

# Silk 4

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*Commissioned by Anonymous*

Rachel's eyes lit up with a wicked smile as she moved over to the remaining two gang-members, tied up in her web and bound by their hands and feet. Her flowing rosy-pink fur seemed hypnotizing as it she stood over top of them, its smell intoxicatingly sweet and mild, thrilling and subduing at the same time.

"Now, which one of you would like to take the plunge first?" she asked menacingly. The one on her right jerked his head towards his fellow without hesitation, begging with his eyes to be spared, while the one on the left wasn't so quick.

"Oh? It seems your friend has volunteered you to go first!"

He shook his head 'no', but was interrupted as he felt his entire body become engulfed in soft, cushiony pillows of fur as Rachel lowered herself down to embrace his body. She had become an expert in tearing off clothing, and did so in a fraction of a second with her eight dexterous spider-legs. When the man's boxers were shredded and discarded there remained nothing to protect his raging erection from contact with this creature's body and her velvety, soft, and soothingly warm fur as it engulfed him completely.

He shuddered at the unexpected ecstasy of feeling not just his dick and balls, but his entire body in fact, wrapped up by this godly being's warm and soft embrace. He offered zero resistance as she pressed her lips against his, the webbing that had been his gag dissolving into nothing as he found himself passionately kissing her back, his hands straining to reach for and touch her body, her breasts, and her smooth and wonderful fur that seemed just out of his grasp. He was content, however, to let her touch *him* and kiss him and to grind against each other so deliciously.

She tasted strange though, not like any human woman he had ever kissed. It was as though she had eaten something spicy and sweet and it was still on her tongue, which she repeatedly pushed into his mouth and against his own. The taste of her was like a fire unlike anything he had ever know, his throat and then his belly quickly becoming aflame with that strange tingling, fiery sensation. He didn't take notice of it, as she had yet to try and bite him and he was enjoying what she was doing to him for the moment too much.

Actually, he was enjoying it far too much. He started to grow a bit alarmed as his dick strained harder and harder against her warm and soft belly fur, engulfed as it was as he thrust against her almost mechanically now. He realized he couldn't stop himself... his body *needed* to move like it was. Something

was taking his limbs over, a secondary consciousness that even in its earliest stages was beginning to assert itself over his own will.

He tried to cry out, fear beginning to take him again even as his arousal only escalated further. Rachel didn't let him, keeping his lips locked against hers as she fed him more and more of her venom, slowly filling his belly and his body with chemicals of her own design.

But her venom by itself wasn't enough for this, nor was simple arousal or release. *His* change was going to need more drastic and calculated measures. She smiled with her eyes as she looked into his while she positioned herself.

She felt him out carefully, her wet and *very* ready vent eager to be penetrated. Her pussy lips brushed against the head of his dick slowly in gentle circular motions that nearly caused her prisoner to convulse beneath her. Her potent sexual fluids quickly began to coat his dick and run down his shaft, a hot and tingling sensation flaring up everywhere her sex touched him. He knew deep down that he didn't want to have sex with her, that sex with her came at a cost he wasn't willing to pay, but even though he was technically being raped he found himself desperately wanting it. How could he not? Such a tight and wonderfully wet pussy was being pressed against his dick and slicking him up like that, making him feel such intense sensations even without penetration. Against his better judgment his dick was in charge of his brain for the moment, and so he couldn't stop himself from thrusting and trying to penetrate her, even though he knew that he shouldn't.

Was he not a man, after all?

A gleam in Rachel's eye, however, reminded him of what she had done to her first victim... and he had a sudden moment of clarity just before she sat herself down upon his straining and painfully erect dick, sliding all the way down until literally bumping up against his pelvis even though she had the tightest pussy he had ever been inside in his life.

They both cried out, their lips breaking apart and pale-yellow droplets of Rachel's venom flying into the air amongst thin trails of their mixed saliva.

"Ahgh!" cried out the man with his mouth in the shape of an 'o' and his eyes wide in shock. He had never known sex could feel it did at that exact moment, a burning electric sensation violating all of his senses as he felt himself penetrate Rachel all the way, her own sex not keeping still as it wrapped around his dick, muscles and internal movements unlike anything any human girl could perform encompassing his brain in a million needle-like electrical shocks, his body and his skin erupting in a flaming heat.

But it was more than just an illusory sensation. Things were already happening.

The soft blanket of Rachel's fur, brushing across his skin and cushioning the contact between their bodies, was growing softer. The level of sensitivity of his skin seemed to be increasing alarmingly, and after several seconds he began to realize why. Pure white fur was growing in across his entire body, each hair standing on end as it grew and grew, meshing with Rachel's own pink and downy fur.

