

Chapter Seven: The Haunted House

The house that sat between the two vacant lots on Meadow Street was known locally as being the not so friendly neighborhood haunted mansion. Dangerous and dilapidated, why it hadn't been torn down yet, or declared condemned, was beyond anyone's guess, although it was rumored that an old lady still lived there and managed to stonewall any attempts to destroy her home or evict her from it.

The kids from the local high school, however, had taken to breaking into the house and vandalizing it. Occasionally some of the kids would go missing for a few days only to come back with stories of terrible monsters living inside the house that tried to attack them, but while everyone suspected the old lady and her house of being odd and to be avoided, no foul play was ever connected to her, and the kids were suspected of simply telling stories as many of them were delinquents in the first place.

One such delinquent, a senior by the name of Tyler who was on the varsity football team, had talked his girlfriend Emily into breaking into the seemingly abandoned house with him for a secluded and dangerous make-out spot. He was currently in the process of jimmying the door open, in fact.

"I don't know... are you sure this is a good idea?" asked Emily. She herself was a cheerleader, with an athletic body and medium length blond hair. Having come straight from practice she was still wearing her cheerleading uniform, and her short skirt and tight blouse fit her body *very* nicely.

"Nobody lives here anymore," answered Tyler with a calming voice. His confidence was one of the many reasons Emily liked him so much. "Trust me, this will be great! I thought you liked it when things were a bit risky anyway."

"Well, yea, but this is just spooky..." laughed Emily, relaxing a bit and giving in to Tyler's insistence. He was right: she *did* like this sort of thing. The tension that built up, the fear of discovery, the way it drove you to be quick and passionate in the most unlikely of places and situations... she really got off on that.

She was drawn from her musings though as suddenly, with a sharp pop, the door's lock broke and swung open on rusty hinges. Inside the house was filled with cobwebs and dust, and what furniture and decoration remained had obviously gone untouched for years. A large grandfather style clock sat in a corner facing the front door, but its face was so dirty that the numbers couldn't be seen, and it stood motionless having not been wound for who knows how long. Several closed doors and a long, dark hallway greeted them bleakly.

"Yea," agreed Tyler after a whistle. "Spooky."

"I guess we could stay for just a little while..." continued Emily, turning to hang onto his arm. This would do just perfectly!

“Only a little while? Baby, give me some credit!” chuckled Tyler back, squeezing Emily tight and kissing her. She backed up with him past the light from the open front door until she bumped up against the wall down in the hallway, and Tyler pressed her up against it.

She was already rather randy, and moaned appreciatively as Tyler quickly started groping her.

But as seconds went by Emily found herself growing more and more nervous. There was no light in the hallway they were in, and she couldn't see deeper into the house. There were holes in the ceiling and walls where the shadows were even deeper as well... and every so often she could have sworn she could hear a skittering sound.

It quickly became too much for her, and she broke her lip-lock with Tyler just as his hands were starting to become a tad more... adventurous.

“Hey, what's wrong?” asked Tyler, still working his way along Emily's body. She pushed his hands away.

“I feel like someone's watching us...” she whispered. “Are you sure nobody lives here?”

“I'm sure baby,” said Tyler confidently. “Though having someone watch sounds pretty kinky too.”

“Tyler!”

“What? You know I love you, and I don't care who knows it!”

“I care! I don't want to have some video of me naked end up going viral!”

“I'd never let that happen...” whispered Tyler as he attempted to continue to kiss Emily.

“No! Something doesn't feel right! I think we should leave...”

Little did the two love birds know that they had been under observation the entire time. An old lady indeed still lived in that old house, though it would be a mistake to call her human, even if she might have once been.

She was an ancient creature, half woman and half spider, a monster that dared not to venture out of her attic save to protect her home. A miserable and lonely old monster, she watched silently as the two kids broke her front door and proceeded straight to first and second base in her hallway. At first it appeared as though they might reach third base, and the lonely woman was content to watch the show, but the girl's intuition was likely to get in the way of her full enjoyment of the teens. That would never do.

“Go forth, my younglings,” she wheezed. “This old woman has company she wishes to keep a while longer. It’s been ages since I’ve had a soul to talk to...”

And from the walls and floors of the house, thousands of spiders slowly began to swarm.

