

WereSpider

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Let me take you to a small mountain town known as Elmstream. You probably haven't heard of it, because it doesn't exist yet... or at least, it doesn't exist within *your* realm. It's a town that exists in a different dimension of time and space, running parallel to ours and destined to never touch us... well, except through this story. Consider this story a window through which we can observe this parallel universe.

Now perhaps you're wondering why, with an entire world to choose from, I am asking you to come with me to little old Elmstream. Well, one reason is that the town is quite beautiful... nestled into a valley surrounded by hilly forests and ringed in a half moon by moderately large, rocky, and very steep mountains.

The other reason is that this town has a unique problem in this realm: it's in near-constant war with the spider-folk, or as they call themselves the Aracana. On any given day the town might seem peaceful enough: people talking merrily in the streets while merchants barter with farmers over the proper price of wheat. The smell of taverns roasting wild boars can be smelt across the entire countryside, and everything seems to be neat, clean, and orderly.

Look a little bit closer and you'd come to notice that even the children carry blades.

It's a curious look at sociology to ask the question of why there is no violence in this town (outside a bar brawl or two of course) when everyone is so well equipped to kill one another. Perhaps I just answered my own question, but we are losing sight of the story! The Aracana's!!

The Aracana's come in every shape, color, and size... but they are united in their hatred of this little village. The men of Elmstream are uniquely proficient at killing spiders the size of horses, and the Aracana's are intent on conquering the town to use as a nest. At the present moment it appears that both sides are at a stalemate. The Aracana's aren't giving up, and are relentless in number... and the town is as sturdy as they come. It's become such a natural and common part of everyone's lives in this town that nobody can remember a time when they *weren't* fighting and killing gigantic deadly spiders day in and day out, and in fact can't think of a reason why they should stop. It's become so deeply ingrained into their culture that the town would be lost if the Aracana's ever ceased their constant attacks, for the threat of being cocooned and eaten alive has united the community in a way otherwise impossible.

But why is any of this important, you continue to ask?

It's important because our main character, a man by the name of Sam Phillips, happens to live in this town. Sam is a tall, muscular, and *proud* man who works as a stable-hand under his father. He's 23 years old, has long brown hair, and a red tinged beard half a foot long. He shaves it once every spring and fall.

Sam is currently removing a shoe on his favorite stallion: a job that could only be trusted to him due to his unique relationship with animals. Even still the horse tries occasionally to injure Sam, just to make sure he's paying attention.

"Blast it all Rodger! Hold still you mangy excuse of an animal!"

Rodger only responds by dumping a load on Sam's shoulder. Sam ignores it, never once having stopped working on loosing the shoe. When he finally works it free he immediately begins cleaning out the hoof and trimming it in preparation for the new shoe, which is even now being heated in a furnace behind them both.

"Da'? How about that iron?"

"Tis coming, hold your horse..."

An old man, half as tall as Sam and much, much older, walks up carrying the glowing horseshoe. Sam uses all of his strength to hold onto Rodger's leg to keep him from injuring his old man while the shoe is imprinted onto the hoof, then hammered deftly into place and the nails clipped to lock it on until the next shoeing.

"One down, three to go!" says the old man with a laugh. Sam is already sweating mightily as he lets Rodger test out his new shoe by immediately placing it into his own manure.

"Mind if I take a quick breather?"

"Not at all son. It's about tea time in any case. I'll fetch the ale, you go dunk your head."

"Yes sir!"

Sam stands up, leaving Rodger tied to the post in the barn, and heads out for the water trough on the edge of the fencing nearest to the woods. A water-pump stands next to the trough ready for use. These mountains are abound with fresh spring water running just below the surface of the earth. Some quick pumping is all it takes to cause the trough to overflow with crystal clear, ice-cold water. He sticks his head in and screams the barbaric yell of a warrior underwater, bubbles frothing around his face, before throwing his head back, letting his wet locks slap his neck. He's in a very good mood when the Aracana decide to attack him from the cover of the woods.

Now as I said before even the children of this town are equipped to deal with these random attacks. Some of the children in fact are more skilled in combat than many men in the king's army, a fact that his majesty has not missed in his recruiting rounds. Elmstream men (and women) are considered some of the fiercest fighters in the land, hardened in combat as they are through daily life and death struggles with beasts ten times their strength. Sam is no exception.

