

Enthralled part 2

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

Commissioned by anonymous

I woke up naked and half-buried against something that was wonderfully soft and warm. I could hear birds somewhere chirping, and I could smell flowers. I groaned happily as I squeezed closer to whatever it was I was cuddling, eager to hide more of myself within that downy softness, when I felt my face press against a pair of breasts.

A much more delicate, sleepy sigh responded by wrapping my head in thin yet deceptively strong arms and squished my face deeper into the cleavage. Not the worst thing in the world to wake up to, I'll admit... and as I lay there, trapped, the previous night came back to me in a series of flashes.

Riding my bike at night, falling asleep only to wake up to the sight of a beautiful girl, that same girl kissing me and me realizing she wasn't human and had put me under a strange spell, her taking me to her 'home', her undressing us both, getting on her bed, and an entire night of fervent lovemaking, and finally falling asleep next to her. I had been far too tired to try to leave, and thoughts of escape no longer plagued me. I barely knew her and yet I loved her, spider half and all.

She moved sleepily against me, her grip on my head tightening. She wasn't human... or at least, she wasn't entirely human. From the waist up she looked like a beautiful fair-skinned girl with long, flowing hair and vibrant blue eyes. Certainly, there was something not-of-this-earth about her face, even considering her fangs (which I suspected to be poisonous) and sharp-looking teeth, but it wasn't an obvious thing and was well hidden behind her innocent smile. Her lower half, however, couldn't possibly escape notice. She was a gigantic white-furred spider from the waist down, built reminiscently like a huge tarantula but perhaps not quite in the same family, as her spider-butt wasn't the correct shape to be tarantula. Certainly her gorgeous white fur wasn't like a tarantula either. Perhaps categorizing her so vaguely was just an effort in futility.

Her eight soft, yet incredibly strong legs were wrapped around me and squeezed me without warning, crushing me against her body. Not terribly unpleasant but it was getting hard to breathe, so I tried to wiggle free of her grip. She had a surprising amount of leverage against me with so many limbs and I found myself not even knowing how to even begin escaping the hug. She seemed to be still asleep, and I didn't want to wake her just yet.

Then I felt something wet on my belly, and it took me a second to realize that it was her womanly parts pushing against my skin. A wet dream perhaps, or was it something more to do with her biology? I wasn't really sure, but as I was contemplating it Angel (her name as it happened was Angelina), began to squirm against me.

I had been trying to wiggle my way free from her tight and unyielding embrace, but perhaps my moving around had accidentally stimulated her? She then suddenly moaned in her sleep and without me doing anything I found myself move down along her belly and away from her lovely breasts as her many legs passed me down the bed until I came to a stop with my face in front of the radiant warmth of her sex.

Well that was unexpected... but while I was here I was curious. What exactly did it look like?

It was hidden underneath a soft and fluffy pouf of extra thick patch of heart-shaped fur. I knew what it felt like to be inside her, but I had nothing to compare it to, me having been a virgin until last night. I didn't have any experience I could compare *that* to, but I knew from extensive research on the internet what they were supposed to look like. Would hers look similar, or would it look like something much more alien?

With some effort I managed to work my hands free from my sides and up over the uppermost pair of her legs, which were holding me underneath my armpits... and with my arms and head free (and the rest of me pinned against her spider-half's deep belly-fur) I carefully touched that heart-shaped patch of downy softness with my fingers.

Angel responded by arching her back and gently crushing mine. Good signs! I dug in a little deeper with my fingers and parted her fur.

It took a little bit of searching to actually find it. Angel had guided me through quite a lot last night, and even now I wasn't quite sure what I was looking for, but when I found it there was no mistaking it.

She was indeed quite wet, and her mound was slightly raised and seemed agitated. It did in fact look very similar to what I had seen on the internet... but not exactly. Hers was flatter and thinner, and her vaginal slit seemed longer too. It also didn't look quite as fat and messy as what I had almost expected, though her labia were still puffy and pink, and as I watched I realized it was moving in time to her breathing, which was escalating. A thin line of fluid was leaking from its bottom and wetting her fur and the rest of the slit.

