

The Scarlet Night

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Concept for "Super-Hero" transgender story for anonymous patron.

Chapter One: A Day at the Office

The streets were calm and quiet, and the sky was overcast. Stan himself let his head hang low as he got into his car. What a dismal city he lived in!

But it was more than just the atmosphere. It seemed as though the weather was penetrating Stan's soul and putting him in a foul mood. It didn't help that he had been working overtime for the past three weeks on the company's latest product in an effort to have it ready in time for an expo. Why his team's research had suddenly become so important was beyond him... but what he did know was that work started in half an hour, and so he threw the car in gear and eased out into the street before making his way through the thick morning air to start a day of work for the Revel Research Company (RRC).

The facility he worked at was a big one, though most of the buildings were only used for chemical processing. Stan himself was part of a team of technicians that were working to help develop a new type of nano-fiber, but he would have told you it was one of the most boring jobs in the world. As he drove along the highway to work he drummed his fingers while dreams of flooring the accelerator and skipping out on work danced through his head... but he couldn't afford another speeding ticket nor be late for work so instead he turned on the radio.

"...in other news, the mayor will be holding a ceremony today at the Natural Science and History museum to commemorate the newest additions to..."

"Tch!" scoffed Stan as he pressed the auxiliary button. Suddenly the car filled with the sound of soft rock-and-roll. No vocals; just good old-fashioned drum, bass, and electric shrill as they effortlessly played with melody after melody, as if the music weren't mere vibrations in the air but actually a physical thing that could be shaped and crafted by the hands of an artisan. The music calmed and relaxed him as he engaged the cruise, and while he drove his mind, too, engaged and began it's warm up in preparation for another long day of work.

Pulling into the parking-lot of Stan found it was already half-full of fellow employees. He wasted no time in finding a space and pulling himself and his carry-bag out of the car.

He was professionally dressed; wearing crisply pressed grey dress-pants, a white collared shirt, and a plain black tie. Stan also wore large-framed prescription glasses and had a head-full of messy black hair, both of which only served to make him seem more professional and hardworking, despite him being relatively young to be working at such a big company. His chosen field in chemical biology was in short demand, and this company had offered him a job right out of college.

He wasted no time walking through the building, passing several security check-points, the last of which was a man-trap style entrance into the laboratory that he worked in. A set of scans of his hands and eyes later, complete with passcode and ID swipe, and he was in.

“Hey Stan-lee,” said a coworker as he walked into the open lab. A couple of security guards were pacing the edges of the room around where the vast amount of work was being done and Stan made sure to double check that his ID was easily visible on his shirt. Pipes and glass tubing full of colorful liquid sat scattered about where it had been left the night before, and big waste bins filled with failed syntheses and waste were at every station. That wasn’t Stan’s job, though. He worked in an office on a computer.

“Yo Doug-man,” replied Stan back, grinning as they clasped hands. “How about those Bears?”

“Fuck, don’t remind me. Got their asses handed to them even after they were up at the half! What kind of sick joke is that?”

“I feel ya,” Stan said apologetically as he walked past. “Gotta run! I’m behind on my report.”

“Don’t work *too* hard!” called Doug after him as he strode across the room and into a narrow hallway.

“One can dream,” Stan replied over his shoulder before running straight into someone.

“Sorry,” he immediately said as he backed up.

“Damn tight-ass hallway,” muttered a stern voice as the woman he had ran into collected herself. She had been reading a large file and been too engrossed in it to notice Stan as he walked into her. She didn’t even look up as she stepped to the side, and kept on walking briskly past.

Her name was Dr. Siva, and she was the lead researcher in charge of the ‘super-string’ project. She wore small bifocal glasses, her brunette hair was done up in a bun, and she had the smokin’est body of any researcher that Stan had ever seen in his life. Her tight dress-skirt and blouse seemed to hug her skin as she walked, and he found himself staring after her ass long after she had turned the corner.

It took him a minute to shake his head clear and get back in the mindset to work, but as he turned back around to finally enter his office and get started on his work his foot kicked something on the ground

and for the third time that morning he found himself temporarily distracted. Not the best start to a day when he needed to be as productive as possible, but as he looked down to see what he had kicked he found himself intrigued none the less.

