

Silk 3

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Commissioned by Anonymous

“Can we please just pick that one?” asked Rachel, her once-black-hair-turned-rosy-pink hung upside down as both she and her boyfriend Benjamin waited silently in the trees deep within central park.

“Honey,” said Benjamin, his own short hair midnight blue with streaks of turquoise. “I thought we agreed not to bother the innocent?”

“But he’s just been sitting there for hours, and I’m so boooored.”

Benjamin and Rachel were once ordinary human beings much like the people that occasionally passed below, but after getting their hands on a couple vials of potentially magical spider-silk they had been given the power to transform between human, spider, and even a hybrid of the two with a human upper half and a spider lower half... all by using sex as a catalyst. The last one, the hybrid, was what they were right now.

One could hardly call them monsters though, looking as they did. Their current spider-halves were quite soft and fluffy; Ben’s fur the same midnight-blue and turquoise pattern as his hair and Rachel’s own fur a complimentary mixture of red, pink, and white. She hung upside down in the long branches of the tree, hidden by the thick leaves, and idly spun a web as the pair watched the dull scene below.

Neither of the two spider lovers were wearing any clothing.

“Should we have some more fun to pass the time, then?” Rachel asked suggestively, hugging her ample bosom close as if cold, though the night was quite warm.

“Or, we could be *patient*,” answered Ben. “We’re spiders now. This sort of waiting game to catch prey is natural... and besides. I’m still a little spent from the last couple of times.” Ben grinned apologetically. “Give me a few more minutes to recuperate.”

“Aw.”

The path in the woods they had chosen wasn’t very well traveled, namely due to its reputation for the same, and usually this late at night only the sketchiest of characters ventured forth along it doing drug-deals and god knows what. Tonight seemed to be much calmer than either of them had estimated though.

“How about now?” asked Rachel saucily, turning around on the eight-foot wide web she was carefully constructing. Hanging from its underside you could guess by the bend in the branches around her that she likely didn’t weigh much.

“Shh!” hushed Ben. A gang had suddenly appeared on the scene. At Ben’s shushing Rachel turned her head to watch with a rush of renewed interest as five young adults, each sporting gang-wear and tattoos, strolled down the path.

“Them!?!” she asked excitedly.

“Wait...”

The gang members were laughing and a few still had beers in their hands. One flung a bottle against a tree and it shattered into a hundred dangerous shards. The woods of this area were littered with such debris.

“Now?”

“Nope...”

Then the five guys seemed to notice the homeless man, who had been sitting half-asleep on a bench not fifty feet away from Ben and Rachel from the beginning. Barking laughter and jeers rang out as the ill-intentioned gang moved to surround the man. A knife was pulled, but the homeless man appeared to be almost completely out of it. He hardly seemed to notice that he was in trouble at all, and didn’t react when one of the thugs began searching his pockets.

The man’s possessions were quickly scattered across the dirt path. A handful of change, paper, a pair of socks, a small stuffed duck, and then...

“Score!” said the punk digging through the man’s pockets. He pulled out the tiniest bag of something powdered: drugs. The man’s unseeing and uncaring stare told the gang he had already doped himself up and had decided to spend his night on that park bench. When he came to in the morning he would no doubt mourn the loss of his little stash.

He was then shoved into the dirt, off the bench, and the gang began to move along.

“Now?” asked Rachel grumpily.

Ben only smiled and nodded his head, already spinning web quickly. Five snares were needed for five miscreants.

The gang was entirely unsuspecting as they walked beneath the branches of that big old tree. They didn't notice as five nooses of sticky web were quietly lowered over their heads... and it came as a very large surprise when the nooses dropped down over the shoulders and pulled tight, pinning their arms to their sides, and with five simultaneous yelps that were immediately silenced they were yanked up into the leaves.

"Good job Rachel! That timing was perfect!" said Ben as he wrapped up their catch more securely. All five of the gang members had their mouths gagged and their arms and legs tied to the web that Rachel had been making. Their screams carried no further than to reach each other, and they struggled with panic born of utter fear.