As five very healthy and fat warrior Aracana's leap from the trees on threads of silk Sam pulls from his belt his small tack-hammer. When fighting with a sword you must aim for the joints and weak spots in the Aracana's armor: but with a hammer there is no need to be quite so discriminatory. He hits the first spider on the top of its head and kills it instantly. The second and third he smashes their front legs, breaking them clean off. The monster's screams are shrill but not impressively loud as they retreat into the woods, bleeding heavily. Sam roars to demonstrate how it should be done as he bashes the next spider square in its chest, stunning it senseless. He ignores it as it collapses to the ground, all of its legs curling up around its body protectively. The fifth spider stops short of arms reach from Sam, hissing at him. Sam beckons the beast to come closer. It does not fall for his taunt.

Instead it bends its abdomen between its legs and aims its spinnerets at Sam, then ejects a stream of sticky webbing at him. Sam knocks the stream aside with his hammer, but it's immediately wrenched from his grasp.

"Hey! That's my good hammer! Give that back!"

"Screeekkkssscchchchc!" answers the Aracana, spitting furiously in response.

"I can't. Fucking. Understand you!" Sam shouts back as he reaches for a small whittling dagger. The blade is less than two inches long from countless sharpening's. The spider laughs at Sam right up until the point when it realizes that it's being gutted with the tiny knife. The poor thing just shudders and dies on the spot, and now Sam's covered in its blood and entrails. He spits.

"Nasty buggers..." is all he says as he picks up his hammer. It's all sticky with web. He'll need to get it cleaned later.

He's still bent over when a string of web shoots out from the shadows of the forest and attaches to his ankle. Before Sam realizes what is happening he finds himself being dragged through the fence, shattering it, and into the woods. Afterwards there is silence, the carcasses of three spiders marking the spot until such time as his father comes back to realize he's disappeared. His hammer and knife lay forgotten in the grass.

Sam, meanwhile, is being dragged straight through every tangled bush and thorny plant the woods has to offer. He curses and swears at his captor all the while trying to sever the web that holds him. He tries to pull out several of his tools from his belt to try and cut the rope, but he either drops them on the forest floor or throws them at the spider dragging him when he realizes that it doesn't have a cutting edge. He

has an awful lot of tools, and the spider is hissing angrily as it is pelted by heavy metal and wood. Where might it be taking him? To the queen's nest of course! Obviously he is to be their dinner.

He's reduced to picking up rocks from the forest floor and flinging them at the spider towing him when he finally arrives at the shady glen. The canopy of leaves and branches has been pulled together by thick cottony webbing, blotting out much of the sun. Aracana's are everywhere. Big ones, small ones, colorful ones, dangerous ones. They all turn and watch Sam pass, chittering and chirping. A few even make a whistle sound, as if laughing. Sam hurls insults at every last one of them. He'll die kicking if nothing else.

He's dragged to a tree, and the spider climbs straight up it in blatant defiance of gravity. Sam is hauled behind it, upside down by his ankle, fuming and furious as blood rushes to his head. The tree they're climbing is one of the elder trees: a race of tree that lives to be thousands of years old. It's a very large and thick tree to be sure, and up in its branches is a nest within a nest. A small ball shaped room with wall of thick web that only barely lets in any light through it. A funnel of webbing is its only entrance.

Inside this room is a very fat and heavy spider. She looks rather old and moves with slow deliberation. As she approaches Sam he's slowly wrapped head to toe in more web to fully immobilize him, and the big spider's eyes glow with an inner light as she grows closer, her fangs dripping with venom in anticipation of her meal.

"Hello, human..." she says. She moves so close to Sam that he can count the individual hairs on her head which due to her age aren't many. Her eyes shine with a wicked sort of intelligence though.

"You! You can speak English!"

"Obviously..."

The spider's words are as slow as her movements, and seem forced. It's not natural for her to be forming these sounds, and her words show it.

"From what my daughters tell me, you are a formidable warrior..."

"We are all formidable warriors, and we will exterminate you from this earth if it takes a thousand years!"

"Ah, yes. I know. Tis a pity none of my daughters can fight as bravely as you *men*," she hisses. "But it is only a matter of time, I fear, before your pitiful village is overwhelmed. Your defenses cannot hold against an army, and I am not yet at my wits end."

Sam's response is to spit in her eye. She halts in her speech, and wipes the spittle off with a flick of her foreleg.

“I will enjoy making you scream...”

And she bends low over Sam, her dripping mandibles and fangs drawing ever closer, and without warning lunges, her fangs piecing straight through the muscle and tendon of Sam’s shoulder. Ice cold numbness spreads down Sam’s limbs even as a fiery pain flows into his veins. He screams in agony as the queen spider continues to inject him with more and more venom, chuckling as she does. Sam writhes in agony for several seconds more until the numbness forces him to succumb and lay still. The pain can still be heard in his screams as they grow more and more tortured.

