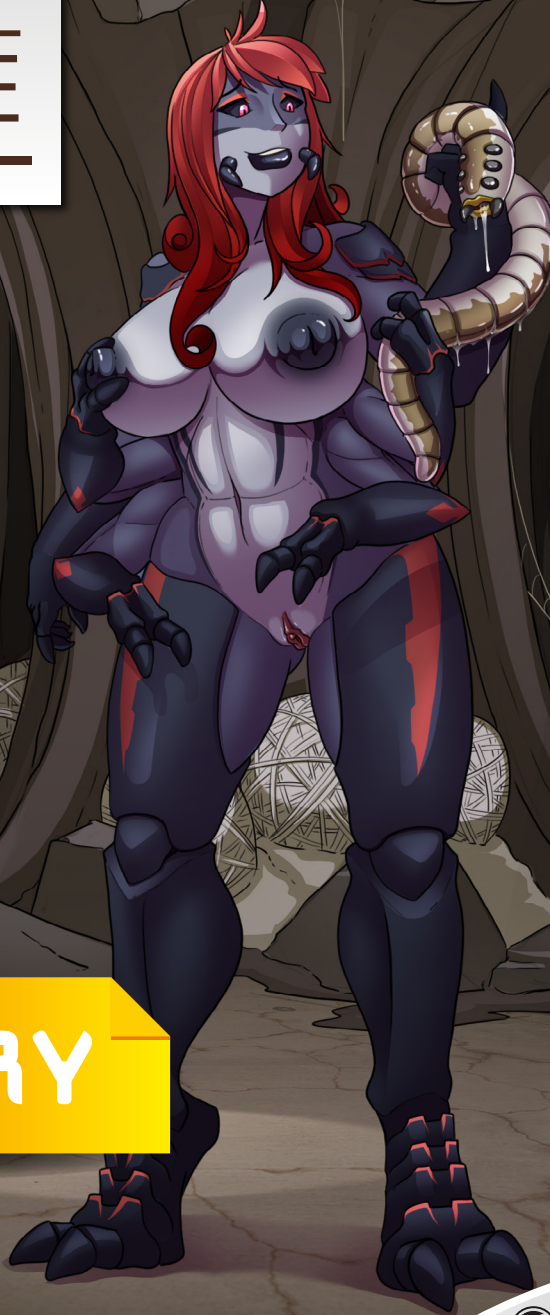


— AN —
**UNEQUAL
COUPLE**



STORY



P A T R E O N E X C L U S I V E C O N T E N T

When Marc regained consciousness and opened his eyes, a strange and somewhat wet and stale smell entered his nose. At first, he wasn't able to see very much except for the dark silhouette of something that looked like a cave or something alike. He blinked and tried to say something, tried to call for help, but in that very moment he realized that he neither was able to speak nor to move.

He tried to gasp, but wasn't able to do so. In fact, he wasn't able to do anything but to wiggle, trying to free himself from something that looked like white silk. Like the web of a spider. A giant spider, a... "Oh fuck." His heart contracted and sent a rush of adrenaline through his veins. The webs were those of a doomwidow – and a mighty one. They held his body up in midair with ease.

"Oh", a soft, female voice purred from behind. "You have awoken. I hope your dreams were pleasant – because what lies ahead of you isn't."

"Mmmph!" Marc tried to say something, but tight webs around his mouth prevented him from moving his lips.

"No need to talk", the voice said. "Not yet at least. Let's remember what happened, shall we? You and your little friend wandered through the woods. My woods. I guess you were on some kind of adventure. Well, adventure is what you got. I took the freedom of checking your backpacks. Your name is Marc and your friend is called Cynthia. Beautiful names. I am Enikma."

Now Marc could finally hear quiet steps approaching him. Something touched his naked shoulder; something cold and hard. A claw. It was no monster-claw but something that resembled a human hand very much, even though it was covered by chitin. He closed his eyes again and wished that this was but a dream, but it wasn't. The hand on his shoulder belonged to a doomwidow. And this very doomwidow now touched his face, forcing him to open his eyes again.



"You see, Marc", she purred. "I get very lonely out here. And that makes me bored. I spend most of my time conducting little experiments on travelers like you.

In fact, I already... 'enhanced' your friend back there, but you'll see for yourself soon enough. At first we have to decide what we do with you."

She raised her clawed hand and cut the webbing off his face before lowering her hand to his crotch, stroking his cock just a little bit, making him moan involuntarily.

