

Enthralled

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Commissioned by Anonymous

It was warm outside, but then again it was always warm. It was summer after all, and the heat of the day carried over into the night. I, myself, was out for a bike-ride through the dark.

Underneath a star-lit sky I wandered across the campus, pedaling up and down sidewalks with my headlight on and a red flasher blinking in the rear. I was taking things slow and drinking in the clean air, and didn't really know where I was going.

I could hear parties as I passed frat-houses, and I could smell food as I rode down past the bars and late-night restaurants. It was a good night to be alive.

And I kept on biking, further and further away from people as I rode to the city's only theater and kept right on going, blowing past a bus-stop full of people waiting for a ride back to their dorms.

Street-lighting was becoming less frequent as I crossed the huge walk-bridge that passed over the massive river that split the city in two... and those lights dwindled to nothing as I rolled down the ramps on the other side to find myself at the beginning of a biking trail... and kept on going.

I don't know quite why I decided to go down that way that night. I guess, deep down, I was looking to be alone... but that's where I found myself that one late night. I eventually came to a stop, deep in the woods of the bike trail, where the only sound was the river flowing past nearby and the only light came from my bike's detachable flashlight.

And so, leaning against a dry tree trunk, I sat down to take a drink, check my phone, and relax out in the middle of nowhere where nobody knew where I was.

I must have fallen asleep like that, because I woke up with a start. The sight that greeted me was the inhumanly white face of an angel inches away from me.

I yelled, jumping up from my seat in the dirt and backpedaling so fast that I fell right back over. The woman standing in front of me moved with me, an unnatural hovering that scared the living daylight out of me. From this close, despite the total lack of light, I could make out that she had startlingly blue eyes and a long white hair that hung elegantly around her shoulders... which were bare.

“What?!” I managed to shout, right before she wrapped her hands around my head and kissed me like a passionate lover.

I froze for a moment as I let her kiss me, but there were several things wrong with this picture. My willies were screaming loudly in my head, but I couldn't seem to do anything at all, and felt myself relaxing despite myself.

I relaxed even though I felt her fangs brush against my lips as we kissed. I relaxed even though I realized that the way she was leaning down from above me, as I lay in the dirt, was physically impossible for a human. I knew instinctively and instantly that I was dealing with something supernatural here... and yet for seconds without end I did nothing.

But panic got the best of me, and I shoved her off me. My heart was racing, and fear of the unknown galvanized me into standing. A quick glance told me my bike was where I left it, leaning against the tree I had just taken an ill-advised nap against, but the girl who had kissed me now stood between me and it.

Only... she wasn't exactly standing. It was more like she was crouching on top of something that was big, white, and ludicrously furry... and that big white furry thing was a part of her.

She had backed up when I had shoved her, but now she moved back towards me, and only then did I realize what was going on. It looked as though she were sitting on top of an enormous white spider that was so fuzzy that it was hard to make out its many legs.

Accept she wasn't just sitting on that spider. A beautiful human from the waist up, and a gigantic spider from the waist down... I screamed.

And with speed that caused my heart to stop she swept forwards and covered my mouth, instantly silencing me.

“Please don't,” she whispered.

I looked down at her, since standing up I had become taller (although not necessarily bigger) than her. She was wearing a thin, white tube-top and what appeared to be a small white skirt that was bunched up around her human waist.

When I didn't say anything, she looked me meaningfully in the eyes and spoke again.

“I'm going to take my hand off your mouth now,” she said. “When I do... don't scream. Alright?”

I nodded my head feebly in response, and so she slowly removed her soft and delicate hand from my face. She wasn't just fast, she was deceptively strong. I was seriously scared.

“What *are* you?” I asked shakily when I was able to find my voice again.

“I’m a Drider,” was her response.

My blank stare held a world of ignorance.

“You know?” she continued. “Like in books? Look, I’m half spider, half human.”

“I think I got *that* part...”

She rolled her eyes and let go of me.

“What?” I asked.

