

Spidersilk Panties, Part 3 (Inanimate TF, So I'm a Spider...?)

Shiraori could only lie there, trembling in terror, as the giant noblewoman leaned over her, her curvaceous body blown to absurd proportions by the difference in size between them.

“Strange,” said the blonde, leaning down and picking up Shiraori by the straps. “What kind of inn leaves free lingerie for its guests? Is that normal? Have I just been ignorant of it all this time?”

Shiraori squirmed, or tried to, at any rate. She wanted to thrash, to fight, to use all her abilities in her defense, but no matter how much she hated it, she simply didn't have the power in this form. She was as inanimate and defenceless as any normal bra.

“Maybe the previous guest left them by mistake?” said the noblewoman. She raised Shiraori to her nose and sniffed her, making her shudder inside. Frowning, she put Shiraori back on the bed and picked up the pair of panties lying beside her. These, she sniffed as well. “Hmm. They smell fresh. If they *do* belong to the last guest, they've certainly been well cleaned.”

Placing the panties back on the bed, she stepped back, a strange look on her face, and looked around as if expecting the previous guest to pop in out of nowhere. “I guess it couldn't *hurt* to try them on.

Shiraori swallowed. *It might not hurt you!*

Stripping off, the noblewoman snatched her back off the bed and unclasped her straps with a resounding *snap*. Shiraori screamed inside. It felt as if... she didn't even know how to describe it. It should hurt, but if anything, it actually felt good. She shivered. Somehow, that was almost worse.

What followed wasn't much better. Testing Shiraori's straps, the woman slipped an arm through them, then the other. As they stretched around her, digging tight into the woman's exposed skin, Shiraori found herself screaming at the intense pleasure filling her. *Nnn~! How can this possibly feel so goood? Make it stooooop!*

A moment later, it got even worse: pinching Shiraori's cups, the woman adjusted them with a frown, slipping her breasts into what had once been Shiraori's own and leaving her screaming in mixed pain and pleasure as her straps took their weight. *Nnnn~! They're too heavy! Take them out! Take them oooooout!*

Instead, the blonde did the opposite: reaching back, she fumbled for Shiraori's straps and clasped them with an emphatic snap. Shiraori screamed as the pressure on them grew even stronger—now she truly was the only thing supporting this awful woman's engorged bust.

Turning, the woman made to examine herself in the mirror. “Hmm, it's a little small for me,” she said, scowling. “But it does look nice...”

This simple statement made Shiraori want to cry. The silky white bra in the mirror *did* look nice. The terror was that it was just a simple bra. And nothing more.

“Now, let’s see about the bloomers...”

Back on the bed, Feirune shivered in horror all the awful blonde’s attention returned to her. She’d already seen how poorly the bra left with her fit, and the last thing she wanted was to be worn herself. The thought made her want to vomit.

Which made it fortunate she no longer had a mouth, because the next thing the blonde did was turn back to her, her enormous hips swinging, her fat thighs clapping, as she made her way back across the room and snatched Feirune up like the skimpy piece of cloth she’d become. *L-let me go!* she cried. Her new owner ignored her.

Standing in the middle of the room, the noblewoman pinched Feirune’s straps and stretched them, tugging tight. Inside, Feirune screamed so loudly it would have shattered the windows. It didn’t hurt, that was the worst thing. Instead of the incredible pain you’d have expected from being stretched almost to tearing, it felt *good*, shockingly good, as if someone were stroking the most private parts of her body. She shivered; she could only hope that was the extent of it.

Raising a leg, the blonde wiggled her toes and, with a frown, slipped them into Feirune’s hole.

It wasn’t the extent of it. It wasn’t even the beginning of it. The teaser of being stretched did absolutely *nothing* to prepare for her for the utter *ecstasy* of having an entire foot forced through one of her holes. It felt as if she’d taken the largest dildo in the world and slammed it straight into her pu–

Raising her other leg, the noblewoman leaned on the side of the bed for support as she guided her foot through Feirune’s *second* hole.

Feirune screamed, losing herself to a wild ecstasy. It felt as if something had taken the world’s largest dildo and slammed it into her *bu*–

Tightening her grip on Feirune’s straps, the woman bit her lip and, with a frown of effort, slowly tugged her up, up, upward, making Feirune squeal a little more in pleasure with every sudden jerk and spasm upward. The farther she travelled, the thicker the limbs filling her became, stretching her body and her mind further and further, until she became certain something must snap, whether inside or outside her.

Finally, she reached her destination. With the soft *thwap* of fabric striking flesh, she slammed facefirst into the blonde’s engorged rear, and with a snap, her new owner released her, allowing the pressure in her straps to loose itself like a bow. It struck her sides with a mind-blowing clang, a crash of cymbals, and for a second or two she lost all connection with reality. All she could do was hang there from her owner’s butt, losing herself to lust.

When her senses returned, she found herself looking down at a frozen white ocean, little waves unmoving. Only as she felt towards it did she realize it was the bed.

N-nononoo—!

Smack! Crushed into the mattress, Feirune writhed in tortured pleasure. M-maybe there were worse things than simply being worn.

Above her, Shiraori was inclined to agree. Trapped, strapped to a cliff and holding a pair of jiggly boulders, she could only squirm inside as every little movement of her new owner's body bounced them around inside her. Her straps squeaked, threatening to snap; her mind trembled, rigid with ecstasy. Another big bounce, and she'd lose herself to orgasm.

"Well, I suppose I should get dressed," said her new owner, leaping to her feet.

Around her, Shiaori and Feirune both screamed, as much in terror as in ecstasy.