

ManSpider: Redux

Written and Edited by PgFalcon

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Chapter One: Thoughts Unbidden

Ah, thou humble spider... how beautiful you are!

Rain spatters the windows of my two room apartment, thunder cracking dully every now and then. Days like this are just perfect for locking yourself indoors to enjoy your guilty pleasures... and my guilty pleasure is spiders.

I turn the page of my newest acquisition: a biology book with an entire chapter of wonderful photographs and beautiful diagrams of some very rare and handsome spiders.

I'm a spider fanatic. I even have a pet tarantula, an Antilles Pinktoe, which I dote after like my own daughter. She watches over my shoulder, reading my textbook with me. She's rather smart and friendly, as spiders go.

Up until today my infatuation with spiders had seemed harmless and natural... but as I lie on my bed and read I realize that something's different. Reading about spiders and looking at pictures never made me feel quite *this* way before...

I'm beginning to feel hot... not just aroused. I pick up Pinky, my spiders joke nickname, and set her back down in her cage as I leave the book on the bed and walk over to the bathroom. I'm starting to sweat, the sudden urge to pleasure myself never came this strongly before. The last page of the biology book is still open, a high fidelity picture of a tarantula's spinnerets burning into my memory.

Something is definitely off, something's not quite right, but for now I dismiss it. My hand reaches down and rubs my package, and I lean against the sink counter as I try to regain my breath, gently starting to pleasure myself.

This doesn't feel normal. I keep touching myself even as I think it... but I'm just beginning to think maybe I should stop and call for help when things suddenly begin to go downhill.

I consider myself to be in good shape, fairly handsome, and smart. I've never had a major health problem, and at this particular moment I have no idea what I should do...

Because my ribs, my *ribs* mind you, are moving. Wriggling even! Twisting under my skin like something from some nightmarish horror movie!! My first reaction was panic. I've seen enough horror movies to know where this is going, and it's *never* good!

I immediately throw off my shirt, and there in the mirror I confirm with my eyes that the lower two ribs on both sides are, in fact, fully mobile... and now are pushing against my skin as if attempting to flee my body.

The tips force themselves through my skin in a matter of seconds, wiggling and pushing out of my body further, feeling up my abdomen with a mind of their own.

My ribs are transforming, even as I stare in horror... but then there's a pause, almost as if the changes were hesitating...

And then with explosive force the four limbs slide out of me several feet. I scream out, staggering from the sudden pain of it... but I moan in pleasure too. My little guy is fully erect now. Oh god why is this turning me on? I should be horrified!?

And then once again the changes pause, and I manage to catch my breath and clear my eyes.

I stand up and look down at myself, and what do I see? As a self-proclaimed expert on spiders, they can only be spider-legs. Down to every last detail they're the fore-limbs of an impossibly large midnight-black tarantula! Although... are spider legs normally so furry?

Mmmm, says a voice in my head. It's not my voice. *This feels good... but do you know what would feel better?*

The four limbs born from my lower ribs begin to move with purpose, and I try to stop them. I can feel them, they're part of my body for goodness sake! I should be able to control them! Why are they moving against my direction?

But it turns out I can't control them at all, as the tips of the limbs' feet touch my body delicately, and work together to undo the button on my pants.

Almost there... says the voice in my head. What is going on!?

The remaining two limbs start touching my legs and rubbing them as the first two slide under and into my boxers and touch me, down there...

"Hey! Get out of there! Don't touch that!"

I don't think so, says the voice, as it fondles and rubs my dick and balls.

"On no you don't!!" I shout, and grab hold of the two limbs reaching down into my pants. I try to pull them away from me, but they're so strong... and quickly the other two free limbs reach up and force my arms up above my head, locking them in place while I struggle helplessly.

Oh no you don't, retorts the voice with a cackle, stroking my straining shaft. I'm being raped by myself!!

Rape is such a strong word... I'm just being friendly is all!

"Get out of my head! I don't want to be crazy!"

But you don't mind this? asks the voice, followed by a gentle squeeze of my testicles.

"None of that either! Just stop and let me go!"

Mmmm, nah. Maybe later perhaps...

And then one of the legs in my pants frees itself temporarily from its delicate attentions to start working down my pants.

"RAHHH!" I shout as I struggle against the iron grip of the alien limbs. I will not be humiliated like this! I will not be dominated! I am master of my own body! Nobody touches me down there unless I *want* to be touched: this rule goes double for myself!!

Oh?