"With... with me?" Marc replied with his voice shaking. He did his best to stay calm, but it was in vain. He never had been brave or tough – in fact, he was more of the insecure type of man. The trip with Cynthia had been his attempt to date her, hoping for her to make the first step. And now he was trapped in a doom-widow lair. "What are you going to do? What have you done to Cynthia?"

"As I said, you'll see for yourself", the doomwidow laughed as a quiet and muffled scream reached Marcs ears, followed by something that sounded like bones cracking and slithering, slurping noises.

"In the past decades I've done many things to adventurers like yourself. Many glorious things. Some I turned into moistfever flies before sending them back to town, some others I made into slobbering shadows of their former selves. Once I even injected one with a serum slowing down all transformations before throwing him into a slerm-hive. Poor fellow took eleven weeks to transform."

"Please," Marc whimpered. "Please let me go, please..."

"No, my dear. That is the last thing I'd do. The easiest way out would be if I sold you to some Narioks, but their experiments are always so crude. Science is a lovely mistress, bestowing but so many gifts upon us. And my heart aches for experiments. You'd make a beautiful moistfever mutant, but also I could make you fuck feral bigons for the rest of your life... Hmm..."



Slowly, she walked around him in circles, casually stroking his cock that by now and by the unholy force of her touches had grown rockhard. Marc still struggled and tried to break free, but it was no use. The webs were too strong and Enikma replaced the few he managed to rip apart within seconds. She had even spun a web around his cock, squeezing it tightly and forcing it to stay so hard that it hurt.

In the background, Marc could still hear the muffled screams of Cynthia, but by now they were accompanied by gurgling sounds. They weren't human anymore. Slurping, wet noises and the sound of... something slippery echoed through the cave. A cold shiver ran over his back; he tried to look around, but still he wasn't able to turn his head far enough.

"You know," Enikma eventually whispered and touched his cock one last time, making it erupt in a huge orgasm. "I let chance decide. You see, as a doomwidow I am both god and mother. I change and create. Every doomwidow female is host to a male. It lives deep inside my womb, gifting me with pleasure beyond imagination. This is my true male. He once was a human like you, but now is nothing more but a maggot."

"You want to change me into one of those?" Marc screamed and stared at the long worm-like maggot that for one brief moment slipped out of Enikma's nether lips. It's mere sight made him feel sick and disgusted, but the doomwidow didn't seem to feel the same. Instead she petted it and moaned quietly as the creature retracted into its wet and warm home.

"No, no, no my dear." She shook her head. "I will feed you a lesser male. They grow inside me. Disgusting, little worms. I'm glad when I can get rid of one. Then, chance will decide whether you become a male or a glorious female like myself. Who knows? Maybe you'll end up being my new soulmate, assisting me in my future experiments. This is the same chance I gave to Cynthia, but it seems like she had bad luck."



Now she finally cut the last remaining webs that prevented Marc from turning around. He immediately looked at the strange sounds that were coming from behind and eventually saw Cynthia – or what remained of her. Like he himself, she was restrained in midair by massive webs, but she no longer looked like a human. Her legs had taken a greenish color and were almost completely covered by soft, slimy membrane that oozed with strands of maggot-slime. Her abdomen had grown huge and wormlike, spurting two little claws at its end. She almost looked like the doomwidow male that was by now crawling over Enikma's arm.

Cynthia didn't notice his look. Screaming and wiggling, she tried to fight the changes that swept over her body with merciless force. Inch by inch, her body was changed and transformed into something disgusting, something that was the complete opposite of the gorgeous female she once had been.

"I beg you," Marc whispered in pure panic. "Please don't do this. You don't have to do this. You can let me go! I can pay you! I can get you supplies for your experiments! I..."

"No can do." Enikma placed her hand on his chest and let the maggot crawl onto his body. "You know, seeing a human transform makes me so horny. I cum by simply seeing the humanity being ripped off your body and mind. I... oh my, if you knew how close I am to orgasm right now. Seems like your friend is close to finally losing herself. But enough of me. Let's see how you turn out."

Before Mark could say another word, she grabbed his jaw and forced it open, allowing the wormlike maggot to enter his body. Mark screamed in silence and tried to bite the creature, but Enikma was too strong. The worm forced its way down his throat. It was like a huge, flexible cock, throbbing and slippery. And when it finally had disappeared in his throat completely, Marc immediately felt the brute force of the changes kicking in.



