

Queen of the Night
by Havoc and Cellidor

“When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I've never tried before.”

- Mae West

“Such a pleasant evening...”

With a content sigh, Nina shifted her position against the thick trunk of the tree she was currently sitting against, making herself more comfortable. She had a large book nestled between her knees, propped up along with a small reading light so that she could read clearly. Usually preferring to stay at home, the gray tigress had gotten an urge to spend some time out in nature this evening. She was a studious sort, a lawyer by trade, and she customarily did her reading in the library contained in the large house she shared with her family and some close friends. But the weather had been far too pleasant to resist, and so she'd emerged from her comfortable home and taken a long walk through the woods surrounding the house until she'd found a small, grassy clearing.

She hadn't left all of the comforts of home behind, however. Along with her book she'd brought a small basket with a flask of dark, red wine and some tasty snacks. She had a small cushion with her which she'd placed at the small of her back. The cool evening air rustled around her ears and through her sable hair. All in all, she was enjoying herself marvelously.

If Nina had been a bit more observant, however, and more in tune with the hunter's instincts that ran in her blood, she might have noticed a few things about the forest. As she'd walked deeper into the trees, the sounds of wildlife had grown quieter rather than louder. Some of the trees were covered near the tops with a strange, white, stringy substance. A quiet rustling, different than the sound of the wind through the leaves, would have caused her ears to prick up in curiosity and no small amount of alarm. This was not a part of the woods where a girl would want to travel alone. Danger could be found here, even when one wasn't out to find it. Nina noticed none of these things, and remained blissfully unaware of her surroundings.

Reaching to her side, Nina opened the basket sitting next to her and withdrew her flask of wine. Bringing it out, her eyes still fixed on the page she was currently on, she popped the cap off and took a long, deep sip of the strong, fragrant wine. Giving a pleased sigh, she took a second gulp. The flavorful warmth of the liquid spread through her body, imparting a slight tingle to her lips.

“With the right ambiance, this forest isn't half bad,” she said to herself. She put the cap back on the flask, setting it down next to the basket for easy access later.

Unnoticed by Nina, a small, thin strand of sticky, white material slowly descended from the tree above her. For a moment it moved straight for her head, and then, as though reconsidering, it shifted to the flask of wine. As the strand touched the container it stuck fast, and then began ascending again with the wine in tow. Not a sound had been made to alert the oblivious tigress.

A few minutes later, Nina reached over to get another drink of her wine. Her hand contacted the ground, and she looked over, surprised. Making a small noise of confusion, she reached into her basket. Surely she must have put the wine in there instead of on the ground where she thought. After several minutes of shifting the contents around, she realized that the flask wasn't in the basket, either.

“What on earth...,” Nina muttered to herself. She looked around, wondering if she was losing her mind. Looking around at the trees surrounding her, she noticed something strange. Covering the treetops and some of the lower branches was a strange, weblike material. The tip of Nina's tail twitched in a small measure of anxiety, though she wasn't sure why she should be anxious. “I've never noticed that stuff before...I wonder if the trees have some kind of pest infesting them...”

Faintly, Nina heard the sound of a liquid pouring. A few small drops of wine fell from above, one of them hitting her right on the tip of her nose. Nina sneezed, and a moment later the flask fell from above, smacking her on the head and landing on the ground. She clapped her hands to the top of her head, wincing from the sharp pain she now felt. She looked above her, but didn't see anything except for more of the strange, wispy white substance. “What in the world just happened?” Nina narrowed her eyes, trying to pierce the dark of the evening. “Is there something up there?”

Up above, the branches began shifting, and the strands of webbing began to move as well, twisting and curling through the branches. “This blood. It is sour. Such things are best enjoyed...fresh, no?”

Nina felt the fur on the back of her neck raise up. The female voice she had just heard was soft, silky, and yet it was clear as crystal. The speaker had a subtle way of rolling her “r”s, and the accent sounded vaguely Armenian. There was an overpoweringly seductive tone to it, and a strong undercurrent of dangerous quiet.

