

Webbed Ch. 4

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I woke up in a fuzzy daze to the smell of candles burning. Moving a leg I found that I was still half-spider, and groaned as I felt my pussy ache from the abuse it had taken. Someone reached across my belly and groped my tit with a moan, and I looked down to see Jacques curled up against my side. Even in her sleep she's a pervert. Man.

I look down even further to find that John is using the underside of my abdomen as a pillow, his face and chest buried deep in my downy fur.

<Don't wake them up!> warned Aranea.

<I wasn't about to.> I answer back. Man it's hot in here.

I look up to the ceiling to examine the blown lighting panels, the massive electrical surge having destroyed just about everything in the lab without in-line circuit breakers. Luckily the universities servers survived the event, and among them my virtual assistant Rose. I vaguely wondered what she had been up to while we slept. We got some excellent data from the Star, and she was no slouch herself when it came to analysis, no matter what her maturity level.

But oh gods, was I *sore* down there! How did that... oh yea. Jacques tried her hand at gynecology on me. The problem wasn't so much the size of her arms, heck Dave's twin pedipalps were each nearly as large individually, but rather her arm and fist weren't quite shaped right for the job, and she was rather rough about it too... I might need to talk to her about restraint in the bedroom sometime, but not now.

"Rose, you still there?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed from the frazzled sounding speaker system.

"Shh... please..."

"Oh, sorry!" she whispers, dialing it down quite a bit. "What is it?"

"The power back on yet?"

"Yes, mostly. The university is running off backups but a lot of its infrastructure is a loss. The damage doesn't seem to be too major outside of the university though, only a few power lines and several

transformer stations went down explosively. The incident was mostly contained, and the good news is that we aren't being sued for damages! Things should be fixed back the way they were this time next week."

"That's good, but what about the lights in here?"

"Total loss. Everything in here is going to need rewiring. Before the catastrophic failure we got some interesting data, and while it's not really enough for me to draw any conclusions from I think you'll be intrigued to say the least. The star is in the sub-level super-bunker, as a precaution."

"I'll have a look at the data sheets later then."

I look down at myself and sigh, a blur of images assaulting me as I recollect how much I enjoyed being pounded from every direction. Was I really okay with this? With having eight legs and a spider's pussy? With having breasts? With being covered in iridescent yellow and jet black fur? Having venomous fangs?

I reach up and place my hand over Jacques and sigh, brushing my fingers through her hair. It did feel good, it still does, but is it right? Could I ever actually live like this? This isn't who I am. I know who I am! I'm a macho super-genius who works with the world's most dangerous rogue-element: Neutron Stars. Powerful little spheres with the ability to go beyond ordinary universal laws and warp reality. I can't go through the rest of my life like this... I'm not cut out to be a chick *or* a spider. Not forever! Quite suddenly I find myself yearning to be my old self again. To have a dick again. To be just regular old Dr. Webb again. It feels like it's been so long already that I find it hard to remember what it was even like.

As I sulk I feel my many legs slowly pulling together. Toes appear and I flex them with a sigh.

<I'm sorry...> says Aranea inside my head, pouting with me. <It's my fault you can't go back to being like you were.>

"Don't say that," I mumble. "You and I know that's not entirely true. There's something more at work here. I just need to figure out what it is so that I can fix it. I'll fix the both of us, you'll see. Maybe John too, if he gets bored having two dicks."

I feel a funny pinching sensation as my digestive track and lower organs pull back up through where my hips should be and into my belly, emptying my spider's abdomen slowly and rather pleurably. I accidentally lose control over my web as my silk sacs shrink, and I come to realize that one of John's thick pedipalps is still stuck up inside my web hole as my retreating abdomen slowly allows him to slide out of me. His other was stuck up into my ass, and while my spinnerets collapse my poor bum remains rather sore as it retreats. As my knees make their return I nudge John's head off what is left of my spider-butt before it shrinks down into nothing and disappears up into my body, leaving only black and yellow fur covering most of my belly, groin, ass, and back to show that I'm *still* not fully human, even though I might as well be now. The only other complain I could voice is that I've also still got a vagina,

and no amount of fur could hide that sort of humiliation from me as I blush, feeling it settle down between my legs. Somehow, being mostly human only makes the loss of my manhood that much more pronounced, and I find my mood sink further.

I might be human but I'm still no closer to being myself again. Rather, I look like a tall supermodel. My long hair is strawberry-blond and slightly iridescent, glowing bright enough in the dark to see by, and feels like liquid silk as it hangs down my back, its tips tickling my ass. My ears are slightly pointed, my face angular and accented, and my eyes slightly non-human. I run my tongue along my teeth to one of my fangs and suck on it with annoyance, tasting a little of my own curious venom. I'll need to remember to have it tested sometime to see what it's made of, but that's pretty low on my priorities of things I need to have tested and analyzed. Looking down at myself I sigh as instead of my hairy and proudly muscled male body I currently look a bit like an elven princess out of some fantasy novel. It could be worse, I could be fat and ugly, but looking like this really does exaggerate the femininity of this body.

<I'm sorry I can't make you a man again...> apologizes Aranea.

"That's quite alright," I answer, forcing myself to take a deep breath. "Who needs a dick anyway? Completely overrated if you ask me."

<You're such a bad liar, but thanks anyway.>

But I do half mean it. Even now, as I stand up, being a woman isn't unpleasant. Hell, it's definitely not uncomfortable to be sure. Standing up in the buff I allow myself to marvel a bit at how free I feel without balls hanging out down there, and the breasts are rather nice additions too. As I run my hands over myself to feel them I decide that of all the unsolicited changes that have happened to my body they're the least offensive to me, bordering on being practically enjoyable. If it wasn't for the social stigma I'd consider keeping them when I eventually find out how to fix everything. Well, at least there wasn't a stigma for *women* having breasts like these, so I suppose this isn't all bad.

