

Chapter Two: Help! I'm being held hostage by a feminist!

Stan's office was eerily quiet. With eight legs he found that standing was as comfortable as sitting down ever was, and his human half seemed to have a supernaturally strong core; his entire body felt weightless. The fur on his lower half seemed to defy gravity and was an exotic shade of black that seemed to darken the very air surrounding him. Stan found himself wishing he had some sort of mirror to look at himself with, but he had no such thing in his office.

All told he was taking the sudden changes to his entire body extremely well, although this was due solely to the fact that he was still in a sort of shock about it and even a bit of denial. He wanted to tell himself that he must be dreaming, but as he held his hands up to look at them there seemed to be no denying that everything was real. Dreams might seem real while you're asleep, but when you're awake there can be no mistaking one for the other.

His hands weren't quite human. They were thin, had claws, and his skin was a soft shade of black that quite complimented the hard-black color of his fur and flowing hair. Looking down past his ample breasts he grabbed ahold of the long fur at his waist and pulled it through his fingers. It was pleasantly warm as he brushed it through his hands as well as surprisingly sensitive to his touch. He realized with a start, in fact, that the simple act of running his fingers through said fur was causing his recently acquired female bits, which he was trying unsuccessfully to pretend weren't there, to tingle... and he felt his breasts physically perk themselves and his mound become wet while his entire body seemed to tense up a little.

<Quite wonderfully visceral this body, don't you agree?> said the voice in Stan's head, which belonged to the being that called herself Yvette.

<If you haven't noticed already it's modeled after myself. Strictly speaking, I'm not allowed to be 'here'... but if there's one thing my mistress is good at, it's exploiting loopholes.>

Stan was still just a wee bit speechless, or perhaps he was simply ignoring her, so Yvette continued.

<And I'm *not* a feminist, just so you know. Feminists believe men have no place in society, or are inferior in some way. I would never agree to such a philosophy! I just think that your women need to be more confident, and your men need to be more thoughtful, that's all. Just look at yourself! The only way a man could ever find himself before me like you did is if he harbors debasing thoughts of women.>

That seemed to wake Stan up.

"What?" he asked. His voice was no longer his own, but rather a surprisingly authoritative alto. He didn't let that throw him off though.

“What are you saying? Did you do this to me as some sort of punishment or lesson? If that’s the case I gotta tell ya, as a scientist I can’t imagine a more interesting thing to happen to me.”

<You really think so? Things really have changed! The last man I was charged with moped around for an entire week before he finally started readjusting!>

“Oh, don’t get me wrong,” said Stan quickly as he gently held his breasts with his hands, experimentally cupping and lifting them. He had to bite his teeth together to keep his breathing under control as he squeezed them, and chuckled before he continued. “I don’t agree at all with *anything* you’ve said. I don’t debase women and I don’t think anyone I know does either. What I *do* think is that women shouldn’t be artificially elevated in status just because they were born with a pussy. If they want respect as a group, they should earn it as a group. Everything else is just excuses and favoritism. If I judge anybody at all, I’d like to think I do so fairly.”

<Ah.... I think I’m beginning to see why you were chosen. You think women *deserve* any prejudice they receive?>

“I didn’t say that...”

<But you implied it. How assuming you are for one so ignorant! I am going to thoroughly enjoy teaching you exactly how wrong everything *you* just said was... but first since you *are* a man we must start with the basics, yes?>

“What basics?” asked Stan, but already Yvette’s voice was fading from within his mind. Only then did he notice the gold spider-shaped amulet (with the huge ruby set in its abdomen). It was sitting in the middle of the large scorch mark left on his desk from when the thing had transported him to the cave. Or did the cave come to him? How exactly did all of that work anyway?

But it wasn’t the time for asking such questions, as the amulet’s ruby was beginning to glow red... and the many legs began to move. In mere moments the soft metal was breathed to life, and as it elegantly stood up on the table and stretched it seemed to look up and smile at Stan... and immediately he knew where Yvette had gone.

“*Lesson one,*” she said, her voice faint and soft as the red light of her ruby seemed to intensify and deepen in hue. The air in Stan’s office began to fill with static... except it wasn’t really static at all but a gathering of a different type of energy altogether.

