

Chapter Five: The Hunt

Deep in the back-woods of the private hunting grounds owned by his grandfather, Bill sat aloft in the sky inside a pre-built hunting nest overlooking the baited clearing to the north. It wasn't very sporting, but he wasn't a very sporting guy. He just liked to kill things.

With his rifle dialed in just right all he had to do was wait for the right stag to come along. It wouldn't be long before something big found its way to the feeder and all he'd need to do is pull the trigger.

He was getting rather bored watching the clearing though, and cast his eyes around the rest of the woods around him. It was a beautiful afternoon, and the height of his roost provided a nice cooling breeze to combat the Australian heat. He was gazing lazily to the west when he saw a spider's web.

At first he thought the web was hanging right in front of the loft, but as he focused on it he realized very quickly that it was actually nearly 200 yards away... strung between a 100 foot gap in the trees. The massive web wasn't normal at all, even by local standards, and with shaking hands Bill picked up his binoculars to get a better look.

It was big alright, and pretty far away. The range finder built into his expensive binoculars confirmed to him the exact distance to the trees, and as he scanned the web he noticed that something was trapped in it. Closer examination revealed that it was a rather large bird of some type. It had flown into the web and gotten itself stuck pretty good, shaking the web with its thrashings in a futile attempt to free itself.

So where was the spider? A web like that didn't just appear out of nowhere, and Bill knew that it wouldn't be long before it came along to gather its prey.

He didn't know what he was expecting to see, although he had vague ideas of a big nest of extra big spiders, so he was in for quite the surprise when he watched just one spider come out from a hidden spot in the trees... and it was huge. The monster was the size of an adult human in fact, with soft brown coloring and a thick mane of white around its head and abdomen. Despite the distance between them Bill felt a surge of fear, and as he watched it move across the web he could have sworn it had a human face and hands in front of it, but that had to be an illusion.

Well, only one logical thing to do in this situation! He had a gun, he had the range and wind measurements, and he had one of the best rifles money could buy. He quickly adjusted the scope, his years of experience making short work of it, and before the spider had even reached the poor bird he was looking at it once again, only this time down through the sights of his rifle. Bill grinned like he always did before a kill.

"Sorry miss spider," he said to himself. "But you're going to be my next trophy."

And he pulled the trigger with the crosshairs dead-center on the spider's back.

The spider instantly twisted on the web before falling backwards off it, leaving the cawing bird behind. Bill laughed, and pumped his arm victoriously.

"And another one bites the dust!" he chuckled. "I can't wait to see the gang's faces when they see what I bagged!"

And so he stood up and stretched, reaching down into his supply pack to pull out his colt M1911, and after checking to make sure it was fully loaded and ready to fire began the slow descent down the ladder to the ground.

It was a slow walk over to the gigantic web, and immediately Bill noticed a distinct lack of dead giant spider. Fury built within him as he realized he didn't kill it with the first shot.

"Damn! Where the fuck did it go? I could have sworn I hit it clean dead center!"

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid you missed!" hissed a seductively female voice in Bills ear.

Bill span around like a whip and fired off two shots behind him but there was no-one there, though he could hear someone giggling.

"The fuck? Who's there! I could have killed you, don't you have any sense not to sneak up on a man while he's hunting?"

"Kill me," asked the voice, her voice betraying her increasing amusement. "You can't even see me!"

"Come out damnit! Show yourself!" yelled Bill, spinning in circles with his gun drawn.

"Oh dear, I think you mean to murder me!" said the voice with mock concern. "Whatever will I do?! I'm so very afraid!"

"I said come out!" shouted Bill as he fired off several more rounds into the trees.

"How dangerous!" said the voice. "I'll be taking this then..."

And suddenly Bill's gun was ripped from his hands, and simultaneously he felt someone grab him from behind with monstrous strength.

"And now your punishment," whispered the voice in his ear. "You naughty boy..."

And Bill screamed as something bit down on his neck and a strange fluid flowed into his blood.

