

New Poe A Costume

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Description

A forgotten pile of black armor attached to a gray body suit sits crumpled in the corner of the room. You're not really sure what it is.

Spider Suit

Shunted in the corner of the room is some sort of gray bodysuit. There are strange black protrusions covering most of the surface of the fabric, looking a bit like armor. Hanging from the backside is a large oval like object. Upon closer inspection it resembles a shiny spider's abdomen. The entire ensemble is a sexy take on terran arachnids. Surprisingly, the fabric itself is slippery and feels inhumanly smooth, not at all like the cheap polyester you were expecting. On the other hand the armor is also smooth but hard and durable.

Holiday, who was idly checking on her sharp, pointed nails, looks puzzled at your interest in the garb.

"Huh, didn't know I even had that," she comments.

You try to ask her exactly what that is but she isn't able to give you a good answer. "It's a uh...spider? Yeah spider costume. I think. Pretty sure it can conform to all body types too."

You're slightly perturbed that she doesn't even know what it is, especially given the shady atmosphere of her store. Though you can't deny the obvious quality of the costume.

Would you like to buy the spider suit, or look at another costume?

Buy It

You put on the chitinous plates first, sliding your legs into the stretchy fabric and pulling it into place. The elastic nature of it is astounding, conforming to every crevice with relative ease. It covers your legs within an onyx coating of shiny chitin. The plates slide all the way down to your feet {if PC taur: hooves} where it tapers off into a tall black heel, akin to sexy high heeled boots. In between the segmented plates is delightfully smooth gray skin. Pleased with the results you shrug on the sleeves. You marvel at how you the glittery arachnid exoskeleton swathes your arms in beautiful plates. While you stroke the chitin you immediately notice that you can still feel touch, as if touching the skin beneath the suit. Laughing at the absurdity of it all you accidentally knock a trinket off Holiday's counter with your big spherical spider abdomen. Whoops, guess you forgot about that.

"Hey you better watch it or else you'll be paying for more than just the suit," Holiday grumbles. Whatever you pushed off must not be that important as she doesn't even make a move to pick it up.

You would have made a move to clean it up but the sight of your abdomen has you mesmerized. It's pretty big, easily about the size of ten soccer balls. However it doesn't impede your movement, in fact you feel like you were born to have it. Now you can more efficiently tie up your prey. Wait where did that come from? Chalking it up to getting into character you start to scutter out the door until Holiday stops you with a shout.

"Don't you want the top?" she asks, holding up a skimpy black bra.

You shake your head, wanting everyone to see the bountiful breasts of your costume, capped with two puffy dusky nipples. The chitin, in contrast to the exposed flesh, makes it all the more noticeable. Holiday shrugs and tosses the bra under the counter. You swear you see two fangs, glistening in the overhead lighting as she grins at you.

"Well have fun, don't do anything I wouldn't do!" she tells you.

Not even gracing Holiday with a glance back you strut your way through the masses of sweaty bodies. Wave after wave of sultry smells fill every olfactory gland you have. All of these delicious bodies just begging to be tied up. That sudden odd desire has your head spinning; questioning why that intrusive thought arose does nothing to quell a dizzying headache. In fact the migraine turns nauseating, and you stumble into a nearby alleyway so you don't fall over anyone. Luckily it starts to fade rather quickly, pain washing away as quickly as it came. You blink in surprise as you find that the tunnel vision vanished as well. Wait has your vision always been this good? Scanning over the writhing bodies you can practically count the beads of sweat that trail down their skin. A small part of your mind tries to blare the alarm bells but you suddenly don't really

care. There are a few onlookers that notice you who part like the red sea so you can get through. They seem gob smacked by your domineering form, and why shouldn't they be? Compared to you they're like little flies, begging to be caught in your web. An innate urge begins to rise, an incomprehensible need for a ripe little pet. Though they can't just be anyone, only the best will suffice. You aren't very impressed with the selection you see. There's so much variety but still, none of them will do.

