

# Night Terrors

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A commission for Shukko

*A tabby cat spends her Halloween night in watching movies, only to have her own monstrous encounter. A brush with a demonic spider transforms her body right under her nose, and by the time she realizes what's happening, it's far too late to stop. What does the eight-legged horror have in store for her? Gods only know.*

**Content Warning:** This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Female Tabby Cat, a Demonic Spider, Excessive Snacking, Unexpected Pregnancy, Hypnosis/Trance, Oviposition, Bondage, and Transformation

The soft light of a TV illuminated the dark apartment, casting sharp shadows across the floor and walls. Darkness hid behind furniture as images of shock and horror flashed across its screen, accompanied by terrified screams and discordant music. The crunches of snacks and the squeaks of an overworked seat filled the spaces of quiet suspense, broken up by laughs and chuckles from the room's lone occupant. The chubby tabby cat reached to her sides with frequent regularity, snatching treats up and stuffing them into her short muzzle while she watched. Her eyes stayed glued to the screen, totally transfixed on the C-grade movie. The feline was more than happy to spend her Halloween night with campy films, evidenced by her overly comfortable attire and nest of snacks. She reclined back in her seat and adjusted her posture while the protagonists filled their cabin with exposition, taking the opportunity to maximize her comfort. Her modest breasts wobbled atop her substantial belly with the motion, free and unimpeded by restrictive clothing. The cat's stomach settled in the lap of her sweatpants, and she resumed her steady, cheek-filling rhythm as the plot advanced.

Her gluttonous pace increased with the stock music's tempo, and she tore through her snack stash with increasing fervor. Crumbs spilled from the corners of her muzzle and vanished into her neck fluff as the mystery monsters surrounded and terrorized their prey, taunting them with stray chitters. Her crunching coincided with booming knocks at the cabin door, and silence filled both living rooms as the group's self-appointed leader cautiously investigated. The cat's greedy feasting took a back seat as she leaned forward with anticipation, readying for the movie's big reveal. A sting broke the silence with a false start, and the sound of splintering wood shattered the following silence. The sharp crack made the tabby jump, and she laughed with mirth as the camp counselor stumbled from the broken entrance and shrieked. The cry of terror was the least motivated she'd ever heard, and the object of his fright looked it was rendered with a toaster. She watched with delight as the clumsy creature crammed itself into the cabin with little regard for geometry, hastily pasted over its environment in the last hours of production. Despite its stiffness, the massive spider pounced the leading actor and unleashed a spray of ketchup, drawing a fresh round of screams from the survivors.

One of them broke from the group and ran for their life, sealing theirs and everyone else's fate when the others followed suit. The next minutes held unmatched skittering terror for the unlucky camp counselors, who scattered only to be picked off one by one. The tubby cat smirked and laughed as the eight-legged horrors claimed their prey with increasingly unorthodox methods, evolving from simple pounces to web-blasting them into machines that had no earthly business at a camp ground. The feline's snacks continued to diminish until only the meekest of the protagonists remained. The tabby watched with curiosity as the largest spider crawled across the ceiling out of sight, edging up to them on the edge of their peripheral vision. The predictable turning moment neared, where the sole survivor almost always found a counter to the monster's madness, and the feline scanned the scene for Chekhov's Gun. Any one of the numerous tools in the decaying woodworking shop could be the culprit, but the remaining counselor ignored all of them. Instead, they backed into a corner and kept their gaze locked forward, oblivious most of the horrors closing in.

Unfortunately, the feline's fixation on the movie placed her in a similar peril.

A little terror of her own squeezed through a loosened air vent into her home, infinitely more vicious and crafty than its low-polygon counterparts. It was much smaller, only about the size of her fist, but used its size to its advantage. The arachnoid demon took refuge under her couch and surveyed the room, piecing together a plan of attack while a deus-ex-machina broke into the wood shop and killed the creature at the last instant. The feline reveled in the awkward dialog that followed and winced as the last counselor wrapped around the sheriff and thanked them with a kiss. All the while, the demon in her living room scaled the wall at her back and left a trail of abyssal silk across her ceiling. A sharp sting played when a second creature sprung from the shadows and spoiled the hero's shining moment, tackling the officer to the ground and binding them in super-silk. The reversal earned points with the critical cat, until the deputy arrived and undermined the twist with an impossible shot. The feline shook her head and groaned, then returned to her snacks as the conclusion played out, oblivious to the devil descending from her ceiling. The spider spread its legs for balance and sank its fangs into the back of her neck, maneuvering itself so only its fangs made contact. Its toxins ensured she didn't feel a thing, and it retreated just as quickly as it descended. The only signs of its presence were a pair of tiny hills on the tabby's neck, which went undiscovered until she reached to scratch at them minutes later.

