Knowing Miyuki and her current situation, it was quite possibly the latter. She took another, longer drink, and found it was indeed to her liking. She would have to seek forgiveness later if Miyuki was upset she'd be using some for alchemy. She refilled the mug and returned to the lab.

The final ingredient gathered, Aura excitedly poured everything together into the brewing pot and stirred, making sure the whole mixture was properly set. She placed it over heat and retrieved one final ingredient, which made her stomach churn a little to think she'd be about to consume it. She ground apart the dried remains of some carrion beetles and waited while her mix came to a boil. To spend time wisely, she made a list of what she had used and where to go to restock the ones that were running low. The worgen grimaced when she noted she had gotten the beetles from a Forsaken apothecary, and her imagination conjured the morbid scene of the apothecary merely picking them from his own body to sell. It was highly unlikely to be the case, she hoped, though probable alternative sources weren't much better. Perhaps it would be wiser to get more on her own, striking out into the woods to find animal carrion to pick from.

Aura dumped the gray dust of the beetle's carapaces into a large cup and raised the pot away from the fire a little while it continued to reduce. It wouldn't be much longer now. Her snout wrinkled as she got close to the pot. It didn't smell great, but she didn't feel surprised by it. Considering its origin, it was unlikely to be pleasant unless by happenstance. Time passed, and the brewing finished she quickly poured the simmering liquid into the waiting cup. It hissed and foamed up upon contact, releasing a plume of yellow vapor that smelled like a cross between rotting wood and bitter medicine. She watched the steam continue to rise off of it as it cooled, thinking to herself that if Miyuki would be upset about using her beer as a base, it would only be because she turned it into something so offensive to the nose, and probably to the palate as well. She read the notes one more time from beginning to end, ensuring she had done everything correctly. It seemed so, and only had to drink it without burning herself. She picked it up and swirled it in her hands. It thickened a little more as she did so. It no longer felt scalding through the glass.

"To my health," she said with some trepidation in her voice to the empty room.

Aura upended the glass and drank quickly. Her mouth tried closing around the liquid, her tongue telling her to spit it out immediately. It tasted even worse, but she willed herself through it and finished the elixir quickly. Without thought, she pounded the glass down on the table in front of her and waited. Her stomach gurgled and protested of the foul liquid. She didn't make it wrong, did she? Was this normal? In answer to her questions, her muscles started burning and were racked with rhythmic spasms. She closed her eyes and braced herself against the solid wood of the table, panting to keep calm and focused. Her hide prickled and she felt her clothes grow tight. Her heart pounded, and the drumbeat and rushing of blood filled her ears. Under it she was just aware she was heavily panting. Just as it reached a fever pitch and she felt like she'd drown in the heat and roar of her blood, it suddenly stopped all at once. The following silence made her ears ring. She straightened again, legs a little shaky, and looked herself over. Her muscles rippled with even the slightest motion, demonstrating the raw power held within. They still felt hot, almost achy, but it wasn't from exertion. She felt a *need* to use her strength. Her body felt too light, and when she took a cautious step back from the table she felt as though she was bouncing on the balls of her feet.

Aura walked out into the hall and around the corner to examine herself more closely, almost having to relearn how to walk as she practically skipped across the floor. She gasped, seeing the physique of the woman in the mirror. She no longer had the willowy but toned figure

of an adventurer, given to wandering but only the occasional fight. The fibers of her muscles stood out against her skin, bulkier than before, but still slim. The wiry build looked more like a long time veteran, or perhaps a farmhand, someone who had spent their every waking hour exerting themselves to their limits. Aura smiled as another realization came to her. She looked like one of Miyuki's students, drilled to the breaking point six days a week. She rather liked the look. She struck a pose, flexing a little to see how her body moved. She thought it most impressive, not something she'd want long term, but she certainly liked what she saw. Aura tried another angle and suddenly heard a hook in her skirt snap from the strain of trying to contain her larger form. She cursed and quickly grabbed at her waist before it fell to the ground. Didn't that figure? She slowly let go, feeling it catch on her hips and thighs. At least it could still do its job. And besides, if she had her way she soon wouldn't be wearing anything at all. Time to find Miyuki...

