

Enthralled part 5

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Commissioned by anonymous patron

“Hurry up or we’ll be late!” I said, calling back towards a young man named Jared as he rode his bike through the woods behind me. I myself was figuratively flying through the trees, my dress bunched up tightly in my hands in order to hold it up and out of the way of my eight white-furred legs and big, furry white butt. It was always so nice, after a long day of concealment, to allow my lower half freedom from that constricting skirt.

I’m an Arachne, you see: a creature who is half elf and half giant spider, or what humans often tend to call a ‘drider’. From my torso up I had the upper body of a human, but from the naval down the lines between flesh and fur blended until my body was completely that of a giant spider. Actual giant spiders, of course, are a species altogether separate from us Arachne I can assure you. My name is Angelina.

“Please slow down!” yelled Jared back at me. Jared was a wonderfully sweet and kind boy I had only just recently met a few months ago, when he helped save me from the curse of the Arachne’s unfortunate mating cycle. I had, in my desperation, slightly accosted him at first... but once I was able to explain my own situation he willingly sacrificed his own humanity to help me. We had been dating ever since.

The burning in my gut and my loins was still there, a tingling reminder of my body’s eternal, insatiable need now that I had entered ‘full’ adulthood. The heat was infinitely preferable to getting pregnant though, and came with its set of perks... and risks. But I felt confident enough to handle things.

I slowed down just enough for Jared to catch sight of me again. We were going off the trail to my temporary home, and he hadn’t quite memorized the way there. I could see a tent form in his pants as he pedaled from the sight of my naked butt up in the tree-tops and sighed. He really hadn’t gotten much better at controlling it at all.

“Please try to contain yourself!” I called as I pushed on ahead once again. “Some of my family is coming to visit, and we don’t have time to play around making you ‘human’ again.”

“Sorry! It’s just that you looked so beautiful I couldn’t help myself!” he called. I smiled and rolled my eyes before racing off towards my little cottage. Why did I feel the need to hide it so deep in the woods???

As I reached the tree that I had 'renovated' with my own web, turning it into a dual-level apartment, the sight of my front door hanging slightly ajar made the bottom of my stomach drop out. Were they already here?? The sound of snapping twigs and crushing leaves behind me announced that Jared wasn't too far behind.

"Shhh!" I hissed, climbing down from the branches to hide behind a tree trunk. Jared laid his bike down before carefully walking up to join me.

"Is that you Angeline?" said a voice from inside my little home. "Come in! We've been waiting all day to see you and the tea is on the kettle!"

"It's my mom! She's already here!" I groaned, already rubbing my temples.

"Shouldn't we go in then?" asked Jared.

"Not if my *mom's* there! She didn't even say she was coming! I thought it was just going to be by my sisters and maybe my dad!"

"She can't be that bad, can she?"

"I can hear you two whispering!"

Jared raised his eyebrows and I sighed. This could only end badly... but I let him drag me out from behind the tree and lead the way to my door.

And once inside it could only be described as a mess of blurry, colorful movement. Indeed, several of my younger sisters had come along, and were excitedly examining everything in my apartment from floor to ceiling.

One of them, an orange fuzzi-ball named Maggie, came up to me holding in her hands the remains of what once was my computer's mouse. It had been broken apart.

"Look what I found! What is it?" she asked.

"It's a piece of human technology," I said patiently, and, since it was very obviously broken, I added. "You can keep it if you like."

She looked at me, then down to the broken mouse, then back up at me before dropping it, saying 'Nah.', and scuttling off to find something else to break.

I looked over to Jared, however, and he seemed to be amazed. Two of my slightly older sisters had noticed him and surrounded him though with squeals of delight.

“Is this him?” they asked as I moved to fend them off and protect my boyfriend.

“Yes, now please-” I tried to say, attempting to gain control of the situation, but was interrupted by the sudden presence of my mom and dad. They both cut through the wheeling mass of fur and legs like mighty ships through the sea, and mom’s presence, much more than my dad’s, was quite intimidating.

She had a very stern face with rose-pink fur that was fading and skin that was turning grey with age. As with all the members of my family, she wore clothes that only covered her skin, not her fur, though her ‘dress’ was very formal and ornate as always, and complimented her natural coloring. She was also twice my size, being several hundred years older than me. Poor Jared seemed to go pale as she walked slowly forward.

“What’s this I hear that you are having... carnal... relations with a human, now?” she asked, quite poignantly. Father, who was wisely staying a bit behind her, passed her a cup of tea.

