

Nature Magic

By: Wisty

Wisty pulled his helmet off, tucking it up under his arm as he approached the small hut in the forest's clearing. Casting his gaze around, taking in the sights, he simply sighed quietly; why did she always have to bring him out here. He was a paladin, not a scientist, or a magician, or whatever she called herself. But she said she needed help, and well, what could he do besides accept the call.

He ignored the fact that she was pretty cute as a driving motivation anyways. The dragon, quite an anomaly here in this region, shook his head once more as he walked forward, his plated greaves rustling with each step; had he not been fully garbed in his tin-can armor, he could have been pretty stealthy too. At least, as stealthy as a two-and-a-half meter dragon could be, anyways. He closed his eyes, sighing quietly. The area was calm; what could she possibly have needed him for? There wasn't a single aura in range that even had a trace of maliciousness; just the tauren's own powerful one coming from the shack. If this was another attempt at getting him to "donate," he was going to be quite upset.

He approached slowly, his footsteps still cautious as the druid was known to be a little eccentric and place traps all around her home; at least, the last time he visited her home in the capital, he ended up head first in an overgrown fly trap; terrifying as it was, it was also incredibly ineffective; but with more nature here, he could only imagine the traps that she could set. "Idej?" He called quietly, his voice surprisingly soft and delicate for someone so large and imposing. Twigs crackled under foot, his chestplate creaking a little as he hunched forward to avoid a low hanging branch.

As he passed underneath it, he felt his skin bristle with energy. He looked up at the branch, noticing a faint blue aura around it. A ward. That sneaky, cheeky cow! He ducked extra low, chuckling to himself as he avoided triggering it; being a ward, it likely wouldn't do more than simply alert her to his presence and maybe impede his movement just a bit, but nothing too terribly dangerous.

At least that's what he thought.

He stood up fully once past the low hanging branches, starting to take his first step forward with a confident stride, quite pleased in outwitting the druid. However, he should have known better that, fully plated as he was, he'd missed the second ward right below the first. He only fully realized his folly as he tried to step forward and instead found the soft, muddy ground rushing to greet him, face first, his legs refusing to move. Wisty landed with a splatter in the mud, his heavy suit of armor making quite the impact and clattering commotion. He managed a quick, angry curses before he heard the sweet playful laughter coming from just a few meters away. "You never learn, do you?"

The dragon struggled to push himself up, slipping around in the mud. He spluttered, coughing up that thick gooey mixture as he looked up and back at his feet, unsurprised to find a pair of tree roots entwined around his lower legs now, trapping him in place. "You'd think that calling a paladin out to a private cottage in the middle of Fuck-all Woods would require very little security. Especially when you're

expecting him and you can tell when he's coming."

"Come now, cutie. Don't you think I knew you were going to do that anyways. You may be kind hearted," she said, crouching down and rubbing two of her fingers along his legs, the roots receding, "but that doesn't make you anything but an easy target to play with."

"I have half a mind to just turn back now." Wisty threatened playfully, grunting as those vines squeezed around his legs quite tightly.

"Now," the tauren began slowly, pushing her hair out of her eyes as she smiled, standing slowly over him and peering down at him, giving the dragon quite the up-dress view; it was... oddly discomfoting to see that she still preferred the minimalistic approach to clothing, but only because she put him to shame. "That wouldn't be a wise choice. I mean, you're technically trespassing in my domain and well, I am sure you didn't bring the invitation. I could always call in the guard for assistance, but I think that might be more desirable to you than what I could do." She said with a playful wink before blowing him a kiss. "Come on, let's get you inside, you gorgeous thing you. You're just too cute when you're angry."

She snapped her fingers and the vines returned to the ground completely now, freeing his legs. He staggered to his feet, wiping the slime and mud from his armor the best he could. Thankfully, he had enough foresight to not wear his fine, ceremonial armor that he typically wore as one of the elite guard; otherwise it would have been quite the pain in the ass to deal with the cleaning. He shook out his helmet, a few globs of mud splattering the ground with a wet splort, the dragon almost losing his balance once again. "Come on, let's get inside. You're going to be a danger to yourself out here if I leave you be."

