

Webbed Ch.3

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I'm falling. Falling from an unimaginable height. I can see the entire earth below me, slowly growing larger. I feel weightless.

I look up to see the sun, closer than I've ever seen it before. Perfectly clear and unobstructed. It hurts to look at it, but I can't look away. A shadow passes over the sun, moving towards me.

I try to run, but I can't. I'm still falling. It's catching up to me. It'll catch me before I ever reach the ground. Panicking, I can hardly even breathe. The shadow is bigger: a perfect circle. It falls into my hand.

A neutron star?

I try to throw it away, but it sticks to my fingers. I scream as it liquefies and engulfs my arm. It's moving to cover and drown my face when suddenly....

I'm in my kitchen... but something's wrong. It's upside down.

"How can this nightmare get any worse?" I wonder aloud.

<Aw, why'd you have to wake up *now*?> asks Aranea.

I look around at my kitchen, then down at myself. I'm naked, and still a monster. A lunatic splice of a human and a spider. I've also still got them boobs, and am momentarily distracted from my train of thought by the sensation of them hanging the wrong way.

"Why am I on the ceiling?" I ask. I'm sane enough to know dream from reality... or at least I hope I am, and I'm awake now. I pinch myself to make sure, half hoping I'd suddenly wake up in my bed and find that none of this actually happened.

<I was just making myself comfortable...> she pouts. <I was almost finished!>

Huh?

I look around me and find that the corners of the ceiling are full of thick cobwebs.

I carefully get down off my ceiling, sighing loudly.

“Hey Aranea, up for round two?” John asks from behind me, nursing a cup of coffee and also sporting no clothes. His twin spider cocks are on proud display.

“Whoa. Whoa! Hey, what have you two been doing without me?”

“Oh, you’re David now. Me and Aranea were just playing chess. It’s no big deal, considering what we were doing last night...”

<Yup! I’m not very good at chess though: even when I can use your brain I really don’t understand it...>

“Then why are you naked?” I ask.

“It’s strip chess!” shouts Rose joyfully.

“Oh. Neat.” I say sarcastically. “What time is it? We need to get ready for work.”

“You woke up early today for once in your life,” answers Rose. “You’ve got an hour to spare... although we were getting worried. Aranea said she didn’t know how long you’d be asleep. I’m soooo happy I was able to meet and talk to her! She’s cool!”

“She’s also an unwelcome guest with a promise to uphold. Undo whatever the heck it was you did to me last night miss spider.”

<I like *Aranea* better... but fine. Try not to resist too much, kay?>

I roll my eyes and relax.

The changes are slow at first, my spider abdomen sluggishly shrinking and my guts going back to their proper places. My eight spider legs are drawing together and fusing inch by inch. The fur is thinning out and shortening, but not entirely disappearing either, even as my tender, pink, human skin returns and my toes reappear on my feet. I brush a hand down my leg and my skin feels exceedingly soft, and why are my calves so small? Where are my hairy, manly legs? These definitely aren’t them.

I’m starting to suspect something may have gone wrong as I feel the last of the spider butt suck up into me, my pedipalps disappear altogether, and I finally feel human again.

“Ooo la-la!” says Rose.

“Ditto...” says John, his jaw dropping to the floor.

<Um, opps?>

I'm human... but I'm not me. Not in any way, shape, or form. Instead of returning me to normal, Aranea turned me into the human version of the spider-form I was in two minutes ago.

"Close," I say with a growl. "But no cigar. Try it without the pussy and tits perhaps?"

<Sorry! I wasn't trying to do that, I swear!>

"You don't suppose we have time too-" asks John, but I cut him off.

"No. Hell no. We're fixing this right now, and what happened last night was a mistake. We're never doing something like that again. It was stupid... and look what happened to you because of it!"

"I don't mind them," he says stubbornly, setting his jaw as his phallic pedipalps hang low. "But sure, you're not in the mood. Got it."

"I'm not a chick! I should *never* be in that sort of mood, don't you get it? Give me back my balls Aranea."

<I'm trying. I've been trying all this time. I can't seem to budge it. It's like changing you one way goes with the current, so it's easy... but for some reason something's resisting me. I'm sorry.>

"Sorry!? How can I go to work like this? Try harder!"