He was marveling at the sensation just as Rachel slowly began lifting her abdomen up and away, her pussy sliding wetly along him until just the tip remained inside her... and then she pushed herself back down onto him, her soft flesh spreading and her fur merging once again with his own growing coat with a silent squishing sensation.

Any cares or worries that man might have had dissolved and melted away as he lost himself to the moment, being slowly taken in by that wondrous and strange pussy, which was attached to that warm and consuming soft blanket of fur that was Rachel's legs and abdomen. It wasn't cold out, but the relative heat of her body and fur made him want to snuggle and hug her, the perfume that dusted her body making him forget and relax, his entire body feeling too good to care about anything but the amazing sex he was suddenly receiving. His dick felt so *good* inside her too, so hot and tingly! And the white fur growing in all over his body was only getting thicker and thicker, already matching Rachel's in length and still going.

The changes weren't just cosmetic though.

His stomach gurgled strangely as his dick and balls continued to tingle and buzz electrically while her smooth, soft, wet sex enveloped and stimulated him, her lubricating fluids so hot and wet... She was already starting to move faster, and faster, and beginning to make a real mess on top of him, coating his dick and nut-sack thoroughly... and as he grew closer and closer to achieving a climax he felt his balls become soft and furry too... and his dick begin to extend in slow and excruciatingly incremental amounts, making him gasp out loud in surprise as each time Rachel slammed herself down on him he penetrated her a little bit further, and his dick became just that little bit more sensitive and strange feeling.

"Nnnngh!" he groaned. A pressure seemed to be building in his body, and he didn't know what to make of it. He wanted to orgasm so badly! He could feel it, and tried to fuck Rachel back harder to achieve it, but something wasn't quite right. He hardly noticed when his balls dissolved into nothing, leaving the sack of skin beneath his dick empty and loose, nor did he notice as the fur covering his entire body stopped growing at just over a foot in length, covering him from head to toe and leaving only his hands, feet, and face with shorter, finer white fur covering them, hairless pads forming on his palms and the soles of his feet, and short white claws forming on his fingertips and toes.

But the real changes to his body were internal. He could feel his belly starting to swell slightly as the pressure continued, and a *full* feeling began to force itself into his awareness... and there were other, even stranger and newer sensations springing up from out of nowhere. He felt a burning ache start to build from within his groin, a heat entirely different from the hardness of his manhood as Rachel

continued to ride him with ever increasing passion of her own, her hands having long since traveled up her own body to abuse her breasts, providing excellent viewing pleasure for her audience. The man trapped beneath her, however, had no time to be interested in her feverish display of passion. He was too worried about the growing size of his belly, and the aching pressure he felt building just below it.

He couldn't have possibly been prepared, however, for when that pressure opened up into his then-empty sack of white and fuzzy skin beneath his painfully straining dick as Rachel fucked him harder and harder, reaching miniature climaxes every couple of seconds only to fuck him faster and faster. With a gush of wetness a *vagina* suddenly formed out of nothing under the still intact and very loose skin that used to hold and protect the man's now forever departed balls, the gush of lubricants from said vagina contained entirely by that white-furred coin purse and creating quite an unusual tapestry of sensations for that poor stranger.

With his empty tea-bag was being slowly filled with lubricating fluids, and his dick sliding deeper and deeper into Rachel, the depth of its penetration increasing incrementally with every grind of Rachel's pussy on his poor dick, her soft, wet, *hot* folds caressing and stimulating him ever higher... and yet he had yet to release!

Meanwhile his belly was still swelling, and he could feel what was causing it to swell. Denial is a powerful thing, but there was no denying that he was rapidly taking on the appearance of a pregnant woman... and he couldn't possibly ignore the fact that he could feel soft, round eggs, each the size of a small apple, being added to his belly one by one. The second one was added to the cluster another was already on its way... and the pressure of all those eggs pressing against each other and stretching his belly wide was not only disconcerting and distracting him from Rachel's lovely pussy, body, and encompassing fur... but it was also putting something else on his list of things to worry about.

Because the man began to feel contractions.

"Ooo!" moaned Rachel. "Fill me up big boy!"

And so the white-furred and egg-filled man cried out as he felt one of those eggs begin to push against a tightly closed opening in his belly. That opening, tight as it was, was also experiencing muscle contractions at the same time... and as the egg pushed and the muscles contracted that egg slowly worked its way down lower into the man's belly, until with a sudden push it slipped out of the cluster of its fellow eggs and into the clenching tightness of his virgin vagina.