“That pain you feel is the pain of having your insides slowly liquefied. You will beg me for death when the time comes... and I shall give it gladly.”

And with that she turns and retreats back in the recesses of her room, while other spiders lift Sam’s limp body up and stick it to her wall. He’s stops screaming after a little while, but continues to moan as sweat drips from his pale brow, even as sleep takes him.

Sam wakes up fitfully to the sound of yelling and screaming. Spiders are running around everywhere. The queen is nowhere to be seen. The sound of metal slicing through chitin and spider-meat is instantly recognizable to Sam, and he smiles. Somebody has come to his rescue. Perhaps too late, but it still makes him smile.

From the sound of it they’re putting up one hell of a fight. Sam hears the sound of web being shot, and subsequent angry screeching of spiders as they are pulled down from the trees by their own webbing. He hears a battle cry, and recognizes it as his dad. He much of organized a small party to come to his aid. Tears well up in Sam’s eyes in love of all his family and friends, and he makes a note to repay their courage and kindness adequately if he should live through this.

In fact, as Sam listens, he finds he can struggle in his bonds. He’s not entirely paralyzed anymore!! The venom must be wearing off. He quickly begins using his fingers to tear at the webbing slowly. He can hear someone below shouting his name.

“I’m up here!” he hollers back.

“We’re coming to get ya son!!”

“I’m forever in everyone’s debt!”

A shrill cry of pain splits the evening.

“Stan’s down!” shouts Sam’s brother, Arnold.

"I'll be fine!" yells Stan back. "Just kill the blasted thing while I stop the bleeding."

A wet squish signals the death of another spider... and Sam's managed to free his hands. The rest quickly follows.

Spider silk may have great tensile strength, but it tears easily if you apply your fingers right. After you've removed a few friends from spider cocoons you get pretty skilled as tearing through webbing. Sam is soon free, but his clothes and hair are all sticky and his feet are rather wobbly. He needs to hold onto the wall of stiff webbing to keep upright.

"I'm comin!" he shouts. He feels drunk.

"Take your time! We're having some good fun! Been ages since we found a nest!"

"I'm glad something good came of this then! I'll be down shortly!"

Sam makes his wobbly way out into the open air, the dusky sky above threatening to throw them all into pitch blackness. Sam notes that a great many more Aracana's are waiting in the shadows of the surrounding trees for nightfall to join the fight. Indeed: the whole lot of them are cowards, just as the queen spider said. It's understandable when one man can kill dozens of them despite seeming disadvantages of strength, size, and numbers. Fear can cripple a warrior in battle, and courage gives him strength beyond his physical limitations.

And so it is that Sam leaps from the tree, grabbing hold of a dangling thread of silk a full twenty feet away right before he hits the ground. The silk stretches and breaks his fall enough that he can remain on his feet when he lands on the forest floor. He lets go of it and gives a spider above a snap.

"Nice of you to join us!" says Arnold.

"Sorry, but I was in a cocoon and had to get out first. Now where's my weapon?"

"Here," says Stan, tossing Sam his hammer. He must have picked it up while in pursuit of the spiders.

"We followed the trail of your tools of course," says Sam's father, who is merrily crushing the legs of a nearby spider with his quarterstaff. "Good thinking there son."

"Thinking nothing: I was trying to get the damned thing to drop me."

"Told you he didn't do it on purpose," says Stan to Arnold, who tosses him a coin while swinging his long-sword through the head of an attacking Aracana. It splits in two and spills blood and brain matter onto the ground, the body spasming and shaking crazily before curling up into a ball.

“Best we leave quickly: there’s more in the trees waiting for the light to leave. They have the advantage in the dark. I don’t suppose any of you brought torches?”

“Wasn’t any time,” grumbles Sam’s father. “Damn... I was hoping to stick around a while.”

“Let us retreat slowly then?” asks Arnold.

“A good plan!” says Sam. They all continue killing countless spiders as they walk demurely back to their farm and chat. The spiders, despite their best efforts, are unable to break through their united defenses. In any case the Aracana never were good at direct confrontation and battle. They’re more suited to sneaking in under cover of night and killing from behind. They quickly give up the fight and retreat, the group finally breaks the cover of the forest to find the farm just as they left it, and everyone heads inside quickly for dinner.

