

Chapter Three: Workplace of Doom!

Stan sat uncomfortably in his armchair thinking about the morning events and unsuccessfully trying to piece them together as he typed furiously on his keyboard. He had breasts now, as well as a vagina, and a body and face that resembled what he had *looked* like that morning yet was different in nearly every noticeable way... but as far as he could tell his brain was the same as ever and he sped through what should have been several hours of work for a coworker in a fraction of the time. The catheter that remained stuck up inside him actually proved to be somewhat convenient, and although he felt as though he should be panicking, or undressing himself, or trying to figure out how to get out of his office without being locked in prison for trespass... instead he simply focused on finishing his work.

The golden panties, with the enormous jewel set in their front, felt as though they were held against him with suction or magnetism, and as unbudging as they were when he tried to adjust them they only ever seemed to slip more tightly and securely against his strange and new womanly areas, as if to purposefully annoy and frustrate him. He chose to stoically try and ignore it too.

It didn't help either that he was getting hot, as sweat was beginning to bead on his brow and underneath the tight golden undergarments between his skin and the gold. The thought came and went that he might be able to escape them if he used grease, but while he *might* be able to pop out of the golden band that was squishing his breasts (and crushing his ribs) his hips were too wide and his waist too narrow for him to ever be free of the panties without cutting them off, which he felt would prove dangerous in more ways than one.

So Stan managed to finish his report, sitting there and sweating his now shapely and round ass off. As he saved the document and turned it in electronically, he then began serious contemplation of what he should do.

First order of business: what exactly did he look like now? Well, the easiest way he could think of was to use the camera in his phone, without a mirror to use, so he pulled it out and turned the camera on rear-facing.

Stan was shocked by what he saw. His face most *certainly* didn't look like a man's. His hair was slightly too long, his upper body was the entirely wrong proportions, his arms were thinner than ever and his suit hung on his body all wrong, clinging to his ass and hanging far too loose around his middle. There was no way anyone wouldn't immediately think something was wrong with him, if they even recognized him at all!!

And where were his glasses? Did they fall off somewhere? He didn't seem to actually seem to need them anymore (which caused the geek within him to giggle for an attosecond)... but for appearances sake he still needed to *try* look the part!

He had hardly formed the thought, however, when his large metal-framed glasses seemed to materialize out of nowhere to come to a rest on his face. The prescription was missing, but in the prescriptions place there seemed to be something much more interesting. With the glasses on, he realized with a start, all the weird little feminine changes to his body and face became suddenly... unremarkable.

"The fuck?" he asked himself quietly, holding up his phone with one hand as he grabbed ahold of the glasses with the other. Glasses on: techie dweeb who graduated with honors. Glasses off... a handsome girl dressed in men's clothing. Glasses on, and he was back to being a scrawny guy in a plain suit. Glasses off again, and he was a cute temptress!!! What was fuck going on here?

He took the glasses off and stared at them curiously. Did they really make that much of a difference to his appearance, or was there something more going on here? He put them back on and focused carefully, and only when he scrutinized the details of his face and body was he able to notice that nothing had actually changed, and that his face and body were still very wrong.

Stan was pondering whether or not it was a magical effect of some sort or whether he had simply grown to associate himself with his glasses and his suit rather than the person underneath it when his door burst open. In a panic he nearly dropped the glasses before successfully putting them back on his face as he looked up to see Doug, one of his good friends, poke his head through the door. Doug was one of the large office types who looked as though they might occasionally go to the gym... but not often enough to dispose of his spare tire.

Stan immediately found himself blushing furiously. Doug looked as though he were about to say something, but had suddenly stopped and was staring at Stan. Could he or couldn't he tell if something was wrong? What would he do if Doug *did* notice something was wrong? And why was it so damned hot in there!

"Hot in here!" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Really?" asked Doug. "Feels the same as ever to me. Brian wants to know if you've finished with the report yet?"

"Yes! Yea, I just got done with that."

Doug laughed.

"You're usually much faster with it when it's your turn to do it. You're not messing around in here or something, are ya?"