Just as Nina was going to open her mouth, a figure silently descended from the trees along a thick strand of web. She felt her jaw go slack in astonishment. Nina had never seen anything like what she was looking at right now. The being in front of her was decidedly arachnid, though cloaked in the shadow of the tree she'd come down from, and she was massive. What little light there was glinted off of startlingly ruby red eyes. Slowly, the creature started moving towards Nina, who was rooted to the spot by fear.

“Th-That's...That's because...ah...,” Nina stammered, finally finding her voice, “i-it's not

blood...It was wine.” She watched as the being came closer to her, not sure whether she was more frightened or more curious.

“Wine, you say? Such a silly thing to allow to slide down your throat...”

Making her way closer to Nina, eight legs skittering smoothly along the grass, the being left the shadows, coming into full view. Nina gasped as the creature gazed down at her. A humanoid woman stood before her, with short, silvery-white hair atop her head. She had two large, almond-shaped eyes of ruby, each rimmed by three smaller eyes of the same color. A tufted collar of fur the same color as her hair ringed her neck. As Nina's eyes slid down her body, she saw that the woman was completely nude. Her creamy skin swelled into two large breasts, topped with pale, almost dainty nipples. As her gaze moved lower, she blushed to see a small tuft of fur above a quite human-looking sex. From the waist down, though, the similarities to a human ceased. An arachnid carapace began at the abdomen, a dark red, shiny construction with eight long, spindly spider legs.

Her entire appearance combined to make a dangerous, strikingly feminine, and yet startlingly beautiful creature. Despite the fear that was coursing icily through her veins, Nina felt a hint of attraction. The spidery female was intensely sexy.

“And what of you, tigress? You should be...hunting, catching your prey...Not laying about with this...paper.” She reached out with a leg, plucking the book from Nina's lap and glancing at it.

“Um...,” Nina mumbled, not sure what to say. She kept sweeping her eyes up and down the arachnid, not sure what exactly to think of her. “I'm not a hunter, really...I prefer books to running around, tracking prey.”

The other woman arched an eyebrow. “Ahh...This is why you are so easily captured, yes?” She stared piercingly into Nina's pale blue eyes with all eight of her own. “And I thought you merely wished to be prey...It would tempt some of my kind, I am sure.” She favored Nina with a thin smile, two long, thin fangs showing at the front of her teeth.

Nina's eyes widened as she saw the fangs, and her tail began twitching in alarm. She might not be a hunter, but she knew a threat when she saw one. “Captured? I...I didn't realize I'd been captured...” She gulped. “Wh-Who are you, anyway?”

“Ahh...Well, I suppose an introduction is in order, no? I am called Viscellia.” Her grin widened, and she leaned even close to Nina, so that their faces were only inches apart.. She reached out with one of her human arms, stroking a finger down the tigress's cheek. “But I am referred to by most as the Spider Queen. This whole forest is my domain...and all in it are subject to my rule...”

“Y-You don't say.” Nina's voice was quavering now. “And why have you come out now? What are you going to do to me?” She tried to stand up, but before she got very far she realized she was

stuck. While the queen had distracted her with her speech and her eyes, small, thin strands of webbing had wrapped around Nina's arms and legs. She was connected to the tree quite securely now, and to the ground as well. This was no ordinary spider's silk, but a far stronger thread. Made sense, for one who stalked much larger prey than tiny little insects.

“Ah, ah, ah...Let us not move too much, yes?” The queen chuckled, a throaty laugh to go along with her deep, rich voice.

The threads were entwining Nina's entire body now, holding her fast. As much as she tried to move, she found that she could barely make her body twitch. The only things left free were Nina's head and tail. Viscellia watched her as her panic deepened, and she brought her hand underneath her chin, tipping the tigress's head up so she was looking right at the queen's face.

“Your eyes...,” Viscellia whispered, staring deeply into them. Her own never seemed to blink, and Nina could see her frightened face reflected in them. “They are so very pretty, you know this?” Her tongue flicked out between her fangs, wetting her lips slightly. “Like two sparkling little sapphires...One as pretty as you surely has a nice male, no?”