Sam’s mother is a wonderful cook, and the repast is an excellent example of her prowess. His sister, Cassandra, helped a little, but she’s not nearly as good a cook as she is an archer. She usually spends most of her time hunting deer or standing guard in one of the many towers overlooking the surrounding hills and woods.

And after all the food has been eaten and the beer drained from the tankards everyone leaves to rest up for another exciting day in the town of Elmstream.

Sam stumbles into his room, a small bed and a smaller dresser crammed into a closet-sized space, and falls face first into his mattress. He’s tired to the bone from the day’s activities, and tomorrow he needs to finish the job of shoeing Rodger. He gives his thanks to the Gods above for his continued safety and the timely rescue by his friends, and falls quickly asleep still dressed.

Sam wakes up at the crack of dawn, the small window in his room letting the amber light creep in. He rubs his eyes in annoyance... he feels as though he has barely gotten any sleep at all. He sits up on his bed and realizes he’s already dressed. Well that makes things all that much easier doesn’t it?

He gets to his feet stiffly and stretches, groaning as his sore muscles tell the tale of yesterday’s excitement. He smiles at the memory: there is nothing like a good fight to make you feel alive. He walks out into the hall and makes his way outside to the outhouse. It’s a good long ways away from the house, and far away from any water source. Generally they move the outhouse twice a year, depending on how bad it starts to stink... and you can tell previous locations by the tall flowers and grass flourishing on the spots. Sam opens the door and pulls down his pants with the intention of draining the main vein before getting to his chores. He nearly pisses himself out of reflex when his groping hand mechanically reaches

to grab hold of his dick and misses. He's done this so many times pissing has become one fluid action rather than a series of steps, but he manages to stop the flow before he stains his trousers.

He's still half-asleep, and so wearily blinks his eyes clear before looking down to try to figure out what the problem is.

The problem is that his dick is gone.

This is usually enough of a shock to wake up most people, but Sam is especially slow in the mornings. He gives a small laugh, sits down on the toilet, pisses, then gets back up, pulls up his trousers, and leaves without thinking about it any further.

He makes it halfway back to his house before he stops and does a mental double-take. His hand quickly presses up against the fork in his legs, and his eyes go squirrely in disbelief. He pulls down his pants again and looks at himself.

There, down between his legs, is a woman's pussy. Not a man's cock and balls. Where did his manhood go? Not a clue in the realm.

Sam pulls his pants back up, looks around quickly to make sure nobody say (no one did), and then hurries back towards the house in a full blown panic with the intention of going back into his room to figure things out.

He's accosted on the way by his father.

"There you are! Where you been, I was worried I'd have to shoe Rodger by myself! Har-har-har!!"

"Oh, had to use the outhouse," says Sam. A cold sweat has broken out on his face. His father immediately notices it.

"You alright Sam? You look a bit clammy."

"I don't feel well..." admits Sam, unable to look his father in the eyes. "I was bitten. I might still be fighting the venom..."

"You were bitten?! You should be dead!! Aracana vemon liquefies your innards boy!"

"I was thinking the same thing," agrees Sam. "But obviously I'm *not* dead..."

"You go back to your room right now! You obviously need rest!" shouts Sam's dad. "Probably just need to sleep it off is all. I'll send your mother in shortly with some herbal tea. I'll see to Rodger myself. Don't worry about your chores, I'll get Arnold on them."

“Yes sir,” says Sam, grateful. Standing in front of his father while knowing what is between his legs, he can’t help but become more and more ashamed by the second. His face transitions from pale and clammy to red and flushed. He dare not tell his father what has happened. He’s not even sure he knows what has happened himself!

He quickly darts around his father and heads straight for the safety of his room.

Once inside he shuts the door and throws off his clothes. Looking down at himself there can be no mistaking it.

He is completely unchanged physically... except that which is between his thighs is unmistakably a vagina. That spider emasculated him!!! What’s the good of surviving through a dose of spider venom if this is the consequence?! Is it even real? Maybe it can be reversed!

Sam bends over to examine it closer. He’s no stranger to pussy, that’s for sure, and he recognizes all the bits and pieces instantly. He’s loathe to touch it, but needs to in order to determine the extent of the transformation. With his fingers he pulls apart the labia to expose the wrinkly folds within... ah yes, everything is most definitely there. Nothing seems to be missing. Sam shudders at the very real sensation of it... he does not dare explore it further and removes his hands from the soft flesh.

He can suddenly hear someone climbing the stairs, and quickly leaps onto his bed and pulls up the covers. His mother walks in seconds later with a tray of tea.