"No need to shout at her. She's really a nice spider..." chides Rose. "I'm sure she's trying her best."

<I'm sorry!> says Aranea, suddenly fretting horribly inside my mind. I can feel her guilt. She honestly didn't mean me any real harm, in her own way. She was just trying to survive, and now here I am facing the possibility that it might be impossible to fix this back to the way it was.

I hate being force to be a good guy...

"Whatever..." I growl again. Boy am I getting practiced at growling. "Rose, get my suit ready. I can teach my classes by claiming to be a substitute... and we can figure out how to fix this better in the Mesker Graduate Research Lab tonight. My pass will work even if I were to suddenly get turned into a monkey."

"Please don't tempt fate..." groans Rose. "You know how The Star reacts to that stuff."

"A monkey would be better than this, I dare say," I retort, striding past John who is scratching the space between his dicks while a bit of pre drips from their tips. I shudder at the thought of those things being or ever having been inside me. This has all just been an enormous inconvenience let me tell you.

It turns out a suit made for a man isn't very comfortable on a female body. Too tight in certain places, too loose in others. I couldn't care less, I just want to get this all over with and fix my body a.s.a.p.

We all take my car back to the university, and John goes his separate way. It's hard not to stare at his package as he leaves: his twin dicks make quite the bulge. I, myself, have zero package at the moment, and find myself a tad jealous. It's just like John to get all the good luck, especially when it comes to Star accidents. Believe it or not, no matter how careful you are with a Star something is bound to go wrong every so often. It's part of their chaotic nature, and it's exactly that property of them that I'm attempting to shut down and control. If we can do that they could become the ultimate source of energy in the universe, bending physics over like a bitch... and they could be a formidable weapon as well.

"Rose, please inform my students that I've come down with some funny and/or rare disease and that I'm going to be substituting."

"What should I say your name is, *sir*?" she says, innocently stressing the word sir.

Passersby are stopping to gawk at me as I walk to my office, and I frown back at them. I can understand why they're staring: I look like some elven princess from a childhood story. My exceedingly long, flowing hair has currently settled on a pinkish red blond, and half floats in every breeze. The fact that I'm dressed as a man and am wearing sneakers two sizes too big do nothing to detract from the natural beauty of this body. I regret not wearing a bra... but I didn't have any.

"Just call me Dr. Webb of course. I'll say I'm related."

"Whatever you say, *sir*," she says with a giggle, followed by a chime that signals the message has been sent.

After a too brief bout of relaxation in my office spent watching my lava lamp, it's time to face my students. I was able to pull some strings and have the lecture room down the hall pretty much whenever I like, and one short walk later I stride into the moderately large stadium-style lecture room half-filled with bored looking students.

"Ahem," I cough, Rose acting as my microphone to fill the room with my voice through concealed speakers. "Good morning students, I'd like too--"

I'm immediately drowned out by the sudden murmuring of much more awake looking kids. I'm shocked, though not necessarily surprised, when I pick several lewd things being said about me out of the noise.

One ear-throbbing whistle from me later and it's quiet again.

"Thank you. As I was saying, I'd like to introduce myself as Dr. Webb, Professor Webb's cousin, and I will be taking over this class while he's recovering from..."

Gonorrhea, whispers Rose.

Really? I whisper back, then louder.

"While he recovers from Gonorrhea..."

The sudden outbursts are quickly silenced with my patent pending dead-eye. I'm relieved to note that it works equally well when female.

"Thank you again, now if we can get back to today's lecture..."

A hand raises in the back of the room.

"Dr. Webb doesn't have a cousin who looks like you..." says Cody, a shy pale kid with a penchant for knowing too much.

"Of course he does, I'm standing right here, now if we can please..."

He turns his tablet over to show me what appears to be a detailed list of my living cousins, all of which are accounted for and none of which look like me.

With a frown that I hope communicates total disdain (and it does), I calmly say:

"Rose... sick 'im." Rose barks like an excited dog in response.

A death skull replaces the screen of Cody's tablet, which proceeds to laugh like a thing from a horror movie while a happy female voice chants in the background: *Please turn off all electronic devices during lecture, or suffer my wrath!*

With an electronic cry the tablet shuts itself down, it's A.I. entirely overwhelmed by my Rose.