“NO! I would never-”

“I’m just breaking your balls Stan-man... although you look like you’re turning red. Are you okay to work today man? You’re not sick or anything...”

“No, nothing like that, just a little stressed out I think.”

“About the project? Don’t be! Everything’s going fine and we’re right on schedule... now come on and hurry up, a group meeting was called.”

“What?”

“Oh, I’m sure it’s just a pep-talk.”

“But-”

“Come on!”

And so Doug pulled Stan out of his office and forced him to march as he tried unsuccessfully to come up with a protest at the last second. Stan realized quite clearly that he wasn’t at all confident with how he was ‘disguised’, and even worse! He was certain that from the rear the seemingly improbable distracting effect of his glasses shouldn’t be able to distract anyone walking behind him from his ass! Luckily, however, Doug wasn’t paying attention to much of anything at all as he happily did a one-man frog march and pushed Stan down the hall and into the conference room. He was too focused on talking.

“...and can you believe it? Fuck, / could throw better passes than that moron. It’s like he’s purposefully trying to do a shitty job! It’s the only explanation that makes sense... ah, here we go.”

The conference room was just up ahead, and Doug pushed a flustering Stan over to it and through the doors.

“There he is!” exclaimed a man named John, who was a seven foot tall giant with extremely pale skin and long blond hair that went straight down to his shoulders. “Where you been all day?”

“Huh?” was all Stan was able to say by way of response. The room was filled with all of his coworkers, even Dr. Siva with whom he had a mild infatuation who was preparing her notes at head of the table, and they had all turned to look at him as he was shoved through the door.

He visibly seemed to shrink in on himself as he tried to inconspicuously cover his body. He stood there for a good couple seconds before he was able to move from the spot he had been frozen to, and attempted to seek cover in the nearest chair. It didn’t help any.

“Stan!” continued John, walking over to give him a slap on the back, causing Stan to flinch visibly. He luckily didn’t hit the band of gold that was only an inch lower from where he slapped. “We were getting worried! You missed lunch!”

Stan, caught by surprise by the slap on the back, responded with choking coughs which conveniently allowed him to avoid saying anything at all.

“Ahem...” said Dr. Siva, interrupting what was sure to be a scouring bit of speculation on both Doug and John’s parts as to why exactly Stan had taken so long with such an ordinary task.

“If I may, now that everyone is here I’d like to begin the meeting. I have news for everyone. The company has moved our deadlines forward once again-”

Moans erupted from everyone at the table, even Stan as he forgot himself and his current situation in light of the admittedly unsurprising yet nonetheless uninspiring news.

“That’s the fifth time this year they’ve done this to us!!” shouted Doug angrily. “Those mother-“

“Enough!” said Dr. Siva with enough authority to cause a ringing silence in the room. “This is not a set-back. And you, Peterson... do I need to remind you again to control your language?”

“Yes ma’am...” said Doug sheepishly. Dr. Siva glared at him for a moment through her glasses before relaxing once more and readdressing the room.

“It will be difficult to meet the new timeline set for us, but it’s not impossible. Not yet, and not for this team. It would seem that the company wishes to be able to demonstrate the new technology to a private firm *before* the public showing of the expo. I am well aware that we are already struggling to meet the original deadline, so this is going to require an extra push from all of you, including late nights. I apologize to those of you with families, but everyone will be duly compensated when after we pull this off.”

“It’s impossible...” said a mopey co-worker named Barry, a short and scrawny guy with bowl-cut brown hair. “It’s been nothing but set-backs since day one. Even if we all work double-overtime it’ll take some sort of a miracle.”

“Then we will produce that miracle!!” said Siva back, energy seeming to fill the air around her just from her presence. “Is that not what we are paid to do? Are we not the top minds in our fields? I expect to hear no complaints or excuses. Lawson!”

“Yes ma’am!” piped Stan.

“Young as you are, you know that I hold your work ethic in high esteem. I would not have allowed you to be a part of this team otherwise... so why did you take so much longer than expected to complete the task of assembling the week’s lab report today?”

