

Observations in the Peltzwelt Spreewald

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Abstract

My job is to watch people. Not like a spy, who watches people doing important acts of state. My job appeals to a, baser instinct than patriotism. My job is to watch people having sex. I am a researcher for certain, interested parties. Parties that are curious about all manner of unusual sexual acts. That is why I stood and watched Donatien Alphonse François de Sade, the Marquis de Sade, as he tormented his victims, and why I sat in the corner of the room while Leopold Ritter von Sacher-Masoch allowed himself to be beaten by women wearing fur. A scene I see year after year at anthrocon and other such furry conventions, despite what those silly furies claim about the ‘cleanliness’ of their giant play-parties. And as I said, I do not do these things out of my own perverse interests alone; despite how fun I find people’s creativity in sex. I am fortunate in this endeavor, to not be limited only to one reality. A bit of appropriated technology allows me to explore, otherworldly approaches to sexuality. Hence my immense fortune to observe the actions described herein, as well as access wonderful sexual resources.

As for my employers, I am afraid I must leave their identity to speculation, as I do not intend to reveal that information here.

When spider webs unite, they can tie up a lion.

Ethiopian Proverb

I first observed the girl at about 1500, on August 12, 2003, in the Spreewald. I was, at the time, in yet another furry world, and had been hired to observe what I had been told would be a “uniquely unusual, yet sensuous sexual act”. The dragoness-like creature appeared to be on a hike, but was, a bit paradoxically, wearing nothing but a single piece corset. This was soon explained to me when I realized that she was walking back to a campsite after relieving herself some distance away. Unfortunately, she had wandered a bit far, and instead of taking the correct trail back to her camp, she veered off course and soon found herself lost.

Now, it may seem odd to you that a dragon could get lost in the forest, but when you consider that this ‘dragoness’ was a mere two meters (six feet)

tall, quite small for a dragon, you should get the picture. Drop, if you will, images of a giant monster, and instead imagine a female human being with a middling gray fur covering her body, save gold patches around the eyes and golden ‘socks’ at the end of their legs. Add some horns, cream in color, and long ebony hair with dark gold highlights at their end. Connect a tail, about one meter (three feet) in length, covered in the same fur, but ending in a large tufted tip. Her face, rather than the reptilian standard, was a blunter, more mammalian shape, similar in form to that of a guinea pig. Finally, give your mental construct a pair of wings.

Aside from the simple, one piece corset she wore, she had only a single piece of clothing on. A black leather collar, with brass studs running in two stripes, and a large D ring centered on her throat. She had a single tag on, a golden star with the word Shirik, the young girl’s name, most likely, written on it.

Regardless, she had gotten herself lost, and was now alone in her endeavor to find her way back to more familiar parts of the forest. And unfortunately, the forest would not prove to be very helpful with that task. She was constantly distracted by cobwebs in the trees around her growing more thickly than such things should normally form. She was looking left and right, clearly worried, when she walked into one cobweb that had been strung right across the pathway she was walking on.

This changed her nervousness and distractedness into panic, and she started running, clawing at her face to get the cobweb off. She rushed headlong into the forest, and probably would have stopped to catch her breath, exhausted, after pulling the cobweb off, had she not, at that exact same instant, run right into the center of a large spiderweb that filled the span between two trees.

Now my interest was fully piqued. As she started struggling, I thought over the possible fates she now had before her. Whether swarm or large spider, I figured it wouldn’t be pretty, and for a moment I considered abandoning my well hidden post and going to help her. Unfortunately, I am a pervert, and rather than move to assist, I began wondering what it would look like to see her devoured.

This sentiment was not assuaged by her struggles and screams, which I am accustomed to hearing and seeing. Not her screams and struggles in particular, but screams and struggles in general. At any rate, she only managed to get herself more and more stuck in the web, and finally was forced to give up, fully trapped and held fast in a very enticing spread eagle position that even a neophyte BDSM fan could appreciate.

Sex acts, except for the boring act of masturbation, require at least two people, and I was pleased to see the other participant appear, although he did surprise me, not in timing, but in shape. I had expected a swarm, spider, or perhaps drider to crawl out of the darkness, so you can imagine my, and presumably the ’s, amazement to see what appeared to be a regular, anthropomorphic blue fox crawl out on to the web.

Regular is, for numerous reasons incorrect in this case. First, this fox had light blue fur, with dark blue socks and dark blue ear tips, as well as dark blue hair. Each forepaw had a mere three fingers, an opposeable thumb and claws,

and each footpaw had four, unclawed toes. Additionally, his muzzle was a little stubbier than the standard fox's. Moreover, his back had a strange pattern of lighter fur on it that continued onto his arms and legs in an interesting way. He also had a red hourglass pattern on the base of his tail, reminiscent of a black widow spider, but a bit brighter in color and not contrasted by darkness around it. Finally, the fur on his right buttock clearly had a dark-black paw print on it. Possibly a fur-discoloring tattoo, such things are common in furry worlds.

He stood there for a moment, with a smirk on his face, and as the draguinea started screaming, he crawled closer. His movements were slow and deliberate, each paw was placed with care, steadily moving him closer and closer to his prey. His prey was slightly less calm and controlled. She had been yelling for help, and her yelling only gained decibels and octaves when she saw the creature coming towards her. Clearly she expected the creature to devour her, and frankly, I expected the same.

