

## Chapter 16

Jared was caught somewhere between sleep and hazy twilight consciousness. That liminal space where daydream and actual dreaming dance together, swirl, become one and then separate out again. He was exhausted physically, but also as the adrenaline of an exciting lovemaking session began to drain out, leaving only the buzzy oxytocin flickering in his brain that felt like pleasant white noise all down his body.

He shifted, his trichobothrian fur sliding around, against, under, over, and through a sea of other trichobothria from his lovers. He was in a sea of fur, thick and deep and most of all: alive. Jared's post-coital mind swam in tangents and half-formed thoughts as he slipped through consciousness: how does one describe something new happening to them when they lack the vocabulary to even contemplate on the matter to its fullest? How to express, not only to others, but even to his own Self what it meant to be able to hear and smell through your own fur!

Sensitivity was a good place to start. Every stand was in a way like its own whole being. Not able to directly move or think on its own, but seeming to always, somehow, be reaching out and seeking something else to stimulate it. The image of stringy, undulating sea anemones came to mind: fleshy and dancing in the current of water, filtering out infinitesimally small bits of food. Not exactly able to move on their own, but leaning into their ability to dance with the water. Maybe it was kind of like that? His trichobothrian couldn't move on its own like a muscle, but it danced and flowed with the air, as if always seeking out any bit of sound of touch or smell.

Whiskers, his sex-addled mind went to next. Jared, of course, had never been a cat but he knew how they worked in the hypothetical. The skin underneath the turgid hair, a follicle so delicate and sensitive that it immediately could tell its host the size of an impending obstacle nearly instantaneously. In a way, his fur was kind of like that: every little movement his fur made against anything: other fur, the floor, the air in the room rang like a bell against Jared's mind. He was both aware of it and not at the same time: similar how one doesn't notice consciously every sound in a room unless they stop to listen.

But then, there was an even more alienness to his fur than just the physical sensations. His trichobothria were constantly "listening" to the world around him. They seemed to pick up on vibrations like a long, thin tuning fork. From his studies in biology, Jared knew the basics of how the human ear worked: that sound was nothing more than waves vibrating off your ear drum, converting those signals to your brain to "hear". This was similar, he reckoned to himself: vibrations in the air agitated the most sensitive natures of the trichobothria, thus being able to "hear" the world around him despite not having ears.

The same mechanics were happening, more or less, but with this hair instead of his ears. Which, incidentally, he had lost when he became a spider. Yet he was amazed how he could still "hear" the same way without ears. But, it wasn't exactly the same, either. Once again, Jared wrestled with his sleep-mind to put into tangible words - even thoughts - that could help him parcel out just everything that was happening to him.

It wasn't as though everything sounded the exact same: the neural input was just completely different. But he still could "hear" all the same things he ever could: people's voices, footsteps, the wind rustling the leaves in the trees, or the deep rhythmic breathing of his lovers piled around him. He imagined it was similar to a scratch-and-sniff sticker of sorts, but with sound. Like one can almost taste a lemon if smelling a lemon-scented sticker, Jared could interpret

without conscious thinking what the sounds his hairs were hearing despite it not sounding anything like he was used to as a human.

Smell was another wispy, hard-to-grasp concept. Even the human nose is limited, and human's vocabulary to describe scents is extremely lacking. Even biologically speaking, Jared couldn't even quite remember how one's nose somehow takes floating particles in the air and translates it to his brain. While for humans, taste and smell seemed to be explicitly linked, in his spider form Jared was finding smell and sound had more of a synergy. Perhaps because his trichobothrian fur could both "hear" and "smell" they mingled and mixed up in his mind.

Smell from his hairs put a vivid picture in his mind. An immediate map of a room: not by sight but by smelling the dew collecting on plants, the amount of dust settled on the surfaces, the age and condition of the wood or stone objects in the room, and of course who, what species, and generally what gender any people standing in the room were before he even opened his multiple eyes.

The way peoples' feet hit the floor, not just the sound but the scene of the tiny particles in the air. The rustle of fabric, the ring of a bell, the wind blowing through the trees of the forest had a scent now, as much as a sound. Maybe for spiders it was all the same sense, because Jared had a hard time, if he actively thought about it, how to even parse the two apart.