“Tea for either of ya?” he asked in his usual jolly way, as if oblivious to mother’s current mood. Looking past mother I could see that apparently he had brewed it on a small magic fire he had made on the dining table. Though of the light-green variety and smokeless, and therefore relatively safe, I still had a momentary pang of fear that he might accidentally burn the tree down.

Jared seemed to have been drained entirely of blood and was, therefore, unable to answer. I answered for him and shook my head no.

“Well?” she asked, once again, when I didn’t immediately answer.

“Well yes,” I managed to say. “I am.”

She immediately turned to scrutinize Jared much more thoroughly, as if measuring his worth right then and there entirely upon his appearance, and I silently thanked my luck that he happened to dress especially nice today. He really was very handsome.

“And I am to assume that he’s half-blooded now?”

“Yes, ma’am...”

“And do you love him?”

Well, that was an unexpected question.

“Y-yes! Of course.”

“And does he love you?” she continued, her tone turning very sour.

“I would die for her!” said Jared, speaking up in his own defense, though he still seemed pale.

“Would you really?” said my mother, spinning on Jared and immediately trapping him against the door that was his only escape.

“Yes!” he insisted, growing bolder. “Why would I not?”

Mother’s eyes narrowed somewhat, but then seemed to relax. Jared sucked in a lungful of air that he seemed to have been holding as she turned back towards me.

“Would you be willing to compromise then? I could make him a full-blooded Arachne, if his love is indeed as strong as he says, and you would then be able to give me sons and daughters of your own and put an end to your rebellion.”

“I am *not* ready to get *pregnant* Mother! I want to go to school, meet new people, have a career, see the world...”

“Don’t try to run away from your culture young lady!”

“Laying eggs for the rest of my life is *not* a culture! It’s freaking biology!!!”

“I won’t be queen forever, and you have a responsibility... if you won’t see it, then perhaps I must be more *forceful* in explaining it.”

Jared had been standing quite meekly and quietly to the side for the whole tirade, but he was immediately backed back up against the door as mother pinned him.

“No, don’t!” I tried to shout in an attempt to stop her, but I was too slow.

“Let us see what we have to work with then, shall we?” she asked, right before she dived on him, catching Jared completely by surprise and pushing open his lips with her own to administer a potent cocktail of venom from her fangs. He struggled admirably at first, but the effects were near instantaneous as he fell limp in her grasp.

“*Honey*, not in front of the kids,” said Dad, quickly shooing everyone else up the ladder to my bedroom.

“Let’s go, everybody topside. Everybody means you too Elisia! Up!”

In seconds the four of us were left alone together in my little kitchenette, and mother release Jared from her ten-second lip lock and let him collapse against the door for support, seemingly frozen in shock.

“Whoa. What in *the* hell?” he whispered.

“I know what you’re going through right now, dear. I went through much the same thing myself in fact, but you will see. Sex is nice, but too much of it can become *quite* a burden. Do you really think you could live the rest of your lives the way you are now? Perpetually in heat, unable to feel fully satisfy that most powerful desire to bear young, and in need of each other’s company every hour of every day? Did you not say that you had plans of your own?”

Jared groaned loudly in his corner, and that’s when I first noticed that something was very wrong. I could instantly tell his male pheromones were growing stronger than ever, and he had yet to even change his form! In seconds I could feel my own body beginning to react to it, heat flushing through my limbs and my blood rushing through my head so fast I felt suddenly dizzy for a moment. For a few seconds I lost myself, as I almost always did in the presence of Jared’s lust-filled scent, and then as I was able to regain some of my composure I noticed with a blush of shame and embarrassment that I had already practically wet myself, and the smell of my own sex and pheromones was already rocketing to unprecedented levels as well in this cramped space.

“Mother!” I exclaimed, utterly indignant.

“Angelina, it’s for your own good. The effect should last about a week, but I dare say neither of you are likely to last half that long. If you’d like for it to end earlier than that you know what must be done.”

“Gah!” came a cry from behind me. In a show of herculean effort Jared must have been giving his all to fight the power of my mother’s venom, but he was inevitably failing, and evidence of his slipping control was in the form of his rising shirt, which hooked on the tip of his *gorgeous* manhood as it extended up and away, revealing the spreading of white fur like wildfire across his belly as the changes started to take hold.

“He’s white-furred as well?” commented my dad as he watched curiously. “How odd.”

“Well, aside from being human, he’s still quite the specimen, isn’t he? Why wouldn’t his fur be white?” replied my mother.