“Oh my!” she exclaims. “You look feverish! You haven’t caught something have you?”

“I think I may be experiencing delayed effects of the Aracana vemon. I was bitten last night.”

“Oh dear!! It’s a wonder you didn’t die immediately! You must have some sort of immunity! Here: drink this quickly and try to get some rest. It’s good for fever. I’ll be back to wake you for supper. Don’t you dare do anything but rest in that bed until you feel better! Venom is no joke!”

“Thanks Ma.”

“Oh, thank me by getting well again.”

And she leaves the room.

Sam waits to make sure she’s gone before he sits up on his bed and pours himself a cup. He drinks it shakily. He’s starting to sweat a little, and indeed does feel feverish, but not sick. What is happening to him? What did that venom do to him?

Sam's naked pussy rests on his sheets and is starting to make a mess on them as he drinks the tea. It takes him a while before he realizes that he's somehow become aroused.

Sam groans. How could this possibly get any worse?

His hand reflexively reaches down to his crotch to scratch his balls, but because he doesn't have any his fingers accidentally slide into his puss a little. He's shocked by the sensation, and removes his fingers quickly. A string of mucus clings to his fingertips and he shudders.

He can't resist: Sam reaches back down and rubs his pussy. The sensations urge him to continue, and he grows bolder. He rubs his pussy a little faster, his fingers trailing up and down its length as he finally appreciates what he's been doing to his girlfriends all these years. He explores the clit, and his fingers brush against the rim of the hole at the bottom. He quickly becomes engrossed in the activity of stimulating himself down there, and grows blind to the world. If anyone were to decide to visit him in his room he would never hear them coming. Nobody bothers him though, as everyone is up and about doing their chores.

Sam's fingers are wet and slick as he plays with himself, growing more agitated and short of breath as the sensations he's stimulating within reach small peaks and his body shudders with pleasure and heat. He's making a neat mess of the sheets he's sitting on, and doesn't care. He can feel himself building towards a climax. He forgets all his troubles in light of experiencing a female orgasm. It doesn't disappoint.

Sam's entire body builds up in pulsing waves as he furiously speeds up his twitter-paiting. His breaths are coming in short staccato bursts. His puss has become dark pink and heat flows off of it like a furnace. Fluid runs from his crevice in steady pulses in time with the clenching and unclenching of his gut. He doesn't stop until everything has built to an incredible precipice, and then it breaks.

He gasps in shock as his body takes over for him, though his hand continues to move of its own accord, and he gushes onto the bed as his orgasm wracks his entire body in an electrical storm of wonderful sensation... and it doesn't stop there.

He orgasms again almost immediately, even as his first climax continues to roll and rumble like thunder echoing between mountains. He cries out, then covers his mouth with his free hand to keep from accidentally alerting anyone. He can feel his body pulse with powerful waves of pleasure. He hardly notices at first when the changes begin.

His skin is changing texture, transforming from soft tissue to less flexible armor. His bones are dissolving, and his guts moving about even as his pussy sprays forth fluid in his third consecutive orgasm. He's delirious and can't stop touching himself, but the changes are progressing on their own now regardless. He feels four extra legs push out of his ribs, his arms and legs are growing thin and segmented, and his fingers and feet melt together into a single sensitive digit each. Sam's eyes widen in horror even as his

eyelids disappear and his eyes themselves transform into the multiple lensed eyes of a spider, and more eyes sprout on his face and forehead. Mandibles spring forth from his mouth as he chokes back a scream, and pedipalps erupt from his cheeks as his face and head warps and changes rapidly. His back and chest and stomach suck into his growing abdomen, a bulbous orb of guts, and his neck disappears. His vagina is relocating, but he can't stop rubbing it and pleasuring himself with his lengthening foreleg. He cries out in horror as he feels himself becoming a gigantic spider: an Aracana.

Silk glands develop in his abdomen and open up to the cluster of spinnerets in his rear. His anus relocates just below those, and on the belly of his new abdomen his pussy finally settles : smack dab in the middle and still squirting in a fourth consecutive orgasm. Sam shudders as every sensation sends sexual thrills through his changing body. Fangs appear in his maw, filled with powerful corrosive enzymes and toxins. Most of his muscles disappear in lieu of more powerful hydraulic mechanisms. His eight legs flail uncontrollably as he experiences a fifth orgasm, more powerful than all of the rest as the changes finalize, and finally it's over.

