

Weaving the Web: Part 1, "Caught"

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I slowly shook my head, trying to clear it.

Oooohh...whahappuned?

I slowly opened my eyes...then blinked several times.

This...this isn't the park...

I glanced around, looking...

...and seeing rough, natural walls around me, like I was in a cave.

There was some light, but I couldn't see where it was coming from.

I tried to talk...but my jaws wouldn't move.

I tried to squirm...but barely managed a wiggle.

I looked down...and saw that I was seated on something. A greyish substance was on my muzzle, keeping it closed.

"Ahhhhh....you are finally awake. Good."

I tensed immediately, my ears shooting straight up at the feminine voice that sounded as if it came from behind me.

I also struggled a bit, causing only a slight wiggle...and drawing a giggle from the voice.

"You don't need to do that my dear Beauregard," the voice said, sounding as if it were getting closer. "You know you aren't going anywhere until I let you."

I looked around as much as I could, trying to figure out where that voice was coming from, panic beginning to set in...

...when suddenly, a grey-furred face appeared directly in front of me...upside down.

I squeaked in surprise, the grey substance on my muzzle making it sound like a faint eep...and pulled away on instinct.

The face, resembling a wolf's face, studied me for a bit, a smile on its face...

...then slowly, the smile faded away...and was replaced with disappointment.

...

"You...aren't my Beauregard," the wolf-spideress said solemnly, dropping down to the floor.

She slowly stood to her full height, nearly seven feet tall...then looked back down...

...at the lean red and white furred, black pawed fox, sitting in an old wooden chair...webbing binding its muzzle shut and keeping its arms and legs secured to the chair.

"You look so much like him though..." Essah stated, studying the fox...and the blue blouse and black skirt it was wearing. "Even down to the fashion sense..."

She sighed, deeply...feeling embarrassed.

I just kidnapped someone I thought was my late husband, Essah thought. *Great...*

She frowned, studying the fox.

So, why aren't I just letting her go?

She sniffed a bit, picking up a faint scent...then she covered her muzzle with a paw.

She...she smells...male...

Essah smiled.

She IS just like my Beauregard, she thought...then leaned in close to the fox.

"You are male under those clothes, are you not?" she asked.

The fox tensed...but nodded, slowly.

Essah nodded. "I thought as much," the wolf-spideress said, then walked behind the chair and the bound fox, letting a paw gently caress the fox's arm.

"Do you want to be a true female...or is the dressing simply for fun?" she asked.

The fox didn't respond...and Essah chuckled softly.

"Do you, deep down...want to be a real woman?" she asked, whispering it into the fox's ear.

For a while, the fox stayed still...

...then, very slowly, it nodded.

Essah nodded. *Just like my Beauregard*, she thought...then stepped out in front of the fox, standing at her full height.

"I might be able to help you accomplish that," the wolf-spideress chirred...then looked squarely into the fox's eyes.

The fox eeped softly, trying to squirm backwards through the chair.

"**BUT**...you would have to do everything that I tell you, when I tell you to do it," Essah went on. "You will do what I tell you...or you will be punished."

The fox started to shake a bit...and Essah smelled the fear emanating from the fox.

*No...you are **NOT** my Beauregard*. Essah thought. *He was never afraid of me, even at my worst.*

She studied the fox.

But...we have time...

"Do you agree to this?" Essah asked, standing at her full height, towering over the trapped fox.

The fox shut its eyes, its ears going flat...and slowly nodded.

"Good," Essah stated. "We will begin now with the ground rules."

She reached out...and cupped the fox's muzzle in her left paw, pulling the fox's head up.

"First rule...you will not speak unless I give you permission to do so or ask you a question. Understood?"

The fox slowly nodded, its eyes locked on her, fear keeping them open.

"Second, you will wear what I tell you to wear and you will **NOT** question it. Understood?"

Again, the fox nodded, eyes wide open.

"Good. In time, there may be more rules...but for now, these will do," Essah said, releasing the fox's muzzle...and deftly slicing the webbing with one of her claws, cutting the fox's muzzle free.

The fox blinked, startled...then slowly opened its muzzle, preparing to speak.