“Who cares about fur color!?!” I nearly yelled.

“We do!” chorused my sisters from upstairs. The ceiling was paper-thin after all...

I could have screamed in frustration... and it was only made worse by the steady weakening of my legs by the rapidly escalating concentration of Jared’s maleness in the room as his jeans slowly threatened to burst, yet he wasn’t taking them off. Apparently he was too dazed to even feel pain... and my own body

wasn't far off from the same as I was already starting to become more of a disheveled mess with every passing second. We needed to get out of there!

And with that short train of thought finished, logic be damned, I grabbed hold of Jared's hand.

"Please make yourselves at home," I yelled angrily as I bolted out the door.

We didn't make it very far though. Just a dozen feet out the door Jared was hardly able to walk.

"Jared! Are you alright?"

"Pants!" was his only reply... right before his jeans literally exploded, shred to ribbons in a split second, unable to hold back the growing bulge in his rear that was his spider's abdomen... And such a lovely abdomen it was, but I couldn't think about how sexy his but now!

"Angel," he panted, grasping my arms tightly as if he were about to fall. I had nearly forgotten how strong he became when fully transformed into Arachne, even though he was still only truly *half* Arachne and technically still a human. I could change all of that... but I couldn't! The implications were too much to even bear thinking about! It would ruin both our lives, and I was sure neither of us wanted that... but unless I thought of something quick I wasn't sure if I would have a choice-

"Angel," he said again, more sternly this time. His voice was shaking, and as he held me he finished transforming into a faux male Arachne, half of him a shadow of his former human self and the other half now entirely spider, through and through.

The look in his eyes was growing wilder by the second, and I couldn't say I didn't feel similar, I was beginning to suspect that I wasn't feeling half of what Jared was... because poor, shy, polite, and hesitant as he was he now grabbed me by the shoulders, begged my forgiveness, and penetrated me without warning.

I can tell you the physical shock was far more intense than my amazement at his sudden aggressiveness though, because as practiced as I had become at handling such rampant and intense lust with a level head it still did nothing to dampen the needs of the body...

And so he as he slid deeper and deeper into me he was met with no resistance other than the sudden tightening of my hands over his and crooning cries of utter satisfaction as I felt his manhood, an exemplary example of what all Arachne males could only *dream* of possessing, push deeper and deeper into my boiling and yielding flesh. I felt as though I was already on the verge of orgasm, and yet he hadn't even hilted!

I was gone for a momentary eternity as my mind tried to process what was happening to my body before I was able to form another rational thought, and as I came to I found Jared's face buried in my neck just as his dick was buried in my pussy.

"*Sorry!*" he mumbled again softly, and tense as we both were I hugged him back even tighter.

"*Thank you,*" I whispered in his ear back... and much to my happiness he relaxed, and proceeded to begin taking care of us both with ferocity I never thought him capable of.

He pulled out from me and thrust back in so powerfully that he threw us both up against a nearby tree, pinning me up against the rough bark and lifting me up into the air, his lips finding mine to embrace in his oh-so passionate and loving kiss while his hands literally *tore* my white dress from my shoulders, his superhuman strength shredding the fabric like paper and exposing me to the woods to make *two* naked driders.

The feeling of the rough bark against my back-fur clashing with Jared's soft hands and legs wrapping me as he proceeded to take me for a ride of a lifetime was drowned out as I experienced an overwhelming sea of bliss. I threw my head back as my breath was taken away. He was so huge, he made me feel small in ways I could never experience anyway else. He was easily my equal in strength and displayed it enthusiastically, whether he meant to or not, and the soft quality of his fur against my own was to absolutely die for! I hadn't told him, but the feeling of the fur on his lower belly running into and through my own as we made love, grinding against each other as he pounded me mercilessly, was one of my favorite sensations... and as if sensing it he used the motion of his pelvis to accentuate our sex to an almost signature style, which had the added bonus of hitting and rubbing certain spots within my nether region that weren't that easily reached, yet he always seemed to find effortlessly!

Raging maleness was forced upon me and into me again and again, and I gladly accepted every thrust, grope, and grind. His hands found my breasts and roughly attended to them, while my own hands grabbed ahold of his lower back and 'ass' to pull him in closer to me, wanting to feel his entire body up against mine.

