

# Webbed Ch.2

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*Written and Edited by PgFalcon*

I had no idea that genetic programming could have this powerful an effect on a rational mind. I quite simply forgot that I was male *and* human for the duration of the act. I most certainly do not want to do that ever again!!

“Fuck! No! You realize that the more you do to me the more I *don’t* want to share my body with you?”

<And do *you* realize that if you make me leave *I’ll* make sure you’re stuck like this for the rest of your life?>

I did not consider that.

“I don’t even know what’s going on anymore,” complains Rose. John is staring at me like I’m some sort of psycho.

<Do we have a deal? You let me stay, and I let you go on with your life. I’ll even let you be human... most of the time.>

“*No*,” I hiss, literally.

<Oh, well then if that’s the case...>

“NO!” I shout as I feel the irrepressible urge-to-mate-with-the-nearest-male thing bubble up again. Aranea stops for a moment.

“Fuck! Fine then! Just change me back!”

<Good. I have your word then. I’ll change us back later when you need to be human. For now this will be sufficient.>

“That’s not the deal I’m making!”

<That’s the deal *I’m* making. Take it or leave it.>

“But... I’m the one that should be making ultimatums!”

<You should have thought of that before you let your male ego get in the way...>

\*Grumble-grumble\*

“Fine! I don’t care! Just get out of my body as soon as possible!”

<Not a problem. I’ll be out of your hair (and head) in no time! Thank you for your hospitality!!>

I turn to glare at John, as if all this were his fault, then realize with a start that he’s staring at me... but not at my face.

I then glance down to look at my body. My tits are completely naked and jutting into the cool night air (*perfect sleeping temperature!*), and John can’t seem to look away from them. He’s like a deer trapped in high-beams. I turn one way, and so does his head. I turn the other and again he follows.

\*sigh\*

“I need a shirt...”

“Yea you do!” giggles Rose. She seems to be enjoying my humiliating predicament immensely, even if she only understands half of what is going on.

“Rose, please be so kind as to cut John free. I’ll be right back.”

“Righty-o!”

And with that I turn (spider legs are *wееееeird*), and ‘walk’ over to my very large wardrobe.

Pants are out of the option... but I definitely want to cover as much of myself up as possible, and with that in mind I choose my baggiest, thickest sweater I own. A present from my gran-gran no less. If she could see me now she’d be liable to suffer another heart attack (the old bird has survived more heart attacks than anyone else in the northern hemisphere).

Even when I was normal sized and a man this thing didn’t fit well on me, but now it’s like a gigantic wooly tent. My hands don’t even begin to fit in the arms, the hem drops back over my abdomen and easily covers my puss and pedipalps, and although it’s comfortably soft and thick, it’s also doing nothing to keep my breasts and nipples jutting through the fabric like two tent poles... but it’s a good deal better than a skin tight white tank-top that’s for sure.

Very quickly I realize I’m going to need a bra for more than support and dignity though (not that I intend to remain with breasts for very long at all), because my nips are starting to rub against the soft sweater. God, how do chicks deal with having these things 24/7?

"I'm decent... sort of..." I declare, leaving my closet and shutting the door behind me.

I'm confronted with Rose menacing John with the cleaning robot, which is dual-wielding both a pair of scissors and a kitchen knife.

"I'll be careful!" Rose says when she sees my face. "I promise!"

"Just hand the scissors over: I'll do it."

And so Rose tosses them in the air and I catch them deftly (despite the fact that my hands are inside the tubular sleeve of the sweater), then walk over to John once more. He wiggles in a pathetic attempt to escape.

"Please don't scream..." I say more to myself than to him, then bend over and snip through the web around his mouth. At least, despite my temporary insanity, I didn't use sticky web nor 'steel' web. Just plain old draglines. How do I know this you wonder? No idea.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHh!" is his immediate response.

"DO I NEED TO PERMENANTLY SEAL YOUR FUCKING CAKEHOLE?!" is mine.

Which shuts him up fast.

"Listen now. I'm Dr. James Webb. I've had an accident. I'm sorry for raping you."

Stunned silence.

"You can talk. Just no screaming."

More stunned silence.

"Fuck me running... hold still."

And so I cut through the rest of the web binding his legs and arms. All he can manage to do is sit up and continue to stare at me as if his brain had broken.

"You've got tits."

"Yesss..." I groan. "I've got tits."

"And you fucked me."

“That I did.”

“And you say you’re Dr. Webb?”

I nod.

“HA!” is his singular response to all of that, after which he passes out cold.