Aura walked away, trying to think of where her wife could be. A quick, hopeful peek in the bedroom was met with no success. She proceeded to the parlor and found the pandaren stretched out across a chaise longue, a small book held up to the light of the adjacent lamp to read. She paused, looking over Miyuki, a spark of desire growing as she eyed her curves, her hip rising like a veritable mountain above the seat. The pandaren was gently paddling her feet as she read, matching the beat of some music in her head, toes flexing and relaxing in time with the movement of her paws. Miyuki's nearest ear twitched in Aura's direction when she entered.

"Everything alright dear?" she asked without looking up from the pages, "I hope your research went well."

"You tell me," the worgen answered in a deep, sultry tone.

Miyuki's brow knitted and she closed the book as she turned to look. Her eyes widened and she gasped, teeth flashing in a smile. "Aura, look at you!" She carelessly tossed the paperback onto the side table and turned a little more to see her better, waist flexing and making her body twist with alluring flexibility.

The worgen closed the gap quickly, and without preamble swooped down to her. She locked lips with her, tongue passionately meeting with Miyuki's. The pandaren melted into her embrace, her hand gliding across the Aura's shoulder to the back of her neck to hold her close. After a while longer they parted, both a little breathless.

"Now," Miyuki said, tone excited, "What's all this about?"

"It's high time I properly make a woman out of you," Aura said, arms sliding under Miyuki's knees and behind her shoulder. The pandaren simply gave an, "Oh!" and hung her arms from Aura's neck, letting her work. The worgen braced herself and lifted, muscles working to raise the bear up and carry her off. And she faltered... Stars above, how heavy was she?

Miyuki slipped from her grasp and flopped back onto lounge chair with a giggle. Her hands followed the shape of Aura's shoulders as she dropped, and her claws accidentally raked their way across the worgen's hide. It hurt, though it was not enough to draw blood...and it felt *good*. She started feeling hot, heart speeding up slightly. She almost missed it when the panda said, "Here, that wasn't the best angle for you. Let me get on my back, okay?"

Aura looked down as Miyuki moved, rolling slightly. Her knees bent upward and her back arched slightly, making her breasts rise in a way that had Aura thinking about the lovely things she wanted to do to them. The pandaren's grin never faded, and she stretched out her hands like an invitation to join her in a sweet embrace. Aura took in a breath and tried once more, making sure to lift more with her legs. That time, she succeeded. Miyuki felt lighter somehow, but perhaps it was her imagination.

Aura opened her mouth to speak but was interrupted by the pandaren returning the earlier favor. She closed so hard it almost made their teeth hurt, and when they parted Miyuki purred, "So what are you going to do to me?" The wolfish grin she received made her shiver with anticipation. She was quickly carried away and up the stairs, still giddy with joy of being carried by another and the excitement of the night to come. She ran a hand down Aura's arm, feeling the tense fibers underneath.

"Hmm...I don't know what you did, but I like it..."

"It was all for you, my love."

Aura turned sideways to bring Miyuki through the door, who obligingly curled into Aura's breast to make it easier for them. She placed her down gently on the bed and crawled in beside her. She unbuckled Miyuki's harness and pulled the straps away, watching her breasts fall into view with delight. No matter how many times she saw it, it never got old. Her eyes would widen and shine with desire each time, like opening a chest to behold the treasures within. While some part of her felt a bit shallow for it, her love for Miyuki's bosom had only increased with its size after becoming a mother, the soft flesh always warm and giving a siren's call to partake. If she wanted it, with a word it would be all for her, and oh how she wanted it now.

Miyuki reached up, attempting to encourage Aura to remove her top as well, but she took the pandaren's wrists in one hand and pinned them to the bed above her head. She gasped again, and settled into the role Aura was suggesting for her at once. She relaxed, stretched back her head, and puffed out her chest, baring as much of her body to Aura as she could at once in an offer for her to take whatever she wanted. Her jade eyes burned, intensely locked onto Aura's as they surveyed her body, trying to pick where to begin.

