

# Erotoarachnid

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Prompt:** "Ron and Aragog's daughter"

**A/N:** I'd like to say that thanks to a threesome of prodding, this work has come into being. It literally made me sick to write it, I'll have you know, but here it is. Credit goes to Quaffswinegaily and HBAR (also possibly for the title; I know I wasn't clever enough to think that up, and it had to come from somewhere) but most certainly this is dedicated to Sunny33, who loves nothing more than to throw down gauntlets. I hope this scratches that itch. We all might be sorry you asked for this one, but here is what comes of the mischief you've wrought after that long retirement. Oh dear. It isn't pretty. Seriously. This might top everything I've ever done in weirdness if not explicitness. I can't cringe and apologize enough.

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"And ... finished!" Hermione rolled up the parchment. "I thought I'd never be done with this essay on the properties of the *Mimbulus Mimbletonia*."

"Come off it, Hermione," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "It was only just assigned today. We have two whole weeks before it's due."

"It's never too early to start, Harry." Hermione stood and collected her things. "I'm off to bed. I'm exhausted. You shouldn't stay up too late. It's Quidditch tomorrow, you know."

Ron mimicked Hermione as she climbed the staircase to the girls' dormitory. "It's Quidditch tomorrow. As if we didn't...hey! Where are you going?"

Harry rubbed the back of his neck. "It is getting kind of late. I'm for bed, I think."

"But we've only played three games of Exploding Snap. You can't leave now!" Ron said.

"Yeah, that's about it for me." Harry said.

Ron ignored him. "We can play Gobstones if you want. Or Wizard's Chess."

"Ron!" Harry frowned. "Is everything all right? You're acting kind of strange."

"I just ..." Ron trailed off. "Do you ever have nightmares, Harry?"

Harry stepped closer. "Of course I do, Ron. Everybody does. Is that all that's bothering you?"

Ron picked up a card and turned it between his fingers so he wouldn't have to look his friend in the face. "I dunno, Harry. It's just, I've been having these dreams, you

know? Ever since we were first-years."

"I know," Harry said. "I'm in the bed right next to you. I hear you most nights. But there's no shame in it, Ron. We all have things that scare us, and I know that run-in with Aragog was pretty much your worst fear come to life. That's enough to give anyone nightmares."

The card spun faster as Ron's heartbeat increased. Harry didn't understand. "The thing is, the dreams have changed. Have yours ever done that?" He kept his gaze glued to the tabletop.

Harry sat back down. "Sure. I'm not afraid of the same things I used to be when we were kids. We're growing up. It's natural that the things that bothered you when you were little aren't the same things that bug you now."

"That's not what I mean." Ron could feel the blush creeping up his damnably pale skin, giving away his embarrassment. "Have you ever had one of ... *those* kinds of dreams?" It was a wonder Harry could hear him at all; he was practically whispering.

Harry blinked behind his glasses. "Oh. *Oh!*" They sat in silence for a moment as the full implication of Ron's question sunk in. Harry made a few false starts before he finally said, "Er. Yes. If that's what the problem is, I wouldn't worry. Merlin, Ron. You lived with a bunch of older brothers. You should know that it's normal to dream about that stuff!" Harry's face was flaming now, too.

Ron had been about to say more, but the expression on Harry's face stopped him and he just nodded. "Sure. Thanks, mate."

Harry coughed. "Right, then. 'Night." He whirled and went up the staircase to the boys' dormitory without once looking up from the floor on his way.

Well. He'd botched that. Ron rocked back in his chair, balancing on two legs in an effort to keep himself awake. The truth was that he was tired, too, but he wasn't about to go to bed. Ron had hoped to talk to Harry about the dreams he'd been having, but there was no way to say it without making himself sound weird. So he'd just muddle through another night on his own and hope they'd go away.

It was true; Ron had been plagued with nightmares ever since they'd followed that trail of spiders into the Forbidden Forest. Some nights he dreamed of being trussed up in sticky silk and woke wrapped in his sheets, other times he fancied the collective orbs of the colony were bearing down on him, their glassy-eyed darkness failing to conceal a hunger for his blood. It gave him the shivers even now, while he was awake. He'd always had an unreasonable fear of spiders, and seeing them in monstrous proportions had not made them any more endearing.

