

Weaving the Web, Part 5: Resistance

Dreamt on: August 3-7 & 19-20, 2011

Recorded on: August 20, 2011

Essah watched as the fox performed its tenth circuit of the apartment...and sipped her water.

She is progressing very nicely, the wolf-spideress thought, admiringly.

She watched as the fox walked past her...

...and time slowed down, allowing her to size up the vixen.

The vixen stared straight ahead, body held properly upright, mostly due to the corset...the collar helping to keep her head up as she walked, preventing her from hanging her head in submission.

Essah curled a paw under her muzzle, studying the vixen's face...

...and the long, black lashes the fox had, along with with the purple eyeshadow, giving it full "come hither" eyes...

...and the bright pink lipstick adorning its muzzle, only adding to the sultriness of the vixen's face.

"Stop."

The vixen froze, heels ceasing their clicking.

"Come here."

Essah smiled as the vixen walked over to her, hips rolling sexily with each step she took, 4" heels clicking on the hardwood floor as she approached...

...the vixen's exposed breasts, now a full B-cup, bouncing with each step, the corset projecting them away from the vixen's body.

She watched as the vixen stopped in front of her, standing at attention...awaiting the desires of her mistress...

...and Essah smiled, pleased.

"Present," she said.

Delicately, the vixen reached down to the bottom of its corset...

...and Essah's smile got deeper, noticing the hot pink polish on the vixen's claws as she slowly unzipped the bottom of the corset...and pulled it up...

...revealing her groin.

Essah grinned...

...at the small, barely an inch long nub that used to be a sheath, dangling there, completely limp...and the complete lack of testicles.

Essah rubbed the underside of her muzzle, feeling very pleased...

...then she stood up...

...and kissed the vixen full on the muzzle.

It let out a soft "mrrf" of surprise...then it slowly sank into her kiss, yielding to her will.

She dragged the vixen over to the couch, maintaining the kiss...dumped the vixen

over the side...

...

...and then snapped back to reality.

Essah shook her head, trying to clear the images out of her head...and looked up.

The vixen was still standing there, at attention...presenting herself to her.

Essah stood up...and caressed the vixen's cheek with a paw.

It leaned into her caressing, chirring softly...and Essah smiled as the vixen's tail began to swish.

"I think...today shall be a special day, my dear," Essah said softly.

The vixen looked up at her, blinking...the mascara and eyeshadow making that simple action look incredibly sexy.

Essah smiled at the vixen, knowing what was coming.

"Bedroom," she whispered to the fox.

The vixen nodded...and pulled away, turning and walking down the hall, heels clicking on the floor, hips rolling seductively...

...and Essah following behind, smiling...and aroused.

...

"Sit on the bed," Essah ordered.

Obediently, the vixen walked over to the bed and sat down, demurely tucking its legs under the edge of the bed, resting its paws in its lap.

Essah walked over to it...and gently caressed its head, causing it to chirr loudly.

"Remain here," Essah told the vixen, stepping away...but letting her paw linger for a bit, tracing along the vixen's muzzle.

The vixen let out a soft whimper, wanting more of the gentle attention...

...and Essah smiled, opening the closet door...

...and stepping inside their toy room...formerly the residence of the vixen's male clothing.

Essah walked to the back of the closet...and grabbed the lone item she would need for the day...and examined it.

The ebon, double-sided strap-on gleamed in the faint light of the closet, drawing the light into itself...beckoning her to give it more...

...and Essah smiled...and walked back out into the bedroom.

She looked at the vixen, who stared right at her and the strap-on...

...and Essah smiled.

Slowly, she inserted one end of the strap-on into her sex, her juices making the dildo slide in easily...causing a soft moan of pleasure to escape her muzzle...

...then it sank into her as deeply as it could go...and she emitted a soft chirr, relishing the feeling of penetration...

...of motion...

...of pleasure.

Not yet...not yet...this is not about me...

Essah pulled herself from her euphoria...and secured the straps around her hips,

hearing them click into place...then looked at the vixen, smiling.

"As I said...today is a...very special day," Essah purred as she walked over to the vixen, the dildo causing little waves of pleasure with each step.