The worgen leaned in, pushing her muzzle to the pandaren's ear, nipping playfully at it and growling. She gasped and cooed in response, exposing her throat to the wolf. Miyuki's heart pounded, and Aura obliged her, accepting her submission, and promptly bit down on her neck. She cried out in pleasure, gasping in the aftermath, her breath already growing hot. Aura released her, and her lips graced the tender hide where her teeth had left their mark. Miyuki's skin held against the wolfish teeth, but the bite felt warm, flaring hot when she inhaled, and dully radiated outwards. Another low, guttural growl resonated from Aura's chest, but it carried the tone of satisfaction and dominance rather than threat. Miyuki shivered as the trail of kisses spread downwards, across her collar bone, and to her heart, her skin tingling all the way down. Her tail flopped onto the bed a couple times in agitation, and she squirmed a little beneath Aura's weight. She bit her lip, and Aura could see her nipples beginning to harden.

With such ample targets drawing attention to themselves, it would be a shame to ignore the opportunity. The backs of Aura's fingers brushed Miyuki's cheek, then their tips slowly drifted along the same path her lips had, on the opposite side. Her sharp claws pressed with just enough force to make it through the pandaren's heavy coat, and their passing made Miyuki draw a shuddering breath. She intoned wordlessly, voice high, as Aura's claws traced along the plump breast beneath them, taking a nipple between her fingers and teasing it with a gentle tug. At the same time, her long, flat tongue reached down and flicked coyly across the other one. Miyuki's toes curled. She tried to bring a hand to her mouth to stifle another cry, but Aura held her fast, making her writhe and have no choice but to embrace her mounting pleasure. The worgen continued to play with the firm nubs of delicate, pink flesh, slowly darkening from arousal, and as her lover warmed up more she became more energetic in her action. She took the breast fully into her hand. She paused only long enough to note, with the same satisfaction she felt every time she did so, that even in spite of her large paws it was still not enough to hold all Miyuki had

to offer her in both hands at once, let alone one. She kneaded the pillow, plush and warm under the pads that stuck through her fur. She latched onto the nipple left waiting before her mouth. Her darting tongue toyed with it once more, and she sucked on the thumb-sized teat. Already she could taste the sweet cream held within them.

Miyuki's thighs closed hard around Aura's knees, almost knocking her off her balance. The pandaren bit her lip and struggled to stifle a whimper of ecstasy. She felt herself growing hot, her loins aflame with need, to feel Aura's touch. She squirmed once more, legs shifting in a fruitless attempt to mollify her growing desire. Honey began to wet her silk shorts, and soon after the musk filled Aura's keen nose. She let go of the nipple, taking a deep, shaking breath and resting her head against Miyuki's breast. That scent was always so intoxicating to her. Perhaps it was because it was connected to a pile of happy memories, from their first meeting to the night they conceived their children to many, many occasions of lewd delight with Miyuki's thighs straddling her head. She felt her panties pinch uncomfortably as they strained to contain her growing cock. The worgen rose to her knees, gazing down at the pandaren. Miyuki looked back at her, hands still unmoved where Aura had held them. Her breast rose and fell energetically, excitement stirring within her.

Aura slid back to the foot of the bed and her claws seized the waist of Miyuki's shorts, earning her a gasp. "Oh, Aura! Careful!" she giggled, rolling and shifting to help her wife finish disrobing her. As was so often the case, Miyuki wore nothing under them. Her sex smelled even stronger, now that it was exposed to the open air. Aura chewed her lip for a moment, looking over all that was there, entirely for her to satisfy any desire that came to her. She absentmindedly turned the damp cloth in her hands.

Miyuki gave her an alluring smile. "Aww, what's wrong, dear? Did I make you forget what you were doing next?"

Aura flushed. "No, nothing like that, I was just admiring the most beautiful woman in all of Azeroth."

It was Miyuki's turn to avert her eyes, cheeks hot under her fur. Her tail twitched flopped on the mattress once more. A foot playfully tapped Aura's thigh, "Oh, you flatterer."