It was a small parcel wrapped in soft tan cloth and tied up with thick string... just sitting there on the ground in the middle of the hallway.

Did Dr. Siva drop it? He didn't remember hearing anything hit the floor... and she didn't seem to have noticed missing anything either. Then again, she hardly noticed *him* and he had bumped right into her! The memory was still quite fresh, in fact, and he found himself smiling as he reminisced of the feeling of her body as they ran into each other. He wondered if he was imagining the memory of feeling her breast press against his right arm...

But in any case, even if this thing on the ground wasn't hers it would definitely make for an excellent opportunity to talk to her.

And so without further delay he picked it up and put it in his pocket, planning to surprise Siva later when everyone went out to lunch, or at least attempt conversation.

With all the foreseeable delays out of the way for the morning, Stan then turned a corner, stepped into his office, sat down at his computer, and began the arduous task of writing out his report... which he estimated shouldn't take more than an hour or two at the most to finish before he could take a break and join back up with Doug and the others to help work out the kinks in the math for their latest attempts at synthesizing the new type of nano-fiber. They were all getting quite close to the desired results, and the formulas likely needed only a little bit more tweaking.

Sitting down in his chair Stan immediately got to work, efficiently detailing the work done in the past week and documenting the data gathered from the latest failure in a more concise and comprehensible format. It was a crappy job, but he had drawn the short straw this week and had put it off long enough as it was. He much preferred working on the white-board with his coworkers.

Still, as minute after minute ticked away Stan found that he was continuing to feel rather aroused, and couldn't stop reliving his encounter with Dr. Siva. He even began to fantasize about her and how she might express her 'gratitude' at having recovered her thingy that she had dropped. The fantasies weren't at all realistic, of course, as Dr. Siva was a starch woman and strictly professional, but that didn't stop him.

It was only after he had written the same thing three times in a row that he realized that it was becoming a problem. His dick was aching hard in his pants, and he was beginning to sweat profusely.

He tried to calm himself at first, attempting to distract himself with his work, but very quickly he realized that things weren't going to settle down unless he took more direct action.

He didn't realize that his mind was going rather fuzzy, nor that his inhibitions were being lowered almost as if he were slowly getting drunk. He just simply gave in to the previously unthinkable idea of jerking it off at work, surrounded by all these layers of security. It wasn't that big of a leap, to be honest.

The network in his office wasn't connected to the internet; rather, it was connected to RRC's secure infrastructure, so he couldn't exactly just pull up porn... but the network did give him access to the other employee's general information... including photos.

So without thinking too much about it Stan got up, locked his office door, sat back down in his chair, and began undoing his pants.

He had never thought of doing something like this before, and even as he hurried to undo his buckle guilt began to worm into his brain. The company paid him extremely well, and his time here at work was valuable. His coworkers entrusted him to do the best job he was capable of, and to get his work done in a timely manner. There wasn't time to jerk around!

But a louder part of his brain argued that there was no harm. That he'd be quick, that no one would ever know, and that most of all he *wanted* it. If he wanted to do something he should just do it!

In any case he already had pulled up pictures of his coworkers on the network. He had to do some quick scrolling before finding the picture of Dr. Siva that he wanted. She was wearing a close-fitting business suit in this picture, and the same photograph had been used in the newspapers recently. She had an exquisitely wonderful body, and Stan found himself momentarily wondering how in the hell a woman like that wound up in the career that she was in.

Well, that picture wasn't triple-X or anything, but it was more than enough for him to get started with just a bit of imagination. He figured if he hurried that he should be able to finish up in just a couple minutes and then be fully focused on writing out the report that he was supposed to be working on.

So in order to expedite his return to work he focused intensely on Dr. Siva's body. He undressed her with his mind, all the while wondering whether or not she was a virgin. At her age it was, unlikely... but given her personality Stan somehow just couldn't see her having a boyfriend. Could that mean she was a lesbian? Of all the possibilities that one was the most interesting, even if it meant that he had no shot at her, though perhaps he could turn her off of other woman and show her what being a man is all about? God she had nice breasts. He longed to hold them in his hands and just squeeze them. The things he would do to her if given half a chance!! That well-shaped ass! Those legs!!! Even her face was a solid 8, though her glasses made her look a bit like a grandma and her expression seemed to be perpetually condescending. Just what exactly was her story?