It was then left entirely up to the man, as the egg was not going to move any further without his encouragement. An organ he never before imagined having between his legs, with alien musculature and a painful virgin tightness, combined to make for a daunting task... but he was so close to a climax! His dick felt so fucking good as Rachel rode it up and down, and this new organ, this alien vagina, felt good too, if not incredibly weird, uncomfortable, and painful even...

And he knew that he wasn't going to experience any sort of relief until he moved things along, and so with a grudging groan he pushed and slowly it moved downwards, stretching him mercilessly.

His new organ stretched with shockingly stark sensations of both teeth-clenching pain and breath-taking pleasure. It took only seconds of pushing, but those seconds seemed to stretch into minutes for the man as he smoothly squeezed that egg out of his abdomen... and into his fuzzy white-furred sack of no-longer-empty skin. The large egg stretched it tighter than it had ever stretched before, but the elastic skin was able to accommodate without *too* much discomfort.

"Mmph!" he tried to yell through his gag as he desperately plowed the pussy that continued to move up and down on top of him, that wonderfully soft fur meshing with his own and slicking both of them up with their respective bodily fluids as they poured from Rachel's loins and spilled over his dick over and over as she pumped him.

He had no time for respite though before a second egg began pushing its way out of his body.

Tears began to leak from his eyes as he pushed and pushed, his legs kicking and toes curling as he was forced to bear a second egg until, with a plop, it joined the first to rest snugly in his ball sack... and after only a mere second of respite a *third* began to work its way downward.

He tried to bite his way through the gag, but it was far too tough. His hands clenched into fists, and his back spasmed. His taught white-furred belly strained against Rachel's, the skin underneath he wonderful layer of thick, thick fur like the surface as a drum as more eggs were being added to his belly even as he was still just in the process of depositing his third... and he was about to climax.

"I think he's going to *come*," cooed Rachel as she slammed her body over his faster than ever, her body devouring the still growing length of her victims transforming dick with long, powerful strokes. Her flesh parted wetly with every silken movement, her entire body building into the gyration as she lost herself to the lust of the moment.

His face was indeed screwed up, and he could feel a tightening in his 'egg'-sack that hung heavily between his legs. Every muscle in his body clenched as he braced powerfully against his restraints, Rachel's pussy moving *so* nicely over his insanely sensitive and much bigger dick... and just as Rachel herself was beginning to lose herself, her pants fevered and her temperature spiking, did the poor man's third egg finally make contact with his first two as it tried to join them... except that it couldn't. It was too tight, and there wasn't any room for a third egg.

Well, there was only one solution to this problem, and his new body and reworked anatomy down there was more than glad to help out. He climaxed... and all three eggs began to vacuum up into his body.

But not back up his little vag. Two new pathways opened up, seizing the eggs hanging in his crotch with powerful and involuntary musculature. They were the same abdominal muscles he would have used to

ejaculate normally from before he had been transformed, but now they were much stronger and bigger, and their purpose reworked.

He screamed in perverted agony as he came, while a fourth and a *fifth* egg were already starting their decent down his little vagina and into his sack while the three eggs already there were forcibly moving back up through a pair of narrow tubes, the remnants of the transmogrified ductwork of his nuts, and as he came and squirted and ejaculated all at once the eggs pushed their way up and through his prostrate, into his urethra (which stretched like elastic) and then proceeded in a single file line up the length of his dick in short bursts of movement with every successive attempt from his body to cum, only for everything to seize and back up behind the blockage of the eggs, which only pushed them along just that little bit further.

His dick bulged hugely around the invasive trio of eggs even as he felt a new pair deposit into his nutsack only to immediately be vacuumed up by his spasming groin's reflexive and mechanical musculature. More eggs were dropping one after another too, and the man cried silently in shock, horror, and humiliation as he realized it wasn't about to stop. A chain reaction seemed to be taking place in his body, and as he came and came over and over from two separate sexual organs the only relief and release he felt came from his vagina, and that was only temporary and very short lived as the eggs swelling his belly swung into full motion.

Rachel's pussy spread wider and wider with agonizing slowness as the eggs forcing themselves along the length of her victim's dick made their presence known to her, even as she continued to ride him and cry out in orgasm herself. Jets of milk shot from her breasts as she moaned and twisted her nipples, the milk leaking steadily down her front as she slammed her pussy against the enormous bulges the eggs were forming in her victim's dick.