He lifted me up ever higher, practically climbing the tree, and nearly had me upside down against it! My legs flailed momentarily before finding and grabbing hold of Jared as he bared down on me, both of us crying out again and again from the sheer amount of impossible joy from such an ill prepared and unexpected coupling, his flesh and mine both hypersensitive from the advanced state of our arousal as our heightened senses only grew sharper, our vision narrowing to just each other's bodies as the rest of the world was forgotten in a hazed. The only thing that truly existed was us, and the only thing that mattered was that this moment last forever.

But, of course, that couldn't possibly happen. For one, it would be a shame to lose a lifetime of love for a moment of sex when I would no doubt have all the sex I could possibly stand either way... but for another reason as well. We were both about to reach climax. It wasn't surprising, since after all we had

been fucking with the intensity and desperation of wild animals, lost to the beastly lust as we threw ourselves with wild abandon to the moment in an attempt to go higher and faster and feel better than the previous moment. It was a beautiful rising curve of passion that was going to soon reach its crescendo, and I grew excited and scared as I rode Jared harder and harder in anticipation. I wanted it to be every bit as good as I knew it was going to be, and as the pinnacle moment approached I aided with lengthening his thrusts even further, and we came back together with greater and greater force as he penetrated me to the very depths of my soul.

And so, shaking, yelling, and crying we braced ourselves. Jared continued right on like a machine, but I was quickly rendered motionless as I crushed his shoulders in a bear-hug of epic proportions as I came, and felt him coming with me... literally roaring as he did and continuing to pound me.

It felt like an explosion was occurring in my belly as we both came and quickly it began to gush from me, as the sheer volume was more than either of us was used to and the strength with which he continued to pound my poor pussy was astonishing. My breasts were sore and sensitive, and the feeling of my nipples, hard and erect, against the soft, bare skin of his chest, continued to stimulate me as well as his thrusting moved us both around in soft and rapid elliptical circles.

I was burning up with heat, and felt it pouring from Jared as well as that heat fed into me and the deepest depths of me, his hot come filling me up even more so than his dick already was! My clit had never felt so swollen and hard before, and was not only buzzing, but my entire pussy, and even the rest of my body, was buzzing with numbing pleasure as well! I felt like I wanted to curl into a ball and ride this tidal-wave of sensation out, but could only hold on to Jared as I dug my hands into his fur and he dug his into mine. The smell of him as he sweat against me and ground slowly to a stop within me was impossibly erotic, the sensation of him coming to a rest within me like ecstasy. I wanted to hang on to that moment for forever.

Jared shuddered as his cock continued to twitch and spurt inside me. He sure did perform like a champion, right up to the finish.

"Are you okay?" he asked, completely out of breath. It was only when I tried to respond that I realized I could barely breathe myself. With a gentle, genuinely worried touch he managed to lift his head back up to look apologetically in my eyes.

"Oh, *God*, yes!" I managed to breathe.

"I couldn't hold back at all and I was afraid I might hurt you-"

"No need to worry then, because I feel absolutely amazing... *You* were amazing."

And he sighed with relief.

“You can thank your mother for that then. I wasn’t in control of myself.”

And so, slowly and gently, he extracted himself from me... and I nearly collapsed as he let me down to stand again under my own strength. I realized just that one act of sex had pretty well drained me, and it was all I could do to keep my legs from shaking.

“You’re sure you’re alright?” he asked again, his own exhaustion evident from the way his arms were held limp to his sides and his attempts to regain his breath and composure. His dick stood like a mighty mast before him, tall and proud and remaining absolutely rigid with no signs of *that* changing in the near future, and he grimaced as it twitched and spurted a little more into the air. Man, I really needed to clean myself up...

I only nodded my head ‘yes’ in response. I needed to use the shower, except that would mean going back into my ‘house’. It was then that I turned to look and see the faces of my family staring out the windows at us.

“SOME PRIVACY, PLEASE!!!” I screamed, and immediately grabbed ahold of Jared and stormed off into the forest. It was a very warm day outside, and there was a creek nearby with clean water. We could wash up in that instead.

I had forgotten that we might have an audience, and shuddered to think of how much they might have seen, especially my sisters. Admittedly our family, and our species, weren’t particularly modest about such things and didn’t shelter our young from it like humans did, but to be on display like that made me far too uncomfortable.

What’s more, I could already feel the lusting in my loins returning, and the heat hadn’t at all dissipated, even though Jared’s forceful attentions had been as satisfying as ever, and perhaps even more so. I felt sore, and didn’t relish the idea of doing it again so soon, but my body was already telling me that I would need to before very long as Jared’s condition was becoming my own. I had no doubt in my mind that poor, poor Jared was already ready for a round two from the smell of him, and the increasingly nervous and antsy way he followed me as I quickly located that stream.