<He seems to be in denial...> says Aranea with a tut-tut.

“Nah... you think?” I say back with infinite sarcasm.

<You’re mean...>

“And you’re meaner! Why the hell would you do something like this to me? *How* did you do it? Why can’t I change myself back? *WHY WON’T YOU CHANGE ME BACK!?*”

<Whoa whoa! One question at a time... I’m just a humble spider...>

“Bull. You *were* a humble spider. Now talk.”

<Fine. I don’t know alright? I just have this sort of sixth sense about it. I don’t really know what I’m doing, I’m just doing what I’ve always done. I’m using my instincts!>

“Soo... you’re saying you can transform *my* body because you have some sort of...”

<Spider sense!>

“Hey! You stole that from my brain!”

<But it fits so well!>

“I will murder you.”

<Ooo, so scary!>

“I look like a giant tarantula from hell.”

<I think you look lovely!>

“Um,” says Rose. “Not to interrupt your internal dialogue, but you’re really dirty and stuff... I can clean up in here while you’re in a shower.”

“I can wait until I’m human again before I ‘shower’, Rose...”

<Ooo! Shower! I want to try one!!>

I can feel Aranea trying to move my body in the direction of the bathroom, but my mind is like iron in that regard. I am absolutely not letting her move me around on her own. I just wish that I could stop her from... ohhh sweet merciful baby Jesus!

<When I think of yooooou, I touch myself!> sings Aranea in my head. Without even realizing what I’m doing I’m already fondling my breasts through my sweater.

“FINE!” I shout, and the lust ebbs away, leaving me panting. My spider-puss is dribbling a little, and still leaking John’s.... ew. Okay, maybe I *do* need a shower... and with my breasts in my hands I can’t help but get naughty ideas. Breasts are still breasts after all, whether they’re attached to you or not.

And so I half-angrily, half-excitedly maneuver over to my bathroom door and open it.

I’m immediately greeted by my gigantic, fully lighted vanity mirror. My face blushes, and my long, flowing locks of shimmering and translucent yellow darken to a burgundy red.

“Whoa”, me and Aranea say together, both at the color shift as well as at my body. Looking at myself... well it’s making me hot.

The spider bits are weird... but not as unpleasant to look at as I first believed. The lower limbs are thick and long, but well proportioned and very fuzzy, the soft velvety fur flowing down to their sensitive tips. Visions flash of me using those sensitive digits in naughty ways. My pedipalps fret under my sweater, and I can feel the puss between them grow wet as my eyes travel up my new legs to my bulbous abdomen... but it really isn’t as bulky as I first thought it to be... and as I turn to the side to get a better look at it I seem my spinnerets puckering slightly, ready to lay down more web, and below them my anus, which is rather small and deeply hidden underneath fur as well. It clenches at the thought of inserting things into it, pounding me from the rear. Why am I having these thoughts?

<It isn’t me!> says Aranea quickly in self-defense.

And of course, after I shut the door behind me I raise my sweater up and over my head, letting my now vibrantly red hair to flow back down my back, falling in strands and floating weightlessly like a million silk threads.

My breasts are exquisite, even if they're small. My waist tiny, my arms thin and delicate, and my face like that of an angel... or perhaps an elf? My brow does have a certain shape to it, and my ears *are* a little pointed. I open my mouth and lick one of my fangs with my tongue, and a drop of venom falls from it.

<Ooo... be careful with those!> warns Aranea.

"Duh."

I reach up and squeeze my breasts, pinching my nipples between my fingers... oh yea, daddy likey...

"James! I don't hear any water running!" calls Rose, startling me out of my trance.

"I'm not a child, woman!" I shout back.

"I wonder!"

And so I walk over to the shower and turn it on. The water is automatically heated to just the perfect temperature, but I pause before I step in.

It'll be a shame, to lose these perfect breasts when Aranea transforms me back to normal... I should definitely take a picture... or I could just use that vids that Rose took of me... ugh: vomit much? I think I'll just take my own picture after I get done washing up...

And so I step into the shower.

My bathroom is very spacious, and so is my shower/tub/Jacuzzi combo. I edge into the steaming hot water, shuddering as it runs down my body and legs, soaking into the fur of my spider body and my hair quickly is no longer flowing but lank and heavy with water as well.