"Aw, thanks!" said Rachel as she deftly picked all five's pockets with her soft and furry foot pads as well as her arms, moving with mechanical quickness. The gang members squirmed against her intrusive touch, but she had no trouble emptying their pockets. Among the various things she found included a lot of knives, some drugs, a little money, and even a fully loaded gun. Everything went into a bag they had prepared beforehand.

"Good haul," said Ben appreciatively as he glanced inside at their stuff.

"Yup, five at once on our first try! And they're all so *perfect* too..."

"My thoughts exactly..." laughed Ben quietly as he walked over to the web to examine their catch more closely. Their silenced screams only intensified as he smiled, revealing fangs.

"Ready to begin their rehabilitation?" he asked.

"Oh yea, but how do we split them up? There's five of them..."

"We'll try something different on each of them then, and then share. Sound good?"

"Sounds *perfect* to me. I'll go first then."

And without further ado she crawled up onto the first one.

"Got a knife Ben?" she asked as she engulfed the unfortunate fellow's body with her own, the sweet smell of her soft and poufy fur overpowering. Ben tossed her the knife and she immediately began cutting away his clothes. The knife was very sharp and made short work of his shirt, pants, and underwear... all of it falling away to be gathered up by Ben and stored in yet another bag.

Now, big pink and fluffy monster spider or not Rachel still had a fantastic human pair of breasts hanging nakedly in the air, her fair skin and long flowing pink hair playing across her smooth back very alluring as well.... and her spider half was so soft and warm and pleasing to touch that there was no way the poor

kid, who was Rachel's first victim, was going to stay soft. She was all over him, the contact of her silken pink fur and soft hands and footpads on his body evoking very powerful feelings in the poor guy as he found himself falling victim to Rachel's female powers.

He even stopped screaming as he realized more and more the reality of his situation, the position and behavior of Rachel, and the rather incredibly lovely nature of her body. The shock of his sudden abduction and fear from seeing such strange and impossible creatures was wearing off, and even his friends were beginning to calm down as well as they watched what they realized more and more was going to be a show.

Rachel tossed her long, feathery hair back and laughed quietly. None of them had any idea what they were in for that night.

With predatory eyes Rachel licked her lips, and her fangs, as she wrapped her arms around his neck, cuddling up against his trapped body with her own. He was, in fact, quite rigid beneath her, his cock straining against the soft and engulfing fur of her spider-half's belly. Ben watched calmly as his girl slowly moved her body against this complete stranger, the intimate contact quickly taking over the man's ability to reason as pheromones thick in the air filled his lungs. Before he even knew what was happening he had become enamored with her, and whimpered in joy as she moved against him.

He could feel her need. It was palpable, the air thick with her primal desire, her eyes filled with an inhuman lust... and he silently begged for release as he felt something soft and wet begin to grind against his dick. She was pressing her little spider's pussy against his shaft sensuously.

He was literally crying after only a few seconds of this. She leaned against him, hugging her breasts against his face and placing her chin on his head as she toyed with him for just a little longer, before leaning down and whispering in his ear.

"Will you let me make you mine?" she asked, nearly inaudibly. A smile curled her lips venomously, but he didn't see it. He only saw her beauty... felt her lovely body pressed against his. He wanted her. He wanted to *be* hers.

He nodded his head vigorously, his eyes tightly closed as he tried to hold himself together. He felt as though he might come just from the feeling of her fur brushing so very lightly against his skin and his groin. It felt more amazing than even the most potent drug. Whether or not he had been sober before, he certainly wasn't now.

"Good boy," she said after receiving his nod. "Hold tight!"

And with dramatic slowness she raised herself up and positioned her sex over his... and with one fell swoop penetrated herself on his manhood while simultaneously biting down on his neck.

A powerful poison, spreading from her fangs and into his blood, poured into his body as he bucked and twisted in place, the feeling of Rachel's pussy over his dick overwhelming and the burning heat of her venom painful as it spread through his veins and into every inch of his being.

And then, with a sensation not unlike lightning striking him through the heart, Rachel's victim was hit with a sledge-hammer blow to his entire body as a powerful change began.

