Patches knew one would come after him eventually. People tend to hold a grudge after you kick them into a ditch full of poison and monsters. What he didn’t expect, however, was for her to look so young. Even with her face covered in grime and blood and gods know what else, one could still see the brightness in her eyes, the smoothness of her skin, the lustrous sheen of her hair where it was not caked in… something. She was in fact very beautiful. At least, he thought so. He hadn’t gotten a good look at her before, either from the hut or, ahem, pushing her off a cliff.

His admiration was cut short by the cracking of knuckles, and it became very obvious that this beauty was probably ready to pound him into a pulp.

He laughed nervously.
“Oh, this cannot be. You cannot be… No, you didn’t. Lord Amygdala? How did this come to pass?”

His mind was a mess. He needed to think a way out of this.
“Now wait just a moment. Do you think ill of me? Me?”

She just stared blankly at him. ‘That’s better than fists’, he thought.

“Indeed, I should think not! I shared with you a thing most secret. Now, you’re witness to a miracle, and all the stronger for it! You should appreciate it, if you’ve a grain of gratitude in you!”
Her eyebrows knitted together in confusion and she lowered her hands just a bit.

He began cackling, thinking he’d talked his way out of a mess. Tell them what they should feel, and hunters always fall into line!
“‘Yes! Appreciate it!’” he laughed loudly.
But when she stepped forward and began adjusting her gloves, and he began to wonder if maybe he’d found the exception to that rule. She moved closer until she was right in front of him, and even on the table, he suddenly felt a bit small.

She loomed over him menacingly. His legs shuffled closer to his abdomen. She may have been wearing a mask over her mouth, but he recognised a smile spreading across her face. He stared up at the hunter in horror. He’d seen this look before. It was the look of a predator.
“Not so tough now, are you, little spider?” Her tone was almost playful, her voice smooth and calm. He may have felt comforted if not for the dark glint in her eyes.

She reached out to him, and he flinched backwards on the table, but he really had nowhere to run. This was it; he was going to die. He squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for the pain, the end, but instead his head was squeezed. Hard.

He opened his eyes only to be met with a clothed chest. From this close, he could hear her heart beating underneath her bosom. Gods, she was warm. Were all humans this warm?
He slowly lifted his head and stared up at the woman in disbelief. Was she actually hugging him?
She looked down at him with yet another blank expression.
“This is corporal cuddling. Take no enjoyment from it. Also, you smell like mould.”

He gaped at her, eyes wide. For the first time in his life, he was completely speechless.
They locked eyes and stared at each other for what must have been a few seconds, but to Patches it felt like hours. Her deadpan expression was unreadable, and it was making him nervous. His mind was going through every scenario, preparing for the worst.
‘What will she do with me?’ he thought as he stared into her still stoic face. ‘What does she mean, “corporal cuddling”? Will she just crush my head in her hands? Will she pull out her cleaver and slice me to ribbons? Will she lean down and kiss me? Wait, what? Stay focused, Patches!’

After the short eternity, her expression broke. Her blank stare split into a huge grin and she began to laugh. It was a hearty, sincere laugh, and it sounded like this was her first one in a good while.
“You should have seen your face!” she cackled, still gripping his head. “Oh gods, that was priceless!”
She finally loosened her grip on his skull and he bolted backwards, backing into the wall. He looked on, confused and mildly horrified as she tried to calm herself.
“Listen, spider,” she said through her deep breaths “while I am in fact very much inclined to kick you into a hole full of nightmarish horrors, as you so kindly did to me, I currently can’t find it in me to do so. It’s been a long night.”

Her voice was low and a little sad on those last words, and that tone made him want to approach her, against his better judgement. He didn’t, though. He simply watched her, waiting for her next move. Was she really going to let him go, just like that?

