

Proposal

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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The Proposal

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Tamo hated summer rain with all his heart. His week, barely planned beyond a few desires to see Shisa as much as humanly possible had turned into a morass of water-logged roads, frantic repairs of gutters in the buildings he maintained, and even a most unfortunate crack in the roof of the village hall that left him sputtering for breath when he tried to speak to Shisa. She laughed at him for two days after that, her and the rest of the village, but he couldn't get the image of her dark brown hair and haunting eyes from his vision.

He tried to get comfortable on his bed, tossing and turning as waves of water rammed against his roof. He could hear the cracks in the gutters, where rivers of rainwater poured down along his roof and splattered down heavily right outside his bedroom window. He considered throwing a pillow over his head, just to muffle the noise, but the stifling heat would choke him almost instantly. He groaned and slapped one sweaty arm across his brow and tried to remember the god of rain for their area. Maybe one prayer could make a difference.

Ozone drifted across his nostrils and he cracked open one eye. Lightning flickered in the clouds but the air had a sense of electricity to it that stood the tiny hairs of his arm on end. He rubbed his arms against his shorts, the smallest bit of clothing he could wear and still be presentable if yet another old lady decided to come knocking on his door to have her Malfeas-damned roof fixed again. He groaned again for the hell of it.

“I hate the rain.”

The heat of his arm across his face rose too fast and he flopped his arm over, spread-eagle across his bed. The mattress stretched about three times his width, but it was desperately empty compared to who he wanted to see in there.

“Oh, Shisa.”

His eyes focused on his ceiling, with exposed rafters that glistened with condensation. Sighing, he let his eyes focus in the corners, then groaned as he realized a spider had built a massive web in the deepest shadows. Only staring up at it with nothing else to do could he pick out the delicate strands.

Then, he caught sight of the spider and his breath caught in his chest. It was huge, as wide as his hand as it scurried along the web. It clung tightly to the webs as it stopped, as if listening to the world around him. The mottled white carapace startled him and he sat up slightly.

“My god, you are huge.”

The spider twitched slightly and began to run another strand of webbing. He watched, the discomfort of the rain passing as he watched the spider build the web until the sky outside grew dark. The rain continue to pound down, rattling against the roof and splashing loudly. He could almost imagine the world flooding around him, but the fascination of the spider kept his attention. As the shadows stretched out across his room, he finally stirred from his bed. Sitting up, his eyes riveted on the spider, he padded barefooted across the floor and lit one of the lanterns in his room. Returning, he sat up in his bed, his back on the head of his bed.

“You are... very scary and yet,” he paused for a moment, “you are the most beautiful spider I have ever seen.”

“Why, thank you.”

At the cultured-sounding voice, utterly feminine and surprising, Tamo screamed out and half-stood up. His mouth froze in shock as the spider played out a strand of its web and lowered itself. It looked like it was floating in the air as he stared at it, his body shaking violently. His knuckles cracked against the window frame as he felt the world spinning around him.

The white-mottled spider stopped even with his eyes, dangling over the foot-end of his bed. He saw beady black eyes regarding him for a moment.

“You need to breath, Tamo, otherwise you’ll pass out.”

Her voice was practical and sensual and Tamo found it even harder to breath. The talking spider continued to regarded him with her black eyes. He tried to breath, the black pain in his lungs growing with every breathless gasp that never escaped his lips. He clutched at the wall for a moment. Finally, his lungs worked and he inhaled loudly, gasping until the shakes went away.

Amused, she spoke clearly.

“Good, now, why don’t you sit down?”

Tamo slumped down, his back scrapped against the wall as he settled down. The lower part of his headboard dug into the small of his back, but his eyes refused to leave the mottled spider dangling.

Eight legs danced in the air for just a moment. Then, it dropped heavily on the bed. Tamo started to gasp with surprise, but the spider spoke sharply

“Tamo!”

He froze. As he watched, the spider took a step toward him, then something seemed to shiver along the spider’s body. Flashes of silver, brilliant and mesmerizing, coursed along the spider’s body as she walked toward him. Tamo’s breath caught again his lungs as he watched, the silver stretching out as it seemed to double the size of the creature. The outline of the silver seemed to make sense to him as he backed away as much as he could.

The outline filled in, the spider’s form swelling to fill the silver. The shape of it confused him for a moment, then he realized it was a woman crawling toward him, her eyes locked on his. His mouth cracked open with surprise as the glow faded, leaving her almost on top of him.

She had white mottled skin. Her arms and legs were bare, except for delicate tracery of silver that seemed to flow across every inch of her skin. Her eyes were black, as black at the deepest nights. Dark freckles lighted up on her cheeks, like three more sets of eyes of a spider.

Automatically, his eyes drew down to follow the swell of her cleavage. Her breasts were small, but they were held tight against her body with a black netting that he found as alluring as the two points of her nipples hovering just inches above his mattress. She smiled at him, two tiny peaks of her teeth sticking out past her lips.