I revel in the new sensations, letting my hands wander across my skin and eventually traveling further down to my spider half, curiously and carefully exploring those danged sensitive pedipalps and running my fingers through the thick, wet fur. This hot water is like electric! I feel so energized! So happy!! I burst out laughing as I grab a shampoo bottle, and work it into my hair to get a good strong lather. This shampoo doubles as soap and even conditioner: I know, but as a guy I'm into simplicity, especially in the bathroom. I find myself wishing I had some more shower stuff to play with now though, getting clean was never this fun!

I turn off the overhead nozzle and turn on the 'undercarriage' wash while I rub suds down my entire body, and start working it into the fur on my spider-back. It feels absolutely fantastic. I move my butt over a jet and slide a soapy hand down my front to clean out the entrance to that taint. I'm feeling less and less encumbered by inhibitions by the second, in this private sanctuary I can be less self-conscious

and really relax. Aranea is just a happy buzz in the back of my mind as I take my time cleaning myself thoroughly, even going so far as to move my puss over to a jet set to medium in order to clean myself out a little deeper, and I shudder as water sprays up into me. I keep my pussy over that jet long after I'm sure I'm clean in there... until I glance over to the door to see it cracked with John and the cleaning robot peaking at me.

The mood immediately dies, and if a record was playing right then I dare say it would have scratched then jumped of track. I nearly slip and fall (a remarkable feat with eight legs for stability) trying to cover myself up.

"Shut that door!" I shout, nearly wrenching the soap holder out of the wall in my attempts to stay upright. Despite the gentle look of these arms... they're actually disproportionately strong.

The door slams shut, and I stumble out of the shower, reaching for my towel to wrap around my waist as I run out of the door.

I find John standing there with a boner and an ashamed look on his face, and with Rose making electronic giggles. John is, once again, unable to look me in the eyes, and I realize I forgot that I have bewbs. I cross my arms over them and stare daggers at him until he meets my gaze. I hardly realize that I myself am in a state of rather extreme arousal. Perhaps I don't pay attention to it because it was of my own doing this time.

"Sorry," he says, and he looks it. I quickly relent... in any case I feel like I'd have done the exact same thing in his situation.

"It's fine, I'm the one who should be sorry anyways. For raping you I mean."

"It wasn't that big a deal..." he shrugs.

He walks up to me, and I relax my legs a little so that I'm no longer towering over him. He's looking at me oddly.

"What?" I ask.

"Are you really James?"

"You once pissed yourself when you fell asleep at your office because you drank too much coffee attempting to pull an all nighter and I covered for you."

Both Rose and Aranea snerk with restrained laughter, and John blanches.

“Satisfied?” I ask. We’re rather close now... and we’re both pretty aroused... and we’re both looking pretty sexy right about now. I glance down at his still raging erection, and he immediately starts stuttering excuses.

“Oh, I’m not, it’s not what you, don’t-”

I silence him with a stare.

“Do you want to fuck?” I ask.

“Oh sweet merciful Lord yes I do...”

“Then what’s a little skin between friends?” I say, throwing away the very last of my inhibitions as I uncross my arms to hold his face up to mine and I kiss him on the lips. This is probably the hormones talking, and I may very well regret this in the morning, but heaven help me it felt good the last time and it’s going to feel even better this time.

He kisses me eagerly back, surprising me by reaching up and grabbing hold of my tits. I pull the towel off my waist with my pedipalps, exposing myself to him and pressing my body against his. I begin simultaneously taking off his buttoned up shirt with my hands and undoing his pants with my pedipalps, our lips locked the entire way as I pull down everything and expose him as well.

“Your hair is glowing,” he remarks, breaking free for a moment.

“Shut up...” I say back.

We grind against each other, my slick lips wetting the skin of his belly. He pops free from me once again, and his mouth moves straight from my nipple to quickly tease and suck at it. Milk leaks from it and into his mouth, surprising him, but he continues to suck.

“Oh god,” I whisper as his tongue dances around my erect, sensitive nubs, and I claw his back as my sex spasms in joyous ecstasy. Who cares if this is wrong? It feels so wonderfully right!

“Have you ever tried anal?” I ask, already rubbing my right pedipalp around in my sexual fluids, which seem to make for excellent lubricant.

“Once, yes, but-”

I cut him off by reaching in-between his legs with my lubed pedipalps to plunge it straight into his ass.

He wasn't lying: he's basically a virgin back there... but I'm gentle and my pedipalps aren't huge. A male's pedipalps, however, would be much too large to ever attempt such a thing with him. As it is I quickly find his prostate and begin to rub it, to our mutual pleasure.