But it was more than just the sight of it that took my breath away... for here was a living thing in front of me. It smelled sweet and rosy, I could feel the heat coming off of her skin, and I could feel the impossible softness of her fur and touched tentatively the slick fluid as it leaked from her body, rubbing it between my fingers in appreciation of its pureness, the fragrance highly appealing.

It was so appealing, in fact, that I found myself putting my finger in my mouth. The sweetness and intense though subtle flavor of it exploded in my mouth and widened my eyes.

I couldn't even think to stop myself. In a split second flat I my lips were pressed against hers and I was licking her like her vulva were the sweetest candy.

She was so soft and warm! And the sweet nectar that flowed from her was the most delicious of aphrodisiacs as I licked and nibbled and sucked at her bits and pieces. Angel squirmed with every touch of my tongue and lips, crying out even as she grabbed ahold of my head once more and pushed me down against her. I obliged and carefully spread her open with my fingers, granting myself further access to her nether bits as I was buried nose deep into her folds. I could see, as I ate her pussy, a strange hood of her velvety soft pink flesh at the top of her slit dancing just above the tip of my nose... and low and behold what did I see poking timidly out from underneath it? I wasted no time in putting my mouth on it.

And so, with my face buried in her soft and pillowy box, and her enveloping legs and spider-belly cocooning me in a swath of feathery white fur like the world's most wonderful snuggly, she cried out sharply and suddenly as I rapidly brought her to orgasm by mercilessly teasing her clit.

Well, that woke her up.

"AAHhhhhHHHHH!" she cried out, crushing me to death as she came and squished my face against her bucking and shaking sex. She sat bolt upright, turning from her side to her back and bringing me with her as she did. Confusion and amazement and shock bought me a few seconds as she tried to figure out what was going on, before looking down at herself and seeing her hands forcefully pushing down on the back of my head, holding me in place as she climaxed against me. She immediately leg go, and I gasped for air as I freed myself from the sticky mess that had become of her.

"Sorry!" was the first thing she said when she saw what had happened. "Are you okay!?"

"Yeah," I said as I cleared my throat. "That was actually entirely on me. I was trying to get up without waking you, and one thing led to the other..."

She let her death grip on me go, and I was able to roll off of bed. I quickly found my shirt, which was lying on the floor, and wiped my face off quickly with it.

"Man," I laughed as I held my shirt. "You've got quite a grip..."

"I'm so sorry about that... it's just that you're so soft and huggable... like a teddy bear or something."

"Me a teddy bear? You're covered in *actual fur*, and you're soft enough to pass for a giant marshmallow!"

Angel giggled, and as I looked up at her I was struck by just how beautiful her unusual form really was as she lay on the bed in the nude, the displaced and messy heart-shaped patch of fur bellow her navel evidence of what I had just done to her... what I had just made her feel. Her breasts were perky and

youthful, neither too large nor too small, and her white fur and white hair were like spun clouds. Her piercing blue eyes looked straight through mine, and then looked lower.

“You always this lively in the mornings?” she said, pointing jovially down. I followed her eyes and her finger to see that I had one of the hardest boners in existence. I hadn’t even noticed my own need I had gotten so caught up with seeing to hers.

“Want me to help you with that?” she continued before I could think of an answer, sliding off the bed and gliding over to me in that spooky way of hers.

“Oh, yes please!” was all I could think to say. This was wonderful!! Was this what having a girlfriend was like? If so, I’ve been missing out my whole life!!!! What a way to spend a weekend...

Angel was practically on top of me before I even realized it. Oh, her smell! That sweet perfume, it drove me mad every time I breathed it in! And that smile of hers...

She hung her arms over my shoulders and lifted herself up until our eyes were nearly level, her face, and her lips, so very close to mine all of a sudden. It was all too easy to lean forward and kiss, and as we did she pushed herself against me, her wetness immediately and easily engulfing the head of my dick before she began sliding down on me.

