

Ezzie wakes up in Ash's bed after a long night of watching Dragon Ball Z Abridged. Normally crashing in a friend's bed wouldn't be an issue, but Ezzie has a huge crush on Ash and Ash's morning wood is more than she can handle. Aroused beyond reason, Ezzie dashes into Ash's living room for some much-needed relief.

## **Ezzie's Morning Trouble**

*>>>With commissioned art at the end!<<<*

*by Zmeydros*

*(Edited by Tiliquain and Journeymanic)*

Morning came with a surprise: I was in Ash's bedroom. We'd watched DBZ Abridged so late that we must have stumbled into her bed and fallen asleep. It was quiet in the bizarre mansion Ash lived in, which made me think that I'd woken up early. The counterpoint to that was that I wasn't tired. No, I was fucking horny!

Something was throbbing against my back. Something long, thick, and equine. I knew what it was, and I tried not to think about it, but that was futile.

Ash had just gone through a breakup and lost her libido. The relationship had been open and the split had been on good terms, but due to the fact that Ash felt it was her own failings that ended the relationship, it was hitting her pretty hard. That left me very understanding that we couldn't make good on our mutual attraction, yet.

However, that understanding didn't quell my body's lust for her at all.

She must've been having some good dreams because she was pressing her nice big breasts against my back while running her prick up and down my naked backside. Going to bed in the nude had been a mistake. My equine clit was thumping fiercely between my legs.

Groaning as my snatch winked, I pressed back against Ash. She gasped and thrust against me harder. My fingers found my mound and dove in. I ground against the palm of my hand trembling.

A day prior, I'd decided to put my masculine equipment away so my sex drive would calm down and make my time with Ash less tense. I wanted to be there for her as a friend, I wanted to avoid pressuring her to satisfy my need to ride her. But now I wanted my big thick horsecock back, I wanted something to stroke while Ash made me an accomplice to her sex dream. Going against my better judgement, I used the magic inscriptions and pathways I'd etched into my body to return to my normal herm status.

Rubbing my fingers over my clit, I felt the head flatten as it became a shaft. My urethra moved up and settled into this growing phallus as I stroked myself. Biting my lip to avoid making enough noise to wake Ash, I accelerated the growth. Thicker and thicker, longer and longer, I soon had enough to wrap my whole hand around.

Inside me, my ovaries duplicated themselves. The duplicates were repurposed into testes as a sac filled in below my dick. My testes moved down the front of my pussy, caressing it from the inside. I grabbed the pillow and bit it: a clit was forming to replace the one that was swiftly becoming a horsecock. No! I couldn't cum against her. If I woke her up, it would be far too awkward. But I couldn't exactly move, either, I was too deep into masturbating and changing. There was nothing to be done, my balls were pressing out of me and into my sac and to do that, they had to pass right over the nerves that ran to my clit. My cheeks burned with a blush when I screamed into the pillow.

As my clit went off like a depth charge, my jaws ached from how hard I was biting the pillow. The shockwave it sent through me caused sparkles in my vision and a kink in my tail.

During this orgasm, my balls took on heft while my new clit barreled toward equine proportions. When it was big enough to rub against the underside of my balls, I was in trouble. Judging by Ash's movements she was near cumming and the amount of want I was experiencing was tearing my mind in two.

Rolling to face her, I bit back my urge to get her stuffed in my cooch and put my lips around the head of her shaft instead. As she whinnied in her sleep and her huge flare challenged my blowjob skills, my own flare formed. While I sucked down her salty, clovery load, my length reached its full thirteen inches and my two sets of knots made themselves known. Grabbing at these newly-formed knots, I nearly came all over her front. I was saving her a big mess. She'd been pent up and I was practically getting a full breakfast.

Her body came to a stop as I gulped down the last spurt. By some miracle, she was still sound asleep. She'd told me she was a heavy sleeper, but this was ridiculous. Having just gotten off, her prick was hard and flared and every bit as big as mine. It was dappled pink and black in a pattern much like the dappling on the rest of her grey-furred horse-anthro body. Her sizable tits were against my horns and the top of my head. Oh how I wished I could have done more with her.