The problem wasn't with his nightmares, though. It was that somewhere along the way he'd begun to notice girls. A lot. It was all he could think about, actually. The way their hips moved when they walked. The slender columns of their throats as they turned to whisper to their friends. Ron found that suddenly girls were everywhere, and he couldn't stop watching them move. He wondered what their breasts would feel like in his hands. He wondered all sorts of things about them. He was growing hard just thinking about them right now.

It was the worst at night. During the day, he could at least pretend to distract himself with lessons or Quidditch or Professor Snape's omnipresent scowl. But as he lay in bed, drifting off to sleep, all he could picture in his mind was how much he wanted to feel himself being cradled by a pair of soft thighs. It was exquisite torture that left him unrelieved, even after a good wank. He wanted to know the real thing, not his own touch.

It was with that desire that Ron would fall into dreams, only they'd lately become a distressing mesh of fear and lust. His mind still clung to the ingrained pattern of night terrors, but his burgeoning awareness of women was making itself known in troubling ways. Ron didn't know how to stop his mind from conjuring the twisted nocturnal images, but to his growing uneasiness, he was beginning to enjoy the sensation of fright. That disturbed him almost more than the dreams themselves: that he was somehow different in his longings. That if anyone found out they would think him weird. Perverse.

The chair Ron was balancing on teetered and knocked into the table, jerking him back to awareness. He'd started to nod off. That couldn't be allowed to happen. He didn't know how to forestall the dreams, but until he found a way, he'd simply have to stay awake. He'd managed to keep vigilant last night, and he was determined to do so again tonight. Maybe there was a potion or a charm to ward off drowsiness? He'd make sure to ask Hermione first thing in the morning. He could claim it was for Quidditch. All he had to do was get through tonight without falling asleep. He didn't think he could bear another night of kinky dreams.

The room was too quiet for comfort with these sorts of thoughts. Ron cleared his throat, then hummed, but the sounds he made were engulfed in the overbearing silence of the place, which made him want to sleep even more. "Hello," he tried out loud, but it just sounded ridiculous to talk to himself, so he said nothing.

Maybe it would be easier to think if he laid down his head. Yes, surely it wouldn't hurt to just rest on the table for a moment. It wasn't as if he would sleep sitting here in the common room. And it felt so good to just close his eyes, just for a second ...

There were trees. Huge trunks of trees. Ron recognized the surreal dreamscape of the Forbidden Forest; he was trapped in a recurring nightmare. His vigilance hadn't been enough to keep him awake! Ron gritted his teeth. He knew with certainty that recognizing the dream wouldn't make it go away. It always started out this way, with him standing at the entrance to the forest.

The trees were moving past; no, he was the one in motion. Ron wasn't walking, but he was being pulled deeper into the woods. Was he floating? An examination showed that there was a small line wrapped around his waist that he hadn't noticed. It was slender but tough, and when he grasped it it felt sticky between his fingers. Ron's heart stirred in dread before he came to full realization of what was summoning him. The thread felt similar to ... silk. Alarm flooded his veins. This was from a spider! He was being pulled into the woods by a spider. A giant spider, to be exact. An acromantula.

Panic started to overwhelm him, but Ron tried to struggle before he lost his wits to the rising terror. He thrashed against the silken cord, but he was drawn inexorably into the spider's lair. The trees began to move faster and faster, and he was powerless to do anything other than wait to be pulled before his worst fear.

The sweat was beading on Ron's brow when he slowed to a stop. It was dark, but there were silhouettes lurking in the trees. Thousands of them. Thousands of hairy limbs, just out of sight. Ron shuddered.

A shadow moved forward and took shape. Ron recognized the monster Aragog. No matter how many times he saw the spider, an icy shaft of fear lodged into his heart and quickened his breath at the awful visage. Who could stand firm in place of such grotesquerie? Those hideous eyes, moving in all directions, the multiple legs ... it was too alien and it overwhelmed his reason with a direct jab of horror. Ron trembled. He'd rather be eaten quickly so he didn't have to look at the arachnid and its creepy legs any longer.