The worgen grinned and stepped off onto the bed. "Stay right here." She turned and stepped away to take off her too-tight clothing. She realized she was still holding Miyuki's pants. She looked over her shoulder, seeing she was being watched by a captive audience. She brought it up to her nose and sniffed deeply, Miyuki's scent rich in the fabric. Her member stirred, once more reminding her of its discomfort. Aura stripped posthaste, hanging her clothes from the handle of the nearby wardrobe.

The bed behind her creaked and she heard the click of Miyuki's claws hitting the wooden floor. She spun on the balls of her feet in time to see the pandaren pounce on her. The force of it shoved Aura back into the wall, but was cushioned as Miyuki's arms covered her shoulders and legs curled around her hips. On reflex, she reached out and grabbed hold of the wonderful, full rear the pandaren had, claws sinking into the cheeks.

"I don't think you fully know how long I've wanted to do this," Miyuki growled.

Were she not just as worked up, Aura might have felt a flicker of fear from having such a formidable woman tell her that after tackling and pinning her in place. Sure, that fear would normally be swept away by bravado and a firm sense of challenge, but instead it only ignited the desire she already felt. Miyuki flexed her legs and levered herself up from Aura's shoulders, making a small gap between their hips. The worgen realized what she was suggesting and grinned wickedly. She took a hand and slid it between them, taking her erect shaft in hand and

guiding it into position. The tip slipped along Miyuki's lips, and the pandaren breathed hard through her nose. She relaxed slowly, feeling herself filled bit by bit as she lowered herself back down. She placed her forehead against Aura's, exhaling as she finished taking her full length within her. She fit so perfectly inside her. Aura still remembered just how tight it felt the first time they had sex, though Miyuki less so. There was no other proper word for it, how primal their need was, but since then the pandaren had shown a capacity for love and tenderness that Aura had little experience with previously. Now, through their frequent evenings spent in intimate embrace, Aura's endowment was no longer pushing the limit of what Miyuki could comfortably handle. That patience had been well worth it. They kissed once more and Miyuki began to grind against Aura. The motion started subtle, just a rocking of her hips back and forth, but it began to spread across her poised body. Her control was incredible, and Aura watched marveling at the strength and coordination in her core to move in waves like that. Miyuki dropped her head and shoulders back, hair clearing away and exposing her breasts to Aura. She hummed contentedly, and looked back into Aura's eyes, the fire rekindled in them.

She got a firmer grip on Aura's shoulders and hips and began to lightly bounce against her, picking up the pace and intensity. The worgen grabbed firmly at Miyuki's rear, claws digging in harder. The pandaren moaned, high and breathy, but only increased her pace. As she rose, her breasts plunged into Aura's face over and over. The worgen bit down around a nipple, and Miyuki squeezed her tight with a cry, pulling her even closer into her bosom.

She released her, and asked, "Was that too hard?"

Miyuki quickly shook her head, eyes unopened. "Do it again."

She did so, a hand moving to the back of her head and keeping her from pulling away again. Aura's teeth gently squeezed the delicate flesh and she began to suck on them, receiving small trickles of milk for her effort, but her actions were too rough to get much more. That was fine. Right now, she was filled with lust, white hot, and she could think of little else than waves of pleasure radiating away from her cock as the weight of the panda thrust into her hips again and again. Her thighs burned from the effort of holding both of them up, though some distant part of her was vaguely aware it must be nothing compared to what Miyuki was exerting. Aura's brow knit, and she broke away to catch her breath, cream dribbling idly away now that Aura wasn't drinking it down. Miyuki released her vice grip on her head, returning her arms to the worgen's shoulders to get better leverage, though still she held her love close, the white fur pressed against her muzzle with each stroke. Tension built in Aura's loins, unable to maintain herself for much longer. She threw her head back and added a cry to Miyuki's as she spilled her seed up and into the pandaren. Miyuki maintained her rhythm, coaxing more out of Aura, but it was clear she was getting tired from her labor.