Growing impatient you spot a club near the end of the street. It seems like a good place to start so you begin the trek towards it. Luckily you don't have much trouble getting to it due to your agile nature. The smell of sex bombards you as soon as you enter the booming club. Electric music produces a dance-worthy beat as the lights on the floor shifts in an array of colors. It isn't much different than outside, albeit more condensed. Still, you trust your instincts so you gracefully sit down on one of the stools and hail the bartender for a drink. The Ausar working the counter breaks out in a cold sweat when he sees you, eyes locked onto your form. It takes an impatient quip from you to knock him out of his stupor. He quickly makes your drink and slides it to you, obviously wanting to please you. When you thank him he visibly sags in relief and his tail begins to whip back and forth. As you pull out a credit chip he shakes his head, cementing the fact that you will not have to pay for any drinks. You pat him on the head and coo at him for being such a good puppy, so eager to please. For a few moments you sit and savor the sweet drink, scoping out the crowded club with your four eyes.

Just then, as you're sipping your drink, you spot her. Dancing amongst the crowd is a blue skinned Saeri. Her long pink ponytail sways while she dances in sync to the beat. She's wearing something akin to a fairy outfit, a short puffy dress that has multicolored flowers blooming from the light green fabric. Small high heels click and spin as those gorgeous legs take your breath away. Red eyes meet intense violet ones when she spots you. She freezes for a second, the dance floor forgotten in favor of the dominating spider she sees before her. Nervously she walks over to you until she takes a seat beside you. A tuck of her hair between her ear and the bashful fluttering of her long eyelashes is all you really need.

"What would you like from me, little one?" you ask artfully.

The Saeri squirms in her seat, the quartet of iridescent wings fluttering in response to the sudden movement. You don't give her a chance to respond as you take her by the chin and press a deep kiss into those plump lips of hers. Chitinous arms wrap around her slender waist, pulling the butterfly girl closer into the embrace. Tongues clash in a heated battle, each nip you take of her lower lip has it grow more heated. Starry pink eyes now glazed with desire burn for more. Knowing what you have to do you guide your lover out a back door, lips still locked together as you fumble with her dress.

The air compared to the inside is cooler, your nipples now erect from a combination of arousal and new found sensitivity. You press her against the brick wall of the club, her body relatively light and easy to play with. The tantalizing sapphire nipples that dot her pert breasts grow even

harder between your graceful fingers. Blue skin flushes into a deep indigo color and her tender nubs protrude out thanks to your treatment. The poofy dress she was wearing now sits on the alleyway ground, forgotten in the midst of unbridled lust. Thoughts of your abdomen, still heavy with silk, bring a wicked smile to your face. You make quick work of binding your prey, shooting silky strands of web to bind her arms above her head and leave her legs strapped wide apart, revealing her gleaming cunt. Her wet muff feels warm to the touch, puffy and already leaking. You start to tease it, rubbing at it until her clit is exposed. Small squeaks start to tumble out of the Saeri's mouth as you gently roll your fingers around her clit.

A startled cry pierces the air as your fingers suddenly plunge into her sodden sex. The soft walls around it pulse around your skilled hand, delightfully hot and tight from your sudden intrusion. With your other hand you continue to rub at the clit so you can coerce her vagina to loosen up. The Saeri is now panting wildly, streaks of sweat rolling across her body. Your tongue slithers out of your mouth, taking a few seconds to fully extend out of your mouth and starts to coat her crotch in a thick layer of saliva. She shudders at the wetness and cries out again as you keep going further, and further, and further inside her cavernous vagina. Your efforts are followed by her unprompted yell, resulting in a sharp slap on her ripe derriere.

"Do not utter a sound unless I command it," you warn her.

Hanging her head in shame she apologizes, whispering a soft, "forgive me, mistress."