“A male?” Nina replied. “Oh, no...no, I don't...I'm not into men.”

“Oh? Ah...You are one of those...Mmm, well, so much the better, yes?” Licking her lips again, the arachnid stroked her fingers along Nina's throat.

The tigress's eyes were as wide as saucers now, her lower lip trembling. Her tail was whipping back and forth behind her, it being just about the only thing she could move. “Please...Whatever you're going to do, just don't. You don't need me. There's plenty of other prey in the forest!”

The queen laughed. “Well, of course I do not *need* you.” She tilted her head to one side, preening her hand through her furry collar. “To tell you the truth, I was after another prey, but...mmm...how could I resist one who was so completely distracted? So completely alone? And such a lovely treat as you...A huntress of the night...” Leaning closer to Nina, her voice whispered in her ear. “Ah...Try not to squirm too much, my dear.”

Nina felt one fang gently brush against the nape of her neck. Gritting her teeth, Nina jerked her head away from her mouth, trying to get as far away from those sharp fangs as she could. “No, stop...Please, I don't want this.” Desperately, she threw her head to the side, smacking the side of the queen's skull with her own. She accomplished little more than giving herself a splitting pain in her head, and making herself dizzy and nauseous, but it *did* cause the queen to pause.

Blinking a bit, Viscellia brought a hand to the side of her head. “Ah, this I should expect.” The queen grinned widely. “Even a lone huntress would not be without spirit.” She grabbed Nina by the sides, swiftly lifting her up and tearing her free of the webbing. Holding her in a tight grip, she peered

up and down her body. “So lovely...Now then, shall we play a game, my little huntress? It is so nice when my prey gets their blood flowing before, well...before *I* get their blood flowing.”

Continuing her struggling, but unable to break free from the queen's grasp, Nina didn't understand. “A game? What do you mean, a game?”

“Awww...,” Viscellia cooed, her voice that of a mother to a despondent child. “So far from the hunt for so long, she does not remember the rules.” She clucked her tongue, stepping away from the tree with Nina. Walking to the other edge of the clearing on her eight skittering legs, she slowly set her down on the ground. Taking a few steps away from her, she watched the tigress closely. Conveniently, the queen was standing directly between Nina and the path home. “The game is simple, little huntress...*Run.*”

Staring blankly at Viscellia, Nina could scarcely believe that she was suddenly free. Free, but with the ridiculous task of having to escape a creature who likely knew the forest better than anyone. The queen had already shown an ability to quickly ensnare her prey, to prevent escape through trickery and distraction. Still, Nina thought, she herself was a quick runner, even if she was out of training. Perhaps Nina had a chance, after all. “Very well, but you're not going to catch me!”

Darting to one side, Nina shot into the trees, weaving around tree trunks as quickly as she could manage. She made a mad dash to try to get around the arachnid, desperate to find the path home. She thought that she knew the right direction to go, but there was a slight problem. It seemed that the queen had been preparing for this little game while Nina was relaxing. As she ran, she found her path blocked by walls of sticky webbing, and several times she had to screech to a halt to prevent from becoming stuck.

All the while, Viscellia was silent, doubtlessly creeping around somewhere nearby but making no sound while she did so. Nina began panicking again, trying to find her way through the increasingly maze-like forest. The only indication that the queen was still following was the occasional lilting chuckle coming from somewhere high above in the trees. Viscellia had spent centuries ruling over this forest, and she had become very inventive about it. Her greatest pleasure came from the suspense of wondering which would capture her prey first, herself or her webbing. And she absolutely loved to play mind games with her prey. One misstep for Nina, and it would be game over.

All too soon, Nina was forced to stop quickly, coming to a baffling assortment of branching pathways. There were any number of directions she could go, but which one was the way home? Her head was spinning now, confusion clouding her mind as she pondered the correct way to go. Was it that way? Or that one over there? Or maybe she needed to turn back and go the way she'd come from?