“*You will learn of sex from a woman’s perspective... and you will learn to enjoy it.*”

“How about no?” said Stan back. With his usual quick thinking he ripped out one of his desk drawers, emptied it, and turning it upside down trapped the golden spider-amulet that Yvette had possessed,

which he then proceeded to hold down with all of his bodyweight. Despite the thinness of his transformed arms, and the seemingly fragile upper body of his, he was able to push down with enough strength to make the wood of his expensive desk groan in warning. The red light of the amulet shone through the gaps between the drawer and his desk, especially as the wood began to crack slightly, but he paid it no mind. "This has gone far enough. I have work to do, and while this is all very interesting I have no real desire to go along with whatever it is you want me to do. I've got to finish this report before..."

"I don't believe you have a choice in the matter..." said Yvette almost threateningly. *"You will become a weapon to fight injustice one way or another... and as you will discover my methods are far more effective than conventional methods of punishment and re-education."*

"What?" chuckled Stan. "You make it sound like you're a *literal* femi-nazi."

"By the end of this, you will be begging my forgiveness for your use of such antagonizing and derogatory names."

"Like hell I willlllllohhmyGOD!!!"

And quite suddenly Stan nearly let his hold on the trapped Yvette go as his entire body went from 'warm and tingly' to 'burning with the fire of a thousand suns'.

Stan had sported plenty of hard-ons in his lifetime. Hell, he wasn't terribly inexperienced either, having had quite an adventurous college career despite his natural shyness with women. He had enough wits about him to recognize that his arousal hadn't eased much despite his transformation into a sexy woman-spider hybrid, and that he was quite wet to start with.

What he hadn't at all expected was that the mild warmth that radiated across his entire body and which seemed to focus and gather around his new genitals and breasts was just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. It was as if someone had poured liquid sex straight into his veins and suddenly his entire body was in sexual overdrive. His skin tightened, his voluminous fur stood out straight on end before practically curling around itself, his breasts felt like they grew a size larger from the blood-rush and his nipples became instantly hard enough to cut glass (an exaggeration but not an inappropriate one), and while Stan had been able to mostly ignore it before it now became excruciatingly plain to him that he had two entirely different and separate sexual organs of the female persuasion... as both flooded with powerful feelings of unspeakable lust and desire while involuntary muscular contractions made plain to him their individual anatomies.

Stan nearly choked on his own tongue at the suddenness of it. Didn't women need a good long warm-up before they got like this?! Where the hell did this come from all out of nowhere!?

"What the hell did you just do to me!?!"

“Oh, don’t you worry about that! Just relax! Let it come naturally! Enjoy your new body! I certainly will...”

“What!?!?” Stan hissed breathlessly as he struggled to catch his breath. It seemed as though he were suddenly running wind-sprints, and his supernatural strength was rapidly draining from him.

But things were starting to click together as the drawer that Stan had Yvette trapped underneath began to rise up... and underneath it the golden spider was growing in size. In a matter of seconds it even grew to be too large for the drawer and the wood creaked dangerously before splintering and shattering in half like a shell.

The amulet was nearly unrecognizable. A group of a half dozen or more shining red eyes looked up at Stan cutely. Its entire body was being covered in rapidly growing golden fur the likes of which Stan had never seen before, with a huge and brilliant red patch of fur on the back of its abdomen. Yvette was already the size of a large dog and rapidly growing larger by the second.

Her many legs were as soft and poufy as the fluffiest of teddy bears. Her butt was shapely and quite beautiful with its nearly iridescent red and gold coloring and her face was the picture of innocence as it grew in size rapidly... and as she grew so did her large and hypnotizingly dexterous pedipalps.

Stan didn’t know much... but he knew enough to listen to what his instincts were telling him... and he knew enough about spiders to know the primary function of those intimidating pedipalps.

“This is so exciting!” squealed Yvette. *“Don’t worry. This talisman I’ve embodied might be male, but I won’t get you pregnant. I am made of ruby and gold and not flesh after all... not that you’ll be able to tell the difference of course.”*

“P-p-pregnant!?!” breathed Stan, though he had tried to yell. He stumbled backwards over his chair and into the small corner of his office in an attempt to distance himself from the still-growing form of Yvette, who had fire in her small bright eyes... and what he could have sworn was a mischievously wicked smile on her mandibles.