He was let go immediately, and whoever had grabbed him from behind was gone the instant he turned around. His gun gone, Bill felt more vulnerable than he ever had in his life and cried out in frustrated rage as rivulets of blood flowed from the twin puncture wounds on his neck.

“WHERE ARE YOU?!” he demanded.

There was no reply.

Bill managed to stumble back to his hunting blind, where he struggled back up the ladder in hopes of finding his rifle and cell phone. It was a struggle to keep from falling as he grew dizzy and weak, but somehow he managed to force himself up and through the hole in the floor.

After taking a moment to recover he looked around for his bag and rifle only to find them both missing.

“Shit! My supplies! What am I supposed to do now? I knew I should have taken it down with me.”

He then struggled over into a corner so that he could rest his back against it. He was getting weaker by the second, no doubt the poison’s doing, and it was getting harder to concentrate. He attempted to rally his remaining constitution though, not one to give up without a fight, as he tried to work out a solution.

He couldn’t call for help, he was completely unarmed, he didn’t have anything to treat or extract the venom, and even if he didn’t die right out he was likely to starve to death if he couldn’t get back down from the loft and find his way home. His truck was over five miles away.

Bill’s anger was waning, seeing as he was quickly losing the strength even think straight, when full-on paralysis began creeping up his fingers and toes... and soon thereafter they started moving without him telling them to. He choose to ignore it.

His skin began to burn with heat, and soon after he finds himself taking his shirt off. His hands and arms have gone completely numb, and they move of their own accord, but it still doesn’t register to Bill as a problem. So he’s hot and he’s taking his shirt off. Obviously it’s muscle memory or something, right?

The cool breeze brings welcome relief to his bared skin as he sweats his way towards dehydration, but his hands don’t stop there. They hardly pause at all before one begins pulling down his pants while the other slips its way down into his underwear and touches him in very private places. He can’t feel his arms at all, and the unfamiliar groping is uncannily like having a stranger touch him. He immediately balks against the newest development and fight’s to regain control of his limbs.

He's only partially successful, able to move his arms away from his dick but not able to stop his hands from attempting to touch him. His legs try to kick off his pants, and his arms battle him for control as they try to bring his hands back within reach of his dick. All of his struggling slowly starts to move Bill away from his corner and closer to the hole in the blind's floor that leads to a straight drop down.

Fear grips Bill once again as he realizes that if he keeps resisting that he'll likely fall to his death, and so with great reluctance relaxes and gives in to the strange urges, letting his possessed limbs move as they will.

He finds immediate relief, as fighting his own body for control was draining him of his last dregs of energy, but his relief comes in more ways than one as his hand slides down to touch his growing erection.

He doesn't know why he's getting so hard, and he doesn't know why he's touching himself, but he gives into the sensation. His numb hands, unable to register any sense of touch, might as well have belonged to a stranger, and Bill marveled at the soft, effortless caress of his own skin. His hand lost no time getting started, and soon he was bracing himself upright as he received his phantom jerk-off.

It took a surprisingly short time for him to reach his limit, red in the face and panting like a dog as he strained against his paralysis and assisted with his own molestation by pumping his hips. It wasn't long before he felt the familiar welling up of pleasure inside of him that signaled his soon to be release, but even as it erupted out of him Bill couldn't have predicted it's magnitude. His gut clenched and deep within him a well of fluid emptied down his shaft and shot explosively up into the air.

There was a loud splat as his load hit the ceiling forcefully, and suddenly Bill was yanked up in the air as tension pulled tight along his suddenly solidified sperm as it formed a rope from deep within his gut all the way to the roof of the loft.

Bill blinked in shocked surprise as he realized that quite suddenly he was hanging upside-down by his dick, having ejaculated what appeared to be a thick line of spider-web that had attached itself to the ceiling.

Disoriented, he looked down his chest to see his toes tightly gripping the string holding him in the air, and his hands continued to operate his dick and balls as they prepared for a second release. His dick was still incredibly hard, but it was also pulled down flexibly between his legs by the tension in the line.

"What the fuck!?" cried Bill, desperate for answers, but there were no answers to be had. The only thing he could think to rationalize the newest developments was that he had to be hallucinating as a result of whatever bit him... but he'd never hallucinated like this before.