Miyuki slumped slightly, panting. Aura's legs were shaking now, between exhaustion and fighting to remain standing after her orgasm, but she quickly carried her over to the bed where they both collapsed into it. They lay there, panting and gasping, a tangled mess of limbs and fur and wild hair. It took only moments for Miyuki's breath to recover, and while she still felt drained, Aura's legs stopped hurting soon after as well. The pandaren smiled and pecked Aura on the nose.

"Oh, you're not done yet, right?"

Aura grinned. "Not until you are, though I may need a little time. Would you like me to..." she licked her lips, "Service you, my dear?"

Miyuki hummed and pondered that, eyes flipping up as she thought. She pushed away from Aura and rolled onto her belly. She brought her knees under her and stretched out, catlike,

with her round derriere high and exposed. “Why don’t you put those strong arms to use?” she said, slapping an exposed cheek.

Aura took a moment to answer. Her eyes distracted her, watching the quiver that resulted from Miyuki’s strong invitation. She grinned. “Oh, yes...I think I can do that.”

The worgen threw her legs over the side of the bed and went around to the end of it, walking slowly and taking in the pandaren’s figure. The thick red and brown tail was raised high over Miyuki’s back, waving back and forth above her in complement with the teasing shaking of her hips. She smirked, pleased at the sight of Aura’s enraptured expression.

When trying to be romantic, Aura would make suggestion that what caught her attention about Miyuki were her glittering eyes or her sweet voice or contagious laughter. Those were all true things, and certainly reasons to love the pandaren, but if she was being honest with herself Aura knew what it was that made her want to bed Miyuki in the first place. And there it was, bared and held before her in all its glory, only rounder and fuller compared to when they first met. She knew Miyuki had tried working off some of the baby fat from her pregnancy, and while she thought it was never her place to suggest it, Aura was delighted to find out that neither of them wanted all of it gone. The bright red fur bristled slightly as Miyuki stretched. Aura saw her pussy still dripped some of her semen. There was something satisfying about seeing it there, even if she did not intend any conception to happen tonight, and it made her heart swell with pride knowing how much her wife enjoyed the warmth of her seed filling her.

Aura placed her hands on Miyuki’s cheeks, taking a moment to rub and squeeze them. She took a deep breath and smiled, pleased. She affectionately slapped them a couple times with each hand. There was no real force behind it, she more just wanted to watch them jiggle from the shock. Her hands roamed up to Miyuki’s hips and she grabbed them momentarily, her fingers perfectly hooking onto the bone as though they were perfect handholds. She tugged once, making the pandaren slide a little closer and sigh happily. The worgen grinned wickedly. That was enough time surveying what she had to work with.

She smacked it, the strike sounding loud in the room and was immediately punctuated by Miyuki’s gasp. She spanked Miyuki a few more times, getting rough in her handling, concluding one with a firm grasp, digging her fingers into the supple rump.

“Harder.”

“I’m sorry?”

The pandaren looked over her shoulder. “Harder. You’re holding back.”

Aura smiled and did as she was bidden. She repositioned herself onto the bed, to Miyuki’s side to get some better leverage. She pulled back her arm and put her shoulder into it. It just occurred to her, from this perspective, how little it did to move the bear. She did it once more, giving some attention to the other cheek.

“Harder.”

Aura furrowed her brow and did so.

“Harder!”

“I do not want to harm you...”

“You won’t, Aura, trust me. Now, please, stop holding back and spank me as hard as you can.”

There was something about her words that lit a feral spark within her. Perhaps it was the request, the simple addition of “please,” that made her *want* to give everything she had. She leaned over to Miyuki’s ear, her hand trailing up her spine and gripping the base of her neck.

“As you wish.” She squeezed her hand once, claws leaving pinpricks of sensation, and she straightened up again.

Miyuki drew a shuddering breath and braced herself. Aura could see her muscles ripple and prepare themselves for the blow. She wound up and turned, putting all her core behind it. The blow rocked Miyuki forward on her knees and made her cry out. She did it again and Miyuki dropped her head down, hands balling into fists and clutching the sheet in her grasp. Again and again she did so, earning small cries and squeaks. Miyuki felt the rhythm build up, her mind reeling as the shock of each slap slammed through her. Her nerves didn’t have time to fully recover between each swat of Aura’s hand, and her flesh felt warm, tingling from the unrelenting wave. She bit her lip and drew her arms in, letting her weight rest on the bed. She wasn’t sure how long her wife kept it up, but suddenly it ended. Her legs felt rubbery, and the dull stinging sensation in her rump pulsed sorely with each heartbeat. She turned her head over to look at Aura, though she didn’t bother lifting herself back up.

