

Weaving the Web, Part 7: Panacea

Dreamt on: August 18-19, 2011

Recorded on: August 23, 2011

Essah sighed as she sat up, the fox squeaking as she pulled her arm away.

"What? What's wrong?" Tara asked.

Essah sighed...and got up.

"I have to go for a bit," the wolf-spideress said...then looked at the fox. "I'll try to be back by the time the hour is up, okay?"

"Wait...where are you going?" Tara asked, sliding off the chair.

"There's something I have to do," Essah said, walking toward the door.

She heard the fox gather up all the tubes, the bottles clinking...and rested a paw on the doorknob.

"I have to do this alone, Tara," she said somberly.

"Essah?"

She looked back...and had to smile.

The fox was standing there, tubes dangling from its body, the pumps vibrating...and the fox's tail spasming.

"Be careful," the fox said. "And you're not alone."

Essah smiled warmly...and gently squeezed the fox.

"I know," she said softly...then left.

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Mort looked up as the buzzer above the door went off...then turned back to his magazine.

"We're closed," he said gruffly.

He waited for the sound of the door opening again...

...and instead felt a presence near the counter.

"I said we're closed, Essah," he stated coldly. "You aren't welcome here anymore."

He deliberately fidgeted with the magazine he was reading, hoping to drive home the point.

"I..."

He frowned. "I said you aren't..."

"I'm sorry..."

He blinked, completely thrown by the softness of the words...and looked up.

Essah was leaning on the counter, head down, ears flat, shoulders slumped...and she looked like she'd been through the wringer.

"I'm sorry..." she said again.

He stared...as the wolf-spideress actually seemed to shrink a bit.

"I'm sorry for how I acted in here, last time...I'm sorry for all I've done all the

times I've been here...I'm sorry for what you saw..."

Essah let out a long sigh...then forced herself up and away from the counter...and began to walk away.

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"Essah! Essah, wait!"

She slowly stopped as Mort caught up to her, blocking her path.

"Hon...come back," Mort said, gently turning her around.

"Why? You just said I wasn't welcome here anymore," Essah retorted softly, trying to tug herself free.

"Essah...I know you...and something's eating at you," Mort said...then steered her back toward the counter. "What's wrong?"

Essah let herself be led back to the counter...and sat in the chair behind it.

Mort slid another chair over to the counter, and sat in it.

"Tara...she was almost raped today..." Essah said somberly.

"Oh, god...is she okay?" Mort asked, placing his paw over Essah's.

Essah nodded, sniffing.

"She...it was those serial rapists..." the wolf-spideress stammered...then let her mask fall...

...and cried, the sobs racking her body.

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Mort got up and held the wolf-spideress close as it sobbed.

Holy shit...those two were bad news, he thought. *If they had...*

He swallowed, images of Tara's mangled body cruising through his head.

"I'm...*snort*...I'm no better than them..."

Mort blinked, stunned...and eased Essah back.

"What...what do you mean?" he asked.

Essah wiped at her eyes.

"Tara's...a guy," she said.

"Well, yeah, I knew that much..."

"...a guy I kidnapped from the park..."

Mort fell silent. *Holy fuck...*

"I...I saw him...and he looked so much like Beau....I just..." Essah's ears went flat.

"I kidnapped him...intimidated him into becoming my servant...took over his life..."

Essah sniffled, wiping at her eyes.

"After the last time we were here, I...I punished him. Beat him within an inch of his life...then left him at the foot of the bed, a soiled maxi taped to his muzzle..."

Mort's eyes widened. "Holy FUCK, Essah..."

The wolf-spideress snorted.

"I actually went to bed...then woke up seeing him there...and I lost it," she went on.

Mort tensed.

"I felt so guilty over what I had done...that I cleaned him up...and went to call the

police," she went on, tears streaming into her cheek-fur "I knew what I had done...and I needed to pay for it..."

Essah looked away, shutting her eyes.

"...and...he stopped me," she continued, sniffing. "He wouldn't let me call the police, even after I pleaded and begged him to let me."

Mort stared...as Essah looked up at him, the tears cascading into her fur.

"He stopped me...and he clung to me...and he said.."Please don't go. Please...don't make me be alone again"..."

Mort sighed, rubbing his eyes.

"He...he would rather have someone who treated him like garbage, like a thing...than to be alone," Essah said, her voice cracking. "He...he wanted to have me in his life, instead of being alone..."