All eyes were, once again, on Stan. He felt the blood drain from his face as he stuttered a reply.

“I-I’m sorry, I’ve just had a lot happen to me this morning. I swear it won’t happen again!”

Siva stared intently at Stan for a moment before seeming to accept his explanation.

“See that it doesn’t. We can’t afford to waste any more time. From here on out we will all be giving 200%. If I see that anyone isn’t pulling their weight I will not hesitate to have them replaced. “

“Yes ma’am.”

“Good. I want to see everyone at their most productive, and we’ll start working late nights in rotating shifts starting now. Stan, Douglas, and John will naturally do the honors of being the first group to stay late and push ahead, being group A. Group B will stay late tomorrow, and so on and so forth through group E. Any questions or concerns?”

Dull silence was met by her penetrating gaze.

“Good, then let’s adjourn and get back to work. We have little time to work with and a great deal to do. The updated project timeline will be sent to you all within the hour.”

Dr. Siva then stood up, put her things neatly away in her briefcase, and then walked out the room in signal that everyone else should do the same. A small crowd formed behind her as the small group slowly exited the conference room.

“Well that sucks,” said Doug quietly to Stan. “I was hoping to catch the game tonight.”

“And I was hoping to not piss anyone off today,” said Stan back. “But I guess that was asking too much too.”

“Don’t sweat it man, she gets on everyone’s ass. I’m just amazed it took her this long to get on yours.”

“Heh, yea...”

John then came up behind the trio, moving to slap them both on the ass. Stan managed to just barely dodge out of the way in time to avoid the unsolicited yet not unanticipated smack, adrenaline fueling his quick reaction from fear of discovery: his golden panties and newly soft and round ass were sure to be

noticed by the criminal pervert that was John, even if his metal brazier and no-longer-manly shoulders had miraculously managed to escape discovery.

“Hah! Almost got ya!” he laughed, instead slugging Stan on the shoulder. “Any brilliant breakthroughs for us today Stan-man?”

“I’m afraid not yet... I haven’t a clue how we’re going to pull this off. I wasn’t at all confident about meeting deadlines *before* they got moved forward a week. I’m pretty sure we’re screwed this time.”

“Ah, someone will think of something, I’m sure. Maybe it’ll even be me this time! I’m long overdue for a stroke of genius.”

“Ain’t that the truth!” barked Doug in jovial laughter.

The trio then made their way with everyone else into the main work-area for their team. It was a large space the size of a tennis-court and with a vaulted ceiling. Small stations were scattered around the edges of the floor where theories could be tested in small scale before being taken to the main lab area in the front of the building. Two extra-large industrial vent-hoods were at the back, and crammed onto every available space on the walls were white-boards filled with complex mathematical formula. The chatter upon entering the room with everyone else immediately picked up as everyone began to resume their work and talk amongst themselves.

The hours quickly drained away as the trio set to work on solving the laundry list of problems that had been set before them. Stan tried to remain on task even as he worried non-stop about discovery and tried to think of how he might be able to escape later... or if he even *could* escape work like he was in the first place. The white-boards before them containing their developing formulas and equations were in constant flux as what was written was erased over and over again to make corrections or start anew, with everything important or anything ‘solved’ was written down in a more permanent data-book. Everyone was working hard and working together so that the next synthesization of the newest fibers would be a success. The latest run wouldn’t be quite up to scratch for the specifications that the super-string would need, but it would likely be another large step closer.

And so slowly but surely Stan’s fellow coworkers, except Doug and John who also had to stay late, wrapped up their work and left the work-room with sympathetic farewells.... Until only the three men of group A remained.

Although, of course, Stan no longer had the body of a man exactly...

Stan had been feeling stranger and stranger as the day had gotten along. His body might have been hidden underneath his usual clothes and his face hidden behind the large and distracting glasses, but it

didn't change the fact that he was incredibly uncomfortable with his new female form, as well as the restrictive and uncomfortably tight golden undergarments he had been forced to wear by the demi-god Yvette. He felt as though he had been burning up ever since leaving his own office, though the sweat beading his skin was mistaken by everyone as a sign that he was working extra hard to make up for his earlier verbal warning from Dr. Siva.