The Hunter suddenly reached out for him again. He flinched back a little, shutting his eyes. For all his panic, all he felt was a few soft pats on his head, and the gloved hand receded. As he opened his eyes again, he saw her back away and open the door from the room. Patches’ eyes never left her as she walked into the hall. He could not believe what had just occurred. He couldn’t wrap his brain around it. In a daze, he crawled out of the room and started down the hall after her. Before he could even stop himself, he began to follow the strange hunter into the Nightmare of Mensis.
He took another look at the face of the Hunter as she sat by the lantern. She looked up at him from under her hat and they briefly locked eyes. Even though the bottom of her face was covered, he could see she was smiling by the crinkle of her eyes. And there was that knowing gleam in them again, like she knew exactly what he was thinking. Patches didn’t like this at all, and thus he was pouting in a corner.

He’d been following her all over the shop for what felt like days, and at every turn he’d bad mouthed her, tripped her, given her bad directions, and it was all for naught. She’d never react how he wanted! He didn’t follow her for this. Well, he wasn’t sure why he followed her, but it wasn’t to essentially be ignored.

Was she just daft? She’d presumably had the living daylights beaten out of her multiple times since her unfortunate adventure began. A little brain damage wouldn’t be all that surprising.

The Hunter was really trying his patience. No matter what he did, all she did was smile and occasionally subject him to, ugh, “corporal cuddling”. If she really wasn’t brain damaged, she was endlessly patient and tolerant.

He had to re-establish the status quo somehow. This couldn’t go on. She was going to react how he wanted; he would make sure of that.

Still, he couldn’t help but feel a bit squeamish in his abdomen. What would she look like, when he finally got her to react? Would her eyes shimmer with tears of frustration and anger? Would her face flush? How would she say his name? Gods, he wanted to see that.

He felt his cold, chitinous body getting warmer, and he felt giddy at the prospect. He would have to start planning.

As he seethed quietly, the hunter watched him curiously from her seat on a rock. She was still smiling under her mask.

‘Gods, what an odd fellow’ she thought to herself with a soft chuckle.

His motivations were pretty obvious after the whole cliff-pushing incident, and she had a decent grasp of the guy. She assumed that Patches, as he called himself, probably lived by the notion “Any attention is good attention”, and who could blame a giant spider with a human head for wanting a little attention.

She decided now would probably be as good a time as any to get some rest, since Patches was occupied with brooding over something, quietly cackling to himself. She quietly laughed to herself and shook her head.

It had felt like the night went for days, and she was exhausted. She leaned back and tipped her hat over her eyes to block out the bright moon, waiting for sleep to take her for a while.

The hunter awoke with a start, jolted from her sleep by instinct. She blearily looked around, looking for what had disturbed her rest. As she moved around to search her surroundings, she realised her hands were bound to the wall above her head. She looked up, and her eyes widened as she saw them bound in what looked like spider web. She knew exactly who did this.

“Alright, Patches, I know it was you. What are you up to this time?” she called into the dark surroundings.

She heard cackling as the black spider came into view.
“Sleep well, m’darling?” He sneered, a wide, toothy grin spread across his face. “You should know better than to let your guard down in such a place,” he said as he slowly crawled closer. “You never know what could happen to you.”

Patches drank in her expression. He had removed her hat and mask as she slept, and was glad for it. She may have been trying to hide it, but her eyebrows were furrowed, and she worried her lip slightly. Her legs shifted closer as he approached, perhaps to provide a barrier between him and her.

“Yes. Yes! Give me what I want, you wench!” He thought gleefully, grinning wider still.

The worry on her face grew as he drew closer. He felt a tightness in his abdomen finally seeing her like this up close and not just in his head. He wanted to push her further. He wanted to make her squirm and cry out. To feel her tremble beneath him, her face flushed and her eyes dewy. He was going to have that no matter what.

When he reached her, her legs were up against her body, feet flat on the ground. He crawled over her, his larger legs caging her body. Staring into her eyes, he lowered one of his limbs down to her chest and pushed into her soft flesh through her clothes. She let out a little squeak, but quickly quieted down.

“That won’t do,” he thought. He brought up more of his smaller legs to knead the flesh of her clothed breasts. He felt the hunter shudder under his touch. He watched her face closely. Her brows were still knitted, but her cheeks were lightly dusted with red. Perhaps from anger or fear? He didn’t care. It was making him tingle all over, the hairs on his body standing on end. He was so preoccupied, he didn’t notice his captive pull out a throwing knife from her sleeve and begin discreetly sawing at her binds.