His dick and balls came under crushing pressure and immediately began to shrink in size, even though he was still penetrating Rachel. His euphoria and blind love for this strange creature holding him evaporated as quickly as it had enveloped him, and he screamed into his gag again as he felt his manhood shriveling and disappearing.

The heat in his groin, however, as well as his intense lust and desire for Rachel's body remained... but in mere seconds he was already too small to remain inside of her and fell out. Rachel sighed in slight disappointment but it wouldn't do to take things too quickly... they had all night after all and she did dearly love to draw out this sort of thing out.

Rachel stood up carefully and moved away from the man's body to watch as her power took hold. She had never done something like this before, after all, and she didn't want to miss a moment of her handiwork.

Both she and Ben watched as his penis shrank and shrank until it disappeared altogether along with his shriveling ball sack, leaving nothing at all between the fork of his legs. The man's eyes went wild as he tried to reach with his restrained hands, struggling pathetically against his bonds, and his four friends screamed in renewed fear as well as they craned their heads to stare in disbelief at their mate's smooth and empty taint.

The remaining four were also each still sporting raging boners, born from the show that they were given as well as from the powerful pheromones they were breathing, that strained unrelentingly within their pants even as their desire to touch and fuck Rachel dried up like water in the desert. They were all in for quite a ride on the rollercoaster of terror and desire that night... and many ups and downs awaited them, but Rachel wasn't at all finished with her first victim.

Ben laughed.

"Any idea what you want to try first?" he asked.

"Actually, yes," she answered with a dirty smile. "I've always fantasized..."

And without continuing the thought she turned around on top of her prey, now repenting him with her fluffy pink and white spider's abdomen... and hidden pink pussy... as she gently touched his naked body with her hands and carefully explored his changed flesh.

He cried out from her touch, but not from pain or terror. As Rachel's fingers touched the soft and squishy skin of his smooth taint tremors shook him and he bucked his hips in response.

He was, in fact, still powerfully aroused... but now had no genitalia with which to express or release such feelings. Agony played across his face as he moaned aloud, and Rachel laughed as she gently began rubbing his empty skin.

He began making noises that sounded very much like begging, and Rachel easily understood his meaning.

"You want me to stop?" she asked.

He nodded his head vigorously, only to throw it back as she pressed the flat of her palm against him firmly and move around his squishy skin in a circular motion.

"Or do you want release?"

The man could only cry out in agony, his words unintelligible, but Rachel continued anyway.

"I'll tell you what," she said in her bargaining voice as she positioned herself over him. "If you help *me* out I'll return the favor. Sound good?"

The man could only agree, as he was in no position to barter or argue, and so again nodded his head up and down.

"Good! Now, no screaming or talking or making loud noises, okay?" said Rachel as she used her hind feet to remove his gag. "Or else I'll make you wish you were never born..."

Fear was plainly evident in the man's eyes as he gasped for breath only to be immediately presented with Rachel's own very wet and soft sex. She pressed herself without warning onto his face, her fur parting smoothly and engulfing his head to plant her pussy directly onto his mouth... and after only a moment's hesitation during which his five senses became flooded by this delicate thing suddenly pressed against his lips, did he find himself unable to do anything but eat her pussy out.

"Ooo!" Rachel crowed softly as her back arched in pleasure, exquisite breasts filling the night air with beauty. The remaining four gang members stopped in their struggling for a moment as they watched their friend eat out the beautiful monster, her thick pink fur consuming his face and chest, his tied hands unable to push her away nor was he quite willing to, his resistance ebbing away second by second as he ate Rachel out with more and more enthusiasm, rapidly growing eager to taste more of her flesh... her sex.

Rachel didn't make him wait long for reciprocation, bending herself so that she could access that flat pad of skin between his naked legs. With exaggerated slowness she too placed her lips on his flesh and began tenderly kissing... and then licking... and sucking. The man screamed underneath her as she rapidly began to work on him, his face buried deeper and deeper into her grinding muff. They both began to lose themselves to the act, and Rachel was quickly being brought to an orgasm... but for the man underneath her it was quite something else as he felt himself losing control. His body seemed to be escalating up and away, far from the familiar sensations he was accustomed to as a man, and he wasn't sure if he liked it... but of course he had no choice but to endure.