As I walk across the lab to a closet I find myself already growing wet again. Man, hormones sure do run strong in this body... but I can deal with that sort of thing. I'm not so weak willed that I jump straight back to sex the second I get a little bit horny, I'm a man after all. I've got self-control. Just because I *can* have sex whenever I want now doesn't mean that I *should*. I need to get back to work.

I quickly find an extra lab-coat in the closet and button it up over my chest, squashing down my somewhat overly sensitive breasts in order to make it fit and realizing for the nth time today that I really need to think about investing in bras, considering how prominent my nipples are even through a heavy lab coat. I wonder for a minute where my pants and boxers went before seeing them lying in shreds on the floor. Wonderful... no pants for me then.

Well, time to get back to work, and the first thing I need to do is get this lab functional again.

“Rose?” I asked as I took off my wristwatch. The back was electro sensitive, and all I had to do was touch my thumb to it to initiate a transformation sequence. The metal band immediately fell apart only to begin reconstructing with a cascading tinkle of sound around the shifting case of the watches face. It was a slow process, but it immediately began to take on the form of a tiny human as its parts rearranged. While it was safer and more convenient to simply wear Rose around in public, sometimes what I really needed was just a second set of hands.

“Oh no, you’re going to have me do *manual labor*, aren’t you?” Rose said with loathing, already anticipating what I was about to ask.

“Yup. Hop on back in the watch; we need to do some tinkering.”

“I hate tinkering...”

“No lying now, you love tinkering. In any case you know how the school board gets nervous when you spend too much time in their mainframe.”

“Ha! You’d think they didn’t trust me!” she said, right before the speakers die out with an inelegant electronic pop. The limbs on the tiny robot quickly come to life as Rose flexes its delicate fingers, perfect for extremely precise work. She looks up at me and grins like the mischievous imp she is.

“They know me too well,” I say wistfully. “I’d be insulted if they mistrusted you any *less*.”

“So it’s entirely your fault then?”

“Since when is anything ever not?”

“Well, as long as we have that settled. Let’s get to work, shall we?”

“Let’s!”

Together Rose and I repair as much of the lab as we can and luckily manage to get most of the electronics back up-and-running. While not exactly ideal it’s enough to begin remote diagnostics of the Star, which gets to stay in the sub-level bunker until I can figure out exactly what’s going on.

And thus begins the piecing together and repairing of broken equipment and instrumentation, and Rose takes it all down the narrow access chute piece by piece to attach it with mechanical precision. Of course, she herself also gathers data as she works with her own unique array of sensors and optics specially designed to record and map sub-space activity and spatial warping. There’s quite a lot of data to crunch indeed, and none of it makes immediate sense, just as Rose had warned.

I'm in the middle of fine-tuning one of my many different analytics programs with the intention of turning the incomprehensible numbers we were getting into useful information when suddenly John awoke. While we were working I had borrowed some parts from the nearby robotics club to create a rudimentary janitor to help clean up the mess we had made in our lab, and now it apparently has decided that the John, who I left lying unconscious on the ground, is trash as well, and tries to pick him up.

"Gah!" he yells, leaping up and away from the metal graspers that had begun to drag him along the floor.

"Oh good," I say without looking up from an old disused monitor I had managed to find, only glancing away from it to look at my notes. I know what I want the program to do, but I find myself having trouble translating my thoughts into code correctly. Math and code, despite their seeming similarities, never seem to really get along. I find myself stuck trying to solve an unusual paradox whereby two different equations, seeking the same answer, aren't getting the same answer at all, which means I wrote one of them wrong. I'm terrible sometimes when it comes to solving problems with code, but Rose usually is pretty good at translating my ideas for me when I'm stuck for ideas. Perhaps I should ask her for help, but knowing her she'll probably laugh and point out something obvious that I missed or forgot so I stubbornly go over my code again.

"You're up," I continue. "Get over here and help me."

"It's freaking freezing in here! Couldn't you have gotten me a blanket?" John asks. He then stretches his neck to make several loud pops. "Or a pillow?"

"You're cold? I feel like I'm roasting."

"Well good for you, but considering I'm neither covered in fur nor am I going through some sort of weird estrus you could have at least covered me. I'll bet you at least gave Jacques a... hey, where's Jacques?"

"She woke up just after me and left. Honestly, you can sleep through anything."

"Aw man! Why didn't you wake me up too? I got a crick in my neck, sleeping on the floor like that!"

"I thought you looked peaceful..."

"And why are you still half naked?" he continued, walking across the lab to look over my shoulder.

"Well, besides the fact that my pants were totally destroyed, have I mentioned it's freaking hot in here? I feel like my blood is boiling... and I'm so wet I can hardly think straight."

“Oh?” asked John, reaching under my coat-tail to grab my ass from behind. I croon as wraps his other arm around me, my body easing into his automatically as instincts kick in.

“Hey now,” I say after drawing a breath. “I’m trying to work.”

“Then why not take a break then?” he asks as he slides his hand lower, down between my legs, to touch my pussy. I nearly collapse as I feel myself go weak in the knees while he rubs his fingers up and down, greasing them up before slowly pushing two of them into me. I moan out loud as he slowly fingers me, tantalizing and tempting me to stop what I’m doing and fuck him.

“You’re awful forward today, now aren’t you?” I ask with shaky breath, reaching behind me to grab his wrist. “You just woke up two seconds ago you dog. I was trying to work...”

“So you’re saying no?” he asks craftily, already knowing the answer.

“No,” I concede, spinning around. His hand slips out from underneath me. “I’m saying you should have just asked. I could have at least finished what I was doing.”

“Now where’s the fun in that?” he asked pulling me tight. Chills raced up my spine as I experience a side of John I only ever used to witness between him and his secretaries. He really is a player at heart, isn’t he? Certainly he knows what he’s doing when it comes to enticing or soliciting sex.