He lays spent on his back, his spider pussy flowing and dripping down his side. His body is covered in soft grey fur, luxurious and shifty. He can see much of his body through his many eyes, and recognizes his form as a rare 'stalker' spider, as they call them. This type of Aracana is ideally suited to hide in shadow and sneak about at night. Not so well suited to moving about in daylight, but it is capable of that as well. It's only considered dangerous if you don't spot it before it attacks you... but it can move like a ghost.

Sam tries to calm himself down and slow his breathing. He's shocked to be breathing through spiracles located near his spinnerets. His heart is pounding, and located in the rear left of his abdomen, and is not beating in any sort of a familiar rhythm.

Something has obviously gone wrong. Sam rights himself using his many legs to try and reorient himself correctly with his room. His inner ear has gone, and he can no longer tell up from down. If he had a gag reflex he might have thrown up.

He lifts his forelegs up to his eyes. They're no longer at all human, but dexterous enough and have small claws on the end that he can use to grab things. He knows he cannot possibly stay where he is right now: his family will kill him on sight. They wouldn't even consider that he could be Sam in a cursed body.

Sam thinks it through, and decides that going to anyone in Elmstream would be a mistake that could cost him his life. Nobody would listen to him long enough for him to try to explain anything, and he's pretty sure he can't form human words with this mouth either. He doesn't try, for fear of someone hearing. Instead he remains dead silent and listens.

He's surprised to find that he can hear with his feet as well as with the hairs on his body, but ignores the curiosities of his senses to focus on the task at hand: if he can't go to his friends or family for help he needs to track down the queen spider and demand an explanation and a solution. Surely this cannot be permanent.

After making sure the house is empty he carefully opens his door, then crawls out into the hall. His vision is very sharp, but also very different. He can see intricate details, but his human mind is having trouble making sense of the many different images being shown to him through his many eyes and their many lenses. Several of his eyes aren't even much good for seeing, but seem to be only any good at detecting movement or seeing in low light situations.

He crawls down the hall and over to a window, then opens it. He sticks his head out and looks around for signs of anybody watching. Nobody appears to be outside on this side of the house... and so he quietly turns around and aims his spinnerets out the window. He builds up pressure in the protein sacks and then releases suddenly to launch a stream of web with a blob on the end to adhere to a nearby tree. The cable is thin enough to be essentially invisible in the morning light, but if people look at the right angles they'll be able to see the prismatic shimmer so he must be quick. He pulls the cable tight and attaches it to the windowsill, anchoring it in several redundant places, and then quickly crawls out the window and pulls himself across it (while also upside down) as fast as he is able over to the safety of the trees. He makes it there without incident, and with a last wistful glance at his family's home heads into the woods in search of the queen that did this to him... and he has no doubt that it was her venom that is the cause of all of this.

Sam quickly finds that he's rather good at jumping: judging distances accurately and using the powerful hydraulics of his rear legs to launch himself from tree to tree and catch himself with his forelegs. Despite the strangeness of his new body he's incredibly agile, and soon is making steady progress through the forest. He quickly detects the scent of pheromones on the wind that tell him where other spiders are, and carefully avoids them. He's looking for a specific spider: not any of these strays. They notice his presence, but leave him alone. He quickly locates the new location of the nest: the Aracana's keep their nests highly mobile. Sam hopes this is the right one.

The layout of the nest is the same as the last. An open glen with a canopy of web. Even the small room made of web is in the same location, though in a different tree... and inside of it is the very same queen spider that bit him just last night. He loses no time in approaching her.

The other spiders ignore him as he launches himself down to the entrance to her chamber, and she turns to look at him warily.

"And who might you be?" she asks in a rasping chitter. Sam finds himself shocked that he can understand her. He tries to force his mandibles to make the sounds of human speak, but finds himself unable to... and so he instead attempts to mimic the language of the spiders. He's doubly shocked when it works.

"I am the human from last night."

"Oh yes: the impetuous one. I see you survived my venom. How dreadful."

“What have you done to me?”

“Now, how would I know that? I’m but a simple spider!”

The queen’s eyes glisten maliciously, and Sam grows angry.

“Your venom did this to me. I want you to tell me how to fix it.”

“Obviously you are mistaken. I know nothing of your condition.”

“LIAR! Last night, you said something... you knew this would happen when you bit me. If you don’t remove this curse I will kill you.”

“Oh? And what would a lowly Nightward do to harm *me*? Sneak me to death? I could sit on you and crush you flat!”

“I am a human in an Aracana’s body... you might be surprised what I am capable of right now.”