With rage induced strength I begin to overpower the limbs holding my arms up in the air, and manage to even grab hold of the lower ones that continue to touch me. I don't like the way they're touching me... I'm feeling extremely strange down in my pants with every passing second. I don't think my dick is supposed to be *this* hard. I don't think my balls were ever this 'fuzzy' either... just what is going on under my boxers?

I grab hold of the limbs with all my strength and pull.

"I'm gonna rip these things into pieces!" I yell.

Ah-ah-ah! Can't have that. We need those.

The sudden squeezing of my balls is enough to paralyze me from my head to my toes, and my strength leaves me.

"Stop it!" I whine, upset at losing to such a dirty trick.

Don't say you're not enjoying this... I'm in your head you know... I'm you... just a dormant part of you... you know this feels good...

"Right and good are two different things!" I retort. If I can't fight it physically, I'll fight it mentally. I strain myself to stop the movements of the extra limbs, and am immediately rewarded by their movements slowing down and becoming jerky. I begin to try and force them away from me.

Aw, that's no fun... but just a little late aren't we?

I don't have time to wonder what that means as I feel my feet hardening and lengthening, thinning down into a single segmented digit as my toes become more a single flexible digit.

"Whah!?"

The voice chuckles... and I fall to the floor.

I manage to free an arm to prop myself up, and stare down at my feet as I watch the changes ever so slowly spread up from my feet.

Oh god, and my dick! I feel like I've got the most insane case of blue-balls too! At this point it might be the lesser of two evils to just go ahead and jerk it off.

But there really is no need, as the very act of my body transforming is sending shockwaves of intense pleasure through my body, focusing on my balls and dick. A black stain is forming on the front of my boxers... what is that?! Is that my jizz? Why the heck is it black?!

But that's not the least of my worries, as I feel the changes start up in my junk again and with a painful pinching sensation I feel the tip of my dick become sharp and pointed, and my dick is getting longer too! A tearing sound follows quickly as my dick extends through my boxers, ripping through them like paper.

My dick has become long, smooth, black, and for all the world looks just like a long stinger. For all I know it *is* one now!! And oh gawd my balls!! I thrust my pelvis forward as I feel my insides clench and suddenly I'm orgasming, black, inky spunk shooting from me like I'm some sort of perverted fountain pen. This is going to stain my curtains for sure. I fall backwards onto the floor.

The extra limbs arch away, forcing me up into the air as I continue to jizz everywhere. My mental fortitude is crumbling as I shake from the intensity of it all. I can see the skin around my pelvis and down my legs turning black too... thick black fur flowing across my skin as well.

After I'm done though I find myself exhausted. I almost collapse right then and there, but the spider legs support me, reaching out to hold onto the sink and the ceiling. Heh... I'm like some sort of cross between spider-man and Dr. Octopus.

That's a good one.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

*Why? There is no why. It's just who you are. Who **we** are. We are the spider folk. Just like your father, and his father before him. You may rest easy that your mother was human, but pray she never finds out she birthed a monster...*

"I'm not a monster!"

Look at yourself!!

I look at the mirror as the limbs prop me up onto my feet... but I need extra support to keep from falling over. My legs have thinned down into nothing more but another pair of spider's legs. I wiggle my ankle, and the end segment of the legs wiggles instead. The changes have spread up to my waist now, but have stopped abruptly. This can't be it can it? I'm only *half* a monster. An incomplete monster. Black cum drips from my dick, still fully extended from a black furry sheath like a dagger.

"I need a mate..." I realize, talking to myself now. All traces of the voice in my head have disappeared. I realize numbly that it really was me the entire time. The voice was a coping mechanism.

"I can't be stuck like this! Oh God, I can't even disguise myself properly like this... I need... I think I need to start dating again..."

I feel powerful instincts bubble up. Fuzzy ancestral knowledge coming to me like a long lost memory... half imagined and unreal. I need to hunt. I need to propagate. If I don't I'll surely be hunted myself and die. Fully transformed: I'll be able to properly defend and disguise myself... but who in their right mind would date a half-monster, much less let them sleep with them? I'm fairly vulnerable as I am right now.

I'm thinking the internet is the answer to this predicament...

Chapter Two: Vicious Cycles

Amanda is nervously brushing her hair in the mirror as she prepares for her date to arrive. She met him online, and he seemed intelligent, charming, and witty.... But far more important: he was real!!! A real monster! He said his name was William, though she doesn't trust it to be anything more than an alias.

He sent pictures, video, and even live chatted with her! Either this was an amazing set up or he was the real deal. A real-life spider man, so to speak. A manly spider. She giggles to herself.

The bell rings, and she rapidly puts everything away before rushing to the door. This must be him! Eight o'clock on the money. He sure is punctual!