He felt ravenously hungry, thirsty even, for Rachel's sex. He ate her with a desperation unlike any he had ever known. It was more potent than any drug he had ever tried, powerful and intoxicating as his entire being was filled with warmth and downy softness. He found himself longing to reach up to squeeze Rachel's big, fluffy pink rump, longing to embrace it as she sat on his face and continued her own stimulation of his shockingly sensitive skin that remained in place of his manhood. He felt as if his groin were going to explode! The fact that he couldn't seem to reach any sort didn't bother him... but it was growing to be uncomfortable as he frantically tried to hump Rachel's face back. The stimulation was just too much! It felt as though his groin was swelling with the pressure of his denied release!

Their audience watched with interest and awe as the twisting and bucking of the man underneath Rachel grew more and more agitated and twitchy as his ever increasingly heightened state of arousal and pleasure weighed ever heavier on his mind and body. He would soon reach his limit, that much was obvious, but he didn't appear to be scared or unhappy. Rather, from his energetic moaning it sounded like he was now very much enjoying what was happening to his body, even if he understood none of it.

And that's when Rachel paused long enough to ask him a question.

"You ready for release?" she asked. The man's vigorous nodding was his answer, tears streaming from his eyes. No more needed to be said as Rachel smiled.

"This is going to something!" she crowed in response to his silent consent. "So hold on tight!"

And then she bit down on his flat, pink, and swollen groin.

The release was immediate as his flesh split in two cleanly, his groin opening up and spilling forth in a small explosion the second Rachel's venom triggered his change. A soft mound pushed out as he came and squirted from his new puss-hole, the brand new folds of his inner and outer labia glistening with feminine fluids and his swollen clitoris sticking slightly out of its hood, beckoning for Rachel to return her lips to his wet and convulsing flesh and wrap them around that hard, red button of flesh... all so very alien to the previously male gang member. He screamed and cried as quietly as he could into Rachel's billowy pillow of fur as he came so hard it felt as though his brain had gone numb, and he felt his belly fluttering in shock after shock as he squirted and trembled violently from the force of his transforming bodies roiling climax.

And his pussy wasn't the only new thing changing. He felt his ass rounding out, and his waist curving inward ever so subtly. His legs thinned down and his belly tightened... and he felt breasts slowly form and push out from his chest. Everything about his was being erased and rewritten, and he couldn't do anything but enjoy it as his clit was mercilessly teased and stimulated triggering secondary and even tertiary orgasms that rolled into his first to create one enormous and sensational climax that made him want to curl into a ball and hide from Rachel's cruel and wonderful lips and tongue.

She didn't stop until the changes finally came to a finish, and even then she continued for a little while longer just to be thorough. What she was left with was a quivering and shaking mess of what was once a man and now was a woman, upon who's face she was still sitting with her own sex having had quite a nice orgasm of its own, her fluids thoroughly coating his face and her pheromones thickening the air around them all, a steamy heat now saturating the air in that tree-top and infecting all those present.

Rachel slowly and shakily got up off her victim, and he was left to pant for breath with a throat that no longer made the harsh noises of a male but now the delicate and musical sounds of the female. He was left to stew in the naked sensations and sweat of his new body and think upon what had just been done to him.

Ben let out a low whistle before turning to the remaining four and smiling with a gleam in his eye.

"Any volunteers to go next?"

Their victims all immediately resumed their scrambled attempts to escape, fear and shock taking ahold of them as they watched their friend squirm in *her* restraints, her uncomfortable moaning and still-heavy breathing bearing no resemblance to the man she had been. Their attempted screams for help were futile, as well as their struggles... and despite their better judgments and efforts to calm their minds their four remaining dicks were each standing quite proud and tall.