Essah glared at it...and it closed its muzzle, the webbing falling off of its muzzle.

"Good girl," Essah purred...then leaned in close. "Now...what is your name?"

The fox swallowed.

"R-r-r-rob," it replied, fear causing it to stutter.

Essah frowned, causing the fox to tense.

"That's not your real name, is it dear," the wolf-spideress purred, sliding behind the fox's chair...and resting her muzzle along the fox's left cheek. "Not when you're like this."

She slid a paw along the fox's chest, caressing one of the mounds there...coaxing a squeak from the fox...and causing her eyes to widen.

Those...those are real? But how?

Slowly, the wolf-spideress smiled. *So many surprises...*

"Now, my dear...what is your real name?" Essah asked, whispering into the fox's ear.

She felt the fox shudder and squirm, fear and discomfort making it uncomfortable...and the wolf-spideress's proximity making it terrified.

"T-t-t-t-tara," the fox stammered.

Essah let a claw slide along the fox's breasts, smiling.

"Tara...such a beautiful name," she purred...then slid around in front of the fox.

"Do you have a place nearby?"

The fox nodded, slowly, cautiously...as if trying to figure a way out of this situation.

"Good," Essah purred, slowly cutting the fox's legs free...then its arms. "Stand."

She backed away a few steps...and the fox tentatively stood, rubbing its arms.

"Hold out your arms," Essah ordered.

Slowly, very cautiously, the fox did so...

...and Essah ran her paws over them, webbing the wrists together, causing the fox's paws to be facing each other.

"Now...you will take me to your home," Essah ordered, sliding a coat over the fox's shoulders.

Then she leaned in close to the fox, smiling. "After all...it is not safe for a young lady to be out at night alone, is it?"

Essah grabbed a small section of webbing dangling from the fox's wrists, using it like a leash...and gave it a gentle yet firm tug.

The fox slowly began walking...Essah walking beside it, doing her best to hide both her leash and her smile.

Another fox...just like my Beauregard, Essah thought. What are the odds?

...

Essah watched as the fox fumbled with its keyring, the webbed wrists causing it trouble.

"This is your place?" Essah asked.

"Yes," Tara replied softly, struggling with the keyring.

Essah reached over...and plucked the keyring from the fox's paws.

"Which one is it?" the wolf-spideress asked.

"The...the green-colored one," Tara replied. "Opens both locks."

Essah nodded and inserted the key, turning it to open first the bottom lock, then re-inserting it into the top lock and turned, opening that one as well.

Smiling, she handed the keys back to the fox...

...and paused as her paws made contact with Tara's.

Strange...I somehow feel connected to this fox...almost like...

Essah smiled warmly at the fox. "Open it."

Tara shook a bit, then turned the handle of the white oak door, opening the apartment door.

She walked inside, followed by Essah, and turned on the light.

Essah looked around the parts of the apartment she could see.

Blue-painted walls...a small living room with a brown couch and chair...a decent television...no dining area...a small kitchenette...

"Where is your bedroom?" Essah asked.

The fox's ears shot upright...and it pointed down the hall.

"On the left...last door," Tara replied softly.

Essah smiled.

"Good," she said, walking that way, tugging firmly on the leash. "Come."

Tara followed behind, kicking her door shut with a foot before being tugged along.

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Essah stood in the doorway of the small bedroom...and frowned.

It was a nice bedroom...two large closets...a large cherry dresser, complete with vanity mirror...a full-size bed...

...yet, she was not pleased.

She turned to look at the fox...and cut the webbing free from its wrists.

"Remove your clothing, except for your undergarments," Essah ordered.

...

I flinched inwardly.

*Dammit, you've already kidnapped me, intimidated me into agreeing to do whatever you asked...now you're making me **STRIP** for you?*

I shut my eyes...and slowly unbuttoned the blue blouse I was wearing, trying not to let my hands shake too much.

No way I could run...she's too big and probably faster than me too.

I slid the blouse off, revealing the black lace bra I had been wearing...

...and my own natural breasts, low B-cup sized.

"Nice," I heard her say, and flinched again.

Dammit...stop doing that! Just end the torment already!

