

WereSpider Ch.2

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Sam Phillips was an ordinary man by most measures and an extraordinary fighter by any. He could throw an axe just as easily as he could hammer a nail, and was greatly skilled in hand to hand combat. He had to be. He lived in the most dangerous mountain town in the country.

Elmstream awoke that morning as if nothing had changed the night previously. The fingertips of sunlight crept slowly over the hills to the east, illuminating the already stirring house of the Phillips.

Sam was upstairs, alone in his bed, and dreamed of spiders... or more specifically, the Aracana!

The Aracana were an ancient race of intelligent creatures, decedents of the arachnid, and they came in every imaginable size, shape, and color. Many of them had special abilities that made them ever the more deadly... and they were *all* deadly. The Aracana were at war with the humans of Elmstream.

But Sam dreamt of one spider in particular. The Aracana Queen! She was enormous beyond compare, her venom potent and powerful, her claws sharp and quick... but far more dangerous was her cunning mind. Sam had never seen a creature quite so clever and cruel as her... and her glistening eyes of emerald green haunted him as he tossed and turned.

Out near the barn a rooster crowed, and with a start Sam sat bolt upright out of bed, covered in a cold sweat.

“NO!” he tried to shout, but it came out hoarse and dry. His hand shot to his groin and immediately he winced in dismay. It was still gone. It wasn’t a dream.

He pulled the covers off his naked body and was rewarded by a sticky mess. Spider semen coated his sheets and the inside of his thighs, having leaked from the cloacae that had come to replace his manhood. He had been filled several times over just the other night, forcibly serviced by countless male Aracana by order of The Queen to both punish and persuade him to her way of thinking. Even now more oozed from him as his stomach flexed, and he could feel more still filling his belly.

“No...” he said again, unable to believe any of this could be happening. He held his head hopelessly in his hands. It didn’t even look human anymore. Before his visit to the spider’s den at least it had been human. At least *he* had been human. Now he couldn’t help but wonder if there was even a word for what he had become.

Between his legs resided the soft and furry lips of a female spider's reproductive organ. The fur was a shimmering shade of dark grey, and was soft as silk. It neatly hid the pink vent into which a male could fit his pedipalp so perfectly. He tried not to think about that though.

Noise from downstairs signaled that the house was awake. Sam absolutely couldn't let his family find out about any of this. If they thought he was in league with the Aracana, for whatever reason, he was a dead man. He knew he could trust his da' to do the job himself, just like Sam would kill his da' himself if he thought that he had betrayed the family. What used to be a warm feeling of kinship suddenly frightened him.

He quickly hid his sheets, cleaned himself up as well as he could with a rag, and donned a fresh set of clothes: trousers, shirt, boots, belt, and one of his many battle hammers. Then he hurried down the stairs where breakfast was already being eaten.

"Off to a late start today are we?" asked his mom. "Fighting off that venom take that much out of ya?"

"Yes ma'. I was hoping to actually go out and get some ingredients for a salve. I still feel mighty ill. I trust the shoeing went well while I was under though?"

"Oh, your da' has a new bruise to show off for a bit, but he ain't hurt too bad. Rodger just gave him a love tap."

"That's good to hear. I'll be gone a while, but I'll try to be back by afternoon tea. Don't wait up on me though. You know how the woods are."

"Don't I though. Keep your eye sharp!"

"And yours as well. I'm off ma'!"

And so Sam grabbed a few biscuits and a sausage before running out the door and ate them as he ran.

He was sprinting down the road from his house when he ran into someone unexpected. Turning a corner he nearly ran her over. Glenneth Gabeswell, or Glen.

"WHOA!" shouted Sam as he caught her in his arms. "Glen? How are you doing this fine-"

"Don't you waste your breath on pleasantries," Glen whispered. Suddenly Sam felt the point of a dagger, and realized she had one pressed up against his belly. "Just tell me... what were you doing last night?"

"I-"

"And don't you dare tell me a lie! I heard that you had been poisoned, so I came to your house to look after you. Your ma' said you were bed ridden, but when I went to your room? Empty, and a silken thread leading from the window to the forest. I kept your family out of your room and cut the thread. Now I want you to give me a good reason why shouldn't gut you as a traitor right here and now."

"Because I love you Glen! How could I ever betray your or Elmstream?! Don't you know me at all?"

"I thought I did, Sam. I really thought I did. I... I just need to hear the truth. What happened last night?"

"It's, complicated..."

"I've got all day if that's what it takes."

"Well, at first I was taken to be eaten."

"Aye, I know that part."

"I was tied up and taken to the queen, and she bit me and filled my blood with her poison."

"If that's true, you should be dead," Glen challenged, pressing her dagger a little harder against Sam's belly. "A queen's venom is by far the most potent of all the spiders."