"Well, if there's no volunteers..." said Ben with a smile. "How about something I know we'll *all* enjoy! You okay if I take two at a time honey? I'll save the last two for you."

"Not at all," she replied wearily, carefully worrying over her fur and hair as she cleaned herself up from her fun, preparing herself for more to come. She didn't need to worry about her libido, as that would return to her quite soon. It always returned.

"Alright then! I guess I choose you two then!"

As Ben pointed to the two nearest men they both screamed in horror, their efforts to escape their bondage doubling as he moved closer to stand imposingly over them. Already Ben's own dick was

growing harder, his own self-control quite strong and his previous exertions over the past several hours having rendered him a bit insensitive to the show that Rachel had put on... but now it was his turn and no amount of soreness was excuse enough not to have a good time of it.

Out from his sapphire-blue and aqua colored belly fur came his very long and very *big* pinkish-red dick. It was, of course, not human in shape, but instead looked more primitive and more evolved simultaneously. It was long and curved, with a pointed tip and smooth, pleasing tapering shape. Barely visible through his thick fur were rough ridges near its base, which was rediculously thick and strong looking. The whole thing rapidly extended to a thoroughly intimidating two feet in length.

Ben wasted no time in giving both of them a gentle kiss on their necks, lacing their blood with his poison, and made short work of removing their clothes as well.

“If you both could change something,” asked Ben as he worked. “Just one thing about yourselves... about your bodies... what do you think it would be?”

They of course couldn’t answer, bound and gagged as they were, but Ben soon fixed that by cutting the web tying their arms and legs, as well as the web gagging them. Their confusion was immediate, but their relief was very short lived. As they both tried to find their voices neither found they could talk, and in fact could barely manage to sit up on the web upon which they had been laying.

“Wait; don’t tell me...” said Ben amiably. “You’d both probably like bigger dicks, right? Bigger balls too, I imagine.”

The two victims both went wide-eyed at the offer, surprised and relieved at how reasonable the offer was. He wasn’t going to turn them into women too? Ben read their minds.

“Well then,” he said with laugh, “for the sake of keeping things *interesting* let’s see you two give each other a hand.”

Confused looks made Ben roll his eyes.

“Give each other a hand job,” he explained, “and do it quick before I decide to make it a blow-job.”

That seemed to get the two in gear, and although both hesitated a moment their fear hastened them to ignore their personal feelings and grab each other’s dick. Both were already very hard, as well as producing a steady stream of pre, so it was an easy job of just moving their hands up and down each other’s shafts as both blushed furiously and looked away.

It was, after all, only the stimulation that was needed for the change, and even with their half-hearted go at touching each other it was more than enough. Both began to feel the effects of change almost immediately.

The one on the left, who was closest to the first victim turned female, groaned as if in pain as his balls grew heavier and heavier, their density increasing many times over before beginning to expand in size as well. His dick felt strange too, bending more and more each time his friend's hand moved down it, and... and it was getting longer!!!

The other, on the right, was too immersed in the changes happening to his own body to notice or care that anything was happening to his friend. He gasped as he felt his two balls become joined by a third... and then a fourth! Four balls, and each quickly became filled to bursting with seed. In no time at all he had a set of blue-balls unlike anyone on the planet had ever before experienced, and what was more: his dick! It was getting thick and thicker by the second!

The man on the left tried to shout, but all that came out was air as his dick suddenly stretched upwards like taffy, and his balls exploded in size. It stretched up higher and higher, not stopping as his friendly partner continued stroking its base while the tip of it extended well past three feet in length and began swaying like some sort of flowering vine looking for something to latch onto for support. The glans of his head disappeared to be replaced by a flexible and sensitive tendril with half a mind of its own, prehensile and deceptively strong. In the span of a dozen or so seconds he was gifted with a dick like an elephant's trunk crossed with an octopus's tentacle.

Simultaneously the man on the right was experiencing his own unbelievable changes as he watched the head of his fattening dick split down the middle... and that split continued painlessly all the way down his shaft until it stopped at his groin. The two halves of his dick then immediately restored their missing halves like two dividing cells, leaving him with *two* fully functional penises, his friend's hand having remained on only his left one and his right now being woefully neglected. Panting and desperate to orgasm he reached with his free hand to stroke his other dick himself, and his head rolled back in amazement as the sensation of his unasked for hand-job literally *doubled*.