“Oh, don’t look so pale. Bearing life is one of the many great gifts of womanhood! If you’re good I might just allow you to experience it firsthand!!”

“Like fucking hell! Back up! Go away!!!”

“Aw.... But don’t you want this? I can make you feel very good you know. Satisfy the ... cravings you most certainly are harboring. You yourself said you were intrigued by your new body. Surely you’re not getting cold feet.”

“This is something else entirely and you know it! This isn’t consensual at all! You’re forcing all of this onto me!!”

“Oh dear, am I?” asked Yvette, closing the distance between the two of them. “Well then, my dear scientist... I’ll give you a choice. Option one... you take me right here and right now and make me yours. I will teach you everything you need to know about the ways of my kind, and once I am satisfied that you have fully absorbed what I have to teach you we will begin the real work of delivering justice to women in need... and yes as occasion demands we will aid men as well if they are deserving of such aid. You will become, under my guidance, a force for good.

“Option two, which I will only ever offer to you just this once, is that I disappear from your life forever. I will put everything back as it was before you came into contact with my talisman, and it will be as if you had never met me. You’ll have no memory of any of this. No strings attached.”

Yvette had finished growing in size, and stood inches away from Stan’s heaving chest. She stood nearly as tall as him, and her pedipalps were intimidatingly large... yet so enticingly soft and nimble as she fidgeted with them idly, brushing at her own golden fur and seeming to purr absent-mindedly as she did so.

Stan realized that he could smell her maleness just as potently as he could smell his own sweet sex, and the musky smell was as intoxicating as it was implacable. He had to mentally shake himself to keep his wits about him and think clearly.

His body was screaming that it wanted to fuck something... anything... and he couldn’t help but agree. He wanted to feel good. He wanted to satisfy this new and primal urge that was forcing itself on his body and attempting to overwhelm his consciousness, and he was intensely curious to see what would happen if he let it. It would be so easy too, to just give into this lust which was gripping him unlike anything he had ever felt before... but Stan was a thinker, and he did not give up his facilities so easily. Just as he was a lucid drinker, so did he manage to keep his wit about him in the midst of a storm of hormones begging him to give in and do the ‘natural’ thing.

“You’re joking, right?” he finally said after what felt to him like an eternity of inner debate to thoroughly assure himself that he was making the right decision. “I would never willingly give up such an opportunity as this...”

Yvette’s eyes seemed to shine with joy at Stan’s response, but he wasn’t done.

“But if we’re doing this at all we’re doing this on my terms. You need me, right? Otherwise you wouldn’t go through all of this trouble... so I want you to promise me that this won’t interfere with my work or my ambitions as a man.”

If Yvette felt any surprise she didn't show it, though she took a few moments to respond... and when she did it was with a cackling laugh.

"How brazen! I accept your terms!"

And so Yvette held out her right pedipalp... and without hesitation Stan took it in his hand and they shook on it.

"Just remember," warned Yvette as Stan didn't let go of Yvette's pedipalp. He was stunned at how soft and wonderful it felt in his relatively small and delicate hand. Yvette let its weight fall into his palm and chuckled as Stan shivered, blushing as his entire body seemed to light up from simply holding the phallus in his hand. *"This was, in the end, your choice. No complaining if you change your mind later, okay?"*

Stan said nothing as he stared at Yvette while sweat formed on his brow. The heat that was ablaze within his new body was doubling and tripling in intensity.

"And also, just so that it's clear, you can never return to being a man after this..."

"What?" Stan whispered, unable to move. He had thought the intensity of the heat gripping him had reached its peak already, but he couldn't have been more wrong. His human consciousness was rapidly being crushed beneath the weight of a million years of hard-wired instinct and the unstoppable force of nature that he was only just beginning to experience... which was to say the indescribable need that gripped all female creatures that experienced heat, and gripped spiders with special strength that stemmed from the simplicity of a design that had survived countless billions of generations of evolution.

He thought he was wet before. He thought he was feeling hot and desperate and needy before. He hadn't the first clue what real desperation and real need felt like... and still he clung to the shrinking island that was his male consciousness.