"It's true, it's a miracle it didn't kill me, but it would have been far less cruel than what it *did* do..."

"What did it do then?" Glen asked haughtily.

"Nothing terribly important," stuttered Sam, "But what *is* important is that-"

"Tell me what it did or you die."

"I think that might be preferable, actually," said Sam, his face as red as a beet.

"How about I just cut your sogging balls off then? Would *that* be preferable to death?"

"The queen beat you there," Sam said dryly, wilting visibly as he confessed.

"What?"

"I said the fucking demon emasculated me!!"

Which was, evidently, enough of a shock to make Glen actually drop her weapon.

“She used some sort of sorcery; I don’t know what kind but *definitely* sorcery. I went back to find her and make her change me back after I, well... but that didn’t go as planned at all, so now I was hoping I could-”

“Wait, wait, wait... back up. You were *emasculated*? How? What do you mean exactly by-”

Now it was Glen’s turn to be interrupted by Sam as he grabbed hold of her hand and placed it forcefully on his groin. She grabbed hold of nothing but flatness and downy softness through his trousers. After a second of sheer shock she grabbed hold of the fork of Sam’s leg harder in astonished disbelief, searching for what she knew must be there but wasn’t, and was rewarded as her finger fell into a cleft of yielding flesh. She immediately yanked her hand back, for which Sam was grateful.

“Do you understand *now*?” he asked, covering himself with his hands and bowing his legs as the impromptu groping sent thrills up his spine.

“No. Not at all,” said Glen, lifting her fingers to her nose and smelling them. “Now let me see it.”

“Hell no!”

“If you don’t let me see it I’m not going to help you.”

“I don’t need your help!” shouted Sam back right before he got bitch slapped so hard he nearly fell over.

“Yes you do. Now pull your pants down.”

“But we’re out in the middle of the road!”

“There’s nobody *on* the road but us. We’re fine. Just do it quick. You need to trust *me now*.”

“I don’t *need* to do *nothing*,” Sam grumbled, but he did as he was told. Slowly his drawers were lowered.

“Oh my...” Glen gasped as, inch by inch, Sam’s shame was revealed. More fluids had leaked from his body and made a sticky mess of his boxers, although the fur of his crotch appeared to be extremely water resistant as nothing stuck to the hairs, only a trail of thin mucus connected Sam’s cloacae to his pants.

“I may have been, well, raped... too...” Sam quietly admitted, shaking a little. Saying it out loud somehow made it rather a lot more awful.

Glen leaned in closer to get a better look at it.

“It smells so sweet,” she commented, entranced. “Like honeydew.”

“It does?” asked Sam curiously. Was Glen alright? He looked closely at her face and realized with a start that her pupils were fully dilated, and her nostrils flaring as she breathed deeply through her nose. What was going on here?

Sam nearly leapt out of his pants though when Glen took her finger and stuck it up into his cloacae. It slid in easily, as her finger wasn't nearly as huge as many of the spider's pedipalps were the other evening, but it was definitely unwelcome as pleasurable sensation burst from his sex, only to end up as a tease as Glen removed her finger just as quickly. She held her finger to her nose and breathed deeply.

“Glen, what are you-”

But it was too late. With very little hesitation she put her finger in her mouth and sucked it clean.

“Glen!” shouted Sam, alarmed, but she ignored him as she dipped her finger into him again and just as quickly licked it clean. He yelped in surprise, and tried to move backwards and away from her, but tripped in his lowered drawers and fell on his ass.

Glen's breathing had become quick and labored, and her face fully flushed. “So good...” she said to herself, licking her finger clean, before she dived back down onto Sam and pushed two fingers into him. Sam felt a powerful throb shoot through his body, and was suddenly reminded of what happened the last time he felt like this. He ended up fully transformed into an Aracana!

“No Glen!” cried Sam weakly as she used her fingers to scoop more nectar from Sam's pussy. His hips bucked as she reached deep into his body, and Sam felt more of the sticky substance gush from him. “You have to stop!”

“I can't!” wailed Glen, right before she placed her mouth on him and began sucking.

“No no No NO AIEEEE!!” cried Sam as Glen furiously drank from his pussy, the stimulation from her actions rapidly becoming too much for him to handle as her tongue and lips quested deeper and deeper into his honey spewing taint, her face and nose buried in his crotch only to come up occasionally for air.

Sam's head swam. He had never felt anything quite so amazing. Even the massive gang bang the other night could not compare to what his girlfriend was doing to him at that moment. The thing between his legs gushed pleurably over and over, and she drank every last drop, her soft mouth sucking and licking all the most sensitive parts of his alien sex. He nearly cried as all he could manage to do was fall limply backwards to lay in the dirt while she continued to eat him out expertly.