Stan was beginning to realize that he knew next to nothing about his boss when he felt something hot burning the top of his right leg. The weird parcel that he assumed Siva had dropped was heating up like a light bulb... and as it grew hotter indeed whatever it was started to produce a red glow through not just the cloth it was wrapped in, but also the thick fabric of his pocket!

“What in the world?” said Stan aloud, pausing for a moment in his self-ministrations. He had been getting rather close too, but the hot thing in his pocket was more pressing than finishing, so he dug it out quickly and tossed it on his desk.

It was even brighter now, and only getting more-so. Even through the cloth surrounding it the light was becoming blinding. The red light became so bright it soon was indistinguishable in color, and Stan had to turn his head completely away to shield his eyes from the penetrating color.

He blinked his eyes as spots danced in front of him, and watched with amazement as the walls of his office became bathed in red... and then bleached themselves white from the intensity of the light before he had to close his eyes again, not daring to open them for fear of being blinded. He could feel the intensity of the light through the heat on his back. He could smell his own clothes beginning to smoke, and he could hear a flame suddenly erupt on his desk as he imagined the cloth disguising whatever it was that he had picked up bursting into flames. He dearly wanted to see what in the world it was... but knew he wouldn't be able to see anything even if he peeked.

He was genuinely beginning to fear for his life, and considering an attempt to make a dash for his office door, when suddenly everything was cool again.

He immediately opened his eyes, trying to blink away his temporary blindness, as he felt a breeze pull at his shirt and send chills down his spine.

A breeze? From where! He was in a building!!!

But as his vision returned he found that he was, in fact, not in a building at all. He was in a dark cave.

He was still sitting in his soft office chair, but behind him was the sky, full of stars, and the full moon filled the entrance to the cold and rocky cave almost entirely. That entrance seemed a good long ways away, and from the distance the moon seemed like the great eye of a monster peering into his hole to look at him.

“What the fu... where am I?” Stan asked himself aloud. He immediately regretted making any noise at all as his words bounced and echoed with shocking loudness as they penetrated deeper and deeper into the cave behind him. Cringing from having disrupted the silence, he turned to look and see if he could see exactly how deeply this particular cave went.

Curiously enough, while the exit of the cave into the night sky seemed like an almost straight shot to the surface, the tunnel behind him seemed to immediately begin twisting around. Where *he* happened to be sitting appeared to be the only flat spot around... and as he looked to the ground at his feet he noticed that the light of the moon cast a perfect circle of light directly onto him.

“Ah...” he intoned. “A pin-hole...”

Looking back up from his feet to look at the moon again, however, Stan was in for the shock of his life in what was already the shock of his life.

An alien face, hanging from the ceiling, was inches away from his.

“Who... *are* you?” asked the voice. The sound was sophisticated and soft, hardly threatening, but Stan’s heart shot up into his throat nonetheless.

This was because the face belonged to what appeared to be a demon straight from hell.

Its almond eyes were glowing red and had no pupils, its human lips filled with deadly fangs, its face and head too proud and sharply defined to be truly human, and while its upper body did appear to resemble that of a beautiful young lady... its lower body was that of an enormous spider.

Her human half’s skin and long, flowing hair were as black at night itself, though she was definitely not of African descent, and her spider half was covered in long black fur to match, giving her obviously deadly and sinister nature a strangely cute undertone.

She stared at Stan without blinking, her intense eyes boring into him as her head-full of black hair wagged from side to side in the air, having taken the shape of a teardrop from her being upside down. Stan couldn’t help himself but to glance up at the rest of her over and over before ashamedly looking back down.

Her breasts were quite round and full, with soft skin and dark, prominent nipples, and she even had a human pussy where the fur of her spider-half met with the skin of her human half. She seemed to have no modesty about the fact that she was so naked in front of Stan, but neither did his glances go unnoticed.

She cocked her head slightly, as if growing impatient, and so Stan stammered to find his voice.

“I’m Stan! I’m a biochemical engineer and I work at RRC! What the hell is going on? Who are *you*? How did I get here? What are you!?”