“What’s that sound?” asked Tyler suddenly, and both he and Emily froze to listen. It was a multitude of tiny scratching sounds, and it was growing louder by the moment.

“I don’t know, but I don’t like it,” answered Emily.

“I think you’re right,” agreed Tyler. “Let’s get the heck out of AHH!”

The wall behind Emily, which he had been leaning against, suddenly gave in to the weight of his hand resting against it and collapsed inward... and inside the wall were thousands and thousands of tiny black spiders.

Emily immediately screamed at the sight of the convulsing, crawling mass, and quickly tripped in an attempt to run. Tyler leapt backwards as his girlfriend fell and was covered with the rush of black bodies of the spiders as the swarmed over her like running water. The tiny spiders were soft, fuzzy, and warm... but their fangs were sharp, and they quickly began biting at Emily’s exposed arms. She tried to stand back up, pushing herself up and off the dirty floorboard, but very quickly her hands and arms were going numb. She tried to scream a second time but could only whimper as she collapsed, and the rush of spiders covered her in a blanket of moving and wriggling bodies. Underneath the pile it was quite hot and hard to breath, and Emily quickly succumbed to the countless spider bites that were beginning to numb her entire body while the spiders began to invade her uniform. She passed out as she felt more bites in much more private places.

Tyler didn’t waste a second turning to run for the door after having watched Emily get swarmed, only to find it blocked by a literal wall of spiders, which quickly fell forward to crash over him like a wave, covering him too with countless crawling legs and furry little bodies.

He immediately felt tiny bites all over his skin, and flailed about uselessly before he too tripped and fell to the floor. He was quickly covered head to toe, and shortly after he followed Emily’s lead passed out from the combination of sudden shock of being attacked by a virtual avalanche of arachnids and the curiously strong venom that was already going to work even as he slipped into the darkness of sleep. His last thought, as his muscles relaxed against his will and his brain went fuzzy, was how strangely warm and comfortable it was, being buried alive beneath spiders.

Emily awoke in a daze. Lying in the dark on her back, she could neither tell how much time had passed nor where all the tiny spiders had gone. The last thing she remembered was that they were biting her over and over, and she remembered her body going numb. She had thought she was going to die, but apparently not, although her head hurt a fair bit. Did she hit it when she fell, or was it an after effect of the spider bites?

She lifted her hand to rest it against her face and rub her temples, and for a moment didn't notice that anything was wrong. It took her several seconds to realize that *two* hands were touching her face, not one.

She immediately freaked out, screaming as she lifted *two* right arms up in front of her, while sitting bolt upright and bracing herself in the sitting position with a further *two* left arms. The extra pair of arms had apparently sprouted out from just under her armpits, ripping out holes in her blouse, and moved just as naturally and easily as if she'd had them her entire life. Her panicked screaming was interrupted, however, by Tyler's confident laugh.

"Hey, you're awake! Pretty cool right?"

Tyler had stripped down to just his pants, and was admiring his new biceps. Emily, however, didn't calm down.

"Cool? Cool!?! Look at this! We're freaks!!"

But Tyler was quickly over to Emily's side, and stared deep into her eyes. Taking her hands in his as she stared horrified at them.

"No, don't say that Emily. Can't you see this is good? Can't you feel it?"

And as he spoke he took both of her breasts in two of his hands and used his other two to pull her in closer to him and lift up one of her legs erotically. It was then that Emily noticed that Tyler had quite the woody... and that she was hornier than she had ever been in her life.

"What... what's going on?!" she asked, scared by what her body was telling her, and by what she was feeling. "What's happening to us!?"

"Like I said, something good," repeated Tyler. "Now let's get those stuffy clothes off your beautiful body..."

With four hands it was quick work to tear away first Emily's short skirt and already tattered blouse, leaving only her matching pair of pink panties and bra. The panties were already wet in the front, and Emily sucked in her breath as Tyler touched her bare skin, his four hands caressing her so very tenderly.

She couldn't help but respond, and her worries and fear quickly took a second seat to the far more familiar admiration of Tyler, and a deepening need to satisfy herself *and* him.