She opens the door and there he is... standing awkwardly on the patio wearing a bulky trench coat that drags on the ground buttoned all the way up the front. He's wondrously shy straight from the get go, but Amanda knows from talking to him that he's anything but. It's the outdoors that must be bothering him.

"Um, can I come inside?" he asks, looking up into her eyes. Amanda nods giddily.

"Make yourself at home!" she says, stepping back.

"Don't mind if I do."

The door closes shut behind them as they both walk over to the living room, the house swallowing them both and leaving nothing but an empty street behind.

"It's not too hot or cold is it?" asks Amanda nervously.

"No, no... it's fine. I'm actually warm blooded like you, and pretty furry actually..."

Amanda laughs.

"Yea.... Do you mind if I could...?"

“No, not at all!”

The strange man then proceeds to unbutton his coat, and stands up straight. The bottom of the heavy coat lifts up to reveal six furry feet supporting him, and Amanda squeals in delight. As he unbuttons the coat more of him is revealed, displaying black fur starting at his naval and four of his legs extending from his lower and upper ribs. His lowest two legs are where his human legs would be if he still had them, and as the final buttons are removed a furry sheath complete with a large set of balls are revealed.

Amanda had already seen all of this through her computer monitor... but to witness it in person!! She can hardly breathe!

“You’re really real!” she whispers.

“Of course I am,” answers William with a smile. He reaches up with one of his legs and caresses Amanda’s side, and she reaches down to hold onto the strange and alien appendage.

“It’s so soft!” she exclaims.

William only nods in enjoyment as Amanda pets his leg before moving closer to her.

“Would you like to feel the rest of me?”

Amanda’s eyes go wide as she nods her head vigorously, reaching out to take a fistful of the shaggy fur at his hip and let it flow through her fingers. She seems to be in a state of amazement.

“You can’t begin to understand how much it means to me that you’re not screaming...” says William with a chuckle.

“Are you kidding! You’re amazing! Why would I scream?”

“People are scared of things like me... especially women...”

“I think you’re beautiful!”

“I think you’re beautiful too...” answers William, smiling kindly, before reaching behind him to produce, as if by magic, a dvd of the movie ‘License to Wed’.

One movie later, and a bottle and a half of wine, and it has become rather dark out.

“... and she came back with a weed thrasher!”

“How did you escape?!”

“I nearly didn’t. I threw a pillow at her and it got wrapped up in the thrasher and stalled it. She tried to hit me with it anyway, but I was able to get out the back door.”

“That’s terrible!”

“Yea, well, some people like to *think* they want to find someone like me, but panic when their fantasies actually turn out to be real...”

“That’s *terrible!* I think you’re a real amazing spider person... thingy... heehee!”

“I think we’re almost out of wine...”

“And I think that I *really* like you Will...” answers Amanda. She reaches across the couch to cup his balls in her hand and rubs them.

“You sure you want to do this?” he asks, getting up and putting both of his hands on her shoulders. “There’s no going back you know. Once you try spider...” His many legs straddle her, and his balls hang right in front of her.

“Oh yes I’m sure.... although... how do we...?”

“Well... first we get those pesky clothes off of you!” says William, reaching forward and taking her breast in his hand before lifting her shirt up. She helps and lifts up her arms as he slides it up and over her head. She really does have very shapely breasts, and such a naughty bra! Black lace!

“I wonder, is that part of a matching set?” asks William, reaching down the front of Amanda’s pants. She giggles.

“You know it!”

She wiggles her hips as William unbuttons her jeans and pulls them down just enough to reveal that, indeed, her panties match her bra. William smiles as his dick begins to really stir, its pointed tip sticking slightly up and out of his sheath and forming a drop of black pre-cum at its tip.

“The safety word is Charlotte...” whispers William into Amanda’s ear.

“Terrific...” whispers Amanda back, giggling. She throws her arms around his back, and William touches Amanda up and down her sides with his many feet.

William weighs very little, as Amanda quickly discovers. She stands up with him hanging onto her securely with his feet, and he drags her jeans lower to reveal more of her panties. He leans in close and they kiss passionately for minutes before they need to come up for air. Now they’re both very red in the face, and William’s dick starts to fully extend in preparation for mating.

“Mmmm.... Uh... what is that?” asks Amanda, suddenly aware of William’s dick. It’s long, very hard, comes to a sharp point, and looks exactly like a stinger.

“What do you think it is?” asks William with a chuckle.

“You mean.... that’s supposed to go inside of me? I don’t know if that’s such a good idea after all.”

