

Enthralled part 4

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I couldn't take my eyes off her: long flowing white dress, improbably long white rivers of hair running down her back, and skin paler than moonlight. It seemed odd to see her out in the sunshine, as she was so ethereal that you might think shadowy places and the darkness of night might be her natural habitat, but she was genuinely enjoying the crowded streets and narrow sidewalks of campus. She drew a few stares, but not nearly as I had feared. College is filled with a lot of strange people all wearing and doing strange things.

But even so I expected *someone* to at least suspect *something*.

Her name was Angeline, and she wasn't human. Her long, stately white dress hid underneath it a furry-white torso, which connected, not to a pair of human legs, but rather the body of a gigantic, soft-and-fuzzy, spider. Eight fluffy legs stood tall and worked together to mimic a human's gait, with her large, round, soft, and oh-so very warm spider's abdomen tucked down to prevent it from sticking out behind her and giving away the game, though it worked to give her the impression of an ample butt. It was no doubt uncomfortable for her to walk like that, but looking at her it seemed graceful and natural.

I myself was no longer quite human either, but at least I still had my human legs to walk around on... or at least I did so long as I managed to stay calm, which was surprisingly hard when I was around her. Ever since being transformed into a 'false' Arachne (her species name), I became privy to a host of new and wondrous senses, and among them my sense of smell was most noticeably effected. No matter where I was in the world I would always be able to smell, taste, and locate her lovely, exotic, and incredibly erotic perfume that saturated her fur and all the air around her... not that anyone else really noticed at all of course. No mere human could hope to sense such pheromones with their nose.

I was standing behind her, lost in the smell and sight of her in that dress, watching the shape her butt made against that soft, likely home-made fabric, when she turned around and penetrated me with those always-shocking blue eyes, and smiled.

"You're showing," she whispered, leaning in close and pointing down at my jeans.

We had found ourselves in the school's massive underground undergraduate library. Even further below, accessible only by elevator, were the schools archives. You needed special permission and special reason to go down that far though, and we were only here too look at books and maybe use the computers.

I looked down, however, to see with a start that I had quite the bulge growing... and felt the peculiar and distinctive sensation of my *own* thick swathes of white fur beginning to spread out from my groin. The feeling of my body starting to transform gripped me right in the pit of my belly, but with practiced force of will I managed to force the change back into check, and the slow spread of fur and other changes stopped, reversed, and pushed back into my groin. My poor manhood, however, was forever and permanently 'Arachne' in both shape and form, which wasn't actually so bad since it was so large and yet conveniently tucked itself away when out of use. I suppose it was meant to be the mark of the 'curse' Angelina had given me, so that I would never forget what I had become. Not that I ever could, of course. I was entirely dependent on Angel for sex now, and she dependent on me as well.

"Sorry," I said, blushing.

"Oh, there's no need to be so *bashful*. I feel the same way, after all," said Angel, right before surprising me with a kiss. Those seconds seemed to be frozen in time, the taste of her so very sweet and her lips so very soft. My problem immediately sprang out of my control again. I wasn't very good at controlling it in the first place. I could feel eyes on us, and hugged her close from fear of people seeing anything. My pants felt much too tight when they had been bought much looser, but I did my best to ignore it for this brief, magical moment. I also did my best to ignore the fact that I knew that Angelina wasn't wearing anything underneath that dress... and I also tried not to think about how, holding her so intimately, I could feel the shape of her *entire* body with my hands. I didn't want to make my condition any worse than I could manage...

And as I pulled my head away and opened my eyes, looking back into her deep oceans of blue, I could tell she was purposefully teasing me.

"Where?" was all I could breathlessly ask, struggling to hold my body at bay as it desperately fought to transform me into a full blown Arachne in front of the student body. The problem I of course kept banging my head on was very much like Lakoff's pink elephant. How do you actively avoid thinking about something, especially when it's something you very much want to think about? A tricky mental puzzle I wasn't quite equipped to tackle... but I tried desperately anyway to contain my lust.

I looked over her shoulder in the direction of the restrooms, but she shook her head, reading my thoughts.

"Too cliché and boring, don't you think?" she said.

"I'm about to split these pants in two!" I begged.

"Oh?" she asked, teasing me further. She snuggled up closer to me and pressed herself against my leg. I could feel quite distinctly the intense heat of her sex through her dress, as well as the sensational feeling

of her lower halves cushiony fur pushing against me through the fabric. Tears welled up in my eyes at the level of restraint she was taxing me with by being so close like that.