“Nothing,” she huffed, turning around. I couldn’t help but stare at her rear as she walked away without warning.

This was insane. None of this could be real! I was standing in the middle of the woods at the darkest hour of the night staring as a mythical creature walked away from me... and all I could do was stare at her spinnerets, which stuck out of the thick white fur in the hindmost apex of her spider’s abdomen. Her hair trailed all the way down her back in a silvery wave of white, her spider half looked crazy soft... and even cuddly. She was the weirdest looking monster I could have ever imagined, and yet there she was in front of me.

“Come,” she beckoned, curling her finger with a follow me gesture over her shoulder. I immediately began walking after her, but I didn’t even realize that I was doing it until I had already moved several feet.

I immediately tried to stop walking, and found to my surprise that I couldn’t... or to be less precise I couldn’t bring myself to. I almost giggled from sheer hysteria.

“What did you do to me?” I asked.

“I took away your free will,” she answered.

“What? With that kiss?” I asked.

“Yup. Don’t forget your bike.”

I was almost past my bike, still leaning against the tree, when she said it and I had to lean so far backwards that I almost fell again, but I was able to snag it and wheel it up along beside me.

And so we walked like that for several minutes, with her in front of me and displaying her naked spider-half to me. I felt almost hypnotized as it moved back and forth in front of me, as her many legs scampered across the forest floor silently. I tried several times to turn away or stop walking, but each attempt seemed to only strengthen the grip of whatever it was that had ahold of my body. It was like she had put a Chinese finger trap around my brain, and so I walked.

I swallowed hard. This was a very bad situation.

“S-so where are you taking me?” I asked, to avoid asking the more obvious question. What was she going to *do* with me?

“To my home,” she answered, crawling over thick underbrush easily whilst I stumbled to keep up. We had left the trail some time ago. “You’ll see...”

I did indeed see. In a very short time we arrived at what could only be her ‘home’: a tree with enormous cobwebs thrown all over it and draping from its branches all the way to the ground. There was dim light coming from within the cobwebs, gently illuminating the whole tree, and the light shined brightest through a hole in the webs that could have only been the entrance.

I followed her inside... and what I saw was the coziest cottage that I never knew existed in these woods.

The ground floor was small and had a very low ceiling, but crammed into the space were some cabinets, a couch, a miniature oven, and a widescreen TV which was stuck up on the wall. I felt like I had to duck to walk around but it was exceedingly comfortable feeling despite that. Even the temperature inside was perfect, when outside it was a bit on the warm side and boggy, and everything smelled faintly of fresh flowers.

Where the trunk was, in the middle of the room, a ladder led up to the second floor and my captor quickly disappeared up it. Several moments passed before she stuck her head back down the hole.

“Are you coming?” she asked. Well, I didn’t answer, but I seemed to have no choice as I was unable to stop myself from climbing up after her.

The second floor was a bedroom, with a big king-sized bed stuck between the web wall and the tree trunk and imbedded in the solid floor of web, and on the other side of the room was a closet, a big dresser, and a pile of stuffed animals. On the bed was the spider-girl... and she had taken off her tube top to reveal a pair of magnificent breasts.

“Oh!” I shouted, and immediately turned away. “Sorry, I didn’t mean-”

But she just laughed.

“Don’t be so shy! You can look...” she said teasingly. I fought the urge to turn back around, which I wasn’t sure was my own or not.

“Um... I think I’d rather just get going back home, actually,” I said nervously. “I’ve got studying to do, and my roommate will be wondering where I am. Thanks for showing me your... room... though!”

“But I don’t want you to go...” she pouted, toying with me. My legs seemed to lock up, and though I tried I couldn’t move from the spot. I felt her come up behind me and my heart practically stopped beating as she wrapped her arms around my shoulders. I was painfully aware of her breasts as they pressed against my back, and even though I myself was wearing a shirt I suddenly found myself with a rapidly growing problem.

As if reading my mind she began undressing me, and I couldn’t stop her.

“Take of your clothes,” she mewled in my ear, practically laughing. “Stay awhile.”