His many legs moved further down her body. The hunter’s legs were no longer firmly up against her body, but were surprisingly relaxed as he pulled them apart. Her thighs were firm but soft, and he revelled in the feeling as he moved them. He was shaking with anticipation. He wanted to see her face when as touched her, but he also wanted to see himself do it. It made something in his abdomen hot. The rest of his legs moved down her body, trembling slightly as they moved. He paused, only for a moment, and then firmly placed the tip of his leg on her crotch and pushed lightly.

“Ooooohhhh~”

Patches froze as an exaggerated moan cut through the silence. His face snapped up, and he just about had a stroke when he saw hers. Her lips were parted slightly, her eyes lidded and teary. Her face was much more flushed than before, and she was all but panting. He kept his eyes on her face, absolutely stunned, and watched her this time as he pushed down with his foot again.

Another erotic moan rang through the air, and Patches felt like his body was on fire. Her eyes had closed and she was biting her lip now. Patches didn’t know what to think. He barely had any idea what was going on. All he knew was his plan either went horribly wrong or horribly right.

His shock was cut short by a loud snap as the hunter ripped her bonds apart, and he was suddenly pushed backwards to the ground. The impact caused him to shut his eyes, but when he reopened them, the hunter was over him with her hands on both sides of his head.

“You know, Patches, you could have just asked nicely.”

Before he could say anything in response, she brought her hands to his face and kissed him right on the lips. He mind went blank. He couldn’t think at all. A beautiful woman was kissing him, even after he tied her up and molested her supposedly against her will. As much as he wanted to
He felt something against his lips and tentatively opened his mouth. He groaned when he felt it slide in and move against his teeth, and his own tongue.

“That is a tongue. That’s her tongue. Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods.” It blew his mind that this was actually happening, that a beautiful woman was straddling him and had her tongue shoved in his mouth and oh gods.

He wanted to cry when she pulled away from a kiss he thought was far too short. She gave him a sly smirk as she sat upright on his thorax, wiping the spit from her lips.

“That was corporal kissing. You may take enjoyment from it. Unlike you, I won’t go any further unless you ask nicely.”

“W-w-what?” Patches’ brain was still fuzzy as he looked up at the hunter, completely dazed. “Go further?” He wasn’t sure what that meant, but he liked the sound of it. What did she mean, “ask nicely”? One could hear the cogs turning in Patches’ head as he processed what she meant, and it suddenly hit him like a kick from a horse.

She wanted him to beg.

He gave an indignant snort. “Now listen here, love. Despite how it may look, this was all part of my plan, it was. I have uncovered you as an insatiable, slavering wench, and now your shame is bared for all the world to see. Courting me. Me! You must be out of your bloody mind if you think I would ever have any interest in-”

He gasped as she moved back and pushed against something with her bum. That was new. She lifted herself up in surprise and twisted her head back and he stared down in mortification. From the base of his abdomen protruded what looked suspiciously like a phallus. For all its similarities, it was quite foreign, pink and shiny, curving upwards slightly with ridges along the underside. It was covered in a clear slime that emitted a pungent, sickly sweet odour.

The hunter looked quite surprised as she gawked at it, and Patches suddenly felt very self-conscious. This had never happened before. Well, maybe it had. He’d never gotten much of a good look at his underside. He heard the hunter make a soft hum in her throat, and he stilled entirely as she hesitantly reached out and touched it.

Patches’ entire body seized at the sensation and he let out an embarrassingly loud groan. It felt like eclectic shocks through his body. He saw the hunter’s face split into a wide grin and she began to lightly brush her fingertips along it. Patches shuddered and squirmed with each swipe of her gloved hand, the ooze staining the leather. His legs, which had been hanging quite uselessly on the ground, came up and started pawing at the hunter. He wasn’t sure why, but he needed something and didn’t know what or how to ask for it.