The creature pursed her lips, and with slow ease she walked sideways along the wall of the cave until she was facing right-side up... all without breaking eye contact with Stan as she did so.

“So many questions...” she tutted. “How about just one, yes?”

Stan was at a loss for words. With her right-side up it was even more difficult to stop staring at her unbelievable body. He felt as though he were suddenly thrown into some sort of crazy dream... only he knew it wasn't a dream. His dreams had never felt like this. Cold sweat began to pour down his neck.

Her eyes were fierce. She moved like a killer, looked at Stan as though he were a piece of meat, and talked like someone who was highly educated. Disappointment flashed across her face when he didn't speak.

“Perhaps I'll choose for you, then?” she said mockingly. “My name is Yvette. Tonight I stand on behalf of the patron goddess of women. *You* have called me here.”

“What?!”

“With this,” she added, suddenly holding in her hand a golden brooch, in the shape of a spider, with an enormous blood-red ruby set into its bottom in place of the spider's abdomen.

She pursed her lips as Stan obviously remained as confused as ever.

“You know not what this does, yet you still came here?” she asked incredulously.

“What makes you think I have *any* clue about anything right now??” snapped Stan. “This is some straight-up Harry Potter shit! I'm a fucking scientist! You can't expect me to-urp!”

Yvette's hand shot forward with frightening speed and grabbed ahold of Stan's throat, immediately silencing him. Her fingers were tipped with black claws that tickled his skin threateningly, and the strength of her grip was like that of a tiger's jaws. Stan nearly pissed himself.

She paid him no mind, though, as he went limp, as she was too busy smelling the air... and as if a light-bulb had gone off in her head her eyes lit up with understanding.

“You came by this on accident, didn't you?” she asked, nearly laughing. Stan could only just barely nod his head in confirmation, but she was already moving on, letting go of his throat to let him collapse back into his chair as he gasped for breath.

“I see... well then, I must perform my duties then forthwith. The moon will not last forever!”

“Moon? Duties?” gasped Stan, but as he looked up the spider-woman was already gone as if she had never existed. He looked around him frantically for any sign of her, but she was no longer in the cave at all.

Stan was shaking and wondering where in the world she could have gone, and whether she was going to try and kill him from behind or something, when he looked back up at the moon.

It was mesmerizing. Somehow it seemed to be closer than before, as if the moon were leaning into the cave in order to get a better view of events. Indeed even as he stared at it in wonder it seemed to start to spin. In fact... the whole cave was spinning!

“What in the...” Stan mumbled to himself as he gripped the arms of his chair for dear life. Why was he so dizzy? What was with that moon!? Just what in the hell was going on?!?!

And as the world spun underneath poor, confused Stan the light of the moon faded into darkness.

Everything suddenly stopped spinning. Stan realized that he had shut his eyes closed tightly, and with trepidation he slowly opened them to find himself back in his office just as he left it... but did he really leave in the first place? Was all that just some sort of crazy dream?

He looked down at himself to find that his pants were still pulled down and his dick exposed and hard. Did he just have some sort of vivid hallucination or dream simply because he got worked up at work like this? Well that was definitely not gonna make that mistake again!

Sadly, his ability to dismiss what had just happened to him as being a figment of his imagination was soon to be dashed.

<Hmmm...> said a voice from out of nowhere. Yvette was in the room with him!

Stan spun around in a sudden panic. It wasn't a dream, and she had followed him back to work!!!

<What a strange place, this world...> she continued. Stan looked around feverishly for the source of her voice, but he couldn't locate it. His office was empty. He was the only one there.

<I can tell this will take a little bit of adjustment. You humans seem to have made a few advancements in the last hundred years... but no matter. The progress of humanity has never been a concern of mine.>

“Where are you?” hissed Stan quietly. His office was sound-proof... but he still didn't want to risk creating a commotion. “You were a dream! You can't be here! Go back where you came from!!”

But Yvette ignored his babbling.

<I simply *must* do something about *that* though... simply indignifying, asking me to inhabit such a body. Surely someone somewhere is having a jest at my expense...>

“What the hell are you talking about?” asked Stan, but she still she didn’t answer him directly.

<Well, at least it’s a simple thing to fix...> she sighed.

And suddenly things became slightly clearer to Stan as he felt his entire body become gripped by invisible power... and then everything began to change.

