

Her hand shot out, feeling the bed surface next to her... alright. No one else was in bed with her. In a way that was a relief. This unfamiliar room house was something she had to come to terms with and then leave from. Having slumped back onto the mattress in relief, she noticed something else...

A mirror over the bed. Creepy. Sarah saw her own face reflected. Freckled cheeks, red hair splayed over her shoulders. Her cafe uniform consisting of a green shirt and a black skirt. Socks on. Shoes at the foot of the bed. She slipped them on. Her face looked concerned, but also flushed, warm. Must be the quilt. Sweated all over, yeah, that was it.

Tossing off the covers, sitting up on the edge of a luxurious silk sheet stretched over a queen size bed, Sarah had only one thought.

I need to be at work.

Strange thing to think, considering where she was and how her body felt, but she didn't want to miss work because people would talk. Especially in these circumstances.

There was just one problem.

The heat.

No, I need to get off.

There was some kind of stinging ache coming from between Sarah's legs. She didn't want to look, fearing the worst. Was something broken, was something marked, or hurt...? No.

It felt too good to be that.

Trying not to think about it, Sarah noticed that the room needed dusting. Pictures on the walls couldn't be clearly seen; spider webs filled the corners of the bedchamber. No spiders in sight, though. The bedding was comfortable and clean, a trail in the dust from the door to the bed... and nothing else. Old furniture in good repair with the same thin coating of dust. The place had last been cleaned some time ago...

And that was the last thought Sarah was allowed before her pussy began to pulse and clearly drip into her panties. Wet and slippery and unstoppable in its tide. She was wearing her uniform from the cafe. Last night... she'd stayed late? Gone around the corner to the bar. Sat and talked with someone, had a few beers. All of *these* thoughts were tinged with the knowledge her hands were sliding down between her legs. Not that she had made them do so, simply that she had to touch herself and get off or she wouldn't be able to think any more.

Maybe she could head it off now and retain her sanity. A hunger. It seemed to have awakened with her, been sleeping when she was, a heat from inside her bloodstream. Her heart rate sped, arousal, flushed lips, heat in her ears and on the back of her neck, the same way she felt every time she got turned on. Her hand scrabbling at her pussy. Fingertips squeezing her clit, Sarah let her tongue hang out and a happy expression take away any anxiety about the location. It wasn't enough. The sparking sweet pleasure of her pinched clit rubbing inside its hood and against her fingertips wasn't enough. Itchy inside.

Curling her fingers, pushing them inside her pussy, crooking three of them to strike her g-spot. The wet pleated walls hungrily pulling her in, grasping her own digits. Hard to reach from this angle, she had to turn her wrist. Kicked the blankets off her sweated body. Sarah tried to hold out, to pull her fingers out with the taut muscles of her hot pussy - which were resisting her attempt to stop touching - telling her everything was best with a full squeezing sex. Her slit was positively drenched and slippery. Her wrist bumped up against something... She had to use the other hand's fingers to investigate.

Two little marks on her inner thigh. A bite. She remembered someone... biting her. Not licking her pussy, not servicing her, just digging fangs in. Pumping, the coolness of something slipping into her. Venom. The venom.

Pulse and shiver, ache and drool

Last coherent thought, g-spot overstimulated, resonant twitches inside. Not the hard hot buzz of clitoral orgasm, but a long *so good* feeling. A long smooth slow ascent until her body was pleasantly heated and vibrating. Body taut like a bow. It felt nothing like hammering her clit, that come-hither wrist-stretching movement. Sarah wished for a toy, but she also knew no wish would remove the need for penetrative torment. The heat was in her butt, in her back, in her legs now. She managed to stand up instead of sitting schlicking on the edge of the bed. Her legs were shaky. G-spot stimulus became impossible and was too sensitive anyway. The knowledge of its impossibility let her stop in favor of tweaking her buzzing clit over her g-spot.

Arousal so profound it was a physical thing, a weight in her head and back and legs telling her to lay back down and just take it. Take her own pussy. Ravage herself. Lay there helpless and submissive and welcome any assistance that came along. This impression faded slowly the more she touched her clit, the buzz was filtering out.

An image of a laughing many-eyed face filling her mind. Comforting, rather than scary. Sarah bit her lip when orgasm arrived once more. It was pretty easy for her to get off, since coming to this place. She was about to inspect a picture on the mantle, when she noticed a window.

Maybe she could sneak out there, find her way home then to work. No clock in here.

Pull window open... to reveal a sheer rock face. Obviously the house was underground.

It was hard for Sarah to panic, with her clit buzzing so much and being held in her manipulating fingers.