What was really going on was that Stan was actually entering a desperate state. He caught himself subconsciously grinding his body against things throughout the day to ease the stressful tension building within his body and no matter how many times he was able to stop himself he couldn't seem to help it. His breasts, crushed beneath the golden chest-plate as they were, felt as though they were being rubbed and rolled around with his every movement. His pussy felt hot and tingly as it was tightly squeezed by his golden panties.... and the strips of metal wrapping up his legs, around his ass, and especially the single piece that fit so very snugly up his crack all seemed to only serve the purpose of causing him no end of arousal.

It was all he could do to keep his face straight as he tried to distract himself from his torment, and instead force himself to work twice as hard in an attempt to take his mind off things for a bit. It was working fairly well... right up until the point that Yvette woke back up.

<Mmmmm... what a nice nap!> she yawned, stirring. Alarm shot through Stan's face, but he managed to keep it to himself.

"You're awake!" he hissed into his collar. "I thought you needed to recuperate!"

<And I've recuperated! Did you lose track of the sun or something? It's nightfall! Time to enact some justice!!>

"No. I'm working right now. 'Justice' can wait. Just be quiet for a few more hours while I work on this..."

<Justice can wait? It waits for no one! What went down while I was out?>

"Nothing! Now will you just shut it for a minute while I-"

<Ooo... you're creating fake spider web?>

"What? No... we're making super-string-"

<But that's part of the same formula behind the physics of spider-silk! I'd recognize that *anywhere*.>

"Yes it is, now be... wait, what?!? You know physics??"

<Of course, it only works in miniature. That's why most spiders are so small. Their silk could never be used to take down larger prey like mine can! I could stop a charging elephant with my web!>

"Well, yea, that's sort of the problem we're running into, scaling the fibers up to be useful for commercial stuff while still retaining their incredible strength to weight ratio-"

<And let me guess, you're not having *any* luck at all?>

"We're having some luck!"

<Some luck might as well be none at all; I'll share what I know then. For webs on any sort of 'large' scale you need to use a stiff core of extra dense and hard anchoring line surrounded by a thick mesh of extra elastic mini-strings...>

"Yes... we know... we've based almost *all* of our assumptions here off things we've learned from nature. It's the fastest and most efficient way to invent new-"

<You didn't let me finish! When you scale it up to the size of, say, a mythical beast... then you also need to twist and coil the fibers in a very *particular* spiral pattern to allow the line of silk to stretch properly now that it's->

"Yes, we know that too."

<... *really*? Are you sure you're using the correct pattern?>

And suddenly Stan felt his body lurch.

"Stan? You say something over there?" asked Doug.

"Nope!" he said as he grimaced, but was able to remain upright by gritting his teeth. He managed to keep a straight face until Doug turned back around and resumed writing on the board while making audio recordings of his thought process. John was busy at the fume hood precipitating a solution of artificial protein chains in preparation for a test run at fabricating the newest fibers to assemble carefully into string.

"What are you doing?" he hissed to Yvette, clutching at his belly. He felt as though his pussy was going to explode just from that little push that he received!

<Just use your spinnerets! Take a good look at your web! I think you'll be surprised!>

"What? I don't *have* any spinnerets!"

<Honey, you're not human anymore. Don't even try to pretend or I'll just need to keep reminding you the hard way. You're half-spider now, so of course you have spinnerets! You just need to stop hiding them!>

"Whether or not they're there is irrelevant! We can't let these two see anything strange!!! I'll be arrested and dissected in a government laboratory somewhere! I know that better than most!"

<What, these two? The pervert and the couch jockey? They won't do anything. They're like you, right?>

"What could you possibly mean by that!?"

<I mean they're deserving of punishment... just like you were!>

"You mean I'm being punished too!? What for?!"