"Well, maybe you can at least tell me when you decided to bring me here? Your correspondence just said you required my assistance, but didn't elaborate. I'll have you know I was actually a little worried about you." He said, placing his helmet on the front of the cottage's veranda. It was a surprisingly nice little house for being out in the middle of the woods. "It's not often you get a message from someone who's purportedly put themselves into exile, and especially so when the message is worded so cryptically."

"Oh? That? Hah, sorry, I was in such an excited rush to send it off I suppose I may have been a little ambiguous." She said, motioning for him to turn around, her eyes glittering softly in the amber light filtering through the canopy. "I'll explain in a few, but yes I needed you. Or any other paladin. Or anyone who's not a mass murderer, really. But I'd rather have the help of someone I trust not to tell what I've been working on out here. And," She said, flashing him a grin while her large, flat nose flared a little, "I know that no matter how hard pressed and angry you are, you'll keep a secret. So honorable!" She cooed, drawing her arms together in front of her as if she were going to swoon, squishing those tits together as the dragon watched her bat her large eyes endearingly.

She was right, however. She'd known him since he was young... well, much younger than he was now, and he'd never managed to stay mad at her regardless of how much she tricked him. Shaking his

head, he growled quietly, undoing the fastens for his armor; it was much easier with her helping, the tauren being surprisingly dexterous with only three fingers. "Fine, I suppose you have a point. You don't have anything to drink do you? It's kinda warm in this armor despite it being pretty cool outside."

Her eyes lit up as she nodded, helping him pull off his breastplate and pauldrons, setting those to the side as well. "Of course. I mean, it's kept in the icebox under the house, and it's still kinda warm, but it's preserved enough. Though I suppose I could always get you something... fresher... to drink?" She crooned, batting her eyes at him once again, causing the dragon to flush. Such a tease she was; at least her time in exile hadn't changed the tauren he'd come to know.

"I think I can help you work through your stores, Idej. I don't need the special treatment." He muttered quietly, glancing over her slowly. She really hadn't aged at all since he'd last seen her; she was still gorgeous, curvaceous too, her separated skirt-dress-robe and the wraps that barely confined that ample chest accenting her frame perfectly. Her horns were decked out with a few more carvings, and her hair was still a wild brown tangle that somehow managed to frame her soft, delicate-featured face perfectly. But most importantly, her eyes still glistened a soft gold with intelligence, mischief and intrigue that they always had. No, she'd always been crazy, but it was surprising how much more sane she seemed here than in the city. Must be something about nature. The dragon caught himself, dragging his eyes away from the creamy-furred midriff, flushing just a little; he'd not wanted to stare too much, though she still had no modesty; what should have been simply a respectable bulge between her legs was a distracting thickness; the drake knew her well enough to know that, even when alone she'd still flaunt her frame. Her pride was hardly lacking despite being of such a humble profession.

He swallowed once more, watching her nod and turn on her hooves, the footsteps causing a soft click to resound through the cottage. "Ever hungry, you lewd beast. Don't think I don't see you eyeing me. I must admit, and if I may be so candid to do so, that's another part of the reason why I called you here. I wan-"

"I told you I'm not going to let you make a chimera using my seed!" The dragon started angrily, stepping back slightly.

"Oh, don't be silly. That idea wouldn't have worked anyways. Though you mean to tell me you didn't like the prospect of having such a wild essence drained from you for a few days so I had enough sample to do my experiments?" She crooned quietly, giving a playful moo-chuckle as she turned and backed down the ladder to the cellar.

Wisty gulped, shaking his head before bending down to take off his greaves and boots, finally out of that muddy armor. Thankfully he'd had a tunic on underneath the armor so that had taken the brunt of the dirt; he'd simply be able to rinse his armor and reseal it to prevent rust and that would clean it good enough. He looked around the sparsely filled room, noticing only a chair, a table, a stool and some books in the corner, but really little else. What could she have been doing here all this time.