"Now will there be any more delays? Let us continue with the lecture then."

The lecture goes pretty well despite initial hiccups. My students, all outward appearances notwithstanding, are pretty bright and when it comes down to it they care more about learning than

gawking at the new substitute. It quickly became apparent to them that I was just as well versed as 'Professor Webb' in the lecture material, as well as Star-Science in general, and we got along fine once that had been established... mostly.

I'm fairly exhausted by the lecture anyway though, and am glad when it's over. That said: even though everyone else is leaving the room, Cody is walking up to me while I'm still trying to gather my lecture material up and get away as fast as possible.

"Can you fix Sam?" he asks plaintively, holding out his tablet. For a moment a look of true sadness passes over his face. "She won't come out..."

Maybe I went a tiny bit far? Ah well...

"Rose?"

"Yes sir! I didn't hurt Sammy, I only told her to shut down face my wrath! I'll let her know she can come out now."

And just as she says it the tablet's screen boots on, a timid A.I. starts checking her files and running a few diagnostic tests on her hardware as if to avoid talking to anyone.

"Sorry about that Cody, but you *were* disrupting class."

"And *you* aren't who you say you are," he retorts, pin-pricks of fury in his eyes.

"How is that in any way relevant to anything? I'm here now in place of Professor Webb. I'm obviously qualified to substituted for him, and I wouldn't be able to access his office without his permission. It doesn't matter who I am, really, does it?"

"It does to me! What's really wrong with Dr. Webb? Did he get hurt by a Star? Last time that happened he..."

"Shh... it's fine. He's fine. Everything should return to normal very soon. Now run along and give 'Sam' a better firewall. The one she's got right now might as well be made of paper when up against a smart A.I...."

"Okay... but I wanted to talk to you about a few other things as well... you know, about the lecture. You mentioned that Neutron Star's react violently when hit with heavy particles, but totally ignore radiation and even high energy gamma ray bursts, so I was wondering if...."

Me and Cody end up getting into a pretty in depth discussion as to the behavior of Stars, and find ourselves walking back to my office together. He really is a pretty bright kid. I might have to offer him an internship in my lab this summer...

It's when we reach my office though that I realize that I'm not just feeling pride for this kid, whom I've watched soak up my teachings like a sponge... I'm also feeling something else. I'm feeling wet.

What in the hell is this? Why am I feeling attracted to one of my students?!?

<You think I know what's going on inside of your brain better than you? I told you I'm not going near that thing if I can help it.>

You've got to help me though! I can't be getting horny in front of Cody! What if he notices?

My nipples, for instance, are already pressing themselves up against the tight fabric of my sports jacket and making themselves known. I'm feeling rather flushed and my thoughts are becoming distracted.

<Tell him to leave then!>

"Cody?" I say, suddenly interrupting him as he was enthusiastically telling me his theory behind why Neutron Stars tend to not like being bounced. "I'm feeling a bit unwell. Can we get a rain check?"

"What? Um, yea... sure. Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's nothing. Just..."

"She's feeling 'excited'..." whispers Cody's tablet.

"Excited!? I'm not feeling the least bit excited!" I respond... but in looking at Cody's tablet being held by his side, I see with a start that he's got a boner sticking down his pant leg... and I realize that he's breathing raggedly and not entirely looking me in the eyes.... But rather glancing at my breasts.

I guess I'm not the only one then.

"Maybe I *should* go he says suddenly, standing up and holding his tablet in front of him."

I almost entirely forgot what my new body looks like, and the effect that breasts like these can have on young men. Doubly so on shy introverts like Cody.

"Wait." I say, stopping him. He couldn't look more embarrassed than he does right now, and looks ready to bolt, so I signal the door to shut and lock, giving us some privacy.

He sits back down. I don't think he realizes that I saw his erection... but he seems to have definitely noticed it now because he's covering himself up with his tablet rather than just letting it hang by his side.

I sigh... and suddenly we're not professor and student. Quite suddenly we both seem to realize that I've got breasts... and he's got a boner... and that I've got my high beams on. It doesn't help that it's a little chilly in my office.

"Cody..." I ask suddenly. "Have you ever seen a woman's breasts before? Naked I mean."