I was shaking as she took my own shirt off and tossed it into a corner before grabbing ahold of me again, although this time her arms hooked under my own and over my chest... and she began rubbing herself up and down against me.

It was far more than I could take.

“I really think I should go!” I said too loudly as I spun around, breaking her grip on me, only to accidentally glimpse her naked body once again before I could cover my eyes. On shaking legs I looked dead at the ground and started wobbling back towards the exit. Whatever spell she had cast on me was wearing off!! I could move again... almost.

She scoffed.

“What,” she asked, moving to block the path between me and the ladder. I immediately diverted my eyes, but she had become slightly annoyed. “Leaving already? Let me guess, is it because I’m a monster?”

“Uh.”

“Well I’m just as much a woman as any girl *you’ve* ever been with, I guarantee you that! Just because I look like this doesn’t mean I’m any different from you or...”

I kept looking away, but she stopped suddenly, as if realizing something.

“You’re not... a virgin are you?” she asked. When I didn’t say anything she nearly barked out in laughter.

"I caught a virgin in the woods! You're in college right? You're not bad looking at all... so what's your problem?"

"Well.... I..."

"Oh. I see. You're one of those socially awkward types. Well you know how to fix that? You need to get laid."

"But, you're..."

"I'm a what? Oh don't be like that... this isn't the seventeenth century you know. We're both adults here, why not have a night of fun?"

"But!"

"No buts," she insisted, moving closer. I didn't notice how close exactly though until she lifted my head up by the chin with one hand, and with her other hand she grabbed me in the front of my jeans. I could sense her monstrous and scary strength just from her touch... but as scared as I was, I couldn't help but be enormously aroused by both her body and her forwardness.

"Nothing wrong with you there," she smiled as she squeezed. "You want me to show you how it all works?"

"T-that's really not necessary!"

"I'm afraid it is..." she insisted, and with eerie smoothness she lifted herself up higher with her eight legs to bring her face level with mine, and kissed me deeply on the mouth again.

I couldn't exactly stop her, and the moment our lips made contact I felt my entire body involuntarily relaxing again. She tasted sweet, like honey mixed with rose petals, and as she pushed her tongue against mine I realized I was being drugged. Those fangs I felt must contain some sort of strange poison!

But she held me I couldn't help but drink in her taste, breathing deeply from the tainted air around her while her hair fell around us and she pulled her mouth, tainted with poison, away from mine. I could feel her body as it pressed against mine, and I felt the softness of her fur as two of her legs reached up around my lower back, as if climbing onto me. One of my hands idly reached down to touch her leg, its soft furry pad moving gently up and down my back, and I marveled that something so scary could feel so nice. She might be a monster, but she felt like a soft, cuddly one.

"You're not going to eat me, are you?" I asked, with tears in my eyes. I couldn't stop my voice from cracking, but I didn't try to clear my throat or repeat myself. I didn't dare to. I felt as though I should be shaking, but my muscles had been relaxed far too thoroughly.

She leaned back as if to look at me better, her wide blue eyes were impossibly innocent seeming as she smiled at me, though her sharp-looking teeth and intimidating fangs didn't go unnoticed either. No... she was definitely not human.

She held onto my neck with one hand while the other slid down my pants and took a hold of my manhood, readjusting it and relieving the strain I was beginning to feel as it pressed hard against the fabric of my pant-leg. Her fingers caressed it and I nearly collapsed then and there even though she had me frozen in her eyes.

"Would you like me to?" she asked.

She didn't wait for my response, not that I could have given her one. Instead, she began undoing my jeans with deft quickness, and opening up the front.

I shuddered as she leaned down, that knowing smile never leaving her face. I felt like I should be doing *something*, but I stood there frozen in place like a deer trapped in headlights. I didn't have a damn clue what to do... and shut my eyes and did nothing.

So it came as a shock and a pleasant surprise when I felt something warm and wet touch me down there... her mouth. She kissed the head of my dick, and then licked it, and then the shaft.