It didn't take long for the climax to approach, and as it did Sam could already feel the changes beginning. The fur had already spread up and across his belly, and his fingers and toes had melted to form the dexterous claws of the spider. He felt four more legs begin to poke their way out of his mid-section, and already his pelvis was lowering and pushing itself out and away from him, taking Glen with it as she clung to the soft, round egg that was Sam's abdomen and continued to pleasure him for all she was worth. Sam could feel her own pussy was in overdrive, running down her leg and staining her pants with hot, sticky fluid of her own. He could suddenly smell her pheromones in extreme detail, and could smell his own as well. Compared to the strength of his own though, Glen's pheromones might as well have been odorless. Sam's shirt ripped in two as his extra legs unfolded from his sides.

"What's going on?!" cried Glen woefully before she had to dip her face back into Sam's cloacae for more of his honey.

"As if I could possibly know that?" answered Sam dazedly, hardly noticing as his face made the transformation into the spiders many eyes and crushing mandibles. Four sharp fangs appeared in his mouth as well, and Sam was surprised to find that he could feel poison glands connected to each of them.

"You're turning into, mmphmm, *an Aracana!*!" continued Glen, unable to leave his pussy for more than a few moments. Sam's eight legs curled in pleasure as she tongued him desperately to stimulate more of his fluid from him, and she was not disappointed as he nearly came. He was so close...

"I told you I was cursed!" moaned Sam. "I don't know *anything!* I'm just as fucking confused as *you* are! You don't think that I'd actually want something like.... Ohhhhhhh..."

"What?" asked Glen in a mumble, unable to remove her face to talk anymore. Her own body was in extreme sexual overdrive. She couldn't understand it, couldn't fathom what was making her feel like she was or making her do what she was doing, but she definitely knew she couldn't stop.

"Oh, don't stop. Please don't stop! Don't STOP! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Suddenly Sam was tipping over the edge. His vision seemed to dim slightly as he felt something mighty well up inside of him, and then it came pouring out of his pussy and into Glen's very receptive mouth. Sam literally started creaming himself, and Glen swallowed all of it.

"NNnnggggghhahhhh!" screamed Sam as he whistled through his spiracles, his entire body cramping as muscle control left him and his pussy went wild. Not once did Glen stop stimulating him either, as she wanted every ounce of that beautiful, delectable, flavorful cream that poured from her lover's body and set her blood on fire. She rubbed herself up and down on Sam's belly. She too was incredibly close to cumming when she felt herself grabbed about the waist by Sam's rear legs.

Glen held onto Sam's belly and continued to drink from him even as he was winding down in his own orgasm, but Sam's body was suddenly beyond his own control and moving instinctively. He couldn't muster up the energy to stop himself, not that knew why he would in the first place, as he bent his spinnerets up to line them up with Glen's behind. His other legs sprang into action as well, two more pulling off her pants and undergarments, another two grabbing her ankles and spreading her legs wide, and the remaining two providing support against the ground as he reached up with his spinnerets and placed the tip of them inside her spasming pussy.

Glen screamed out in joy as Sam then filled her pussy with web. It was enough to send her flying over the edge herself, and just as he was finished filling her, and had covered her sopping wet mound with powerfully adhesive layer of web as well, she began orgasming.

Finally she was able to detach her mouth from Sam's lips just as she started to scream and shout in her own orgasmic state of bliss, her pussy squeezing down hard on the web that filled her. She quickly came to realize that the webbing blocked off her normal bodily secretions and functions, backing them up inside of her, and with that every single contraction of her pussy resulted in a doubling of sensation and pleasure. Her screams of joy turned to ones of desperation as it became quickly apparent that her orgasm was going to continue for much longer than normal.

Sam released her, in horror at what he had done, however unwillingly or unconsciously, as his woman curled up into a ball next to him and moaned as her body locked down while her pussy built itself up to become a monument to incredible orgasms. She reached down between her legs to try and remove the webbing, to try and find the release her body was desperately trying to achieve and failing, but it had already solidified. The soft silk was untearable, and the adhesive was unremovable. The only way it could possibly come off was with time... and time was the one thing Glen didn't have as her body sent escalating shots of pleasure into her with each consecutive attempt to cum, and each failed attempt triggered more failed attempts. Glen found herself in a perpetual state of near release.

"Help!" she managed to cry out.

Sam rolled over and looked on in horror at what he had done.

"What should I do?!" he asked. His own pussy dripped warmly from underneath him, the happy satisfaction doping up his brain with pleasant afterglow, but he fought it with equally powerful panic.

Glen stared wild-eyed back up at him as her body contorted in one attempt after another to cum. It wasn't happening.