His eyes go wide as he shakes his head no. Huh, who'd have guessed a junior in college would give that answer? He *is* a deserving boy though... maybe I should fix that for him.

"Well, don't tell anybody then."

Cody's eyes go wide as dinner plates now as I unbutton my jacket and dress shirt, and open them up to let him get a full look at what womanhood is all about. He grits his teeth together, staring unabashedly, and with a pained grunt jizzed in his pants.

"Oh God..." he moans. His A.I. whistles. And Rose tut-tuts me. I roll my eyes.

"What kind of guy would I be if I didn't help my fellow man?" I ask her. *"I've been granted the power of the female body: I can and will use it for good. This boy deserves tits."*

"Whatever you say Doc," says Rose with a giggle.

I then proceed to put my clothes back on, my crotch soaked as well.

"Good, now that we've got the sexual tension out of the way, you were saying?"

Cody and me quickly overcame the fact that I was smoking hot, as well as the fact that I inexplicably wanted to jump his bones. We continued talking about Star-Science while both incredibly randy, but now we were able to ignore it and not feel self-conscious about it. If only all women would just get it over with and show guys their tits from the get-go we wouldn't have as many awkward teenagers. That's what I think anyway...

<You're very strange, but I like the way you think....> says Aranea.

"Let's just get to the lab and figure out what's going on."

I have the Neutron Star in my coat pocket, and quickly use my ID card to get into the sub-levels where my personal laboratory is. Cody had to go home cause I assigned homework. John will be joining me shortly.

I walk through the corridors until I get to my lab. It's only got one entrance: a two foot thick vault door. The walls of my lab are five feet of concrete and rebar. When performing tests on the Neutron Star we tend to treat it with lots of respect... not that concrete nor thick steel would ever contain it if it went truly ballistic, but because by showing the star said respect it tends to contain itself better, as if acknowledging the fact that we went through a lot of trouble and it doesn't want to hurt our feelings by turning all our preparations to ash... plus it makes the media feel better about what we're doing down here.

I open the door to find John already there, who walks straight up to me with the goofiest look on his face.

"Who has two thumbs and just has the most amazing threesome ever with my secretaries? This guy!" he shouts.

"And you didn't invite me?" I genuinely pout, walking over the center of the room to put the Star into its little cubby hole where a gigantic death-ray is pointing at it. The death ray is part of my latest attempts at controlling the Star by temporarily disrupting its ability to warp reality. I've had mixed results so far.

"I thought what happened last night was, and I quote, 'a mistake'?"

"That was before I started feeling horny again. It's like a sauna down there."

"Ooo! In that case do you want to-"

"Not now," I say, shoving his face away from me as I walk over to a bank of computers. "Working. Sex can wait."

John groans in frustration as I boot up everything, and Rose leaps from my watch and into the turbulent waters of the school's central processing system. She quickly gets permission to reallocate a sizable amount of the available servers, and we begin real-time analysis of the Star.

The initial results are surprising... and scary.

"The stars active..." I say, talking to Rose, "and it's outputting power into the subspace around us at a steady 1.2 terawatts.... But it doesn't appear to actually be doing anything. It's leaving us alone. Just what is it up to?"

"I dunno..." Rose replies simply.

“Maybe it’s trying to tunnel? You know, like with the Antin incident? Ripped a hole in time and space and reappeared ten days in the past on top of Mount Rushmore?”

“There isn’t any warping or tunneling going on... it’s almost like its dormant... but why is it still generating power? It’s almost as if it’s behaving itself... but that’s just ridiculous.”

“You don’t think...” asks Rose... but I’m way ahead of her, running to the far side of the room to grab the clamps.

“Let’s see how long this good luck lasts, shall we?” I ask, clicking the clamps open and shut before attaching them to the sides of the Star.

Results are instantaneous and awesome.

Monitors and electronic equipment go hay-wire as power floods the room. Monitors read an exponentially escalating level of power output before they explode in showers of sparks. Everything grows extremely bright and the clamps attached to the sphere catch fire and start to melt... despite the fact that they’re specially designed to handle currents exceeding 10^{12} amperes.

Then a boom as the cable blows apart in catastrophic failure, and the lights go out.

“ROSE!?” I shout.

“I’m here....” She says, the speaker system in the ceiling crackling to life. “The breaker system saved me. All the lights are broken though...”