“Seems like a good idea to me,” says William, pressing himself closer, his pointed phallus’s curved shaft touching her belly. It’s hot, and slick black fluid drips from its tip.

“Is it safe?”

“Meh,” he shrugs. “Safe as flying I guess.”

“Can you give me moment?”

“I can give you several.”

William lowers himself slightly, arches forward to snag her waistband on his ‘stinger’. Pulling back slightly is enough to snap it and cause the panties to fall, revealing a very wet beaver underneath.

“Oh my! Those were expensive...”

“Don’t worry about them... you won’t be needing them anyways...”

“What? Wait, what do you mean I won’t be needing them?”

“You’ll see...” coos William soothingly, and Amanda finds her worries eased slightly.

She loses her balance and falls to the floor with William still wrapped around her body, his hard dick pressed up against the lips of her pussy. Oh, it feels so nice! Her body feels so hot and alive! His soft legs hugging her body are so gentle and reassuring... and then he arcs a little and begins probing her pussy with the tip of his pointed stinger.

“Whoa! Hey, just... just be careful with that thing! Please be gentle! This is going to fast!”

“I think it’s going just right...” answers William as he finds what he was looking for and thrusts forward, penetrating Amanda’s pussy. William is deceptively strong, and penetrates her body with smooth power. She can’t even begin to deny him or present any sort of resistance. He hilt her effortlessly, spreading her wide around his long, curved shaft. The tip of his dick sticks into her cervix a little and stings her, injecting her womb with just a small amount of his black sperm.

“Ow!” cries Amanda, even as her body responds quite the opposite. Her pussy clenches against the intruder, buried to the hilt in her meat locker, and the only pain comes from its point imbedded into the very depths of her belly.

“See? That wasn’t so bad was it? Shall we continue?”

“Oh *fuck* yes!” moans Amanda. William pins her arms to the ground as he leans in closer and drags his stinger out of her pussy, bringing his face close to hers. Her breasts rub against his forelegs, and his mouth connects with her as he thrusts back into her to sting her womb again and again and again.

“Mmm... Mmmm! MMMMph!” she moans and exclaims as he pounds her pussy. All the while William himself is changing.

“Yes! YES!” he exclaims, as they break their lip-lock apart. William lets go of Amanda’s arms and she arcs her back up into the air with William on top of her, still rapidly fucking her pussy. He grabs hold of her beautiful breasts as he changes.

All of his skin turns dark black and soft fur spreads all over. His ass swells out, filling like a balloon as his internal organs shift and move and relocate to form a round spider’s abdomen out behind him, complete with spinnerets. His eyes change shape and anatomy as his eyelids shrink back, and several more pairs of eyes form above and below his original pair, shining with a rainbow of color as they diffuse the light through hundreds of lenses.

Amanda doesn’t know it, but she’s undergoing changes as well. Her pussy is changing shape to more comfortably accommodate William’s long stinger, and her mound, despite having been waxed just last week, grows rapidly more and more furry, her own fur a dark brown color and very thick. The toes and tips of her feet melt together as she thrusts her pelvis up against William’s penetrating cock, encouraging him to go faster, deeper, and thrust harder. His round abdomen bends between her legs as he continues to penetrate her, spreading her thighs far apart, and she remains oblivious as her legs begin to segment and change shape all the way up to her knees. Small bumps form to the left and right of her pussy, wriggling their way into the open air as she continues to be pounded.

Her body feels so hot and is buzzing with energy and pleasure as they fuck, the feelings building and building until Amanda can’t take any more and orgasms like she’s never orgasmed before. She cries out in shock as her entire body stiffens and she becomes frozen in place while her pussy goes wild and William pounds her like a stud until he too is unable to hold back any longer and plants himself deep into her belly before unleashing a tidal wave of his black spunk into her womb.

She collapses with him on top of her, and he delicately withdraws his stinger even as it begins to slide back into his sheath, and he rolls off her.

And slowly but surely they both catch their breath as they come down off the high of their mutual satisfaction.

Amanda’s completely covered in sweat as she lays naked on her back, completely oblivious to the physical changes she’s undergone and is still undergoing.

“Oh... that was... ha... that was incredible! It was everything I dreamed it would be!”

“I concur,” agrees.

Amanda sits up, breathing deeply to get her breath back, and when she takes her hand away from her face looks down at herself and freezes.

“What in the....” moans Amanda slowly, as if unable to immediately process what is going on. She reaches down to touch the tip of the slowly growing nubs to either side of her pussy. A sharp, hard point is starting to push through their tips. Fangs.

“Cool,” says William.

