

Webbed Ch.1

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Dee-dee-Deet! Dee-dee-Deet!

Groooooan...

I roll over, and stuff my face into my blankets. What is that noise? Maybe it's my alarm. Yes. Where did I put it?

The beeping is growing louder and more persistent, but I relax for a little longer. I don't want to bother with it.

I roll back over and open my eyes to look at the ceiling. My soft blankets feel so nice. I don't ever want to leave.

The alarm is reaching a crescendo, threatening to wake the neighbors. I'm growing annoyed by it. Where is it?

Of course: I put it on the other side of the room. Why did I do that? I don't want to get up. I want to sleep in.

I roll over again and reluctantly pull back my covers. The air is the perfect temperature for sleeping. Why the hell did I even set an alarm? I don't quite remember.

I find my phone on the armrest in front of my tv. It's now playing a classical quartet... using electrical guitars instead of regular strings. I'm in no mood for rocking out, and fumble with the screen to try and turn it off.

The screen recognizes my attempts at turning it off, and therefore continues to blare the rock and roll... only louder.

"Rose... I'm not in the mood. I've got a pounding headache."

"And you're late for the symposium," replies Rose, speaker at full volume to be heard over the wails of guitar.

"Fuck em."

“I don’t think you’re fully awake yet...” says Rose with a tut-tut.

“And your mother’s a whore...”

I walk over to the bathroom and drop the cell in the toilet. Of course that doesn’t stop it ringing, since it’s fully water-proof, but it does muffle it’s outrageously powerful speakers to a bearable level. The lights in the room turn on in response, blinding me. The blinds to the big bay windows wind up into the ceiling and the windows open up to let the sea-breeze in. I’m fully nude and the cool morning air is a slap in the face, as is the rising sun hitting me in the eyes.

“Alright! Alright! I’m up already!”

And then I look at the wall-mounted display. The time is flashing urgently. It’s 10 after. The symposium has already started.

“I’m late!” I shout, and start getting dressed. Rose sighs at full volume, and I ignore her as I jump into yesterday’s clothes and run outside to my car without socks.

After one frantic and reckless drive to campus later, during which I quickly glanced over my notes while accidentally running two separate red lights, I arrive. Rose of course informed them of my tardiness, and they are ready for me. It turns out they actually planned for it, and when I step backstage the speaker before me is still talking.

“You tricked me!” I whisper to Rose. When we left the house she transferred herself to my wristwatch, not her largest ‘shell’, but perhaps her most comfortable. A.I.’s, like pets, must be kept on leashes at all times in public, and this watch is exactly that. Of course our relationship is nothing at all like pet and master... it’s much closer to father and daughter.

“I did not!” Rose whispers back, affronted. I don’t quite believe her though. Many believe A.I.’s can’t lie, but I know better. *Stupid* A.I.’s can’t lie. Good ones can and will.

In all probability she at least *guessed* what had happened, and insisted on waking me up early anyway. I could have slept in a good five or ten more minutes!

“...and now will Dr. James Webb please take the stage!”

I yawn, brush my hand through my hair, and shamble up to the podium.

In front of me is a large audience. A good deal larger than I was expecting in fact. I can already feel myself sweating from the lights. I hate sweating.

“Ah, hello everyone. As my kind colleague so fortuitously said just seconds ago: ‘Where once we were we will come again.’ Well, perhaps not today I think. I believe I am correct in thinking that many of you are interested in this?”

I reach into my pocket and pull out what appears to be a silver globe of metal the approximate size of a golf ball.

Gasps and an eruption of murmuring satisfy me enough to continue.

“This is indeed. This is a prototype of what is now being called the ‘Neutron Star’. Of course, this is not a real neutron star. I wouldn’t be able to do *this* if it were.”

I then proceed to bounce it off the floor and catch it. More gasps and even a shocked yell echos.

“It would sink straight to the center of the planet otherwise... and I guarantee that bouncing this Neutron Star is perfectly harmless... unlike the mock models of my fellow scientists I have successfully stabilized this wonderful sphere. Why... I could step on it... throw it... even whack it with a hammer-”

As I was talking of course, I was also punctuating my sentences by bouncing the silver ball. Several people leave their seats in a panic. Right as I say the word hammer, however, things go screwy.