“Oh, no...,” Nina whimpered, nibbling one claw in nervous fear. “Which way is the right way

home?" Picking what she thought was the correct way, Nina started running again. As she wove through the twists and turns of the maze of trees and webs, she got more and more lost.

While Nina might have thought she was acting very nimble and quick, Viscellia had little difficulty in keeping up with her. She had built the web maze, after all, and she could move unhindered by the sticky obstacles. This was, of course, a game that she'd never meant for Nina to be able to win, it was merely an entertainment for her prior to the feed. Despite Nina's best effort, soon she came to a dead end, much to Viscellia's delight. As Nina once again screeched to a halt, the queen descended from the trees behind her. She made not a sound as she dropped to the grass.

"D-Damn....," Nina hissed, turning her head from side to side wildly. She turned around, and the screamed shrilly as she saw the arachnid approaching her. "S-Stay away!" Backing up slowly, Nina held her hands up. Her claws were extended now, and she was baring her teeth in what she meant to be an intimidating manner.

"Now, now, my little tigress," Viscellia said, her voice sounding eerily soothing. "This game of ours has been fun, but I do not wish my meal to be overcooked." She inched closer to Nina, keeping her eyes fixed on those of the tigress. While Nina was occupied looking at her face, she angled her thorax towards her underneath her body. "You have gotten to show me your speed, my dear...Just relax..."

Without warning, strands of silk shot out from her spinnerets at Nina at very high speed. Just barely in time, Nina noticed the danger. Shrieking in fright again, she gathered her legs underneath her and leapt up with the force that only a feline could manage. The strands of silk shot through the air where Nina had been, missing her by only inches. Reaching up, Nina scrabbled at a low hanging branch, somehow finding purchase and hauling herself up.

"Gotta get away!" Nina gasped to herself. She started climbing from branch to branch, looking around for a way to go over the maze. With dismay she noticed that she could only climb up so far. An impenetrable canopy of webbing was spread just under the tops of the trees, cutting off her escape from above.

"Oh, still have some fight in you?" Viscellia was mildly impressed by the energy Nina was showing. No ordinary prey, indeed. "Do be careful, child...Allow me to soften your fall." While Nina climbed, Viscellia began weaving a web below her. The tigress would quickly find herself enclosed above and below; no spider like a cheater, after all. The queen couldn't help but giggle to herself as the walls closed in tighter around Nina.

Nina began whimpering as she realized she was trapped. She looked down helplessly at the arachnid, tears starting to rim her eyes. "Why? Why can't I just go home? You can catch something

else, surely!”

“But that would be so dull, my sweet huntress. What fun would it be to have some mere animal running to and fro in my webs? After all, it is so much more fun when the prey knows what is at stake.” The spider queen climbed the tree nearest Nina, continuing to spread her web. Each strand laid down helped her get closer to Nina. Her unblinking ruby eyes watched her the entire time. “Mmm, now then...”

Out of sheer desperation, Nina leapt to one side, but as she jumped her tail carelessly touched one of strands. There it stuck fast, and she was yanked to a stop with a shriek of terror. “Ahh!” Flailing her arms about in a panic, she only succeeded in getting herself tangled even more, and soon she couldn't move at all. “Sh-Shit!”

Grinning widely, Viscellia approached Nina, crawling across her own web. She was careful to keep an eye on the tigress this time; the smack to her head before had hurt, even with the strength of her carapace-like skull. “There, my dear...That was not difficult, was it?”

Four of her legs suddenly shot out, grasping Nina by the sides and starting to spin her. Strands of webbing began binding Nina, wrapping around her body. This was not a full coating of web, however, but it was more than enough to hold the tigress tightly. A fair amount of her body was still visible when the queen was finished. With Nina fully immobilized, Viscellia held her in place, leaning forward so that their foreheads nearly touched, cupping her face with her human hands. She smiled, her mouth slightly open, a thin black liquid visibly coating her fangs.

“Mmm, I can feel your heat, your heartbeat...,” the queen whispered seductively. Her eyes locked on Nina's. “Tell me...have you a name, huntress?”

