

# Dealing With It

By Abe E Seedy

It took about a week before Angela needed to go outside. There was only so long she could live off of deliveries, and eventually she needed enough little things that it was simpler to just go down to the store herself. She'd have to deal with the world at some point, so a 20 minute trip sounded like a good start. She wouldn't be gone for more than 20 minutes, max. What could go wrong?

The preparation took at least an hour. Angela spent a good half of that staring at herself in the mirror, trying on a succession of clothes to see what worked best. She'd never had much of a problem fitting in before, but then again, in the past she hadn't had to deal with stuffing about 8 inches of horsecock beneath her skirt, not to mention dealing with the chocolate coloured balls that were already seeming to swell with renewed need. That led to the *other* thing that took up her time, which was trying to decide whether or not it would be a relief or an unwelcome encouragement to try and release some pressure. In the end, she decided against it, reasoning that the past week had taught her that indulgence was rarely a short-lived thing, and it was better to get going now while the stores would still be relatively quiet in the middle of the day. In deference to that though she chose some loose-fitting sweatpants, hoping they'd be enough to keep her new addition under wraps. Beyond that she tied her messy brown hair back loosely, and bundled up in a puffy coat. With that all done she looked in the mirror one last time, posing left and right to see how well she'd managed to obscure herself. Reasonably well, she concluded, although she was sure the distinct outline of her cock could just about be seen at certain angles. But, she was only going to be outside for a short while, and it's not like anyone could say anything, right? Best just stay away from any produce sections that might think she was stealing cucumbers, and things would probably be fine.

It took about 5 minutes at the store for things to not be fine. It wasn't that anyone seemed to notice or say anything, although the fact that they might had left her blushing a few times. No, what really kicked things off was much more innocuous. She was browsing through the aisles, and happened to catch sight of some Mane & Tail shampoo. And that got her Thinking.

How exactly did all this *work*? She'd woken up one morning with a weird - but enjoyable - piece of animal anatomy melded to her body. Just because nothing had changed since didn't mean nothing was going to. Besides, was she *sure* her hair hadn't gotten longer, becoming a little closer to a horse's mane? Was the itching on her rump all in her head, or was it the beginning of a tail? And was the fact that she'd decided to indulge herself making it worse, or was it bleeding off the energy that otherwise would have pushed things further?

And on top of that was another question. If this had happened to her, was it happening to anyone else? Was she blessed and/or cursed with this alone, or was there a secret epidemic

out there of people quietly dealing with this? Or was she patient zero, just waiting to unleash a tide of weird anatomy and unnatural lust throughout the city?

Then again, even that wasn't the real issue. The *real* issue was that all these unsolved questions didn't actually bother her. Sure, they were intellectually troubling, in the same way that a song you couldn't quite remember the name of would nag at you from time to time. But for the most part, thinking about all that just turned her on. Every answer had its own little sting of tempting energy, and Angela found herself daydreaming about all the consequences. She considered buying an extra bottle of Mane and Tail, just in case it proved useful to have on hand. She wondered where you would even *get* a bridle, and if that would be something she'd like to try out on herself first. That led to her thinking of trying it on someone else, and the distinct possibility that if this was contagious, just how potentially marketable that would be. Was pony play hotter if she could fuck someone into it with her horse cock, actively *making* them into the pony they'd so willingly volunteered to be?

These were not the thoughts she was trying to have in public, but once they started it proved impossible to bite back. It didn't help that she could feel her cock responding physically, and the slow slide of it dragging along the inside of her sweatpants as it stiffened made her curse her attempt at baggy clothing. There was something just so supremely *different* about that sensation - the slickness, the weight, and the pulsing, throbbing need that was building up - all of it hit her full in the face as she steadied herself on the shelf, nostrils flaring.

The rest of her shop was quickly forgotten, but it felt like abandoning what she had already got would draw even more attention. Pausing only briefly to swipe an armful of max-sized condoms into her cart, Angela made her way to the self-checkout. Every step made her junk shift maddeningly back and forth, and she could barely keep her eyes focussed as she fumbled her way through scanning. By the end of it she was visibly sweating, but the relative privacy of her car was tantalisingly near. All she had to do was hold it together for a minute or so more, and she'd be in the clear.

And then, just as the last megapack of condoms beeped over the machine, there was a tap on her shoulder. Angela spun around and saw Donna, the cute girl from just across the hall of her building.

"Hey, uh...", Donna said, then stopped suddenly and bit her lip.

Angela's heart was already thumping, and the brief moment of unexpected physical contact had thrown her thoroughly off-kilter. Even then, she probably could have recovered enough to at least stumble outside, until she took in Donna's frustrated expression, and clocked her baggy, comfortable sweatpants.

That was enough. With a sudden, dramatic spasm Angela all but doubled over, thrusting her cock unthinkingly forward inside her clothes as she came over and over again. Thankfully the way Donna was standing shielded her from public view, but in truth that didn't even occur to

Angela until much later. The only thing she could focus on was the absolute need inside her, the way it demanded to be felt and sated, and then the teeth-gritting satisfaction of finally yielding to it. That, and the way her whole body shook with each pulse of her frenzied release, with her utterly inhuman cock seeming to grab her firmly by the crotch with its demands and tug every slick pulse of cum insistently out of her straining balls. Her eyes had crossed with the intensity of it all, but in a brief moment of clarity she could have sworn she saw a similar expression on Donna's face, and that just led her to double over once again with renewed enthusiasm.

For as much as her sweatpants were loose-fitting overall, they did have tight hems at the waist and ankles, and because of that one piece of good forward planning Angela didn't have to worry about leaving behind an unpleasant task for some poor store employee. Instead she straightened up slowly as she looked back at Donna, trying not to focus on the distinct 'slosh' sound that came as she shifted her legs. "Uh...", she started.

Donna too was breathing heavily, red in the face as she steadied herself on the nearby counter. What exactly had been going on for her was impossible to tell, but she gave what Angela had to assume was a sympathetic smile. "I think we might have a few things to talk about", she said eventually.

Nodding, Angela exhaled slowly. "Sounds good." Then, after a brief pause, she looked at her still-unfinished purchase. "Just let me buy like, ten million paper towels first."