Her bra was caught in between her two arms, and had become rather uncomfortable, but Tyler soon fixed that as he tore it off easily, as if the straps were made of paper. She really did have quite lovely breasts, especially for an athletic girl like herself. Her sexy, flat stomach led down to a well-trimmed garden partially hidden by her panties, which soon joined her bra in a pile on the ground.

And so she was rendered naked in a strange house, though somehow she didn't *feel* naked. The way Tyler looked at her body she knew that he liked what he saw, and her worries over what had happened to her arms dissolved in light of the fact that Tyler wanted her. That was all she really need, after all, because she wanted him too. She needed him desperately, in fact. She could see his little soldier straining against his waistband, but Tyler wasn't so crass as to skip to the end. He was, if nothing else, a gentleman in the bedroom.

Thus he helped her to spread her legs for him as he bent down, her delicate flower of womanhood awaiting him as his many hands multitasked to gently caress her mound in time with caressing her breasts and back... and all she had to do was brace herself with her four arms, not knowing what else she could do with them, as Tyler placed his mouth on her pussy.

He was certainly no novice, having done this to her countless times before, and he knew all of her sweet spots. He wasted no time in bringing her rapidly skywards, as she was already as wet as could be and plenty ready for him. It was only a matter of getting her to cum for him, which he suspected would come in record time, but he was in no hurry. Already he could feel something welling up within his own body as Emily strained against his dancing tongue and lips. He smiled as he felt his body begin to change further as his girlfriend cried out in ecstasy from his top notch attentions.

The first thing that he noticed that he was getting increasingly hotter, and although he was half naked it felt as though were covered in a blanket. This, he quickly realized, was because he was growing fur all over his body. Thick and light brown colored with darker brown patches, it was already covering most of his back by the time he noticed it and spreading down his ass. The very next thing to change was his tailbone.

He never stopped or slowed his teasing and sucking, but all the same he felt thrilled as he felt his tailbone push out of his ass, a long stinger poking out of his skin and tearing a hole in his pants with zero resistance. His tailbone swelled out as if to form a tail, but it was becoming far too round and thick. Rather, instead of a tail he was growing an abdomen like an insect, or to be much more specific, like a spider.

It too was covered with thick, luxuriously soft and downy fur that was much longer on top than underneath, and he felt both his abdomen and its stinger throb in time to his rapidly beating heart as Emily twisted and moaned beneath him, growing ever closer to that sweet, sweet precipice.

“Tyler!” she panted. She was so close, but she didn’t want to cum just yet and waste such a golden moment.

“Mmm?” he asked.

“Take me!”

Well now! Emily had never let Tyler get to *fourth* base before! He needed no second invitation.

Emily herself was practically high on her own hormones, and not entirely herself. That isn’t to say that she wouldn’t have ordinarily let Tyler inside her, as she had been planning to do it for some time now and now *definitely* felt like the right time. What *was* out of character for her timid and cautious self was that she could feel herself changing further, and didn’t want to stop. She could feel her hair lengthening and becoming finer, and soft, pale yellow fur was growing down her back, matching her hair color. Why was she not worried? She should stop before things got worse, but she didn’t want to. She needed Tyler inside of her, and if that meant that she changed even more then that seemed worth it to her. She was desperately horny, and Tyler was making her that much hotter, looking at her like he was. Touching her like he was.

Tyler needed no second invitation himself. He was as hard as he’d ever been, and Emily looked like a goddess to him. His four arms had strength aplenty to lift her high into the air, gentle as could be. Emily placed her feet on his hips, and he held onto her as she leaned back and lowered herself onto him. The sensation of him touching her, and then penetrating her, was one neither had experienced before, and it made what was happening to them both quite magical, their physical changes and duress nearly forgotten as she slid over him, enveloping his shaft inch by inch with her body, accepting him into her even as her hymen tore and crooning at the forbidden nature of everything they were doing.

But with her incredibly intimate contact with her boyfriend, Emily’s changes were increasing in speed. Even as Tyler bottomed out in her she could already feel her spine extending to for the same stinger-tipped spider’s abdomen that Tyler had acquired, and she could feel her fur spreading and lengthening, covering her legs and arms and blanketing her. She rapidly started burning up inside, but strangely it wasn’t the least bit uncomfortable. She could tell the same was happening to Tyler because he was on fire inside of her as he pulled out to begin thrusting, and boy did that feel wonderful! Emily never knew she could experience such joyous satisfaction and pleasure, but she found herself growing slowly towards a peak *far* beyond her modest range of experience. She threw back her head and let go over her cares and worries as she fucked Tyler back with everything she had. This was something special, and she was going to make the most of it. Anything else could be dealt with later! Right now she only cared about one thing, and that was Tyler as he ravaged her body.