"What do you mean!?" he managed to say in confusion. His body was beginning to move beyond his control, but he struggled to resist just a few seconds more. Even still, he couldn't stop his hands from stroking Yvette's pedipalps gently, feeling her soft fur running through his fingers, and Yvette's purring only increased in volume as she waited patiently for Stan to break. She would turn up the heat as much as she needed to, but it was apparent that he wasn't going to be able to take what she had already given him for very much longer.

"You accepted my terms!" he said accusingly. "If you can give me breasts you can take them back! How the hell am I supposed to keep working looking like this? How am I supposed to make love to a woman!? Start a family!!!"

“And so I shall honor your ‘terms’. You need not worry. Everything you desired as a man is equally obtainable as a woman. You will see. I will show you.”

Stan wanted to argue, but he couldn't bring himself to. He was in agony as he was, and couldn't delay any longer. He needed a release for everything he was feeling, and the only way he could find that release was right in front of him.

And so he pulled Yvette closer and embraced her, golden fur and all, and buried his face in her billowy softness.

“This discussion isn't over!” he mumbled into her fur, unable to stop the trembling of his entire body. The softness of her fur on his breasts, especially the sensation of her fur as it brushed his nipples like a thousand soft feathers, nearly made him moan out loud. “That's a bunch of bull and you know it, but for the love of all that his holy make this stop! I can't take much more!”

“Too much for you already?” teased Yvette. *“I thought you had more fortitude than this!”*

“Stop fucking teasing me and just do something already! I'm so horny I think I might just explode, and for the love of god how do women stand not having dicks??? With a dick at least there's a limit to how hard you can fucking get!!”

“Oh, there's a limit to how horny you can get too, but it's well beyond the limitations that a human mind can tolerate without going insane. Don't worry though, I won't be taking you to that realm of ecstasy too soon.”

“Oh sweet merciful Jesus it gets worse than this?!”

“Much worse,” promised Yvette. *“But for now let me soothe your poor aching pussies...”*

And as she cooed mirthfully at Stan she reached up with one of her fore-legs and placed a soft and silken-furred footpad on his human pussy, and reached underneath him with her other leg to do the same with his spider's vent, located in the center of the underside of his abdomen.

The effect was immediate. Stan nearly came from Yvette's touch alone.

It was strange though... his human pussy was far more sensitive than his vent was, and as Yvette squished his mound and began rubbing it up and down spasms rocked him from the top of his head to his eight little spider-feet... but the pressure she was putting on his vent was evoking something much more dormant and many times more powerful within him. Stan felt his biology come to life within his fat spider-butt as both of his orifices were gently stimulated, and he moaned as if experience pain as his bodies chemistry went wild.

His spider half evoked powerful urges, almost involuntary, that forced him to lift his body up as high as he could while bending his abdomen between his legs to present himself to his mate. Simultaneously his human half was already leaps and bounds ahead of the rest of his anatomy.

“Oh! Ohhh! *OHHHH!*” cried Stan, unable and unwilling to keep from crying out as his human pussy was rubbed faster and faster even as he bent his abdomen even further forward, arching it as far as he was able. His hands had quickly flown to his breast and were desperately kneading his soft mounds of flesh and teasing his oh-so shockingly sensitive nipples.

His stomach was beginning to flutter, and his vaginal muscles began to clench and unclench uncontrollably. His pussy was becoming a right mess, having covered Yvette’s pedipalp with his fluids, but she didn’t slow down until he was literally screaming... and only after he could scream no more did she slowly stop rubbing him and gently removed her foot-pad as Stan wet himself.

“Fucking hell,” gasped Stan as he tried to catch his breath. He was still shaking from orgasm, and was hugging himself tight as if to try and stop it. “That was the most-”

But Yvette interrupted his thought with the sudden insertion of one of her pedipalps up and into his extremely wet and desperately ready vent.... And Stan completely and utterly froze up, both in mind and body. His nipples hardened almost painfully, and his pussy flushed an even *deeper* shade of red as he nearly came a second time as Yvette then began gently but forcefully pounding his astoundingly deep orifice, which he had presented so eagerly to her and now fully regretted it.

His human pussy had felt like pure bliss and powerful electric buzzing ecstasy. It was like nothing he had ever even dreamed possible before, much less ever before experienced, and it was to a magnitude that he felt had nearly broken him mentally. His sexual experience as a female spider was in an entirely different league.