“No need...” I say back, ‘cause my hair apparently glows in the dark, and it’s enough for me and John to see the damage.

The cable, before superheating and exploding, had melted several feet into the concrete floor. It was probably several times the temperature of earths sun. The concrete is still glowing red.

“The electric company is going to kill you...” says Rose. “Cause by my calculations you just put enough power into the grid to make the lights flicker on the other side of the continent. You melted most of the near-by power lines, and that’s what caused a short down here.... And we just produced \$130,000 worth of electricity in about 8 seconds, but they might take the damages to the city’s infrastructure out of your check.”

“Cool.”

"I wouldn't recommend doing that again though... from what we just witnessed it doesn't look like the star has a power limit. If we plug it into our grid it'll just overwhelm it again."

"But it's one step closer, right? Easier to slow down than speed up."

"Oh man!" yells John. "We should celebrate with sex!"

"Not right now John..." I groan... and then the door to the lab starts opening... and in steps Jacqueline. She prefers to be called Jacque or Jacques by friends, and Dr. Harding by everyone else. She's a fellow Star expert.

"What the hell just happened in here and-oh-my-god-who-are-you?"

"I'm..." I start to try to explain, but she interrupts me.

"Oh god, you're James aren't you? What the heck happened! Look at your hair-it's-so-beautiful!"

"Oh, yea, cause the hairs the *weird* part..." says John rolling his eyes.

Jacque ignores him and runs up to me, gripping me in a bear-hug.

"You did it!!" she says, her tits meshing with mine. I'm strangely alright with this, and hug her back just as hard. "You did it didn't you? You got the star to generate usable power!!"

She then reaches down my pants and grabs hold of my puss.

"But where are your balls? And why are you wet? And why is your hair glowing? And why didn't you tell me *sooner*?!"

Before I can answer her though she kisses me full on the lips, and I roll my eyes and go with it. There's no use talking to her when she gets like this... and her hand down my pants feels mighty wonderful. John in the corner has too gigantic boners and a plaintive, desperate, begging look in his eyes. I give him a dead-eye that translates as a 'no way in hell are you getting us both in a bed together' stare of doom. He looks like he could cry in response.

Jacque takes her hands out of my pants and away from my puss, lifting her sticky fingers up to her face quickly to lick them.

"We need to experiment with this right away....before it wears off."

"Yes!" shouts John.

“No!” I shout back, trying to focus on the task at hand. I came here to get my balls back... not to mack with Jacque.”

She knows me and my expressions too well though.

“Honey, if you don’t strip down and do me on this table right now I will make you suffer. You can fix whatever the Star did later.”

“But!”

“No buts but your butt!” she shouts joyfully, and rips open my jacket and shirt, buttons popping everywhere, and suddenly my tits are once again free to rejoice in the open air. I can’t say that I’m not enormously aroused right now.

“But...” I still say, looking over at John.

“Let him watch...” she says evilly, rubbing her hand down my belly.

“Ohhhhh,” I moan back. “Fine.... But make it quick. Rose? Please keep working while we mmmm!!”

Jacque kisses me on the lips again, this time giving me lots of tongue, and I surrender myself to her will and kiss her eagerly back, letting my hands grope her just as she’s groping me, and we start tearing away at each other’s clothes. I think John’s crying in a corner watching us, unable to join in without fear of death by Jacqueline and me, and attempts to soothe the ache of being left out with self-pleasure. I hope Jacque’s had the sense to lock the door... but quickly I find myself no longer caring about anything like that as me and Jacque’s passions heat up. She backs me up against a lab-table, and starts pulling down my pants.

She goes down on me, her mouth enveloping my labia... her tongue dipping into my lips... she expertly eats me out and quickly it’s all I can do to hang on to the edge of the table as she goes to town on me.

“Holy moley!” I cry as spasms wrack my legs and hips. I can’t stand up straight. Then she stops, just short of me orgasming.

“Hey!” I cry, frustrated.

“Oh, we’re just getting started baby. My turn!”

Now, it might be best to tell you right now that Jacques, in her spare time between practicing theoretical physics and playing with Stars, is a fair gymnast. She demonstrates this skill now my performing a hand stand, bending her back and hooking her knees over my shoulders, then capturing my head, bending it down, and planting her own pussy right on my mouth. I don’t leave her waiting. I

don't know where her pants went, nor do I care as I give my girlfriend as good, if not better, than I got. She holds onto my ankles and gasps as I play with her lady-bits.

