

For Ashley, waking up is always a hassle. No different from your average teenage girl, her inky black hair neatly frames her features, cutting off cleanly just above her slender shoulders. The rest of her was just as slender, with a slim body and thin limbs ending with small hands and feet. Her chest was no bigger than an A in cup size (which is a matter that she's somewhat embarrassed about), and her hips weren't particularly wide either. Though you can't tell when she's under the blankets, she's barely over five feet tall. Her skin is a pale color with the slightest yellow tint to it, hinting at her heritage along with the angles of her face. Her lips thin and her eyes a deep green, she's what one would call "strikingly average."

That is, aside from one major difference. It's the reason mornings are always such a pain. You see, Ashley, however average she may be, is quite different from all the other girls in her school. What's the difference? She has a kind of beast within her, a fire crackling for air, a storm thundering great claps through the rain.

Or, to put it bluntly, a very sensitive and incredibly large penis.

Oh, she still has her other bits, yes. They work just as any normal young woman's would, moistening at the proper hormonal cues and- though she wishes it otherwise- bleeding on a monthly basis. She just also happens to have something extra attached to her. Something roughly sixteen inches long and thicker than her small hands can fully fit around, as well as a heavy, full pair of balls underneath that.

And full indeed, especially after a night of sleep. So full that her dreams turn naughty, dark desires she wants to indulge in her waking hours. Friends, acquaintances and teachers alike. As a result of her high sensitivity, her mind is almost always on sex. And some of her classmates are just so pretty...

Waking up with a gasp, Ashley's lips part as a thick, gooey rope of her cum splatters across her face. Clutching the sheets, her toes curl and her back arches slightly as waves of pleasure wash over her as they do every morning. She feels a particularly voluminous shot arc directly into her open mouth, coating her tongue in the heady taste and filling her nostrils with the scent of it. Gulping down another mouthful, her eyes screw shut a mere moment before another glob of the stuff strikes her face, dripping down her eyelids and webbing through her lashes. Her cock throbs and bounces above her chest, launching rope after rope across her face, in her hair, on the pillow and the headboard of her bed.

After a solid thirty seconds of nonstop firing, her face was completely covered in her spunk and she'd swallowed at least a few mouthfuls. Sighing in relief as her muscles relaxed, her slim little butt thumped back down onto the mattress, her dick twitching in post-orgasmic glow. Wiping her eyes clear, she blinked a few more times even as she popped her fingers into her mouth, swirling her tongue between them and tasting the

gooey mess.

Sitting upright, her member flagged and laid limp, draping across her thigh and dribbling onto the sheets. Giggling to herself, she slipped out of bed, stuffing her now flacid cock back into her panties and making her way to the bathroom for her morning shower. Waking up is always a hassle, but lord does it feel good.