

Spidersilk Panties, Part 2 (Inanimate TF, So I'm a Spider...?)

The wind spun in a frenzied circle around the inn, ripping tiles from the roof and slamming shutters against their frames.

"On second thought, I hate nyou," said Panchira, holding up her newly-made lingerie in disgust. "What was I ever thinking? Nyou're awful!"

On the bed lay two bras and two pairs of panties, each completely unique in its design, and each furiously squirming as the soul trapped inside demanded release from its fabric prison.

Panchira rolled her eyes. "Oh, honestly," she said. "I don't know why nyou're still struggling like that. It's nyot as if I'm going to turn you back." Frowning, she stooped and picked up one of the bras by the straps. "What *should* I do with nyou instead though...? Hmmm..."

Someone knocked on the door. "Room service!"

Panchira's mouth curled into an evil smile.

Sophia lay on the bed and squirmed and struggled, fighting to make her inanimate new body move. No matter how hard she tried, it was utterly futile. She couldn't jiggle a cup or even wiggle a strap, let alone stand up and walk out of here. And even if she could, what was the point? It wasn't going to make her any less of a bra, was it?

At least that awful catgirl had gone. Sophia supposed she'd taken her last chance of being turned back with her too, but for the moment she was simply glad to be free of her whining.

Just as she thought she'd be left to lie there on the bed forever, the door of the room finally swung open. "Hello?" called an unfamiliar voice. "Is anyone in here?" The door shut with a thud. The floorboards creaked as someone approached. "Huh, I could have *sworn* I heard someone talking in here. I suppose I just imagined it. Hey, what's this?"

Before Sophia had time to wonder what this last remark was in reference to, a bubbly blonde face appeared overhead. Sophia froze. Well, more than she already was, anyway.

"Oh my gosh," said the blonde. "These are just *gorgeous*." She snatched Sophia up by the straps and raised her, squealing inside, to her face to get a better look at her. "Gosh, they're so silky smooth as well."

The maid froze, looking around, suddenly aware of the implications of barging into a guest's room and groping all their underwear. Placing Sophia back on the bed, she looked away with a cough. "I suppose I should just get on with my work, but... Oh, who'd leave such a beautiful set of lingerie just lying out in the open like this? It's like they're trying to tease me." Putting her broom aside, she hurried back over to Sophia and snatched her up. "...I suppose

it wouldn't hurt if I tried them on, would it? Just long enough to see how I look. No one will ever have to know."

When no one protested this obviously flawed argument, she hugged Sophia and Filimos to her chest and scurried over to the nearest mirror. Lying on the nearby cabinet, Sophia could only watch in despair as the maid hurriedly stripped off. This wasn't actually happening to her, was it? Was it?

"Now," said the maid, picking her back up. "Let's try you on." And slipping her arms through Sophia's straps, she forced her enormous boobs into Sophia's cups, straining the poor bra's fabric till she could only scream at the strain.

Nnn~! St-stop! cried Sophia, wishing she still had the strength to pull herself free. The blonde's gigantic boobs were weighing on her like boulders, stretching her fabric till it felt certain it would rip. She could already hear it squeaking.

Adjusting her cups, the maid stood back and examined herself in the mirror. "It looks even better than expected!" She giggled. "Oh, I almost forgot about the panties!"

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Back on the cabinet, Filimos watched in horror as the maid's gigantic hands approached her. *W-wait!* she wanted to cry. *Please, leave me a-*

Gigantic fingers dug into her fabric. She squealed, screwing up her eyes and writhing at the overwhelming sensation of the pleasure coursing through her. *Nnn~! L-let me go!*

The maid didn't. In fact, she tightened her grip, wrenched Filimos into the air, and, seizing her by the sides, spread her so wide the former teacher could only scream in ecstasy, unable to bear the pleasure. She felt as if her sex had been filled so tightly it would tear.

Satisfied with Filimos's stretchiness, the maid raised a leg and slipped it through her hole, followed by the second one. As the blonde's legs slowly filled her, drawing her wider and wider and wider around them, Filimos's screams grew louder in proportion. In her head, at least—if they'd been audible, they would have been heard on the other side of town.

Finally, her face slammed into the heady depths of the maid's asscrack. Releasing her with a snap, the blonde turned and inspected herself in the mirror. "Wow," she said, blushing. "They really suit me."

Filimos could only scream in pained pleasure.

Biting her lip, the maid flicked a glance at the door. "I doubt the owner of this room would care *that* much if some of her underwear went missing. After all, she was happy enough to leave them all over the bed."

Before her confidence could fade, the maid hurried back into her own clothes, hiding Sophia and Filimos both beneath her plain brown dress. "There," she said, tugging it down. "Now to

get back to work. I don't want dad to think I'm slacking off again." She hurried out of the room as fast as she could.

As the maid's asscheeks bobbed in her fabric, rising and falling and rising and falling in an endless, exhaustion dance that stretched Filimos's spirit and fabric near to ripping, the former elf found herself sinking into a terrible despair. Was this really what her life was going to be like from now on? Trapped around some sweaty woman's nethers as she went about her life without a care in the world? This wasn't the kind of reincarnation she wanted! Where was the power fantasy?!

Above her, Sophia could only groan in despair. Each time the maid took a step, her gigantic boobs rose and fell in Sophia's cups, straining her straps till they were all but ready to snap. By the time the maid arrived downstairs, Sophia had been reduced to pleading for mercy.

Please! cried the two new items of clothing, whimpering in despair. *Someone help us!*