“N-Nina...,” Nina replied, her throat threatening to close with her fright. She couldn't look away from the queen's eyes, the deep red color almost hypnotizing her. The painfully beautiful creature was terrifying to look at, yet she couldn't stop herself from admiring her lovely pale skin and blood red lips.

“Ah...Such a pretty name for a sweet, sparkling jewel.” The queen brought her lips to Nina's, kissing her sensuously. A tingling, warm sensation was left there when she broke the kiss. “That was a fun chase, but all good things must come to an end, yes?” Shifting her head to the side, Viscellia opened her mouth and kissed Nina's neck. The tigress felt two pinpricks as the arachnid sank her fangs in. A noticeable warmth spread from the bite.

“Ahhhhh...,” Nina moaned, her body going slightly limp as she felt venom start to course through her veins. She tried to move her head, but a sharp pain from where the spider's fangs pierced her neck made her think better of it. Her ears flattened to her head, her tail hanging dead as the warmth spread through her body. Her running had elevated her heart rate significantly, aiding the flow of the

venom.

This was no ordinary venom, however. The aim was not to kill the prey, but to elicit very specific responses. As Nina sank further under its influence, a sensation very like arousal started to come over her. In fact, the venom was an intense aphrodisiac, and it was triggering her heat far earlier than normal. As the effect took hold, Viscellia removed her mouth and fangs from Nina's neck, very little blood flowing from the wound as she did so. Bringing her face back in front of the tigress's, she watched her eyes as the venom's effect intensified. No matter how many times she did it, this still fascinated the queen. The beauty of her prey's eyes captivated her, such pretty sparkling sapphires...

"Wh-What...", Nina murmured, her eyes growing hazy and confused as she recognized the arousal in her body. The warmth flowing through her was especially noticeable in her face and between her legs, and she squirmed as she felt moisture collecting in her panties. "You, I don't understand..." Nina's breathing started to slow, becoming relaxed and regular as she found herself staring into the arachnid's eyes. They were so very like gemstones. "Pretty..."

"Yes, your blood flows so sweetly, hot with passion...Let the venom carry you away, little tigress..." Still staring eye to eye with her, Viscellia leaned her head in and kissed her again, bringing her marvelously soft lips against Nina's. Taking her prey fully, her tongue slid inside Nina's mouth, coated with the same venom as her fangs. As she ran her tongue around the tigress's, she slipped a hand down her body. Keeping Nina perfectly still, she deftly pulled her shirt off from underneath the webbing. Two of her legs were at work below, pulling down Nina's pants and panties and revealing the queen's true prize.

Nina gasped sharply as she felt one of the queen's human hands brush down her front, gliding along the silky fur of her belly. She trembled with pleasure as she felt her hand cup her heated pussy, and Viscellia slid a finger between her nether lips. Gently, almost tenderly, the queen began teasing her swollen clit, rubbing her digit along the slick nub. Nina cried out as the finger then slipped inside, teasing her inner passage.

"V-Viscellia...", she whimpered, fear being replaced by desire as the venom clouded her mind. How could she resist such a beautiful woman, more seductive than any Nina had ever been with before? And it had been very long indeed since anyone other than herself had touched her in this way...

"No, no, no, my dear," the queen scolded her. She brought her mouth right beside Nina's ear, speaking almost too quietly to be heard. "You have not proved yourself worthy to speak that name, not yet...You shall refer to me as 'mistress', is that clear?"

"Y-Yes...mistress...", Nina replied, all too eager to please. "Forgive me..."

"Much better."

The queen went back to teasing her, and Nina felt her heart start to beat even faster. The feather touch of the arachnid's finger between her legs sent an unbidden surge of pleasure up her spine. Nina moaned, accepting another kiss from the queen. Her own tongue slid into the spider's mouth, tangling with the queen's. The tigress was unable to stop herself in her hazy, lust-crazed state.

