

# Good Morning

By Abe E Seedy, illustration by Angrboda

Angela barely remembered getting to sleep last night, but she sure remembered waking up. She'd been intending to sleep in to shake off that rough Friday, but a weird, insistent pressure slowly pulled her back to consciousness. She was uncomfortable and couldn't tell why, but when she rolled over there was such a rush of *something* that she all but bolted upright.

"Mluh?", she said slowly, smacking her lips as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "Whass goin'?"

Her hand brushed over her face, and as she pulled it away she slowly realised it was weirdly wet. Was she sweating? That was... and why couldn't she sit comfortably still? She shifted her legs, and then there was a *response*, a movement as some part of herself was freed from between her thighs. Mid-yawn, Angela looked down.

From between her legs, a great pillar of shining pink flesh looked back at her. Blinking, Angela reached towards it, pushing down on her thong to better free it into view.

It was, unmistakably, a cock. More than that, it was a distinctly non-human cock; both the size and shape of it marking it clearly as equine. Her eyes followed it downwards, tracing the thick pink shaft down to the dappled brown sheath, with the tuft of dark fur fading upwards over her crotch and comfortably encasing her new heavy balls that were still struggling with the confines of her underwear.

Once again, Angela blinked. Her right thumb traced curiously along the base, rewarding her with a short sudden shudder and a slim spurt of white slickness dripping from the tip.

"Wh", she mumbled, her mouth trying to catch up with the rest of her. "Where'd *you* come from...?"

Her hand moved inwards, clenching firmly around the shaft for an exploratory pull, earning a jolt of sensation that did a lot to wake her up. With that, her mind finally got up to speed, and she managed to hit on a reasonable explanation. This must be that damn amateur coven from the across street again! Their Midnight Margaritas and Magical Misadventure Meetings, of fucking course. It'd been, what, three weeks ago that her housemate had woken up to find themselves with a horse pussy, right? What was with them and horses? Where they so annoyed they weren't part of the rich horsey set that they were just shooting that frustration out into the universe, not caring who they hit?

Her finger traced upwards idly, sliding over the smooth surface of her new cock. 'Frustration', now, there was an apt word. This thing was already so stiff and eager, she couldn't possibly get back to sleep with it almost poking her in the chest. Not to mention all the other sensations it was provoking...

That last time had taken almost two days to get sorted out, and Angela distinctly remembered how much of that Jessica had spent firmly in her room. Suddenly, she had a much better appreciation for why that had been.

It was just so... *much*. Not only was the cock itself enjoyably large, but all the sensations from it felt like they were oversized too. Wrapping her hand around the shaft and sliding it upwards made her whole body tingle with approval, not to mention the eager burst of slickness that made the return trip even easier. Somehow, it didn't feel like a body part, because it didn't feel like it was made with the same set of compromises required for day-to-day life. It was too big to be concealed in her clothing, too large and demanding to be set aside and ignored while she got on with work or socialising or whatever. Hell, she probably couldn't actually even *fuck* anyone with it, the flared tip was already so large that it'd take a determined and experienced partner to handle it.

No, this cock was *just* for being played with, for *needing* to be played with, for lying on her back and stroking at it, feeling the intoxicating set of sensations as her carefully manicured nails brushed over her increasingly wet fur and her trembling, animal shaft. Her other hand gripped at her balls, feeling them churn urgently, her lips falling open as she fell into a desperate, straining rhythm. It felt- it was- her cock was wild and animal and needy and overpowering and she rolled her head back against the pillow beneath her, surrendering to the lust that she could almost feel pumping straight into her veins.

"Y- yes- yeSSSSsss! Uhhnn... uhhhhhhmmm!"

Her climax was somehow both sudden and steady, making her hips jerk forwards repeatedly in absent bliss as her cock let loose again and again. Eventually, slowly, it subsided, and Angela lounged backwards, content to finally relax now that her urges had been at least temporarily sated. There would certainly be some more cleaning to do later, but that could wait. She'd already written today off as a rest day anyway, so why worry about some more laundry to do on top of that?

And then, after all that, perhaps she'd give the coven a visit during their Sunday Afternoon Black Book Club, and get them to help out with this thing. She was sure that out of all of them there, there'd be at least one of them that could help her. One way or another, at least...

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