It was up to me then. She wanted me to find somewhere isolated and romantic. Not a *bathroom*. I suppose I could manage... but with her hanging off me like that it was rapidly becoming an emergency. The sensation of her perfect breasts on my arm, the memory of her lips on mine, and the painful awareness I couldn't shake of what she was doing to my leg as I stood there and frantically searched with my eyes and raked my brain.

It would have realized the obvious choice much faster if it hadn't been for Angel distracting me so professionally, but I guess that was part of the game as well. The archives! Nobody ever went there anymore, not even school staff, and ever since most of it had been digitized it was no wonder. It was a deserted and dark basement full of records and newspaper clippings. No doubt it would give us both the privacy we sought as well as the adventure, (not to mention the atmosphere!), but how to go about it? I didn't have the key.

But I wondered.

I turned back to look Angelina in the eyes and smiled before pulling her in the direction of the elevator. She gave me a curious look back, but followed like a shadow behind me.

I could ask for the key to the 'third' sublevel... but I would likely be denied, delayed, or escorted, and I knew I didn't want any of those things. Instead, I planned on trying something I had never tried before. The only reason it might work was because that elevator was a very old model and wasn't likely to be too complicated in design.

I had a small multi-tool in my pocket that I carried with me everywhere, and it would come in handy now as I called the elevator. When it came down and the doors opened it was empty, and all that remained was a simple matter of slipping inside, pressing the close door button, and quickly opening up the button panel.

There were four buttons: surface level and sublevels one thru three. Sublevel one was where we were at that moment, sublevel two contained the libraries extensive computer labs and reference materials that couldn't leave the building, and sublevel three, which was the archive rooms, required a key. Luckily, however, taking the panel apart only required a screwdriver.

I had it off in a few seconds and to my joy I saw that the key only turned a simple on-off style switch, and using my wire cutters I easily cut the two offending wires, touched them together, and we were off! I then quickly began putting everything back the way it all was so that the next person to use the archives wouldn't be suspicious of any tampering.

Angel, watching me over her shoulder, seemingly quite impressed.

“How did you know that would work?” she asked.

“I didn’t. I got lucky. I’ve been getting lucky a lot lately, actually.”

“And where exactly are we going?”

“I think you’ll like it...” was all I gave away. I guess being a freshman she couldn’t be expected to know about all the secret places, nooks, and crannies of the university. With the tallest building in the entire city being only three stories tall, (so that the five story bell-tower could be seen from anywhere), it seemed the architects had no choice but to build downwards to compensate. This particular library was located underneath the large ballrooms, open floored lounges, and administration offices for new students, and the library’s entrance was the size and shape of a bomb-shelter, with only stairs and an elevator to bring you down to the library floor. The school’s highly prized yet sadly outdated super-collider’s south-eastern loop passed rather close by, as it happened, buried deep so that the magnets wouldn’t pose a problem to the cars and pedestrians above.

As the elevator creaked its way down lower Angel clung to my arm, trembling with excitement. Or was it something else? I realized I was trembling a little bit myself. I had never done anything like this before.

Angel shocked me by slyly moving her hand down my front and grabbing me while pushing her other one up my shirt. I was still slightly erect, but her touch shattered all illusions of self-control I might have had. With the burst of fur exploding out from my loins, my two human legs instantly beginning the process of dividing into eight arachnid ones, and my hips expanded outwards simultaneously. It became an immediate emergency for me to rip my jeans off, lest I crush myself to death by my unyielding pants.

The second my belt, buckle, and button were undone my pants were already straining at the seams, with my fly shooting down with a snap as my constricted ass and hips sprang free, both transforming into the thorax and abdomen of an Arachne with a flourish of blindingly white fur erupting like a field of white dandelions... and of course, planted in the center of it all like the trunk of some exotic tree, my manhood stood tall and proud as it swelled several times over in size, sliding out of its protective sheath and into the musty air of the elevator.

I struggled to kick my pants off my transforming legs, though my shoes fell off easily and my socks along with them. Not a second after I had depantsed myself did my legs swell and finally split and spread apart to form the solid eight legged stance of a spider, each leg a fluffy and thick column of fur that dragged against the air and sampled from it every last minute vibration. With the elevator running there were quite a lot of vibrations in the air... but the ones I was most interested were the ones being made by my lovely Angel, who stood just inches away from me.

The long, silken fur that wrapped my legs and butt in a wintery coat also traveled all the way up to my naval and back, greatly blurring the boundary of where my human and arachnid halves began and

ended. Eight soft, fuzzy foot-pads lightly held my weight, my center of gravity much lower and more stable as well, though the wide stance of a spider wasn't well suited to an elevator.