She'd have to find a window facing the street, or the front door. She didn't remember how she got here.

Dim light did filter from a high tiny window on the wall. This must be the attic. Skimming along the walls for a light switch... she knocked down a pitcher with a smash.

Sarah nudged it under the desk and decided to just leave the room via the stairs she eventually discovered.

From the shadows, something watched... and scuttled out to follow her when she'd cleared the hallway below.

The hallway beyond was easy enough to navigate. It led to a landing overlooking a huge staircase. Pause, pulse, pump her fingers a few times to abate the hot aphrodisiac ache coming from the fang marks on her inner thighs... move on. She could see down from the landing to the main entrance. The front door had two huge frosted windows framing it, and she could see movement on the street without. People. Freedom. Normalcy. A slight regret, but just one flight of stairs and out the front door...

A silk rope stretched across the corridor. Sarah didn't see it until it was too late. She fell headlong... into a pile of pillows. She thought she heard a snicker from the shadows but chose to ignore it.

The only problem was the sudden jolt from her pussy when her fingers moved, sparking an explosion of happy light inside her brain. Her hand pressed between her legs, Sarah squirmed into it and let it control her. She was in the right place, she should just lay there on the silky pillow and give in... but, work.

Managing to wrench control of her mind back from whatever substance was making her into a horny sultry cat in heat, Sarah stood... with her hand still between her legs, of course. Still working her clit, moisture now drooling down her thighs having oozed out of her soaked panties. Fingers occasionally pushed inside her body and Sarah had to pause every few feet. Pause, shake, shiver, fall to her knees. She couldn't go down that long wide stairway with her fingers between her legs, with her pussy insisting she give in and just fuck herself into a sweated pool. Maybe she could call in sick to work and then slowly move down the stairs.

Oh, slowly. That might work.

Sarah sank to her knees, hand down the front of her panties. The other finally found her nipple under the uniform shirt and pinched. Buzz, drool, happy smiling blankness. She scooted from knees down onto her butt... and slid up to the edge of the stairs. No need for dignity now. Oozing dripping juices slid down under her butt, sticky and clinging and cloying and the scent of lust all around her. Good. Butt sliding down the first step, carefully. Fingers still buried between her pussy lips, thumb on her clit, entire body shaking. Inner thighs, after two orgasms, feeling weak and simple and pleased euphoria. Heartbeat still fast, mouth still in a forced smile. Everything feels so good.

Slide down a step. Bump shiver pleasure. The feeling of slipping down the stairs step by step, slowly, on her butt, emphasized how her pussy muscles moved around her fingers. Diving three fingers in and out. Thumb on clit. Body wrapped up in all of this. Bump. Buzz. Aftershocks. Heat, the burning heat from her inner thigh where the bite marks were.

Buzz, buzz, spark.

Another step, bump. Just a few more... then she could get out of here. She saw her coat on the rack by the door. She'd tie it around her waist and go home; still working her pussy, yeah... but maybe one more orgasm would fix it.

Two steps from the end, Sarah stopped entirely. She could stand up and walk to the door.

But sweat pooling between her modest breasts. Her red hair slipping off her shoulders and brushing so softly over her upper arms. Her freckled face contorted and the heat still there. All of this she saw in the

mirror across from the stairs, far to the right of the door. Beautiful.

Aching nipples. Sarah pulled up her shirt, sweat and sex filled the air around her. More.

Her fingers wetly slickly squelching in a pussy entirely too wet. Taking one hand across her nipples and pinching the rock hard stars of need. Her tits and pussy and clit and g-spot and even her clenching ass were in control now. A body system excited by some substance, some imperative. She had to be satiated, or she couldn't continue. Biting her lip, buzzing and fucking her own pussy with four fingers stretching it out. The feeling of fullness was an important part of it all.

Then... something slowly descended into view before her eyes. A purple dildo, curved for g-spot stimulation. Sarah grabbed it and pushed it into her molten sex, raising skirt and pushing her black panties aside. She didn't care where it came from, she needed it.

Full. Buzzing. Full. Lost to it. This left one hand for her breasts, and one to pinch her clit.

She was cumming, her belly squeezing and inner thighs assailed with twitches. Brain white hot and blank, so good, so all consuming, the plateau where all that was in sight was her own release and relief and surrender.

As Sarah hammered the long curved vibe in and out of herself did Sarah notice what the toy had been hanging from.

A long silk thread.

The toy buried inside, moving in her hand, buzzing when she activated it, making her eyes cross with its vibrations. Sarah knew she must look ridiculous, but there were more pressing concerns...