The slap seems to have increased her lust faster than stimulating her clit. Her pulsating hole sucks your fingers in, begging for you to stimulate its G spot. You have no trouble finding it, evident by the Saeri starting to buck her hips against your fingers. There's an unspoken plea for you to go faster so you do just that. Every gentle caress is abandoned, your fingers sliding in and out at a rapid pace. Frantic huffs cue your prey's oncoming climax. By the way her legs begins to press against her silky bindings you doubt she'll be able to hold out for long. Finally the waves of euphoric pleasure reaches its peak. With watery eyes she begs you to let her cum. Since she's been a good little butterfly you give her permission with a slight nod. In a burst of girl cum her eyes roll back and she convulses in ecstasy. She's seemingly lost to a undescrivable array of pleasure. Finally she winds down, breathing hard and looking at you like you're a Goddess. You embrace your prey, rewarding her with small whispers of approvement. She did a good job after all, waiting for permission to climax. She sinks into your arms, resting her head on your ample bosom.

Just than, a figure runs up to you, a familiar full figured demon who is somehow managing a remarkable pace considering she's wearing high heels. Her heaving breasts threaten to spill out of her tight nurse top, bouncing up and down with each step. When she makes it up to you she regards the scene curiously, a mix of mischievousness and arousal gracing her feminine features.

"I was wondering where you've been. Listen we gotta-" You don't allow her to finish. Setting your Saeri back into her silky confines you prowl toward her, your fangs glittering dangerously despite the low light. Holiday backs away a few steps but the prominent bulge in her skirt is enough to show her burgeoning arousal.

"How about you listen to me pet," you purr, getting closer and closer with each step. "Why don't you let me wrap you up in my beautiful silk. I promise it'll be worth your while..."

Before she can even react you shoot a stream of web to swathe her legs in your silk. With her long legs now indisposed she falls to the ground, barely being able to catch herself with her hands. She pushes her luxurious hair out of her eyes to reveal a look of complete disbelief. Any attempt to push back against the ground is met with another shot of web until her arms are also caccanned. Holiday struggles against the bonds, but it's a half hearted attempt at best. You walk toward her at a brutally slow pace, each step emphasized by the click of your natural high heels. Soon you're looming over her, watching her squirming cease as you lean down. In a surprisingly soft gesture you stroke the smooth skin of her cheeks. Gradually your hands trail down, all the way to her sizable breasts. Both are moving up and down more rapidly than normal, Holiday's breathing amped up a notch; whether it's from running to the alley or the sudden position she found herself in.

Only needing a flick of a finger to undo her top pillowy cushions burst from their confines. The milky skin surrounding bright pink areolas are just begging to be licked. However you're not the one who's going to do the licking. You stride back to your Saeri, who is watching wide eyed at the scene before her. With relative ease you cut her down from the wall and embrace her again. She gladly accepts it, almost purring as you stroke her head. Not above a whisper you explain to her what you want to do. When you let go of her she tentatively walks over to the tied up Holiday and hunkers down so you can see her cute little behind. Following your orders she begins lapping at the demon-nurse's breasts, sliding her tongue down and around her nipples. Holiday groans at the treatment, sticking up her chest so the Saeri has better access. Your pet expertly swirls her tongue around her tender nubs, giving them each a tiny nip. By this point Holiday is visibly panting, the tent in her skirt now almost vertical.

"Yo-you know, I thought, I...I-d be tied up by peacekeepers, th-though this...this is loads better," she stammers.

You grin at her state, relishing at the fact that she is barely able to speak. In a low whisper you give another order to your pet, urging her to pick up the pace. She goes through with the order with flying colors. The Saeri plants a kiss on Holiday's shapely lips, gradually deepening it until you can basically hear their greedy sucking and the exchange of spit. When she stops she wipes a stray strand of saliva from her lips and begins to remove Holiday's skirt. The flimsy piece of cloth is quickly torn away, revealing a throbbing horse cock. Veins bulge from within its pink exterior and it's large size makes you wonder how she managed to hide it. You gently move your pet aside, giving her a quick pat on the head for doing such a good job. Aligning your

crotch to her dick you show her a gleaming new spider cunt, hidden in an encasing of chitin until now.