<You're awful good at this...> comments Aranea.

"And your mother's a whore..." I mumble back at her, nose deep in beaver. She tastes wonderful... but as I eat her out I feel something is off. My fangs have returned, although I realize this immediately and don't accidentally release my venom.... And I can feel soft fuzzy fur running down my legs, no longer contained to just my crotch. I feel my legs begin to divide and segment themselves. I feel my ass pressing out into the egg shaped abdomen of a spider behind me. I feel my relatively weak human hormones being replaced by the powerful mating hormones of the spider. My mind goes wild with sheer desire and pleasure as I keep eating Jacques out, holding her belly tight and feeling it flex with every movement of my tongue.

"Ooo, looks like bouncing that Star messed you up even worse than I thought!" says Jacques with a minky smile, pulling herself up me while keeping her wonderful pussy on my face. She wraps her arms around my neck, rests her tits on my head, and watches my ass push out behind me while wonderful, luminescent fur flows down it and I keep eating her out. She glances down my front to see my two pedipalps stretch out into the air, and in between them my pussy waiting anxiously to be penetrated.

Milk leaks from my teats and wets down my front as I nearly achieve sexual release from the combination of transforming into a spider in heat while eating out my very nimble girlfriend who has wrapped herself around my head. She grips me tighter and tighter as she gets closer to her own satisfaction, until suddenly she's gushing into my mouth.

"Mmmm!" I cry as she gasps and bucks against my face, smashing her beaver over my mouth and nose as I continue to eat her out.

And then she goes limp for a moment, and slowly slithers down from my face.

"That was *wonderful!*" she exclaims. "You're getting better every time! So you're a spider from the waist down? Is this your pussy?" She touches me with the palm of her hand and my entire body shudders.

"Yes!" I gasp out. God I need something inside of me right now- YIPE!

Jacques, without any warning or heads up, suddenly plunges her hand into me. She has very small and delicate fingers: great for precision work... and apparently even better for fisting spiders.

"How's that feel?" she asks me after going elbow deep in my pink cave of wonders.

"Arghblargleblarg...." Is my response. She interprets it as 'Fist me as hard as you can!', and so she does.

I nearly fall over backwards, which is quite an accomplishment for a spider, as she pumps her arm in and out of me. I was already close to orgasm, but now it splatters all over the wonderful woman who, at this particular moment, I've decided will one day be my wife. Jacques has got to be the most special person in my life: and she's making me feel like I'm on cloud 9 right now. Little do I know what she still has in mind.

"This will be fun! I'm sure you'll be able to last *much* longer like this! John! Get over here and help me out! She's got an ass that needs some lovin!"

What? Anal! No! That doesn't sound like fun! I mean, yea... me and Jacques played around a little... but it was usually pretty soft core.... And I've never had a real dick in my ass before... although I could have said the same thing about having a dick in my pussy before last night.... But that was different and I really don't think this is a good ideaOMG!

"JOHN!" I shout.

"What?"

"That is NOT okay!" I continue. John has put his dick's tip just inside of my asshole, using his copious amounts of pre to ease the penetration.

"Hey, you've got a second hole back here... I wonder if....."

"Hey! No! Don't you dare... unnnnnnggh!"

And with that his other dick enters my web-hole.

"Don't listen to her," says Jacques. "She's just being stubborn. Go all the way!"

"Yes ma'am!" he shouts with enthusiasm.

"No, wait, don't!!!"

But John isn't following my orders now. There's a new dominant female in the room. He starts pounding my ass while Jacques pounds my front, and damnit all if I ain't cumming like old faithful in two seconds flat... almost immediately after coming down off the first one Jacques gave me.

"Oh my, that was rather easy! This is gonna be fun!!" Jacques laughs while my puss spasms and grabs at her arm.

"Oh yea?" I manage to say between gasping breaths. "Then try this on for size!"

And I lift one of my legs and start rubbing Jacques between the thighs with it, and while still orgasming myself (I wonder if I'll be able to stop with them two still pounding me!!) I insert it up into her pussy.