Our lips parted, and her head fell into the nape of my neck as she pushed herself down further and further on my shaft until she had taken all of me up into her. I gasped in shock as I realized I would likely never get used to the sensation, my legs shaking as I fought to be strong and remain standing as I savored the feeling of her breasts as she rubbed and pressed against me, as well as the softness of her skin and fur as she held me in that tight embrace of hers. She made the cutest squeaking noise as she hilted against me, and I fell in love with her all over again as she leaned against me, her own strength slowly being robbed from her as her entire body seemed to me melting into me. My resolve returned to me in a rush, and I easily held her weight in my arms. She was so very light...

In fact, I could probably lift her up without a problem. So I did.

Her legs flailed for a moment as she realized she was being lifted off the ground before reaching around to hold on to me with the soft pads of her feet, her velveteen fur engulfing my ass and lower back in a strange bear hug... not to mention the fur in the front as her pelvis smothered mine and her spider-half bent down to come to rest against my legs like a warm, living blanket. I was in heaven.

She might as well have been a sack full of feathers as I lifted her up higher, relishing the sensation of feeling her wet and tight flesh pull against mine, the burning heat of our passions seeming to boil the air around us as her need demanded me to take command.

It was my turn to display some strength, and I held her tightly against me as I began thrusting up into her folds. Very little warm up seemed necessary... she was already quite warm after all. Hell, she was burning hot, her sex so wet and still so shockingly *tight*, her powerful muscles squeezing my shaft like a boa constrictor and fluttering like a butterfly, but that didn't stop me. I pumped into her almost ravidly. All my life I had gone without this, and now that I had it there would be no stopping me. I was going to make up for lost time. What I had in my arms, right there and then, was the world to me, and I wasn't going to go waste a moment giving anything less than my very best.

She cried out with every stroke, her flesh strong but yielding to me. Her motor control returned to her slowly, and as she did she was able to thrust back down against me in perfect time, her body rocking against mine as we grunted and gasped together, her voice so soft and delicate compared to my own and her face a mask of desperate need as she bit down on her lip and moved faster against me.

Without saying anything she then leaned backwards, hanging off my body using her legs as anchors, and I had to lean backwards too to keep us balanced. It was then that she took back over and began riding me as if I were a pony.

It was all far too intense. I had to bite my teeth together as hard as I could to keep control and not end the party so early, focusing instead on how beautiful she looked. Her breasts, presenting themselves so perfectly in front of me, begged to be held and so of course I did, taking each in either hand and lifting them up and squeezing them. Angel tossed her head back as she kept right on riding on me, but it was apparent that things were starting to become a bit too intense for her too, just as it was for me, but that didn't stop me from enjoying her body. I was going to hold out to the very end if it killed me, and I was going to relish every second of it all.

Her vibrantly white hair flowed down her back behind her, framing her thin waist and small shoulders perfectly, and as my hands moved from her wondrous breasts to her hair, slipping under over arms, I savored the sensation of the silken strands as they fell through and across my fingers.

The movements of her body made it feel as though my entire body below my naval was being rubbed against by a hundred soft and feathery brushes, a highly pleasant and almost tickling sensation that made me feel as though my own skin and hands were rough and far too callous by comparison, though I had never before considered myself either before. She made me feel barbaric as she rode atop me, her fur and her embrace making me feel as though she were making love to my entire being.

My skin was tingling all over, my hands were beginning to shake, my legs had long since locked up, and I could feel myself growing faint from the shear effort required to not pop off early, which was rapidly engulfing my every thought. She was still going *very* strong on top of me, fresh from her earlier release and not needing to have another quite so soon, but I was not in the same camp. I felt as though I might literally explode.

She looked down at me as sweat began beading on my face, her luminous blue eyes so *knowing*, and her charming smile telling me she knew exactly what she was doing to me. It was all I could manage to do to just keep breathing steadily as she gyrated on me, my poor balls forced to endure as her body swallowed my flesh greedily over and over.