"Anyway, what is it you wanted?" the drake said, looking over his snow-white frame, his scales still surprisingly clean. Only his face needed cleaned, really.

Her thumping hoof-steps resounded through the cottage once more as she made her way up the ladder. She'd began to speak, but the dragon only caught the latter bits of it over the din she was making. "...transformative properties. I've tried testing it on some plants, and I've gotten decent, temporary results, but I need someone and something that can communicate to ensure..."

"Wait, you want me to be a transformative subject? That's why you called me here?"

Sighing quietly, Idej simply walked around and put a hand on his snout. "No, listen to me. Well, Yes. I do, but see, I've worked it out to the point where I can do it reproducably, but only on myself. The results are always temporary, so I've noticed. I want to see if I can extend my transformative powers to those around me. Polymorphing, you know. You would be surprised how many times people have looked at the birds, and even other druids with stronger powers than mine enviously, simply because they can't embrace the wilds quite like we can." She smiled, walking over to her table and pulled off a cup, pouring some of what seemed to be milk - Wisty wasn't going to ask - into it and handing it over to him. "But, if you're willing to help me make this successful, I'll promise you a portion of the proceeds.

The dragon took the cup slowly and sniffed it. Softly scented, earthy, but still fresh. It was nice and thick too, creamy. He flushed as he looked back at the tauren, a little uncomfortable to see her watching him so intently... but he was parched. He tipped the glass and sipped it, almost coughing from just how rich it was. And from how she giggled, he could only guess that she'd given him some of her milk. The taste was unforgettable.

He walked over to the table and set the cup down, sighing quietly under his breath. "You know I'm part of the elite guard, right? I don't need any money."

"No one said it had to be money. Money would be a part of it, sure. But being able to slip out. No commanding officers to report to, utter freedom to fly wherever you want. Swimming underwater as a fish with no cares at all. That's what I can offer if this is successful. I just need some help." She all but purred to him, the dragon grunting quietly, only suddenly becoming aware of just how close she was.

Swallowing another gulp of her milk, the dragon nodded slowly. He sat there in silence for a minute, feeling her hands trail up around his neck, those fingers lacing together behind it as the tauren - a little smaller than him - all but clung to him. "Say you'll do it. For me?"

Sighing, a little in exasperation and a little from frustration as she all but whined for him. He was a pushover for her and she knew it. He knew it. She knew the answer was going to be yes before she'd even asked the question. Closing his eyes, the drake nodded and pushed his snout against hers, giving that wide nose a small kiss. "Fine. What do I have to do?" It wasn't like he'd made a three-day's trip out here just to say no anyways.

Idej's face lit up as if she'd just been given a great gift; really, he supposed, she had, since she was getting to tinker with magics that were theoretically possible, but hadn't really been perfected to any real degree yet. She could be famous! She returned the kiss with a soft moo, spinning on her hoof before motioning to the door. "Well, the challenge is quite simple, really. I've managed to make a

potions base and with a little fanagling, I've managed to infuse it with my own essence to where it works pretty reproducible. All I need you to do, however, is to imbibe it and tell me what you feel and let me observe you." Her face took a more eager, but serious visage as she continued. "You will have to be naked, stud, as I need to ensure that you'll not have any adverse effects or what I call 'chimeration;' when I had first started conducting these tests on the plants, they would exhibit only partial growths or transformations, which, if you're trying to breathe underwater as a fish, would be quite bad. I hope you don't mind..." She said with a quiet moo, her hands lifting the front of his tunic, "being put on display for magic?"

Wisty rolled his eyes. He should have known that this lewd cow would want to see him naked; nearly every time she got her hands on him she somehow needed a reason for him to not have his clothes on. He should have considered it flattering, but considering that she'd explicitly told him that she had no romantic interest in him, it felt a little strange for the supposedly "pure" creature. He shrugged, shaking his head a little before turning around. "Alright then," He started slowly, "I just need to chuck a tonic and wait?"