"WHOA! Dave, that's too big! Ahh! OH my GOODness! Dave? Oh DAVE!"

She might be right, cause her puss is just a little bit too small to easily grant the foot of my leg access to her body... but I'll be damned if I don't replay her for her 'kindness', and start giving her what-for. By her screams of joy and indignation at being ignored I see that she's really enjoying it.

John is laughing behind me, still pounding my holes.... Ooo, my oh so sensitive back side. Maybe Jacques was right, cause I'm definitely feeling the love... but that doesn't excuse John for his rudeness. I reach behind him with a leg that I first wet down with my own sexual fluids and press it up against his anus.

"Hey!" he says, stopping suddenly. "Wait, no-no-no! I'm not into that! Dave, don't you put that up my HEY-O!"

I push myself inside his ass, my sexual fluids making it surprisingly easy, and he freeze up, his ass clenching and his dicks stiffening within me and spurting. I wiggle my way deeper into his bum.

"I'm gonna work you like a puppet!" I say with a hysterical giggle. Jacques has almost stopped moving with me as well as she reaches a plateau, and I slow down gradually to keep her there. I myself managed to stop cumming, but the sheer sexual thrill of violating the partners that continue to penetrate and move within me is pushing me skyward even without the stimulus of active sex... although I have no doubt that with a little pushing they'll probably resume fucking me. I have little time then, before I lose my motor control myself.

I arch my rear leg against John's prostate as I move it in and out of his ass, and feel him tip forward, sliding as deep into me as possible as he grips my abdomen like a man at sea gripping the side of a life raft. He shudders violently as he cums inside of me, filling me up with his vast reservoirs of spunk.

Jacques is holding out though, so I reach down with one of my pedipalps and curl it around to insert it into *her* ass, something she apparently was unprepared for, and begin to fuck her in a seesaw rhythm by pulling one out while pushing the other in and vice versa. She, too, is quickly orgasming, curling into a ball with her arm caught in my clenching pussy as she cries out in pleasure and joy. She's having a wonderful time.

John shakes and shudders, then collapses against me behind me. I continue to milk his pedipalps with the muscles in my ass and spinneret, and hold him against me with my rear legs as I keep fucking Jacques. She won't be quitting on me *that* easily, and I'm proven right when she looks up at me with fire in her eyes.

She pulls her arm out of my temporarily spent puss, and I do the same for her, but keep my pedipalp in her ass. She reaches up to throw her arms around my neck, then dips her head to plant her face in my cleavage. I hold her tight, and reach around with my other pedipalp to press it up and into her as well, joining the first one, and our pussies mash up against each other and her breasts rub against my belly and my breasts press against her face, my nipples so hard and erect that it's almost painful and electric joy races through my body as she rubs her face back and forth, and my nipples get pulled and tugged at... and then she pops one into her mouth and I orgasm on the spot, and as my pedipalps continue to work on her she quickly joints me, my pedipalps spasming in mock orgasm and our pussies mashing together and creaming hard, and John's fallen asleep behind me. He has no idea what he's missing out on.... This is going to take some time to finish!

Hours later finds us three laying on a bed of thick and soft webbing of my own creation. I had to pull John out of me to make it, but I put him back inside of me while he was still sleeping, causing him to have a wet dream and filling me once again with his baby batter. We all lay together, but besides John haven't fallen asleep just yet. We just cuddle and glow together in the aftermath of extreme sexual satisfaction. Neither me nor Jacques have ever felt this good after sex before. Jacques pinches one of my nipples and twists it a little affectionately.

"You know... you don't *have* to change back, do you?"

"I suppose not..." I agree. I've become rather fond of this body. "But I do need to help out Aranea..."

I had brought her up to speed while we rested and cuddled.

"I wish I could talk to her. She sounds like a nice spider."

"She is... She really is..."

"Is she in your head right now, listening? What's she saying?"

"Nothing really. She's asleep. She's having wet dreams about you though."

"You can see her dreams?"

"I guess so."

"We'll figure out how to help her out together then. Right now just hold me tight!"

"And never let you go?" I add, completing the reference. *Just kiss me and smile for me... Tell me that you'll wait for me. Hold me like you'll never let me go.....*

Yea. This is very nice. I could definitely live with this.