I wasted no time at all in jumping in it, and Jared was right behind me. As an Arachne our fur is highly water resistant, but our ‘human’ skin was a different story entirely and in either case I wanted to wash myself at least as clean as I could manage from the mess we had made of my groin-fur. The cold water felt incredibly good on my fevered skin, quickly refreshing me and helping me to think a little more clearly despite my aroused state.

We needed help. Mother’s magic wasn’t something that we could fight alone, and left to run its course we could both be stuck in this condition for days, unable to do anything but fuck endlessly, and as nice

as that sounded the amount of energy that just one round had taken out of us both I knew in my heart that it couldn't possibly last forever... and to put an early end to it I would be sorely tempted to do exactly what my mother wanted me to do.

So that left just one option, and as I turned back to face Jared and share with him my plans I was taken back up in his arms. His heavy breathing told me just how much effort he was putting into holding himself back, and even as he held me gently he struggled just to speak.

"I think I'm starting to see how this might end up not so great a thing..." he managed to say shakily. "If this keeps up, before we see the end of this I'm going to be the sorest man on earth..."

His lust was infectious, and I could feel my own body was warmed back up and ready to go again, the dull ache of my body a fading memory that would no doubt only resurface twice as strong later... but for the moment my thoughts grew fuzzy underneath a potent cocktail of hormones and pheromones. Oh God how my body wanted him, and I wanted him too! With a sigh I resigned myself to my not-so-awful fate and drew him up into a kiss.

"I've got a plan," I said, lifting myself up as high as I could before delicately positioning myself at the head of his spear. I could see it was just about all he could do to stand still as I held myself there before slowly sliding down it. The moans of bliss and satisfaction were mutual as I delicately made my way down his shaft, careful not to injure myself in my desire to move much faster. He reached up and saw to my breasts as I lowered myself and talked to try and keep my thoughts from being utterly lost again. I crooned at he hit sweet spot after sweet spot, the extra sensitivity both a blessing and a curse as I felt nearly reach to peak already.

"I know someone who might be able to create, *ohhhhhh*, an antidote to, mmm!, my mother's venom. We just need to visit, ngh!... oh! OH! *OHH!*"

I wasn't able to complete my sentence, however, as Jared could hold back no longer, and whether I was ready or not he was picking up the pace, taking charge, and expertly fucking me. You'd think he was born an Arachne with the way he knew how to work that dick!!

Oh well, I could tell him after this round two. I was actually surprised I hadn't thought to show him my world before now, as it was a wondrous and magical place, even if it was a bit dangerous at times. I was sure he would enjoy seeing it, as well as all the sights, people, and even creatures that lived there. A plane of existence that lived side by side with his own, right under the noses of everyday people like he used to be. Oh yes, I think he would enjoy it very much.

But not half as much as I was enjoying his newfound virility! (At least for the time being).

“Quite the young man our little princess has found,” said Angel’s father to her mother. “Strong, smart, loyal...”

“Handsome too,” responded his wife. “And did you see him getting at it! I remember when *you* were once that spritely.”

“Yes, well... one way or another he’ll make a wonderful addition to the family I’m sure.”

“You sound as though you think they stand a chance of defying me. She’ll fuck herself senseless with that impotent man and come to her senses, just you wait. Then you and me can finally retire!”

“I wouldn’t be so sure. She’s resourceful, our little Angel. She could find a way.”

“And that is why she is most suited to the crown, but by the gods she is stubborn! No need to worry though, that was my most potent cocktail yet. He won’t be overcoming *that* mixture anytime soon. I might have even overdone it a bit.”

“He certainly was attentive to her though, despite the state he was in. And did you see how hard he struggled to hold back! I think he must really be in love with her!”

“He had better be, or else I’ll...”

The parent’s conversation is interrupted by the squealing of high-pitched voices in the ceiling as Angel’s sisters giggle and laugh about what they had witnessed outside the bedroom window.

“Keep it down up there!” shouted the mother. “Don’t make me tie you up! It’s just sex, after all! Nothing to get so worked up about!”

“Oh hush dear, let them have their fun. We probably should have made sure the window upstairs was shuttered... They are still rather young, after all.”

“They’ll need to come of age eventually, Paul, and I’d rather they not do so ignorant. Sooner is better than later, and this should be a very educational moment for them.”

“It certainly should be... don’t mess with momma-spider!”