“Calming down?”

He barely had enough wits to nod.

“My eyes are up here, Tamo.”

Blushing hotly, he looked up guilty into her black eyes.

“S-Sorry.”

She crawled forward until her hands pressed against the mattress on each side of his legs, her nipples almost touching his knees and the soft breath teased against his throat. He gasped, fighting the urge to flee and the strange feeling that grew between his legs. He felt hot and tingling. She drew closer and he felt the points of her breasts trailing up his legs. He swallowed loudly, gasping as his manhood stood up straight and hard in a single heartbeat.

“W-Who are you?”

She continued to crawl up him, her inner thighs teasing him as she pressed her body against his, sending flares of anticipation burning through his limbs and his heart pounding a thousand beats a second.

“Call me Mother of Webs, or you can call me,” her smile grew predatory, “Shisa.”

As she spoke, her body shimmered again. Silvery tattoos flared up for a moment and he felt her body twisting against his, the flesh crawling for a moment as her body swelled and narrowed, her face growing into the heart-shaped smile that he dreamed, and masturbated, about for close to three years. Her suddenly larger breasts squeezed against him. His chest felt tight as the silver tattoos faded beneath Shisa’s flawless skin.

“S-Shisa, h-how is this-”

She lifted one finger to press against his lips, “Possible? I’ve always been Shisa, ever since your parents died in this village. Every since this blue-eyed girl came out from the hut and comforted you when you cried.”

Memories flooded through him, reminding him of every event that Shisa, his Shisa, spoke. When she finished, her lips were almost touching his and he felt the trembling of her heart through his body. Everything felt hot and tight, including his manhood which strained against his pants. His heart pounded as sweat dripped down the side of his face.

Shisa spoke softly, "But, now I need you, Tamo. I need you more than you can ever imagine."

His lips worked silently, the words no coming. As he tried to speak, his lips touched hers and he jumped at the shock that coursed at their touch. She closed her lips and leaned forward, pressing so delicately against his lips as he kissed a girl for the first time. It was everything and nothing he expected. She stole his heart and breath with just a single tender kiss.

She broke the kiss as he realized he was utterly helpless. His cock ached painfully, already leaking through his shorts. He shook as he tried to place his hand over it, but she stopped him, resting her own hand against him.

Shisa smiled softly, "First, we need to talk."

Her hand stroked down, pressing her palm against his length and wrapping her fingers around his length. Even through the fabric, he could feel the heat of her fingers and let out a long, gasping groan.

"W-What do you n-need?"

She spoke softly and seriously, which left his body in conflict with the stroking of his most delicate of pleasures.

"My father is dying, Tamo. He doesn't have a child and you know his female child cannot take charge. Something I... I planned for from the start, but it means I need you."

He swallowed hard, trying not to concentrate on the feelings of her fingers slipping around the fabric, her heated fingers wrapping around his slicked cock.

"I don't," he swallowed again, "understand."

She leaned forward, her lips rising to his nose as he felt her hand shove down his pants, encasing his throbbing length in the web of her fingers.

"For now, you don't need to. All you need to do is to listen to me, and never," she squeezed his length, "tell anyone that I do."

"W-What?"

Her fingers caressed his base, driving him to a heated distraction. Her feather-light touch stroked his testicles, invoking a gasp from his throat.

"Don't tell anyone. I will give you anything you want, but you must listen to me and you must never, ever tell anyone what I tell you."

He gasped, rising his hips to grind his slick cock harder against her fingers.

“W-Why?”

“Because, I need a leader. And I want you to take my father’s place.”

“B-But, I’m an outside. I could never-”

“Unless you married the chief’s daughter,” her smile broadened, “I know.”

“Marry... you mean?”

Shisa pressed harder against him, her perk nipples scraping against his chest, reminding him that only the web-inspired clothing lied between him and the object of his affection.

“Yes, I mean me. This body, this woman. Yours until the day you die. Then, I’ll take the place of your daughter’s daughter.”

“That is, that is-”

“Just how it has happened for the last six centuries and that is how it will always happen.”

“I don’t understand.”

Her lips came down to his, kissing him lightly, then more passionately. The hand on his cock stroked harder, the slickness of his juices slurping as she pumped him.

“I want you, Tamo. And I’m willing to trade my life and this body to give you pleasures until your final days, letting you be the chief of this village.”

He groaned, distracted and fighting against her seductive voice.

“And all you have to do is listen.”

Tamo twisted and writhed, “Why?”

He felt his juices dribbling thickly down his cock, soaking his shorts and her fingers. He had to fight against the growing need to orgasm right there as he gasped out. She pumped him, stroking harder and faster as she brought him right at the edge of pleasure.

“If you become my pawn and my voice, Tamo, you will have everything you can ever want.”