<What do you mean 'what for'? You're a man who objectifies women, and while you may not consider what I've done to you to be a punishment *yet* it *is* one none the less. If I were to take each and every one of your objections to heart I would be quite the terrible jailer, wouldn't I?>

"Jailer!?" Stan managed to whimper right as he felt his lower half slide out rearwards, the mass of his legs and abdomen rapidly rearranging into the alien and yet already familiar shape of a spider.

A long, tear-drop shaped spider's abdomen erupted out behind Stan from his ass, bringing with it nearly all of his organs as they relocated along with his ass and re-emerging spinnerets. His legs split and divided to sprawl out beneath him into eight individual limbs, each dexterous and independent from each other as Stan instinctively knew how to move his transforming body. His dress-pants exploded, needless to say, and his golden panties liquefied and rejoined with his golden chest-piece leaving his front half naked and exposed. His mind raced as he felt himself nearly come from the mind-boggling sensation of feeling his sensitive flesh moving around, and without even thinking his hand moved to start touching himself.

Black fur raced across his lower half, thick and warm like blanket, leaving him suddenly panting from the sudden spike in heat. And oh how wonderful that soft, blossoming heat felt! The skin on his human half darkened to black as his head-full of hair tumbled down his back, doubling many times in length, and as it did it's color and texture transformed from dull black and human to a shining, radiant shade of nuclear black that seemed to glow with the heat of an iron and flow through the air like a feather. His lower half quickly matched his new hair as he soon appeared to be resting atop a rather fluffy and strange ball of spider, and as he desperately touched himself and silently screamed his lower half stopped transforming in an absurdly abrupt and unsatisfying way. His eyes fluttered open and his breath caught in his throat... and then he realized where he was and what he was doing... and far more eye opening than either realization was the sight of both John and Doug both with their backs *still* to him.

He immediately froze and attempted to cover himself, dropping both his hands now down to his still-human pussy that had come to rest just above his fur-line as if *purposefully on display*. It was already wet and 'flowing' quite a bit, but he ignored it as blood raced through his veins, panic forcing his hearts to race (for he had regrown his secondary spider-heart in his lower-half's abdomen).

"You bitch!" Stan swore quietly to himself, as he tried to think frantically through the fog of his arousal on how he might escape the situation without his two co-workers noticing. This was, sadly, a fool's hope. At the sound of tearing clothing, Stan's sudden labored breathing (as well as unintentional outcries and gasps), and the subtle sound of organs, flesh, and limbs being rearranged forcefully... they both turned around just in time to watch as Stan's shirt and dress-coat exploded off his naked body and the golden band of metal flattening his breasts leapt up to reform into a huge ruby amulet that transformed into a necklace worthy of royalty before their eyes, leaving his breasts to spring free joyously into the air.

Stan's face was the last to change, his glasses vanishing in a puff of smoke as the rest of him transformed in one fell swoop into that of an alien being with red eyes, long pointed ears, and fangs. Even his bone structure changed to complete Stan's semblance to some sort of warrior queen from some distant planet that was dominated by spiders.

Shock lit up his eyes and embarrassment flooded his cheeks as he tried immediately to fully cover his naked body with his newly clawed and feminine hands, wrapping one arm quickly over his breasts and hissing quietly in shame as his skin brushed against his own prominent nipples. His eight legs bowed slightly as his entire body became alight as if by some inner fire that made every single part of him tingle, and under the weight of John and Doug's slack-jawed stares he found himself shrinking into himself to form a soft, furry, and desperately horny ball of legs, ass, and breasts.

He quickly realized the good-sense of curling into a ball too as he noticed that he could hide quite a large amount of his front half by grouping his legs up in front of him, and immediately did so while backing away as fast as he could scoot into the furthest corner of the room.

"What in *the* hell..." said Doug in awe.

"Oh my *God*..." agreed John. They both were frozen in place by the absurdness of what they were seeing. That couldn't possibly be right, could it? Was there a leak in the fume hood?