“Oh god...” I whimpered as she began to speed up. I just simply wasn’t going to make it. With each stroke of her body over mine I felt as though that would be it, that my resolve would fail me, but through sheer strength of will I was able to hold out that single second longer each time... but how many times could I possibly keep doing that?! Any second now could be my last!!

“Ah!” she cried out, speeding up faster and faster but showing no signs of stopping quite yet. I could feel her body beginning to tense up, but it was as if she were doing it to purposefully tease me... and that was when I lost it. Unable to hold myself back a millisecond longer I came harder than I ever had in my life. The build-up was so intense that I felt as if my balls were imploding as she ground against me, shuddering to a halt as I began filling her. She wailed as she climaxed right after me, her pussy clamping down so tight I felt as though she were choking off my dicks circulation... but nothing could have stopped or even slowed the eruption taking place within her belly as our bodily fluids mixed and filled her. It only lasted a few seconds for me, but those seconds felt like a lifetime with her stomach fluttering against mine while she clutched and clawed at my back. Whatever I might have felt must have been nothing by comparison if temporary her loss of control was anything to go by. She almost appeared to be in agony as I held her, strength and relief flooding back into my limbs as she continued to shake for seconds on end before she, too, was able to relax again in my arms.

“Oh god!” she managed to say, when her breath returned to her in rapid pants as she collapsed against me. “That was fantastic! Why did you hold out so long?! That nearly killed me!”

“Me? What about you?!”

She only smiled in response and buried her nose in my neck as we both tried to catch our breath... and I petted the soft hair on top of her head.

We stayed like that for the longest time, neither of us saying anything more nor needing to. I remained, strangely, quite hard despite my sudden exhaustion, as if my dick still craved more. The sensation of still being inside her, and the subtle movement of her while she rested against me and enveloped me with her body, was magical, solidifying in my mind that what I just did was no dream, and indeed happened, and was still happening.

“Angel?” I asked.

“Yes?” she said hesitantly back.

“Why exactly are you doing all of this?”

“I was hoping there wouldn’t be any questions...”

“I still want to know though... I’m inside you right now, but I don’t know anything about who you are.”

“Things are different where I come from...” she responded, smiling.

I realized too late that I couldn’t move my feet, and just as I was about to protest Angelina lifted me up into the air by my legs, making me swing forwards, and suddenly I was upside down with my ankles tied together by her web. She lazily stuck me to the ceiling’s web with a short line of silk from her spinnerets.

My dick felt as though it were as hot as a branding iron from having soaked inside Angel for so long, and the air was shockingly cold by contrast as the mixture of both mine and her fluids began to evaporate off me into the air.

“Whoa!” I shouted as I swung back and forth before she stopped me and held me still. “What are you-”

“Hush, and I’ll explain...” she said as she climbed up onto me. I shuddered in pleasure at the sensation of her many soft feet as she stepped on me, her fur brushing along my face and chest as she climbed up to my legs before spinning back around to face me. Even from this angle, as blood rushed to my head, she looked ravishingly beautiful. Up and down seemed to hold little meaning to her as she clung to my legs and hips and began wrapping my feet up more thoroughly with her web, working her way around and around, before she began slowly wrapping her silk lower.

She intended to cocoon me!

“My kind call ourselves the Arachne, though most humans call us drider’s or spider-folk these days. Our race was born around the same time as humans, and we’ve more or less coexisted for our entire existence. One thing about us, however, is that once a young Arachne matures she must either mate or die.”

She continued wrapping up my legs, deftly applying more and more of her silk to me. It was sticky and still-warm from her body, and I found that I was becoming oddly and powerfully aroused by what she was doing. My entire body felt tense as I listened to what she had to say.

“We go into heat, if you will, and unless that heat is satisfied it consumes us. This leaves us Arachne with one of two options. One, we can find a suitable male Arachne and temper the heat permanently for a year while we bear his young. That is, of course, both very inconvenient and often undesirable for many, especially if no suitor can be found, and so a second option is available to us. We can take a human to serve and satisfy our needs. The downside to *that* is that the human, which in this case is you, will

become permanently bonded to their Arachne and vice versa. In taking away my need for a short time, you in turn become burdened with it as well, and as a pleasant side effect we both experience an enhanced level of empathy for the other.”