The tauren nodded slowly, her lips parting in a grin. "Of course. It's really quite that simple. Now, since you're already quite large and I've noticed an increase in size, it's probably best that we do this test outside." She murmured quietly, walking to the other side of the room and gesturing toward the door. "I would hate for you to destroy my new home, even if it is in the name of discovery."

The drake nodded quietly, getting up to his feet, his claws clacking against the wooden floors. He flexed gently and stretched, joints crackling a little as they were finally getting used to not being taxed by that heavy armor. Padding toward the door, Wisty gave a soft smile. "Alright then. That sounds easy enough to me. So right outside?"

"Mhm, there's a small clearing a few meters away behind the house. I'll be there in just a second."

Wisty nodded once more, turning on his heel. He downed his milk in a single gulp, setting the glass back down on the table before padding toward the door. His tail flicked behind him, dragging against the ground as he stepped out the door.

The cold air hit his chest and face, making him shiver just a little. It had been a while since he'd really ever been without his armor outdoors; that, coupled with his recent dip into the mudpit had made the air quite cold on his face and chest, making him shiver just a little. He inhaled, the air surprisingly fresh, devoid of the stink and filth he was accustomed to in the capitol. He took a few more moments to appreciate the location - it was surprisingly relaxing - before stepping out into the clearing.

The ground was soft beneath his feet, the cool wet soil squishing up between his toes. He wiggled them as he walked, smiling quietly as he walked through the small line of trees dividing the clearing from her cottage. as he stepped through, he noticed a small stump carved into the shape of what appeared to be a bench. No, it was too smooth, he thought. It couldn't have been carved; knowing Idej, it was likely grown into such a shape. Sometimes he never really understood her magics; but then

again he only understood his own after years of practice and study.

Taking the cue, he walked over to the stump and drug his claws along the smoothed wood. This definitely did not have the makings of a carved piece, considering how smooth yet natural the wood looked. Unless he'd managed to also take up work as an expert woodcrafter as well in her free time. He knew Idej was talented, but her ambitions were hardly so restrained as to tinker with woodcrafting. Sighing quietly, simply reached down to the bottom of his jerkin, lifting it slowly, the cool air brushing along his scales and making him shiver just a little.

"OH, that looks nice. You've been working harder since I last saw you, haven't you?" He heard that soft voice coming from behind him, the dragon flushing a little; he would have worried just how long she'd been watching, but then he realized that he hadn't really done anything just yet. He had no reason to be embarrassed. Besides, she'd soon get to see much more of him. Perhaps it was that hungry purr with which she said those words, but something made the dragon shift with slight discomfort.

"Don't get used to it." He teased, tossing his tunic to the side. He reached down and unfastened the cord that he'd used as a tie for his leggings; normally the dragon didn't concern himself with a belt or anything formal unless he really needed to put on a good show. Though from the way those golden eyes devoured his frames, he couldn't help but feel like he was the show. 'Uh... yeah. So... Now what?"

Idej walked closer, giving a quiet moo, the sound enough to make the drake blush; even more so when those fingers danced across his chest and pushed against it gently. "Just sit down and relax. I'm not sure how stable you'll be during the transformation, so I think it's best if you sit." She said, giving a soft push against his snout. More, however, was how she'd positioned herself to get leverage over the drake. It was hard to protest with his face all but stuffed between those massive mammaries, and from the eager breaths and chuckles coming from the tauren, this was surely more than intentional.

Flushing, Wisty kicked his leggings away from his feet, nodding softly and giving a slow swallow, dislodging his face from that bosom just long enough to realize how warm the female had been. Even for a spring day, she was quite fiery to the touch, making the drake shift a little uncomfortably. "That's it. Just like that. Now," he heard her start slowly, reaching into her satchel and bringing out a small blue vial. "This is a simple tincture. It should transform you into something mammalian. This is more for visual confirmation than anything, you understand." She smiled, using two of her fingers to gently grip the bottom of his chin and lift his head slowly upward. "Now be a darling and close your eyes and open your mouth?"