The most pressing and distressing of which was that it felt as though his dick and balls were suddenly at the bottom of the ocean and being crushed with by the cruel hands of nature.

“AHHH!” screamed Stan in sudden panic. He scrambled in his chair before his body became locked in place as if by an enormous vice, and he watched in fascinated horror as his penis shrank.

“No! NO!” he yelled furiously, but it was no use. His proud erection rapidly dwindled in size from its former glory before his eyes, transforming as it became smaller and smaller. It’s head smoothed out as his foreskin draped over the shrinking mass of his shaft, which soon disappeared entirely from view as his skin hid what was left of his incredible disappearing dick.

He cried out again as he felt it tighten up while it shrank, becoming smaller and smaller until he couldn’t believe it could possibly be so small. He felt his nipples hardening under his shirt as they became erect in a way he had never experienced before, pressing out against the grainy fabric electrically as his entire body began to buzz and flush with powerful heat. Staring down at himself it was clear what was being done.

He began to beg for mercy as he felt his balls, which were being crushed into nothingness by the unrelenting and invisible pressure which was bearing down on them, suddenly disappear altogether. Stan felt his chest begin to expand and push out against his dress-shirt as simultaneously his empty foreskin pulled into his body and then stretched downward. The loose skin of his ball-sack joined with his foreskin as it stretched and opened up a channel between his shaking legs.

Things started really shaping up. Stan could feel his ass filling out, his belly thinning out, and his shoulders narrowing. He watched in disbelief as the crevice between his legs organized itself, messy folds of increasingly wet skin disappearing into a neat crack of a soft skin as a hood formed and buried itself at the top to protect his newly formed clitoris. The mound where his manhood had once proudly stood became flushed and pink as Stan’s body continued to heat up, his labia tucked neatly within rapidly becoming quite stimulated and wet as he felt himself rapidly grow desperately horny. A tight

hole at the bottom was already beginning to flow eagerly from the stimulation of feeling his entire body change.

Stan couldn't tear his eyes from himself. Two mounds under his shirt continued to rise from his chest, filling out to form small breasts, while the fork of his legs held not his raging erection from moments earlier but instead the wet and powerfully sensitive and soft flesh of a pussy, of which all he could see from his perspective now was but a haunting emptiness and the discrete 'm' shape that the flesh of his groin had taken.

But that emptiness was quickly replaced by something far more powerfully filling. Deep within his belly Stan could feel sensations the like of which he had never imagined... powerfully urging him to touch himself and ease the demands that his heat begged him to relieve, and satisfy the desire that was welling within him.

It was the desire to be penetrated... for within his belly sensational feelings were subtly influencing him and begging him to do what came naturally.

The changes seemed to slow as they completed, and Stan stared at his body as it was replaced inch by inch with that of the opposite sex. In a matter of minutes he had been transformed into a woman.

He sat frozen in his chair, unable to comprehend what had just happened to him, as Yvette sighed happily.

<Ahhh. Much more comfortable, wouldn't you say? But we're only halfway there!>

"Halfway there? I don't want to be anywhere near 'there'! What the hell are you doing to me!?"

<If it's not obvious now then I pity you already... but no matter. You will understand soon enough.>

"Understand what?" shouted Stan, but even as he thought the transformation his body was undergoing had stopped he felt that same unyielding pressure take hold of his legs and ass...

All of Stan's clothes then exploded, tearing themselves to pieces in an eruption of tattered cloth. He cried out in fright as the violence of it, and yet was simultaneously stunned by the sight of his own body. Looking down at himself he saw only a young woman sitting where he ought to be sitting... until his legs erupted from his toes all the way to the top of his thighs with impossibly soft and strangely sensitive fur that was as black as night... just as Yvette's fur had been in the cave. It tickled his skin and if he wasn't blushing before he certainly was now. What in the world was happening to his body!? It couldn't be that he was going to...

He didn't even need to complete the thought. Already he felt his ass pushing out and swelling in size, forcing him to the edge of his seat, as he felt his legs cramp up powerfully. He winced as it nearly

became painful, and his mind was momentarily dragged away from his new and bouncy breasts and the funny and warm feeling that was building in his belly and pussy... for as he grit his teeth and braced himself his two legs split and separated into eight individual limbs and rapidly lost all semblance of humanity as they transformed into the thin and many-jointed legs of a spider.