"You are wondering why we brought you here, human," Aragog said in his throaty growl. The clicks of his *chelicerae* only accentuated their most basic differences as he spoke.

Ron said nothing. He hoped he wouldn't feel the life being sucked out of him by those nasty-looking pincers.

"It's useless. The boy's too frightened. I knew it wouldn't work," Aragog said to no one in particular, sounding a bit frazzled. For a spider.

"I'm not a boy," Ron said, before he remembered he wasn't supposed to speak to his enemy. Maybe frightened humans tasted worse than happy ones. He crossed his arms over his chest.

Aragog sighed. Or something. "This must be done, human. My children were enamored of your courage when last they saw you. My youngest daughter has spoken of little else since that time. She is wasting away for want of you. Since it is within my power to give her what she desires, I brought you here to her. Make her happy, and you shall have your freedom."

Ron's mouth fell open. "Want of ... I don't understand. What?"

Aragog flexed his foremost *pedipalp*, and with that, Ron found himself in a new scene. It was a bit confusing, the way that dreams could be, but he adjusted to the disorientation easier than he would have in waking life. He had more problems to contend with than a change of location. He was spread-eagled against a delicate webbing, his hands and feet secured. Dread rose from the pit of his stomach.

This was familiar. How many times had he done this before? Ron tried his bonds and felt a slight give, but knew he'd never get free. He was tied with spider silk, and no amount of tugging could tear it. He knew what was coming next.

A movement in the shadows caught his gaze. Oh, Merlin. She was here. It was starting!

"Don't worry," Aragog's youngest daughter said. "I'm not going to eat you."

Ron fought a shiver of revulsion. "I'm not worried about that! I'm worried that you are going to get near enough to touch me. Please just let me go!" *Focus, Ron, focus. What would Harry do in this situation?*

"I will. After you give me what I want." She was just on the edge of his vision, moving through the darkness.

"What do you want?" Ron asked. *Oh, wrong question! Now she's going to tell you*

"You, Ron. I want you."

Ron didn't have time to think of how she knew his name, or if that was part of the dream, because in the next instant she pounced. Her huge body landed without a sound on top of his, her abdomen pressing against his. Her *cephalothorax* and *labium* rubbed against his chest and she placed four of her tarsus claws against his hands and feet to hold him still while the web bounced from her added weight. Ron could feel the stiff bristles of her hair through his clothes. He closed his lids so he wouldn't have to see her face, with all of those eyes trained on him.

"I've been doing research. I know I'm not a human girl, but I know what males crave," she said.

"Uh-uh," was the best Ron could manage. There was no way this was happening.

"You respond to stimulus," Aragog's daughter continued. "Here. And here."

Ron shook his head. "No. It's never going to..." But his body made a liar out of him. Somewhere along the way, he'd begun to enjoy the frisson of fear snaking its way along his nerves.

"Open your eyes and look at me," she said. Her voice wasn't as raspy as her father's. It was kind of melodic.

Ron squeezed his lids together. "No way. I hate this!" He could feel her body engulfing his. It was disgustingly soft and made his gorge rise. There was a spider on top of him! A spike of revulsion and fear shot through his system.

Aragog's daughter shifted her weight, pressing against him. "That's not true. I can tell that you like it when I do ... this." She rotated her *coxa* and applied pressure to his crotch. Her claw caught on the fabric as she began to stroke him. "See? I know what to do to elicit a favorable response."

"N ... no. I don't like that," Ron stuttered.

Aragog's daughter leaned in to whisper in his ear. "I have an *epigynum* that allows for full penetration. Do you like *that*?"

"What?" Ron's eyes flew open. The sight of a spider holding him down, one long scary spider-leg on his crotch, was almost enough to make him faint. His heart began to beat too fast. "No!"

"But you can fuck me all night long if you want to." Aragog's daughter said that in a husky growl. It wasn't menacing. It was sexy, which was confusing, especially the way she was still stroking him.

Ron closed his eyes to alleviate his distress and started to pant. "I don't want to. Please let me go."

"No. I'm yours, and you are going to use me. Daddy said so."

Ron groaned. "There are so many things wrong with that. Please. I'm begging you to stop."

Aragog's daughter increased the pressure on his cock, which was starting to swell to undeniable proportions. "Is this a game you like? Begging?"