She wrapped her arms around Tyler and he her, his fingers pushing their way sensuously through the fur of her back and abdomen, while holding on to her legs as she rode him up and down. Her breasts were

in perfect position in front of his face, and he couldn't help but grab one in his mouth and suck on it while Emily screamed his name over and over with incredible intensity as he pounded her faster and faster.

"Tyler!"

"Yea?"

"Don't stop!"

Even though Emily could feel sharp fangs growing in place of her incisors, even though she could feel her nails hardening and sharpening into dangerous claws, even though she could feel every inch of her body being warped and changed around into the form of a monster with every move Tyler made inside of her, she didn't want it to stop. She couldn't imagine stopping. The feel of her fur against Tyler's, her breasts in his face, the way her stinger pulsed in and out of her strange and oddly comfortable spiders abdomen, even the way her pussy seemed to be undergoing slight anatomical changes even while she was being fucked, all of it felt wonderful and good and blissfully pleasurable. She liked how her body felt as it was changing, and the sex only reinforced her positive emotions further even as her cynical and rational brain abhorred what was being done to her against her volition and better judgment. Tyler, of course, was enjoying every second of it, reveling in the magical changes enveloping him and his girlfriend and welcoming it all, even as Emily only grew more and more conflicted though no matter how conflicted she might be she couldn't possibly stop riding his cock.

And so the changes weren't going to stop either, and as both speed up their hands and feet finished becoming clawed while they fucked faster and harder and their fur lengthened and spread even further, their groins awash in the soft and downy fluff that mashed together as they ground their pelvises together. Tyler didn't care though, and Emily pretended not to care herself as, without warning, she came and came hard, digging her claws into Tyler's back and crushing him in a bear hug. Her cries sharpened to screams of disbelief as, somewhat accidentally, her clit ground into his pelvic bone as she forced him as deeply into her body as she could, and she came like a ton of bricks. His seed was shockingly hot within her as it shot deep into her belly, and she whimpered as she was filled with more and more of it, far beyond anything that she had expected.

Tyler was quickly left panting as he spent himself, but Emily continued to ride out her orgasm for several more minutes as her body slowly tried to wind down, shudders and spasms wracking her body, hitting her again and again just when she thought it was over, until she realized that she had been clinging to Tyler for over five minutes with him inside of her, smiling down at her like he always did.

"Good for you?" he asked with a further grin, which she returned cutely.

Then she blinked as if in surprise and looked at her hands, which were no longer human, but instead the claws of something that hunted. But what were these claws meant to hunt?

“Wuh... what’s happening to us?”

“Something awesome,” answered Tyler. “Feels great doesn’t it?”

Emily slowly and gingerly let herself down off Tyler, his softening manhood following with her as it slowly pulled out. She felt dirty inside, but in an oddly pleasant and satisfying way. Tyler’s dick was slick and shiny with her fluids, and she marveled at what they had both just done. She felt like she was glowing from the inside out, and indeed she her body temperature had risen quite high, but it was more than that. She was glowing from an incompatible mixture of pure satisfaction at finally having had sex with Tyler, and utter shame at the consequences it apparently had on her body. They were no longer *at all* human.

“I- I don’t know! I mean, sure it feels great, but just look at us! We’re turning into monsters!”

Tyler scoffed as he pulled her close to him, their naked and still sensitive bodies touching most intimately. He held her in his many arms and looked deep into her eyes with a calming smile.

“So?” he asked.

“What if we can’t turn back!?” insisted Emily, beginning to panic. She could feel more changes happening to her body, and watched fearfully as Tyler’s eyes transformed in front of her, mirroring the changes happening to her own eyes, as his pupils disappeared to be replaced by the multilinked retinas of a spider. Secondary and tertiary eyes opened up above and below his main ones, and he smiled as his view of the world literally changed. The fur covering both their bodies lengthened and thickened further as he held her in his arms, having finished spreading across their bodies.