"Fix. It." she managed to growl through clenched teeth as her body wracked her mind. She let out a tiny roar of frustration.

"Maybe I should find the queen again--"

“NO!”

Sam spun around desperately in a circle before glancing down at his girlfriend’s spasming snatch. It was covered in web, but the web was so thin it was practically gossamer, and being silk it moved naturally and easily with her body without any discomfort in the way of bunching up or pulling at her skin. Then Sam had an idea, and quickly reached with one of his forelegs to touch her pussy gently and begin rubbing its lips. Glen immediately screamed in powerful orgasm and knocked his leg away.

“Not. Helping.”

“Then what?!”

“You can only wait...” said a voice.

Sam immediately turned to look to the trees, and up above there was a small grey Aracana, a stalker. Sam judged by his size that he was male.

“You are, as we had hoped, a *Royal* Nightward. You have the power to subdue females, and the power to control males. The potential for another queen lies in your blood.”

He then dropped down from the tree tops on a thin line of thread, silent as the shadow he resembled.

“You cannot help her now. You can only wait and let it settle. It may take some time. It would be best if you left the road, before you are killed. Come with me, and bring the woman.”

The stalker then leapt back up into the trees and waited for Sam to follow.

Glen said nothing, instead curling up into a perfect ball. Sam picked her up carefully, as she was very heavy, and felt the powerful shivers coursing through her body over and over.

“I’m so sorry...” he whispered.

“It’s. Ngh! Okay.”

And with that Sam climbed slowly up the tree after the strange Aracana with his burden.

It took over two hours for her to regain enough control over herself to be able to stand again, and when she did the first thing she made sure to do was slap Sam.

“Ow!”

“What the hell did you think you were doing? What the fuck is this?” she asked, gesturing to her naked crotch. It continued to spasm every few seconds, and she had said it never really stopped, but rather she had learned to cope with it. Her nipples were incredibly erect though, and when she wasn’t doing something else her hands couldn’t stop playing with her breasts. She said it helped, and Sam didn’t argue.

“I don’t know!!!” cried Sam honestly. “I couldn’t stop myself! It was like trying to stop a sneeze!”

“Sticking up my pussy with your web is an *awful* lot different from a sneeze Sam, and why isn’t it stopping? You! You said it would stop!!”

The other Aracana was relaxing in the branches above them, as they had returned to the ground.

“I *said* it would settle. Not stop.”

“And how come you can speak English!? I want some answers!”

“And you’ll get some. I’m here to help. I was a member of the queen’s royal spies. Of course I can speak English. I wouldn’t have been any good to her otherwise.

“As for what you two did... that’s more complicated. Suffice it to say that you two performed the ritual of submission when *you* succumbed to the smell of royal pheromones. I must say, I was interested to see what would happen myself. Nothing like this has occurred in centuries I should think.”

“Ritual of submission? *Pheromones*? What are you saying?”

Sam tucked himself up tighter into the shadow of the tree they were under, glad that the heat was off of him for the moment.

“It means that you’ve made yourself a sex slave, and you’re bound to obey the one you’ve bonded with. It’s how all the females of our species are, those not born a queen are made to either live alone or subject themselves to the ritual. The queen, a female of royal and pure blood, cannot allow other females to run about in her clan spoiling her males... so all if they wish to stay they must be prevented from conceiving. You’ll find that when the webbing falls off that your genitals will have closed up permanently.”

And for the first time in Sam’s long life he watched as Glen was left speechless.

“P-p-prevented. From conceiving. Closed up. Permanent?” she said after a moment, in apparent shock. A rather powerful spasm shook her body and she gripped her breasts tightly.

“No. That can’t be right at all,” she continued, tears welling up. Sam had never seen her cry either.

“Glen, it’ll be okay,” said Sam, stepping out of the shadows like a fool to try and comfort his love. “We’ll figure out-”

“AND YOU!!! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME!?” she screamed in a sudden rage. Sam scrambled backwards up the tree trunk .

She chased after him but immediately tripped over a root and fell to her knee.

“Ah!” she cried out, both from the pain of skinning her knee as well as the inadvertent stimulus she had caused herself by moving so suddenly. She was still extremely fragile and sensitive from her ordeal.

“Glen!” shouted Sam, who immediately was by her side, his soft fur delicate and warm against her skin. Glen tried to steady her breathing.

“Royal silk also heals wounds...” said the Aracana helpfully, and Sam immediately took his advice and wrapped her knee up, the action coming almost too naturally too him though he paid it no mind.

“I want my pants back...” said Glen softly, sitting naked in the dirt.

“I know. We’ll go back and get them. You should go home too, and I’ll hurry and see if there’s anything we can do to remove that before it’s too late.”

“You do that...” agreed Glen.

“And you,” continued Sam. “Why are you helping us.”