His ass rapidly became too big for him to remain sitting and pushed him out of the chair, and so Stan found himself standing on eight strange and bizarre legs, with a wet and aching pussy in his front and a large and oddly fluffy spider's ass behind him. He blinked in surprise as he felt spinnerets form at the end of its dew-drop shape... and blinked again as he felt a yet another sensitive organ open up on the bottom of his spider-butt.

Not counting the holes in his head... his body now housed twice as many orifices as he grew up with.

His entire lower body was covered in long, black, silken fur the likes of which he had never seen or felt before. His eight legs were each extremely articulate and sensitive, and each terminated in a single dexterous foot. His ass was full of new and strange sensations from newly formed organs that no human had any right to possess, from silk glands and protein repositories to a second and wholly inhuman sexual organ of a spider underneath, which he guessed correctly, was also not of the male persuasion. His butt, which was in fact now actually a fully scaled-up spider's abdomen, complete with its own set of lungs, a second heart, circulatory system, nervous system, digestive track, and everything that a regular spider would have save for one thing... Stan's abdomen occupied the place where the head normally would be.

He had become a creature out of myth and legend; something that should have only existed in videogames or books about magic. Something impossible had happened to him, and while he had no choice to question his own sanity he could not deny his own lucidity.

Stan suddenly found himself transformed into a naked, female, *dridier*. Like naga's and centaur's they made no logical sense... and yet there he stood in defiance to all logic. His body felt warm all over. The feeling of air flowing through his new fur and against his hot skin felt wonderful and sensual. His new breasts ached to be touched and caressed. His pussies begged to be stimulated... and penetrated. Everything that Stan once was... his entire mental image of himself and who he was, was suddenly and pitilessly under attack. He grabbed hold of his hair in disbelief of what was happening and realized that his hair was different from what it was before: it was longer, softer, and as he pulled it in front his eyes he saw that it was the same color of black as his lower half was. He also saw that the skin of his human half had become densely black to match, and with one hand felt his face and realized that it too had transformed to become a perfect match to what Yvette had looked like back in the cave. He knew without a doubt that his eyes must be pure and dark-red as well, and noticed that everything in his office looked different somehow as he licked his tongue, which was longer and more flexible than he remembered it being, over a mouthful of sharp teeth.

He had become a monster... and he trembled in fear even as his body trembled in sexual excitement. He couldn't control it. His hormones were rushing through his veins without his permission.

"What the hell did you do to me?" he asked quietly.

<I've made you more suited to the task that I have been charged with. I have entered your world and now inhabit your body for but one purpose. To uphold the honor of women, to condemn the impudence of men, and to punish those who cause affront to the natural order of things. It is but a small job, but it is quite a delightful one as you will certainly come to see.>

"I don't care about any of that shit!" hissed Stan angrily, quickly coming back to his senses. His hands trembled as he touched his new body as if holding something that had been ruined, and nearly gasped in shock at how sensitive his skin and fur had become. What in the world was the exact purpose of giving him a body like this?

But it seemed as though Yvette guessed his mind.

<You need not agree with my methods...> she said sinisterly. <But you will certainly come to enjoy them, one way or another. We shall use this body to teach men the joys of submission, and the rewards of subjugation... and you will also use this body to punish those too stubborn to embrace a woman as men's rightful equal, if not outright better, in the bedroom.>

There was some silence from Stan as he digested what Yvette had just said.

"Wait, hold up..." he said, nearly laughing. "You're saying that you did all of this just now to me so that I can become some sort of sex-god over any guy who doesn't respect women until they see the error of their ways? That's what all of this is about!?"

<Yup! It's quite fun, really. I have been summoned, and this is my duty as representative of the deity of women. She's quite keen on the sexual domination of men as means through which to give power to women everywhere. Been using this tactic for the past thousand years, and we're getting extremely promising results, but the fight shall never end so long as a single man on this planet thinks himself a woman's better! We shall demonstrate to them the error of their ways!>

"Oh my god," said Stan with sudden understanding. "I've been possessed by a feminist from hell!"