I was left to scream internally. It felt good... it felt amazing even... but those teeth!!! They were far too close for comfort to my-

And then she put it in her mouth, her lips closing around the head, and I felt like I was going to die.

No no no no, I cried internally. This was twisted! This shouldn't be happening! I froze as still as was physically possible, fear of mutilation and shock from this unprecedented situation paralyzing me... but remaining totally motionless quickly proved to be a challenge as she gave me my first head.

I was harder than I had ever been in my entire life, and my body seemed to want to move around of its own accord as unimaginable sensations rocked my entire body. It soon proved to be impossible to stay perfectly still, and I started dancing in place as she torturously toyed with me, her tongue and mouth dancing around on my most sensitive bits as her hands delicately touched me. I couldn't stand it, but neither could I stop her or even slow her down!

"Oh God!" I whimpered as I felt myself starting to tense up. She wasn't stopping... and I climaxed violently, my entire body shuddering and shaking. She swallowed it all and kept right on going even as I begged her between silently to stop. She doesn't let go of me until I'm squeezed dry... and only then does she straighten up and lick her lips.

“Very potent... I knew I had a good feeling about you.”

“Wah?!” was all I could manage to say back. She let go of me, and I collapsed to my knees

“I still need to make sure you’re up to the task, of course,” she added, ignoring me and almost talking to herself. A predatory look had entered her eyes, and I quickly stood back up and tried to buckle my pants back up at the same time. She quickly circles around me, and I found myself spinning to keep her in front of me as I tried to make my way to the ladder of freedom.

“Well, thank you,” I said, “For your hospitality and... that sexual favor, but I really need to get going home, it’s late at night, I’m tired, and there’s probably a search party out there somewhere looking for me so it’s in both our best interests that I get going...”

I am slowly stunned to silence, however, as she ceremoniously removes her white skirt. Underneath is more white fur... but an unmistakable heart shape betrayed what was hidden underneath. Now she’s fully naked before me, although she had admittedly left little for the imagination before, and stood expectantly in between me and the ladder.

“I’ll tell you what,” she said coyly. “If you make love to me, I’ll let you go... no strings attached. That’s all I really want from you.”

She then moved closer, slowly backing me up towards her bed until I was trapped between her and the banister, and she leaned in close to me, her body nearly touching mine but not quite. I could feel the heat of her skin and the coolness of her fur even without touching her. My dick didn’t give a fuck what was going on, and was already ready to go round two... something I never knew myself capable of. The smell of her, the beauty of her body, even the monster parts, and her allure as a strong woman were undeniable. She wanted me, and one way or another it seemed she was going to have me.

“But... I don’t even have protection!” I said lamely. She only laughed, and she moved forwards that last inch for her entire body to pair up with mine. Her forelegs pulled down my pants all the way to the ground this time, and left me bare to her physical assault on my senses. My dick became buried deep in her soft, cool white fur. Her feverish skin pressed against mine, her arms wrapping around my middle as she squeezed me gently, her soft breasts squishing against my belly. I felt her need palpably... she wasn’t just doing this for a lark. She was in a desperate state, and had chosen me to help her.

“You won’t need it,” she said, grinding slightly against my leg. I felt my skin become slick as I realized she was rubbing her sex against me. “We’re different species after all... I just need you for tonight.”

I looked down at her, and felt my heart nearly cave. She truly did seem to need me right now, far more than I needed her... but was it really alright? She was a monster! I had no idea what would happen if I tried to put my dick in her. I didn’t know whether what she was asking me to do, and what I was considering doing, was right or wrong. I was religious, but she seemed to almost be suffering. Could it be

that she might be in trouble if I didn't do as she asked? She had been nothing but pleasant and nice to me all this time, aside from the kidnapping. Just because she looked scary didn't exactly make her a monster, did it?

And she felt very nice as she clung to me. Without even meaning to I found myself wrapping my arms around her as well, her voluminous white hair soft as cashmere in my hands, the fur of her spider half doubly so as she started to climb up onto me.

