

Silk 6

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

Commissioned by Anonymous

“So...” said Ben, looking around the room. He and Rachel had returned with their catch of five miscreants to their ‘home base’, meaning their apartment. It would be the first of many such bases, if they were successful.

Both Ben and Rachel had returned to their ‘human’ forms, their outward appearance giving no hint to their true nature, but of the five men they had captured and bent to their wills only one remained human in appearance, and that one person wasn’t even the correct gender anymore. All five of them lacked the ability to transform themselves at will like Rachel and Ben could.

“... two male, two female, and one somewhere in the middle,” continued Ben, looking at each in turn. “I don’t think I need to tell you that whoever or whatever you were before no longer matters. I don’t even want to know your names, as you will be given new ones, and I could care less about how you feel about it. It would be best for all of you to look at this as a clean slate.

“Me and Rachel here have given each of you a share of our power. This means that we’ve given each of you a measure of trust as well. Enslaved as you absolutely are, being the first you are all also going to become our generals, and at least a little trust is necessary for our goals. Similarly, although our power now flows in your veins, there will no doubt come a time when you may find an opportunity to betray one or both of us. I recommend you do not act on any such opportunities or temptations, as even in the best scenario you will still, ultimately, die a painful death. So long you follow orders willingly and to the best of your ability there should be no problems, and everyone here will prosper. If any of you have a question now would be the time to ask.”

Immediately the first one to be transformed raised her hand, and Ben nodded his approval for her to speak.

“Um... I just need to ask... why are some of us women now? And why am I still human?”

“You’re still human in appearance because you’re going to be in charge of recruiting, and that will require you to be able to move freely amongst humans. Your sexuality has been altered to help better facilitate your job, as well as a personal preference on both mine and Rachel’s part. We don’t need a sausage fest, and if we made you all to be the same then there wouldn’t be a point in having five of you.”

“Then what’s my job?!” asked the peach-furred one, her many breasts and sizable spider’s-abdomen like enormous furry cream-puffs. She had her arms folded across her chest, in between her first and second rows of breasts (which were quite heavy with milk and aching to be relieved of said milk). “Why did you take *my* manhood away?”

“You’re going to be in charge of our nursery,” Ben said, gesturing towards Rachel as he did so. “When those eggs hatch they’re going to be hungry, and you’ll be their primary source of sustenance at first, until they learn to feed themselves. You couldn’t perform that job as a male as you would lack breasts... and you will also take turns with Rachel bearing eggs... and in fact it might be a good idea for you to get started on that as soon as possible, whenever Mr. White is ready to lay some more inside of you.”

He looked at the white-furred hermaphrodite, whose belly was tight and overfull with his eggs.

“Yup,” he said tersely. “I am *totally* ready whenever you are to get rid of these fucking things.”

His dick was already stiffening at the prospect, and his fluffy white nut-sack already stuffed full with two of his eggs as he held back the urge to impregnate everyone in sight. Indeed, the tip of his manhood was beginning to drip with slippery pre as well, and he started dancing as if desperately needing to use the toilet.

“And you?” asked Ben, addressing the peach-furred milky wonder. “Ready to become a mommy?”

“What!? No! I don’t want to walk around looking like *him*.”

“Snow-ball. Go over there and see if you can’t convince her otherwise.”

“Yes-sir!”

And with a bound the white-furred herm chased after the peach-furred fem as she too had taken off like a shot to avoid any potential impregnation. They quickly disappeared into the adjacent room where the continued to chase each other around, eventually leading the inevitable confrontation upstairs where the soft pounding of their feet and shouts of their voices dulled into the background. Ben quickly ignored them and turned to face the remaining two, the green and purple furred fellows respectively.

“Any complaints or questions from you two?” he asked passively.

“No sir!” the both said in unison, making Ben smile.

“I like that attitude. Purple-dude, you’ll be in charge of intelligence, which I will explain to you when it comes time...”

“And green-dude, you’ll be in charge of organizing our territories as we expand, as well as maintaining and defending them. I’ll explain that in further detail as well as it becomes necessary, since right now we only have this one apartment and me and Rachel can take of things for now in that regard.”

A large thump followed by a squeal interrupted Ben though and caused all three of them to look momentarily up at the ceiling... and a shuddering moan made them look back down at the ‘first victim’, the human female. She had been given back her original clothes, but they didn’t fit her anymore and her knees were buckling slightly.