It’s *almost* like a bomb went off... except bombs go boom and this was more of a sickening wobble. The entire room bends in on itself and flexes back and forth from the aftershocks. Chairs and desks phase partially through the floor, gravity temporarily disappears, and outside the window we can see the end of the universe.

And then, slowly, things return back to normal... except the chairs and a couple peoples feet are now stuck in the floor as if it had turned into Jumanji quicksand.

I myself am left with my hair standing straight out on end and my clothes turned inside out.

“Well that wasn’t supposed to happen,” I manage to say.

“Wee! What a ride!” says Rose. My watch is cackling with static. I hope she’s okay. I hope *I’m* okay.

A large, round man whom I know to be the president of this university speed-walks up to me.

“WHAT IN THE HELL WAS THAT?” he shouts. “YOU COULD HAVE KILLED US ALL!!”

“I thought it was safe enough...” I murmur, but he interrupts me.

“SAFE?!? YOU JUST BOUNCED A NEUTRON STAR LIKE SOME KIDS BASKETBALL! I’LL HAVE YOUR TENURE FOR THIS!!” and he storms off. He doesn’t seem to realize his pants are on fire, but then again they don’t appear to be *actually* burning.

“Oh dear...”

“Hehe! Don’t *worry* James!” says Rose, acting extremely peculiar. She sounds high. “They can’t take your tenure. If they could they would have by now! Hehe-**hick**! Opps.”

“Am I going to need to look at you for brain damage?” I ask her.

“Oh, no. I’ll be good. It was just rather exciting is all. You wouldn’t *believe* what happened in here when you bounced that Neutron Star! I was able to get great data!”

My ears perk up.

“Really? What are we waiting for then! Let’s get home and watch the replay!!”

I go to put the Neutron Star back in my pocket when something squishy sticks against my fingers. I turn it over to see that a small black and yellow spider was squished when I bounced it.

Immediately the odd coincidence makes me take a mental note of the spider (I’m not a leading researcher into Neutron Stars for nothing) before I wipe it off on my pants and me and Rose head home.

After we get home, plug Rose into the house’s central processor (barely legal), and start a pot of coffee before we start going over the data.

It’s a rather standard reality-bending episode. Rose recorded everything in minute detail, and we laugh together as we watch things occur too quickly for the human eye to notice. A pink elephant dancing on the ceiling for instance, there and gone in the space of a nanosecond. A gigantic pair of translucent breasts filled the room for a solid second and half, but were unsubstantial and only visible in the ultraviolet spectrum. I got to watch everything within fifty meters of me compress into a singularity before reversing to the tune of demonic music that was a dozen octaves lower than the key of C minor. I hadn’t noticed it at the time, but everything in the room was left the mirror image of what it originally started as, including all written words, except the clock on the wall which had disappeared altogether.

A quick news-scan shows that nobody seemed to have suffered any permanent or ill effects from the chaotic release of unstable energy.

And then it was time for bed. Rose moved back into my watch to let the central processor crunch the rest of the data. It would take several hours, despite the arsenal of computer banks at its disposal. I am nothing if not thorough when it comes to my research.

The lights are off, the curtains once more shut, and its pitch black. I know the room well enough though, and I don't keep it cluttered, so I walk over to my bed and sit on it to get undressed.

As you may remember I enjoy sleeping in the nude, and am quickly thus, but a small speck of light catches my eye before I pull back the covers to snuggle in and saw some logs. It's coming from the pocket of my pants. The same pocket that the Neutron Star is still nestled in. How curious!

So of course the first thing I do is reach in my pants pocket and pull out the silver orb.

It's hard to see what it is at first, the light is so dull and diffuse, but as my eyes adjust I can make out a tiny glowing spider sitting on top of the Neutron star.

I nearly freeze with amazement. I don't quite understand what I'm seeing, but it is most definitely new! A lasting effect of the Star's chaotic energy? An ethereal imprint of the spider? A holographic copy recorded on the very fabric of space and time? A ghost? I must document this!!

"Computer: record *everything*," I whisper, afraid to disturb the spider.

"Already on it," whispers Rose. She's still awake? Ah well, at least she's...

"GAH!" I shout. While I was busy thinking about Rose it had jumped at me. I immediately scramble backwards and it misses, but swoops back around like a teeny tiny plane, all of its legs splayed wide and its tiny eyes shining as if with glee or malice. I run.

"Help!" I shout, dodging the ghost spider that I accidentally killed. "Contain it!!"