“You stopped,” she commented weakly, smiling softly.

Aura was massaging her hands and forearms, clenching and relaxing her fingers, in an attempt to loosen the protesting muscles in her arms. “Yes, I am sorry, my hands started hurting.” She looked back at Miyuki and returned the gentle smile. “My dear, I love you, and never want you to change, but you are quite heavy.”

Miyuki chuckled, “The more for you to love!”

Aura looked her up and down once more, pleased with the view. “Always.” Her brow furrowed and jaw set, feeling pain spreading from her arms across her shoulders and trickling down through her back and legs. She swayed on her knees a little and, realizing what was happening, she quickly lay down beside Miyuki before her body up and quit on her. She came to rest on her back and took a deep breath, wincing slightly as her back informed her it would appreciate nothing more than complete stillness from her.

“I suppose it is time I tell you how I did this,” she ventured, voice somewhat strained. Miyuki got to her own knees, frowning, looking worried from the sight of her wife in growing discomfort. “I brewed a potion I found that is of Amani origin. It worked quite well, but has the drawback that when it wears off I will feel the full burden of whatever I did while under its influence.”

Miyuki shook her said, “Oh, Aura, you should have told me.”

“I know,” she said, nodding in agreement. Her neck promised mutiny if she tried something like that again. “I know, I should have, but I wanted it to be a surprise. I know you never truly get the chance to have someone else be the strong one, and I wanted to give you that opportunity.”

The pandaren’s expression, smitten and worried and thankful all at once, made Aura’s heart swell in her chest. “I can’t say I don’t appreciate it, tonight was very, very fun, but you make it sound like I feel bad about getting to throw you over my shoulder when I’m feeling randy.”

Aura grinned. “Yes, but I wanted you to know what that was like.”

The pandaren leaned her head back and sighed wistfully. “Yes, it was...” she gave a pleased hum, “Very nice.” She turned back to Aura, growing serious again, “But hurting yourself for that was not wise.”

“I will get your permission the next time I do that, then.”

“No, Aura, I wanted you to tell me because I have a far better recipe for that, about done brewing right now in fact.”

“You are? I did not see anything in the lab...”

“No, it’s in a beer. It’s not very strong, you’d have to get almost drunk to still lift me like you did, but-”

She couldn’t help but interrupt. “In a *beer*?”

“Yes, Pandaren Alechemy!” Miyuki said with a boastful tone.

Aura blinked, expression wrought with disbelief. She stared at the ceiling. “I could have just had a drink with you...” she said softly.

“Ah, but now you’re in bed until you get all better!” Miyuki straddled Aura and bent over her, bracing herself on the bed so as to keep from hurting Aura further, and kissed her.

“And who better to care for you when you do something dumb like that?”

The worgen smiled ruefully. “Indeed. No one could be more fortunate than to have you to nurse them back to health.” She could feel some of the heat coming off of Miyuki, below her, and felt embarrassed. “But, I am sorry it seems I worked you up without being able to finish.” Having Miyuki over her like that was quite a sight itself, but it was made all the more intense to feel her arousal radiating away from her like that. Her cock stirred, wanting to complete the deed. “This spirit is willing, my dear, but my flesh is weak.”

“Why don’t I start you on the road to recovery now, hmm? Just relax and enjoy yourself.”

Miyuki reached behind her and pulled the heirloom hair sticks from her head and laid them aside. She unraveled the silk band holding the rest of it in place and it showered down across her shoulders. She shook her head and cleared it, putting everything to her back. It was something Aura had seen her do many times. There was something calming about the way her rich brown locks tumbled away when she did so. Her motions were always slow, calm, and deliberate, flowing like a stream, and it was relaxing to see. Then again, by now it could just as easily have become a mental association, that if Miyuki was letting her hair down, it meant they were about to go to bed, and she would have the pleasure of cuddling up within the great bear’s soft embrace.

