

Miss Walters Chapter 2

By StickyScribbles/SpiderWeber

Ms. Walters was a strict worker. Day in and day out she stay for hours, ensuring that her every paper was signed and stamped before leaving. She was one of the higher ups in the company, and much like others who reigned at the top, her workers sometimes found her a bit abrasive. No one was quite sure if she even had a life outside of work. She was the first thing they saw when they entered the bureau and the last thing they saw when they left. Some even joked that she lived there.

Little did they know, that her life was far from what they expected, for when she went home... she became a very different person.

It was a day like any other, Ms. Walters said her goodbyes to the last of her co-workers as they left, leaving her to shut off the lights in the building. She tamped her paper, and looked at her watch. It was time to go. She put her things away, and head out, locking up before heading out to her car. She smiled slyly to herself as she sat behind the wheel, her mind racing to the night she had planned. Her face became hot at the thought, turning a bright red for a moment before she shook herself back to reality. It would do her no good if she crashed on the way home from daydreaming. She hit the ignition, and in a flash, she was off.

Minutes passed, and soon she found herself home. She lived on the edge of the city in a small condominium high over the hustle and bustle of the streets below. She made her way up and into her domicile, sighing in relief as she placed her bag on the floor near the front door. She made her way to her bedroom, turning on a few lights, and slowly starting to unbutton her blouse in anticipation of the night ahead.

No, she wasn't going on a date. In fact, despite her beautiful appearance, Ms. Walter's love life had been going through a small dry spell in the recent years. Instead, as she entered her room, she went to her closet, and opened up a locked case just beneath her clothing.

Here was what she was looking for... Inside the case lay a latex fur suit of a red fox. The outfit looked almost too small had she not know of it's almost otherworldly elasticity.

How did she come across such a suit? It all started weeks before, on her investigation of Gorgon's Manor. It was a strange building far from the city down a seemingly endless dirt road which ended in a magnificent, yet slightly decrepit looking Mansion.

It was here that she would find, and be found by the mansion's inhabitants, creatures of which the world rarely ever saw. She was captured, and placed into a machine that built the suit around her body, ensuring that it fit her every curve. The experience was one she still dread to this day, but... after being trapped for such a time within the suit... she grew fond of it. An almost animalistic lust took over her while she was trapped within, and a hidden fetish which she had once seen as disgusting and obscene arose within her.

Now, in the privacy of her home, she kept the suit for her own lustful pleasure. Slowly she pulled it from its box, and laid it out on the bed. She looked it over, still not quite sure of the exact material it was made of. It shimmered like latex, and felt as such, but it hugged her body too well, almost as if it knew her form.

She began to undress, her face flushing red as she glanced back at the suit that lay out for her. Though the mask was empty, she almost felt as though it were watching her, taking some sick pleasure in some voyeuristic role play. She stood before it, naked now to the world. Her skin seemed to glisten in the light of the late afternoon. It was time to get started...

She slipped her feet down into the long legs, the material stretching over her curves. The same with her hands as she pulled it up, and over her body, covering her curvaceous form. The suit sealed itself behind her, pulling closed along her back, and tightening just enough that her every feature could easily be seen from the outside. The latex was like a second skin over her body, hugging her form like no other outfit could. She looked to her fox head, grabbing it from its resting spot before slipping it over her own head. The suit began to sprout a faux fur from its outside, its shimmering latex exterior quickly turning into the distinct red fox fur it had previously in her last encounter.

It was at this point that the Ms. Walters that the world knew ceased to be. Though still conscious of herself, her lust was beginning to take over, and the suit took on a new sentience. The tail the stuck off her rear began to wag and flick back and forth, and the jaw opened and closed as if yawning after a night of stiff sleep. She had now become the fox girl she was portraying.

Ms. Walters slowly laid upon her bed, her hands sliding up and down her fur suit, taking in her every curve. It made her feel sexy... in a strange primal way. She groaned through her muzzle, the soft moan coming out as a small yip from the fox girl's mouth.

Her hand reached up to grab at her breast. She cupped over it, her fingers twirling over the small bumps of her nipples, causing them to rise beneath the suit. She pant, and wiggled her legs, softly moaning to herself. She shut her eyes, and let her free hand drift southward to her womanly chasm. There... the suit parted just enough for her to slide her fingers over the soft flesh of her womanhood. Her fingers swirled around her clit, massaging it softly and tenderly, and slowly building up her arousal. Her pussy glistened as a stream of juices ran down, dripping to the sheets below.

Her face was contorted into an almost cartoonish smile of embarrassment mixed with pleasure. How dirty she felt... but how right it was...

Her fingers slowly moved faster, sliding along her soft, pink lips. Her clit being rocked back and forth as she rubbed at her peachy mound. The maw of the fox girl bit at its lower lip as well, mimicking her motions beneath.

The minutes continued on, and slowly she worked her way closer and closer to her climax. Her fingers slipped into the warm, moist insides of her body, thrusting and pushing in and out, pleasuring herself over the feeling of the suit around her. Finally, her body could take no more.