Climax arrived. G-spot and clit both sang their dual songs of full body clenching. Sarah fell the last few steps harmlessly onto the big rug in the entryway. She lay there clenching and shuddering around, throwing the floor covering into disarray and casting up some dust. Her whole body was participating. Squirting warm juices past the toy onto her hand and wrist, her clit retreating in sensitivity back inside its hood while the rain of pleasure sensations spiraled her brain into uselessness.

Buzzing and cumming and cumming so hard and useless and white hot laying on the rug in the entryway staring at the mirror by the door through her almost-clenched-shut eyes, waiting for it to end, feeling how the buzzing toy was prolonging the pleasure, feeling how trapped she was in it. She couldn't pull it out... yet...

Whole body shockwaves starting at her toes. Her butt, pussy, clit, nipples, tongue, everything was involved in a moment's escape from the mundane world and into the arms of her own orgasmic orgiastic masturbatory escape. Amnesia about location, the ignominy of it all, anything but the hot pleasure of cumming as her body mated with the vibe and her brain sang happy songs of rainbow simplicity and obedience to her biological imperatives. She needed this. Sweat on her thighs, her brow. She smelled oh so heavily of sex. She loved it. She reveled in it. For a moment, she didn't care about her job, only her beautiful body and perfect pussy and those two little happy marks on her inner thigh asserting dominance over her brain.

But all things end, and so it was as the gradually weakening shockwaves petered out and a miracle

happened: Sarah's pussy clenched tight enough to shoot the toy out and push it a few inches away from her sex. Then she was free, she could move, she could stir, she could squirm. She looked up and saw red hair across her forehead, hanging down in front of one eye, so soaked with the sexy sheen of sweat that it looked like she'd just gotten out of the shower. She also saw:

Reflected in the huge mirror, standing behind her on six long long legs-

An eight foot tall woman, with a spider's body and long muscular arms. Her brown hair was tied up in a neat bun, her eight eyes glistening red. Presently, she unpinned her hair and let it fall down over a shirt stretched across huge breasts... the same uniform shirt Sarah was wearing. The spider woman leaned down, her nimble body on the stairs. This was not a typical spider girl - this one had fur all over her lower body, her forearms too. A tarantula girl. Huge breasts, curved hips, a little skirt hiding her pussy from view as most of her human body was not merged into the spider hindquarters.

"Look at you... helpless and aching. I bet you want it now, right? Right?" the voice from above was excited, breathless, high and happy. Bubbly.

Sarah managed to pant out a rebuttal, "No? I got off in the room and the hall and again right now. My head's already clear..."

"Oh, well. Guess we'd best head in-"

A look of confusion over the pale-skinned brunette's face. She stopped mid-word. Yes, the spider woman breathed deeply while looking down at the sprawled redhead face planted in the entryway, like she couldn't help but stare at Sarah. There was a look of shock then. One of the spider's long human arms slid down the front of her skirt. Slick smacking sounds filled the room. She was masturbating. Sarah turned over and looked up.

The spider lady began to masturbate as Sarah struggled to her feet then.

The spider went in the other directions, all six long legs shivered and the tarantula-woman's soft body descended to the floor. Her upper body flexibly leaned forward... and she embraced the human's legs. Breathing desperately in.

Sarah still couldn't make her limbs move. The toy was out, her hands were free, but the nerveless nerve-system impact of recent over sensitized climax had robbed her of any reaction other than the power to stand and then the mental command to bask in pleasure. The hug only added, as a beautiful woman lay down and pulled Sarah's legs between her breasts. Some of the spider legs brushed against Sarah's ankles, and it was actually quite comforting. Fur rather than carapace.

"This... this is what it's like," hissed the spider woman.

And then she began to rub her pussy against Sarah's leg, humping like a dog girl in heat. A high whine, pulling Sarah's panties down, burying her face between the redhead's legs and sucking her already-engorged clit.

"Too sensitive, just came, just came, just came..."

Sarah repeated it over and over but the spider woman didn't stop.

Sarah shivered, but was still too turned on to fight it. She stayed standing, and the spider pressed her face between the already soaked thighs. The monster girl squirmed and continued masturbating with one free hand. The other hand grabbed Sarah's ass and pulled the two of them together. A finger tugged her tensed ass closer. The massage that followed made Sarah drip juices onto the spider woman's chin.

For an instant, the spider stopped and murmured: "The scent, the scent, thank you."

The spider woman looked almost contemplatively at Sarah's pussy, making the red haired human blush.

Then, propelled by the magnetism of her own desire, the spider was licking once more, her face and hair matted with Sarah's copious arousal.