Miyuki tied the cloth around the sticks and placed them on the pillow beside Aura’s to put away properly later. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, releasing it slowly. She did so again, a strong inhale and slow exhale. Once more she breathed, and Aura could feel her skin start to tingle, especially where Miyuki touched her. The pandaren got to her knees and gently took Aura’s member in her hand, guiding it carefully to the warm lips that waited to receive it. All her actions were so careful, so smooth, with a liquid grace that spoke of the attention to Aura’s sore body. But further, it whispered of the meditative focus Miyuki was building. She sat down once more, easing Aura’s cock inside her, and as she did so her exhale changed as she made sweet, wordless sounds. The tingling washed through the worgen’s body potently, dazzling her senses and making her flesh feel more sensitive than she could ever recall, though at the moment the euphoria she felt made it hard for her to do much more than lie there in vacant bliss.

Miyuki’s hands reached forward, fingertips spreading on Aura’s abdomen, and she massaged the muscles there. Faint puffs of green, swirling vapor, like wisps of incense, sparkled and glowed as they drifted from the monk’s hands and sank into her wife’s sore frame. Aura shivered at the cool, rejuvenating touch of Miyuki’s magic. The pandaren began to slowly grind her hips, the motion syncing with her breathing and the strokes of her hands. Despite the calm inside Miyuki’s mind, her spirit began to burn, subtly aware through the invocation of her Chi, her own soul mingling with Aura’s, how close she felt. She had never tried using the Mists like

this before, but it added a layer of intimacy she had never considered. It allowed her to feel Aura not just with her hands, see her with her eyes, but truly sense the raw person beneath her, their love for each other made plainer to her than even the written word saying so. Her heart beat harder, and she reached further forward, hands gliding across Aura's flanks and up to her chest. The pandaren closed her eyes, shutting out all sensations to her but what her heart told her. She pressed her hands to Aura's chest. Distantly, she could feel the warm comfort of her breasts, but her heartbeat felt strong as a drum through her touch. Her brow creased, able to sense the pain Aura felt as though it was her own. Miyuki's deft hands caressed Aura's body, never stopping the rhythmic rocking of her hips, as she sought out every abused muscle fiber.

Aura shuddered, the pain vanishing under the touch of Miyuki's spirit reaching out to her own. She opened her eyes and blurrily focused them on her love. Her breathing was heavy, worked like the bellows on a forge, eyes screwed up tight in concentration. And yet her motion seemed akin to a ceremonial dance. The shimmer of the mists twisted about her, lacing through sinew and bone and put her to rest, though she could still feel the sore tension under it, her discomfort muted rather than eliminated. However all of that paled in comparison with the electric sensations spreading into her core. She grasped tightly at the bed beneath her, her breathing rising as wave after wave of pleasure shook her. Miyuki's own eyes opened, jade irises still shining with the power she had called forth. She smiled, attention distracted, and she hummed with satisfaction.

"I hope you're feeling better," she said breathily, her pace beginning to quicken.

"Oh, yes," Aura tried to answer, but it caught in her mouth and she simply intoned with pleasure, coming out as a moan.

The pandaren's grin widened. She repositioned her legs and gyrated her broad, curvy hips, now kneading her own breasts. Her back straightened and her head dropped forward, delighted gasps escaping her as her fingers gently pulled her nipples. She brought her hips back and leaned forward, hands dropping to either side of Aura, and she started bouncing on Aura's cock as she felt herself build closer to her climax. The worgen tensed, mind still clouded from the earlier magic that had coursed through her, and found herself racing to her own, second orgasm. Restraining herself was an exercise in futility. Between her exhaustion and the intensity of Miyuki's touch, all the desire in the world to hold out was fruitless. Her back arched and she voiced her ecstasy. Miyuki inhaled sharply as Aura's hot seed once more shot into her, filling her deep inside. The pandaren maintained her pace, her cries coming out shortly thereafter. Her body quivered, muscles beginning to loosen and turn to rubber as the pleasure crashed through her. Her hips bucked with each wave, sending aftershocks through both of them.