I swallowed...then slowly unzipped the black knee-length skirt I was wearing, letting it slide down my legs...and revealing the matching black lace panties I was wearing...

...then I blushed very deeply, as my very small sheath was fully presenting.

"You definitely are **NOT** like my Beauregard," my abductor stated. "He was much larger than you are."

I blushed very deeply at that, and attempted to turn my head away.

"Look at me."

Dammit...you can't even let me be ashamed?

I slowly looked at her, opening my eyes.

The grey-furred wolf towered me, by at least a foot...and it was female.

It was also quite lean...and elegant. Almost regal.

Then I blinked...and saw several thin brown stripes in its fur, running along its sides and down along its thighs.

"Now...raise your arms above your head," the wolf ordered.

I blinked, jarred back to reality...then slowly did as it asked, raising my arms above my head.

I saw her reach out and grab onto my wrists with her paws...force them together...

...then, with minimal effort...she pulled me up off the ground by my wrists...and let go.

I braced for a fall...then realized I was spinning a bit...and opened my eyes.

I was now almost looking her in the eyes...and she was smiling.

My shoulders were already beginning to ache from them being above my head, so I tried to lower them...

...only to not have them move an inch.

I looked up...and my eyes widened.

My wrists were covered with a grey substance...and that same substance was running from them to the ceiling.

*That...that's **WEBBING!!!***

I looked back at the wolf, terror beginning to set in...

...but, by then, my legs had already been bound together, leaving me completely helpless...and oddly, aimed right at my closets.

"There...now I know you won't be going anywhere," the wolf stated with a slight grin...

...and I blurted out, "What do you want with me? What are you going to do to me?" before I could stop myself.

The wolf frowned a bit...then nodded.

"I suppose I can...overlook this violation of our agreement," she stated, shooting me an evil glance. Then, she reached up, clamping my muzzle shut with one paw...

...and I felt it getting pressed tighter...and I knew it had been webbed shut.

"Now...let me see what I have to work with here," the wolf-spider stated, studying me from head to toe.

"The fact that you already have breasts does help a bit...as does this..." she stated, caressing my small, trapped sheath. "You have a good figure as well, but that can be improved upon."

Improved...

Then I remembered what was said in the cave...and tensed.

Aw, hell...she's gonna make me a girl.

Then my eyes shot wide.

*She's going to make me **HER** girl! **FUCK!***

She slid a paw along my thigh, and I struggled to turn away, purely on instinct, causing her to chuckle.

"Now, now...you aren't going anywhere until I let you," she said, gently patting my cheek...then turning away.

...

"Now...let's see what clothing options we have," Essah said, pulling open the first closet.

She shut her eyes.

If she's like my Beauregard, she likely has dozens of pink tops and bottoms in here, as well as some fetishy items, she thought...then opened her eyes.

Essah looked...

...at a closet full of women's jeans, leggings, skirts and t-shirts, even a few dresses...in various colors. Few if any were pink.

"Hmm...." Essah said, pulling out a pair of black women's jeans. "A pleasant surprise...casual wear."

Then, a glint caught her eye, far off to the right.

"Oh? What is this?" Essah asked, sliding things along the rack to get at what had caught her eye...

...and grinning broadly.

There, on the rack...were several full-body spandex suits, most of them in black but a few in silver and other colors.

"Seems you enjoy being fully covered, my dear," Essah stated, plucking one of the black suits off of the rack and holding it up...then looking back at the fox.

The fox was looking away, eyes closed...but its ears were flat, a clear sign of embarrassment.

Essah smiled...then put the suit back on the rack...and paused.

"Oh, dear..." she stated...then reached behind the suits...

...removing a black satin maid's uniform, complete with petticoat.

"My, my, my..." Essah chided. displaying the uniform. "Someone must have known I was coming, to have this ready and waiting for me."

She looked at the fox...who was staring wide-eyed, ears upright...and then it hung its head.

"Yes...I will have to make use of that at some point," Essah purred, placing it back in the closet and closing the door.

Then, she walked over to the second closet.

"Now...let's see what's in here," she chirred, pulling the door open...

...and frowning.

Inside this closet....were various pairs of blue jeans, assorted t-shirts and casual wear.