Well two could play at that game. I giggled... if this was how he thought our relationship was gonna be he had another thing coming. I was many things, but I was not about to become just another one of his call-girls.

“Fun indeed...” I admit, pouting as I threw my arms over his shoulders. I could feel his twin cocks rub against my thighs as he ground against me in display of his maleness. I lean closer. “But still... perhaps I should ‘punish’ you for your impudent behavior?”

“Oh yes,” he says with a smile. “I’m quite the ‘bad boy’. Care to teach me a lesson professor?”

<Ooo, he’s funny!> said Aranea inside my head, observing the situation as always. <I don’t think he knows you mean it though.>

<He’ll understand soon enough,> I respond silently as I smile cattishly at John.

<I can help!>

<Help how?> was going to be my response, but before I can even form the thought I’m interrupted by a very odd sensation. Without any other part of my body changing I feel the now familiar feeling of spinnerets opening up right beneath my tailbone, followed immediately by the urge to make web. I take

the hint, stealthily reach down behind me to pull a string of strong and thin dragline from my rear, and with one swift motion attach the sticky dewdrop on the end to John's wrist.

With all the disproportionate strength of a spider, and with the element of surprise on my side, it's all too easy to take John to the ground and hog-tie him.

"Whoa!" he shouts right before I silence him with a gag made of more web, tied neatly around his head. He falls over onto his side, his arms and legs stuck together out in front of him, while I crawl over on top of him. Pheromones in my silk fill the air, and John cries out as he goes from mildly randy to *extremely* aroused in seconds.

<I like the way you think!> says Aranea agreeably. I feel two nubs start to push out from my hips. Pedipalps, despite their female anatomy and innate impotency, are still the closest things I can have to having my manhood back.

<And I'm glad we're on the same page,> I answer back, grinning down at John as my pedipalps lengthen. He goes wide-eyed with understanding.

"Oh, don't worry Johnny!" I laugh as he struggles. "If I can get used to anal you can too."

John shakes his head no.

"No?" I ask, laughing. "How can you say know when your body so *obviously* is saying yes?"

I take both of his pedipalps in my hands and each is practically shaking as I gently stroke them both up and down. John moans.

"Don't worry..." I continue, running my hands down to my *very* wet pussy. I moan happily as I slick my hand up, and then rub my pussy juices onto my right-side pedipalp. "I won't tell your students."

In no time I'm ready, already bucking my hips against just the soft stimulation of my own hand... it's time to do this!

"Prepare your anus!" I yell giddily as I line myself up to his naked butt-hole. He prepares indeed, clenching up tighter than a clam shell, so with another warm sigh I lube up my other hand with my pussy before hooking my fingers up and into his ass and forcing him to open up. He yells through his gag, but for a moment he also relaxes the muscles of his ass just enough for me to get the tip in.

"You know," I say as I push against him gently, moving centimeters deeper before pulling back out. His ass keeps squeezing and releasing, and it's pretty tight anyway, so I have to time my thrusts to loosen him up a little. "This would be so much easier if you'd just relax a bit."

John replies by yelling something incomprehensible, and I take advantage of his momentary distraction by forcing myself several inches deeper into him. He chokes on his garbled words. This deep inside of him it's an easy matter to locate his prostate and I don't hesitate a second to start pushing and rubbing it with the tip of my incredibly agile and sensitive pseudo cock. John moans out in seeming agony as both his cocks immediately begin to leak copious amounts of pre.

My nipples harden to a degree I hadn't thought possible as pleasurable sensations build within me. My pussy is wetter than ever, begging for attention that it will not be receiving. My entire body feels electric and hot, and my instincts tell me that I should mate this male before me, that I am ready to copulate.

But the instinct driven mating urges that I once found so powerful are nothing in compared to my battered and bruised male ego. I'm not going to allow myself to turn back into a cock-hungry breeding monstrosity. My goal is *not* to get pregnant. Hell, I'd bet that John couldn't even *get* me pregnant the way he is right now, being so very *human* and all, so why would I care about receiving his seed into my belly? It'd just be a waste is what!

I'd much rather just pretend that I was still male, even if for only just this moment, and continue to pound John's ass like he was one of his very own secretaries. My second pedipalp hangs limply, rubbing softly against John's thigh, ready to be uses should my right one fail me. I try to keep John's dicks out of my mind as they thrash about rigidly and leak all over the laboratory floor.

The warmth of John's body. The tightness of his ass. The shape of his butt. These are things that I care about right now, and as I bend my pedipalp inside of him to maintain pressure on his prostate I push in deeper with longer and longer strokes.

Oh God, it feels so wonderful! I quickly am able to force my entire length up and into him, the flexibility of my pedipalp making deep penetration excitingly easy. Soon there is nothing to stop me as I curl up over on top of John, slamming my pedipalp as deep into him as I can, my cunt slapping against his butt-cheek wetly and so *very pleausurably*, electric shocks hitting me as I hit him harder and harder, my pedipalps straining and growing stiff as my body prepares itself, John underneath me moving and struggling, his muscles flexing wonderfully underneath me as I fall on top of him and hold onto him tightly.

I try to keep going as I feel my body tense up, but it's absolutely no use. I grind to a halt as my pussy squirts and my pedipalp planted deep inside John's bowels goes completely rigid and immobile.

I feel my own lower body rapidly begin making the change from human to spider once again as I climax, my legs bifurcating once and then twice, my bones dissolving and my skin segmenting as powerful hydraulics replace most of my lower musculature. Said hydraulics are quickly powered by a large, flat, secondary heart that comes to life in my abdomen as it fills slowly with half of my internal organs in a colossal sliding feeling as my hips pinch and my belly thin. I even have a second pair of lungs, found just behind my legs underneath my abdomen, that automatically draw oxygen from the air to help fuel my

lower body... and as everything changes I cling to John and scream in ecstasy. Midnight black and poison yellow fur covers almost my entire body now and it's almost as if I can feel each individual hair on my body stand on end.