The hunter continued her light caresses, looking much too pleased with the shameful sounds the spider was making. He seemed to have enjoyed that exaggerated show she’d put on earlier. She may just put on another one.

She pulled her hand away from Patches’ weeping cock, and he actually whined at the loss of contact. His legs became more insistent in their prodding, and he tried to push himself towards her hand again. He made needy groans as he tried to pull her to him, panting in desperation. He glanced back up at her face, pleading with his eyes for her to continue. He really was a sight to behold; his face red, with spit from the earlier kiss still on his mouth and a dazed look in his eyes. The hunter decided that this was pretty excellent payback.

“Now Patches, you didn’t ask nicely~” she cooed from above him. “All you have to do is ask.”
As if to emphasise her point, she pulls off her gloves, theatrically removing each finger from her own. She shirked off her trench coat, the heavy leather being thrown to the ground. Patches watches silently as she begins to slowly undo the buttons of her shirt, making a show of popping each one out of its place. Just like the coat, the shirt comes off and is thrown elsewhere.

Patches stares at the brassier adorning her chest. It’s modest and white, obviously more focusing on containing rather than accentuating her figure, but without the coat, he could see the curve of her waist and the swell of her bust and it makes him long for her warmth. Patches swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry, and his cock cried out for attention, the ooze dripping onto his abdomen. He couldn’t wait anymore, his pride be damned.

“Please…” he croaked out quietly. “Please, touch me.” He really hoped that would suffice, but apparently not, because the hunter just went back to lightly stroking his cock with her fingertips. While that felt good, it wasn’t enough. He groaned in frustration and glared up at the hunter, who just smiled sweetly down at him.

“You have to do better than that, Patches,” she said gleefully from above him, still smiling. She moved her hand away again, and he thrust up, whining angrily at the loss of contact. He was about to start insulting her for teasing him so when she brought the hand that had been touching him up to her lips and began to suck away the clear slime from her fingertips. She could almost see the lights in his brain die.

He began squirming and bucking upwards. “Please! I’ll say anything you want! Just please touch me! Make the throbbing stop, I can’t take it anymore!” he almost yelled at her. He was panting and groaning and keening as she pinned him down with her weight. He was all but crying, and he shook as he brought his legs up to his face in shame. “Please, miss hunter. I’m begging you,” he mumbled into his legs.

The hunter leaned down and pulled his legs away from his red face. She gave him a peck on the lips and began to stand up. He reached out to her, but quickly withdrew his legs as he sees her taking off her boots. She removed her slacks slowly, never breaking eye contact with Patches as she pulled them down her legs and eventually tossed them with her other clothes. He gawked at her as her white undergarments came into view. He was silent as she turned to him and tugged at her brassier and underpants and asked “Would you like these to come off?”

Patches simply nodded, his words failing him once again as she removed her brassier. Her full breasts came into view and Patches found himself squirming in place. He just wanted to reach out and touch them. Her skin just looked so soft. She made a point to push her arms beneath her breasts and push them up, showing off her cleavage and fullness. Patches’ cock twitched at the sight, more lubricant sliding off of it in excitement.

She slid her hands down her body, slowly making their way to her underwear. She hooked her thumbs into them and slowly pulled them down, letting it drop at her feet. Patches stared at her newly exposed crotch, the throbbing in his loins too much to bear and he began reaching out to her again. The hunter must have felt merciful, because she just plopped herself right back in her original spot on Patches’ thorax, legs spread, giving him an excellent view of her cunt.

A strangled sound came out of Patches as she finally grabbed his cock, and he shut his eyes at the feeling, but his eyes soon shot wide open when he felt something soft touch the head. There the hunter was, straddling his cock, which was still within her grasp. She met eyes with him briefly, smiled sweetly, and dropped herself down onto it.

Patches couldn’t see anything, couldn’t hear anything, but he could certainly feel. She was so tight and warm around him, and he felt every bump and twitch inside her as she shifted experimentally, trying to find a decent position on his bulbous abdomen. She eventually decided just to lean
forward, her face near his and her hands once again on either side of his head. Before Patches could even think, his legs had caged the hunter to his body and held her there, her breasts pushed up against his thorax, her face right above his own. She was breathing heavily above him, her face flushed and her eyes lidded. Patches felt a surge of pride knowing he had reduced her to this, and with the rush that male pride bestowed, he pulled her down and kissed her hard.