Her silk wrappings were slowly making their way down my legs and past my knees, soon to be approaching my junk. I tried to wiggle my legs but found that I couldn't even bend them anymore.

“I become responsible for you and you for me. It's not something that I can control, and I'm sorry for not giving you any choice in the matter.”

“Oh, I'm not complaining yet,” I said with a laugh. “But what exactly are you doing?”

“I'm preparing you for the bonding. I'm very sorry, but it has to be done, or otherwise none of this will work. You're not an Arachne after all, so we must fool nature into thinking you are. That way I don't need to become pregnant, and nobody has to die.”

“Um, that sounds reasonable, but what exactly do you mean by 'the bonding'?”

“You'll see,” she said simply as she started to wrap up my hips, trapping my dick and balls under layer upon layer of her soft, warm webbing. What the hell was wrong with it, I felt like the energizer bunny! Still going and going and going...

I still had quite a few misgivings and questions, but as she finished wrapping me up, stopping just below my naval, I found that I couldn't quite voice any of them. I was getting a tiny bit dizzy, and the pounding of my own blood in my ears was making my head hurt... and oh god my dick was so hard it hurt!

“It'll be over quickly,” she whispered in my ear after having climbed down to meet me once again, face to face. Once again I was taken in by just how strangely angelic her face was, and how intense those eyes were. She seemed flawless, but it was more than that. She was a sweet person born into a predator's body, and was apologizing for behavior that was, to her, as natural as could be. I didn't even know what she was apologizing for yet, but I still felt bad for her. I wanted to help her.

I felt only 50% confident that my feelings for her weren't tinted by the sex we just had, or her drugged kisses. Whether or not I would still feel so eerily calm about all this once I had sobered up a bit remained to be seen.

But all of that conjecture was about to be rendered moot as Angelina leaned in close to me, bent her head down, and sank her fangs into my neck.

She didn't drink my blood or suck the life from my body. She didn't take a bite out of me. She just bit the nape of my neck as gently as could be and filled my blood with fire.

It burned like nothing I had felt before, as if my veins were being filled with acid... but the pain disappeared as quickly as it came as the venom flooded through my body, leaving behind a tingling numbness where the fire burned, quickly extinguishing the bracing agony in time to save my dignity and me from screaming like a girl.

And that numbness brought with it a drunken warmth that spread from the bottoms of my feet to the tips of my fingers. Shots of pain started lancing through my bones before they too faded away... until all that was left as a dull burning.

It wasn't a painful burning, and was in fact nothing like it. It was a burning of passion and lust unlike anything I could have dreamt of. Something that harkened back through millennia of wild and powerful ancestry and an uncut bloodline of potent lust that only grew more refined with each new generation. I felt instincts bubbling up within my consciousness that weren't mine, awakening something within me that had laid dormant my entire life. An animal came to life within my body, and I could only hang there, upside down, and bear witness as my world turned upside down too.

I felt my legs changing, my muscles cramping and twisting as they changed shape within me while my legs stretched and became segmented. I felt my feet and toes merge together to form just one footpad, and I lost track of my knees as new joints settled into place and took over the junctions of my old legs.

My hips elongated and then disappeared, transforming into a spider's abdomen as I felt half my organs stretch out behind me and relocate. Fur began to blossom forth across my skin like a cooling breeze, oddly not sticking to Angel's webbing in the least and providing me a much needed cushion as the bulk of my legs and my lower half rearranged in impossible and bizarre ways, stretching and bulging the silk cocoon I was trapped within. I felt new and alien sensations as six more legs erupted in a line along with my original two, sliding down the cocoon to join them and quickly finish forming into a total of eight powerful and furry segmented spider's legs.