“Because it’s my job. You made me your first in command the other night, whether you willing did so or otherwise.”

And suddenly Sam remembered. He had met this spider before. This was the same male Nightward/Stalker that was forced to rape him when he went to confront the queen.

“What do you mean first in command?” asked both Sam and Glen in unison.

The spider sighed.

“When we mate we form a lasting and permanent bond. You’ve just experienced the female bonding of our species... the male bonding is no less powerful. I am at your command.”

“What?” both Sam and Glen again chorused, but Glen had more to say.

“You *slept* with a *spider*??”

“I was *raped*! Gang raped! By dozens of spiders! It wasn’t a *choice*!!!”

“You did seem to enjoy it though...” interjected the Aracana.

“No I didn’t, and you’re not helping! Aren’t you supposed to be helping me? Wait.”

And suddenly something occurred to Sam.

“Shouldn’t you be bonded to the queen then? Wouldn’t she have ‘bonded’ all the males?”

And now it’s finally the Aracana’s turn to be embarrassed, and he does not answer right away, fidgeting instead with his fangs.

“Um... the queen does not consider us Nightwards to be fit for mating... we... we’re too small.”

And so he was. The Aracana wasn’t even as big as a human, and many of the ‘warrior’ Aracana were the size of small houses. Sam himself was only slightly larger than a human, and that may have been because he was a large human to begin with. What with the war on Elmstream, it was no wonder she only bred the biggest and strongest in her clan.

“All of the other Nightwards you copulated with, and some of the smallest of us as well, had never been allowed to mate before. We think it was meant to be a slight against you, but all the same we are all yours to command. When you make your eggs, we will also of course take care of the young-”

And suddenly Glen burst out laughing, and started walking back in the direction of the road. Sam stood frozen.

“I think that’s enough crazy for me today, thanks,” she said with a small wave. “I’ll find my way back home. I’m not covering for you this time if you’re late for dinner Sam!”

And Sam stood there on the forest floor, not moving a muscle, as she disappeared from sight. Only one word escaped him as his eyes grew wide with fear.

“Eggs?”

“Of course eggs!” said the Aracana as they both walked through the treetops together. Near the canopy there was a good deal more sunlight, and as they crossed the branches an abundance of small animals and birds cleared out of their way. “What did you think would happen? You were obviously in heat, still are I might add, and countless males had their way with you. I’d certainly say you’ll be laying eggs quite soon indeed!”

“Soon?”

“Yes, soon, your highness. Now here we are: your nest.”

“Nest?” continued Sam, in a daze, but he did a double take when he saw the tree. It was in the middle of a large clearing where its dense head of leaves had killed all its competition, and its root system strangled out the undergrowth. Sam knew this tree... it was halfway up the mountain! Had they really come *that* far in such a short time? Tall grass waved in the breeze around its base.

“Look to the top. We’re nearly finished with much of it.”

And indeed, Sam could see several spiders spinning webs between the bare inner branches to create walk-paths and domed rooms with closable doors. He didn’t remember seeing things like that at the *queen’s* nest.

“Yes, but what about Glen?”

“We’ll have to speak with Shentrxl. He’s studied such things, or as much as the queen would let him. He might know better than I.”

“Good. Oh, and I never did learn your name either.”

“It’s Chextrnk.”

“Chex and Shen, then. Lead the way and be fast. I don’t want to waste any time.”

Inside the nest it was rather dim due to the thick leaves and webbing everywhere, but Sam found that it was far easier to see under such lighting anyway and didn’t complain. He followed Chex up the trunk of the tree, through several corridors, and into a cramped room where an unusually round and small spider sat in small silk hammock hanging from the ceiling. He was a pinkish blue color, and the room was surrounded with stacks of both leather-bound books written in english, and what appeared to books made out of thin strips of bark with no visible writing on them. He had one such strange book out in front of him, held in his pedipalps, and was chittering to himself when Sam entered.

“Your highness!” exclaimed Shen as they entered, for it could only be him. He sat his book down gently and hopped out of his hammock. “When I heard a new nest was being formed I took the liberty of defecting. I do hope that is okay with you. I will gladly form the mating bond if you require, as I’ve never had the honor and would happily serve you until the end of time! You don’t know how wonderful it is to finally have a new queen amongst us, even a lesser queen such as yourself, even if you were once a human male of all things!”

“Shentrx! Enough. Her highness requires your knowledge of the rituals. Can the subjugation ritual between two females be stopped or reversed?”

“Of course not! Or at least not completely. If, after finishing the ritual, the web is eaten or dissolved before it can bond to the female, then at least there would be no permanent disfigurement.”

“How much time?” asked Sam, pushing in front of Chex.