Her back arched from the bed, and her toes curls as from her love button sprang forth the most powerful of orgasms, causing her wet juices to shoot forth. She let out a loud, long moan before her body collapsed from pure pleasure.

She lay there, taking in the feeling. It had exhausted her, causing her heart to race, and her breathing to become labored. It was even better than she had remembered.

Slowly she made her way over to the window, propping it open to let in the cool night air from outside.

She made her way back to the bed, laying down for a well needed rest. Slowly, as her head hit the pillow, her eyes drifted shut, and her consciousness waned into a deep sleep.

As it happened, a creature of the manor was making its way around the city. It walked with a purpose, seeking out any lovely humans it might find and wish to add to its collection. As it moved along, it caught a whiff in the air. Far too weak for anyone to pick up on, but for the creature, it could easily smell the aftermath of a round of pleasure, Ms. Walter's body in a way emitting her own sexual musk. It climbed the building, making its way higher and higher on eight spindly legs until it reached the open window.

Slowly it crept in, hearing the soft, rhythmic snoring of a sleeping woman. What luck!

It made its way over to the lovely vixen's bedside and slowly began to crawl up the sheets. It hesitated a moment as it heard a soft mumble from its prey. After a moment of realization that the vixen was merely talking in her sleep, the creature made its way higher, lifting itself onto her bed with its eight long legs.

A large, bulbous abdomen followed behind it, and two large, saucer eyes peered down at her, reflecting the moonlight as it came in through the room.

Slowly it began to crawl over Ms. Walter's form, its abdomen pulsing as a thick, gooey stream of silk sprayed forth, zigzagging across its prey.

Ms. Walters, still in deep sleep wiggled about, not feeling the cool, damp silk through the tight fursuit. The silk in her mind were merely her sheets which she must have somehow unconsciously grabbed to wrap herself in. Little did she know that the reality was far more perilous. The spider had nearly coated her in a blanket of webs, pinning her body helplessly to the bed. It moved up to her muzzle, looking over the vixen's peaceful sleeping face.

It reached for a strand of silk, but was caught off guard when Ms. Walter's arms moved to hug it, pulling the spider close like a large teddy bear.

The spider wiggled about, trying to get loose, though the warm, soft feeling of the vixen hugging it, and her bust pressed into the spider's body did feel quite enjoyable. It pulled at the silk line still in its legs, and without hesitation Lassoed the vixen's muzzle.

The sudden tightness, and yanking of the silk shook Ms. Walters awake, causing her eyes to open wide, and come face to face with the monstrosity.

“MMMMMMM!!!!” She let out a scream at the sight, and started to thrash around, finding her body pinned to her bed by a sticky, slimy mess.

Ms. Walters looked down at her form, tied with the slightly off-white silk. She was trapped, helpless to whatever the spider had planned. She shook her head about, tears welling in her eyes. How could this have happened? Where did this thing come from?

The spider had backed off momentarily, making absolute sure that she could not free herself from its bindings before it moved back in. It rolled up a ball of silk in its hands, moving back toward the vixen's face. It loosened the gag over her muzzle, causing Ms. Walters to scream.

“Get off me! Why are you doing thi... MMMMPH!!!” Her voice was silenced again as the ball of silk was lodged into her own mouth before the vixen's muzzle was again sealed, making any attempt to cry for help impossible.

The spider pinned her back to the bed, the webs holding her arms to the headboard as it loomed over her form. Slowly it straddled her body, its abdomen moving between her legs, and rubbing against her hump hole.

Ms. Walters let out a shriek through her gag, both shocked and embarrassed at what the spider was doing. She began to frantically thrash about, but the more she did, the more enjoyable the writhing, pumping motion of the spider's abdomen felt. Her face became hot and red as she felt herself starting to enjoy the feeling. Her rosebud between her legs becoming hot and moist.

The spider continued, its spinnerets slowly spraying forth a gooey silk over her groin, pumping deep into her cherry hole and causing a quick, intense orgasm.

There she lay, only able to look down at the giant glob of silk that the spider had pumped her full of to the point that it littered the sheets.

The spider, content for now with it's intense teasing, started to roll her over and over, coating her with a tight, restrictive layer of cocooning silk. Slowly Ms. Walter's form vanished beneath the webbing, replaced by her sexy silhouette in white.

The spider wrapped higher, and tighter, completely sealing her legs, and binding her arms to her sides. Now... she would not be able to escape.

She writhed about, still quite aroused from the spider's advances on her body. Perhaps being this creature's plaything wouldn't be... too bad... She thought to herself as the silk rose over her lithe form, covering over her breasts, and up to her shoulders.

The spider took one last, knowing look into its captive eyes. Seeing her flustered state before sealing her head, and completely encompassing her. The spider hoisted her from the sheets, and strung her from the ceiling, saving its catch for later.

Ms. Walters hung there, the cocoon hugging her body, She wiggled around, getting at least a little comfortable as she prepared for the long haul ahead.

One thing was for certain... she would be missing the next few days of work...

THE END?

See what happens next!:

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