I had an abomination in my arms, but she was looking up at me with such intense eyes. I had to perform a man check... and the answer I came up with was unsurprising, in spite of the stupidity it all.

My grandpa had always said, 'In for a penny, in for a pound.' I took his advice that night.

"Oh, fuck..." was all I said as I pulled her up and kissed her.

She didn't seem very taken aback, and practically pounced on me, knocking me over the bedrail and over onto her mattress.

Things quickly began moving quickly. I scooted back all the way onto the bed, kicking off my shoes, socks, and pants all in the span of a second. She crawled onto the bed over me, her eight soft, white legs on both sides of the bed as she crouched over me. My heart was racing like it never had before, and the warm glow in my dick and balls was a clear but forgotten memory. Oh shit this was happening!

She leaned over me, placing both her hands on my shoulders, as her breasts hanged beautifully within arm's reach. I hesitated to touch her though, but I need not have worried at all. She reached over quickly with her hands and put mine on her breasts for me. They were so soft!! I laughed nervously, and she made a lovely cooing/purring noise, as if my touch alone was the most sensational thing in the world to her! For all I knew it was!

But she was lowering herself onto too as I played with her, and that wondrously soft fur descended upon my lower half, blanketing most of my legs and all of my pelvis. I could feel something wet and burning hot touch my shaft, and I realized that she was pressing her pussy against me. Oh did that feel wonderful! It felt like some sort of animal was moving above me as she rested her body weight onto me... and she was astoundingly light, and began to grind slowly against my dick.

The moment of truth was rapidly approaching. There would be no undoing it. I wondered silently if this counted as bestiality or something else entirely. Under what category I might put what I was about to do... monsterphilia? I was hesitant to even put *that* label on it... but there was no getting around it. I was about to do something insane.

"Mmmmm!" she purred as she began to align herself. The sensation of her fur as it brushed against my dick and balls was heavenly, and underneath it all a wonderfully wet pussy. What would it feel like? I

hadn't even felt a *human* pussy before! Oh god I was about to lose my virginity to something out of a fantasy-horror novel!!! Did I really want that?! Shouldn't my first time be with a normal woma—

“OhhohHO!!!!” I gibbered as she made her move, sliding all the way up along my shaft to my head and penetrating herself in one smooth, practiced motion. Only the head of my dick went in on that first push, but that was enough to fry my brain. This was it! This is what I had been building myself for my entire life!!! I was going to have actual sex with a gigantic spider!!!!!!

And she pushed herself down on me. I couldn't possibly have been prepared for the sensation, and if my balls hadn't already been emptied earlier I likely would have lost my load then and there, and that would have been it. Game over after only five seconds.

As it was, though, I didn't lose it. My dick was rock steady and ready to party for a good, long time. I considered for a moment that maybe that same poison she was giving me orally might be doing something to my dick too, but now wasn't the time to think. Now was the time to act.

I thrust up into her, and she cried out as we hilted together. She was unbelievably hot, wet, and *tight*, her pussy gripping my dick like a vice, but nonetheless I slid up into her smooth as silk. Her hands squeezed tightly down on my shoulders, painfully reminding me of her supernatural strength, but I persevered and pulled slightly out of her, only to immediately ram back in and hilt her again, her soft fur around her groin providing excellent cushion but ultimately not stopping me in the least. I pushed as deep as I could into her as her vaginal walls squeezed and contracted hard around me. For the first time since I had seen her this strange white woman seemed to freeze up solid, unable to move... and damn was she tight! Was I too big for her?! Was I hurting her!?! I immediately stopped.

“Are you alright?” I asked, but she shook her head yes, her eyes closed tightly.

“Should I stop or something...” I started to ask, but she answered by lifting her body up slightly and the dropping quickly and suddenly back down on my dick, engulfing it completely with a slick, wet sound, only for her to raise herself back up just as fast and do it again.

Now it was my turn to be paralyzed. Oh god that was too fast!!!