Her mouth was still open from her panting when their lips met, and he immediately copied what she had done earlier and pushed his tongue into her mouth. He felt her squeeze around him from surprise, and he groaned at the feeling. She was taken aback by Patches’ brazenness, but quickly relaxed into it. He was occupied with her tongue and lips, and the sensation of her pussy contracting around him, but it still wasn’t enough. Almost sensing what he wanted, what he needed, the hunter mercifully lifted herself up and began to move.

Patches couldn’t keep himself together at all after she began her motions. The drag of her walls sucking him as she moved up and the clenching as she moved back down was too much to bear. He had to pull himself away from her lips to breathe, as every movement knocked the wind out of him. That’s when he noticed the sounds, her loud moaning and the wet slurping noise of her thrusting onto him. He looked down, almost to investigate the latter, and almost passed out. The sight of his cock plunging into her was too much. He willed himself to remember that sight. If he could watch her fucking him for all eternity, that would be fine by him.

Patches felt a heat building just below his overstimulated cock, which got more and more intense, promising a release he’d sought since she’d first touched him. It got closer, closer, closer-

She suddenly stopped moving entirely, her pussy pushed up against his abdomen so that none of him was outside of her. He gasped and groaned beneath her. He couldn’t believe her! How could she be so cruel? Did she want him to beg more? He’d gladly do it at this rate. If she held out on him any more, he might burst!

“W-why did you stop?” Patches sputtered out in his haze. He was actually surprised he could still think at this point. The hunter gave him an almost pensive look and lifted herself up. No, no, no, no, no! He didn’t want her to pull away!

Patches tried to pull her back down to him, but she just put a hand against his cheek and said, “I want to try another position. It’s hard to move like this.”

As soon as her words registered, Patches immediately let go of her and she lifted herself off of him, her inner walls clinging to him as if they didn’t want to let him go. He hissed at the sensation.

She wobbled to her feet, and took a few steps away, only to drop to her knees again. She pressed her face down and glanced over her shoulder at him almost shyly. Oh gods, he could see everything.

“She said quietly.

Patches scrambled onto his belly and practically pounced on the hunter. He leaned himself over her ass and back and thrust back in, earning a loud moan from the hunter below him. He immediately began a hard, fast pace, chasing that release which had died down. Every thrust caused the hunter to groan and gasp, and he saw her sneak a hand below her body and she suddenly tightened considerably around him. He would have loved to help her with her self-pleasure, but alas, such things were not possible when you were mostly spider.

He continued his fast pace, grunting with each plunge into her, the clear ooze sliding down her thighs. Very soon, he felt that same pressure building in his gut and his thrusts became erratic. He noticed that the clenching of the hunter’s pussy was getting stronger, but he didn’t know if that meant anything. He just chased that pressure, slamming into the woman with bruising force.
He heard the hunter’s moans increase in volume gradually, and suddenly she clenched tight around him, her fingers still working against her clit. As she fell to her own pleasure, something inside Patches told him to go as deep as he could. So he did; he thrust as deeply as he could inside of the hunter, and then deeper still, and suddenly his entire body tensed.

He could feel something exit his cock and felt it filling up his partner. She moaned loudly at the sensation, and Patches stilled at last. He hunched over the hunter, shivering and panting as he finally calmed. He felt himself soften and he pulled out, the cock retreating back into his abdomen now that its work was complete. He looked back at the hunter, perhaps to admire his handiwork, and saw she had toppled to her side, various juices leaking out of her. She just laid there, a panting, sweaty, sticky mess, occasionally glancing back at him shyly.

After a few minutes of recovering on the ground, she pulled herself up, and began to crawl over to her clothes, Patches’ ooze and cum dripping out of her, down her thighs and onto the ground. She dug out a handkerchief from her coat pocket and wiped up the mess between her legs as best she can. She pulled on her undergarments and casually redressed as Patches looks on.