I was, therefore, amazed to see the spidox's tail whip around and start spraying silk out of its tip, he quickly gagged her, filling and covering her muzzle with the sticky stuff, which was somewhere between goo and nylon. In fact, it was a bit of both. A sticky glue-like substance, and strong fiber to give the glue better structure. The stuff quickly hardened up and muffled her efforts to scream, and the spidox had an answer to her struggles as well. He gripped her tight, and began using the claws on his hands to slice through the corset she was wearing, clearly interested in everything about her.

Once he had her stripped down, he started rubbing his penis across her nude body. He began to harden, his shaft pushing up out of its sheath and growing to its full size. He was, quite honestly, well endowed, even overly endowed, for a fox hybrid. I am used to seeing foxes in the six to fourteen centimeter (two to six inch range) range, but this creature was nearly 30 centimeters (twelve or so inches) long! This alone would have been amazing, but whereas most foxes are three or so centimeters in width (about one inch), the spidox was eight centimeters in breadth (about three inches). I hoped that wherever and whatever his father was, that he was proud of what he had brought into the world. All things considered, the spidox was hung a bit more like a wolf-taur than a fox.

As he finished hardening himself on her fur, he repositioned himself and quickly forced his way into her. She shook visibly, clearly surprised at being taken, and while she couldn't scream, the look of shock on her face, as well as her groaning, gave away that she was in a strange mix of pleasure and pain. While she shook, in this way, from being fucked into, he took the opportunity to sink his canine teeth deep into her neck. A bit of blood dribbled out, and when he pulled his fangs out, the deep green color around the wounds revealed to me what she had already felt in her veins, that he had injected her with some kind of poison or toxin.

He then began to wrap her up, legs first, as he pulled out of her with his penis dripping with juices from inside her. Using my binoculars to get a closer look, I examined how the creature was able to create silk in this way. While

I am unsure of the internal mechanisms, I was able to determine that the fur on the tip of his tail was producing the silk, so I assume that the fur must have been hollow and connected to whatever internal mechanism created the substance. When initially produced, the silk was translucent and quite sticky, and would bond near instantly to his victims body. I later determined that the substance took about four hours to fully cure into the stereotypical white of most spider silk.

He had not, of course, stopped or slowed his wrapping. He steadily, and slowly wrapped up her legs, working the silk over every square inch, covering each spot several times. This caused the translucent layers of silk to turn a milkier, though not pearly like after they had cured. He continued wrapping, folding layer after layer onto her body, as she lay there, groaning and shifting. The wrapping flowed from her legs to her belly by her belly, which he carressed and massaged as he applied layer after layer of thin, sticky silk. It ultimately didn't take very long for him to reach her chest. He paused there, and began fondling her chest. Rubbing and kneading it, he wrapped around her breasts, then, giving each a final pat, he wrapped a bra of silk onto her.

Finally, her arms and neck were wrapped into their own pockets of silk, then attached to the body and wrapped into a final layer. She shook her head back and forth, groggy from the venom he had injected into her previously, which was no doubt fully spread through her bloodstream. She was totally immobilized, but as he picked her up and lay her on her face, I could see that the area under her tail was still exposed. He took the opportunity to plunge his still wet and slick penis into her tail hole. She moaned and squirmed back and forth, and I'm quite sure that the spidox's penis was large enough to cause more than a little bit of discomfort, but she was too drugged and trapped to do much other than accept the rape. He took her vigorously over the course of about seven minutes. Which may not seem amazing, but consider that the average sex act lasts about three minutes, including foreplay and after play, and you'll realize that seven minutes, after fifteen minutes of lead in, is amazing. He was clearly quite happy with her squirming, because he grunted agreeably as she did so, continuing to pound in and out of her. He was quite merciless, clearly viewing this prey which he had found in his web as easily deserving of being used for his own pleasure. As he gave a yelp and orgasmed, I believe she felt one as well, because her face shifted throughout the rape from drugged surprise and anger into one of pleasure and enjoyment. And when he came, her face brightened noticeably. Clearly, she had enjoyed it, whether or not she intended to.

Clearly, however, he still had work to do. The very moment he came, he pulled out and sprayed a plug into her tail hole, holding it open and not letting it relax into its normal position. I sat there, imagining what a plug of the silk must feel like, especially as it was likely holding a large amount of seed inside of her. Meaning that there must be a large amount of pressure and stretching down there, even though the rape itself was finally over. I am unsure what purpose the plug could have served, but I consider it likely that it was intended to embarrass the poor girl. After it had stiffened a bit, he wrapped up

her hind end carefully, gingerly folding each layer of sticky silk on. After that, he wrapped up her tail and carefully attached it to her legs, then wrapped her legs and tails together. Now he rolled her around again and looked at her eyes. She looked at him for a moment with a mix of fear and fascination, and he kissed the silk covering her mouth. She blushed and gave a muffled whine, which proved to be the last audible noise she would make.

He wrapped her head inside the silk then, completing the cocoon she was trapped in. Taking care to gently hold her eyes closed before laying the silk over them. Finished, he hung the cocoon up in a nearby tree. Over the course of a few hours, the sil hardened and cured, stretching itself tighter around the still form of the draguinea. I made my final assessment of the situation, and cleaning off my paw and cock, as I found the show quite entertaining, I noticed several other cocooned forms, both male and female. I decided, finished with my work, to head out. Making sure to note the area on one of my many maps. After all, it was useful to know the locations of such creatures as the spidox. I also made an appointment to see if I couldn't get some helpless male trapped in that web, and proceeded on to my next observation.

A human being is an animal suspended in webs of significance which he himself has spun.

Clifford Geertz, "*Cultural Anthropology*" by Nanda