For a moment Angel remained standing as she had been, and now towered over me in height, but with a smile she too gradually relaxed her stance and allowed her legs to fill out the floor of the small elevator and mix with mine, pulling her restrictive dress up around her waist and exposing herself to me inch by inch as she did so.

We moved closer to each other and I told hold of her in my arms, and with her body pressed up against mine and mine embracing hers we kissed... just as the doors to the elevator dinged open.

And standing there, as we both held and groped each other in escalating sexual bliss, was a student.

I didn't see her at first, because I quite naturally had my eyes closed and was thoroughly enjoying the moment, but the fur all along my back stood straight up in alarm as I detected a third person had joined us, and Angelina must have come to the same conclusion as we both immediately broke our lip-locks to turn and face the new-comer in confusion and surprise.

She appeared to be a freshman, and wore a knitted sweater with baggy sweatpants. Her face was covered by a pair of glasses, and her black hair was straight and lank. Everything about her screamed bookworm, and the badge she wore on her chest confirmed that she was actually, in fact, an assistant librarian and her name was Heather.

She stood there slack-jawed and frozen, the pen and notepad she held limply slipping through her fingers and threatening to fall to the floor... and then she took a huge breath as if to scream.

Angel moved faster than me, and instantly covered the ground between her and the girl. Before she could even make a peep she had her hand over Heather's mouth, stifling the yell. I was still in a daze from what had been just about to happen inside that small and cramped elevator, and it seemed Angel was too, because as Heather began to struggle something magical happened.

Angel removed her hand from the girl's mouth and, before she could try to scream again, kissed her deeply and passionately. The effect was immediate and dramatic: Heather relaxed into Angel's arms and dropped her things... and then kissed her back!

I wasn't quite sure what I was witnessing, but it did nothing to help sober me up. Drunk as I was on Angel's intoxicating kiss I found my passions burning out of control, and before I even knew what I was doing I had moved forwards to join the two lovely ladies.

I threw my shirt off to the ground, which was my last remaining article of clothing, as I closed the gap between me, my lover, and the strange new girl with whom Angel continued to kiss almost passionately, pulling both of them deeper and deeper into some sort of strange trance. Neither seemed to notice me

as I walked up behind Angel and wrapped myself around her, sliding my arms underneath her own, while sidling up alongside her and brushing my fur and my legs up against and in-between hers. Surprising her from behind like that seemed to bring Angel out of whatever reverie she had put herself in while kissing the new girl, and the separation of their lips seemed to wake up Heather a little as well, as her eyes fluttered open with an expression of amazement only to lock onto me... and then travel up and down my body as I dipped my head into the crook of Angel's neck and breathed deeply of her musk as I held her breasts from behind, my arms tucked up underneath hers and playing with her body through the soft and thin fabric of her white dress.

My dick was a full mast and I myself was feeling absolutely wonderful, but I lost track of Heather for a moment as I allowed myself to become lost in the sensations of Angel's wonderful body. My attention, however, was brought back to Heather when I felt the shocking sensation of someone licking timidly at the base of my monstrous cock.

Delicate hands pushed into the fur of my groin as I looked down in surprise to see Heather kneeling in front of me and licking the hot and hard skin of my manhood's shaft. A shudder shook through my body as I wasn't quite sure what to make of the situation, but Angel took the opportunity of my confusion to turn herself around to face me as well, and quite suddenly I had the attention of two seemingly inebriated females on my person.

Now, I'm not a bad person, and drunk on Angel's pheromones as I was I made every effort to fight my way back to some semblance of lucidity and 'normal' thought to avoid doing anything *anyone* might regret, but the feeling of Heather's tongue and the hungry look in Angel's eyes made it damn near impossible to form a rational sentence in my head.

I still managed to get a few garbled words out though.

"Uh, Angel? What?"

But she silenced me with the same kiss she had given Heather, and I could taste them both as she kissed me and fed to me her strange and magical venom, the properties of which I would likely never fully comprehend... but what I did know is that any and all objections I had or might have had vanished into a sea of blissful sensation. Quite suddenly the only thing that mattered was the moment, and as the doors to the elevator closed behind us to return it to the upper levels I became aware of nothing but the dimly lit and slightly cramped hallway that was the entrance to the hallway... and those two lovely women that were all over me.

I looked up at Angel and her half-nudity, but even with her arms thrown around me she was managing to pull up her dress in an effort to take it off, her perfect breasts falling free into the cool and artificially dry underground air, the heart-shaped mound of fur which obscured her womanhood puffing out substantially as a thin line of clear liquid began to run down her fur, wetting it slightly, and in the cool, dry air you could literally see her heat. Her breasts were taut and her nipples quite strongly erect, and

I instinctively put them back in my hands as she pulled her dress up around her head and struggled to free herself of it, pulling her closer to me with my front legs while Heather fought to stay down and in front of me so that she could continue licking, as if desperately addicted to the taste of my flesh.