"Uuuunnnngh!" he groans, his knees buckling, but he stays standing and continues to suckle at my teat. His erection has doubled in strength, straining powerfully into the air. He's not small... he's probably bigger than I am/was... an impressive piece of equipment to be sure!

I rub my nose in his hair, breathing his scent deeply.

"You ready for this?"

"MMmm!" he answers with his mouth full.

And so I plant myself upon him, and we both shudder violently as I do. He's forced to release my tit as I move down on him and we resume kissing, only now with him inside me and me inside him. I gently rub his prostate and feel him respond accordingly as he arches further up into me. He moves in and out of me slowly, and we savor the touch of each other's bodies. I had no idea me and John would be so compatible in the bedroom! We giggle and laugh together as he moves within me and I do so in kind, playing with each other's bodies. He pushes his hands through my fur, and I stroke his neck gently.

We pick up the pace, and start moving around the bedroom, bumping into walls and he kicks his shoes and pants into a corner. I pull myself off of his happy stick and remove my pedipalps from his bum, and roll backwards onto my bed, presenting myself to him, and he follows me and spears me over and over, thrusting and straining into me as I hold him with my arms and legs, his penis hitting *all* the right spots and we make a mess of the sheets.

Before we realize it it's been over half an hour, and we're still going at it on the bed. I've found joyous release several times already, but John is straining and sweating to find his first. We both begin to worry, but he's not about to stop short now, and I won't leave him hanging. What kind of friend wouldn't let his friend finish too? I must admit the ability to not only endure, but in fact easily recover from multiple orgasms is definitely a plus side to this body... but with every passing minute I grow more and more worried about John.

And his attentions to my body are beginning to feel... weird. His trusting is penetrating deeper, and his shaft feels thicker... and somehow more flexible and comfortable. Aranea has the light-bulb before me.

<Pull him out!!> she cries, and I immediately do as she says. Our lips pull apart as I gently nudge him away and he pulls out of me. My eyes widen in shock as I see a trickle of liquid drip from the corner of his mouth: it's the venom from my fangs!!! John on the other hand is looking down at himself, and his eyes bulging in shock can't be a good thing.

I look down at him, and nope. Not a good thing. His shaft has grown in size and length, and it's shape, color, and texture has come to greatly resemble one of my pedipalps... but much more masculine and 'penis' shaped... but that's not all. It's bifurcating.

"Whoa! Ah... ah!...AH!" he cries as his dick is visibly changing, the process accelerating rapidly.

"Cooooool..." says, of course, Rose. I may need to have a talk with her later... I don't want her growing up to be a pervert.

"What's happening!" shouts John, followed immediately by a low, desperate groan the likes of which a man makes when he receives his first blowjob. When he regains his breath he continues with "What do I do?! What do I do!?!"

His dick is quaking and jerking as it splits down the middle slowly like an amoeba dividing, and little jets of semen spurt from the twin tips as they move further and further apart, until... like a zipper coming undone, they separate and slowly drift away from each other until he has two fully separate pedipalps penises, both jerking and spasming as if on the very verge of release.

John's eyes are filled with a conflicting mixture of desperate need and longing, as well as horror and disbelief. I decide to help him by removing all those pesky thoughts and worries by grabbing one of his pedipalps in one hand, letting my palm slowly move up its long, smooth shaft, and with my other hand guide his second pedipalps back into me. Slowly we resume grinding, only now it's infinitely better for both of us! I jerk John off while he rides me with the desperate energy of a man about to cross the finish line.

We shout and yell wildly as our lovemaking finally reaches the crescendo it was unable to achieve, and without warning we're both orgasming so powerfully that we're screaming each other's names at the tops of our lungs, his dual penis's simultaneously ejecting both into the air and into my womb, his potent seed quickly overflowing onto my sheets and painting the wall. He cums like a racehorse, and then we both collapse, totally spent. My body and my sex are both buzzing and tingling with joy, and I purposefully give him a gentle squeeze with my pussy and our eyes connect, and we smile and he forgives me for the moment and I let my fingers trail down his shaft and up his chest, and we embrace each other on the bed in pools of our own sweat and bodily fluids, completely relaxed and fully satisfied.

"We need to do this again sometime..." I say after an eon of quiet, bursting joy.

"Definitely..... does this make me gay?"

"God I hope not..."

And we lay there letting our bodies and minds cool as we drift off to sleep... What tomorrow brings, I don't know, but I do know that for the moment I don't care about anything except the man lying next to me. I hope I feel the same way tomorrow when I'm not addled by lust... but who can say really?

(to be continued in part 3)