He'd had to lean back a little, bracing himself against the smooth wooden bench with his hands, the female's weight all but pushing him off balance. The dragon shifted slowly, gulping heavily as he became all too aware of her body pressed flush against his own, that heat so very noticeable now, compounded with the lack of visual input. He could feel her warm breath against his face, the dragon's pulse quickening, his wrists itching a little.

Pausing, the dragon thought for just a moment. Wrists itching? He'd opened his mouth to ask a question, only to feel a cold and thick goop pushing into his maw. He coughed and sputtered, surprised

by the feeling of that warm hand pressing against the bottom of his chin, holding his mouth mostly closed. He gulped again, this time from surprise as he felt a warm pair of lips pressing against his own, sealing him with her scent. More disturbing to the dragon, however, was that thick tongue pushing into his maw after he'd swallowed a few more times, making him grunt and squirm, trying to reach up and push the female off of him...

...but he couldn't move! His eyes flashed open, staring deep into those golden orbs of the tauren, the dragon struggling a little against her weight. She giggled, surely feeling his struggles against her frame, as she broke the kiss. "I hope you don't mind, dear. I needed to make sure that you wouldn't reject the potion. It's really quite a foul tasting thing." She smiled, leaning back, all but sitting in the drake's lap as that itching crept up along his arms a little further, keeping him firmly pinned in place. As he glanced down to his arms, he could see a thick swathe of tendrils creeping up along his arms, forming a full-arm restraint against him. His ankles began to itch soon afterword, leaving the drake with little doubt that she'd gotten more than a little creative with this setup. He really should have known better. "It's really for your own good too, considering that I've never actually tested this on a living creature before. Well. plants don't really count as autonomous beings, you know. I need to make sure that you don't... react adversely to it."

She giggled and moaned, shifting slowly in his lap, the dragon's body quite warm against hers, having siphoned some of her heat as well as grown warmer from her attentions. "No romantic interest my ass." He grunted under his breath, his throat and lips burning now, his entire body tingling gently from that kiss. "Any more passionate and I'd swear you were trying to court me!" The drake said with a soft tease, squirming as best he could; not that the squirming helped his predicament any as he felt her growing warmer in his lap. Of course, the more he squirmed, the more he felt her generous endowments grinding across his lap, and the more that those heavy nuts were played with, the warmer she would get. He'd be on fire soon enough if she didn't get up.

"Oh, don't worry about that dear. You see, I've noticed that it works better if you have something to seal the species. Mmph, you already consumed a little of my milk earlier." She said, giggling as she watched him flush brighter - there was no way he didn't know that, but he was surprised she openly admitted it. "And I didn't think you'd wanted to have something else sealing it." She said with a purr, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. He felt his legs being pulled out from under him, forcing the dragon to recline with his legs out, all but laying beneath the tauren, put on full display.

Though it was probably for the best that she forced him to recline since that fire welling within his body was enough to make him gasp audibly, his body jerking just a bit as if trying to shake off that fire. He gasped and panted, his chest rising and falling quickly now, breathing in her scent while feeling that warm body grinding against him. He shivered a little and groaned, his skin tingling.

"Just relax hon. It'll be alright, Wisty." Idej crooned softly. "You just need to not fight it, I think. It shouldn't be painful."

"Not painful... just..." He gasped, panting as that warm blood pulsed through him. He groaned quietly, his entire body utterly sensitive to every single touch and motion against him, making him gasp.

The tauren nodded and crooned affectionately, pushing her hands along his chest, the dragon gasping as he felt skin beginning to tingle, the sensation spreading all along his body. He flushed a slightly darker color. He whimpered, watching those scales on his chest begin to part. Wisty flushed even brighter, those scales separating a little more, his chest soon melting into a field of soft, short fur, the crests between his major scales spreading with a warm fire as he noticed a ridge blossoming between them. "Oh, poor thing. I can only imagine how uncomfortable this feels." She smiled and purred, the drake acutely aware of that warm hand trailing through that plush fur on his chest, the sensations of the fur being played with making him positively quiver. "How about I help you with some sensations you're more familiar with?"