Through gritted teeth Holiday lets out a groan. "Just fuck me already!"

You tutt at her vulgar display, crossing your arms to readily show your displeasure. The demon picks up on it and through bared teeth she begs for release. "Please, please fuck me...mistress."

Although it's not a perfect display of submissiveness you decide to look past it, she did say please after all. Since your spider cunt is already soaking wet from earlier you have no trouble sliding her tip in, followed by the rest of it's girthy length. It's only halfway through when you already feel a heavy warmth permeate your vagina. You groan in satisfaction, it's veiny ribs massaging your walls in all the right places. Resisting the urge to rut against it like a wild animal you slowly start to move, rocking yourself up and down at a steady pace. Holiday is clearly enjoying herself, eyes wide and jaw slack. Her hips jerk with need, trying to make you go faster. Stars begin to permeate your vision and soon you feel yourself speeding up the process despite yourself. Since it's so long it finds your G-spot with relative ease, you barely manage to stop a cry of pleasure ripping from your throat as it hits it just right. At last the oncoming eruption of bliss hits you in full force. Your eyes stare blankly at the sky as you experience an indescribable euphoria. Holiday, who reached her climax as well, blasts your cunt with thick streams of horse cum. It goes on and on for what feels like an eternity until you both finally wind down from the intense orgasm. You are left panting, grinning madly, until you suddenly black out.

The Awakening

You wake up in your ship with a splitting headache, the lights burning your four eyes-wait four? Scrambling to find a reflective surface you manage to spot a small mirror sitting on your side table. Seems like you've undergone a drastic metamorphosis, four red eyes stare back at you eerily from within the mirror. It looks like your entire body is bathed in a pool of liquid gray ink. Even your hair is now an elegant shiny black, cascading down your back and ending right at your spider like abdomen. Examining your teeth you see that you now have shiny white fangs protruding from your pearly whites. What in the void happened last night?

Luckily your codex begins blinking, signaling you have an unread video message. When you open it up you see a familiar looking Saeri regarding you fondly.

"Hi! I had a great time at the club...you're a perfect dom. Not sure if you remember but the threesome we had with the demon chick was amazing, but it got pretty crazy when those peacekeepers stormed into the alleyway and knocked you out. Somehow the demon lady managed to get us to safety, looks like she's some sort of illegal mod dealer or something. Though given how amazing she is in bed I think I can look past that." She giggles cutely at that before continuing. "Anyways I hope I'll see you again someday...goodbye mistress."

Once the video ends you're left alone with your thoughts. From what you gathered Holiday's 'costumes' were actually some high grade mods. You should be mad but honestly your new spider body feels like something you should have been born with. Maybe you should find the demon nurse and thank her for the new body. You're sure she'd appreciate being binded up by you and subjected to your sexy ministrations again.

Changes

Breast size is now DD
Skin is gray and smooth, no blemishes you can see marr it's surface.
Has four red eyes, one pair at your forehead and the other where eyes usually are. They are completely blood red, no pupils sit in the deep crimson surface.
Obscenely long, shiny black hair that cascades down your back.
Eflin like ears that are almost hidden by your hair.
Spider like abdomen that let's you produce webs at will.
Remove multiple breasts until there's only one row.
Two foot long tongue, ready to unfurl to it's full length whenever you deem it necessary.
Remove dick and other genitals, giving PC one spider cunt.
Gain fangs, they protrude menacingly from your pearly whites.
Body covered in shiny black chitin, the segmented plates encasing most of your arms, torso, and legs, ending in a chitinous high heel.

Perk lost: Bimbo

Libdio goes up by five.

Femininity increases by 75%

Lose all facial hair.

Lose any sort of scales or fur.

Reflexes go up by ten.

Intelligence goes up by five.

Lose tails

Lose horns

Lose all wings