His body was beginning to operate all on its own though, and he dared not interfere with anything as he dangled precariously from the ceiling. His hands deftly disconnected the string from his dick and took

new aim, pointing it out the window of the loft, as they continued to gently stroke his shaft until he peaked once more and a powerful jet of web erupted from his balls, down his shaft, and out into the tree-tops where it adhered easily to a branch. He

“What the?” said Bill bemusedly at first, watching like a stranger in his own body as his feet deftly reached for the edge of the lofts roof and pulled him toward the window with help from the line leading out into the open air. Having two orgasms back to back like that addled his head a bit, but as he peaked over the edge of the railing at the long drop to the ground he got sober again real quick.

“No jumping! Fuck no!” cried Bill as his body prepared to swing. His arms and legs paid him no heed. “I said no! I’m not fucking Tarzan! If you think I’m crazy enough to let myself be killed by my own stupid body yourraaaaaahhhh!!!”

And suddenly he was screaming as he swung upside down out through the air.

Blood rushed to his head even as his body prepared for the next shot of web, furiously pounding his meat, and he felt his balls tense for yet another powerful release as he reached the peak of his swing. With perfect timing he cried out in orgasm only to find himself falling once again, the line of web that shot from his dick pulling tight even as he disconnected the tip of his dick from the end to begin the process of aiming once again. Further orgasms weren’t hard to achieve, having already reached several pinnacles it there was very little catch-up needed to keep his body in that state as he swung through the trees, orgasming again and again. He was nearly used to it by the time he realized he was actually heading somewhere, and that he was getting closer.

“This can’t be real...” he gasped as he emptied more web from his seemingly endless reservoirs. “But I don’t think I’m dreaming! And just where am I going?!”

A slight honey-sweet scent tickled his nose, as if answering him.

“Scent? I’m following her scent!” he exclaimed.

But his body was no longer his own, and even if she led him right to her he wouldn’t be able to do anything.

And so he watched like a helpless bystander in his own body as he neared his destination... a small tree-house high up in the canopy of a very tall mountain ash.

There was a deck that surrounded the entire structure, but no ladder or visible means by which to access it from the ground. Bill had no trouble landing in front of its large open-air doorway despite this.

The deck was made of wood and felt very solid under Bill's feet as he fell onto it after letting go of his web-rope. Despite a solid landing, however, he quickly found himself on his hands and knees as someone inside the dwelling stirred.

Bill looked up to see who it was, only to stare in shock as a beautiful monster-woman stepped out of the shadows.

She had the same brown and white markings as the giant spider Bill had tried to kill earlier, only now up close he could see without a doubt that she was in fact very human as well. She stood on two legs and kept her four middle legs folded modestly over her naked belly and groin, although her prominent breasts were left uncovered and unobstructed. She had a rather large spider's abdomen trailing behind her like the train on a dress, and long, wild white hair cascaded down her head and around her hips. Her face was somewhat human, but she had three pairs of lidless eyes with no pupils, and her grinning mouth bore fanged mandibles.

She beckoned to Bill with a finger, and he couldn't stop himself from crawling over to her side and hugging himself closely to her leg, his hands sinking into soft, velvety fur that was surprisingly cool and pleasant to feel.

"Aw," she cooed as she ran her clawed hand through his hair while he involuntarily snuggled against the monster. "You're so nice now! Cute too..."

"I'm not your pet!" said Bill, his anger welling up inside of him once more. "You might control my body, but I'll never give in!! I'll fight it! I'm tough! I'll fucking win, just you wait, and I'll make you pay for doing this to me!"

"Okay!" said the monster with a cheery smile, and suddenly Bill found that his arms and legs weren't moving on their own anymore. He immediately jumped back and away from the crazy monster woman.

"Get to it then!" she continued. "Show me what ya got!"

Standing in front of her Bill had a moment of hesitation where he watched her curiously. He couldn't help but observe her body and admit to himself it wasn't entirely unpleasant to look at, especially considering her lack of modesty in front of him.

