

Was ist das?
oder
Spidox und Draguinea

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In literature as in love, we are astonished at what is chosen by others.

Andre Maurois (1885 - 1967)

Abstract

This is a continuation of a previous story. This one picks up a few days later and continues the story of the helpless draguinea that was captured by the wicked spidox in the previous story. I'd suggest reading it first, before checking this one out. Other than that, enjoy!

Es war einmal...

Passing out is a traumatic experience. Passing out and waking up upside down is even more so. Pilots have a word for the feeling of blood rushing to your head as one's apparent gravity distorts the circulatory system, normally tweaked to work with one gravity pulling towards the feet, pulls in different directions can cause unusual sensations known as red out. Pilots train long and hard to avoid the disorienting effects, and it's unfortunate that Shirik had no such training as she woke, upside down, hanging in a silk cocoon in an unfamiliar place. Ironically, the first thoughts in her mind were not of her unusual location, but of how odd it was that she could look up and see the ground. Situations involving the ground above us are rare enough, but when passed out locked in a tight, blinding cocoon, one doesn't expect to wake and see. This thought was followed by the presense of a tasty, sweet substance on her tounge and going back down her throat, not really unpleasant, but quite slick and unusual. This was followed by realizing her wrists could move and cut the weakened silk wrapped around her, freeing her. Her last thought was that she had just cut what was holding her in the air, and gravity being what it was, was about to find the floor above her rushing to say hi.

After the floor said hi in a most painful and unpleasant manner, Shirik righted herself and examined the area around her. She was in a cave now, and

she could see the moon out of the nearby cave entrance. It's slight waxing since the last time she saw it indicated that she had been hanging for 3 or 4 days. Considering that she was not feeling dehydrated, she supposed that the taste in her mouth must have been some kind of nutrient. Recalling the rape she had received before passing out, she shuddered a bit to think of what she must have been fed while asleep.

Slowly, her eyes adjusted to the moonlight in the area, and she saw that the entire cave was covered, walls, ceiling, and floor, with sticky silk like what had wrapped her up. She stumbled to the entrance of the cave, and looked out, astonished to find herself high up in a cliff face overlooking the Spreewald. Before her was the pristine wilderness she had loved to explore ever since she was a little girl. The soft, blue curves of the Spree river winding through the forest clearly visible, meandering to the north where the lights of Berlin were just barely visible on the horizon. The lights of the city twinkled in the distance, sparkling like light playing over gypsum sands, as Shirik smiled and looked about for a way down; She wasn't able to find a path, however, and she sat on the ledge to think.

She considered trying to climb, but was interrupted by a small, soft noise in the cave behind her. The noise was staccato at first, like a soft clicking, but it grew in noise slightly and became a sort of buzzing or purring noise. Shirik stood and looked about, then cautiously started walking towards the back of the cave, curious what had created the noise. She proceeded inexorably into the cave, drawn by the strange noise, which didn't become much louder, most of the noise being absorbed by the pearly white walls of the tunnel. The soft floor absorbed each footfall, and for what seemed like hours, Shirik descended further into the depths.

Slowly, she proceeded, finally coming to the end of the tunnel, where she walked, amazed, into a massive room, lit by a soft, barely perceptible light coming from behind the layers of silk on the walls. Over most of the walls, there were intricate and delicate patterns of the silk. The patterns were unlike any Shirik had ever seen before, and the light playing across and through them created even more intricate than the patterns on the wall. The light was constant, and the still patterns of light and shadow all over the room created a frozen, almost deathlike sensation. The pale patterns also pulled the draguinea's eyes in, until they settled on the center of the room. Standing there was a large bed, veiled in more of the intricate silk, it's four posts standing tall over the room.

The pale light illuminated the bed, allowing her to see a body filling the bed. Tall foxish ears on the creature's head, and a large, bushy tail extending out of his back made it clear that this was the creature that had captured her previously. Shirik immediately reconsidered coming down into this chamber, and turned about to sneak out. She had barely taken a step when a gust of air blew from somewhere in the room past her. She smelt something on the gust, something sweet and familiar to her. She looked back at the room and tested the air, curious what the sweet substance she had been fed was. She got down on the ground and crawled cautiously back into the room.

Following the scent, she started searching the room. She quickly noticed that the scent was coming from the bed, so she snuck close and carefully parted the bed to look inside the veil. She got a view of the Spidox from before from behind. She immediately grew angry, and realizing that this was the creature that had raped her the other night, out in the forest, she pounced into the bed atop it, only to misjudge the distance in the confusing light, and jump clear over it and through the veil on the other side. With a loud 'fwump' she landed on the floor on the far side of the bed.

She quickly turned around, to strike again, but the element of surprise was already lost, and the spidox was awake and watching her. She barred her teeth and prepared to attack anyway, but was suddenly distracted by something... lower on the spidox. Her eyes drifted downward, to where the smiling hybrid was sporting an erection. It was long, nearly a foot, and it tapered to a point at the end. At it's widest it was about three inches wide, and the knot at the base was sizable, but not ridiculous in size. She stared at it, transfixed, and slowly reached a paw out towards it.

She leaned over, inching towards it, and slowly sank to her knees, her desire to touch the silky smooth shaft growing every second. Her paw made contact, and her face drew closer and closer to the glistening surface. She noticed a dab of pre at the tip, and touched it with her paw, quickly moving it back to her mouth and tasting the fluid, noticing that it was the sweet substance she had tasted when she woke. She shuddered, realizing that the spidox must have been using her while she was out. She suddenly remembered that he had been awake, and jumped back while the creature laughed.

He continued giggling, a chittering, alien noise, and her cheeks reddened as she blushed. He smiled and pat the bed next to him. Nervous but intrigued, she climbed onto the bed and snuggled up next to him. He ran a paw over her head and back, petting her and holding her close. The dragoness in her, excited by the nectar and exotic spidox, suddenly exploded, and she pushed him over and forced herself down atop him. She quickly hilted on him, and gripped his arms and pushed them down. She grinned and gripped his arms with one paw, and pulled his tail around with her other. Remembering how he had created silk before, she squeezed his tail, forcing silk out over his paws, binding them to the bed. She repeated this with his feet, trapping him in place before she began riding him roughly. She pounded up and down, ignoring the noises coming from the spidox, who was unable to speak because of the force with which she was moving up and down onto him. She didn't let up until she felt her body clenching around his shaft and tying with him.

Despite what porn movies might lead one to believe, the female orgasm is not loud or wild. It is, in fact, a quiet thing. As a powerful one wracked her body, Shirik could only gasp and moan silently as her body accepted the seed flowing into her. She came down off of the high to notice that the spidox had wrapped her arms behind her using his tail. Her arms were trapped behind her exposing her breasts to the spidox, and her legs were trapped on the bed just like the spidox's legs.

"Now," he spoke, "I've made you mine." Chittering lightly, he continued,

“The name’s Kitt.”

Meeping as she realized the oddness of the position the two were in, she blushed quite visibly. “I . . . uh . . . I’m Shirik!” She followed this with a beaming face, as she was quite embarrassed by where she was. Then, she blinked and looked at the silk holding her and Kitt to the bed. “Uh . . . How long does this take to be removable?”

Smiling, Kitt gave a light thrust while still tied, and chittered, “Well, I’d say we have about two days together. . .

*. . . und wenn sie nicht gestorben
sind, dann leben sie noch heute
zusammen.*