Their mute yet very expressive show was quite intense, and had thoroughly grasped the attention of the remaining two gang-members. Their own thoughts were becoming quite torn as their dicks fought for control of their senses. The rest of their posse, even the first one whose gender was rewritten, all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying what was being done to them, and those last two modifications looked *very* enviable, but it wasn't stopping at their dicks.

The guy on the left's face was becoming tear-drop shaped and his neck extending upwards. Fine purple fur was spreading across his chest and rapidly growing in thicker by the second, and his arms and hands appeared to be changing too. His fingers suddenly stuck together and began merging from five digits to just three, and as the fur raced down his arms and around his back his skin changed as well, as did his bone structure.

He silently screamed as his body's shape was twisted and altered, the changes spreading both within him and without. His legs grew long and thin, and he rapidly began to resemble a stick-man covered in purple fur, and an enormously long dick and huge pair of balls.

His friend on the right wasn't in much better shape. They had both let go of each other's dicks, but the changes weren't slowing nor stopping. Mr. Two-Dicks mouthed his own shout of surprise and shock as he felt his sides roil and twist to life, as first one pair, and then a second, of brand new arms erupted from his skin and bone. He received his own colorful coat of downy fur, turning his skin a lush and mossy green with bright green highlights, and he got to watch it all through eyes that were growing bigger while simultaneously transitioning from a human's singular lens to the multifaceted and sharp frontal eyes of an arachnid.

It was all very confusing for both of them, and with dicks still extraordinarily stiff with arousal the pair rolled onto their backs in shocked disbelief.

"What? Tired already?" asked Ben, watching with amusement as their new and startlingly sensitive fur grew in even further. He used his forefeet to gently brush and rub their belly fur as they lay paralyzed, moving slowly down towards their huge and fully erect dicks and causing them to stiffen even further.

"I'd have thought," he continued, "That you two would have wanted to test out your new equipment."

And as he said it he glanced over at the first victim, still lying naked and tied down with her breasts slowly heaving in the still night air, and the two colorful gang-members followed his gaze to stare as well. Their interest peaked considerably, and they turned their heads to look back at Ben questioningly.

"Have fun, and do *whatever* you like fellas..." grinned Ben.

Now, two giant and scary spider-people with magical powers were one thing... but a naked and helpless woman? That was something they were at least a little more comfortable with, and definitely something they could actually handle.

The woman must have been listening because she started shaking her head in the universal 'no' gesture, trying to sit up herself to look at her fellow gang members and tell them not to do it... but those two were quite aroused, and she was quite beautiful and helpless laying there. They both immediately seemed to forget who that beautiful woman actually was as they both turned over and carefully got up, evil grins on their faces as they double checked with Ben, who nodded for them to go ahead, before walking gingerly along the web and over to that defenseless from now struggling futility in her bonds.

"Guys?" she whispered, fear of Ben and Rachel as they stood watch keeping her voice in check. "Hey, now. It's me. James! Don't you know it's me?"

But her two friends weren't listening, their dicks dripping with eager anticipation. Thinking only of themselves and their own desires they had no intention of paying her pitiful begging any mind.

Mr. Green motioned to Mr. Purple that he wanted bottom, to which Mr. Purple only grinned and shrugged, silently acknowledging that his friend's twin dicks were ideally suited to double penetration. He himself couldn't take his eyes off that fearful face... and wanted to see just how far he could get his dick down that pretty throat.

And with no further hesitation or debate they moved in on their prey, relieved that they now had something that they *did* know how to deal with. Their own predicament and problems were temporarily forgotten in light of that pretty lass, practically gift wrapped for them.

Green moved in first, bending low and using his now multiplied set of hands to steady himself on the ropes of webbing. His transformed eyes were inhuman and black, and as he opened his mouth in a grin James was able to see that Mr. Green's tongue had transformed as well, having become long and pointed, saliva dripping from it as he extended it several inches out from his face.