But, unlike whiskers, or noses, or ears, the fur itself was also sensitive, able to receive and respond to even the slightest of touches. When Jared was aroused, the sensation only intensified. Touch was no longer as simple as it used to be: one can usually detect exactly where they are being touched and if that touch is painful, or soft, or sturdy, or trembling. His skin could do all that, too, just as always, but now there was more. Every moment was similar to jumping into a pool of water: the sensations were everywhere and all encompassing.

Yet, each individual strand of fur was its own organ all to itself. Perhaps it was a bit crude, but honestly the best way Jared could think to articulate exactly how his individual furs felt was like a phallus. Thousands of little phalluses all over his body: just as sensitive and just as craving stimulation. He didn't exactly /feel/ every single one individually most of the time, but if he closed his eyes and concentrated he could hone into any one particular trichobothria.

Idly, in his sleep-and-dream addled mind, Jared wondered if he could, if he wanted to, focus on hair and stroke himself to orgasm? He imagined the thought-experiment in his mind; he'd have to be somewhere where he could concentrate, so that too much stimulation from other elements didn't constantly distract him.

Idly in his sleep, Jared shifted in the pool of warm fuzzy bodies around him. He rolled over so that his spider belly was laying upwards. He imagined closing his eyes: they weren't doing much pressed into the mattress and fur under him anyway. He didn't have eyelids, so instead of closing they more 'turn off' of his brain, tuning out their input. He sighed and stretched out his legs, rolling them out and in a few times as he wiggled and made himself comfortable.

It occurred to Jared he hadn't masturbated in some time; ever since his life had been so up-ended he always seemed to have plenty of company around to fulfill his sexual desires. He had, in the space of a relatively alarming short time, gone from shy awkward human male to a beautiful, mysterious spideress with multiple partners as enthusiastically as interested in fulfilling his sexual horizons as he was.

Not that he was complaining at all, of course. Just, well, as he settled back in his hazy barely-awake state of consciousness, he was remembering the kind of satisfactory solitude that came

with having no one to please but oneself. After all, usually by the time Jared was in the midst of making love to any of his partners, there was a tizzy of ever-ratcheting passion and urgency.

This, between the sleep and the hormones released from his previous sex session, gave the illusion of time sinking to a sloths' pace, almost drugged, but not in an unpleasant way. He relaxed all his muscles, focusing on clearing his mind of everything but the sensations from his trichobothria. He let the little ripples of sensation wash over him as he concentrated; the fact that even in the still room, the ambient breeze of the surroundings caused his softest of fur to gently sway. He took the equivalent of a deep breath, reaching out for every sensation and smell in the room around him.

Not all his fur was 'equal' in the sense of how much input they could receive. His strongest trichobothria were the long furs: the ones on his back and down his spider legs especially. They were slightly stiffer - still soft and malleable, but the more surface area allowed for more input. The smaller hairs, little soft downy ones neat his skin, over the chitinous like belly: they were less sensitive as a whole, but every little movement of their feather-like tendrils would stimulate the nerves at the base, like a full under layer of whisker-like cotton.

He shuddered as stimulus all flowed over him: he could smell the sex in the air; not just mushroom-like musk of sex he was used to as a human but he could smell the actual sex: between context and subtle little differences in the air; the way the smell of Angela's cock slid into his pussy was tangible; the smell different than the particles of Q and Z's fur and where it mixed with Heather's smooth dark skin. He could sense saliva, sexual fluids, fur, skin, sweat, and come all in a way that painted a dreamlike mural across Jared's consciousness.

Incidentally, his pussy began to grow slick with desire at the smell/sight memory. Its smell permeated into picture, similar yet different. Fresher. New.

Still focusing on the sense-memory of the marathon escapades earlier that evening, he let his first pair of legs slide over the length of his body, focusing on every sensation as the spider-paws caught and combed through the super-sensitive fur. He exhaled with a sigh of relief and pleasure and continued to stroke with his front legs as his second pair joined the fray.

Orgasms, his mind drifted off to. Suddenly stuck with the realization that he, along with his mate, might just be the only creatures, (intelligent humanoid creatures at least) to have experienced both male and female orgasms! How strange, as his mind began a sort of compare-and-contrast list in his mind.