But moreover she seemed rather frail, her limbs thin and her body devoid of the strong muscles that he himself had attained through years at the gym. He also knew a fair amount of kick-boxing, and that was all Bill needed to get his confidence back.

He only had one chance, and he was gonna make it count!

Without warning he lunged forward and threw a powerful punch at her head, but with speed to match and strength to spare she easily deflected his blow with one of her previously idle middle legs. Undeterred, Bill threw in a groin shot with his knee while he was still in close and it too was deflected by another of her legs.

He leapt backwards to gain spacing again, already growing winded by his explosive exertions, in order to throw in a flying kick at her chest. She caught the kick and stopped his forward momentum as if it were child's play.

And then *she* went on the offensive. For a moment Bill lost track of where she was as she moved so quickly that it appeared for a moment that she had disappeared, but she didn't hide for long, her arms traveling up Bill's chest from behind as she buried her face in his shoulder.

She also wrapped four of her legs around both his legs and arms, locking his knees into the place and raising his hands high up into the air.

"Mmmm..." she moaned in his ear. Bill could feel something wet and warm press up against his buttocks as she clung to him. "You smell so good! I could just eat you up!"

And so she lifted her head and lowered it back towards his neck.

"No! Not more venom! Noooooo!!" he cried desperately, helpless in her embrace, as she sunk her fangs into his skin and filled him with more of her poison.

Fuzzy hair grew rapidly down Bill's back, neck and head. His hair started growing rapidly, changing color from dark brown to gossamer white, and he could feel sharp fangs grow inside his mouth.

His vision blurred and swirled as his eyes changed shape, colors mixing together before solidifying into a sharply contrasted explosion of information. Dark corners were no longer dark and movement became *much* more noticeable. His field of view nearly doubled, colors were no longer the same, and things on his peripheral became just as easy to look at as things straight in front of him.

He used his radically warped vision to watch as claws crew out of his hands and feet, more soft white fur spreading from the tips of his limbs towards his body, and the devil-woman continued to bite down on Bill's neck and fill him with her venom!!

The invasive changes to Bill's body also were causing both big and small changes to his dick and balls... the big change being that he was getting hard. Very hard. Desperate to escape Bill put to use muscles inside of him that had never before existed and triggered an orgasm, screeching as he did with a voice that wasn't his, and shooting a load of web through the air to attach to the farthest wall of the small tree-house.

He ripped one of his legs loose from her clutch and used his clawed toes to grab hold of the line and yank himself to safety, flying through the air to land solidly on the woven wall. His clawed hands and feet made it easy to grip the vertical surface.

“You-You bitch! You won’t beat me!!” he cried, already preparing to keep fighting.

“Maybe... but I can keep changing you!” she replied saucily, smiling at her prey as she toyed with it.

“What!? NO! I want you to change me back! Do it or I’ll kill you!”

“No!” she laughed in response, beckoning Bill to come back over to her. “Why would I do that, when I worked so hard to catch you?”

Bill found that the instant she beckoned to him all control was once again removed from his body, and he was forced to climb down from the wall and crawl back to her side.

“You bitch!” he cried as he realized that he had even less control of his own body than before, and he couldn’t resist even a little bit now.

“Is that any way to thank your mistress for her gift?”

“You’re not my mistress!” hissed Bill, though he couldn’t stop himself from rubbing his face in her fur. “And what gift!? I’m turning into a monster!”

“Oh, it won’t be *that* bad...” she cooed. “And if I’m not your mistress then why are you so happy to see me?”

She reached down with a single clawed finger to touch the tip of Bill’s dick, which was so hard that it was nearly painful for him. His balls felt swollen with seed, and as she touched him Bill realized quite suddenly that he needed her to touch him. He needed it so badly.

“No!” he said in horror. “You’re doing this to me! I don’t want this!!”

“Awww... are you sure?” she asked, turning to face him. She let her middle legs relax, and presented Bill with her womanhood, and she indeed was a woman where it counted. “I’ve been so lonely lately. I needed someone to... help me.”