"Maybe...it was Stockholm's?" Mort ventured.

Essah shook her head.

"I don't know..." Essah said softly.

Mort gently squeezed her paws.

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"Tara's...a bit like Beau, isn't she?"

Essah looked up, wiping at her eyes. "W-what?"

Mort shrugged. "Well, they both want to be girls, right?"

Essah nodded.

"She...she's different than Beau, though..." Essah said. "She...she carries herself with dignity...Beau...Beau..."

"Beau was a slut."

Essah's eyes widened and she stared at Mort.

"He dressed and acted the part, Essah," he said. "I know he was your husband...but when he was in girl-mode, that's how he acted. Like a complete slut."

Mort sighed, leaning back in the chair...the chair groaning a bit in protest.

"There was one time he came in here alone..." He paused. "Beau had me promise not to tell, but since he's dead, I figure I can tell you."

Mort rested one of his paws on the counter.

"He came in here, dressed in a pink mesh top and a black miniskirt...no bra, of course..." the panda said, then chuckled, "and, judging from a few customers' reactions when he leaned on the counter, no panties either."

Essah's eyes went wide...then she laughed.

"That is SO like him," Essah said, laughing.

"But Tara?" Mort went on. "I don't think she'd ever do something like that."

Essah shook her head.

"No...she's very prim and proper...graceful...elegant..." Essah said. "She's every bit the proper lady..."

"...kinda like the Anti-Beau, huh?" Mort said, smiling.

Essah chuckled, nodding.

"You should see her when she walks, Mort," Essah went on. "She's so tentative...like she expects to have her ankles give out any second. And her confidence? It blows away like the wind."

Essah sighed.

"She wore a nightgown she got here, the first time she was here," she went on. "I told her it looked nice...and she was ashamed cause she couldn't fill it out."

Essah sighed again.

"Confidence was never Beau's problem," Mort said.

Essah looked at the panda.

"Bet you wish you could put Beau's confidence in her, huh?" Mort went on, smiling.

Essah chuckled...and shook her head.

"Doubt the world can handle that combination," she said...then sighed again. "She shows flashes of confidence...but those fade quickly. She has so much potential...she carries herself like a corporate executive...but she doesn't believe she can do it."

Essah blinked...as a black paw rested on hers.

"Give her time, Essah," Mort said. "That's all she needs."

Essah nodded...and patted the panda's paw.

"You really have it bad for her, don't you?" he went on.

Essah squeezed his paw in surprise, eyes going wide.

"What...what...how..." she stammered.

"Hon, when you brought Beau in here, you were like a mom with an unruly kid," he went on. "Chasing him about the store, trying to keep him under control...but with Tara...with her, you were gentle, like a protective mother watching over her daughter."

Mort looked at her...and she blushed.

"But...you also were strict with her, too...so there might be a bit of Beau in her," Mort said.

Essah sighed...and shook her head.

"No...that was all me," the wolf-spideress admitted. "She's been good as gold...I've been the evil one."

Essah chuckled.

"I punished her for shopping," she went on. "I punished her for doing what any girl would do naturally...and she just...she just accepted it."

Essah looked at the panda.

"And she was so scared of me...that she...she peed herself," Essah said...then looked away. "I scared her that much..."

"Well...I can see why, based on what you told me."

She looked back at Mort.

"You kidnapped her...scared her into doing whatever you wanted...moved in with her...plus, no offense...but you're a foot taller than her, hon. And a lot stronger too," Mort went on. "Heck, even I'm scared of pissing you off...and I have about a hundred pounds on you."

Essah sighed...and Mort squeezed her paws.

"Right now...after what happened today...she's gonna need you," Mort said softly.

"She's probably pretty scared."

Essah nodded...then looked at the panda...and gave him a gentle hug.

"Thanks, Mort," she said softly.

Mort patted her back and eased her away.

"Anytime, hon," he said...and helped the wolf-spideress up.

Essah slid out from behind the counter...took a couple of steps...then stopped.

Mort blinked as she looked back.

"Ummm...do you have any more of those suits she likes...but in my size?" Essah asked.

Mort smiled...and reached under the counter.

"Somehow, I knew you'd want one," he said, easing a shiny black bundle onto the counter, complete with a pack of rubber tubing.

Essah blinked, confused.

"How much?" she asked, fishing for her credit card.

"On the house."

Her ears and head shot up, startled.