She reached out...and gently eased the vixen's head up to look at her...

...and the wolf-spideress grinned.

"Today...I take away the last vestiges of your masculinity," Essah stated...then took a few steps back, looking at the vixen.

The vixen's head slowly lowered, its gaze not leaving hers.

Essah smiled, resting a single claw on the dildo.

"I believe you know what to do..." Essah chirred.

The vixen nodded...and silently slid off of the bed, walking over to her...

...then it dropped to its knees in front of her, submitting totally to her...

...and it began to lick and suck on the dildo, coating it with her saliva.

Essah watched the vixen work, taking great pride in the vixen's dedication and thoroughness as she sucked and licked the dildo, coating it very thoroughly.

"Present," Essah ordered.

The vixen stopped her ministrations...and slowly stood up, blinking at her with those sultry eyes...

...then, it turned away from her, walking over to the bed, its heels clicking as it walked.

Essah flashed a predatory smile...

...as the vixen slowly bent over, presenting its rear to the wolf-spideress...

...then it reached between its cheeks...and pulled free a thick plug, moaning in disappointment as the plug was removed.

Essah stepped forward, resting her paws on the vixen's sides.

"After this...you will never be a man again," Essah said...then pushed the tip of the dildo into the vixen's rear.

It moaned, the dildo pressing against her prostate...and she pushed back, trying to take more of the dildo inside her.

"Please...please..." the vixen pleaded, her voice both sultry and demanding.

Essah pulled back, dragging the vixen's hips with her...then pushed forward, leaning over the vixen.

"Please...what?" Essah asked, whispering into the vixen's ear.

Essah smiled...

...as the vixen replied in a soft, breathless, feminine voice...

"Please...take it all away."

Essah smiled, the grin of a predator who had just made a kill...

...and she shoved herself forward, drawing a yowl of pleasure from the vixen as the dildo pressed against its prostate...

...then the wolf-spideress growled...

...and hauled the vixen off of the bed, holding it tightly against her.

The vixen moaned loudly, now slowly being impaled on the dildo...and trying to

wiggle itself down onto the shaft.

"Please....TAKE IT ALL!" the vixen screamed, ecstasy giving its voice far more volume...

...and Essah obliged, rocking her hips against the vixen's rear, forcing the dildo to bob the vixen up and down as she held it trapped against her.

The vixen moaned loudly, arching back against her...

...then it let out a loud yowl...

...and Essah felt a tiny amount of fluid seep onto her paw...

...and grinned, knowing that the vixen had enjoyed her last climax as a male.

Slowly, Essah sank against the wall, grinning...

...then she looked down at the vixen.

The vixen looked up at her, red fur glistening with sweat, body heaving from the exertion...

...and it smiled up at her.

"Thank you...for making me a real woman," it said softly, tears of joy falling from its eyes.

Essah smiled...and leaned down, preparing to kiss the vixen...

...

...and she snapped awake, sitting up in bed, panting heavily.

"No...no, just...just a dream..." Essah panted, rubbing her eyes.

Slowly, she uncovered her eyes, looking to the other side of the bed...

...and blinking as an empty bed stared back at her.

Wait...where is she?

Essah sniffed...then looked down at the foot of the bed.

Laying there, half-off of the bed...was a red-furred form, its muzzle covered in white tape.

Why...why is she...? Essah began...

...then the events of last night came back to her...

...and her eyes went wide.

"Oh...oh, no...I...I didn't..." she said...then crawled out of bed and stumbled over to the fox.

She rolled it over, examining it.

It was still clad in the corset she had made it wear...the 2" heels were still padlocked onto its feet...but its panties were down around its ankles.

Essah swallowed, noticing the bruising on the fox's rear...

...and remembered that SHE was the cause of those bruises...

...and her heart sank.

"Why...why did I..." she began...then looked up at the fox's face.

Its cheek-fur was still damp with tears...and its muzzle was held shut by some kind of tape...and a thick pad was covering its nose.

Essah sniffed...and caught the scent of urine...