He had no time to gasp for air or even to be afraid. Within seconds, four additional arms exploded from his sides, each with two digits and completely covered by dark, purple chitin. Mark struggled, his body being shaking with strangely pleasurable spasms; then he suddenly felt his legs breaking free of the web that had chained him to the ground. The mere force of his new legs was beyond comprehension; he could feel and hear his skin rip under the pressure of his new chitinous armor.

This felt... amazing! So strange, so alien, so incredibly intense! Wave after wave of pure pleasure erupted within his changing body. His old, human skin simply ripped to pieces as his new, clearly female body grew. An enormous pressure emerged in his chest as two giant, lewd breasts grew. His new and enlarged nipples immediately got erect from the cold air surrounding him, sending yet another wave of pure pleasure through his head.

The only thing that still was left of his old human body was his cock. Still highly erect, still rock hard. It shot one last load of cum before it vanished as well, replaced by a wet slit. A wet slit that made him feel empty... unfilled. He needed something in there, needed something to stretch his nether lips, to penetrate him and make him feel like a woman.

"That's a surprising development." Enikma sounded a little bit surprised, but at the same time, she watched him with a proud look on her face. Like a scientist who looked at a successful experiment. "You're turning out nicely. Unlike your friend." She looked over to the disgusting creature that once was Cynthia. The face of the former pretty girl had mutated into a swollen, drooling maggot head, that aimlessly screeched in need of something.

"Looks like your partner here is desperately looking for a nice and warm place to stay" ENikma laughed, obviously turned on by the thought what had become of the girl that was trapped in her net. "Well... let me arrange a beautiful marriage for you two lovebirds then... Im sure SHE cant deny the offer haha"

Enikma grinned and started to finger herself. Attracted by the strong pheromones of the Spider, the worm-creature that once was Cynthia ripped itself free.



"Pllllleeeeeaaasseeeee!" A gurgling scream emerged from what was left of Cynthias throat and mouth. "Pleeeeeeaaasseeee let me... urgh... let me... into you... m-mas-ter... mistress..."

The few webs that still had restrained Marcs former friend now fully tore apart. Cynthia immediately used the deforming and retracting remains of her former arms to crawl towards him, guided by the sweet scent of Enikmas pheromones.

"Over here, you little ugly thing!" Enikma laughed while she stepped back behind Mark, who was lying on the ground after the last strings of the doomwidow web had ripped. Marc was unable to move, and before he even knew what was happening, the giant, maggot-monster was right in front of him.

"Yeah, thats your partner... your new home! come on, I know you are still big but - try out the front door!" A devilish laugh halled through the tunnels, as Marc realized, that he was unable to control parts of his new doomwidow-body. An alluring and penetrant odor was coming from his nethers, as the maggot that once was a tough human girl grabbed his legs.

"Hooome!" The creature lowered its maggot head and came closer to Marcs pussy, before it carefully licked over the newly-formed labia.

Marc was unable to fight this... His body... his mind WANTED this! It felt just right, even if Cynthia was still way too big... Marc new they both belonged together in this unholy, twisted relationship. Cynthias breasts still dangled from the long maggot body in front of him, while the Maggot continued to work its way inside Marcs swollen cunt.

"You two are too cute, you know that?" Enikma grinned. "I will let you alone now, I still got a lot of other stuff on my list. Dont worry, your precious other will shrink to a more 'comfortable' size in the next days" - Enikma touched Marcs shoulder "So you two can wholly be together forever!"



A few weeks later...

Marc, now fully and irreversibly a doomwidow both in body and mind, watched as the little worm formerly known as Cynthia curled around his lower arm. It had been several weeks since his transformation into this new and better form. The first few days had been... challenging. Even though his libido was beyond everything a human could imagine, his new mind craved for science and experiments. So she had to fight the approaches of Cynthia who kept trying to enter his womb even though she still had been too large.

Well, at least that was what she thought. In fact, she had enjoyed her efforts a lot, but she had loved the idea of teasing her, of denying her this only urge her degenerated mind was capable of comprehending. But that phase now was long gone.

Cynthia now was her true male and rested inside his womb for most of the time, only emerging from his moist nether lips to bring her joy beyond comprehension. And sometimes... Marc grinned. Sometimes, she even shared her true male with Enikma and vice versa, creating an orgy of smacking bodies, hot, wet fluids and webs lasting for days, forging them into one being made of pure pleasure.