“Well then... I guess we’ll be monsters.”

And cocky as ever he planted a kiss on her lips, pushing his tongue inside to feel her pair of fangs, identical to his own, and interrupted any thoughts she might have had in protest to their situation as she melted into his arms.

The old spider-woman, watching from a hole in the ceiling, was ecstatic with herself. Her plan had worked! Now they had no choice but to stay and keep her company, being fellow monsters!

With a happy cackle she lowered herself by a string of web from the ceiling, instantly getting the attention of the two love-birds.

She was very old, with her overly long fur a mottled grey and blood-red color, and half-starved looking. She appeared, in fact, as though she was on the verge of death, though in she was actually quite lively and excited, especially in light of her new guests.

“Ah! A skeleton!” screamed Emily the moment she saw her, interrupting the decrepit creature’s laugh.

“What? No! I’m just an old spider!”

“Like hell you are; you’re a monster like us!” observed Tyler calmly.

“Yesssss!!” agreed the old lady. “We’re monsters! Outside is baaaaaad! You stay! My children made you like me; now we will be like family! I’ve waited over *twenty years* for someone to come live with me! Alone... so long ... But now I have you nice young spiders!”

“Are we stuck like this!?” asked Emily in shock.

“Yess!” grinned the old spider lady, nodding her boney head emphatically.

“No... NO!” cried Emily in denial.

“Not so bad... when you have company...” continued the old lady, her grin widening. “Now we can all keep each other company in the attic! Come, let me show you my humble web...”

Her grin quickly disappeared from her face, however, as the front door swung open and blinding sunlight poured through. With a pained hiss she leapt from the light and back into the impenetrable shadows of her home.

“Or...” chuckled Tyler as he stood half in and half out of the sunlight. “We could go out and spread the good word. You’ve say been shut up in here for over twenty years and you want *us* to do the same? We might be monsters now, but I can’t see why we would need to hide. We need to spread! We can use our venom to make others just like us, right? Why not *use* that? I’m sure we’d find plenty of volunteers, or even appropriate victims!”

Both Emily and the old woman stood dumbfounded, the idea having apparently not occurred to either of them that their condition could be found acceptable in the outside world by humans, or even enviable.

“Heck, with these newfound abilities we could even live like superheroes! Or even kings...” he continued.

“You really think so?” asked Emily with growing confidence, stepping forward to hold on to Tyler’s hand. He smiled, knowing that he had found, and made, himself a companion for life. A suiting queen, if you will.

“And you. Miss Monster-lady.” he said, turning to address the old woman.

“Yes?” asked the spider-woman timidly.

“We’ll be back to help you start fixing this place up. We can’t have a decapitated base of operations, now can we?”

“Wait, you say you’ll come back? Are you going to bring more people here? Ooo! My family is going to get bigger! I’m so happy!”

“That sounds like a yes then. Come on Emily. Let’s get going!”

“Uh... Oh... Okay!”

And so they both walked back out into the sun, completely naked and utterly changed, with a new goal in life beyond graduating high school. Not knowing where they were going, nor even what exactly they were doing, Tyler led the way out into the open world. Perhaps he would stop by his school first, and pay the kids there a visit? He knew a few nerds who would love to be part of something like this... and he had the feeling that his venom could be used in more malicious ways on those who were more deserving of punishment. It definitely warranted testing. He smiled at a woman walking her dog, and although she did a double take she kept walking as if nothing happened, dragging the canine along when it stopped to bark.

“Don’t be too long! Be back soon!” cried the old spider after them as they walked down her sidewalk, whipping a happy tear from her eye. Kids these days were so kind! Just to think, that soon her house would be full of more young spiders! Just like the old days! Perhaps she *was* getting a bit overly cautious with her old age.

As she watched Tyler and Emily go, she touched herself, reminiscing of better days and for the first time and years feeling the desire that once ruled her life, must like those young’uns. Perhaps it was time she got back into the game? She definitely wasn’t getting any younger! If she recalled correctly, there was an old folks home down the street.... where were her things? Fear of discovery or not, she wasn’t about to let the younger generation have *all* the fun, and she definitely knew a thing or two they probably didn’t.

Make way world! The spiders are coming back!!