"Oh!" she cried, glancing slyly at Ben. He was rock hard and leaking pre like a faucet, but otherwise maintaining his constitution and saving himself for when it was his turn to perform.

"Too big for even you, eh?" asked Ben.

"Mmmm..." she moaned back as she lifted herself higher off the little man than normal, his volumes of thick, cloudy white fur creating static shocks in the dry air as their fur separated. The true size of his dick was a bit hard to measure because of the thick fur, but there was no doubt that it was no longer human at the very least, having grown to at least two feet in length and still gradually inching its way higher as the thick bulges in his dick took the opportunity to squeeze their way further up and making him wince.

Rachel prepared herself before sliding back down on him until she reached the first of those bulges, and then carefully rested more and more of her body weight on him. Her pussy slowly spread wider and wider, still spilling over from her very recent climax, and with torturous slowness her labia slowly began to move over that first bulge until, with an almost painful pop, it slid up and into her. The next several

bulges came much easier after that, each popping up and into her one after the other though not without each exciting a sharp gasp from Rachel as it entered her.

Meanwhile, on the man's end, his eggs were already starting to back up, and the next egg that he tried to lay had nowhere to go, and found itself blocked from being deposited into his sack even as two more eggs were making their ways down behind it. The man was growing desperate, the buildup of eggs and the pressures they were exerting on his body were something else, and as his desperate need to cum and find release built so did the number of eggs waiting impatiently to exit his body and find their way into Rachel's.

And during all of this his dick was entering the final stages of its mysterious changes, questing ever so slowly deeper and deeper into Rachel's belly. The man could feel something strange happening to its tip too, but he couldn't tell exactly what it was other than that it felt amazing, and he wished that Rachel would keep moving up and down on him... but as she lowered herself the rest of the way down on his bulging dick, her pussy finally falling flat against his pelvis once again with their swaths of fur blending together electrically and his dick pumping his eggs up, now one after another, into her sensitive sex... she didn't seem to have the energy or will power to pull herself back up off him.

In fact, there seemed to be some sort of suction-like force that was pulling her down tighter over his dick, and perhaps she couldn't lift herself back off it even if she wanted to. Her breathing had escalated once again as her entire body began heaving in preparation for another orgasmic climax, and she braced herself with her hands on the man's soft, white chest. He himself could only hold on for the ride as his eggs backed up all the way into his belly, his vagina filled completely, and it was as though their two vaginas were connected by the sensation of the eggs as they moved from him and into her. A gentle back and forth motion as forming in the chain of eggs as they worked their way deeper and deeper, and soon they would reach the terminus of his dick. The proximity of the eggs seemed to be triggering an acceleration of the changes to the head of the man's dick though, as it pushed like a runner reaching the end of its, its changes solidifying as it grew that last little bit in length... and then it touched the bottom of Rachel's vagina.

Both were a little surprised to find him filling her literally to the max... but what was even more shocking was that the second after the head of the man's dick touched that wall of flesh it exploded. The man was caught completely off guard by the reflex unexpectedly triggered by that contact, and as the head of his dick struck like a snake and attached itself to the deepest part of Rachel's vaginal canal his entire body convulsed with shocking power and strength, sending all of his eggs streaming into her all at once.

He roared like an animal as he came and all the pressure and tension built up in his body from his denied orgasm released in one huge gut-clenching burst, his pussy emptying eggs into his sack as fast as his sack could be emptied into his dick... and his dick, attached somehow to Rachel's inner plumbing like it was, somehow penetrated even deeper into her body, and began exploding the eggs past that tightly locked wall and into her most delicate and sensitive of inner chambers as fast as his pulsing and spasming organs could manage.

“Oh! Ohhhh! OHHhhHHH!” she moaned as she felt herself begin to be filled.

“Rrrrrghghghghg!” cried the man into his gag through clenched teeth as his belly emptied itself all at once.

Her flesh was so soft and yielding, and gave easily as he forced more and more of his eggs into her depths, both groaning and straining and struggling as their respective orgasms took their tolls and their bodies strained from the transfer of his eggs to her belly.

In no time at all his belly began to look flat once more as the very last eggs left it, leaving him with an empty feeling as the last of them emptied down his vagina canal and followed the train out of his hypersensitive and shaking flesh.

Rachel’s spider-abdomen was visibly larger as the last of the eggs slide along his dick to find their final resting place. Seeming gallons of his lubricant had been transferred along with the eggs, and what hadn’t stayed with her new bellyful of eggs had flowed from her sex and onto the man from which it originated, though it slid off his soft and warm fur like water off a ducks back, keeping both their fur relatively dry despite the mess they had made of each other’s sexes.