Her fingers ran over the lumps with curiosity when she found them, and her thoughts wandered as she tried to recall where they came from. Nothing came to mind, however, and she shrugged them off as a pair of matching mosquito bites. They fell from her attention as her focus returned to the movie, which she mentally reviewed and tore apart. Aside from its unintentional comedic value, there wasn't much there to enjoy. One of her paws drifted to her bare middle as she tried to pick out a single element of originality from the low-budget film, though she ultimately found none. The tabby shrugged when she realized she couldn't deny the fact she had fun with it, however, then added it to her ongoing list of good bad movies. The couch groaned with tired thanks when as she rose from her seat, shaking out a needy groan from her belly. Confusion curled her brow and she countered its demand by examining her pile of vanquished snacks, but she could do little to sway it. The movie's credits rolled while she attempted to count up precisely how many calories she'd torn through, but gave up when commercials cut in. An advertisement for pizza invaded her perceptions and broke her resolve, and she slunk to her kitchen to resupply before the next entry of her movie marathon started.

The feline threw her pantry open and stared down the walls of food within, scanning its contents to figure out what she wanted. Her appetite ran rampant and frayed her concentration, however, sabotaging any attempt to narrow her selection. Instead of pushing her gluttony aside, she fetched a bowl and scooped as many bags and boxes into it as physics allowed. She stacked the sweet and salty treats high over the rim of the bowl before she she was satisfied, then clutched the precious payload to her chest and returned to her living room. The temptation to tear into the delectable pile and feast hands free bloomed in

her thoughts before she sat down, and she indulged that need the instant her rear met cushions. Her eyes widened with regret when she over zealously shredded the bag and sent chips flying in all directions, and she scrambled to snap them up before they hit the ground. The tabby met mild success and stuffed her catch into her muzzle, then plucked the lost calories from the carpet. The urge to eat those as well rose unbidden in her thoughts, but after a moment of consideration, she defeated her ravenous hunger and threw them away. The urgency of her feasting diminished as she fell into a brisk pace, and her auto-pilot took over as the opening credits of the next movie rolled.

The tabby brought a bag of chips into her lap and reclined as the opening titles played across the screen, denoting the film as a sequel. That alone lowered her expectations, but she reconsidered her judgment as the open sequences unfolded. She dug a paw into her family-sized container as the main characters filled the air with exposition, then stuffed them into her muzzle as her attention drifted. The plot lost her before it got off the ground, and her priorities shifted to keeping her muzzle full. Intrigue glimmered in her eyes as the salty snack surpassed her previous experiences with it, richer and more flavorful than she remembered. The tabby lifted one to eye level and examined it, and when she found nothing out of the ordinary, shrugged and popped it into her mouth. Her snacking accelerated as her interest in the picture waned, and within minutes, she'd forgotten it entirely. The screams of terrorized protagonists settled in as background noise as she mixed and wove flavors together in new and exciting ways, indulging and exploring her apparently enhanced sense of taste. Her experimentation narrowed as she devoured more and more of her ingredients, and the space in her lap dwindled as her belly rounded out and eclipsed it. Her swelling dome went unnoticed until it pushed her treats to the edge of her knees, nearly sending them to the floor.

The feline caught the bag just as it tumbled, sparing herself from a wasted mess. She eyed her swollen gut with curiosity and suspicion, then stuffing herself to trace the curve of its swell. A shiver ran up her spine as her blunted claw sent sparks of pleasure across her tight pelt. A purr rumbled in her soft chest when she lost herself to the sensations, until something struck her as off. Despite cleaning out the better part of her pantry, her stomach still ached for more. The tabby sank a finger into the tight swell and stifled a belch, surprised by just how much of the digit disappeared. Her middle acted as if she hadn't eaten in days, and worry crept into the back of her mind as she wondered what it could mean. A demanding gurgle broke her concentration however, but she refused to let her hunger rule her so easily. She stood from the couch, where her waistband slipped on the lower curve of her belly and vanished beneath her overhang. The sudden exposure brought a blush to her muzzle, but the potential severity of her state soon overtook her moment of self-appreciation. Her overfilled stomach tugged her toward the ground as she stumbled to her cell phone, intent on calling a friend versed in medicine.

