

High-Guy Rock

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John loved getting high. He also loved head-banging to heavy metal. Heaven, to him, was some combination of the two. He was conducting research into such a nirvana one day at a local club, and had smoked up a bowl of mid-range weed before wrapping up several stogies of his very most potent stuff, a new strain his supplier called 'orb weaver's paradise'.

He was smoking his way through his pocketful of paradise as he rocked out to the live stage-show of the new band 'Sugar Coated Corpses'. They weren't bad at all, and neither was the herb as John slowly used up his stash. The cloud of haze surrounding him soon became as potent as a couple joints all by itself, and John enjoyed his night-out with several fellow junkies who flocked to the smell of dank and sticky. He was thoroughly mellowed out towards the end of the night, and entirely satisfied with the latest use of his time, when he suddenly remembered he needed to use the restroom. He had been putting it off, but after drinking half a gallon of beer at the bar he really did need to piss. He was so high he was likely to forget again if he didn't go right away, so with slow and careful steps he worked his way through the crowd towards the lavatories, still throwing his hair back and forth to the earth-shattering noise that was the lead guitarist.

The sound of the band nearly completely disappeared though as he shut the door behind him, though the room still shook from the power of the bass. The urinals were right where they were supposed to be, and he had no trouble making quick use of them. He was smiling to himself, lost in high thoughts, when the door opened as he was about to leave.

Framed in the door stood what could only have been a fellow rocker, though John had to do a small double take. Was he wearing a costume, or was it the weed causing him to hallucinate as per usual? Either way, he giggled at the sight of monster standing between him and the door.

"Dude... you totally look like a huge spider..."

The monster was somewhat human. It stood on two legs, had a face, and even had arms and hands... but it was like some weird sort of cross between a human and a spider. It had six legs, each long and segmented and alien, that were growing out of what could only be called his thorax, though only the bottom pair were being used for locomotion. Bellow his thorax was a large egg-shaped abdomen, and between his abdomen and thorax was a set of balls and a sheath.

He was incredibly furry, covered from head to toe with long grey hair that was standing on end and dancing with every rip from the guitars and hit from the drums behind him on stage. He closed the door slowly as the singer was screaming "welcome to the show!!" over and over, and suddenly the noise was bearable again. The spider's thick fur stopped shaking and dancing immediately, and he rubbed the side of his face with a chuckle.

"Quite the band, huh?" he asked. He sounded unexpectedly human. "I love the feel of that sound. Good stuff."

He then reached down behind him and turned the lock to the door.

"Are you for real?" asked John again, unable to figure out what was going on. He couldn't tell where hallucination stopped and reality began.

"Of course I'm real Jonathan..." grinned the spider, moving forward. "I'm as real as you are..."

And so the spider circled John and took hold of his shoulders, his four middle legs moving quickly to wrap around John's body. One soft leg moved up John's shirt, another moved down into his pants, and two more held his hands up into the air. The spider's hands caressed John's chest like a lover and squeezed his balls. John only laughed.

"And you feel pretty real to me..." said the spider with an agreeable chortle.

"What?" John asked, still quite high and without a care in the world.

He started to care a little though when the spider tore his favorite shirt in half and his pants fell to the ground. Suddenly he was being caressed by the velveteen spider-man and found himself almost entirely nude, left with only his underwear to keep his dignity. He couldn't move his feet, as his legs were being held by the spider's lower legs. His arms were also fully immobilized, and the spider continued to touch him, rubbing his chest and stomach and even his poor confused boner as it slowly stiffened in his boxers.

"You know..." whispered the spider. "You have nice hair. Makes you look a bit like a girl."

And then John felt something long, smooth, and rock hard rub up and down against his spine.

"What is that?" John asked giddily. He was beginning to become a little aroused, what with the way the spider was touching his body.

The spider answered his question immediately by touching the tip of his stinger to the small of his back, just above his butt cheeks, then thrusting all the way in. A rush of warm liquid flowed from the point of the penetration, which rapidly spread through John's body.