Rose raises magnetic, electrical, and even a few physical barriers between me and the spider and none affect it. Rose even brings in the cleaning robot and closes a glass jar over it, but the wee spider just drifts right through. It's getting faster, and soon I trip trying to climb over my bed.

It lands on my chest and I try to brush it off me. It only stares forlornly back at me, insubstantial as ever and unable to feel my hand.

And then it melts, like a snowflake, and seeps into my chest.

Not good!

Rose turns on the lights.

"What was *that*?" she asks curiously.

"A tiny spider that I accidentally crushed while bouncing the Neutron Star come back to haunt me," I say, giving my best educated guess.

"Cool!" she exclaims. I'm not so excited. Said specter has taken residence in my chest cavity.

"It might be wise to get a doctor..." I say.

"But you are a doctor!"

"A *medical* doctor... although that said I'm probably the best equipped person on the planet to deal with a ghost spider infection."

"Try bouncing the Neutron Star again! Maybe it'll undo the spider like with super-toilet."

"And end up with two ghost spiders? Not worth the risk. "

So. Much. Flushing.... I shudder at the memory of super-toilet. Perhaps that will be a last resort then.

<Hello? Where am I?>

"Who said that?" I ask the tiny voice.

"Who said what?" asks Rose.

<I said that! I can't believe I said that! I can talk!!>

"That!" I say. "That tiny voice! What the heck is going on? Who are you?"

<Ooo,> squees the voice. <I'm a spider. I've never had a name before! What should I call myself?>

"I've gone insane..." I mutter in horror, sitting heavily back down on my bed.

"I've been aware of that for years," agrees Rose, unhelpfully.

"I think the spider's talking to me..." I groan.

"Oh... *that* kind of insane then? Should I fetch your restraining jacket and a cup of tea?"

<Mmm, you're so warm human! And BIG! And your thoughts... they're so POWERFUL! I feel so *overwhelmed* by them! I never knew so much complexity could exist!>

"Hey now! Stay away from my brain!"

<Oh, your brain is scary... you couldn't *make* me go near it! Nya!>

This has officially gone too far.

"Out! Get out of my body! Now! You have no right!"

<But... you squished me! *You* had no right! If I leave I'll disappear forever!>

"I don't care!"

<You're a mean human. Just for that...>

"And just what do you think you're going to do... ohhhhhhhh."

<Ooo, you like that? Have some more then!>

"Rose! Help!"

"What should I do?!" she asks, worried.

But I can't respond. I'm experiencing some fantastic sexual euphoria.

"James?"

"Aw fawking hell!" I gasp, doubling over. My genitals. Oh God My Balls! My DICK!

I feel like I'm about to orgasm. The incredible sensations are spreading deeper within me like the roots of a tree. My body is buzzing with energy.

And then I feel my bits and pieces start to *melt*.

MELT!

"AHHHHH!" I scream as my tally-whacker flows into my groin like pudding. My immediate reaction is to try and grab hold of it of course, but it's still flesh, and there's nothing to grab hold of anymore as it sinks into my pelvis and disappears. My balls are following suit. The resulting mush of skin is moving around and remolding itself as if by magic.

But of course it's not magic. It's Star-Science. Very thin line, I know, but I recognize that what's going on down there is not outside the realms of physical possibility.

But it *is* incredibly undesirable... even as the changes make me moan out loud.

"No no no..." I whimper as I feel the flesh changing shape within me as well. It's impossible to mistake it.

<Ah! This will be much better. I feel *much* more comfortable like this, don't you?>

My eyes only go wide as shudders race up my body. I can feel the flesh down there part, and wetness fills the cleft as I near release... but I don't even want *that*! Somehow achieving climax like *this* would be like admitting that I like it! I don't! It's horribly invasive and, ultimately... sadly... beyond my ability to stop. Strange rolling waves of intense pleasure cause me to lose control of my voice as I accidentally exclaim in surprise and enjoyment with each successive release.

The cleaning robot rolls close with its built in ultra high-def camera to zoom in on my parted legs, but when I close them in shame it only intensifies the euphoric multitude of miniature orgasms that continue to pulse through my body and my strange and alien sexual organ.

"Oh Jesus when will it end!?" I cry.

<It ends when you apologize for squishing me and let me stay in your body.>

"Wha! Oh WHOA! HO BOY!"