My dick strained painfully as I felt it engorge further, and I cried out not in pain, but in searing pleasure and discomfort as the waves of sensation from experiencing my entire body changing shape nearly brought me to orgasm over and over. My dick, too, felt as though I were being pulled in a taffy-puller while simultaneously being inflated like a balloon, and while that was going on my testicles became internalized all in a split second. The fur spreading and thickening all across my body swept around my groin as well, replacing the sensation of my balls with that of soft and thick fluff, but that wasn't all.

The spider's abdomen that was extending out of my lower half, and taking over half of my body's vital functions, was taking my anus with it... and directly above it where my tailbone should have been a new organ was opening up with, and a pair of spinnerets pushed through my growing fur and against the webbing as well. They were sensationally delicate and sensitive to the touch, and even stranger had even finer motor control than my eight legs, which I was astounded to find posed no trouble to my brain now with regards to multitasking, and although I had never been a slouch in the mental processing field

the sensation of suddenly acquiring that much dexterity and agility out of the blue was mind boggling... not to mention the sheer power!

New information in the form of intuition that I did not have before told me that I could easily tear the tight and constricting web that encased my lower half simply by pinching and tearing the individual fibers, and did so with surprising ease and quickness using my newly ambidextrous legs and 'feet'. Before I felt I subconsciously and automatically attached a line of silk to the wall of the cocoon with my spinnerets and smoothly broke my fall to land gently on my feet... and what a sight I was to behold!

From my naval down I had thick, cotton-white fur as lush and soft as a rabbits ear and as fluffy as a foxes tail. Instead of two legs I now stood on eight, and I found that the ceiling was a solid foot lower than it was before now that I could no longer stand up straight on them. Behind me trailed a fat spider's butt, twin spinnerets on the end that I could wiggle... and in the front.

In the front, sticking out of the swath of fur that had become of my groin, was a monolith of maleness. It was huge, easily ten or maybe even twelve inches long, and not at all human looking in the slightest. Rock-hard, it was bubblegum ping and tapered in shape, being much thicker at the base (nearly as thick as my forearm) and coming to a near point at the end. The head was sharply angled, almost like a chisel, and flat with the urethra located dead in the center, and the shaft had a very aesthetically pleasing s-curve to it.

And it wasn't entirely inflexible either, nor immobile. I realized as I stared at it that I had very rough control over the organ and how it moved. Despite how hard I felt my dick was now quite pliable.

And even weirder were the small details, like the nearly unnoticeable ridges near its or the sensation of feeling my enormous testicles, which had received quite a size increase as well, tense up *inside* me.

I reached up to my face and felt around... but nothing there seemed to have changed, not even my teeth, although the bone structure of my upper body, as well as my musculature, seemed to have shifted around a bit and become stronger as well.

"What in the fuck!" I said in quiet shock.

"Wow, don't you make a handsome Arachne!" said Angel in appreciation as she stared at me from the rear, her eyes all over my body while she circled around me.

"Is this permanent?!"

"Yes and no... but enough questions. You should understand quite clearly now how much I need you now."

"But you didn't answer my question!! I... uh... I..."

Angel looked at me with sympathy as I struggled to focus. God it was so very hot in here... and more than that. That *need* was becoming exponentially stronger by the moment. I felt my balls constricting as a desperate need to fuck something began to overtake my train of thought. What was this? Why couldn't I ignore it! I needed to ask something... no... lots of things!

"Please," said Angel, taking my hands and forcing me to look into her deep blue eyes. Inside them I found strength, comfort, sympathy, and understanding. "Let's just both get it out of the way so we can clear both our heads."

What? Yea, that sounded like a grand idea. Sex first, think later.

To be continued shortly in a part three, sorry to end on cliff-hanger like that, but the story ended up taking that shape and I got to take a break, so I figure it would be kinder to let you read where I am rather than withhold it in order to make it one great big part 2 when it could easily be stopped and continued off from here. Part three will have another very quick start to it though, so it will be even more fast-paced and action packed. Big plans. Might end up being a 10k document if I need it to be, as this tale is rapidly getting away from me in terms of what needs to happen and what I'd like to see happen ^^.