There was no pain, but the shock of feeling himself being penetrated by the spider caused him to shout. The spider quickly bit him on the neck though, and John felt his strength leave him. He collapsed to his hands and knees with spider on top of him, and though he tried as hard as could be expected he couldn't get back up with it on top of him, despite how light the spider seemed.

"Man, this is the worst trip ever!" John moaned. "Help me up..."

"No," answered the spider saucily.

And then John felt powerful cramping in his legs.

“Hey!” he said, though his voice lacked force. He looked down underneath himself, his long hair trailing onto the cold tile floor, and he stared down at his legs to see what the problem was. His eyes went wide as he saw that his legs were already halfway done transforming into spider’s legs. His feet and toes had completely disappeared.

“WHA?” he yelled, though the sound didn’t carry. He tried to stand up once again, only now beginning to lose his mellow from the weed and understand the urgency of the situation. He managed to fight his way back to his feet, although the spider continued to cling to him, and the spider’s stinger remained buried deep in his lower back.

“Dude!” said John dizzily. “You gotta let me go! I’m tripping bad! I- I need some space!”

The spider chuckled softly and didn’t let him go. Instead John felt a second rush of hot liquid inject into him through the spider’s stinger, and suddenly his arms and hands began cramping up too.

“Oh God!” John half-shouted, half-whispered as he felt his arms segment and his hands disappear, just like his feet. In almost no time at all his arms were no longer arms at all, but a second pair of spider’s legs. The spider continued to caress his dick and balls, and to John’s horror the change only furthered his arousal at the spider’s touch. God, he was so hard! The spider pushed him off balance once more with a laugh, and John fell to all fours onto the ground.

The spider began to really start rubbing John’s dick with his lower legs, and John found himself unable to help himself as he stared, off balance from lack of feet, at his transformed arms and legs while the monster played with him. It felt so good! Could any of this be real? Was he actually changing?!

He lifted one of hands up and looked at it. It was no longer familiar in any way whatsoever. He bent his wrist back and forth and the last segment of his leg moved instead.

“What the fuck is happening!!!” shouted John, finally developing a sense of urgency. The spider ignored him.

“I’ve always loved a woman with long hair,” said the spider, without answering John’s question. “And you have lovely hair. Very long and soft. Perhaps you would make a better woman, no?”

John cried out as he felt the stinger dig a little deeper into his back.

“I’m not a chick!” he protested. “This is... this is rape!”

“Tsk tsk...” tutted the spider, and suddenly John felt hot liquid start slowly injecting into his lower back through the monster’s stinger. “If you don’t want to be raped, then why are you enjoying it so much?”

“Ah! What is that?! That feels weird!”

“Oh, nothing...”

“Like hell it’s nothing, I... oh no...”

"Like I said, I think you do like it don't you?"

But John was temporarily beyond words. He lost his balance and fell forwards, back onto all four legs, as he felt his already very hard dick swell in size. In an instant it was already much too big to be dismissible as ordinary arousal, and much to John's horror it wasn't just getting bigger... but it was changing completely.

It quickly became too heavy to remain erect and fell down to hang between his legs. His ball-sack merged with the skin of his shaft and rapidly started to change into a much different organ altogether, and then John had the pleasure to experience his dick swell like a balloon as over half of his internal organs slid down through his pelvis to fill it. Even his anus moved downwards with it as his intestines and stomach were among the first to fill his transforming penis.

John then felt his balls transform into massive silk glands, his bladder dislocated from his urethra as it became his silk ducts, and even his prostate repurposed to become part of his renovated internal plumbing. He screamed out in abused pleasure as he felt himself cum, but instead of ejaculating his silk glands clenched and shot a stream of web through his spinnerets.

Delirious and suddenly exhausted, it took John several seconds to come back to himself... just in time for the spider to inject yet another round of hot venom into his back.

"NO!" shouted John, but he was too late. Already he felt his chest tighten as fat gathered underneath his skin and pushed out to form breasts, his areolas stretching along the way. He felt his nipples harden considerably as their sensitivity went through the roof, and he cried out in discomfort at the sudden attainment of very sore virgin breasts.