Apparently said ghost spider was only just beginning. I can feel my ass begin to swell outwards... but what's more I can feel my intestines and bowels sliding down and into it as well, causing it to balloon out into an egg shape. The skin of my ass and legs is turning black, and a soft black fuzz is sprouting across me from my waist down like velvet. I can feel spinnerets sprout and open up into a filling reservoir of liquid protein gel for silk production.

My knees go weak as my implausible sexual organ actually squirts from a particularly powerful orgasm. It's just one right after another! I can't stand it!

My legs and new abdomen (once my butt) are growing stiff as my skin transforms into chitin. My legs break into many segments. My feet and toes melt together to form one single digit. If I had been standing up right now I would have long since fallen on the floor: as it is as my legs change shape radically I'm no longer able to hide my shame by pressing my thighs together (as my thighs disappear into my bulbous abdomen), and I can feel more legs sprouting from me. Rose is almost certainly doing too good a job of documenting this, but I'm too worked up sexually to form the words to tell her to stop. It's all I can do to simply ride it out, panting and groaning with each successive climax, my lengthening

multitude of legs shaking and jerking as the spider-pussy forced upon me continues its marathon of orgasms with a mind of its own.

I have eight fuzzy spider legs now, but now two more appendages erupt from my pelvis to either side of my happily spasming pink sex hole. Looking down at it in horror: it at once resembles nothing human, and yet is unmistakable in its primary function.

The two new appendages I recognize as pedipalps... and oh my god do they feel wonderful! It's like having two dicks!! Pressurized blood has replaced muscle for my lower body, working my limbs with hydraulic power. My heart pumps blood into them, but I can feel a second, much larger heart begin to beat in my spider's abdomen. It's large and flat and strange... but also rather powerful, as I quickly realize when it forces more blood into my newly formed limbs and give me a feeling of incredible strength.

But oh, my body! It's all feeling so wonderful! I let my hand drift down to run over the soft fur that is still slowly lengthening. My pedipalps rub against each other fretfully, and I go stiff momentarily as the sensations generated shock me. My puss is still dribbling and climaxing every few seconds, but it's become rather mild and tolerable for the moment, due to lack of physical stimulation. The sensations from my pedipalps however...

I find myself wondering what it would feel like if... Wait. What? NO!

Why am I thinking like this? This isn't right!

The wee spider residing within me must have felt my hesitation and attempts to clear my head though, because the instant that I force my pedipalps to stop touching each other I feel my upper body begin to change.

My waist has already become slim and gutless as the large majority of my digestive system now lies with my spider-abdomen, but now the rest of me grows curvy and delicate. My fingers become thin, my neck and shoulders grow less muscular and thick, my face pinches and grows more angled and sleek, and my hair runs down my back in a cascade of yellow... but not exactly blond yellow. It's a glowing, iridescent, *poisonous* yellow color that is being matched by a growing pattern of more poison-yellow fur spreading down my belly, my legs, and across my abdomen. If I cared for such things I might have said it was rather lovely, but at the moment I couldn't have cared less for aesthetics.

And then I feel my breasts enlarging, and might I tell you that it wasn't exactly the most unpleasant experience in the world. I can *feel* the mammary glands develop and mature in a matter of seconds. Fatty tissue blossoming underneath erect nipples that grow slightly in size and darken in color. They stop growing quickly, but not before filling out into a modest pair of chesticles. I stiffen in another powerful climax as it finishes... but it's incredibly unsatisfying! My nipples jut into the air, tingling and aching to be touched, but I refuse to do so.

I've been experiencing one climax after another for nearly half an hour, and I still feel like I need a *real* release!

Without even realizing it my pedipalps have resumed rubbing each other, each coating the other with the slick bodily secretions coming forth from my spider-sex.

It feels so damn *good*, and moreover it feels more natural to me as a man than does that monstrosity between them. Shivers race up and down my spine and cause the hairs on my body to stand on end.

I *do* need to release. If nothing else it will probably stop this chain reaction. I most certainly don't want it to progress until I become 100% spider! Who knows what will happen then?

And so I reach down, grabbing both pedipalps with both hands, and start masturbating them.

Oh good Lord I've never felt anything so wonderful in all my life. Imagine having two penis's, and then take it further and imagine that they're completely within your power to move and control, and then take it further and make them so sensitive to touch that even brushing them with your fingertips would cause a sexual thrill to race through your body.