He didn't have a chance to respond, or even protest, instead squirming under her as that other paw reached down and gave his crotch a grope, her lips pressing against his own, stifling any protests, her snout grinding against her own. He panted, feeling it pressing more firmly against his own, finally her snout pressing flush against his own thicker, flatter snout, her scent nice and warm.

Her hands continued to grope and grip at his junk, the dragon surprised not so much by her forwardness, but by the fact that he knew he wasn't hard yet, but he could feel her playing with his own massive length. Gasping quietly, he shivered, that tingling creeping down along his body more. His nostrils flared, feeling that shaft hardening in her grip, a soft rumble growing in his throat as he struggled against his restraints, jerking his hips upward into the female's warm ass. He flushed even brighter now as she broke the kiss.

"Mmmmmoooooooo!" He shuddered and blushed, his compliment not nearly coming out as he'd planned. He watched her shift back from him, standing up, her skirt tented a little from her own enjoyment. She smirked and looked him over, licking her lips while the dragon's body continued to tingle. He glanced down once more, giving another quiet "moo" of surprise.

His body was still changing, but by now he'd changed quite a bit. He was still chiseled like he had been, but his scales had faded completely now, instead replaced by a fine sea of plush, creamy brown fur. His chest and stomach had some nice, plush thick tufts of fur growing there, accenting his masculinity quite nicely before wrapping around his neck. At least, that's what he presumed had happened since, as she drug her fingers along his shoulders, he could feel that resistance of hair being tugged at.

His eyes continued further down his body, more intently focusing on his masculinity. It was quite impressive to see, considering that the dragon was already quite impressive; but even now, he could see his shaft fully exposed and not even that hard but already bigger than his dragon form's. His restraints creaked a little, his legs growing a little longer as his body continued to grow and adapt to the changes. "Don't worry, this should all be temporary." Idej muttered softly before reaching behind her, undoing her wraps. As that fabric unfurled from around her chest, he felt the sharp heat growing in his groin once more before finally peaking as those warm tits were finally freed. He shifted and whimpered a little more, mooing quietly as he tried to articulate his feeling and sensations, but unable to really do so with that much thicker, almost alien tongue taking up his broad snout.

Not that she really worried about what he had to say; she was far too intrigued and aroused, focused on preparing herself. "Mmmph you're quite stud though. I kinda figured you would be, which I must admit is why I picked you." She crooned, reaching down around her waist, shimmying from side to side as she slowly undid the clasp on the back of her skirt, making that lovely chest wobble and sway merely inches from his face. She stood up straight, undoing the clasps fully and letting that smooth fabric crumple down around her feet, showing off her own massive, thick, semi-hard cock. "You can't blame me, can you? You're a cutie alright, and quite a woman pleasure I'm sure. Now..." She rumbled quietly. "how about we break in your new body while it lasts?"

With that she stepped close once more, the dragon growling as the grips around his legs grew tighter, his thicker muscles bulging uncomfortably against the vines as he struggled. She placed her hands back on his shoulders before straddling his hips, her tail flicking idly behind her. The dragon tried to squirm under her, feeling her lewdly grinding those thick thighs against his hardening cock, making him gasp - her own smooth fur making his entire body pulse with an electric arousal, compounded by the sensation of those hot nuts pressing against his cock. He continued to harden, uttering out another soft moo as he tried to protest, gaining only a finger across his lips.

"Don't think about it. Just let it happen, gorgeous." She said with a soft purr before slowly lowering herself down against him. Those heavy, hot nuts drug along his cock, that thick broad cocktip of hers dragging along his soft furred chest, matting that plush fur with a smear of musky pre. That musk of her was powerful, so strong, thick, intoxicating. And so alluring! It tugged at his mind, filling him with a lewd desire, a need unlike anything the paladin had experienced in ages, long before he'd taken his training and oaths. He needed her, and from that fire lighting her beautiful golden eyes, she wanted him just as bad.