I looked down at her as she began to attack my dick with her lips and tongue with fevered intensity, doing quite wonderful things to me as she moved up and down the shaft, and saw that she had worked her sweatpants down to around her knees and had her hand buried within a pair of white and pink panties, touching herself and breathing very heavily. Her ass stuck out behind her, and was well formed and round, which was something that her sweatpants had somehow managed to hide. The front of said panties were damp already, and her hand slick and wet as it moved automatically, her small gasps as she nibbled on me telling the tale of her self-pleasure and greatly enhancing my own.

Angel managed to disentangle herself from her dress, her hair falling in a shimmering cascade of silvery white as she tossed the fabric to the side and her intensely blue eyes locked onto mine, holding within them a fire that burned hotter than the core of any star, her skin radiant and her fur electric against my own, a static charge passing between us as I ran my fingers through hers and she dragged her own fingers down my chest and through the fur of my belly to teasingly join forces with Heather in touching and stimulating my already painfully straining and hard shaft, her delicate touch an excellent addition to this unknown girl's almost-timid attentions. The look in both their eyes was beyond simple hunger. Nervous laughter threatened to escape me as I realized I had suddenly found myself tasked with satisfying the desires not one, but now two females trapped in the heat of an impossible and animalistic passion brought about by Angel's sexuality and her species' potent magic. It was a rare situation for any male to find themselves in, certainly, and I felt a surging of pride and duty as I realized that I must make the absolute most of it or forever bear the shame of a million other men who no doubt would have committed murder to be standing where I stood at that precise moment.

But I need not have worried, for both of these women were quite up to the task of making the most of it for me, whether I wanted to help or not, as I found myself being forced back up against a wall by their advances. Heather, her tongue having thoroughly coated my dick, slowly licked her way up to its very tip to taste my clear and slick pre with a small flick as she stood up, stepping out of her slip-on shoes and baggy pants and, with heavy pants, removing her knitted sweater as well. Her skin was flushed and her glasses slightly fogged as she struggled to remove her bra too, the pile of clothes lying on the ground almost complete.

So it was that I stood naked and trapped by two feverishly horny women, also naked, who immediately began to assault my still new-to-me body, which already was beginning to shake, though from trepidation or anticipation I didn't know.

The both paused only to share a glance whereupon complete understanding passed between them, and then immediately moved together to attack. Heather slipped alongside me and, with the lithe, naturally fluid motion of a horse rider, she swung herself up and onto my back, straddling my cushioned, furry ass and pressing her bare breasts against my shoulder blades. Her naked pussy drew heavily against my

attention as she slid its hot, soft, slippery wetness up and down my soft, fluffy backside, her arms wrapped around my chest as she clung so very tightly to me, as if afraid I might leave.

As Heather ground against me, however, I was torn away from all attempts at protesting her climbing me like some sort of mountable animal as Angel bent her head down and put the tip of my manhood in her mouth and began teasing it with her too small mouth and soft tongue. If I still had toes they would have all curled tightly, but instead I nearly collapsed as all eight of my legs tried to pull up underneath me.

The look on her face with her delicate hands wrapped around me while she performed such an indecent act was one of pure cattish joy, as if reading my thoughts and taking pleasure from my shock at so sudden and unexpected a change in plans. What was happening here? What was Angel even thinking? Was she thinking at all?

Her eyes gave nothing away, bright and deep as they ever were and neigh on inscrutable, but I don't dwell on any of it for very long. Angel had become impeccably skilled at playing with my body.

Delicate hands slid down from my chest and down along my belly, fingers diving into my rich white fur towards my nether area as Angel simultaneously sucked and caressed my manhood. I found myself bitterly regretting my lack of human balls, wanting to feel them played with like that as well, but the tradeoff for such an exotic, alien, huge, and *sensitive* piece of equipment more than offset that one drawback.

Two naked women, one to the front of me with skin and white fur on full display, the other making her own nudity known to me through wonderful tactile sensation of her delicate skin on my rump and buried in my own fur... it was a moment in time that I would have loved to have last forever, but alas, it seemed it could not.

I was already starting to buck when Angel decided that was enough, smiling so warmly, and moved up to embrace me from the front as well, closing the gap and allowing my raging erection to press in between us both, sliding up all the way to rest in between her exquisite breasts, gliding along both silken forests of fur and smooth plains of bare skin on the journey upwards.

