

# Kinktober 2021 #21 Sinister/Spider

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Angela was mopping the marble floors of her comfy house, dressed in an old shirt, tied to a knot to reveal her belly-button and some comfy cotton shorts. Angela always liked her house to be squeaky clean and her floors glistening. The single, 32-year-old blonde, shapely in figure and attractive by any means of measure, moved her mop over to the kitchen area, the last room that had some specks of dust on its floor's surface.

She was humming one of those catchy pop songs that play non-stop on the radio, pushing the fridge over in order to clean behind it. It was then when Angela let out a shocked scream. A grey spider, one almost as big as the woman's hand, popped out and started crawling with its 8 long legs! Angela hated any kind of bug or insect. They were disgusting creatures, indicative of filth. She especially despised spiders. Something about their form, their bulbous bodies, their too many legs and eyes and the way they creepy-crawled around made the hairs on the back of her neck always pop. In her eyes, the world would be a much better place without them. She was always rather pampered and squeamish when it came to any creature other than a dog or cat.

Almost instinctively, the woman slammed her mop over the insect, which had not moved far away from her. "Die! Die! Die!" she uttered with clenched teeth each time she slammed the mop again and again, not wanting to leave any shadow of a doubt that this...thing was fully and utterly dead. She sighed, finally removing the mop, to reveal a crushed, lifeless spider. "God I hate spiders..." Angela sighed, relieved.

## A few days later

"No grandma, I had no idea there was an attic above the bedroom, when were you planning on telling me?" Angela spoke on her phone to her old, old granny. She was living on this place for almost three years now and she thought she knew all there was to know about it. "What do you mean don't drink anything from there?" the woman asked her grandmother. "...please don't start again with this witch stuff, granny..." the very realist woman rolled her eyes at the old woman's answer. "...ok...ok, I won't

drink...jeeez..." she hastily promised. "Gotta go now... bye" Angela hung up. She had to check out this new compartment of her home.

The attic's ceiling was too low for anyone to properly stand, so Angela was walking hunched, each step causing the wooden floor to creak. "What a mess..." Angela commented, turning a single dangling light bulb on to reveal a place full of dust, forgotten by time. Large cobwebs were present in all nooks and crannies of the attic, which was filled with dusty antique boxes and chests.

With a grimace of disgust and discomfort, Angela approached these mysterious artifacts. She was dressed in a pair of skin-tight leggings that perfectly outlined her shapely legs and booty, along with a matching sports bra that kept her juicy, C-cup breasts from bouncing, having just returned from her morning jog. Her blonde hair was caught in a pretty ponytail. Even during her runs, Angela did not neglect putting some modest waterproof makeup and lipstick. She liked turning heads during her workouts.

The woman coughed when opening one intricately painted box caused dust to fly up and fill the air of the attic. "What's all this crap...?" she looked at rows of weird vials inside the little chest, all filled with some mysterious, colorful liquid. She grabbed one, containing a light, red liquid. Her nana's words ringed in her ears, poking her curiosity. Through the years, she always dropped these kooky hints of her being some kind of witch or alchemist. Claims that Angela always laughed off.

Was this poisonous? She popped the cork off and gave it a whiff. It didn't smell like anything. She dropped a couple of drops on her arm. It behaved like water. "Nonsense..." Angela mumbled and with a cocky attitude put the vial to her pretty lips and gulped a couple of sips.

The "potion" tasted sweet, like a cherry liqueur. But nothing appeared to be happening. Angela shrugged her shoulders and kept going through more of her nana's stuff. "Oooh..." her head wobbled, as Angela suddenly felt a dizzying wave hit her. Her vision was getting skewed, the dim lighting of the attic not helping. Her balance was getting more and more difficult to keep. Angela placed her hand on one of cobweb-covered walls to support herself, but as soon as she did that she realized she was... falling! Or was she? The floor was getting closer and closer, so it was logical to assume. It looked like she was fainting.

But what was actually taking place was that the woman was shrinking, turning smaller and smaller, until she could easily fit inside a matchbox! She was free of any clothes, since those remained normal size, now a comparatively huge pile of fabric were she once stood. Not only that, but the miniature, naked woman now found herself stuck amongst thick layers upon layers of spider webbing. "God, what's

happening to me???" Angela flailed her arms and kicked her legs in panic, getting herself more ensnared in the webs that were previously just an esthetic nuisance.

"My my...is that who I think it is?" Angela heard a mysterious, deep, feminine voice, but could not identify the source. She could only see the empty attic from the corner she was wedged in, the room now appearing millions of times larger. Angela heard footsteps, but multiple, too many. What she saw next caused a mute scream from her.