Acutely aware that she had drawn attention back to herself she blushed and tried to apologize.

“No need to be so shy,” said Rachel, sneaking up behind her and interrupting whatever she had started trying to say by suddenly grabbing ahold of her modest and youthful chest. “A strong sex drive is nothing to be bashful about. After all, we made you this way! Enjoy it, don’t hide it!”

“But...” she only said, stammering and blushing even more. She grabbed hold of bunches of her own shirt and pulled on it as if to relieve herself of whatever she was feeling. Of all of them, it seemed the ones turned fully female were having the hardest time transitioning and accepting their new bodies, which wasn’t much of a surprise. “But I don’t want to be this way!” she finally managed to say. “Can’t I trade jobs with one of them!?”

“Nope!” said Rachel gleefully. “But why would you want to?”

And as she asked she lowered one of her hands away from their duty of molesting her breasts in order pull up her shirt and expose her smooth belly.

“Hey!” she protested, but otherwise remained where she was and didn’t fight what Rachel was doing. She felt so hot, and although she still felt conflicted about what had been done to her she had also already accepted it, for the most part, when Mr. Green and Mr. Purple had forced themselves upon her. It felt good, she liked her new body, and it even felt *right*, which scared her more than anything else. Did they do something to her brain, and somehow change who she was, or had this always been a part of who she was, lying dormant within her until this incredible opportunity presented itself?

She didn’t quite know, but things were certainly going faster than she might have liked as she felt her pants being lowered, and her shirt lifted further. The green and purple bros moved closer to join in on the fun, but Ben stopped them, his own ideas forming as he watched the two lovely ladies.

Moving forward he quickly backed his ‘recruiter’ up against Rachel, Ben’s tall frame casting a shadow across her timid form. The two drider’s shared a knowing smile as they sandwiched the poor soul between them.

“She has suck lovely curves, doesn’t she?” Ben said appreciatively.

"I made sure she had the whole package," agreed Rachel, "but was careful to make sure nothing was overdone. The name of the game is subtly! Just feel her butt!"

Ben accepted the invitation and grabbed ahold of ass, causing her to suppress a squeak of surprise.

"She's got a bit of a way to go towards learning how to recruit though, doesn't she? You'll definitely need to take her out and teach her the ropes soon..."

"Ah, but let's break her in softly, shall we?" responded Rachel, thumbing the waistband of her boxers and pulling them down just far enough to expose her. She was wetter than Niagara Falls. Ben let out a low whistle in appreciation.

"Definitely equipped for the job though," he laughed grabbing hold of the fork of her legs and slipping a finger up and inside her. She moaned *loudly*.

"Juicy too," he added.

Rachel was grinding up against her soft and round butt, and had slipped both hands back underneath her shirt and was playing with her supple breasts while pressing her own against her back... and just like that they had a moaning, willing, ready sex slave set for action. It was almost *too* easy, and Ben made a mental note to teach her self-control as well at a later date. It wouldn't be productive to have her fucking everything that passed her by in the street, after all... but for now it was convenient and saved both his time and his hand. He still continued fingering her though, knocking her up a couple levels of steaminess for good measure. In no time at all he had her grinding back and forth between his hand and Rachel, desperate for more and shaking from what she already had. Ben smiled at that while his clothes disappeared with a shimmer, as if they had never existed in the first place, and already his legs and pelvis were turning blue with fur as it started growing.

Number One's hands, which didn't seem to know what to do for the longest time, flew straight to Ben's hips to dig her fingers into the growing fur. It was softer than any fur she had ever felt, imitation or otherwise, with the singular exception being Rachel's own, nearly identical, fur.... but what was even more sensational was she could feel it growing! It flowed through her fingers like water, and with Ben's finger thrusting deep inside of her in slow, teasing movements and with Rachel's expert hands on her breasts and playing with her sensitive and erect nipples, she was in sensory overload.

Ben realized he might have miscalculated her sensitivity and tolerance levels as she started grinding her pussy up against his palm with rapidly escalating intensity until, with little warning, she half gasped and half choked in orgasm, her mouth forming a frozen 'oh!' as her breath froze in her lungs and her pussy spasmed and came. Her breasts shook in Rachel's gentle grasp pleasantly as she convulsed until it was over... and her eyes opened with shock as she realized that she was immediately ready, if not *hungry* for more!