"Shit! SHIT! Yvette, what do I do!?" whispered Stan as he tried to make himself appear as small as possible in an effort to disappear. It wasn't going to happen. He was far too 'black' to ever be invisible inside that white-washed and luminescent room.

<You're asking me? You're the 'scientist' here,> she replied almost mockingly. <Use that big old brain of yours...>

“Change me back!!!”

<If you can't change back on your own then you don't deserve to. Now, tonight your *real* job begins, and it begins with these two. We will show them the meaning of respect, and what it is to be the object of their own dismissive and derogatory attitudes towards women. The one on the right, for instance->

“His name is John!”

<John then. Can you not smell him? His lust? Look into his eyes and you can see exactly how *he* see's women, or, indeed, how he sees you right now. He sees the whole world through the same tinted glasses: to him women are walking pieces of ass and breasts that exist for the sole purpose of pleasing his eye and begging to be touched. What punishment do you think would best suit him? What would be his quickest route to his enlightenment? We have an arsenal at our disposal after all.>

“You're not doing *anything* to John. He doesn't have a bad bone in his body! He's just a victim of his passions!”

<I suppose you're of the opinion, then, that most men are decent people and undeserving of judgment for their actions which their hormones have control over and for which society overlooks as expected behavior?>

“Uh...”

<Well, I'm of an entirely different mind. I do agree, these men are not evil... but they *are* wrong, and it's our job now to educate them.>

“*Our* job? You can just leave me out of this-AIEEEEEEE!”

Stan suddenly felt powerful pressure spike up in both his human and his arachnid lady-parts... and suddenly he felt weak in the knees, although he wasn't entirely sure if what he had could even be called knees anymore. Weak in the legs, certainly... but the bottom line was that the lust he had been dealing with all evening was suddenly building to an impossible and unrelenting crescendo, and Stan new with sudden and certain clarity that he wasn't going to be able to handle it for long at all. Very soon the flood waters of this strange power within him would be spilling right over the walls that he had been building within his mind.

<Oh, I'm sorry... did I do that? If you don't do your duty things will only get worse. I can make your life quite difficult you know.>

“And I suppose you're not making my life difficult right now!?”

<Not in the least! I've been quite reasonable so far, but if you continue to fight our purpose I can't guarantee that your sanity won't be put in jeopardy. I have both the power and the authority to do whatever I need to do. Now, I think we're ready to begin lesson two!>

"Lesson two?"

"Stan?" asked Doug, interrupting the whispered conversation. "Is... IS THAT YOU?! WHAT THE FUCK MAN?"

<Lesson two is the utter dominance of a woman over a man. Demonstrate to us all exactly what it means to be a powerful and controlling female! Take his seed, and don't take no for an answer!>

"WHAT!?!"

But at that same instant, the ruby in Stan's new 'collar' flashed blindingly and simultaneously each and every electronic device in the laboratory exploded in a shower of sparks.

The result was a pitch black room in which Stan was astounded to realize he could see quite well in... and Doug and John obviously *could not*.

Stan himself groaned in not-quite pain as he felt his body trying to move without him. Desperate desires and instincts as old as the world itself were at work within him now and while his own willpower to resist the urge to act on his new body's instincts... his fortitude was crumbling like a fortress of sand as the tidal-waves crashing against him only grew ever larger and larger.

He knew he wasn't going to be able to resist forever, nor indeed for even a few minutes longer, but he still curled within himself as his spider's vent located in the center of the underside of his abdomen made an increasingly slick mess of the floor while his human pussy had become a beautifully hot and wet mess of aching desire itself. He tried to resist what had become his new natural urges and instincts, and most especially he tried to resist doing what Yvette wanted him to do. It was beyond useless. There was no outcome here where he wasn't going to fuck everything in that room.

"Douglas? Johnathan?" Stan managed to whisper. The sound of his voice echoed none the less, and he could both hear and see the two grown men shaking in absolute fear, both crawling desperately away in an attempt to hide. They stopped at the sound of a voice.

"Please. Please don't hold this against me."