I vigorously begin pumping them both with my fists, eyes rolling up into the back of my head as sexual euphoria washes over me and makes my body cringe.

"Oh wow," I say as vigorously masturbate myself. "This feels absolutely fucking wonderful."

"Are you sure that's such a good idea?" asks Rose.

"Nope, ah, but it's too late now!"

I'm approaching another climax, and grit my teeth in preparation, but when it washes over me I feel like it really didn't. My pedipalps shudder and spasm uselessly, as if trying to trigger the ejaculation of fluid that could never be there due to the female spiders total lack of a palpal organ. It's the organ that would ordinarily transfer the seed of the male into the female. I don't have one. What I *do* have is...

"Aw jeez..." I say, slapping my face as I realize what I probably need to do.

<Don't worry! It'll be fun! Much better than what you were doing just now!>

"Fuck you, you Araneoporcus!"

<Ooo, you know Latin? I guess I do too now! Aranea means spider or spider-web right? Can that be my name?>

“Why don’t you come out here so I can squish you again?”

<You’re a very angry human. Why can’t you just be happy? Let me make you happy!>

“I don’t want to be hap-”

Hello? This is nature calling! We’d like to cordially invite one Dr. Webb to join the ranks of those who have experienced a hormonally driven requirement to mate!

“OH SHIIIIIT,” I cry out, doubling over as my sexual system goes into overdrive.

Before I had simply been experiencing pleasure, which was sort of nice in a horribly invasive sort of way.

But now, like a lever being thrown in the labs of Dr. Frankenstein, I need to *mate*.

As in *mate a male spider*!!

“Oh Please for the LOVE OF ANYTHING MAKE IT STOP!” I shout at the wee spider Aranea.

<Why not apologize then? Just let me stay in your body for a while until I can think of somewhere else to go! I’m not asking for much.>

But obviously we share some things. We can share instincts and thoughts on a rather basic level. She knows without my needing to tell her that I’m one stubborn son-of-a-bitch, and the fact that she’s already done all of this to me is only making it harder for me to concede that I might actually owe her anything at all. Similarly, I can tell that she cannot stay in my body indefinitely without my permission.

And yet she continues with her course of action. Perhaps she’s as stubborn as I am. Perhaps she knows that I’d never willingly share my body or mind with anybody or anything. Perhaps she’s just using her time left to get even with me. I really, *really* hope none of this is permanent...

“Rose: this is a direct order. Until such time as I’m human again I am not to be allowed to leave this building. I’m losing control over my body as we speak and may be tempted to do the unthinkable. If I saw a random stranger on the street in my current condition I’d be unable to stop myself from raping him. Understood?”

“Umm...” is Rose’s reaction. “Perhaps I should deny anyone entry inside as well?”

“Yes, that’s very good thinking Rose-”

And then the door to my bedroom opens.

“Sorry!” apologizes Rose, too little too late. “I didn’t know what was going on! He had a key! He said he was worried about you and I thought he could help!!”

The person standing in the doorway is none other than my very dearest best friend John. A handsome guy who plays tennis in the afternoon and bar-hops in the evening. Probably the sharpest mind currently working in the field of extraterrestrial detection and communication. He’s staring slack-jawed at me.

“Run...” I beg him, all hope draining from my face as I realize I won’t be able to keep myself from pursuing him... and that he doesn’t stand a chance against me anyway.

I’m not very big, (in fact I’ve shrunk down to a rather ‘petite’ size while still somehow conserving mass... probably it all went into my abdomen and extra legs), but I have an arsenal of weapons and tools to lever against him. I can feel in my mouth a set of sharp, hollow teeth connected to small glands filled with an immobilizing venom that could take down a bull elephant. My silk is ten times stronger than steel. My strength is unimaginable: I could probably lift things dozens of times my size!

So when I leap at him (the poor sod doesn’t even move), it doesn’t matter that I’m a petite little girl-spider with only 130lbs to her name. What does matter is that in a matter of seconds I have him bound and gagged with my silk. I didn’t even need to use my venom!

John screams as if to ask ‘what are you?’, but I don’t deign to answer him. The call of nature is far too powerful to even consider what I’m doing, much less stop and chat. My pussy is dripping wet, and I need him inside of me. I need him to quell this aching thirst my body is forcing upon me. I need his seed. It doesn’t even matter that he doesn’t have pedipalps. That can be rectified later: right now I need *him*.