But that wasn't all. Four bumps formed along his sides and rapidly pushed out into the air... four more legs to make a total of eight. Each was fully independent of the rest, and John found himself at a loss for how to move as his motor-skills were not up to scratch to control eight appendages in coordination with each other. He also felt the hot, tingly sensation of his face becoming covered with a layer of short fur while fangs grew in his mouth and his eyes transformed into the multi-lensed eyes of the spider.

But what really took him by surprise was the sudden return of his genitalia, as the flesh of his pelvis softened and parted... but it wasn't his original equipment by any stretch. Instead of his manhood, he found himself suddenly with the vent of a female spider, wet and burning with tempting sensations inviting him to attempt sex. Sex with what exactly? John sniffed the air in confusion as the question was met with the obvious answer, aka the sexually viable male spider resting on top of him, and in an instant his desire increased tenfold along with his obstination.

"I am not having ssex with you!" John blurted out suddenly.

"Who said I wanted to?" asked the spider, leaping off of him to land on the wall opposite.

"What? Then why did you do this to me? Change me back!"

John, unused to the way his mouth had changed with the addition of fangs, had developed a slight hiss to his tone.

"How about no?"

"Ksss!" hissed John in anger, attempting to stand up. His body felt alien, and moreover he felt incredibly horny. It felt as if every part of his new body had become so vibrantly sensual that it made his blood boil just by feeling the air.

"What have you done to me?" he asked.

"Nothing much... I just used my royal venom to transform you into a mature and receptive female of my species. I thought you would look lovely as a spider, and I dare say I wasn't wrong."

"You bastard! Change me back now or else I'll..."

"Or else you'll what?"

"I'll kill you!"

And without warning John leapt across the bathroom at the spider with speed and strength that completely surprised him, but not his target. The spider easily dodged to the side and laughed as John gave chase.

John growled and hissed in frustration as the spider he chased avoided his every move, but cried out in shock as after yet another unsuccessful pounce he felt his breasts suddenly squeezed from behind.

"Hey!" he cried out tearfully, swinging out behind him at empty air, his breasts throbbing sensitively and his body shaking. "That's not fair!"

"Not fair?" asked the spider from underneath his belly as he drew a finger against John's vent. He leapt up into the air in shock and through muscle spasms accidentally attached a string of web to the ceiling.

"Don't touch that!" he yelled as he dangled and spun, his many legs flailing as he tried to stop.

"What? This?" the spider asked playfully right before climbing up John's body and licking his wet and terribly randy vent.

"Eeek!" John squeaked as his body was shocked into sudden paralysis. "Yes, that!" he managed to say with what little breath he had left after nearly all of it had been stolen by the sensation of the spider's tongue on his insanely sensitive sex.

"Yes keep going or yes stop?" asked the spider before placing one gentle hand over John's trembling womanhood.

"Yes," John managed to gasp, but he wasn't able to finish his sentence as the spider's middle two fingers slipped past John's tight outer lips and into his body.

"AH! OH GOD!" he cried as his pussy gripped the intrusive fingers. It felt like small explosions were happening inside of him, and he could barely manage words as he reveled at the powerful sexual urges storming his mind.

"My, you sure are wet aren't you?" said the spider as he removed his finger's from John's vent and licked them.

"Perhaps I went too far with the hormones... I'm terribly sorry, and if that's the case I suppose it's my duty to make it right."

"You're damned right you need to, what are you doing!?"

"Making it right!" answered the spider as he crawled over John's sensitive body to position himself over her abdomen. John finally got to see with his eyes what his dick looked like as it slid from its sheath fluidly. It was long, smooth, curved, and black. Its tip was sharply pointed and hollow, and as the spider moved across John's belly it bobbed and pulsed and moved just like a stinger.

"No, wait, you don't have to-" John said quickly, but not quickly enough. He wasn't even able to yell as he was penetrated in a single swift thrust.

The sensation of the spider's rather rude insertion of his singer was much more distinctive in comparison to when John was stung in the back, considering that his new orifice was quite sensitive to the touch and he hadn't been stung at all... but deeply and fully violated. There was definitely no numbness that was for sure, as virgin skin stretched wide over his phallic intruder, its sharp tip tucking deep into John's unwilling body.

