

# Easy Tiger

By Abe E Seedy, illustration by Angrboda

"Hey so", Abigail said, rolling over onto her side, "what do you say to some pussy time?"

Isaac opened one eye, smacking his lips together for a few moments while he properly woke up. "Mhmm", he answered eventually. "You're after one of those *good* mornings, huh?"

She put on an innocent face. "Maaaaybe."

After a long, expansive yawn, Isaac pulled the blanket aside and straightened up on the bed. "I think I could be... encouraged in that direction, yeah."

"Yes!", Abigail answered with a happy clap. "I'll get the stuff!"

Isaac was content to lie in while she ran around the room fetching props; tying back her hair, putting on a quick coat of black lipstick, and even going so far as to pull on her long black stockings and matching latex sleeves (wrist warmers? They were like gloves, except without the actual 'glove' part, so he'd never figured out what they technically were). That all helped set the scene, but the only really necessary part was the delicate silver amulet that she took down carefully from its own separate box, tying the cord around her neck as she turned back to face him.

"You ready?"

He stretched, taking one last moment to enjoy the bed before nodding. "Yes ma'am."

"Good", she purred, planting her hands on either side of his body before crawling forwards over him. "Well then, assume the position."

Cheekily, he snuck in a quick kiss, darting forward to peck her on the cheek before she could fully assert herself, then quickly shifted out from beneath her and padded to the foot of the bed.

"Ohh, you'll pay for that", Abigail teased, rubbing her cheek in mock outrage. "In fact, for that, no taking off your shirt."

He was already halfway through pulling off the plain white shirt that he slept in, so he paused with it up around his ribs to respond. "What? Really?"

"Yes really", she answered definitively. "That's what you get for having ideas above your station.."

The shirt stayed half-off, and Isaac broke into a wordless pout.

With an expansive sigh, Abigail rolled her eyes. "I'll buy you a new one afterwards. But c'mon, you break the scene, you have to pay the rippage toll."

"Fiiiine", Isaac said as he lowered the shirt back down slowly. "But you're picking up the pieces afterwards."

"Deal", Abigail nodded, shuffling back on her elbows and propping herself up against the head of the bed. She spread open her legs, indicating down the length of her naked body with one hand. "Now if the negotiation part is *quite* out of the way, can we get started?"

Isaac grinned, putting a hand on the inside of each of her thighs and lowering his face to her crotch. "Whenever you're ready", he said, just before he started putting his tongue to much better use.

Abigail took a moment to enjoy just that, letting a steady shiver of excitement run through her body with every dedicated swipe of his tongue along her slit. Then, when she was quite ready, her right hand reached up to grab the amulet, feeling the warmth and power building up within.

Her mouth opened. She was never quite sure what exactly she said, and Isaac could never describe it more accurately than "a command without words". She could see the results though, as the magical energy drifted out into the air in front of her, engulfing her hand in a pale blue fire. It trailed with sparks as she moved it down her body, the power arcing outwards as she ran her fingers through his short brown hair.

"Easy tiger", she whispered.

The changes happened fast. Within moments his tongue was noticeably rougher, a fact that he thankfully took into account, easing up on the forcefulness of his licking to keep it stimulating rather than abrasive. From there Abigail could hear his jaw begin to shift, his breath collecting gradually into a long, low purr as the fangs grew out from under his lips. Then there was the pressure of his new claws digging into her legs; his heavy paws plumping out behind them as he gripped her tightly.

Abigail panted slowly, leaning out from the bed as his pace quickened. "Fffuuuck, that's some good sh-"

There was weight, his paws landing heavily on the against her knees as he forced her to stop moving. The purr in his voice shifted, a growl lingering in the back of his throat as he pressed his growing muzzle against her slit.

The movement caught Abigail off-guard for a moment, but she quickly leaned back into it, letting her legs fall open even wider. "Haaa, yeah, that's it", she laughed, letting her hand catch in his hair as his lengthening ears drifted up the side of his head. "Rrrreally... mmmm... go for it, yeahhhh..."

She managed to prop herself up in such a way that it didn't prevent the access to her pussy that he craved, and looked down just in time to see the black and orange spreading out over his face. A moment later and it started to pour down his neck, his poor white shirt bursting almost instantly as that same tawny fur swelled outwards from his chest.

He was really lost to it now; his panting, growling breath warming her skin as his muzzle stretched insistently against her clit, his rough tongue lapping again and again at her steadily increasing slickness. His tail swayed behind him, rocking back and forth rhythmically as he serviced her, marking him as her pet even as he held her down with his powerful paws. She could feel the points of his fangs just brushing along her skin, see the yellow in his pupils as he looked up at her, hear what was left of his shirt tearing slowly from the fur and the muscle that washed over the rest of his body, leaving him a powerful, eager beast, hers and ready to serve and to... to... to...

"Ah- ahhnnnn!", Abigail cried, arching her back as she came, her head just barely managing to avoid hitting the headboard behind her. Following her tension and release, Isaac pressed in, letting the now-subdued rumble of his purr massage her through the end of it, staying together for a few moments before finally pulling away with one last affectionate lick.

For her part, Abigail collapsed back onto the bed, breathing out slowly as she came back down. She made an 'OK' symbol with one hand, letting that speak for her while she re-gathered herself.

"Yep", she sighed eventually, "that's definitely a very good morning, thank you."

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