As a young man, though he was virgin until he met Angela, Jared was still intensely familiar with the male orgasm. After all, like most boys, he'd been readily practicing since he hit puberty. It was so straight forward: get in the mood, get hard, stimulate the penis, and there's the orgasm! It didn't take younger Jared much to get aroused, either. It was sometimes a conscious decision (such as laying in bed and night and thinking hard about that scandalously tight shirt Mrs. Walker has been wearing that day in chemistry class) and sometimes it seemed to happen in the most inconvenient of times (such as when he was working out a frustratingly hard algebra equation on the white board with Mr. Gaynor right being him).

As he grew up a bit, thankfully the awkward, out of place erections became less frequent as post adolescence settled in. He also began to get better as he practiced more.

Though Jared was quick to admit that the male masturbatory experience was far simpler than the female one, he did think that it was over simplified in pop culture. There was certainly a skill to it; while the simple jerk and twist was fine and dandy, it was hardly the only move. Jared had always been a curious one, and through the years learned how different speeds, textures, and

tightness of grip could change the experience. Speed it up, slow it down, etc. He also wasn't so insecure in his masculinity that he was above touching himself other ways. He would frequently play with his nipples, or even tease the hole of his ass for an exceptionally intense session.

Yet, regardless of procedure, assuming he wasn't interrupted by a physical distraction or the occasional intrusive thought, he always got to where he was going. Coming was a near certainty most of the time, and despite the journey to the precipice of pleasure, the orgasm always felt more or less the same. Different intensities at time, but always that same /rush/.

And coming was always a rush. It always felt good: the physical sensation was like the long-desired reward of long-suffering labor. A sudden warmth over the body and release of a mounting pressure that was unlike just about any other sensation on earth. Like a first glass of water after an intense workout, or a homemade meal after hours of withholding the orgasm always felt like it was feeding some burning need he may have not even consciously known he had.

The shot of endorphins hits the brain: like a hit from a drug that was safe, legal, and possibly even healthy for you. It always made you feel better no matter what. Masturbation was a great tool for a pick me up: sad wanks, angry jerking off, bored diddling, and slow, sleep inducing tug and pulls at bedtime all served a great purpose for a pick me up in Jared's opinion.

Contrast that to the female orgasm: now, Jared had far less overall practice with this one, even despite the hyper sexuality of his recent adventures, especially alone and without the help of excessive amounts of pheromones, but even what he hadn't experienced himself he could extrapolate from what he did feel. Male orgasm build up is all pressure and rush and desperation. The female orgasm, from Jared's experience, was more cerebral than physical. That wasn't to say there wasn't a physical aspect: on the contrary physicality of the female orgasm was just as pleasant as the male.

A male orgasm was intense and hot and localized. A mighty itch needing to be scratched. But as a female, Jared found that the build up to orgasm was wholly different. It was less localized: while the clitoris and slick flesh of the walls of his pussy were indeed sensitive to the touch, a female orgasm affected the whole body. The whole body heated up, causing waves of heat and pheromones and body scents to waft off women in waves. Instead of a desperate race to the finish, it was a steady build. Perhaps similar to a runner's high: slow to get there but eventually the damn breaks and all the physicality of it nearly transcends the body: female orgasms were more than just a localized sensation of pleasure but a whole body-and-mind convergence. The pussy spasms, squeezing. The thighs shake, the toes curl. But even more, it suddenly felt as though you've been holding your breath: it all comes rushing out like a building damn releasing and washing over the rest of the body.

It seemed to Jared that the mind followed the genitals with men. Women it seemed the other way around. Somewhere in the back of his memory he made a mental note to pontificate on this more, but it was getting hard to concentrate of the philosophy of orgasm while simultaneously trying to have one.

He took a breath to re-focus his thoughts. His spider-paws trailed lower, letting his smooth chitinous claws slide over where his slick opening at the juncture of his cephalothorax and abdomen. There was less localized intensity, but everything is wet, swollen, aching, and sensitive. The hard smoothness of claws surrounded by the fluffy, feather-like fur around them created a juxtaposition over his clitoris and swollen lips. His trichobothrian fur began to vibrate at the pleasure of it, nearly making him hum with pleasure as he continued to tease and play with the silky, wet skin.

In the Spider anatomy, the nerves that would normally be considered a clitoris weren't as localized as with a human female. There was a concentration of nerves around the ring of the horizontal slit, and a little bulb right on the inside of the pussy. Distantly he wondered if that was normal for all spiders - you never hear about normal animals having clitorises. But then again, who would really be studying that? Moreover, how would one study that?