“What...?” she breathed, but Ben shushed her. Already the fur in her hands had grown quite long and extraordinarily thick, though still retaining its lighter-than-air-like qualities, smoother than the finest silk and cool to the touch like a freshly made bed. Behind her she could feel that Rachel, too, had done away with her clothes and was growing soft and furry as well. She could feel the radiant heat of Rachel’s neglected sex pressing against her bare skin as her own pants dropped to the floor, and her shirt was lifted all the way off and tossed aside.

Ben, in front of her, had been quite rigid for some time. His manhood was still human in appearance but rapidly starting to change shape and size as she watched, and it made her wetter and wetter with every passing second, and with ever extra inch that it grew. Whatever her sexual orientation might have been didn’t matter to her now, as she watched that majestic work of art grow and change she knew without a doubt that she wanted it inside her.

She looked down at herself, and sharply inhaled as she still wasn’t used to seeing herself naked like that. She was hot! She turned *herself* on, and it seemed impossible that such a strange and alien body like that belonged to her! Where was her manhood? In its place nothing remained, but in fair trade she had received such a pleasant feeling deep in her belly... and that wonderful and discrete pair of lips that were tucked so tight and flat down between her lovely legs, hidden well by the shape of her body and the tiny patch of straight pubic hair. Her view was interrupted, however, as Ben removed his hand and finger from her (eliciting an elongated sigh from her), only to replace his hand with the shaft of his enlarging manhood as he pressed his body up against her. His legs had already begun to divide into the eight segmented legs of a spider, and he used his foremost pair to wrap around behind her own legs and lock himself up against her.

It was like her legs and hips had been encased in a blanket of down, soft and feather-light bushy fur enveloping her fiery skin. The furnace in her belly was blazing, she had never known a state the likes of which she was in was even possible, and her fingers danced their way through Ben’s fur towards his taint, tickling their way down and through the fur of his thighs until they found the base of his shaft, where his balls ought to have been but had apparently disappeared between now and then, and ran her nails through that extra-fine fur that passed between his front two legs and was just below his manhood... and little did she realize that she had stumbled upon one of Ben’s very special spots!

His entire body tensed up as she combed her fingers through that especially sensitive and erotic fur, causing his erection to strain painfully for a moment before, with boldness that she never knew she had, she bent down slightly to lick its tip.

It was hot and salty, and that lick, more than anything else, made Ben tense up even harder. Behind her Rachel was still playfully toying with her body as her rose-petal pink and red fur was finishing growing in, and she too pressed herself up against the furry, cozy, soft sandwich they were beginning to form with poor Number One in the middle, Rachel’s furry muff like a small oven up against the bare butt of the middle of the sandwich.

Out behind her Rachel had already regained her swollen and extremely egg-heavy spider's abdomen covered in that same thick, messy pink fur with dark and light highlights, and she too had wrapped her forelegs around Number One's, locking together with Ben's like two pieces to a puzzle and fully encasing her in their fur.

Meanwhile, as she grew braver, she started to actually put the tip of Ben's penis in her mouth, to which Ben only made happy gurgles of encouragement, and quickly took it an even greater step further by placing the shaft in between her breasts and allowing Rachel to squish them together, while she herself moved up and down, and played with the base of Ben's shaft and his 'special' spot using her hands.

She hardly noticed when Rachel's hands soon removed themselves from her breasts though, automatically adjusting her shoulders and arms to continue attending wonderfully to Ben's wants and needs, and she didn't notice at all when Rachel temporarily disappeared from her butt aside from her rear suddenly feeling cold and breezy without Rachel's fur to help warm and encompass her in cooperation with Ben... but she did notice when she returned shortly afterwards and seemed oddly eager and fidgety.

She was tempted to stop what she was doing so that she could turn her head and see what Rachel was up to, but Ben instead pushed her down lower, thrusting slowly up into the back of her throat as she took him deeper and deeper... all while behind her she could hear strange sounds, and she could feel Rachel's forelegs tremble slightly over and over in time to those strange sounds. Rachel was breathing rather heavily before too long, but with a gasp and an exclamation of victory whatever she was doing back there must have finished, and immediately afterwards Number One felt something cold, wet, and extremely slippery poking at her back door.

"Mmph!" she tried to say with her mouth full of Ben's cock, but anything she might have said would have been utterly ignored anyway... and in went the dildo.

