

"The Wine Cellar"
By R. Miller/R.A. Blackpaws
4/5/16

Vivian sighed as she watched the credits for an episode of her favorite show flicker by on the 50-inch screen in her living room, the exhalation making the shiny black latex on the spider's body squeak softly in the dimly-lit room.

"Another episode in the books," the latex spideress softly declared, her four longer legs stretching outward as the spideress stretched out on her couch. "Only, what...five to go before the season's over? Such a shame. It's a really good show."

She reached over to the end table with one of her more normal hands, a slender latex-coated hand belying some mammalian ancestry...picked up a small glass decanter...

...and frowned, noticing that the decanter was completely empty.

"Drat. Out of my favorite beverage," Vivian hissed softly...

...then flashed a coy smile, revealing narrow fangs in her almost-vulpine muzzle.

"Time to get a refill," the spideress stated, easing herself up off the couch, the jet-black latex squeaking softly as she did so.

Silently, the spideress made her way to the kitchen of her luxurious home, humming a very soft tune to herself...her long, spider legs making the trip much shorter than it actually was.

Then she stopped outside a plain, nondescript brown wooden door in her kitchen...

...and the smile on the spideress's face became more predatory.

She deftly pulled the door open and slipped inside, flicking on a small light...

...revealing a set of solid stone steps, leading down into her basement.

Long, spidery legs carried the spideress into her basement silently...and over to another plain brown wooden door.

Vivian paused here, only for a brief moment...then opened the door and slipped inside.

Then, the spideress grinned...

...at the four large, form-fitting latex bags dangling from the ceiling of this room...all showing signs of occupation.

Ahhh...my little wine cellar, she mused to herself, sliding over to the first sack...and running a more delicate hand across the surface of the black latex.

You were my first...five years, you have been mine...

She let her hand lightly run over the trapped form, an obviously female form with tubes running into where its nose and mouth would be...then down to the trapped form's groin, where a crystal-clear glass spigot stuck out, the silver handle glowing faintly in the limited light.

Giving a slight sigh, Vivian turned the handle on the spigot...

...then frowned.

No liquid flowed out from the spigot.

Hmm...very odd...usually, this one produces at least a small trickle...

Vivian placed a hand lightly against the form's throat...

...and nodded at the faint thrumming of a pulse found there.

Hrm...well, no more drink from this one, she mused. *Still...I believe she can be*

repurposed...

The smile returned to the spideress's face...as several possibilities slithered into her head for uses for the trapped form, once a tigress.

Oh, yes...repurposing can indeed be done...

Still smiling, the spideress slithered over to the next sack, this one containing a much larger form, possibly a canid.

*Ah yes...I remember you...*she mused, running a hand along the form's still-large breasts...

...then smiling at the small shudder from the trapped form.

You thought you were so high and mighty...try to tell me what to do...yet here you are, three years later. Just another delicious vintage...

She reached a slender hand down to the spigot on this form and turned it, coaxing yet another slight shudder from the trapped form...

...and causing a slight amount of fluid to seep out, which the spideress caught in her hand, then shut the spigot off.

Vivian raised the hand to her face, taking a deep breath in through her nose...

...and closing her eyes, savoring the aroma of the fluid.

"Mmmm....so very robust," the spideress said softly, delicately lapping the fluid out from her hand. "Very rich and still full of flavor, after all these years."

Vivian licked her hand clean, causing the latex there to shine faintly in the light...

...then she sighed.

"Sadly, not a vintage I am in the mood for this evening," the spideress stated, sliding past the trapped form...but letting her longer, spider legs caress and tease the trapped form as she passed.

Vivian's smile became a bit more subdued as she approached the third form, this one sleek and thin.

You...you were always such a pain...

The spideress let two of her spidery legs caress the form's latex casing, causing the form trapped inside to make feeble struggles, the form's casing shaking just slightly.

Always flirting with anything with a pulse...flaunting my insecurities in my face...

The spideress frowned...then let out a soft chuckle.

"Well, now you know better, don't you my dear?" she whispered, patting the trapped form's chest...and smiling as the form writhed slightly.

Vivian chuckled ominously...then passed the trapped form of her former lover by, heading to the last latex sack.

This one...

The spideress smiled, seeing the trapped form, this one a lapine, still struggling in its new home, making the tubes jostle and dance.

Oh yes...so full of life and vigor...

The spideress let her longer, delicate spider legs rest against the form...and it went almost completely still, only giving a slight shudder.

You were simply...convenient, Vivian mused, letting her delicate spider legs caress the trapped form. *Showing up right at my door...answering that ad...*

The spideress chuckled.

That was...three months ago...and no one has even bothered to come looking for you. She flashed a predatory grin.

That makes you officially mine now, my dear...

She reached down and lightly turned the spigot on the form's groin...

...and took great delight in the squirming and writhing the form did as a thick, almost syrupy liquid drained into the spideress's glass decanter.

Vivian let the decanter get almost completely full...then turned off the spigot, holding the decanter up to her eyes.

She gave it a little shake, the thick golden liquid bubbling and moving slightly at the motion.

A few more months...then you will be properly aged...

Vivian chuckled softly...then gathered a few stray drops off of the spigot and licked them up.

"Mmm...yes...soon you will be properly aged," the spideress stated. "But good enough for now."

She let her spidery legs caress the trapped form, delicately...and smiled as the form seemed to be breathing as heavily as the tight latex would allow.

"Ah yes...the first time is always the most draining," she stated. "But with time, you will get used to it, my dear."

She capped the decanter...and turned to leave.

After all...it's not like you have much choice...

...

Vivian nestled back onto the couch, bringing up the next episode of her favorite show...and took a sip from her wine glass, the thick golden fluid sliding down into her throat.

"Mmmm....so very refreshing..." the spideress stated...then settled in to watch her show.

...