Before she could reach her phone, a faint bump pushed out from beneath her hide and stopped her cold.

A sense of dread trickled up her spine when she laid her paw over the tiny bulge, and a

shiver swept over her when it moved almost imperceptibly. A chill radiated from her core and panic rose in her throat as increasingly terrible explanations filled in her blanks, paralyzing her with compounding fears and concerns. The need to call *someone* for help swung to the forefront of her mental maelstrom, and she searched for her phone while her weakening legs still held her up. She tore apart its usual haunts and failed to find it after a few minutes, and her urgency faded as the devil's venom expressed its full effects. The tabby railed against her sluggish muscles until they slipped from her control, and her building panic broke as the toxins settled into her brain. Flashes of sensation sparked over her bloated figure and her balance wavered, until her expression dulled with relaxation and acceptance. Bliss stomped down other emotions as rush of matronly hormones flooded her system, contorting her concerns into motherly anticipation. Her paws glided over the taught dome of her belly and showered it with affection, her fears replaced with unwavering delight and unnatural hunger. Her tail swished and countered the weight of her heavy stomach as she waddled to her refrigerator, her phone forgotten, and scooped anything and everything remotely edible. A birthday cake comprised most of her haul, though it didn't stop her from piling food atop it. She left a trail of crumbs in her wake as she returned to her seat, which groaned under her great weight.

The tabby only took a brief moment to lay out her latest servings, then reached for the nearest snack and shoved it into her muzzle with gluttonous gusto. The background noise of the movie fell to the sounds of her greedy feasting, overpowered by her tactless chewing and smacking. Her stomach grumbled and ground around its payload, working overtime to match her reckless pace. Soft padding coalesced across her figure as her stomach processed and spread her accumulating calories, though the vast majority of went straight to her middle. Unlike the rest of her, it remained tight and firm, bolstered by whatever was growing within her. Tiny bumps pushed out from her fur and multiplied endlessly as she fueled its growth, subtly texturing her belly with diminutive numbs. On occasion she managed to overcome her gastric greed long enough to give the swell an affectionate rub, which sent bolts of pleasure across her nerves. The tabby's arousal soaked through her sweatpants with her rubbing, seeping into the couch and filling the room with her needy scent. Her building lust clouded her judgment and weakened her defenses to the spider's influences, making it all the easier to slip under its trance. The feline's movements slowed and stiffened as its next stage manifested, putting her in a stupor she couldn't hope to escape.

Her stomach overfilled her lap thanks to the constant influx of calories, resting on her thighs and spreading them apart. Its lower curve reached beyond her knees and strove for the ground, inching over the edge of the couch into open air. Crumbs littered her checks and chest, deposited by her suffering dexterity, leaving lingering traces of her junk food banquette. The urge to sweep the up into her mouth flashed in the back of her thoughts, but her muscles paid her no mind and continued chipping away at her stash. Her stomach still rumbled and churned with untarnished need by the time she neared its end, which by that point was only a few slices of cake. She reached for the pastry with her bare hands and shoved its chunks into her greed-drunk maw, caring not for the bits that crumbled into her bountiful cleavage. Her pace slowed to a crawl as her gastric desire finally neared its end,

though her arms weren't so easily discouraged. The tabby scooped through the cake one pawful at a time and crammed them into her cheeks, almost against her will. Her hide almost audibly creaked around her growing gut, and stretch marks filled the spaces between her thinning fur like lightning bolts. The feline let out a muffled moan of discomfort when her belly button out, endowing her with a decidedly maternal figure. An exhausted sigh crossed her lips when she finally finished the pastry off and she slumped into her seat, pinned by the weight in her middle.

Her eyes drifted shut as a food coma set in, but her moment of respite was short lived. A flurry of activity in her belly snapped her back to consciousness, and she drunkenly looked down in search of the cause. Her eyes widened at the sight of countless tiny bumps swirling beneath her skin, and her senses of reason and panic briefly rebelled before a tide of motherly pride swept them away. She ran her blunted claws over the sensitive pelt and moaned with unrestrained bliss as her eggs matured, until the moment she'd been unknowingly anticipating arrived. Her crotch heated and dripped with impending climax as the budding spiders moved into position, sinking toward the entrance of her womb and shifting her balance. The feline stepped up and crouched on her couch's cushion, then spread her legs and shredded the front of her pants to expose her dripping sex. The sensation of cool air against her heated lips sent a shiver of anticipation up her spine, kick-starting her laying process and glassing her eyes with bliss. Her hips rolled on their own when the first golf-ball-sized egg slipped through her cervix, lancing her with pleasure that compounded and bloomed into ceaseless orgasm. A low groan resonated in her chest as the first of her brood parted her passage and emerged, plopping down in the tatters of her pants.