It was unnecessarily huge, but she felt her anus stretch wide over it none the less. For a brief moment all she felt was pain, but that was quickly replaced by a feeling of discomfort, which in turn was also quickly replaced by a rather nice spike in her sense of pleasure. On the other end of that extra-long and extra-thick double-ended dildo Rachel had speared herself. A small ball marked the center of the toy, and it was already buried deep within Rachel's pussy with the ball pressed tightly up against her mound and hidden down within her voluptuous mound of pink fur. She wasted no time at all in sliding it all in down to the base and the two women hit flush against each other.

And thus, anally penetrated with over a foot of soft rubber dildo and squashed between two hot, furry bodies, Number One felt Ben's rigid and straining manhood drop out of her reach and down through her cleavage, and she felt her breath catch as she realized she was about to be double penetrated once again... only this time by these two expert sex-gods and not her transformed friends... and this time much more willingly as well. She nearly squealed as she felt his tip trace its way along her stomach and

down lower and lower until it found its mark, and then toyingly and teasingly played with her utterly soaked womanhood, lifting her folds and slipping along underneath them until Ben located that tiniest of holes, and with only the smallest of dramatic pauses pushed himself up and into that little entrance.

With Rachel already inside of her she was already feeling 'full', but as Ben gently forced, maneuvered, and rocked himself deeper and deeper into her she discovered a new meaning of the word. Mr. Green, as wonderfully big as he was, wasn't as big as Ben was, nor as solid and deep as Rachel was using her toy, and the combined effect of that plus being sandwiched like she was...

And then she found herself being lifted up into the air and flailed for a moment as she slid the rest of the way down onto both Rachel's dildo and Ben's enormous erection... and then she opened her eyes just long enough to look down and see that Ben had a second erection, several times as big and thick as the one that was already inside of her, and that Rachel had what appeared to be a second pussy as well, both of which were located in the center of their spider-half's abdomens. Even as she watched though, Ben's statuesque maleness was growing bigger as it slid in even pushes further and further out from the majestic forest of blue that was his underbelly, reaching out ever further towards Rachel's mound of increasingly poufy fur in the quest to find a female to fertilize.

She was raised, in fact, nearly to the ceiling as her two partners cooperatively stood higher and higher until they both could bend their own rather large (and in Rachel's case, egg-filled) spider's abdomens down and between their legs to meet in between underneath her... and then she was utterly crushed as Ben and Rachel both reached around her to hug each other close and tight, crushing her breasts and stomach against Ben's rock-hard abs and pecks.

"Oof!" was the only sound she made as the air was pressed from her lungs and her all-too-human pussy and ass split wide and filled deep as either could be filled or split as she was trapped between a furry rock and a squishy hard-place.

And still she had to wait, stuffed full to the brim like that as Ben and Rachel struggled to get fully situated, and had to blindly navigate their fully-arachnid sexes towards each other... but eventually they made contact, and as quickly as they could manage they scooted ever closer together and wiggled and pushed and twisted and bounced until they, too, had managed to push the limits of Rachel's body and hilt Ben's mammoth organ within her... but still, they weren't quite finished.

Their two onlookers, both of whom watched jealously with bitter hard-ons while they thought they were to once again be left out on something magical were waved over, and as both Ben and Rachel stood even taller told to position themselves underneath them and fuck whatever holes they pleased however they pleased. They responded to the offer instantly, Mr. Green dashing over to Rachel and Mr. Purple to Ben before anyone could blink, and forcibly sodomized them both before either could brace for it, their specialized pre easily lubing the way, while Rachel was double penetrated simultaneously as well in her spinnerets, though not *nearly* so deeply and thoroughly as Ben, with Mr. Purples unspeakably tentacle-

like penis snaking its way so deep into his body that he discovered new and interesting things and parts of his body that he never suspected existed.

After that it was a small struggle filled with much wiggling and fidgeting for all parties involved to become fully comfortable with their positions... before, like an enormous locomotive, the fucking began... and for Number One sandwiched in between them all it seemed much too long in come, and was an incredible joy when it did.