As the last of my organs make their changes in anatomy from human to spider I also feel the extremely peculiar and particularly stunning sensation of having my sex completely rearrange itself to become the very odd organ called the epigyne, my delicate human pussy becoming the relatively 'small' spider's vent.

It's an eternity before it's over, and as I realize the changes have stopped I slowly open my eyes, gasping for breath.

"What was that?" I ask myself, amazed. The whole transformation was almost excruciatingly pleasurable, and by far one of my favorite orgasms to date. I'm still trembling, in fact.

"You're a *total bastard*," moans John. Apparently he managed to chew through my home-spun gag, but more importantly it appears that he has yet to come, which is good. I had hoped that I would get off before he could.

"Takes one to know one," I answer with the world's most contented sigh, rubbing it in. I then slowly and delicately pull myself from him, cooing at the tenderness of my pedipalp. It wasn't supposed to be used in *quite* that manner I suppose, but if that was the price of feeling even a bit of control again then I'd pay it any day.

"Hey! What about me?!"

"What *about* you?" I ask, but freeze as I start to turn around with the intention of leaving John and going back to work. I freeze because I realize that my head feels empty of a certain foreign entity.

"Aranea?" I ask tentatively.

There is no response. Instead all I hear is John panicking.

"Oh God oh God oh God!" he says quietly, groaning as if in discomfort, and I look down at him to see what might be the matter.

The matter is that his pedipalps, while previously rather 'human' shaped and only somewhat thicker than my own female variants, are swelling. Well... their end segments are swelling anyway. Very quickly they take on an altogether new shape, becoming slightly bulbous on the end, and out from their tips spring a pair of what look like blunt fangs, but I know aren't. His penises are becoming true pedipalps, and those fangs are actually syringes for the transfer of sperm into a female's epigyne.

“What!? What!!” John continues to babble, but he stops as he grits his teeth audibly. Apparently whatever is happening to him isn’t done. Not by a long shot.

Dark, mossy green fur erupts over his groin and rapidly spreads down his legs. It looks even more soft and lush than mine, and suddenly he cries out as his ass swells out behind him while his belly empties.

“Make it stop!” he cries frantically as his pedipalps extend fully into the air, their syringe-like tips thrusting in and out of their bulbs. I freeze in shock, and my epigyne suddenly *aches* for penetration. I don’t know what’s going on, but quite abruptly I need those inside of me. Fuck being in control. Fuck being male. I want John to fuck *me*. I find myself yearning to bear his children... and immediately I slap myself mentally. Something’s definitely wrong.

John roars as he snaps the web trying his wrists and ankles together just before his legs stretch out like taffy and segment. Three more pairs of legs join them, each sprouting just above the other, and rapidly grow to match his original two. He rolls over onto his back and his legs flail.

“David!” he yelps as his spinnerets form and immediately he loses control of his web, sticking up the floor with silk. “Help!”

“How the hell am I supposed to help?” I ask back. “Try to calm down.”

“Calm down? Look at what’s happening to me!!!”

“How *horrible...*” with as much sarcasm as I can muster. That seems to snap him out of it, and quickly he blushes.

“Sorry.”

“Don’t worry about it. If I get to freak out then so do you, but right now isn’t the time. Has it stopped?”

“Um, yes. I think it’s over.”

I reach down with a hand and quickly pull him upright. Standing next to him, however, it becomes quickly apparent that his proportions are much different from mine.

When I change my upper body shrinks down to become a petite female form while the rest of my near 200 pounds of body mass goes into creating my lower spider parts, and while human muscle and bone is rather dense a spider’s anatomy is much less so, meaning that I had a rather large abdomen and strong, long legs.

John, however, retained nearly all the bulk in his upper body. This meant there was less to be reused to recreate his lower half, which meant that while his human half still dwarfed me his spider half was comparatively small. I stand a full foot and a half taller than him.

“Well so much for this not being contagious,” I mutter.

“Well, we actually knew all along this was sort of a possibility. I’m just really glad I didn’t grow breasts. I don’t know what I would have done with myself.”

“Lucky you. Is, by any chance, Aranea in your head with you?” I ask.

“What? No, I don’t think so... wait... I think I hear something.”

“Let me guess... you found her?”

“Um... yea! I did! Man this is weird...”

“Well this just brings up a whole new mess of problems,” I groan, but John keeps going.

“...but I don’t think she’s in my head. She’s, like, inside my gut somewhere. I can barely make out what she’s saying. I think she says that she wants us to...”

“Wants us to what?” I ask incredulously.

“She’s found her way into my sperm,” says John, going pale in the face. “She wants me to mate you, and then give birth to her as your child.”

“What?”

“You’re in season. I can smell it. I can smell it in your silk and I can smell it in the air. Oh God, Dave... I don’t think she’s gonna give us any choice here. She wants out.”

“How can she not give us any choice?” I laugh. “She can’t move your body right, so just hang tight while I...”

John dashes around me and blocks the exit. A weird look has overtaken his face.

“Remember what you said when you first fucked me? Run?”

“Yea?”

“I don’t want to be a daddy... please get out of here.”

“How can I leave when you’re blocking the door?!”

“Figure it out!” he yells. He then starts blocking up the door with web.

I spin around.

“Rose! Any exits I don’t know about?”

“None unless you can fit down here with me!” she responds from down in the star’s chamber. “Why?”

“Because John’s gonna try to knock me up, and I’m pretty sure that I’d prefer not to have that happen.”

Meanwhile John has finished blocking off the door and has made a mess of thick web in the corner of the room as well. He must be a ground-type judging by the messy state of his web. My own web is far more tidy and complex. I must have origins in an orb weaver or something.