A giant grey Arachne, at least in relation to Angela's reduced form, appeared from behind one chest, crawling towards their prey. Half woman, half spider, separated at the waist. She appeared about the same size as Angela, if it wasn't for her huge spider-lower half. Her upper, human form was slim and slender with two arms on either side instead of one, each ending on claw-like hands. She had a gorgeous "rack" her full breasts full bare to the eye. Her dark-purple areolas and nipples matched the Arachne's soft, juicy lips and her multiple spider eyes. "It is the sinister housekeeper, after all" the woman spoke in her seductive human voice, smiling to reveal razor-sharp teeth.

Angela screamed all the air out her lungs and the again. It was like her worst nightmare was coming to life. The webs kept her from moving though. "What is it young maiden? Finding yourself in grave peril?" the Arachne asked cooingly. "P...please...there's been...a... an accident" the woman stuttered from utter terror. "Oh really? How unfortunate..." the female spider spoke, its big, numerous eyes all falling at Angela. "My beloved mother had a similar accident when she run into you in the kitchen a few days ago..." Angela was stunned. "She was just trying to get food for our family and you slaughtered her in cold blood. How could you be so evil...?" the spider-woman asked.

"No...nnn...no you don't understand" Angela was lost for words, frantically pulling at the webs without any result. "It's alright; you'll make up for your wrongdoing. You'll be the one to feed us" the female spider said.

"Nooo, pleeeeeassMMMMMMMMMMMMmmMM!" before Angela could finish her head was suddenly wrapped up into a silky cocoon of web's woven by the Arachnid-girl. The rest of her body followed pretty soon and in seconds, the shrunken human found herself completely mummified in spider webbing. "MMMmmm...MMMMMMMM!" Angela writhed and struggled with all her might, but her legs were fused into one appendage and her arms were both locked hugging the underside of her full breasts. Working swiftly and elegantly, the spider hanged its human prey upside down by one of the many webs of this corner. "MMMMMnnnnnggg! MMMMM!" more desperate moans and struggling caused the cocooned woman to gently sway from the singly strand she was now hanging from.

“Hush my dear... your sacrifice is not in vain” the arachne tenderly wrapped her four arms around the mummified girl, two around her face and two around her torso, bringing her grey, naked body in contact with hers. “Your juices will sustain us for many weeks” she spoke softly, while caressing the helpless woman’s encased face, then her breasts. “I just have to liquefy your insides...I think you humans call it a smoothie” the female spider toyed with her hanging prey a bit. At the sound of this, Angela moaned and wiggled like crazy, but on top of her total silk encasement, the spider’s embrace held her extra immobile. “Such nice curves, that means you got a lot of juice in you” the spider complimented Angela’s naked body in a grim way.

Angela helplessly contorted her wrapped body again and again, the sticky webs that encased her not giving her any freedom. The spider-woman enjoyed watching her prey squirm as she cradled her in her arms, prolonging the poor thing’s misery. “Here, I’ll give you some last earthly pleasures, as a farewell” the sexy Arachne placed her three-fingered hand-claw between the woman’s thighs, cutting some of the web-wraps there and exposing her pubic mount. “MMMMmmnnngg! NNNNNGG” Angela whined into her tight, silky mouth wrap, as the spider opened the two large fangs on the sides of her mouth and a long, dark-purple tongue sprang out, matching her lips and eyes.

While Angela’s thighs were clenched tightly from the squeezing webbing, her arachnid captor had no trouble slithering her large tongue between this tiny crevice before fully inserting it inside Angela’s sex, working it like a tentacle! “MMMMMMMMMMMM!” a new, surprised, violated moan escaped the cocooned soon-to-be-meal. The spider’s meal squirmed delightfully in her four arms. The spider-woman was sticking her many-eyed face just outside that little entrance she had created for herself, her large tongue working on the poor female’s pussy excitedly, sloshing in and out of her with spidery saliva, then sliding alongside her crotch, before “diving” back in her sex-hole. The spider groped Angela’s silk-wrapped ass with two hands, the other two squeezing “downstairs” on her big, upside-down hanging titties.

Bound, muted and blinded, Angela was prey to her insect-captor’s whims. She could only experience the intense enforced pleasure she was being given and respond with hopeless moans and minimal struggling. Even though she was presumably moments from being drained to the bone, her moans were as lustful as they were desperate.

“Sister, come, the family meeting is about to begin” the female spider’s “bonding” moment with Angela was interrupted by another female Arachne, before her cocooned prey could reach an unwanted climax. “Sorry dear, will suck you later” the spider woman gave a tender kiss on her prey’s web-wrapped, inversed forehead, before leaving her to hopelessly twist and turn. The mummified soon-to-be-meal dangled in the air by a web thread, amongst the similarly cocooned, dried up carcasses of flies and other small insects.