“Oh...” said Shen as he scratched his fuzzy purple head, the fur of which stood on end. “I’d say you’d have about ten seconds before the silk permanently bonded, and about five to ten minutes before her vent became permanently closed. It’s all a rather fast process, although the silk takes about half a day to fall off. Why do you ask?”

“Because when I get back to Elmstream I’m a dead man...” groaned Sam.

“I’m also aware,” continued Shen. “That you will need to rejoin your village soon if you are to continue to function as a spy. Alas, I do not fully understand the mechanism by which you are transitioning from human shape to queen and back again. There’s nothing like this mentioned in any of my books, although admittedly my library is rather limited.”

“Hey, first off I’m not a spy, nor will I ever *be* a spy. I’d sooner die than betray my clan. Second, are you saying you have no idea what that fat bitch of a spider did to me? You can’t undo it? You can’t give me back my manhood!? You don’t even know how to make me human again?!”

“Not a fluttering clue. Best of luck to you though!”

“Then coming here was a complete waste of time...” growls Sam, feeling more like himself if for no other reason than he was getting angry again. He fought off the sudden impulse to scream, and instead turned around and marched out the door.

“I’m very sorry Shentrx wasn’t able to help,” said Chex, following Sam down the corridor as he tried to remember where the exit was. “But, and please excuse me for my insolence, perhaps the trigger that makes you change is intercourse?”

“That’s not exactly what I want to hear right now,” said Sam, coming to a dead stop and opening a door made of dead wood and webbing that was across from him before he slipped inside. “But you might be right, so get in and we’ll make it fast.”

“Me? But I’m the smallest one here!”

“Don’t kid yourself you’re quite large enough, and in any case you’re my first mate. If anyone’s gonna touch me it’ll be you. Now get the hell in here before I lose my nerve. I don’t want to be in this body any longer than I need to.”

“Yes ma’am.”

The door shut behind him, and quite suddenly it was completely dark, though somehow they could both see just fine.

“Your highness?” asked Chex. “If I might make an observation, you don’t seem like you’re ready yet to...”

“I know, it seems like this ‘heat’ you all keep mentioning is wearing off. Lucky me... we’re gonna need to do this the regular way I suppose.”

And so Sam moved to reach under his belly to ‘warm up’ himself for mating.

“Allow me,” said Chex quickly, scurrying across the room and underneath Sam’s legs in a dash. That action alone brought forth memories that made Sam’s blood heat up a little all by itself, and what Chex started doing next with his tongue very quickly topped the cake.

“Ohhh...” Sam moaned, moaning deeply as Chex’s thin, pointed tongue found a sweet spot towards the middle of his cloacae. “Oh that’s the ticket...”

“I do believe,” said Chex with his tongue still expertly dipped into Sam and licking. “That you are not exiting a heat at all. Judging by your hormone levels, of course.”

“Of course,” said Sam sarcastically.

“But perhaps you are a bit tense, what with both you and I being born male and all, and that I would imagine would deaden any feelings of lust that heat might otherwise create.”

Chex then began furiously rubbing his pedipalps against the outer lips of Sam’s taint, causing him to tense up mightily. Something wet, warm, and slippery was already covering them.

“Woah, woah, take it easy under there would you-”

Sam let out a whooping noise as he sharply inhaled, interrupting himself, because without warning Chex had performed a double penetration, greatly stretching the limits on Sam's still rather virgin sex. Sam shot straight to his tip-toes out of reflex, Chex following smoothly with him, and immediately sank back down to a low crouch as his entire body relaxed and heat poured from their intimate contact.

"Oooo!" chittered Chex along with Sam. "This is quite delightful! If I might offer a compliment, you have a beautiful ovipositor. Very well shaped."

"Yes, now would you please—"

"And I do believe you are definitely pregnant," continued Chex as he shifted around inside of Sam into a more comfortable position. "I can feel the eggs already developing. An unusually small batch I think, but then again you are an unusually small queen."

"I don't give a crap about eggs would you *please*—"

Chex flexed both of his pedipalps together, in opposite directions, making Sam cry out in amazement.

"This is so exciting! I can finally get to try some of the more unorthodox things all those crrrthleerthz would brag about to each other."

"—please stop interrupting me..." mumbled Sam to himself. "Haven't you been saying I'm supposed to be some sort of queen to you or wha—aahhh oh sweet gods have mercy on me!"

Chex had added his tongue back into the mix, once again finding that very special spot.

"Of course you're our queen," answered Chex as he began to push his pedipalps in and out of Sam's pussy, keeping a rhythm between one and the other. "That's why I took the initiative, to make things easier for you. I can stop if you like and *you* can lead."

"Oh, please don't do that..." Sam crooned.

"I thought as much. Although I would die for you, you are still an entirely inexperienced queen."