Yvette laughed as Stan’s body began doing a number of things without his consent. Firstly, his abdomen began pushing against Yvette’s forceful ministrations and adjusting the angle to further aid her to reach deeper into the soft and insanely sensitive tissues that extended *impossibly* deep into his body. Secondly, the stimulation of Yvette’s pedipalp, which fit like a key into the nooks and crannies of his inhuman pussy and was actively moving and adjusting its shape as she thrust in and out of Stan’s body, was triggering an astoundingly complex muscular response from his organ... which seemed to serve the purpose of stimulating Yvette in turn, causing her to speed up, which initiated a chain reaction of both of them going faster and faster... but neither of them were yet able to release.

The power of this invertebrate sex compared to his earlier human stimulation was like comparing the ultrasonic song of a whale to an electric guitar solo. His human pussy was practically glowing, and his entire body felt alive with energy from his first ever, and quite excellent, female orgasm... but what he was feeling from his spider half felt as though it were shaking the foundations of his soul. A dormant part of his brain was becoming activated, and it was resonating with a sense of intense satisfaction and

pure and utter joy at what was being done to him that he couldn't even begin to deny it as a part of himself now.

It felt wonderful beyond anything any human could comprehend... and even as Stan experienced it he couldn't begin to understand what it was he was really feeling as such things could never be recognized on a conscious level. Indeed, he felt intense and building pleasure as his strange new sex was stimulated faster and faster, and his body pulsed and moved in perfect harmony as they both slowly joined in climax, but he couldn't comprehend the half of what was transpiring. He could only shudder in stunned disbelief as he came... and came... and came. His orgasm was so powerful, in fact, that it triggered his human pussy to climax a second time as well all on its own, and as he held his bosom tightly as he rode a rollercoaster from an entirely different planet Yvette came to a stop inside of him and slowly they both shuddered to a halt and their twin orgasms peaked... and then began slowly spooling down.

It was inhuman. The most basic sort of pleasure imaginable. A satisfaction that ran deeper than his human mind could follow, and which permanently marked him. He could no longer count himself among the species of homo-sapiens. He had been transformed into something else entirely from the inside out, though whether he would ever admit that to himself would remain up in the air... but the fact remained that he would never be the same as he was before, nor could he go back to being what he once was even if he wanted to.

It took him over five minutes to get his breath back.

"Well now..." he huffed, taking deep breath and holding it in an unsuccessful attempt to calm his how utterly destroyed nerves. Yvette was still inside of him, and he didn't plan on asking her to remove herself anytime soon. He somehow felt as though her pedipalp, plugged up inside of him like it was, was the only thing still holding him together.

"That was something else," he continued, finishing his sentence with a very long sigh. His eight legs were unsteady and shaking, and Yvette, who was stuck underneath him, wasn't in much better shape.

"I had nearly forgotten," she confessed, "What that was like as a male... I feel like taking a nap now."

"That's good," said Stan with a tremble in his voice. He coughed to clear it, and then realized he didn't quite know what to do with his hands. After crossing and uncrossing them he settled for meshing his fingers together and holding his hands behind his head. His breasts lifted themselves up accordingly, and he looked down at the view with a strange satisfaction. "Though it's past noon now and I haven't finished my report..."

"Oh, yes... your job. Don't let me hold you up."

And so delicately and carefully Yvette extracted herself from Stan's body... and as she pulled out she shrank gradually in size. The shrinking accelerated as she withdrew until, as the last of her left Stan's wet

and heated vent she was back to the original size of the pendant before curling back up and returning to being solid gold and giant ruby on the carpeted floor.

Stan carefully picked her up and placed her back on his desk before he started carefully typing out the rest of his report. How he was going to turn it in he hadn't a clue, but he needed something to take his mind off of things for a moment. Maybe when he was done he could somehow talk Yvette into letting him be male for just long enough to finish out the day of work... but somehow he knew deep down that she wasn't going to be very cooperative in the matter.

He felt a slight chill and realized with a small start that he wasn't wearing clothes and hadn't been for quite some time. Where exactly had they gone again? He couldn't remember. Quite suddenly everything felt like a dream, though he still couldn't quite convince himself of that, and as he typed his mind wandered.