Viscellia was all too pleased with her prey's response. They always reacted so nicely when given the correct motivation, and it was so nice when she found prey that could talk. They always got special treatment, as a queen had her needs, too. She leaned back from Nina, parting the kiss. A strand of black venom hung between them, connecting their mouths for the briefest moment before it broke. With a curl and jerk of her finger, she jabbed the digit roughly into Nina's pussy, rubbing firmly against her g-spot with ease. Teasing her harshly, she went at the tigress much more intensely than any normal lover would. There was no facade of foreplay here, especially with the volume of venom coursing through Nina's body, heightening her senses.

"Nnnnghhhh!" Nina cried out, moaning. Her jaw went slack, her eyelids drooping as the arachnid probed her body. She felt far more pleasure than she normally would, the artificial heat making her pussy even more sensitive. When the queen's finger rubbed at her deepest spot, she bucked her hips against her hand, able to make herself move even as tightly as she was bound. "Oh gods...Y-Yes..." Gritting her teeth together, Nina felt her body starting to shake in a sudden orgasm, her musky femcum drenching the other female's hand.

Viscellia cooed softly into Nina's ear. "Mmhmm, the first of many, my little tigress...We must make you ready, yes?"

"R-Ready for what, mistress?" Nina asked, her body thrashing as she came. Several strands of webbing snapped, though the queen was quick to replace them.

"Never you mind, sweet," the female spider replied. Her finger didn't stop for one moment, continuing its punishment of that special spot inside of the tigress, even as her inner walls spasmed tightly around her. Viscellia was impressed to see her webbing tugged so forcefully. She was amused at how the throes of bliss surpassed even those of fear, pain, and anger. She flicked her tongue gently along the inside of Nina's ear. "Struggle some more...I always enjoy prey trying to escape the inevitable..."

As Nina continued writhing in her trap, Viscellia moved her mouth to her neck once more. She dragged her tongue along the thin fur there, licking up the trickle of blood that had escaped the twin bite marks. The coppery taste sent shivers through the queen's body. Nina moaned, tilting her head to the side. She didn't even care at this point that the arachnid was drinking her blood. Slowly sliding her finger out of Nina's body, the queen brought her abdomen around underneath the tigress. Viscellia

wasted no time. With her finger putting pressured rubs along Nina's clit, she pushed her spinneret up against her pussy. Grinning softly, the queen began pumping a raw, unfinished form of her silk into the tigress's body. The thick and sticky liquid quickly overflowed her tight pussy, trailing down over her tailhole before dripping lewdly to the forest floor below.

“Nnngh...” Nina moaned and squirmed with the feeling of the raw silk filling her womb, so soon after her first orgasm. “Yes, mistress...F-Fill me...Please...” Her words were slurred and quiet, barely more than a murmur as her head swam from a mixture of the venom and the pleasure. The narcotic effect of the toxic substance influenced her thoughts greatly, and she had a desire to have her arms free. She wanted to touch and caress the exotic, sexy female body in front of her. She struggled even more, fighting to get her hands out, though her movements were jerky from the continued tingles of bliss spreading over her.

But the queen would not allow her, not yet, especially not since she was prey freshly caught. Viscellia smiled as she saw the desire painted across Nina's face. To a lesbian such as her, it must be an especially excruciating torture: a uniquely bodied female, shapely and delicate, so close to her. Even now the tigress was probably thinking of licking her perky breasts, or perhaps even more. And yet the queen could tell a part of the tigress's mind, unaltered by her venom, enjoyed being utterly helpless like this, with anything possible.

After several long minutes, the gushing of the silky fluid ceased. Shifting her body slightly, the queen allowed two plates of her carapace around her spinneret to part. From between them, a thick, ribbed object protruded. With one sharp thrust Viscellia pushed this “stinger” inside of Nina, stretching her tight pussy wide, sliding in from her entrance to her womb. Holding her steady like this, the queen brought her hands eagerly to the tigress's firm breasts, squeezing and teasing. Viscellia bent her head low, dragging her tongue along her nipples, venom searing white-hot pleasure along the small points of bare skin.