“Not! Totally not! What’s happening to me? Why are my legs.... Why is my pussy?!?! This isn’t supposed to happen!!”

“Oh, relax. Don’t tell me you didn’t want this on some level. You love spiders... now you’re turning into one! Sort of...”

“What do you mean sort of!?” asks Amanda in a full on panic. “Look at me! Do I *look* happy about this?! I don’t want to be a monster! I have a job!”

“Well, too late for that I’m afraid.”

The changes to her legs are starting to spread up her thighs.

“AH! Charlotte!! Charlotte!!!”

“Far too late...” repeats William, nodding his head sagely as he watches.

The fanged appendages squeeze together and droop to delicately cover Amanda’s pussy, and as they grow fuzzy not only do they do a better job of covering her up but the twin black fangs poking out of their tips also become more apparent.

The fuzz engulfing her lady parts is starting to spread down between her legs and up her butt as well, which is beginning to swell.

“Help! Make it stop!”

Her butt cheeks squeeze together and fuse as her ass pushes out from her hips, small spinnerets forming on the rear tip of it. She’s begun panting again, heavily, as if engaged in sex once more.

“Oh crap!” she cries, trying to stand up. She can barely get her warped and strange feet underneath her. When she does get standing she has to use the nearby coffee table to help balance.

Her butt seems to be slowing down, and isn’t getting much bigger. It feels so strange, attached to her like that! So alien! So unreal!

She reaches behind her to touch it, and runs her hands through the thick brown fur. So soft and warm.

“Fuck... it’s really there! And.... *huff*... something’s... *huff*... happening!”

Her breathing quickens as the physical changes begin to reach a crescendo. The last vestiges of her human legs begin to disappear even as her spider abdomen starts to swell. It’s swelling because Amanda’s organs are beginning to slide down into it, filling it slowly as her belly thins and empties. Pressure is put on her silk glands as well as such sensitive spots as the female prostate, or the ‘g’ spot. She creams herself while simultaneously ejecting silk from her spinnerets as her abdomen swells and her gut slims down beyond human limitations. By contrast to her skinniness, her breasts seem fuller and larger, nipples hard and begging for attention as she cries out in response to the stimulation of her sex as her morphology changes.

Then silence suddenly rings as the changes stop halfway, and she's left panting with a dripping pussy between her legs and thick cottony webbing stuck to the carpet and drooping from her spinnerets.

"What in the hell was *that?!?*" she yells after said eternity of silence.

"Hey," says William, backing up a little at her sudden outburst. "It's not exactly the worse thing in the world. I know it seems pretty bad right now, but if you—"

"BAD? THIS ISN'T BAD! THIS IS FUCKING AWFUL! Not only am I a hideous freak like *you*... but I'm stuck as *half* a freak until.... until.... until I..."

And suddenly Amanda breaks down, sinking to the floor to rest her big spidery butt on the carpet with her fanged pussy dribbling on the floor. She tries to cross her legs and fails, and instead settles on letting them sprawl out in front of her.

"This sucks!" she says, on the verge of tears. "I don't want to be like this!"

"It's not as bad as you think!" repeats William. "When you complete the transformation you'll have power unlike anything you've ever dreamed of—ack!!"

Amanda has leapt to her feet in an attempt to throttle the eight legged freak, her hands squeezing tightly over his soft, furry, skinny neck... but she doesn't get very far. He's a fully realized monster. She's only halfway there. He easily pries her off of him.

"Don't be like that baby!" he says, lifting her into the air.

William turns himself upside down, sticks a string of web to the ceiling, then wraps Amanda's wrists up and suspends her in the air. She kicks out at him, but he backs up quickly and she just ends up sending herself into a spin.

"I'll just leave you to cool down then," says William with a bow. "See you around perhaps?"

He turns to leave, and Amanda opens her mouth wide. She only gets out a few words before William fires a sticky wad of web to slap over her mouth and render her mute.

"You son of a bitch-MFFPH!"

Amanda is left dangling helplessly from her own ceiling by her wrists, completely naked and half transformed into a spider, as William walks out the front door, disguising himself as he goes with subtle pheromones designed to cast a glamour over everyone nearby, causing them to think him human and 'normal'. Amanda can only half see through the pheromones, and is affected by a double vision of a black, furry, eight legged man-spider walking through her door as well as a handsome gentleman in a black velvet suit and a matching fedora. He tips his illusory hat to her as he leaves and never returns.

Well that's a peach. Now she's stuck like this, half formed and powerless, until she can find someone to fuck! She wiggles helplessly for a bit in the air before immediately growing tired.

Well first things first perhaps... how to get down from the ceiling?