Miyuki stayed atop Aura as they both caught their breath. The pandaren felt like she was glowing, the heat radiating from her core where her nerves still flashed sensitively, feeling the thick warmth within her and slowly trickling out. The sensation of the magic Miyuki had used to sooth Aura's body mixed with her own tingling pleasure and left her dazed, feeling little more than her breathing and racing heart. After uncounted time, Miyuki got off Aura and crawled up beside her. She placed her hairsticks on the adjacent table and then simply relaxed, letting her haze clear and her body recover. Their fingers intertwined. Miyuki stroked the back of Aura's hand idly, greatly pleased with how deep Aura was in a drunken bliss. A few minutes later, the pandaren got up and went to clean herself off, returning with a damp cloth and towel to do the same for Aura. A bath would've been a better idea, for both of them, but Miyuki believed they were both far too tired to care for such a thing at the moment. Tomorrow, then, she'd take Aura

to the secluded patch of the river she'd found under the canopy of a vast willow, the same place she often went to relax after a hard day of training, so they could both get clean and escape the summer's intense warmth.

That settled, Miyuki returned to her place on the bed, straightening the bottom sheet first where it had been pulled up in their excitement. Aura opened her eyes as she did so. She was alert now, it seemed.

"There, don't you feel better?"

Aura laughed, low and husky, "Oh, you have no idea how much you have done for me." She turned to look at Miyuki, but her head mostly just flopped to the side. "My muscles all feel like they melted."

The pandaren nodded curtly. "I loosened everything up for you. It'll still be a few days before all the pain goes away, but this should help. And Aura?"

"Hmm?"

"Next time, please ask me for help." She beamed.

The worgen grinned. "Oh, very well. I suppose having a few drinks with you before more uproarious sex is a small price I will have to pay in the future."

"How will you *ever* manage to deal with that?"

She laughed. "I will find a way, I am sure."

They lay still, losing themselves in each other's eyes. Miyuki's hand found Aura's again and she brought it up between them, resting her lips against their knuckles. Aura started to yawn suddenly. She brought her other hand to her mouth but winced as her shoulder reminded her the kind of strain it had taken not long before.

"I think," she said, "It may be time to get to sleep."

Miyuki looked her over. "You still seem a little sore."

"I am," she admitted, noting some of the dull aches returning as the Mists stopped anesthetizing her, "But it is nothing serious."

The pandaren frowned. "No, come here." She rolled to her side and pulled Aura towards her, being careful in her motions not to exacerbate any of Aura's pain. She turned to the Worgen onto her side as well.

"Miyuki, really, I am fine."

"Oh, hush, let me care for you," she replied, tone playful. She held Aura close and brought her breast to Aura's mouth. "Go ahead, dear," she whispered, "Take as much as you'd like, and get some rest."

Aura was about to politely decline, worried that Miyuki may not have enough to feed their children when they inevitably woke up in the middle of the night, but opening her mouth was only answered with a teat being pushed into it.

"Relax, Aura. Drink. Sleep," Miyuki said firmly.

Put that way, how could she refuse? She curled up a little in Miyuki's embrace and began to suckle from her wife's breast, the rich milk tasting sweet and earthy, bearing the hints of Miyuki's diet, rich in fruits, vegetables, and various teas. Her eyes closed and she took slow, calm breath through her nose. Aura thought she had felt like liquid before, but she had not considered Miyuki would do this. She melted against the pandaren, who only held her tighter, her large arms wrapped around her as her head rested in an elbow. A meandering thread of consciousness tried reflecting on and wrapping up the day's events. Her last thought before sleep claimed her was how strong Miyuki's arms felt, how safe she felt there. Perhaps it didn't matter, as Miyuki said; they loved each other all the same. Her mouth slackened and the nipple

slipped from her lips, a bead of cream upon it. Miyuki smiled weakly, feeling sleepy herself. She kissed Aura's forehead and let go of the tension and focus in her shoulders, eyes closing gently to wander into dreams.