Pulling my mouth off, I moaned and fingered myself with one hand while tending to my erection with the other. Now I was even more turned on. For a moment, I considered waking her up and shoving inside her, but I knew that was my dick thinking for me.

In an act of astounding self-control, I went into her living room and closed the bedroom door. Laying on the velvety light brown couch, I curled in on myself bringing my flare to my

lips. As I took it into my mouth, I brought my tail around to my snatch and stuffed it in. The more tail I gave myself, the more of my own cock I shoved into my maw.

When I wrapped my tongue around my prick, it felt even more like I was fucking something. Thrusting into my own mouth, I gasped and moaned through my nostrils. Someone unaware of what I was doing might have thought I was enjoying fantastic cuisine since a lot of my moans were coming out as "Mmmm!" In a way, I had; my member was fucking delicious! My pre had a hint of lavender in with its grassy equine flavor and there was a sharp tingly edge to everything.

Watching my balls bounce, I blushed at how big they were, easily each larger than a plum. It was a bit hard to see from the angle I was at, but my tail was visibly stretching my muff. Adding even more, I stretched my pussy wider than Ash would have.

The elasticity of horse snatches was one of the primary reasons I liked them so much. Mine thrived on punishment and having its limits tested and I was eternally grateful that my cock was muffling my screams of pleasure.

Synchronizing my tail thrusts with my thrusts into my mouth, I fucked myself silly. My knots swelled, my flare not far behind them. My cunt twitched around my tail as heat poured off of me. I was breathing so hard through my equine nostrils that I could feel hot puffs of air on my scaly sac.

I was going so fast that my wet masturbatory symphony was echoing all throughout the living room. There was no holding back, I knew I could take it, walking funny for the rest of the day would be worth it.

Adding more tail, I reached my limit. I'd been opened so wide that my clit was sliding across my tail anytime it moved and it was in so deep that I was hitting an astounding number of sensitive spots. I couldn't step back from this threshold, I knew I was way beyond the point of no return. So, I wiggled my tail in my depths stirring up my insides until I saw stars while thrusting my muzzle onto my cock like a pornstar.

As I whinnied around my member, my pussy contorted along my tail trying to squeeze jizz out of it. In that brief moment, I yearned for Ash's prick, but all my thoughts were obliterated by the surge that came out of my pent up shaft.

My flare nearly choked me, my cum nearly drowned me, and I nearly fainted. The shots I was firing into the back of my throat were hitting so hard I thought they were going to leave a bruise. I gasped and squealed as I tried to survive my own thick tasty torrent. Every flavor that had been in my pre was there, but even more so. It tingled madly on my tongue as I swallowed it down gush by gush.

The bucking and writhing of my body culminated in a popping sound as my sharp horns gored the couch cushion under my head. I felt bad for damaging Ash's couch, but my mind was soon overcome by bliss.

After it was all over, I stayed in that awkward position for a moment blinking. It was hard to believe what had just happened. It was a struggle to remember another masturbation session that had gotten this explosive.

Not until there was a knock at the door did I pull my dick out of my maw.

"Ezzie? Are you okay?"

I sat up taking the cushion under my head with me. "Yeah, just getting breakfast," I replied while trying to get the cushion off of my horns.

"Breakfast?" Ash opened the door, eyes darting down to my half-hard cock. "Oh my!" When her eyes made it up to the red cushion stuck to my head, she froze. Finally, Ash's legs fell out from under her and she collapsed to the floor laughing hysterically, tail thrashing, hooves kicking, and tears running down her cheeks.

I just stood there waiting for her to get it out of her system so she could help me get the damn cushion off of my horns.

THE END

I'd like to acknowledge my first \$20 patron, Navajo Demar, for helping make all this possible. Thank you! Thanks to all my other patrons as well. Every one of you rocks!

***Scroll to the next page to see the art by Lioness.Hero that I commissioned to go with this story!***