Jared's spider-fingers teased and tickled at the flesh, his mind already fading into the foggy bliss. As he rubbed on the clitoris harder, the little bundle of nerves began to swell. Growing hard, almost like a nipple, it ballooned like a sensitive grape, peaking out of the inside of the pussy, a little hood forming at the center apex.

His spider-fingers slipped further into his pussy, the slick walls seeming to curtain open for him as touched himself. His other front leg was sliding over his white silky fur, cooing and chittering softly to himself as he continued to play with his spider-pussy.

He rose off the ground slightly, arching his back as he hit a particularly sensitive spot in his body. His fingers curved back, carefully folding over as to not be sharp, but pressed into the shuddering wall of flesh on the front of his channel, between his opening and the hooded swollen clitoris. Jared had heard of a "G-Spot" before and he began to wonder if he had found it.

He pressed harder, his other front leg abandoning the fur-stroking momentarily so he could play with his clit at the same time he slid his spider-paws in and out of the dripping opening. He arched again, and unbeknownst to Jared, his body stretched a little longer with it.

His mandibles chattered in his bliss, his many eyes fluttering around - he couldn't really blink in the physical sense but when he wasn't focusing on 'sight' they faded out in mind and the visual input subsided and he focused his attention more inward: more on the sensations.

He ratcheted himself closer to orgasm with each thrust of his spider-paws. He was at least down to the first knuckle of the leg when the sensation seemed to kick up in his intensity. Had Jared not been in the throes of self-pleasure, he may very well have noticed that his body was starting to change as he touched himself.

Distracted by the thick, tight feel of his spider-leg deep in his aching pussy, his cephalothorax began to stretch and elongate. His twisted and writhed against the pleasure of fucking himself, but each little movement just made the changes increase in speed. His trichobothria grew even more sensitive, even the little changes in pressure and temperate in the room around him was started to just meld into a constant stream of pleasure, desire, pressure, and throbbing.

His chelicerae snapped and twittered, as his pedipalps elongated as well. Down at the base of his abdomen, his spinnerets (which also seemed to swell and grow sensitive now) played with his anal opening, a few silk strings streaking out as he came closer to his orgasm.

As his body continued to elongate, distantly he felt the pressure in his neck build and began to dissipate as his shoulders began to reform, adjust, leaving his spider legs behind as his pedipalps sunk below his chittering chelicerae. The spider-like joints in the pedipalps shell softened, the hard outer chiton shell smoothing and softening into flesh beneath the cascade of white fur.

Under his neck and shoulders, fleshy hills began to rise under the fur. As the last joint in his pedipalps began to split apart into human fingers, they seemed both drawn to the widening mounds on his chest, squeezing them. A rush of increased pleasure swept over Jared and he

opened his mouth and a long, human-like moan escaped through his lips that were begging to form under the large furry fangs of his chelicerae. As the breasts finished forming, swollen pink nipples rose out from under the fur, standing up in all, aching points. Jared pedipalps were no longer spider-limbed at all, but nearly completely human hands, sans the fur that still covered them.

He gasped in delight as his hands began to pull and worry at the nipples. He was still easily able to fuck himself with his spider-legs, his pussy still nestled for now between the abdomen and the thorax juncture of his spider-like body. But now he had grown a real head: shoulders and a neck rolled as he moaned. The furred chelicerae shrunk, eventually dissipating into the fur of his face. The skull formed a more human shape, and with it most of Jared spider-like eyes sunk deep into the fur and disappeared under the skin.

Holes opened on the side of his face, and soon the thin fleshy flaps that swirled around it in a conch shape formed human-like ears. Through he didn't realize it, sound was sounding more "normal" against his brain now. Had he been focusing his attention, he could hear the moans slipping out of his human-like mouth, and the soft squelch of him touching himself. He could have heard the soft breathing and snores of the others in the room, and the soft sound of so much silky fur lovingly caressing and smoothing over each other like a sea of little strands.

Fleshy eyelids formed over his two front-most eyes, through they remained squeezed shut in ecstasy as they gained back their pupils and irises under their lids. His nose came back, and the skull's bones gave Jared back his human structure: cheekbones, bridge of his nose, brow line. Through he was still covered his fur, the soft white fur that covered his face was still different than the longer fur over his head and neck, which was long and silky like human hair: still white but an almost platinum blonde tinge.