I lay down upon him, letting my body heat and his mingle... letting my breasts rub against his chest and face. He moans in both horror and desire. I stroke his body, and rub against it. Ohh... I can feel his hardness already! He’s nearly as eager as I!

My hands reach down and into his pants, caressing his maleness and urging it to stiffen for me further. I need *all* of him. I undo his pants and pull down his underwear, leaving him completely exposed.

Oooo, it looks absolutely delicious! Mmmm... maybe...

I crawl down his body until my face is inches away from his groin. I let my senses fill with his musk before licking his shaft teasingly. A drop of pre oozes from the tip, and so I take it in my mouth and swallow him whole, careful not to prick him with my fangs, then suck from him more pre as I lift my head up and away.

There! That should be plenty of foreplay! He seems ready enough...

Ohhh, I'm so hot now! I can hardly stand it!! The only thing that calms my aching body is the thought of what is only seconds away.

I lift myself up into the air and let him gaze upon my pussy. Dripping and pink, it's also rather cute and small (and surrounded by black and yellow fur). I'd like to think that he appreciated the view. His dick certainly jumped.

And it jumps again as I theatrically lower myself towards him, reaching with my pedipalps to grab hold of his member and aim him straight and true.

And then I penetrate myself upon him.

"Ooo!!" I squeal in joy as my flesh is parted by his organ! This is what I need ! This is what I *want!*

John, however, appears to be having mixed emotions.

"Ahh!" he yells, or tries to yell, through his webbed mouth. Whether it's a moan of pleasure or a scream of horror I can't tell and don't care.

I slide down on his shaft, exquisitely enjoying the sensation of his hot, hard dick flowing into my body. Preparing to fill me with his genetic information.

Of course, he and I aren't compatible as mates. Even now his erection feels strange and slightly uncomfortable within me... and for sure this won't be a fertile coupling, but the need is more powerful than the logic of it, and for now all that matters is that I have a man to milk.

Oh sweet joy! Sweet bliss! If heaven did exist it would this moment stretched into eternity.

And then I begin to earnestly ride him.

There is no doubt that he is enjoying it immensely... but after many minutes have passed (extremely *pleasant* and *enjoyable* minutes), I realize that he's holding back. He's attempting not to cum inside of me, as if the act of doing so would be an abomination. Maybe he fears I could become pregnant? Maybe he's horrified at what is being done to him? Maybe he's just being a stud?

In any case he *will* give me his seed. It's only a matter of time.

I myself am having a wonderful time of it. Bouncing up and down and fucking him brainless while I play with my tits and wrap my lovely pedipalps around his waist. Oh God at that particular moment I loved him more than I've loved anyone in the world... but of course that was the sex talking. My hair runs like

spun silk down my back, shimmering and color shifting slightly in the light as I throw my back into it. He can't last much longer now!!

I myself am losing control over my own body just as John's fortitude begins to crumble. If he had held out for just a while longer I might have given up and simply used him as an instrument of self-pleasure... but now that I can feel him giving way underneath me and uncontrollably shuddering I know the time is right. I speed up, letting go of my own inhibitions in a lust driven race to the finish.

He wins, but only barely. I can feel his penis pump his sperm into my belly. I can feel his organ swell with blood as his climax forces pleasurable chemicals upon his brain that inform him that what he just did was a good thing. Was a wonderful and beautiful thing in fact. I know: the same thing is happening to me, except a thousand fold!

I scream and cry as my body releases a flood of sensation upon me, satisfaction welling me up into the clouds as I continue to fuck him and tiny jets of milk erupt from my breasts even as I climax so powerfully that I temporarily forget who I am and revel in the mess of me and John's love making.

Then, ever so slowly, I come back down to earth. It feels like I've been sitting upon John for hours... and as my sex drive winds back down to within normal tolerances I begin to come back to myself... and find that I'm speared upon the dick of my very best friend.

"No..." I whisper. This can't be. This didn't happen!

<Yup! Want to go again?> asks Aranea.

"NO!" I shout, pulling myself up and off John. He lays still, half delirious, as his spunk dribbles down his still erect shaft. *That was inside me!!!!*

"Wow," says Rose, completely inappropriately.

"Ugh..." says John through his gag.

<Say you're sorry and promise to let me stay in your body until I can figure out what to do next or I'll make you do it again.>