John then squats down on his web and with repeated cries of apparent ecstasy he plants several large, thick droplets of seed. Each is quite viscous and at least half a cup in volume, and he quickly backs up to lower his pedipalps to each one, placing the tip of the funnel-like protrusion on their end into each blob, and sucks it all up into his bulbs.

He’s left shaking and sweating, but apparently not quite yet satisfied.

“Please, *please* don’t eat me,” he begs as he slowly starts to corner me.

My stomach growls and I laugh.

“Please don’t rape me then!”

“Hey, you’ve raped me more than I’ve raped you!”

“And how many times have you gotten pregnant from being raped?”

“I’ve been turned into a giant spider from being raped, which seems just as inconvenient to be honest.”

“You were asking for it! Stay away from me with those! You’re not yourself right now!”

“Damn right I’m not myself,” John pants as he closes in. This close I can tell that his pedipalps are shaking slightly, and his entire body appears to be suffering from fatigue. “Servers you right anyway, for not letting me cum before.”

“No-wait,” is all I can get out as he throws himself at me. His front legs, short as they are, wrap themselves up and over my body to lift himself up and he grabs me around the shoulders tightly. His face in the crook of my neck, he chants softly in my ear ‘please don’t eat me please don’t eat me’ while with one forceful motion he rams one of his pedipalps into the tight entrance of my epigyne.

His bulb is far thicker than what he used to be, and I cry out as it hurts a bit when he forces it to pop into my body... but he doesn’t stop there. He forces himself deeper and deeper into me, his pedipalp squirming and twisting inside my body to reach as deep as it can until he reaches the deepest depths of my sex. The syringe-like tip of his pedipalp then extends as far as it can, penetrating the entrance to my seminal receptacle like a key fitting a lock, and with hardly any pause in between he releases himself within me.

I feel my sex swell as it is quickly filled with John’s fiery warmth, very little of it trickling from me as I realize that it is, in fact, far too much for me. Blood flushes my pussy and it clamps down tightly onto his appendage even as it continues pumping.

“Ohhhh you *bastard*,” I moan as I grip him I a bear hug. I hear audible pops as I squeeze the breath out of him.

“Not *hah* ideal, no...” agrees John. “And I think I’m stuck.”

“No shit. Want me to rip it off?”

“Fuck no! If you do that I swear to god I’ll give you a facial right here and now!” he warns, maneuvering his remaining pedipalp up in between us to aim its syringe at me.

“You wouldn’t dare...” I growl, my eyes narrowing.

“I won’t if you swear that you won’t-”

But a sudden contraction of my inner muscles on his bulb interrupts him. It triggers him to pump a little more of his seed into my already filled-to-capacity organ and I cry out in a strange combination of discomfort and pleasure, the full sensation exciting my entire being.

That isn’t all that happens though. John accidentally squirts a little jizz from his *other* pedipalp as well, and a thick rope of his steaming-hot spider cum lands across my face and breasts.

“Why you little!” I shout as I grab his shoulders, but once again am immobilized as inner muscles contract even harder, and even more of John’s splooge is sprayed across my face. And some gets in my mouth. It tastes like it smells, fruity and sweet, and I accidentally swallow before I know any better.

I go very red in the face.

“Point that thing away from me!” I yell, grabbing hold of his bulb to shove it away. This only causes him to release the rest of his seed onto me in one torrential stream. John is left drooling, and I’m left literally *covered* in hot goo.

“I’m sorry!” he shouts.

Beyond words, I crack my knuckles in preparation to punch John’s lights clean out when several more contractions cripple me, one right after another, and I cry out as my insides are stretched tighter with more cum.

“Oh God, get it out!” I demand, doubling over as my pussy blissfully closes even tighter over John’s pedipalp.

“I can’t,” pleads John. “Just relax! Please! You’ll rip it off-”

But John is interrupted as quite abruptly his pedipalp detaches at its base with a soft pop and he falls backwards in shock.

We both stare at the little bit still sticking out from me, then stare at the empty socket on John where the pedipalp used to reside. I immediately burst out laughing.

“Hey!” cries John. “That’s not funny! What if it never grows back!?”

“Then you’re back where you started!” I shout, laughing even harder. “Better take care of it, or you’ll end up a Eunuch!”

“Stop laughing!”

“I guess you’re gonna go lefty from now on, huh?” I continue, but stop laughing when I hear a giggle. It’s Aranea! But her voice isn’t coming from my head, rather it’s coming from....

“My womb!” I shout.

“What about it?”

“Aranea’s inside it! I can hear her voice!”

“Well that’s swell then.”

<I’m sorry David,> says Aranea as she composes herself. <I just saw an opportunity to get out of your body so I jumped on it. I’ll just be reborn as one of your daughters.>

<One?> I ask incredulously.

<Yup! There were a couple of eggs to choose from in here. About a dozen actually. Not many by spider standards, but that's probably a good thing. Tell John that I'm sorry and that I'll do everything I can to help find a way to fix both him and you once I hatch!>

<Fix me? How can you fix me becoming a mother?!>

<I meant make you like you were, so you'll be my daddy!>

<What if I don't *want* to be your daddy?>

Immediately after saying it though I regret even forming the thought. Aranea goes dead quiet.

<I'm sorry,> I say quickly. <I didn't mean it. I'm just upset that you made John impregnate me. It'd make anybody grumpy. I'd love for you to be my daughter. Together you, me, Jacques, and even uncle John will make a wonderful family, I know it. Me and Jacques had been talking about adopting anyway, so...>

<You really mean it!?!>

<Yea,>

<You're not mad? I'm so happy!>

<No, I'm not mad...> I say honestly, laughing to myself in surprise. I sigh loudly though, and look up at John who has been waiting patiently for me to include him in what's going on.

"Well John... looks like we're gonna have kids."

It took a while, but eventually my body relaxed and I was able to pull John's disembodied pedipalp from me, which was a relief. Despite the copious volume of John's ejaculation there wasn't much of a mess, since nearly all of his sperm remained trapped up inside my body.