His breasts were large and heavy on his chest as he continued to fondle them with his human hands. He had a human-like torso under the fur now, completely with a belly button and the suggestion of hips as they flowed into his large spider bottom-half.

Grunting and writhing with the sensation, he barely noticed as the slick opening shifted. As his body elongated, the slick opening stretched, moving up towards his hips as his spider legs stretched and writhed and his back arched and twisted with the pleasure-pain of it all. His pussy was now at the juncture where his human half met the spider part, the cephalothorax now two entities: the human-esque torso, the spider thorax with his spider legs, and the big, furry abdomen that remained generally unchanged.

The shape of the pussy changed as well, though it was hard to tell with it being stuffed full of spider-legs. Becoming more vertical, more human like where it nestled between where his human anatomy bled into Spider.

Not even realizing it, in the throes of his intense masturbation session, Jared had completely transformed back into a female, white-furred, Drider. He moaned and arched his back again, this time leaning his human shoulders on the ground (well, it wasn't really the ground, it was the lumpy soft pile of sleeping, sex-drunk Spiderkin) and arching up high, pulling at his nipples and lifting his spider half up so he could plunge his front spider legs further down into his pussy, desperately thrusting it in and out of his opening as the orgasm he so craved drew closer and closer.

His spinnerets down at the bottom of his abdomen hadn't changed much, but it continued to finger himself at the anal opening, causing silk fluid to leak out in thick, sticky, stringy flows. It got caught in Jared's fur and stretched into silken strands as he writhed with the pleasure.

All his senses, human and Spider kind, were now firing on all cylinders as the pressure in Jared's gut built to nearly uncomfortable levels. The clear juices from his pussy dampened all the fur around the opening, making the pink swell of the lips show even better through the white fur. The wet fur clung to every fold and curve.; the lips seemed to shimmer in the dim light under the work of Jared's spider-legs.

Grunting in un-satisfaction, his other Spider-paw abandoned its work on Jared clit and joined its partners in fucking Jared instead. Two of his spider -legs, now knuckle-deep into him, pumping fast and desperately. One of his human hands left the nipple he was torturing and slid down, reaching blindly down to where his human stomach melded into his spider-like lower body. His fingers found his slit triumphantly and he nearly had to choke back a sob of relief.

Finally, laid out long on his back, one hand playing with a nipple, the other hand circling, pinching, and rubbing down on his clit, both front pairs of legs first-knuckle deep stuffed into his pussy, and his own spinnerets teasing his anus and causing silky leaking, all cumulated into an orchestra of sensation that seemed to short-circuit out Jared mind and flood over him like an avalanche.

He cried out as he came, his whole body shuddering. His pussy clenched and pulsated again his Spider-paws. Clear, slick fluid flushed over Spider-legs, and spider-silk squirted out in thick, white arches around the room as his twisted and waited with the orgasm. Somewhere, he had enough sense to bring the hand that had previously been fiddling with his clitoris to come up to his human-like face. He clenched his first and bit down hard on it with his teeth, stifling any more screams as his body wrung out every last drop of pleasure from the massive orgasm.

The constant buzz of pleasure echoed in his skull but it quieted from a deafening scream to a hushed, soothing whisper. His fur, all having been standing on end, began to relax at the root, falling softly back against him. He sighed in satisfaction as his front pair of spider legs slid out his abused, sensitive pussy. He swallowed a soft yelp as the pressure abated as his paws slipped out his body. His opening still gaped open slightly as it adjusted to the sudden departure, Silk draped over surprising distant nooks and crannies around the room.

He only then seemed to finally notice exactly what all had happened. With a moan he carefully rolled over, not wanting to wake any of this companions. Running his hands through his long platinum hair, he made his way to his feet.

Blushing to himself as he nearly slipped on his way over (his front pair of Spider legs were, after all, covered in a slick lubrication), he made it to full length mirror on the far side of the room.

He wasn't a Spider anymore at all! Back to being a Drider, perhaps, though he was still notably female (he couldn't help himself from self-indulgently fondling his shapely breasts) and covered in white fur. Though where the fur on his human skin began to retreat at the pheromones dispersed out of his body after the self-session. It left him furred over his spider parts, with blond white-blond hair and sparkling human eyes. He looked more like Angela than ever before.