...and swallowed hard, feeling her gorge rise.

Oh, God...what have I done?

Essah cradled the fox in her arms and stumbled into the bathroom, flicking the light on.

Gently, she laid the fox in the bathtub...and tore the tape off of its muzzle.

She stared in disgust at the urine-soaked maxi pad, medical tape dangling from the sides of it...

...and felt her stomach start to lurch, disgusted.

She tossed it into the trash...then examined the fox's face and head.

It was still breathing and asleep...but its fur reeked of urine.

"Gotta...gotta clean you up..." Essah stated, tears beginning to fall.

She staggered upright, struggling against the full weight of what she had done...then made her way to the linen closet, tugging the door open.

"Washcloth...washcloth...where the FUCK are the washcloths?" she snapped, her voice cracking.

She tossed several towels onto the floor...then yanked a washcloth out of the closet, sliding to the sink...

...and cracked her hip on the side of the basin.

"FUCK!" she yelped...then froze, looking at the fox.

It hadn't moved. It was still asleep.

Essah let out a long, ragged sigh...then wiped at her eyes.

You are weak, she heard the taskmistress declare. *A weak, pathetic fool.*

Essah felt the tears fall into her cheek-fur as she turned the water on.

...

I smiled, reclining on the lounge chair...my slim body stretching out, covering every inch of the chair...

...and soaking up as much sun as I could manage.

"Ahhhh....this is heaven..." I chirred, wiggling a bit, causing my green and black striped swimsuit to de-wrinkle and rest comfortably on my slender, feminine body.

I felt a soft breeze...and glanced over to the side...

...and smiled at the lean black and white-furred husky who was fanning me, clad only in a purple Speedo that left VERY little to the imagination.

"I am glad you are enjoying yourself, Miss," the husky said, smiling as he fanned me down.

I stared at the Speedo...and the thick bulge behind it.

"At this resort, we want to make sure our guests leave here completely relaxed and satisfied with their stay here," he went on, noticing where I was looking.

I looked up at him...and the name-badge around his neck.

"Indeed, Mark," I said, smiling. "And I think I know of a few ways you can help me re-"

K-RUMBLE!

I blinked, jarred from my lust-filled thoughts...and turned to look at the shore.

A massive wall of jet-black clouds were closing in on the resort, streaks of

lightning dancing among the clouds.

"Damn...that storm came up quick. We had better..."

I turned back to Mark...and blinked.

He was gone. In fact, the entire RESORT was gone.

I got up, looking around, confused...

...then got struck by a strong gust of wind...and fell over, squealing in surprise.

I turned back to the shore...

...and stared horrified...

...as a large wave of water, easily twenty feet tall, towered over me.

I screamed...as the wave broke over me

...

...and struggled as wet filled my nose and mouth, cutting off my air.

I felt something grab onto me...and fought even harder.

"Easy...easy, it's okay! It's me! It's ME!"

I struggled a bit...then forced my eyes open...and blinked, confused.

I was in my bathroom...and Essah was crouched over me, a washcloth in her paws...and tears falling down her face.

I started to open my mouth, to ask what had happened...

...then the images of last night flashed in my head...

...and I shut my mouth, remembering everything.

I...I disobeyed her...

I turned away from her, shame causing my ears to flatten.

I disobeyed her...and she punished me...

I sighed, depression and disappointment beginning to cover me in their thick blankets...

...when Essah hugged me tightly.

I blinked, jarred from my shame at disappointing her...

...and she squeezed me tighter, holding me close...

...and I felt her body quake, her shoulders bobbing against me, sobs streaming from her.

"I...I'm so...*sniff*...I'm so sorry..."

I blinked, very confused.

*She...she's sorry? I disobeyed her, was justly punished...and **SHE'S** sorry?*

She pulled away from me...and turned me to look at her...

...and I felt my insides twist.

Essah looked as if she had aged drastically. Her fur was soaked with tears, her eyes were sunken and bloodshot, and her ears were flat against her skull.

"I...I'm so sorry for what I did," she said, her eyes leaking fresh tears as she said the words. "I...I went too far...WAY too far..."