"Guys!" cried James, panicking, but she didn't get any more out, as Mr. Green started using his long and wet tongue to start licking her pussy.

She took a deep breath to scream, but Mr. Purple was ready for her. He had circled around her and positioned himself from behind her head, his long and tentacle-like dick hovering just over her head with its tip gently swaying like a snake waiting to strike, and when she opened her mouth and throat wide strike he did.

Her scream stuck in her throat as his slick and prehensile penis, slimy with pre leaking steadily from its tip, penetrated in one quick motion all the way into her stomach. Immediately her throat went slightly numb and her choke reflex disappeared almost before it even had a chance to surface, Mr. Purple's pre-cum having not only a gentle anesthetic effect, but also as it squirted a little into her stomach it also had powerful anti-acid properties as well, protecting the sensitive and soft flesh of his tentacle-dick from being burned. James found that her mouth quickly began to relax fully and her drool quickly coated and greased the thick dick as it was pushed further down her throat. To her relief, though, she found that should could still breath through her nose, though it was incredibly uncomfortable. She cried out as her legs shook from Mr. Green's continued licking, stimulating her and forcing tears to her eyes as she felt her already powerfully aroused body and her painfully sensitive sex climbing towards an orgasm that she absolutely didn't want, but her body was of course not going to care about her personal feelings, and neither were her two former friends.

And then the stimulation of her pussy stopped, and she tried to look down at herself as Mr. Green moved quickly to prepare his twin dicks, slicking them up with his own pre-cum. She tried to cry out 'NO!' but of course wasn't able to even begin to form the words, especially as Mr. Purple started to pump his flexible dick in and out of her mouth, his pre already filling her belly as it coiled and twisted

around inside her. Her throat-fucking was almost enough, in fact, to distract her from Mr. Green as he held his dicks carefully, bending one upwards and the other downwards, as he placed them both gently at both the slick and eager entrance of her pussy as well as the tight entrance of her sphincter, slicked as well by her own fluids as they flowed down into the crack of her ass and dripped to the ground below.

James tried to thrash to fight against her rapist, but Mr. Green had arms and hands to spare. With his lowest set he kept his dicks aligned while with the next pair up he easily held down her hips, keeping her legs spread with his knees, while with his uppermost pair of arms he cruelly reached forwards and grabbed ahold of her naked breasts, giving them a strong squeeze as he leaned forwards and allowed the heads of his dicks to put a little pressure on her two holes. She tried to struggle, but it was utterly futile and with Mr. Purple fucking her face faster and faster she clenched and tried to brace against Mr. Green as he leveraged himself against her body and forcibly spread her open both anally and vaginally in perfect synchronization.

She screamed mutely in humiliation as the stimulation nearly made her climax. Her mind and body was being attacked from all directions, her breasts, her belly, her pussy and ass, and even her mouth, throat, and steadily filling stomach all served to force her against her will towards the brink of orgasm... and then she came before Mr. Green had even been able to push even half of his two dicks into her.

She wailed in shame as she squirted and came, her entire body betraying her as her belly fluttered wonderfully and her ass and pussy milked Mr. Green's dick as he spread her wider and wider. Mr. Purple was already speeding up, slowly working more and more of his enormously long dick down her throat as he grunted and strained, his eyes rolling up in pleasure from the soft feeling of that gently struggling mouth closed around his endless shaft as she tried desperately to somehow make him stop, even though the foreign lubricants coating her mouth and throat rendered her incapable of real resistance.

Mr. Green hilted into her, his twin cocks monstrous and huge inside of her virgin holes. Each was over eight inches long, and thicker than any human had any right to be, but something about his slick jizz had allowed her to stretch relatively painlessly, smoothing and soothing her penetration... and she was still coming when he began thrusting in and out of her body.