The second and third eggs followed quickly, as did the multitudes after them. The space in her ruined clothing filled and overflowed with her brood in minutes, forcing the rest of her spawn to fall to the couch. The translucent orbs landed with thick splats and jiggled with their impacts, though not a single one came close to breaking. The purple spheres gathered in piles around her ankles, forcing her to stay in place or risk squishing them. Faint movement wobbled the stacks from within as her belly finally began to shrank, and faint sounds of tearing announced the first of her arrivals. A tiny spiderling emerged from the stash of ovoids on shaky legs, still unsure of how to control its new body. Dark plates formed and hardened across its diminutive frame as it rapidly learned, and in the span of seconds, the miniature drider was ready to take on the world. Its attention turned to the tabby towering above her as her laying reached a fever pitch, and the wheels of thought turned in its head as an unbroken stream of eggs added to her nest, from which more emerged. They gathered at the edge of the couch and circled around the lust-drunk cat as their ranks grew, silently discussing their options through an intrinsic link. The tabby's brood reached a consensus, and the bravest of them clambered up her sides to the back of her seat. The arachnoid squad waited until everyone was ready, then started the process of giving their gift.

The fist-sized driders jumped across her body, trailing and spinning threads of light around her figure. Single strands twisted into threads and ropes as they traced and retraced

their arcs, weaving sinfully soft bindings for their entranced brood mother. The strands shifted and tugged at her most sensitive regions as she writhed in bliss, heightening her pleasure and waking her appetite for more. Despite her increasingly needy wiggling, the binds stayed in place, and the spiderlings chattered with delight and built upon their design. The pattern of silken strings encroached on itself as they filled the empty spaces, transforming the kinky outfit into something equally kinky, but significantly more regal. The feline's swarm stitched designs into the gown as it formed, filling panels in with hidden runes and sigils. They were careful to not cover too much of her, however, leaving her breasts and midriff largely exposed and free to swell further. Only hair-thick strands spanned those sensitive expanses, meshing together in invisible fishnets and holding the garment together. The tiny driders linked their thoughts and pooled their will as the dress neared completion, urging the feline to stand so they may finish. Her unhatched eggs rolled and shifted around her feet as she stepped down from the couch, giving her offspring exactly what they requested. They climbed across her back and drew her top together, then sealed the seam and encased her in the flowing fabric. They swung and rappelled from her limbs as they created the final details, covering the majority of her fur with perfectly fitting tights. They caught her eggs in a soft hammock as they continued to spill from between her thighs, but took a moment to step back and appreciate their combined efforts.

Light danced across the silk garment in time with the flashes of the TV, flawlessly presenting the tabby's gravid form. Her belly, still round with innumerable eggs, swelled feet from her front, almost perfectly round. Thin rivulets of milk trickled from her chest and saturated the fabric, leaving dark patches that highlighted their peaks. Her hips subtly spread apart to ease her laying, pulling the silk tight around her rear and emphasizing her increasingly matronly padding. Her tail whipped and swayed as her endless climax still persisted, frizzing and displaying her pleasure to her growing brood. The tiny driders clicked and chattered with pride, and their chorus grew in volume as more and more joined in. Their hive-mind expanded with each new member, combining in a whole greater than the sum of its parts and endowing them with higher thought. The tabby certainly had the capabilities of a skilled brood mother, and she looked the part thanks to her gown, but the swarm knew there was still more to do before she was a proper matriarch. A single idea swept across them, and they swiftly divided the responsibilities to bring it into reality. Roughly half of the swarm skittered to the kitchen and left a single file line in their wake, while the rest climbed the tabby and clung to her dress. They toiled to embroider arcane symbols all across her body, while a steady procession of the remaining food from her kitchen found its way into her maw.