The man was left hardly able to breathe as he took short, rabid breaths and his sexual organs pulsed in time, the blood pounding through them making them hypersensitive and swollen-feeling. Rachel wasn’t in much of a better condition, but shakily she tried to gather her many legs underneath her and lift up off her prey.

“Thank you,” she said with a glowing smile. “That was wonderful. We *must* do this again soon...”

But as she tried to stand up and remove him from herself she found that his sex was rather securely anchored to her, and even though he had given her his last egg he continued to leak and ooze fluid into her in a constant stream.

“Oh...” she said as she tried to stand up and only yanked painfully on their joined sexes. “I think I may have miscalculated...”

“Oh, I wouldn’t go *that* far,” said Ben with a grin plastered all over his face. “I’d say that was better than I had imagined!”

“Well, I imagined not getting stuck... can you do anything to let me go honey?” she asked, her last question directed to the man trapped both beneath her and within her. He shook his head in the negative.



She experimentally reach down with her hand to try and pull at the base of his dick, but that didn't help either, though as her hand brushed against her swollen clit her entire body convulsed and gushed a rather large amount of the man's lubricant over her hand. She sighed.

"Looks like you're in quite the predicament," said Ben, moving around behind her suddenly. "Wonder how long for?"

"Hey! No touching! Do you have any idea how I feel right now?"

"Nope."

And as he said it he leaned over her egg-filled spider's abdomen and ran his hands through her thick, gorgeous fur. She moaned despite herself and her fur fluffed up in reflex. Her victim, trapped inside her for now, gasped as he felt his dick get squeezed and tugged on as Rachel tried unsuccessfully to turn around.

"Hey!"

"Hay is for horses," laughed Ben before tickling her spinnerets with his fingers, making his beloved's butt buck in a fruitless attempt to move beyond his reach.

"Stop that!" she cried.

"Aw, but you obviously *like* it," said Ben as he pushed his fingers inside her tightly grasping silk ducts. She couldn't stop her anatomy from pulling his fingers in deeper, her organ reacting with half a mind of its own as she tickled his hand back and moaned in agonized conflict. "Surely you're not saying you can't *handle* just a little more?"

"Oh fuck, you're an asshole Ben..." said Rachel as she pushed her butt against his hand a little, raising her rear end up into the air invitingly. "Just remember, pay backs a bitch..."

"Oh, I'm sure it is..." laughed Ben as he wiggled his fingers.

"Oh!" she cried softly, her pussy squirting a little below her. Ben slowly withdrew his fingers from her grasping organ, sticky silk trailing after. He leaned down closer as if to smell her fresh silk, before bracing himself with his hands on either side of her but and delving his face in.

"AH!" she cried as he quickly began to suck on her spinnerets, tongue her silk ducts, and lick and kiss her sensitive and ductile organ, which ordinarily was as steady as a surgeon's hand, now fretting and shaking under the attentions of Ben's mouth. She lost control of her silk glands a few times and had miniature 'climaxes' with just her spinnerets, but her still recovering vagina, stretched tightly over her victim's dick as it still was, was moving again as well and building up towards yet another orgasm.

“Faster!” she whispered with her eyes tightly closed. This was one of her lover’s favorite games to play, to cause each other to orgasm through targeted and isolated stimulation. This time she was much faster to climax though, as she was still technically engaged in sex and was able to stimulate herself down there rather easily and even unintentionally as her body responded to Ben’s soft touch. This orgasm was a much softer, gentler, and quieter affair any she had had thus far, but it was also much more intimate and passionate, the love the two drider’s felt for each other a tangible vibe that filled the air with warmth and fresh passion. It was only after Rachel had herself a very thorough orgasm, all while still atop her mount, that Ben slowed to a stop, and with a final squeeze and kiss pull away and clean himself up, turning with a grin on the last of the gang members, and the last of the victims for the night.

Needless to say the sorry-looking dude, trapped and helpless as he was, seemed to be overcome with a strange combination of fear, wonder, and excitement. Indeed, he was quite erect and pre-prepped for whatever Ben had in mind for his punishment, though he squirmed with renewed vigor in a useless attempt at escape, and as Ben cleaned the last of Rachel’s webbing from himself a rather wild gleam glinted in his eye.

“Are we ready for the grand finale?” he asked aloud, following his unanswered question with a roaring laugh. His soon to be final victim quaked with fear and trepidation.