"Ack! Get that out!"

"But you're such a lovely spideress... quite the inviting abdomen. Are you sure you want me to stop?"

And to punctuate his question the spider dug his stinger in deeper, pressing it's angle in harder and causing a flood of hormones to release inside John's body as keep spots inside of his sex were stimulated. The spider then quickly reached down with his hand to touch a small erect nub of flesh with his fingers and then give it a small tweak. John made a choking sound in the middle of attempting to give voice to his protests, but as he tried to speak again it was only tweaked harder and he cried out in high stimulation.

"I'll take that as acquiescence," said the spider, tipping an invisible hat.

"I'm not-ah! OH! Oh for the aaaaieeee! Stop that you AIE! AH! Ah! AH!"

John quickly gave up on trying to form sensible words. This monster really knew what he was doing, and every time he tried to say something he did something extra special to him down there. It was impossible to concentrate, and even more impossible to get out more than half a breath before his body was wracked by overpowering sensation.

"My you are responsive!" said the spider in glee. John tried to protest but he just tweaked her breasts while he rolled her clit with the tip of one of his many legs. He was a king of multitasking, something that John realized he was dearly lacking in as he tried to fight back with zero success. The sensitive hair covering his entire body

responded electrically to his every touch, the spider played with his butt and his spinnerets, evoking countless involuntary and incredibly pleasurable physical reactions as he worked his way around her body. He filled her belly with his black seed, and proceeded to play with her even after having satisfied himself. John found himself getting titty-fucked whilst hanging upside down and the man-spider's dexterous legs forced themselves into her body. She cried out as she became covered in his intoxicating cum, and found herself able to resist less and less as she neared release. It took some time to build her up towards it, but the reward was that it was also massive beyond anything John had to compare. He cried for mercy even as the spider showed none, laughing as he knew what John really wanted. John had gained fair control over his new body in the process of being fucked and did nothing to try and throw the spider from his body, and more than that even assisted with his own violation by altering his body position and angle.

The poor man was trapped in the web of the hunter, and as he cried out louder and louder he realized himself that he didn't care. He couldn't care less! He loved this wonderful creature! He would go to the ends of the earth for him! Why, he'd...

And then he came, his body bursting with joyful wonder as he experienced pure and untainted pleasure, his body escalating him beyond any high he had ever known. It seemed to last for forever. Indeed, he quite lost track of time as he shook and spasmed uncontrollably.

But then, quite suddenly, it was over. John opened his eyes, after realizing it was finally over, to see the spider sitting in a corner of the bathroom lighting up a cigarette. He himself was still dangling from the ceiling, his many legs limp and gangly and his long rocker-style hair trailing to the ground. He carefully pulled himself together, shaking from the sheer intensity of his feelings.

"Smoke?" asked the monster.

"NO!" cried John, holding two of his legs up in front of his face. As he turned slowly on his web he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looked like something out of a Greek legend. "Look what you did to me!"

"Yea, you're a real beaut..." said the spider.

"That's not what I mean! I'm not human! I can't go out in public like this! You have to change me back!!"

"Can't do that."

"And why not?"

"Tis permanent. Sorry. Learn to deal with it and turn it to your advantage."

"Permanent!!! You bastard!"

"I get that a lot, but give it time. You liked the sex right?"

"Liked the sex?!?"

"I assumed screaming 'yes' over and over is a sign of enjoyment. In any case, here's my card."

The spider tossed John a business card.

"Call me up sometime toots. I'd love to go rocking with you again. Now, if you'll excuse me there's an after-party I must attend to. This is my joint you know."

"What..."

"Later."

And so the spider left, and John found himself hanging from the ceiling of a strange bathroom, covered head to toe with the sexual fluids of both his own body as well as that other spiders, without a clue as to what to do. He reached up to try and wipe some of mess out of the fur between his breasts where it was especially thick, but he only ended up making it worse. He needed a shower something awful... and he'd need to call of work tomorrow. This was gonna be a hard one to explain to his parents for sure.

He ended up leaving the party wondering where in the world he'd ever find clothes to fit him now... and whether or not he should buy a bra or two.