The tabby ate without thought or concern as endless bliss clouded her thought, giving her brood full reign over her fate. She mindlessly chewed and swallowed every snack they delivered, sending crumbs spilling into her cleavage and further rounding her taught belly. The feline's growing stomach battled with her womb for space, both stealing her breath and heightening her rapture. Eggs spilled from between her thighs in multiples as a result, calling more of her spawn to rush to their aid. A carrier network formed between her ankles and moved the soft ovoids from harm, granting the rest of her brood peace of mind while they worked. The feline's middle swelled yet larger with her feeding, until an

uncomfortable pressure built within her garment. Where any other fabric would have yielded to her advancing flab, the spider silk robe held tight and compressed her torso. Her chest and belly squished through her fishnets like rising bread, somewhat relieving the discomfort, but not enough to dispel it entirely. Her laying trance faltered as the need to breathe filled her chest, and she shook the drider from her cheeks to fulfill it. The dress thwarted her efforts, and her failure opened a mental path for panic to pour through. Fear rushed through her nerves while she shrugged off her trance, but her maternal instincts fought with everything they had. Dread and pride churned in her thoughts as she beheld her brood, torn over denying or accepting them. They seemed to sense her inner turmoil and moved in to comfort her, which only set her thrashing against her unwilling muscles.

One especially heroic drider acted quickly and leapt to her shoulder, then sank their fangs into her neck and dosed her with a special venom. The energy drained from her muscles as it took effect, slowing her struggles and miring her overwhelmed mind. Faint whispers blew into her ears and united in a single chorus, urging her calm down and appreciate the fruits of her efforts. The cat squeezed her eyes shut and opened them after a moment, and though she was loathe to admit it, the voices had a point. Her swarm's arguments won her over further when she realized it was the combined voice of her offspring, and for the first time, she looked upon them with fondness without the influence of her trance. Her panic and apprehension melted away when they offered her the closest thing they could to a hug, until they bit into her as well. Individually, their chomps were little more than a weak pinch, but in such numbers, they produced a substantial amount of discomfort. The tabby winced and cried out telepathically as poison filled her body, seeping into her muscles and flowing through her being. Her brood's lack of remorse or regret filled her with fear once more, and she briefly recalled documentaries about young spiders eating their mothers, until they spoke up and asked her to trust them.

Her lovingly crafted robe melted and fused to her fur with the help of the poison, serving as a base for the chitinous plates sprouting across her body. Sleek, dark domes covered her shoulders and cultivated regal pauldrons, which reached across her chest and down her arms. Her fur fell from her cleavage to reveal soft hide, framed by the hardening panels guarding her neck and arms. Her face changed only slightly as a fierce pair of fangs and mandibles made their homes in her jaw, and the her surroundings grew bight in her newly enhanced vision. Her fur and hair pulled tight to her profile, exchanging warm fluff for velvety smoothness, and darkened considerably to match her night-toned armor. A set of scales ran down her sides and ringed the taught dome of her belly, leaving its front exposed and free to stretch with her future broods. The tabby stumbled and fell to the floor when the mass drained from her legs, reducing them to bony spindles, mere sticks compared to their former shape. Soft popping and cracking filled the room when three pairs of stilts spouted behind them, endowing her with the strength and base to pick herself up. Her balance wavered while she adjusted to the new appendages, which continued to shift as a large bulb sprouted from the base of her tail. The former tabby's arms flailed in an effort to stand upright, only meeting her goal once her thorax fully developed. More plating rose and hardened from its upper surface, while its underside subtly flexed and filled with a legion of eggs. Her humanoid belly stayed full and taught



despite her new anatomy, even as eggs dripped from between her spinnerets.

The former tabby's mind caught up with her new form soon after her transformation completed, and a sense of pride bloomed in her chest as she beheld her figure in the TV's reflection. She exuded uncompromising power and strange beauty, and her swarm gathered around her in support. She silently communicated her thanks to her offspring, who climbed up her legs and took seats upon her spacious thorax. She helped the stragglers up and set them amongst their siblings, until her entire swarm rested on her back. The drider matriarch willed herself to stop laying for the moment and checked the egg piles for late bloomers, then consulted with her tiny horde about what to do next. Finding food was their unanimous answer, and the matriarch did just that. A quick survey of her kitchen confirmed there was nothing left to eat, forcing them to hunt for sustenance. Her brood leapt at the chance to explore the world beyond her apartment, and the former tabby agreed it could be a good experience. The tips of her legs clacked against the floor as she skittered to the front door, and her offspring spilled into the night the instant she opened it. They maintained telepathic contact, however, sparing them of neglect and ensuring everyone would get an equal share of success. The matriarch squeezed through her doorway and eased into the parking lot, then turned her nose to the air and breathed in her surroundings.

Many possible prey tickled her senses, and only indecision over who to eat kept her from acting. Her brood narrowed her options for her, and a predatory grin spread across her muzzle as she climbed into the shadows and tracked her dinner. The thrill of the hunt surged through her, and she thanked her swarm once again for their gift.