The queen’s eyes light up.

“Oh dear me, I keep forgetting. You’re no coward: you fight like a *man*, don’t you? Why not demonstrate to me your... prowess?”

The queen seems to be snickering.

“You won’t be laughing when I’m through with you...” growls Sam. “I’ll tear your legs from you one by one until you tell me what I want to know!!”

Sam bunches up his rear legs in preparation for leaping at the queen, when suddenly trap doors in the floor open up and all of Sam’s eight legs are caught in the grip of much bigger spiders. They immediately wrap Sam’s feet in silk and tether them to the floor, then the trap doors close just as fast. Sam is left suddenly immobile, and tries to rip his feet free from the sticky ropes of web, but is unable to.

“I have no doubt that, despite your unfortunate species, you could best any one of us in combat *little man*. I dare say in fact I was hoping we could learn a thing or two from each other.

The much bigger queen spider walks up closer to Sam now that he’s been thoroughly immobilized.

“Mmmm... you *are* fertile! Doubly dreadful! Perhaps you can give us some new offspring then? With any luck they’ll have the fighting spirit of a human!”

“WHAT!?” shouts Sam, despite his increasing wetness under his abdomen and the fiery need building up within him. Ever since he transformed into a spider he’s been unable to shake the desperate arousal flowing through his veins.

“Of course, if you go back to your village and convince them to leave I won’t have any need for more warriors... or better yet teach a squadron of my best warriors to fight with the ferocity of a human? I’ll even remove my, ahem, ‘curse’...”

“Don’t waste your time. I can tell you right now that we’ll never leave that valley! We’ve worked too hard to just leave everything we’ve built to you monsters! And I’m not betraying my brothers by teaching you *vermin* how to kill properly!!!” Sam is practically spitting with rage, trying to free himself from the sticky web.

“I see... we do not yet eye to eye in these matters.... But that is not a problem, we will be rid of your kind eventually one way or another, and I do not keep all of my eggs in one nest. I have not lived as long as I have lived to be uprooted by monkeys... and I have hope that you will come to help us one way or another. Time shall tell, I believe, is one of your many proverbs?”

The queen’s eyes light up full of intelligence, and Sam can see that she is indeed cunning. Even now Sam sees the gears moving in her head as she turns and walks away from him, disappearing through a hidden passage in the back of the room. It was no accident after all that Sam survived her poison.

“Wait!” shouts Sam after her. “What are you going to do with me? You can’t just leave me here!”

“Oh,” she calls back. “I’m going to let you go of course! What use is a spy otherwise? Meanwhile enjoy this... *gift*...”

And she’s gone.

“Spy? What do you mean? I’d never do such a cowardly thing!” asks Sam, but his line of thought is interrupted as more spiders crawl into the chamber, blotting out the light from the entrance, and surround him.

Sam can smell them all immediately: strong male pheromones pouring from their bodies signaling to him that they are viable mates. Sam is stunned.

“No...” he says in disbelief. Each of the Aracana’s pedipalps are much larger than female pedipalps, and their purpose is immediately obvious to his body as heat flushes his limbs and abdomen and his heart rate increases.

One among them is of his own species, a Stalker or Nightward depending on who you ask it seems.

“We are sorry that we must take advantage of you now,” says the male. “We cannot disobey the queen. Try to relax and it will be over soon!”

“Take advantage of me? What! No no no, don’t any of you monsters dare touch meEEEE!!!!”

The male Nightward being somewhat smaller than Sam, had slipped under his belly like a shadow. Sam didn’t even notice until the male began to slip his pedipalps up into his cloacae, grabbing hold of his belly with his many legs to anchor himself against Sam’s plush and fat abdomen.

“-EEE! AH! FUCK! NO GET OUT OF THERE!”

His pedipalps sure aren’t small, that’s for sure. He ignores Sam’s screeching protests and forces more of himself into Sam’s body, Sam’s wet cloacae spreading wide over the appendage and granting easy access to his sexual organ. Sam tries to throw him off, but he’s clinging much too tightly, and quickly he has the other spiders to worry about as they approach him with dozens of more pedipalps primed and loaded to inject Sam with their genetic information.