She ground against me, her wetness leaving burning trails everywhere it touched, as our forelegs intertwined and we hugged closer.

The air was hot with our breath, and the taste of her lips on mine as we kissed was honey-sweet, dazzling me every time as if it were my first, and the fevered touch of all three of our bodies on each other only served to accelerate things.

Things seemed to blur together past that point. Me penetrating Heather as Angel and I squeezed her between us, pushing Angel up against the wall and making passionate love to her while Heather rode

me like a bull from behind, combinations of one of us performing oral on one while pleasuring the other with whatever means we had at our disposal, and all manner of positions that would be impossible if it weren't for the narrowness of the hallway and Angel's affinity towards being upside-down, sideways, and all manner of degrees in-between, allowing for an extremely free-form workplace for me and Angel to work around Heather with. Breasts, ass, genitals, spinnerets, legs and foot-pads... all of our anatomies were put to the test, with Heather practically rolling around in our white fur and Angel taking full advantage of her total lack of said fur by encasing her between her body and mine, using our furry legs to cage her in ass we played game after game, seemingly without end.

I don't know how long it lasted, but I know that it lasted more than long enough. I was thoroughly spent and powerfully exhausted by the time my head started to clear again, and by then both Heather and Angel were starting to slow down and rest a bit as well.

"Oh god I feel so *empty*..." I groaned, relaxing back up against a wall and letting its soothing coolness penetrate my body.

"I feel *totally* the opposite," said Heather, whose voice was surprisingly timid, but extremely satisfied sounding for the moment. A sigh and slight giggle escaped her. "Thanks for that..."

And in that moment my head cleared completely, and what had just happened struck me like a lightning bolt.

"Angel!?! What-!"

But she interrupted me with a quiet 'shhhh', her eyes closed and a smile lighting up her face.

"It's okay Jared," she said soothingly. "We know each other. This lovely young lady's name is Heather, and she's an old friend. When I saw her down here in these tunnels, what with our passions so riled up as they were, it felt only natural to include her. I hoped you wouldn't mind sharing me, and I'm glad to see you didn't!"

"Angeline, I don't think that's how he saw this encounter at all. You didn't actually introduce us you know."

Angel's eyes slowly opened up and she inclined her head back down to look curiously at me, as if in disbelief.

"You mean you thought she was..."

"Hey!" I said, scrambling to defend myself. "You got to *both* of us with your kisses before either of us could protest! You know what effect they have! I couldn't say no!"

“He’s got a valid point,” said Heather softly. “By the way, nice to meet you... Jared was it? I’m Heather! For future reference I’m *totally* okay with a repeat of just now *anytime*. I was starting to get lonely down here! And why didn’t *you* tell me you were going to my college?” She directed her last question towards Angel.

“Why didn’t you tell *me*? I’m just a freshman! Oh, and Heather’s a dark elf, Jared. Not human, so she’s cool. Her family and mine are close.”

As they were talking my body had begun the slow metamorphosis back towards becoming ‘human’ again, now that my levels of arousal were slowly abating, although both of them were still undressed, something that Heather seemed to pick up on as well as she suddenly shivered before standing up to put her clothes back on. Her meek smile as she did so was strangely out of place with her body-language.

“Yup,” she said, agreeing with Angel. “But I’ve got some more work to do before I can go home, so I hope you’ll excuse me. Call me later though so we can hang out, okay Angeline? Oh, and congratulations on the catch. Your mother is going to be angry through...”

And with that she left, carrying her undergarments and shoes in one hand as she slowly buttoned up her shirt with the other as she disappeared into one of the man doors down the hall.

I sat down heavily on my ass as my legs folded together into a single pair of human ones and my big ol’ abdomen disappeared from behind me. Angel slid up beside me and playfully gave my slightly limp manhood a gentle squeeze, nearly bringing my gradual change back to human appearance to a halt.

“I can’t believe you thought I had just accosted some random girl I had just met into having sex with us!” she teased.

“Well, you did that with me...”

“Ah, but I kept you though, didn’t I? And you decided to keep me...”

“I’m justifiably confused as hell right now.”

“You think you’re confused *now*?” she said saucily, her blue eyes shining bright in the dim light as she leaned over to look deep into my own. Her joy was pure and evident on her face, as she seemed to not yet feel fully sated. “Just wait until I show you to the family.”

“What was that about your mother?”

But Heather didn’t answer, as she was too busy instead ducking her head down and putting my tender and sore manhood back into her mouth and sucking me back to life.

Ah, I get it. We'll talk later then... but please be gentle!