He shuddered and groaned, feeling his thick tip pressing against her warm fold tucked up under those nuts, the bull giving a soft, lewd moo. His cock had already begun to throb and leak with warm pre, smearing against those warm lips.

"That's a good boy, just like that. One more change, I think." Idej gasped quietly, her fingers dancing along his stomach. Those thick muscles pressing against her fingers easily, the fur receding. "Let's make you quite a fine specimen, hmm?"

Licking her lips, she leaned into the kiss, the warm sensations of those fingers lingering against his stomach, a warmth bubbling against the skin. More surprisingly, he felt that weight growing in his stomach, stealing a quick glance down at his stomach, pressed between those tits as he was. He grunted, seeing something soft and fleshy growing there, giving a soft squeaking moo of surprise.

"Don't worry too much. It's just an udder. Going to turn you into a nice heifer while I can. I've..." She blushed a little and kissed his snout again before giving a soft grind downward, sinking his thick cock into her warm pussy lips. "Mmmm! I've wanted to have some fun like this for some time, but I couldn't get it right. I'm glad you volunteered to help me. Promise me you won't tell?" She said with a soft gasp as she rocked her hips from side to side, slowly engulfing more of that massive cock in her warm snatch. "Now, how about I reward my stud with a little more of a taste?"

Idej grinned, leaning forward and hoisting one of her breasts up against his lips, pushing that nipple against his lip. She pushed against him slowly, forcing that warm breast to make a nice seal against his lips, the sensations of that warm maw around it already enough to cause a few droplets of milk to dribble into his maw. As he felt that warm cream drip into his maw, he felt his own stomach growing heavier and plusher, moaning quietly into that hot flesh. "That's it. Drink up. I'm.. eager to see if I can do more lewd things like well.." she purred, giving the first nipple of that udder a small squeeze, making the bull-turned-heifer pant and splatter a little pre into that hot sex.

She mooed quietly and rocked her hips so very gently working more and more of that impressive, tauren length into her warm folds. She bounced harder, her free breast swaying and jiggling with quickening bounce. "Don't... mmmooo, hold back on me, cutie."

Wisty couldn't hold back if he tried, not with that thick warmth swallowing around his cock; he would have been slightly embarrassed at how easy just a slow rock of her hips had gotten him so fired up, but she seemed more than pleased that the former drake was so easy to bring near the edge; almost as if that was what she'd wanted to begin with. He bit his lip, opening his mouth to try and protest, or even assure her that he couldn't hold back, but again all that escaped was another moo from around that thick, leaking nipple, which quickly deteriorated into a lustful groan as she soon sunk completely onto his warm cock.

Her hands pushed back against his chest fur, the male forced to gulp down more of her warm cream while pumping those warm folds full of his thick, fiery precum. He shuddered a little more as those warm hands tugged and brushed at his folds, the sheer sensory overload enough to push the bull completely over the edge.

His toes curled - or at least his muscled tensed as if he were curling his toes. His nuts, hot and heavy, even larger than hers, jerked a little and wobbled before clenching nice and close to his body while that massive length bulged visibly with that first thick load. He shuddered and arched his back upward completely, forming a nice seal against those pussy lips as he fired load after hot, thick load of fertile taurensunk right into that hot sex of hers.

She moaned and licked her lips, pushing back against that udder. Her paw rubbed down along her shaft, pushing it against that plush, warm flesh, gasping and mooing quietly as she rocked her hips even harder and faster against him. Her own warm pre had started to make quite a heavy mess of his chest, matting that thick plush fur while she milked those nuts of his dry. She closed her eyes and tipped her head back, her shock of brown hair shifting and swaying as she tossed her head to the side, fully embracing the almost feral, lewd pleasure that pulsed through her body.