All of them decidedly male.

She looked back at the trapped fox, frowning.

"You still have male clothing?" Essah asked, her disapproval obvious.

She watched...as the fox actually glared back at her...and gave a sharp nod.

She strode over to the fox...and roughly cut its muzzle free.

Tara began to pant, taking in air.

"Explain this," Essah ordered.

The fox glared up at her.

"They're....for my job..." Tara replied, still panting a bit. "I have....to be male there..."

Essah still frowned...but nodded.

"I see," she stated, then looked at the fox. "That will be changing soon."

The fox's eyes went wide.

"But...but I'll lose my **JOB!**" it yelled. "I'll lose the apartment! I'll lose my car! I'll lose **EVERYTHING!**"

Essah grabbed the fox's muzzle, growling.

"That does not matter to me!" she snapped. "What **SHOULD** matter to you is what you could lose if I become angered by your disobedience!"

The fox squirmed a bit, trying to free its muzzle...but a sharp jerk from Essah caused it to go still.

"However...the day when you will no longer need male clothing is a while off," Essah stated, letting go of the fox's muzzle. "Therefore, the male clothing will remain...for now."

The fox still glared at her, its jaws tensed.

"So...now we have a new ground rule," Essah went on. "When you are in this place...or around me...you will wear no male clothing. At all." The wolf-spideress glared at the fox. "Is that understood?"

"Yes," the fox hissed sharply, still glaring angrily at her.

"Good."

Essah walked back over to the fox.

"Now...so long as you follow these ground rules, you will be treated well," Essah stated. "Disobey once, and you get punished."

Essah cupped the fox's muzzle in her right paw, forcing it to stare into her eyes.

"Repeated disobedience...will **NOT** be tolerated," Essah stated. "And will be met with very...**SEVERE**...punishments. Are we clear on that, my dear?"

The fox glared squarely into her eyes...and she saw the anger there, barely contained.

You had better holster that anger, Essah thought. *If I have to punish you harshly now, there is a good chance you will not last long.*

The fox stared at her, unblinking...

...then slowly, closed its eyes.

"We are clear...for now," it replied.

Essah chuckled softly.

"Good...and in time, you will see that this is actually for the best, my dear," Essah stated, causing the fox to look up at her.

"Now...I think it is time for bed."

Essah reached up...and cut the fox down from the ceiling and the floor...but leaving its wrists and legs webbed together.

Gently, she laid the fox down on its own bed...and slid next to it, holding it close.

"In time...it will be all for the best," Essah said softly, caressing the fox.

Then, she reached over and turned off the light.

And, in time...you will thank me for it, Essah added silently.

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I laid there, completely unable to sleep.

O-kay...what the fuck is going on here? I asked myself.

I was walking in the park...enjoying being a lady for a while...I got hit in the head with something...

I sighed.

Woke up in a cave, with this demented dominatrix thinking I was some fella named Beauregard...

I huffed.

She intimidated me into basically becoming her slave...and now, we're back in my apartment.

I stole a quick glance at the large form beside me, who was holding me close, as if I were a lover or a small child.

No way I can get away from her...she's holding me pretty tight...

I glanced at my wrists and legs.

Plus, I can't exactly move like this, I added. *Crap.*

I sighed again.

I'm trapped. I can't break my word to her...and she isn't going to let me go anytime soon.

I shut my eyes.

I have to be patient, I thought. *Patient...and watchful.*

...

Essah smiled in the darkness.

No doubt he's already plotting how to get out of this, the wolf-spideress thought.

Essah slid a paw along the trapped fox's body, causing it to squirm slightly.

Too bad for him there is no escape...until I decide to let him go, she added.

Then, her smile grew.

*Or, I should say...let **HER** go, Essah added. Of course, by then, she may not want to go.*

Then, the wolf-spideress frowned a bit.

I still wish I knew why I was drawn to her, she went on. I mean, she does look almost exactly like my Beauregard...but that isn't it. That can't be it.

She studied the form next to her.

There must be something more...something other than her appearance and her desire to be female.

Essah frowned...then shut her eyes.

Perhaps...I will figure that out....in time.

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