“Oh, gods!” Nina tossed her head back, scarcely able to stand the combined pleasure of Viscellia's stinger and the teasing of her breasts. Her leg muscles trembled terribly as she tried to withstand the assault, and her stomach muscles rippled in reflex as she felt the stinger go as deep as it could. Looking back down, she saw the silvery-haired top of the arachnid's head, hovering near her breasts. Nina wanted so desperately to kiss her new queen again, to show her devotion, but she couldn't quite reach. “Oh please, please...Please, mistress...”

Pausing for a moment, Viscellia chuckled softly before raising her head up from Nina's chest. “So accepting of your queen, as though you already know...” Owing to the length of her body, she was able to raise herself up without removing her stinger from the tigress's pussy. “I suppose you deserve a

small reward...Let us see what you can do for your queen, yes?"

"Oh, yes, mistress...Please..." Nina felt a huge sense of delight wash over her, relief that her mistress was going to allow her to prove herself. As she watched, Viscellia leaned her heavy thorax against Nina's front, pressing against her chest and belly firmly. This brought the queen's own pussy, right at the spot where her human torso transitioned into her arachnid body, directly in front of her face. The queen's own fluid was glistening on her silky lips, clear as water.

"Come, my little huntress," Viscellia coaxed her, cupping her hand against the back of Nina's head, tangling her fingers in her sable hair. "You wanted the chance, and now you have it." As she spoke, she withdrew her stinger partway and then thrust it back in sharply, causing Nina to moan in pleasure.

"Mmmyes, my queen..." Licking her lips, Nina brought her mouth softly to Viscellia's pussy. She kissed at it deeply, smearing her lips with the slick, sweet moisture. The flavor flooded her senses, and she slipped her tongue inside, eager to taste more. "Oh, mmmm..." The unusual taste was different from any other female she'd tasted before. She savored it, licking around the arachnid's slippery walls.

"Ahh...Such special little tongues you felines have..." The queen was enjoying herself. That rough feline tongue felt quite wonderful indeed inside her sex, and the tigress was being so enthusiastic about it, too. Every stroke brought a fresh wave of pleasure, and a fresh trickle of her fluids into Nina's mouth.

All the while, Viscellia's stinger was expanding, growing thicker to stretch Nina's hole wider. Under the influence of her venom, the gray tigress was much more receptive to this, and she made no words of protest. The pleasure and her lust was far too great for that. Viscellia tightened her grip on the back of Nina's head, grinding herself on her face, pushing her hot sex back and forth on her prey's muzzle.

Far past the point of fear now, Nina accepted her mistress's pussy, snaking her tongue even deeper inside. She loved the feelings her queen was giving her, of being restrained and used, of having her innermost parts stretched wider than comfortable. And still it was pleasurable, still so wonderful. She arched her back as her sex was spread wide, purring deeply as she lapped up more and more of Viscellia's sweet nectar. Vaguely, in the back of her mind, she still wondered what the queen was preparing her for. But she decided it didn't matter, so long as her mistress kept pleasuring her, and so long as she could give all of her love, all of her desire to her mistress in return.

"You should be very happy, little tigress," Viscellia gasped. Sweat shined on her bare torso, glistening in the moonlight. "Few get such a special honor."

Nina's eyes widened, and she gasped in surprised pleasure as she felt a new sensation. As her

mistress brushed the back of her head, stroking her as one might a favored pet, something began to stretch the tigress *very* wide down below. Something spherical began traveling up along the queen's stinger, up inside of Nina's body. Exiting the stinger, it pushed deeply into her womb, aided by the thick, silky liquid the queen had injected her with before. It was followed soon by a second sphere, and they nestled deep within her. All the while the queen continued grinding her pussy against Nina's muzzle, teasing her own breasts with one hand, cooing and moaning in pleasure. Nina whimpered loudly, her licking halting for a brief second as she came once more, the bulge inside of her feeling so very, very good indeed.

The stretching and thrusting of the stinger continued for a time, until four eggs had been laid in Nina's womb. Her belly was pushed out noticeably, looking for all the world as though the tigress was with child. The queen reveled in the pleasure she felt. She was so close, so very close to her own climax. Just a few more moments, and the tigress would bring her over the edge...