I swallowed...then spoke, risking her displeasure again.

...

"I...I deserved it..."

Essah blinked, her vision wavering...as the fox looked down at the floor.

"I disobeyed you," the fox said softly. "You had every right to punish me, however you saw fit."

Essah stared at the fox for several breaths...

...then eased its head up to look at her.

"No...no, I had NO right to treat you like that," she declared, her voice cracked and raw from crying. "What I did...was FAR out of line."

Essah looked down at the floor.

You weak, pathetic woman! the taskmistress scolded. *How can you expect HER to be a strong woman when YOU cannot be?*

Shut up, Essah told the voice. *You are not me. You are **NOT** in control of me anymore.*

*Pathetic! You **NEED** me! You have needed me for years, ever since your husband died. I helped you survive! I helped you thrive. I helped you get through that time,* the taskmistress stated.

Essah looked up at the fox...and swallowed.

Yes...but at the cost of living my life, she countered. *At the cost...of ever being happy.*

What need do you have for happiness? the voice countered. *You had power, money...you weren't in pain anymore. You weren't **ALONE** anymore.*

Well, maybe I should be, Essah countered...then sighed.

"All you did...was act like a normal girl would in a store," she told the fox. "I shouldn't have punished you for that..."

Essah forced herself up, closing her eyes.

"...and I shouldn't have forced you into all of this," she said, turning away.

"Where...where are you...?" she heard the fox ask...and her inner taskmistress asking the same question.

Essah stood at the bathroom entrance, a paw resting on the doorjamb...and hung her head.

"I'm going to call the police," she said softly. "Tell them what I've done...turn myself in..."

*No! You cannot do this! You cannot be weak **NOW**!* her taskmistress screamed at her.

Essah ignored it...and walked into the bedroom.

No...we have caused enough pain, she told it. *Now, I am going to end it. End all of it.*

YOU WEAK FOOL! her taskmistress screamed at her, fighting for control.

Essah stumbled a bit...then reached the nightstand...

...and leaned on it, staring at the phone.

*If you do this...you will never be happy again. All you will know is pain, suffering, loss. Every day for the rest of your life...that will be **ALL** you know. All you **FEEL**,* her taskmistress screamed.

Essah took a ragged breath...and picked up the receiver, hearing a dial tone.
After what I have done...that is all I deserve, she stated...and shut her eyes.
She felt for the base of the phone, preparing to dial...
...when the line went dead.

Startled, she opened her eyes...

...and saw a slender black paw resting across the buttons on the base, cutting off the dial tone.

"No..."

Essah pulled her head up, tears streaking into her fur...and stared at the red fox, who stood next to her, its paw resting across the receiver.

"No...no, please...I have to do this..." Essah pleaded. "I have to pay for what I've done..."

The fox reached up with its other paw...and pulled the handset away from her.

"No...no, **PLEASE**...I..."

She watched...as the fox hung the phone back onto the receiver...

...then slowly, it looked at her, ears flat.

"No...please, **PLEASE** let me do this..." Essah whined....

...then fell silent...

...as the fox slid over to her...and rested itself against her.

She blinked, puzzled and confused...as the fox sank deeper against her.

"Why...why won't you let me..."

"Please..."

She fell silent, hearing the fox's soft voice.

"Please...don't go..."

Essah's heart twisted...and she looked down at the fox.

It was resting against her body, a paw reaching up to cling to her chestfur...

...and she watched...as it began to sob into her fur.

"Please....don't leave me..." it sobbed. "Don't make me be alone again..."

It sobbed into her fur, massive sobs that wracked the fox's slender body...

...and she held it close, feeling fresh tears fall.

It started to sink down toward the floor...and she sank with it, cradling it close, keeping it close to her...clinging to it as a drifting person clings to anything to keep them afloat.

"Please...don't make me be alone again..." the fox sobbed, squeezing her fur with its paw...

...and Essah curled herself around it, resting around it protectively.

"I promise...as long as I live, you will never be alone again," she said softly to the fox...

...as the taskmistress howled in rage inside her, its fury seething...

...then winking out, leaving her empty.