Yvette had said something about fighting for justice and women's rights or something... did she mean fight like a super-hero? If so, why this 'training' of experiencing sex as a woman... or a spider for that matter? Wouldn't he be more 'useful' to Yvette as 100% human rather than this strange monster hybrid?

Stan opened his mouth to ask her, but she beat him to the punch.

"I almost forgot!" she said giddily, her voice sounding exhausted. "Can't interrupt your work... I always honor my word and every caped crusader needs a secret identity, am I right? In any case, anytime you need to be human just press me against your vulva. I'll do the rest. Kay?"

"Really?" asked Stan.

"Really really!"

Stan sighed, and despite a total lack of trust bent down and picked Yvette off the ground. She was completely motionless, having reverted entirely back to the form of a rather expensive looking amulet... and with trepidation he gently held her against his still wet and red mound.

He gasped as the cool gold touched his hot flesh, then waited as for a few seconds nothing happened.

"Well?" Stan asked impatiently, and the second he did the amulet split into two pieces. The ruby and the rear legs of the amulet latched themselves around Stan's waist to form an *extremely* snug pair of legless metal panties, with the egg-shaped ruby held tightly against his vulva. The rest of the top half of the amulet then flattened out into a thin band of gold that lashed itself around his breasts, tightly flattening them down.

“Ack!” choked Stan as the sudden pressure on his chest made him exhale most of his breath while the ruby pressing against his pussy was exciting renewed feelings of lust despite his earlier ordeal... but he wasn't through just yet.

With a sudden sucking sensation Stan then felt this entire spider's abdomen suck up into the shape of a rather round and soft human butt... into which more thin bands of gold extended to reach up and between his legs, which had all condensed together to become a single pair of long and skinny human dandies as well.

His new gold lingerie tightened itself snugly into place, and then before he could even begin to get comfortable much less come to grips with what had just happened. His dress clothes appeared as if from out of nowhere and wrapped themselves around his body.

The bands over his chest tightened some more, his long hair shortened, his skin lightened from midnight black back to a more normal pale color, his eyes became more or less human again, his teeth returned back to normal, mostly, as did the rest of his face and ears, and in seconds he appeared to be a fairly close imitation of his former self... except that everything was off. Stan didn't need a mirror to tell any of that.

“Um... not to complain or anything,” he said. “But I think the fella's are going to notice something is wrong with me.”

“No they won't... and even if they do they won't say anything. Don't worry about it.”

“And this is *extremely* uncomfortable,” Stan added as he tried to adjust his new undergarments. He couldn't budge them, and it didn't help one bit to try.

“Cry me a river. I'm going to sleep and I don't want us to get separated.”

“What if I need to pee?”

And the second Stan said that he felt a lubricated tube extend up from the red ruby, which was slowly spreading his pussy lips further and further apart, and into his urethra all the way until it penetrated his bladder... which then emptied itself into the catheter. The sensation of pissing his pants and yet not pissing his pants sent chills up his spine.

“Need me to stick a dildo up ya in case you get horny too? Cause I will if you wake me up before nightfall.”

“No!” shouted Stan. “No! That's fine!”

“Good, now let me recharge while you work. I used up a bit more of my power than I originally intended, so I hope you don’t need me before then. G’night.”

“G’night,” agreed Stan. He then proceeded to stand awkwardly with his too-tight and highly uncomfortable new fashion statements making themselves known beneath his clothes before he quietly retrieved his chair and gingerly sat down in it back in front of his computer.

He was thinking about how unnecessary everything that Yvette had so far said and done when he realized with a start that he might not be able to pass the biometric scans to leave work anymore, having undergone a fundamental physical metamorphosis to the opposite gender... which was strange enough as it was without all the rest of the loaded bull-crap... but he didn’t dare try to wake Yvette up with the problem since he took her dildo threat entirely seriously, and as exciting as that sounded, he was fairly certain that walking around with a dildo stuck up in him all day would not be a walk in the park.

This had to be part of her ‘training’ of him. Was making him extremely uncomfortable and likely to get sent to jail for breaking into a high-security area lesson two? Well, he had the rest of the day to think about it before the figurative shit hit the fan. He had a feeling that things were only just beginning.