Harder and faster, she bounced, that thick cock spreading and squishing against that warm udder, turning the bull's body into a modified toy all for herself. The fur of his chest continued to bristle against her fur, making her cock throb and pulse needily with each pass of her hips, her stomach bulging just a little from the sheer amount of spunk the bull had pumped into her. A quick grope of those nuts told her that she still had a few more minutes with the thankfully overproductive male before he'd be completely useless. Best to make the most of the time she still had.

Harder, faster, heavily she ground against that udder and chest, each pass making her groan and moo in delight. She felt herself growing closer and closer. Instead, she pulled her breast back and leaned down, both of her hands gripping cow's thick jaws, pulling it nice and close to her as she locked her lips with his once more, her broad tongue pushing into play with his own. Her taste was warm and earthy, mingling so very nicely with that hot masculine musk of his own. She loved every moment of it, and, within a few more moments of that lovely bouncing, she felt herself growing close.

"Mmm, thank you Wisty. You've... Mmmph.." She said, giving another kiss to his lips, gripping his chestfur softly with her hands. "Furthered my research so much.. and... NNGH, satisfied..." She gasped quietly, breaking the kiss and arching her back, smothering the bull between her tits. "Mmm, by the spirits!"

She shuddered, feeling her cock ripple and pulse a few more times, her own balls clenching closer to her body before firing hot, sticky ropes of thick cum onto his chest, her scent so hot and thick, positively intoxicating. She began to slam her hips down against his cock harder, each bounce drawing more of her climax out while she positively wrapped that warm udder around her hot cock, feeling the flesh wobble and jiggle and even leak against her heavy nuts as she continued to thrust. She moored heavily, lewdly, the sound one of a primal lust as the druid gave into her wild nature, embracing the sensation of pure bliss coursing through her body.

She continued this affection, this attention for what seemed like ages, too eager to keep that pleasure pulsing through her to even give the male a rest beneath her. With her almost animalistic nature unchecked, she rutted with the poor bull until she felt his body growing a little limper beneath her. His pulse was still nice and strong, that thick cock buried deep within her serving as a nice enough tap into his lifeline to know that he was still perfectly fine, if just exhausted. Empty even, much to her disappointment, reluctant to give her any more of his primal essence despite her affections.

Wisty huffed, moored quietly from between those tits as he felt her continue to use him, the male all too far gone in bliss to even protest. He shivered and quivered underneath her, his body heavy. He felt her shifting against her with a soft groan; soon her face came back into his slightly unfocused view, those piercing amber eyes staring deep into his own. He gulped and swallowed, the taste of her milk still quite strong on his tongue, but it was quickly replaced by the taste of the female as she pressed in for a passionate kiss. She draped her arms around him once more, resting all of her weight firmly against him, the bull now only fully aware of the vine's supports coming up behind his back. The kiss seemed to last forever as she rested against him, her own pulse easily felt through his thick fur. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, she broke it and gave a quiet moo.

"Thank you, Wisty. You've... mmm, really helped me out. Sorry I... Well, I.." She flushed a little and closed her eyes, resting her head against his neck, the smaller tauren nestling quite nicely against him. "I really did plan to only test the transformation. But... well.." She smiled and gave a soft moo. "I guess I gave into my primal desires. Though... from the feeling of it... well..."

She fell quiet now, the bull not needing any more of an explanation. Her words, much like his thoughts, were meandering, the lack of focus and giddy exhaustion told him all he needed to know. And

he wouldn't admit it, but... well after the initial surprise, he was more than pleased with this outcome. He just hoped that... in her excitement she'd really made something that was only temporary because, while he didn't mind this fairly powerful form, he was sure he'd be spending more time vanquishing her inner demons than he would as a member of the elite guard.

Not that that was an issue, he thought.

He sighed and exhaled softly, letting his breath wash over the smaller bovine nestled against him, still buried deep within her. Maybe... maybe, if he were a good enough subject, she'd be willing to give him another test run... this time with fewer restraints. He simply leaned down and gave her head a kiss before drifting off, his body utterly drained of masculine essence and energy. What a transformative experience!