"No! No, for the love of Merlin. I'm actually, uh ..." Ron's breath hitched as the friction became too pleasurable to ignore. "I mean, I'm actually saying no. I'm not pretending."

"I don't believe you. The engorgement of your penis is signaling to me that you find my attentions acceptable. I shall continue." Aragog's daughter moved her claw faster.

Ron moaned and his hips bucked in spite of himself. "This is wrong." *Spider!* Ron thought to himself. *Don't be a spiderfucker! What would Harry do? Not fuck a spider, that's what!*

Aragog's daughter clicked her *chelicerae* in excitement. "There is no moral dilemma involved in pleasure." She began to rock her abdomen against his erection.

Ron swallowed as waves of sensation rolled through him. His objections were melting away with his approaching orgasm. He didn't want it this way, he turned his head to the side to prevent it, but his cock was throbbing anyway. He sucked in his breath and tried not to come.

Aragog's daughter moved back and forth on top of him, her rough carapace providing friction. Then she seized, trembling, and a high-pitched stream of alien chittering filled his ears. As she reached her climax, her spinnerets poured forth a volume of hot, liquid silk.

That was it. That last bit of taction was all he'd needed; the spasm ripped through him even as he tried to deny it. His eyes fluttered open and he jerked his release into the face of an eight-eyed monster and...

A wood grained desk.

Ron groaned. There was a kink in his neck from where he'd fallen asleep face-down on the table, but even that wasn't as immediate a concern as his cock, which was still pulsing in his pants. Ron's face flooded with the evidence of his embarrassment, even if there was no one there to see it. He magicked the mess away and went to his bed for the night, the damage already done.

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"Hey, Ron, you didn't come to bed last night."

"Er, you noticed." Ron rubbed the back of his neck and tried to hide his blush. "I had some studying to do. You know. *Mimbulus Mimbletonia* waits for no man."

Harry stared at him.

"I fell asleep downstairs and came up later." Ron looked at his feet.

"Oh." Harry cleared his throat. "The reason I ask is that I wanted to talk. About what you said last night."

"No need!" Ron said in a rush. "I understood everything just fine!"

"No, really." Harry lowered his voice. "It's been bothering me, what you asked."

If Ron's face turned any hotter he was sure it would *Incendio* itself. "Can we just forget it?"

"Here's the thing. I wasn't entirely honest. But it's a bit embarrassing, you know?" Harry bit his lip. "I had those kinds of dreams, too. I did for years."

"I know. It's perfectly normal." Ron couldn't look at Harry. "I have a household full of brothers; I know all about it."

"Ron, I'm sorry." Now it was Harry's turn to blush. "I knew that wasn't what you meant when you asked, but I didn't want to talk about it. It's hard to say out loud, you know? But yeah, of course it makes you feel a little messed up, the first time you dream something like that. I thought I was a perv. I finally worked up the nerve to ask Sirius about it."

Ron's head snapped up. "You ... what? You know what I'm talking about? And you asked Sirius about something like that?"

"Well, yeah. It was ... after a particularly vivid nightmare." Harry was blushing so much he looked like he had a bad case of bubotuber rash. "Anyway, Sirius was really swell about it. He explained that it's fine, that it's just all messed up hormones and I'm not some kind of freak. He told me the dreams would go away. And you know what? They did."

"That's a relief!" Ron allowed himself a smile at the thought that none of this was permanent. It was like a burden had been lifted. He wasn't into spiders! He would be okay! He laughed. "Thanks, Harry. Let's get to the game before we're late."

"Yeah."

As they headed to the pitch, Ron thought of something. "Wait. You aren't afraid of spiders."

"No. I'm not." Harry kept staring straight ahead.

"So? What was it?" Ron's curiosity overwhelmed. He had to know.

"Er ... nothing. Never mind."

"You can tell me. We're best mates. What's worse than dreaming about sex with an acromantula?" Ron wheedled.

Harry stopped and turned to face him. "Trust me when I say that there are *far* worse things than that, Ron. You really don't want to know." Harry said it with enough conviction to make him shiver.

As much as Aragog's daughter freaked him out, Ron suddenly believed him.

But a small part of him still wondered.