Her pussy was rather shapely, and though nestled in a thick mound of fur it was very well groomed and appealing. She herself pouted a little, putting one of her claws in her mouth, and Bill noticed once again just how well formed and large her breasts were. If she weren’t a monster she’d be insanely hot.

“No! I won’t! I’m not a freak like you!!”

“You look like a freak,” she said, continuing to pout. She pushed him to the ground and he found himself completely paralyzed. His dick arched high in the air, pulsing in time to the staccato rhythm of his heart as he watched her with wide eyes as she bent over him, her body enveloping his mind.

“No...” he whispered.

“Oh yes...” insisted the monster with a fang-filled smile as she lowered herself onto him, and he moaned at the forbidden pleasure of feeling her take him. She was hot, tight, and soaking wet, and Bill had to forcibly restrain himself from cumming inside her the moment she hilted her groin flat against his pelvis, his dick buried deep into the farthest reaches of her sex as he filled her tight.

“Ooh! You’re so big!” she exclaimed as she rested a moment on him. “Such a good boy!”

“Don’t do this!” begged Bill, already turning red in the face as he tried to restrain himself. “This is rape!”

“Oh, that’s only if you don’t enjoy yourself. Tell me, am I hurting you?”

She then proceeded to move her body up and off Bill’s dick several inches, only to ever so gently and slowly lower herself back down. Bill cried out, but not in pain. He gasped as he very nearly lost his self-control just from that small amount of movement.

“I thought not!” she exclaimed. “Now stop complaining and take it like a man!”

Bill moaned in horror as she began fucking him, riding his dick like a rodeo jockey. She was very enthusiastic, and Bill stared mesmerized by her hanging breasts as they moved back and forth above him. He tried his very best to resist, but it was futile. Only seconds into her oscillations he screamed shrilly in orgasm as he filled her with his web-like seed.

“Ooo,” she crooned as she moved faster upon him. “More! Give me more!”

Bill cried as he couldn’t deny her request, his body pumping into hers powerfully and without restraint as orgasm after orgasm hit him, each more intense than the last, as his balls were slowly emptied. He quickly became lost to the lust, and didn’t even notice that his arms and legs were free until he felt himself groping her body and caressing her wonderful breasts. She didn’t stop him, and he didn’t stop himself, as he rapidly got into the spirit of things and began fucking her back.

It didn’t take long before the spider woman was herself reaching a crescendo, much to the relief of an increasingly exhausted Bill as he poured more and more of himself into her. It was beautiful to behold, her body growing stiff and tense as Bill dutifully continued without her despite his own desperate desire to stop, though of course he couldn’t let his mistress down! He had to keep going.

She trembled as it built, and cried out as Bill squeezed her breasts and pinched at her nipples even while maintaining a powerful, steady rhythm down below. He laughed as he felt himself building towards one last rewarding release along with her, and was not disappointed as he felt her break on top of him, her pussy clenching and unclenching in spasmodic bursts as her entire body fluttered with electric bliss, and Bill filled her with his last load as her feminine fluids ran from her and down his legs.

They both collapsed, temporarily spent and unable to continue, with Bill stuck inside her. He nearly blacked out, entering a state of near complete bliss, before he slowly awoke and returned to reality to find himself trapped beneath a wonderfully soft and warm cushion of his lover's fur, her breasts squished up against his chest as she snuggled him and slept.

He tried to shove her off, but the paralysis had returned in full force. He wasn't even able to turn his head nor make a sound as she squeezed him tight, his still incredibly hard member buried all the way inside her, her legs wrapped tightly around his waist and forcing their connection to be as tight as possible. He groaned inwardly, wondering how he was able to let himself have such a massive lapse in judgment, and swore not to ever let her do that to him again. He would not be her play-toy! He would not become a freak like her! When she wakes up he planned on having a long talk with her, and if need be perhaps he could escape and find help elsewhere.

But even as he formulated his plans he couldn't help but notice how nice she felt on top of him, and how it wouldn't be so bad if his schemes failed and he was stuck with her like this forever. Well, at the very least he could look at the bright side; there was basically zero chance that could end up pregnant from him, right?

Right?