“AH! AGH! AAAGH!” shouts Sam in chattering yells, blowing air out of his spiracles and grinding his mandibles. Another spider approaches from the rear and quickly sets about pushing one of his own pedipalps into Sam’s anus, and he cries out anew as he’s stretched wide by the invasive organ. Another spider forces his pedipalps into Sam’s mouth while simultaneously swallowing Sam’s corresponding pedipalp. Yet another spider forces a second pedipalp into Sam’s mouth while deep throating his remaining pedipalp, and they begin sucking away on his vestigial phallic organs. The Nightward beneath Sam has begun thrusting in and out of Sam’s cloacae slowly, and he groans as he begins to involuntarily suck on the pedipalps in his mouth. The other spiders respond by sucking on Sam’s own pedipalps harder, and Sam receives powerful rushes of pleasure. He needs not fear suffocation, and begins to rock against the Nightwards attentions as well against the two spiders in front of him. They begin to shake in pleasure, and the spider penetrating Sam’s rear has hilted and has begun to thrust in and out as well. If Sam’s eyes were anatomically capable of it they’d be rolled up into the back of his head. As it is he’s forced to watch from multiple angles and directions as his body is violated and he can’t help but respond. A fourth spider places it’s mandibles on his spinnerets and begins kissing, sucking, and even tonguing the sensitive organ until Sam involuntarily releases webbing into his mouth, and he swallows it and continues sucking and kissing him. The Nightward and the spider in his ass are really pounding Sam’s body now as they speed up. Sam speeds up, his pedipalps jerking and spasming in the mouths of the two spiders in front of him as they in turn spasm in *his* mouth, and suddenly gooey sperm begins to eject from their tips into the back of Sam’s throat. He swallows reflexively, unable to stop himself, as well as the second and third ejections from the spiders. They pull themselves out of his throat when they’ve finished, and switch places to use their secondary pedipalps to continue face-fucking Sam, and Sam’s pedipalps spasm in mock orgasms in harmony with his cloacae as he feels the Nightward beneath him eject his own genetic information deep into Sam’s belly.

This snaps Sam out of it a bit, but he's unable to stop sucking on the pedipalps in front of him, and unable to stop the Nightward from pulling out of him only to insert his other pedipalp. Sam suddenly wants to scream, but is unable to as the spiders thrust both of their pedipalps in and out of his throat. The spider in his ass spasms and thrusts crazily as he empties himself, removes himself, and continues with his still fresh pedipalp. The one sucking on his spinnerets and teasing him into ejecting more and more of his silk suddenly stops only to insert his own pedipalp into the now very sensitive organ, and he too begins fucking away.

The spiders in Sam's mouth orgasm for their second time, and their seed fills Sam's belly as he can't stop himself from swallowing it all. When they pull out he's able to speak.

"Please..." he cries. "Please stop. I can't... I can't do this! Don't make me! I don't want to be umphf!"

And spiders that were standing by force themselves past his mandibles and down his throat.

The Nightward orgasms for the second time deep within Sam, filling him to overflowing with seed. His abused cloacae is flowing and dripping onto the floor when a new spider takes his place, and begins using his mandibles on his sensitive bits and pieces. Sam manages to screech shrilly through his spiracles as he orgasms powerfully, gushing both his and the male Nightward's cum onto the new comers face. He eats it all up and continues.

And he cums again... and again... and again as the day wears on. Each one is harder on his body. Each one more painfully powerful. There seems to be an endless supply of males... but there is only one of him! He can't stand it, but nobody asks him if he wants to stop. They wouldn't anyway. Their task is to thoroughly mate with this unfortunate female that crossed the queen until she blacks out. She is, unfortunately, of incredibly strong fortitude and holds up for a full eight hours before she breaks and blacks out from a particularly powerful and maddening orgasm... her body sore and abused and used up... her stomach full of sperm, as well as her anal and silk cavities. She's almost assuredly fertilized as well, many Nightwards having taken turns at her cloacae to fill her to bursting there as well.

The queen returns to dismiss the males just as they finish, and she releases him from his Aracana form, watching bemusedly as his body transforms back to that of a man with a woman's organ. As far as she cares that's how a man should look: the men of the human species should be guardians of fertility and birth: not the weak and small women... and the reproductive organs of males are always too cumbersome and fragile. A warrior should not have such weaknesses...

The queen sniffs curiously as she watches sperm ooze from the man's pussy, his belly slightly distorted from the volume now trapped within his womb, and she smiles inwardly. He will work out just perfectly! She chose well... now time to return him to his house.

She summons a member of her royal spies, who happens to be another female Nightward herself, to transport the unfortunate man back to his farm. She can trust her explicitly, and knows she would care not if her package were a bit strange.

And thus the queen returns to her throne, and awaits the man's next move. Everything hinges on whether he behaves according to plan....

(to be continued in part 2)