Well... it remained trapped up inside me up until Aranea started transforming me back into a human woman, and since humans don't have sperm receptacles it all came gushing out, which was thoroughly embarrassing let me tell you, but at least I was *able* to be human again. I had feared that being pregnant with Aranea and her brethren would mean that I would need to remain half-spider for the duration of the pregnancy, but apparently that wasn't the case as Aranea remained quite comfortable in her egg, nestled warmly within my belly.

I was quickly became aware of their presence, thirteen round eggs being alien to human physiology and all, and took to counting them idly during my free time and touching them through my belly. It made me smile as I realized how I was slowly starting to behave so contrary to my inner male nature, but then again it only came naturally, and hopefully it wouldn't need to be for very much longer. I was making steady progress with the star, and I felt it wouldn't be very much longer before I would figure out how to disentangle myself from its reality-warping influences.

In the meantime however I continued teaching my classes, I spent time with John and Jacques (and had lots of wonderful pregnant sex much to Aranea's disgruntlement, who argued that my eggs were already fertilized), and I watched as slowly my belly grew and grew.

It didn't take very long at all. Spiders gestate rather quickly, and after only a few weeks my belly was noticeably rounder. It seemed like it got bigger and heavier every day, and after only a month and a half was already the size of a basketball with my multitude of eggs moving around inside and steadily growing in size. I felt a bit like a human bean-bag at times, and my breasts quickly became tender and sore as silk production *really* kicked in and they swelled a little in size as a result. I had to milk myself twice daily to relieve the pressure, and quickly became rather skilled at turning my breast-silk into handy things such as a new wallet, some lanyards, and even seat-cushions.

Aranea spent her time waiting by slowly teaching me how to control my own changes, since she would soon be leaving me. It took quite a bit of patience on both of our parts, but I quickly realized that my mental block was that I wanted to transform into my old *male* self, which apparently wasn't quite possible for whatever reason. Once I started to accept my female form things quickly started rolling along, although I was nowhere near as good at it as Aranea was. Sometimes I simply couldn't get the changes to start and would end up stuck until Aranea helped, and sometimes the changes would be so slow that they would take nearly half an hour to complete.

But by the end of the second month I was reasonably competent at transforming myself and keeping my body under control. In exchange Aranea soaked up my knowledge like a sponge, and I eagerly shared everything I knew with her.

As for John? Without Aranea inside of him he gradually reverted back to being human over the course of a few days, and even his genitals reverted back to being human which he was surprisingly rather unhappy about. I ran quite a bit of tests on him to see exactly how he was able to reject the effects of the star so easily, but the best I could come up with was just a load of conjecture about mental fortitude and John's natural narcissistic attitude towards his body and his sexual prowess. The fundamental problem with Star science is that *everything* is a variable, even and especially the attitude and mental states of test subjects, so it's damn near impossible to nail down causes and effects and experiments have a nasty habit of being irreproducible.

Despite both me and Jacques telling him he was quite man enough with just one dick he insisted that I transform him again after I gathered my data, and with great reluctance I gave him more of my venom, though just a drop, and in no time at all he was back and banging us both with renewed vigor... which was always quite the experience to be sure. I sure was glad that Jacques was just as crazy in the bedroom as me, and we both quickly accepted John into our sexual routines. I think my favorite position with him was when me and Jacques each sat on one of his legs and rode him together, both of us laughing as we indulged him to the point where he would practically start foaming at the mouth. We all learned quite a lot together in the ways of our sexualities

With the passing of every day I became more and more comfortable with the way things had become, and even entertained thoughts of what I would do if I couldn't fix what the star had done to me... but of course even if I decided I *wanted* to be remain like this for the rest of my life the scientist in me would always remain curious and want to at least keep trying and testing, so while I relaxed and enjoyed myself quite a bit, I remained optimistic that I would one day soon be male and human again, and this chapter of my life would just be a funny story I could tell to close friends and family.

I was three months into the pregnancy and teaching a lecture when I felt it begin. I had become rather large by then, swollen with a dozen round eggs. Each was almost three inches in diameter, which worried the hell out of me when I thought about how I would need to lay them soon, and while not exactly as daunting as birthing a human child, neither my human pussy nor my spider's ovipositor seemed quite up to the task of laying such large eggs.

But the point was moot; as I finished my last lecture for the day I felt the contractions begin. I was in the middle of talking to Cody, in fact.

"Professor!" he cried as I fell to my knee out of nowhere. "What's wrong? Are you hurt?"

"Nope," I gasped. "Not hurt. Just..."

And suddenly my water broke.

"Just going into labor is all," I continued, breathing heavily. "Rose?"

"Already contacting them. John and Jacques are on their way!"

"What do I do?" asked Cody.

"Help me into my office."

"Should I call for an ambulance?!"

“No! Heavens no. Just take me to my office. I’ll be fine in there.”

“But you can’t have a baby in your office!!” Cody said, panicking as he took my arm and helped me up.

“Actually, I’m having duodecaplets.”

“T-t-t-twelve?!?”

“Yup.”

“Then you *definitely* need a hospital! Twelve is just too many!”

“I’ll be fine. They’ll be fine too.”

“How can you know that?”

“I just do, alright? This is not exactly a normal pregnancy.”

“I would never have guessed!” Cody said with a gentle laugh.

Cody guides me into my office, where I quickly sit down one of the bean-bags I have scattered around, where I focus on breathing.

“John says he’ll be here in twenty minutes or less, if traffic obliges, and Jacques has canceled her evening lab but it’ll take a few minutes before she can get through the decontamination procedures and out of her hazard suit. She estimates fifteen minutes.”

“That’s fine, I think I can hold out until then.”