"G'won...take it and get out," Mort said...then smiled. "You got someone at home who needs you."

Essah cautiously reached out...and took the bundle.

"Thanks, Mort," she said softly.

"Welcome, Essah...now git!" he barked. "And come back with your fox next time."

Essah laughed...and waved

"I will. I promise," she said, walking out the door.

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Essah eased the door open...then shut it quickly, turning along the wall, blocking the bundle from the fox's view.

"Back in a bit," Essah said to the fox, dashing off to the bedroom and shutting the door.

Essah sighed...then walked over to the bed, unfolding the bundle.

Wow...*it looks so sleek*, she thought, running a paw over the fabric. *I sure hope it fits...*

Smiling, Essah stripped out of her black t-shirt and blue jeans, revealing a pair of bright pink panties and a matching bra...

...then shrugged...and removed those as well.

Slowly, she grabbed the suit in her paws...and sat on the bed.

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I sipped the bottle of Anti-Male, doing my best not to puke.

"God...this shit tastes horrible," I muttered, scowling as I released my nose.

I glanced at the bundle of tubes next to me, and the already-empty pink bottle.

"Still...it's gonna help me become a girl...so..."

I shrugged...pinched my nose...and took a swig of the grey liquid...

...and my ears perked up, hearing the bedroom door open.

I looked toward the hallway...

...and froze in mid-sip.

Essah stood at the edge of the hallway...covered from neck to feet in jet black, shiny latex...and she was smiling at me.

"All done?" Essah asked, walking over to me, causing the material to squeak with each step.

Mutely, I nodded...swallowing the swig of fluid I had taken.

"Guh...guh..." I stammered.

Essah walked past me, and fingered the tubes.

"Aww...you already finished up?" she asked, pouting.

I nodded, still stunned into silence by her appearance.

"And?"

I swallowed again.

"Ummm....breast one was a little over half full...prostate was almost dry...no erection..." I stammered, my eyes glued to her and the latex.

She nodded...then sat next to me, the latex squeaking.

"Do you like the outfit?" Essah asked, smiling.

I nodded...then took a swig of Anti-Male...without pinching my nose.

I emitted a soft "urk" and began coughing.

I felt smooth paws, gently patting my back, trying to help me...and I eventually gasped and recovered.

"You...you went to Mort's..." I rasped.

Essah nodded...then blushed.

"I...I had to apologize...for how I acted last time we were there," she said softly.

I stared at her...as she got up, sliding in front of me.

"And...we got to talking...and I decided that I should try one of these suits," Essah said, turning a very slow circle. "Do you like it?"

I nodded, eyes very wide.

"Good...cause I want you to put yours on, once you finish," Essah said.

I blinked, very puzzled....

...then closing my eyes...as she caressed my cheek with a latex-covered paw.

"But first...I need your help with something," she said.

I forced my eyes open...as she crouched down, turning around.

"Can you help with the hood?" Essah asked tenderly.

I nodded, setting aside the nearly-empty bottle...then gently reached past her head,

grabbing the hood in my paws.

"Ready?" I whispered in her ear.

She nodded...and I took a breath.

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Essah felt herself chirr, loving the feel of the latex as it hugged her body close, like a tender lover.

Then she felt something move over her face...and smiled as the world darkened briefly.

She eased her eyes open...and grinned as she felt the latex gently close around her head, giving it a gentle squeeze.

I'm inside it now....and it feels so wonderful.

She turned around, peeking through the lenses at the red fox.

"Can you see okay?" she heard it ask, its voice muffled.

She nodded...then stared at the fox's groin.

The fox's sheath was completely limp...and it looked even smaller than it was before. Even its testicles looked smaller.

She looked around...and found the chastity device on the counter next to the fox.

It followed her gaze...and sighed.

"Guess I should get that locked up again," he said, and plucked it off the counter, sliding it toward his groin...

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I blinked, puzzled...

...as Essah's latex-covered paws covered mine...and plucked the chastity device out of my paws.

"But....but..." I stammered.

Essah shook her head sharply...held up the chastity device...then drew a "no" circle around it.

"No?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"But...don't I need it?" I asked.

Essah shook her head, putting the device back on the counter...then slowly sliding herself up my body, to look me right in the eyes.

I blinked, overwhelmed...and sniffed, catching the scent of latex and catching her scent...

...and felt soothed by it.

I felt something smooth being placed into my paws...and looked down.