"You're one to talk," laughed Sam.

"And it's like you were practically born yesterday. You nothing of our culture, *our language*, nor especially our biologies."

And to punctuate his point, Chex reached deep as he could into Sam and rubbed the tip of his pedipalp in small circles around a small soft spot. It immediately brought Sam to his knees, or whatever the spider equivalent of knees would be.

“We are more developed than you humans give us credit for,” continued Chex. “We are *not* just big spiders.”

“Where did you learn all of this if you’re as virgin as you say?!”

“Were didn’t I? Since the day I was hatched I’ve study the biology of many things to learn how to kill them better. Most everything else I learned from listening to stories... and I’m a very quick learner.”

Sam’s organ was pulsing powerfully and rhythmically, and he found that Chex’s attentions were quickly building him up for a rather colossal orgasm. He braced himself as best he could as Chex dutifully kept working underneath him as if he were working on the plumbing, though judging by the growing quaver in his tone he was his limits too. He was also quickly becoming short of breath.

“And of course- we Aracana have very powerful sex drives. You can only imagine- what it is like to be a male of our species- and *not* be allowed to mate. The day you came along- was like a gift.”

“AHHhhhhHHH!!” cried out Sam softly, dousing Chex as his muscles grabbed hold of his pedipalps and held him in place.

“Quite the volume....” continued Chex weakly as his pedipalps began spasming. As fluid gushed from Sam he tasted some that slipped into his mandibles. “Very sweet too.”

“I think I’ve come to the conclusion that you’re very weird...” panted Sam in mid-orgasm. “Even among spiders.”

“Why thank you,” panted Chex back. Then, after a pause. “Any changes?”

“No changes. Maybe it takes more than just one to do it?”

“It very well might.”

“I don’t think I could take much more of this...”

“You’re one to talk,” said Chex in imitation of Sam, sliding his shaking pedipalps out from his slick and glowing sex. “You might have to give me a moment, or call someone else in. I don’t think I have the stamina for another go just yet.”

But there wasn’t any time to do so as a small tapping on the door alerted them both to a visitor, the vibrations traveling all around the room through the webbing and up their sensitive feet.

“A messenger is at our perimeter. He wishes to speak with her highness.”

"I would greatly prefer it if you could spread the word to stop calling me that," said Sam to the spider outside as he opened the door. "My name is Sam. Please use it. Now where is this messenger?"

"Yes, your- Sam. He waits at the bottom of the tree."

"Take me there, then."

The messenger had very long legs and a thin, narrow body. He was a rather pleasant shade of green, and his lush fur unusually short and shiny, as if it was trimmed and brushed.

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked Sam pertly.

"I come from her royal highness to bring you this," said the messenger, lifting up a small ball of silk with his pedipalp. "And the following missive as well. *ahem*. Dearest neighbor, never forget who made you what you are... for what can be done, can also be undone, and only one has the power to do so. Only by her grace will she continue to allow you to return to your home, and she asks nothing in return but that you visit her to do so in the future. You would be an honored guest should you accept, and again she would remind you that it is by her permission alone that you ever become human again."

And by then the scent of the queen's pheromones coating the silk ball had risen to the treetops, and Sam tasted it on the air. He was shocked to find the smell loaded with information, though he could not make heads nor tails of it, but even more shocking he found himself transforming the second the smell reached him.

His eight legs rapidly pulled together and merged to form just two legs and two arms, hands, feet, fingers, and toes appearing at their ends as his excess joints disappeared and skin returned underneath his slowly receding grey fur. His eyes shrank down and their count returned to just two, his nose, mouth, and lips pushing out of his rapidly fusing mouthparts, his jaw once more giving definition to his face. His bones returned, his bowels melted and his abdomen joined back with his thorax to form his belly and chest once more as his lungs opened up and he sucked air in a gasp as his book-lungs collapsed. His still wet and pleurably glowing privates relocated back up into the fork of his legs, and the fur covering him retreated as he became human once more... only this time when everything stopped the fur didn't just cover his groin, but also much of his belly and ass as well... only there was more different than just that. His ass never used to be quite that round before. His hips not quite that wide. His waist not nearly that thin... and the fur that rose nearly to his chest stopped just short of what Sam immediately recognized were very small breasts. Sam's nipples hardened almost painfully as he felt his heat return to him in full force, causing him to blush mightily and to cross his legs uncomfortably as insatiable need arose within his loins unlike any he had yet felt.

“Let this be a demonstration of her majesty’s power, and a reminder that *you* are *her* vassal, to reward or punish as she sees fit. She is willing to teach you everything she knows, *if* you help her in return. That is all. Have a pleasant evening...”

And with that the messenger bowed, turned sharply, and left with astonishing speed.