It was an explosive mash and blend of wonderful feelings, exclamations, touching, sensations, teases, tips, squeezes, quips and a rolling, ongoing crescendo of one climax followed by another's like notes of music only for everyone to nut up and keep going and going some more, nobody daring to be the first to quit... but though both Ben and Rachel seemed the obvious candidates for 'most stimulation received', considering that Rachel had it coming from four separate orifices, it was in fact victim Number One who ended up having it the roughest, as towards the end of it she was experiencing consecutive orgasms before the whole event slowed gradually to a halt, stopping when finally the last climax had been reached, much to the satisfaction of all involved, before they all collapsed and fell into a heap on top of one another, still loosely connected in the biggest chain-bang any one of them had ever taken part of. It wasn't a world record of course, as the largest daisy chain, for instance, was still held by the Greeks in 37 AD by at least 30 people, but it was an quite the orgy nonetheless for it only featuring five participants.

It was then that the peach-furred fifth member started to walk her way wobbly down the stairs. Her pussy was still slightly spread open from having been filled by Mr. White's trunk-like manhood, which had subsequently anchored itself within her spread pussy, and then forced one oversized egg after another up and into her already over-filled pussy via Mr. White's cock, where it slid inch by inch down along her sex and then came to rest at the eggs' final destination: her womb... which as it so happened lied within not her narrow human half's belly, but in fact was located within the spider's abdomen sticking out from her tailbone, which was now extremely heavy and packed tight with freshly laid eggs.

As she took the last step Mr. White's lubricating sexual fluid gushed slightly from her as the muscles of her womb tensed momentarily and forced some out, and she gingerly made her way back to the front room of the apartment to find the stewing pile of bodies and massive swaths of fluffy and colorful fur that was the result of the archway-fuck in which Number One had been the semi-unwilling keystone.

"Well," she said to no one in particular. "I just got raped upstairs by a freak of nature. I assume you all had a similarly good time?"

Moans of agreement were followed by the sounds of footsteps and the appearance of an incredibly pleased and radiantly glowing whitey whose belly-full of eggs appeared to be gone for the moment and couldn't stop rubbing his now-flat stomach in satisfaction of that fact.

"You would not believe how good I feel right now..." he said.

“And *you* wouldn’t believe how pissed I am at you right now,” responded the peach-furred woman, folding her arms over her many breasts angrily and wincing from their tenderness, them all swollen and heavy with her milk as well, much like her abdomen was with eggs, although that of course wasn’t the white fella’s fault.

“Aw c’mon! You don’t understand how it feels, having all that in me just building up and up with no place for it to go! I’ll bet it’s easily ten times worse than whatever ‘discomfort’ you think you’re feeling now. At least *you’re* not constantly having *more* added to your...”

And suddenly he stopped mid-sentence and clutched at his belly, then swore violently.

“Man! I thought for sure that would be it! No more! This sucks!!!”

“I’ll trade ya,” said Mr. Purple with a lazy wave of his hand. “I got a boring job...”

“Nobody’s trading jobs,” interrupted Ben. “Too much work involved.”

“Well at least you’re still a guy,” countered the Ms. Peach.

“Oh really? Just how many guys do you know lay eggs? I’m some sort of twisted herm ya skank, so I say I’ve got it *twice* as bad as you *easily* on that count.”

“Count? How about you count how many of these *aching, sore* milk filled breasts I have? I can’t fucking relieve them fast enough!! They fill up faster than I can relieve them!!! You’re over there talking about how big a pain in the ass your-“

“Enough, quiet! And stop swearing, for the love of God,” said Ben, unable to get up since he was still spearing both Rachel and Number One and unwilling to disturb either. “You both just need to deal with your ‘problems’ right now, or I’ll come over there and deal with them for you... for the time being though, Peaches over there has a point. General Green, go put your hands to good use and milk her. Make sure to keep the milk though. Use a funnel and store it in the empty jug in the fridge. God almighty...”

And with that, as General Green stood up (after carefully extricating himself from Rachel’s behind), and went to perform his assigned duty, while Ben sighed wearily and laid back down to find a surprise kiss from Rachel, who had been brought back a bit to her senses by Gen. Green having gotten up and out of her innards.

“Well dealt with,” she said with a cattish smile. “Let’s hope all future problems are this easy to deal with...”

“Eh, once can *always* hope...” responded Ben back.

“And don’t forget to fertilize her eggs too!” yelled Rachel after General Green, propping herself up on her elbow in order to shout properly.

“Will do ma’am!” shouted back Gen. Green eagerly, followed immediately by Peaches shouting at Gen. Green:

“Not this fucking second, you blooming idiot, unless you want me to chop one of ‘em off! I need your hands to help me milk these blooming milk-bags first!!!”

To be continued?