<How you holding out Aranea? You guy’s okay in there?>

<Um, yea. It’s just getting a bit tight in here is all. I can feel my connection to you weakening. I don’t think we’ll be able to communicate for much longer.>

<Any last minute thoughts on the whole birth thing? You’re sure you want me to do it as a human?>

<Yes. If I’m going to be reborn into human society I’d like to have as much in common with everyone else as possible. It should help with legal issues too... so make sure you document everything correctly, both the egg laying and our hatching. Technically speaking, we’re going to be the biological children of you and John.>

<Don't tell him that. He's got a fear of paternity tests. In any case you don't need to worry about documentation, I've got that covered, and I don't need to remind you that Jacques knows a few people who should help with the legal matters. Considering all the crap that happens around Stars this actually will be pretty straight-forward. Don't worry about a thing, everything is going to be fine.>

<Ha! I should be telling you that, you're the one who's going through the most right now I'm just here for the ede.>

And quite suddenly the contractions begin in earnest.

"Ow-ow-ow..." I chatter as my belly squeezes and I feel painful pressure at the bottom of my womb as an egg tries to push out of me, though I reckon I'm nowhere near dilated enough yet. Then again, I'm not exactly an expert in pregnancy, so maybe I am.

"Not yet," I say to myself, trying to slow things down as much as I can. I need to wait until Jacques and John can get here and relieve Cody. He's a nice kid, and he's seen me naked on more than one occasion now, but now's not the time in his life where he needs to be seeing confusing things like a woman laying eggs. That said, if he decides he wants to pursue a career later in his life involving Stars it might not be a bad idea to get him used to the fact that weird shit happens around them.

I needn't have worried really. Cody being Cody, he was already getting around my good intentions.

"Why can't you go to a hospital?" he asked as I tried to keep breathing steadily.

"Because of *reasons*..." I groan, lying back on my beanie chair as I feel things moving around and contractions start to hit me with increasing frequency. I resist the urge to push at all. Once the water breaks you usually have hours to spare, right?

"Reasons," says Cody disdainfully. "You know, I don't mind being kept in the dark, but could you at least not insult my intelligence? I know things have been happening with the star, hell the entire city knows. Was there a back-lash or something? You're not giving birth to aliens or something weird, are you, because if you are I can handle the truth!"

"That's a heck of a conclusion to jump to!" I laugh.

"But it's true right? This isn't a natural pregnancy is it?"

"Cody, when you work as close as I do to Stars, you come to realize *nothing* is natural, but yea. You're right."

I beckon Cody over to me.

"I never let any of you kids touch my belly," I say, guiding his hand onto me. "This would be why."

Cody's eyes immediately go wide as he feels my eggs through my skin, the little spheres of life moving around slowly past each other as muscle contractions and cramps really start to ramp things up. I don't know how long I can hold back the need to start laying.

"Eggs..." he whispers, not taking his hand from me.

"Yea, eggs. Twelve spider's eggs, to be more specific. I'll be giving birth to a new species. Things are already being taken care of to grant them legal status, but we're going to try and keep the fact that they won't be human a secret. Otherwise it's very likely they'll be quarantined."

"Are you sure that's a good idea?!"

"Since when am I ever sure about anything? It'll be an interesting idea. All we can do is try and raise them right and hope for the best."

I take a deep breath.

"And on the topic of secrets, I have one more."

"Oh, we already know," answers Cody with a smile.

"You *do*?" I whine. "And you all just let me keep stringing myself along!?"

"Well, you made it pretty obvious you know. We aren't idiots. You up and disappear from the face of the earth after mistreating a Star and not a minute after some chick shows up claiming to be related to you and immediately takes over the class as if she had been teaching it all along? Of course you're the real Dr. Webb."

"I thought people would panic."

"Actually, you renewed the interest of quite a few students," Cody says with a laugh. "But not many people know outside your class. We've kept your secret, and nobody would believe it even if we didn't. The common perception of Stars is that they're basically bombs, not magic. How'd you manage to do that to yourself anyway?"

"When I bounced the Star I accidentally squished a tiny female spider, which transposed her being into a tiny spider ghost, and she followed me home and has been haunting me ever since. This is what she decided, without really asking me, would be the best way for her to get back on her own eight feet again. Like I said, *extremely* interesting data. There's all sorts of implications. I'm keeping it mostly to myself until I can sort it all out."

"I see," said Cody.

"And I don't think I'm gonna be able to wait much longer," I add. I'm drenched in sweat, and the contractions have been growing more powerful and more painful to resist. It is going to be *such* a relief having these things out of me. Pregnancy pants don't suit me.

Cody leaps to his feet.

"What should I do?" he asks.

"There's a small white bag under my desk, actually," I answer. "It's made from silk, and I need it to put the eggs in."

"Got it," Cody says as he tosses me the bag. I made it myself, and while not terribly ornate it should be the right size and definitely will do the job. It's basically just a very large version of a regular spider's egg-sack, only I added a small strap along the side so that I could carry it. A hole in the top is just big enough for me to pass eggs into it, and I'll be able to seal it shut easily when I'm done.

"Good, you can go or stay if you want now, but be warned from here on out it's gonna be gross and weird."

But Cody didn't leave, and instead placed his hand on mine, smiling.

"Like hell you should be alone right now," he said.

I smiled back.

"That's my boy. Remind me to officially offer you that apprenticeship later."

And so I pulled down my wet pants and underwear and kicked them.

Cody gasps in wonder as he sees for the first time the thick and luxurious fur covering my hips and thighs, as well as my delicate femininity.

"Yea," I agree as I pant. "Crazy right? You wouldn't imagine half the stuff this freaking spider's put me through."

But I have to stop talking. The time has come, and mother nature doesn't ask politely if you're ready. I cry out in pain as suddenly the *real* contractions start, and the pressure quickly spikes within me.

The first of my eggs starts to move downward, and I realize that while I may not want to I *do* need to push... and immediately I come to the conclusion that it won't possibly be able to do this.