Sam stood in utter shock among the lower branches of the tree, one hand reaching disbelievingly to touch one of his erect nipples. A white substance appeared to be leaking from it, and it clung to his finger as he pulled it away. It was silk. Spiders silk. Sam gave a small, wry, laugh.

“This is just too much...” he said.

“Your- um. Sam? Would you care for a lift back to your village?” asked Chex. “I do believe you will be missed soon.”

“Yes, Chex. Yes I think I do.”

It was a long spider-back ride along the forest floor before Sam found himself back at the road to his house. The modestly large spider he rode was completely winded by the time they got there.

“Thank you for the lift.”

“Not at all Sam. I’m at your service,” replied the large dark orange spider with stout legs, whose name he had said was Terrtitrren, which Sam immediately shortened to Terk. He quickly scrambled back into the forest, and Sam turned to the road to face the problem of how to get back into his house while naked and feminized, when he heard a crashing sound come bowling through the undergrowth towards him. He turned just in time to be tackled by Glen.

“YOU!!” she roared as they both fell to the ground and she easily pinned him, caught unaware as he was. “You need to fuck me right now! You have *no* idea what I’ve been through since you left!! I would *kill* you if I didn’t need you so badly right now! Oh my god, you’ve got breasts!”

And immediately she grabbed firm hold of them, and Sam shouted out as two small ejections of silk shot into the air and floated back down. Glen didn’t care.

“Mine too,” she demanded, grabbing Sam’s wrist and place his hand firmly on her own breast. Her pants were down in a flash, and quickly her naked pussy was grinding against Sam’s raised leg as she kneaded his breasts and he confusedly squeezed hers. It didn’t take long for her to start orgasming on the spot, her body freezing up and twitching as her pussy convulsed, but emitted no bodily secretions. Sam

noticed that the webbing had already fallen off. She rolled off him as her hips began to buck almost violently.

“Oh my that’s the good stuff...” she moaned as she collapsed onto her back and squirmed around in the fallen leaves of the trees half naked. Sam sat up and watched. Her hand was on her pussy, playing with it as it continued to spasm, and he was shocked to see as he watched that although outwardly it bore no observable change, her inner folds were gone and her vagina completely missing at the bottom. Her finger found her clitoris however, and using a little spit she played with it as hard as she dared.

“Dear heaven on earth what happened to you Glen?” asked Sam in amazement.

“You fucking cursed me is what happened. I’m guessing you found no cure, did you?” asked Glen as she started to relax on the ground, her breathing slowing even as her hand kept going along with her hips.

“Um, no.”

“Well fuck it all if I’m not too mad at you, as long as you let me feel like this whenever I ask for it. I’ve been horny as hell since you left. You have *no* idea. I tried doing it by myself and couldn’t, and I realized real fast that I need your smell. Nearly drove me nuts, I can tell you. It’s not so bad though, it feels fucking wonderful... and no mess!” she said, raising her hand to show that only spit dirtied it.

“You’re not upset?”

“Of course I’m upset! I’m fucking livid! But I think I can live with it. You’ll pay for taking away my future children, but I must admit I’m really enjoying this extra sensitivity... that and I feel like I’m literally starving for that rose petal smell of yours, so you had *better* not leave me now or I might do something drastic. Oh *gods* I’ve never felt like this before!”

“I would never leave you Glen, you know that better than anyone!”

“Good, because I’m not leaving you, spider thing or no spider thing. By the way, what happened? What’s with the tiny tits?”

Glen wiggled the fingers on her other hand to display the sticky webs that clung between them.

“I don’t know! Everything used to be so simple... all I had to do was just kill spiders and farm. Now there’s all sorts of craziness going on.”

“Well, I’m not going to complain as long as you bow before this pussy,” she said, getting back to her feet to stand back in front of Sam, still caressing her beaver lips with her fingers. She appeared to still be experiencing micro orgasms, but was dealing with them with ever increasing decorum. “Now give me one for the road before I go get you some clothes.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Sam sheepishly right before she grabbed the back of his hand and planted his face in her hoochie coochie. Not wanting to evoke her anger any further he dutifully ate her out until she was screaming his name into the woods.

Chex watched on from above, a silent guardian. How tangled the web was already becoming around this one human. Incredibly unorthodox to be sure, but a more interesting queen he couldn’t have asked for. In his claws he held a basket of herbs that he had ordered to be picked, for he knew Sam was expected to return with some when he went home. He would give them to him when his female friend left, but until then he watched and learned as she bent Sam over and rode him like a mule while he gently touched himself... and *didn’t* change back into the queen he was most familiar with even as he got carried away in his own head and cried out himself. What was *really* going on here? He knew the answer must lay somewhere, and it was going to take a spider’s patience to coax it out into the open.