But I couldn't say anything as she made the strokes faster and longer. Her pussy was eating up my dick, and neither one of us seemed quite prepared for the intensity of it. Unable to keep holding herself up, she leaned all the way down to rest her upper body on mine as she continued riding me, and I supported and embraced her as she did. Her skin was so soft.... And her lips. I bent my head down again and kissed her, and she seemed so surprised that she actually stopped for a moment.

She was light enough for me to lift her up, and I did so easily, rolling with her on top of me. I lifted my legs over hers so that mine would end up under hers, and as I flipped her I held her and kissed her, not

once breaking free from her lips as I carefully straddled and lay on top of *her* now. I was still deep inside of her, and took full advantage as I began riding her like there wasn't going to be a tomorrow.

I became wild, aggressive, and thirsty for her body all at the flick of a switch. She cried out in surprise, not unpleasantly, as I took charge. It came so easily... naturally even. It didn't matter what she looked like, or what she was, or why we were doing this. We were doing it, and that was all that mattered to me. I fucked her like an animal myself.

She came quickly; it didn't seem to take much. I had hardly begun when she was yelling and squirming beneath me. I didn't know what was happening, so I slowed down, but that didn't seem to help at all. Her pussy had started going wild and was grabbing frantically at me, all eight of her legs curling and uncurling as her lower half, which I had all but forgotten was even there, bent up behind me with incredible flexibility and slammed me forward into her, all the way, and held me there as she came and cried as she did so.

It seemed to last forever, but after minutes on end she was back to herself, and acting as though nothing at all had happened, so I kept going.

We flipped over several times more, we wrestled with each other. We changed positions against and again. Through it all I somehow, magically, heroically, lasted. I went from being entirely and completely inexperienced with sex to learning all the ropes in one night, or so it seemed like to me. I couldn't get enough of her body, and she seemed to be of a similar mind as we fucked and fucked.

I was afraid it was never going to end, and was riding her reverse-cowboy style when I had just discovered that her spinnerets were a powerful ergonomic zone for her. I was on the edge myself, so very close to that long awaited climax, when I decided to toy with her silk-maker using my fingers and was rewarded by an amazing shout of surprise and a powerful grown of pleasure that was accompanied by her pussy aggressively milking me as she started her fourth orgasm since we started. It was what I had been waiting for to push me over the edge myself, and I cried out as balls clenched and my dick, bent downwards from the strange sexual position we had concocted, flooded me with euphoria as I delivered to my lover a fresh load of my man-juice.

We both cried out together in euphoria before both collapsing in exhaustion, me falling forwards to lay on the belly of her spider-half, her super soft white fur engulfing me, and her going limp on her back right where she lay, sweat covering us both and steam seeming to fill the entire room. I laid like that for a while, breathing in the smell of her fur as I felt myself slowly go soft, before I decided to give her a view of something other than my butt and shakily managed to lift myself up a little and pull out of her, only to fall over to the side of her and collapse limply across four of her soft, fluffy legs. I managed to fall backwards at least though, so now she had my face to look at and not my butt.

"Wow..." she said. "That was something..."

“Yea...” I agreed, unable to stop grinning. Things sure worked out great! I couldn’t have asked for a better way to spend a Friday... “You were great...”

“Angeline,” she said. “I’m Angeline. This is my first year of college here. You?”

“I’m Jared, but wait a minute... you’re going to school?!? How!?”

“I wear a long skirt,” she answered smugly, “and try not to stick out too much.”

“You’re kidding...”

“What about you?” she asked. “What year?”

“Third year, bio-chem major...”

“Cool.”

“Yea...”

And so we snuggled closer together, and I cuddled up against her soft fur as if to use her as a blanket.

“You’re not mad about all that stuff I had to do earlier, are you?” she asked.

“Not at all,” I said with a chuckle. “And I’m sure you had a good reason for doing it. You opened my eyes for sure.”

“Oh, you have no idea... but that means I’ll see you again, right?”

“Angel... I’m yours.”

Don’t forget her name