“If I say no?”

She pushed down his shorts, exposing his cock and teasing it with her fingernails. She smiled, a predatory and seducer at the same time.

“You won’t. I already know your answer.”

He couldn't answer as she pumped hard, sliding his cock through her slick fingers until he felt an orgasm rising up. He gasped, his hands clutching the mattress of his bed as he finally lost his battle and let out a long groan of pleasure. His orgasm slammed into him, exploding in white wet pleasure that splattered against his chest and thighs as he gasped for breath. He felt the world shaking in time with his pounding heartbeats as he looked down at his cum-splattered chest.

Shisa, the girl he wanted ever since he first saw her, gave him a coy smile and lowered her mouth, kissing along his chest. He felt his cock surging to full heat instantly as she lapped at his chest, cleaning him with her mouth as her breasts stroked his body. He gasped, his eyes wide with lust and surprise, as she worked around his cock, sucking on his balls and catching the last few splatters on his legs. She didn't touch his cock until last. He watched with an ache in his heart and loins as she hovered her lips over his slimy member. When she pulled away, he let out a whimper.

She whispered as she leaned back, "Don't worry, my love."

His protests faded as she shrugged out of her clothing, letting it slide down to expose the magnificent mounds of her breasts. He let out another whimper, this one of need. She reached down to pull his hands to her, pressing them against her incredibly soft breasts. His fingers clutched at them, marveling at their feel as she lifted her body. He didn't pay attention to how she stripped, but when he looked up, she was suddenly naked and straddling his hips. His cock bobbed with excitement and his eyes trailed down to see the glistening tip poised to enter the junction of her legs.

Shisa took a deep breath and brought his attention back to her face... or at least her breasts.

"Tomorrow, my love, you are going to propose to me."

Tamo blinked, "And you'll accept?"

She giggled softly, "No, I'm going to laugh at you."

"What-"

The words died in his throat as she lowered herself on him, enveloping his cock in the liquid heat of her pussy. He gasped, nearly overwhelmed by the incredible sensations of a virginity lost in a word.

“But, you aren’t going to give up, my love. No, when I’m done, you are going to go to my father-”

She bottomed out on his cock, her soft beautiful body pressed tightly against his. He worked his mouth, his hands automatically rubbing up against the hard, hot nipples of her body. Pleasure coursed through him as she continued to speak.

“And he is going to laugh at you too. In fact, he’ll probably threaten to kick you out of the village.”

She drew up, sliding off his glistening shaft before dropping back down. Tamo enjoyed every inch of feeling in and outside of her, his shaking hands slipping off her breasts to hold her hips, where it felt more natural.

Shisa smiled and leaned forward to kiss him.

“Good. In a week, some of the village men are going to give you a very hard time. They won’t break any bone, but they will hurt you.”

In part of his mind, he worried about how she had everything planned, but the feeling of her pussy wrapped around his cock, and the soft seductive way she spoke to him push it back. Shisa rode his cock slowly and powerfully, in time with the soft words she whispered. She ground down against his cock, inner muscles clenching as she told him when they would be married. She pumped hard and fast, bringing him right to the edge of orgasm, as she gasped out how he would be chief of the village. Just as he almost lost control, she stopped, holding him until the ache of release faded. He gasped as she started up again, speaking with such confidence of his future. His body trembled as she brought him to the edge of orgasm again and again, but never granted him release. He listened to her words, lost in the pleasures of pussy and breasts, clutching to her body.

She came to a stop as she reached the end of his life. He gasped, his body dripping with sweat and his world focused purely on her and her body. He looked up with trembling lips and pleading eyes. She kissed him, holding his head with both hands.

“I’m going to love you, Tamo. I’m going to love you for the rest of your life.”

He finally found the ability to speak, “And... all I have to do is be the leader you tell me to be?”

Her smile broaden, “Yes, you’ll be the chief of this village and my body for the rest of the life if you do this.”

Tamo’s cock and balls felt tight and doused in juices. The ache to orgasm so hard against him, he could feel his legs trembling. The night had passed through but the rain still came, thundering down as she told him of his life and then this pause. He swallowed hard.

“I,” he had to take another deep breath, “I want you so badly.”

She kissed him with the same electrical tenderness as the first. Her body ground against him as she whispered.

“I know. I knew the day we first met and I’ve known every day since.”

“W-Why all this?”

She kissed him again, “It is the way I work.”

He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her tightly. To his surprise, she pressed up against him, not resisting as he took his first kiss from her. It was powerful and intoxicating, a swarm of pleasures that coursed through his body. Her hands on his head held him tightly, her lips parting to dart her tongue inside. He felt his body tighten for a moment, then he came harder than he ever had, clutching her tightly as he kissed the woman would be his wife, his advisor, and his life. She was there before he was born and she would survive his death, but for that moment, on a rainy summer night, she was everything he ever wanted.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.