Mr. Green moaned and shuddered violently at the sensation of fucking two different holes at once. Even with one dick he would have been driven to oblivion by James's shaking and squeezing pussy as her body, totally beyond her control, reacted to the fucking it was receiving. He never stopped squeezing and pulling at her exquisite breasts, and used his extra four arms to steady her waist and hips as he pounded her harder than he had ever pounded anything in his life.

But of course James was receiving the worst of it. She had already been given a warm-up orgasm by Rachel, who had sidled up to Ben so that they could touch each other as they watched the show... and now she was already screaming in orgasm when her two partners had only just begun to fuck!!! She couldn't possibly take it, but had no choice but to try and endure.

It came as a surprise, however, when a third orgasm exploded out of nowhere within her, her poor pussy quaking with all the strength left in her body as her remaining fortitude was spent all at once and she froze up.

Every muscle in her body seized, though her pussy and ass continued to squirt and convulse madly, and her entire being trembled in fear for her sanity as she came and came, the sensations erupting from her pussy and ass as Mr. Green pulled in and out faster and faster beyond anything she could possibly handle. She lost consciousness just as she felt both of her holes, as well as her already well-filled stomach, begin filling with her two energetic partner's hot cum as they too froze up and planted their organs deep into her body and climaxed.

Mr. Purple came like a stallion, his enormous balls gushing forth like a super-soaker into poor James's stomach, immediately distending her belly as she was filled. Unlike any orgasm he had felt before this one seemed to last forever, and didn't stop until she was literally choking and coughing up his come, and in fear that he might drown her he pulled out quickly and finished all over her face, neck, and breasts. Even after spending so much of himself inside of her belly though he had a ridiculous amount to spare as he deliriously jerked himself the rest of the way off.

Mr. Green was having himself an amazing time as well. Two orgasms simultaneously, erupting from *four* oversized balls instead of just two, shot down his two dicks in perfect harmony, shooting deep into her tight pussy and ass and filling both rapidly to overflowing, and then some. He went limp as he came and barely supported himself on James with his six arms, before collapsing into her now jizz-soaked cleavage.

James regained consciousness only seconds after her black-out, but her wits were slow to return. As they did, though, panic and horror set in as her body continued to shake and clench up in post orgasm, Mr. Green's dicks still deep within her and spreading her so very wide, both so close together within her that they were practically touching. The sensation of her ass and pussy as she couldn't help but squeeze and move on those dicks was horrible, and even more horrible to her was how amazingly wonderful and good it felt. She was a man! These were her friends!!! What had happened to them, and to her!?! She felt like crying, but choked back her overwhelming emotions and tried to take deep breaths to calm herself. She could still clearly taste Mr. Purple's dick and his jizz on her lips, tongue, and in her throat. Her mouth still felt loose and slightly numb, and she didn't even try to form any words yet while she tried to recuperate and pull herself together.

"Good job, you two!" praised Ben, his arms around Rachel's back and playing with her breasts while his own raging erection strained underneath him, neglected for the moment. "I couldn't have asked for more. How do you think we should reward them for their obedience and hard work, Rachel?"

Rachel took a moment to answer, since Ben had started pulling gently on her nipples, but a cattish smile was already curling the corners of her mouth.

"I think... James was it? Yes, James has had enough for now, so you can go and have yourself a rest, hon. You've earned it."

She then turned her attention to the remaining two hoodlums

"But you two... ready to join in on the fun?" she asked, smiling wickedly. The remaining two unchanged gang-members were decidedly afraid. Fear of what might be done to them greatly outweighed any potentially beneficial outcomes, as it was quickly becoming clear to them that the two monsters that had tied them up intended to punish each of them in turn, though their methods were ludicrous. From their positions it was hard to imagine their reasons for doing what they were doing, but nonetheless it was apparent to them that they held their victim's thoughts and opinions on the matter in low esteem.

"What do you think honey," asked Ben as he watched the remaining pair squirm. "You think you can outdo me?"

"Think? I *know* I can. Now, you two," she said, turning to Mr. Green and Purple with a mile wide grin... a grin which, as it spread its way across her face, caused the remaining two victims to cringe inwardly and squirm in fear. "I've got something *special* in mind... Who volunteers to go first?"