But of course, she was not worthy for that. She was only prey, after all, pliant and loyal though she may have proven to be. Viscellia only let Nina lick for a moment more before she pushed away, denying her servant the honor of bringing her mistress to orgasm. "Mmm, you may be worth catching again, my sweet..." She allowed Nina to enjoy the pleasure to its fullest, and then she withdrew her stinger. Excess silk dripped out, but the queen's eggs remained firmly in place.

"M'lady?" Nina said, shuddering at the sense of loss she felt. She snaked her tongue out of her mouth, trying to get at Viscellia's pussy again. She wished nothing more than to bring joy to her, and her face was as crestfallen as a child denied some coveted gift. She mewled piteously, her eyes shining like a kitten's. "Mistress, please..."

"Mmm." Lowering herself, Viscellia laid her own breasts against Nina's, raising a hand to cup her cheek. She gazed into her eyes in an almost motherly way, favoring her servant with a warm smile. "Little tigress...Such things are not for one who allowed themselves to be caught so easily. For prey like you...a mere taste." She laughed quietly, rubbing at Nina's swollen belly with her free hand. "Such fun I have had tonight, but I must not keep myself unfed...For now, sleep, my sweet."

Viscellia kissed Nina on the lips, lingering for a moment. Then she flicked her tongue across her cheek, down to her neck. The queen felt a twinge of pleasure as her tongue dragged along the fur over her bite marks, but she continued until her head was around the back of the tigress's neck. Parting her lips, the spider queen bit down hard, digging her fangs in deep. Though her dose of venom was small, she took to inject it directly into Nina's spine.

"Nnnnnnohgodddd!" Nina screamed. Her eyes glazed over in ecstasy as the venom dumped into her nervous system. Her body tensed up, twitching rapidly a few times before going limp as a rag doll.

A pleased sigh escaped her lips. "Mistre...sssssss..." Then she fainted dead away, her form totally relaxed as though she were in a deep sleep.

Pulling free her fangs, Viscellia surveyed the unconscious tigress. She brushed her furred cheek lightly with one hand, chuckling to herself. "I shall find a boar to sate my hunger tonight...This one has yet to prove her worth, fully..."

With that, the queen used four of her legs to bundle Nina up. She descended from the trees, carrying Nina along the forest floor to where she had found her before. Dressing the tigress in her clothes, she rested her against the tree she'd originally been found at. The tigress looked no worse for the wear, other than her belly being much larger than before. With one last brush of her fingers through Nina's hair, Viscellia departed, silently going to stalk another prey.

"Such a pretty jewel..."

A fair amount of time later, Nina slowly drifted awake. For a moment, she didn't remember where she was, but then she felt the grass underneath her and the rough bark against her head. The forest. With an effort, she sat up fully, groaning as soreness bit at her muscles. She couldn't think of why she'd be sore. As a matter of fact, why was she sleeping out here in the first place? Looking around herself, she saw the empty flask of wine on the ground beside her basket. She must have had a little too much to drink...

Shaking her head, Nina tried to clear some of the fog from her mind. Her hand went to the back of her neck to rub some of the soreness away, and she felt a sharp pain there. Her eyes widened, and she quickly looked down at her belly. As she saw the swelling, everything immediately came flooding back in vivid detail.

"That woman...That beautiful woman..." Nina breathed. Her pulse quickened, and she felt warmth rise to her cheeks. She hadn't felt so attracted to anyone in ages, had never felt that way about anyone, she was sure. The tigress smiled faintly, looking up at the trees. No trace of webbing remained anywhere near her. Directly ahead of her she saw the path back home.

Nina stood up, slightly unbalanced by the new weight she carried. A terrifying experience had turned into something wonderful. Gathering up her basket, she hooked it over one arm and began walking home, her free hand resting on her belly, feeling the presence of the eggs she now bore.

Her mistress had chosen her for a wonderful task. Perhaps, when that task was complete, she might be worthy to meet her queen again...

"We always long for the forbidden things, and desire what is denied us."

- Francois Rabelais