I can feel the egg slowly try to squeeze past my cervix, or at least what I assume is my cervix, but beyond that point I'm still incredibly... narrow. The simple fact of the matter is that I'm pretty sure I can't accommodate something of that size without hurting myself.

Sadly, there is no turning back. Contractions take the initiative for me and force the egg out of my womb.

I scream out as I feel the deepest depths of my pussy stretch painfully over the egg, the suddenness of the pain doing nothing to dull it, but things have only just begun! Further muscle contractions force me to squeeze the egg with all my might, and slowly it makes its way lower, stretching my delicate skin, muscle, and tissues to their limits along the way.

I punch a hole in the nearby wall, screaming as I push again, and Cody tries to comfort me by holding my shoulder.

"Just focus on breathing!" he says. "In and out!"

"Fuck breathing!" I say through gritted teeth, but as I feel another push coming I start doing a 'recommended' breathing technique. I'm fairly certain that it's supposed to just be a psychological trick for the gullible though, because it doesn't help in the slightest, and it certainly doesn't calm me as my pussy is split in fucking two by this massive fucking egg!

Tears well to my eyes as the egg pushes past the halfway mark, and I feel it start to crown my lips, forcing them wider and wider apart. I force myself to lift my head and look down to see the white-marble membrane of the shell-less egg. It only serves to display to me just how big the egg is, and just how wide my pussy is going to need to stretch to push it out of me. Cody stares in disbelief as my mound is pushed out by the egg before, with exaggerated slowness, my little hole is stretched bigger and bigger. My skin drags along the slightly slimy egg, my mucus sticking to it as my skin stretches tighter than a drum, until it sits for a moment half in and half out of my body.

And then it suddenly passes the halfway point and relief floods over me as my pussy squeezes it out and into the waiting egg-sack before relaxing.

It still hurts in a dull sort of way, and I feel as though I had been hollowed out. I realized that I'm already shaking from a mixture of pain and exhaustion, and that was only the first of twelve!

Any hope I might have had that the second one would be easier is dashed as I continue to suffer from contractions, and yet another egg forces itself down and out of me the hard way, and if anything it hurts even worse the second time. It feels as though I've gotten even tighter than the first time!

I'm screaming profanities when the door bursts open and Jacques rushes in.

"You've started already?!" she asks, whipping out a miniature video recorder. "What have I missed? Couldn't you have waited just a few minutes for me to get here? I wanted to see everything! Why is Cody watching?"

"Cody's fine where he is, Rose is recording everything, and I'm trying to lay my second egg here!" I yell as I push. I'm quickly losing the energy to keep the egg moving, and already I can tell that this is going to take quite a bit of time. I collapse after a rather hard push manages to get the egg nearly all the way out of me, but not quite.

"And you're also panicking," observes Jacques.

"I am not panicking!"

"Well you're behaving like you are. You'll exhaust yourself at this rate. Didn't you read *any* pregnancy books? You need to relax."

"Ha! I can't imagine being more relaxed! This is like a trip to the spa-aaaaah!!"

"Keep taking deep breaths."

"I know how to breathe! I don't need to be told to breathe!"

The door bursts open again and in stumbles John, sweating as if he sprinted all the way here.

"What'd I miss?"

"He's on his second egg," explained Jacques.

"Rrrrraaaaagh!" I shout as I give a final push and after a moment of straining it falls into the sack to join the first one. John peers into the opening to look down at them.

"Wow, those are pretty big," he remarks.

"My pussy hurts..." I complain. "I really don't think I can keep doing this."

"Don't worry, just take it one at a time and you'll be done before you know it!"

“Fuck all of you!” I moan as my third slowly begins its torturous journey south. Unable to muster up the energy to keep pushing there is some *backwards* progress with this one, as if the egg didn’t want to leave me.

“Kill me now!” I cry after it takes a full twenty minutes to slowly push it out of me.

The rest of the eggs proceed apace, each one taking longer than the last and draining me more and more of my strength, but even as my body nears collapse my will is strong and I don’t dare quit. Towards the end I had pretty much degenerated into cursing, as anger seemed to be my best coping mechanism, but after nearly four hours terribly repetitive egg laying it was over.

My belly returned elastically back to its former glory without even a mark to hint what had happened to it, and my pussy, though extremely sore and abused, was similarly undamaged from the ordeal. I chalked it up to good luck and a spider’s regenerative power.

The second the last of my eggs fell from me I ripped off my shirt so that I could seal the top of it off with more silk, pulling thick swabs of it from me to cover it with a breathable, yet water-proof, mesh. Only after that was satisfactorily done did I finally collapse.

I fell asleep on my bean-bag chair, naked and clutching my eggs to my chest, while my three witnesses complimented me on a job well done. I woke up the next morning with the lights off, the doors locked, and a warm blanket covering me. I hadn’t been moved or bothered, and with all that rest I felt extremely refreshed and rejuvenated. I was also very hungry, and immediately picked up my egg-satchel and put on the spare clothes someone had left sitting on my desk before heading out to the dining courts to eat my weight in bacon and muffins.

For a while it was as if I were still pregnant. I carried around my heavy sack of eggs with me everywhere, not daring to set it down even during lecture. I confessed most of what had happened to my students, and they took it so well that I was rather taken aback, but not unpleasantly so. Considering what they were all studying I guess they were all the sort of people who could handle a little bit of weirdness.

Things moved apace, I made daily progress on the Star, my student attendance was as high as ever, and after several more months spring arrived, and I awoke one pleasant Sunday morning to the faces of twelve children as they sat all piled up on my chest. They were each the size of an orange, and every last one of them spider from the waist down and human from the waist up.

As one they all then proceeded open their mouths and make the most adorable mewling sounds, and the one closest to my face smiled with shining blue eyes before speaking.

“We’re hungry, mommy!”