As she adjusted her coat, she turned around and faced the spider. She looked like she was looking for words to say, but it seemed none were coming to mind. Was she trying to explain herself? Apologise? Eh, probably not that one, seeing as he started it.

After a long while of listening to the ambient noises of the Nightmare, her face became resolute and she broke the awkward silence.

“I’m… I’m not going to pretend that didn’t happen. I did in fact have sex with you, and rather enjoyed it.” She sighed, and began to march onward towards her destination.

“Wait!” Patches called after her, “That’s it? That’s all you have to say after what happened? Is that all you have to say for yourself?” He wasn’t sure what he hoped for. Some heartfelt declaration of love? Yeah, right. An explanation would suffice.

“I have a job to finish, and I need to get back to that,” she said firmly as she continued to walk, Patches not far behind. She chuckled softly. “I had intended just to mess with you a bit as revenge for all the nonsense you put me through. I guess I took it a bit further than that.”

He felt his heart drop. That was it. That was the explanation. She just wanted to get him back? The truth hurt more that he thought it would. He slowed and followed her at more of a distance, sulking behind her.

Patches did not say a word as she easily slew Silverbeasts and Giants, skilfully dodging the evil gaze of the Brain of Mensis. He said nothing as she killed the hunter waiting for her, and said nothing still even after arriving at the Loft. He just didn’t know what to say. What could be said?

He followed her through the maze, chasing that maniac Micolash, clinging to the ceiling to avoid danger. Watching her in action was almost enchanting. The way her body moved, the way it could move. He supressed that thought. It was over, and she probably wasn’t in the mood for another romp.

She slew everything in her path with practiced ease. Had she always been this efficient? They proceeded through the Nightmare, until they reached the ghostly image of Queen Yharnam. The hunter turned back to Patches.

“Alright, Patches. This is it. It’s been… fun.” She smiled at him. She leaned down and gave him a few soft pats on his head, and this time he did not flinch.

“If you see me when morning comes, don’t be a stranger.”

He couldn’t say anything. He didn’t know what to say. This wasn’t goodbye, was it?
As she pulled away, he reached out for her, and she let her hand brush his legs as she moved back. Patches didn’t like this. Not at all. He called out a meek “Wait…” to her receding form. She simply turned back, tipped her hat and walked into the arena.

The nightmare would soon come to an end.

Yharnam was bustling this day; the stalls filled with produce and other food items. The day was clear, not a cloud in the sky, and everyone was out and about.

Patches wandered through the market, looking for a bargain. Buy something cheap, and sell it at twice the price later. That’s what he always did and it turned a big profit.

He’d heard hearsay about a new stall. That the items it sold were delicious and “You just have to try it”. He figured it would be a perfect mark for his next trip. He meandered towards the area in which the stall was probably set up, at the very end, where new stalls are forced to start, and his favourite place to haggle with naïve stallholders.

He looked through the items on display, not seeing much that would turn in a profit, until he saw a new sign. “Alcohol Infused Fruit”? That’s definitely worth a look. He casually walked over to the stall. The woman behind it had her back turned, as she was piling some jars full of fruit into wooden boxes. He perused the different types. They all seemed delicious.

Patches decided he might as well buy one and give it a go. “Hello, my lovely madame. What do you recommend on this beautiful day?” He put on his most charming attitude. It always lulled them into a false sense of security.

“Well,” came a voice all too familiar, “I’d say the brandy apples. They’re to die for.”

He’d heard that voice before, maybe in a dream, or a nightmare. Half remembered images flooded his mind, spiders, and ooze, and pleasure, and pain. He was suddenly feeling hot under the collar, and sad. His head shot up and he was met with a smiling woman with bright eyes, smooth skin, and lustrous hair. She reached out and patted him on the head.

“Hello, Patches. Good to see you again, you spider bastard.”

End Notes

Holy shit. You actually made it through this steaming pile of sin. Thank you so much for reading this and I’m so sorry to have put you through that.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!