The bottle of Anti-Male Mix was there, staring up at me.

I looked up at her...and I could almost feel the smile coming from her, even though I couldn't see it.

I sighed...pinched my nose...and downed the rest of the contents in one long swig.

She plucked the bottle from my paws and dropped it into the trash...then helped me up.

"But...the tubes...my panties!" I yelped as she tugged me down the hall.

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I blinked as we stepped into the bedroom.

Lying on the bed, already unfurled...was my black copy of the suit.

It was waiting for me, beckoning me back into its embrace...

...and I was definitely willing to oblige.

I stepped forward...but was cut off by Essah.

"What...what's..." I began...then fell silent as she ran a paw over the corset.

I looked from her paw...up to her face.

"This...has to come off?" I asked.

Essah nodded, the dim light in the bedroom causing her to look like a shadow.

I sighed...then raised my arms above my head.

I saw her slide the front of the corset together, apparently opening some hooks...then felt her unzip the corset from top to bottom...

...then I heard a muffled thump...and felt my body expand a bit.

I looked down...

...and saw the corset on the floor...and two decent-sized mounds on my chest.

"Are...are those my..."

I slowly lowered my arms...and ran a paw along one of the mounds.

It jiggled a bit...and I felt it jiggle.

Then, a latex-covered paw slid over mine...and eased it away from my breast.

I looked up at Essah...

...and she squeezed my paw, gently leading me over to the bed.

I sat down on it as she took my 3" heels off of my feet...

...then grabbed the suit off of the bed...and held the leg openings open for me.

Delicately, I slid my feet into the openings...and chirred as Essah eased the material up my legs...the suit welcoming me back into its arms.

Essah slid the suit up my legs...then I felt a gentle touch on my groin.

I looked down...as Essah folded my sheath under my groin...then pulled the latex over it, trapping it where it was...

...and I smiled, knowing that it wouldn't be an issue anyway.

She patted my legs...and I stood, taking a step away from the bed...

...and chirring as she eased my tail into the sleeve...then easing the suit up my torso...

...and feeling as if the latex was embracing me, keeping me close and safe.

She slid the material up near my chest...and I slid my arms into the sleeves of the suit, the latex caressing and squeezing them once I stopped.

Then, I felt the body of the suit begin to close, tightening its embrace...

...and I smiled, loving its gentle embrace.

Then I felt something slide over my face...and I kept my eyes closed, relishing the feeling of the latex closing around me...

...welcoming me home with its tender embrace.

Then I felt a tap on my nose...and opened my eyes.

I looked out of the lenses of the suit...and saw Essah there, holding up a piece of rubber tubing.

I nodded...and tensed, bracing for the intrusion.

Gently, I felt the tube fill my nostril, and snuffled instinctively...then the second tube was guided in.

I exhaled through my nose...then felt little tugs on each as they were clipped to be flush with the suit...and looked at Essah.

She flashed a thumbs-up at me, her posture indicating that it was a question...

...and I nodded, flashing a thumbs-up back at her.

She nodded...then turned around, placing the scissors and rubber tubing on the dresser...

...then turned back to me.

The dim light in the bedroom caused the latex to glisten as she walked over to me, the material hugging every curve of her body....from her slim hips...to her slender waist...her long legs...her ample bosom...

She was a latex goddess...and I was her servant.

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Essah studied the fox as she walked closer to it.

The light sparkled as it danced across the latex the fox wore, the material hugging its body...

...the curve of its hips...the pert bosom it had...the slight hourglass figure...

...and she smiled, behind the hood.

The figure was like a goddess...and today, she was going to worship that figure.

She...she is...she's beautiful...

Essah slowly embraced the smaller figure, cradling it close, running her paws over its form....

...and chirring as the small figure sank against it, reciprocating.

Gently, she picked the figure up...then spun around and sat on the bed, pulling it close.

It emitted a muffled squeak as it landed on top of her...then it slid to the side, nestling against her.

She blushed and smiled...as the smaller form reached up to her face, running a paw along her muzzle.

Gently, she returned the gesture...then smiled as the form settled against her, pressing its body against hers.

She wrapped her arms around the figure, keeping it close...soothed by its presence.

Slowly, Essah curled herself around the figure...and smiled.

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I nestled against Essah, feeling her curl around me...

...and smiled, feeling reassured that I was safe...

...and drifted off, safe in her embrace.

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