

## Chapter 13

The otherworldly forests that surrounded Jorge's house were dense, dark, and beautiful. Even in the middle of the day, the branches were thick and interwoven, giving the woods a sense of privacy and mystery, a whole ballet of light dancing about the forest floor among the shadows.

Spiderwebs draped in the trees like wisteria flowers, swaying gently in the wind and causing tiny droplets of water that hung in their silk to catch the light and sparkle like glitter. There weren't many flowering plants in the shady woods, but colorful moss and lichen clung to the rocks and tree trunks so thick it nearly resembled carpet; and dense ferns in shades of blue, greens, and deep purples added cool dreamlike colors to the dense foliage.

Angela and Queen Theodosia often enjoyed these walks together since Angela was a child. Generally, some of Angela's fondest memories came from the times she spent with her mother in the forests of Teran. Not every conversation was a pleasant, however, and though she knew her and her mother had a lot to catch up on, she wasn't a hundred percent sure this was going to go well.

"Well, mother?" Angela finally asked, breaking the awkward silence as they walked along. Their multiple legs moved along the ground nearly silent: the padded paws of their legs easily muffling their noises, giving their gait a more float-like affair. "What's on your mind. I can tell you have a lot to say."

"I'm not even going to pretend that I understand everything that is happening with you," the queen said, not bothering to respond to her daughter's tone.

Angela opened her mouth to respond, but the queen held up a quick finger, stopping her and continuing, "*but* since you seem rather attached to this human, I've been thinking."

The daughter held her tongue on a response to that one.

“I’ll let your uncle continue with his research,” she started. Angela noted that it was always a sign that her mother was taking great lengths to be patient with Jorge when she referred to him as ‘your uncle’ instead of ‘my brother’. “And since you’re in no position to take on the role of Queen in this state,” the older woman eyed her daughter and lack of current feminine features, “you should continue your studies.” Theodosia gave herself a decisive nod, as if the idea had been her own all along.

Angela’s mood instantly lifted. She knew how much her mother hated that so much of her time and energy was being spent on an education that Theodosia considered useless. Under normal circumstances, Angela, degree or not, would be expected to take over as Broodmother from her mother soon; a prospect Angela was not looking forward to. “Yes!” she agreed enthusiastically.

“Now don’t go thinking this means you’re entirely off the hook for your royal duties *forever*,” the queen cautioned, pausing from the walk to turn and look her daughter in the eyes. “Your uncle may be able to turn you back.”

“You assume I’d want to,” Angela quipped back, folding her arms in a huff. In actuality, Angela hadn’t even considered the fact that she may be stuck like this - in a male form - forever. She didn’t even know if she would want that. She never had any particular desire to be *male* - and even now being so in this state would give her the benefit of staying in school and not becoming a baby making machine, but she didn’t find any sort of actual *attachment* to her male form.

On the other hand, she didn’t *not* like it, either.

“You know I love you, and I have always loved you,” Theodosia said, her voice dropping a bit more serious, “but its so much easier for a king than a queen. I always hoped I’d bear a son so you wouldn’t have to go through all this. I had no idea it would manifest in this way.”

Angela was taken aback by her mother’s sudden sincerity, but she squeezed her hands reassuringly. “I don’t blame this on you, if that’s what you’re getting at,” she assured her mother. “But you did get your male heir after all, so you might as well take advantage of it?”

“I figured you’d be relieved,” the queen admitted as they separated, starting to meander their way back to Jorge’s treehouse. “You were never shy about not wanting to be Queen.”

Angela shrugged, “I don’t see why one of my sisters couldn’t do it,” she admitted. “I know, I know,” she preemptively stopped her mother from interrupting her, “Tradition.” She made a hopeless gesture, “I guess I just don’t see the big deal. It would have been the same result anyway, they have the same genes as I do,” she argued.

“We’re not debating this again, right now,” Theodosia sighed, exasperated. “You know just as well as I do its not that easy. Your sisters do not have your white fur, and you know that’s a requirement.” The queen tucked a stray piece of her hair behind her pointed ears, “Besides. It’s a moot point.”

That was as true a point as any. “I suppose you’re right,” Angela conceded.

“Always am,” the queen teased with a smirk.

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Meanwhile, back at Jorge’s house, Jared was doing his best to continue to pay attention to the mad scientist as he rambled on and on about stranger and stranger theories involving soulstrings and DNA and ancient rifts and rivalries. It wasn’t that Jared didn’t care: quite the contrary the young man had been eager to learn more about his lover’s species. Eventually, especially considering how much time they had been spending around each other, he figured he’d have the opportunity to learn all about the politics and tradition of the Spiderkin, but at the moment he was finding it all a bit much.

Everything was changing, and he felt suddenly adrift without Angela right there to assure him everything was all right. Q and Z were fine and all, he knew them *intimately* as well, but it wasn’t the same. He had fallen in love with Angela, and her presence was calming and assuring. Jorge was a hurricane: a manic cloud of energy that was equal parts exciting and exhausting.

“I’ll let you on on a little secret!”

Jared was pulled from his thought as Jorge leaned in, his face close to Jared’s fuzzy one. “Oh?” Jared asked helplessly.

“The Queen always desperately wanted a male child.”

Jared blinked. “She did?”

“Aye.” Jorge pulled a pair of spectacles off his face, taking a break from mixing some components on his lab table. “She’d likely skin me alive if she knew I’m telling you this, but...”

Jared swallowed, unsure if he even wanted to hear it.

Jorge didn’t even bother to look at Jared’s reaction, “she hated the whole ‘brood mother’ thing. She’s a leader, not a breeder.”

“Oh.”

“But that’s not going to be an issue now, if we can get a handle on this,” Jorge added cheerfully.

“Oh?”

“Well, if we can keep Angela male, she can become King, instead of Queen. So, Angela wouldn’t have to be a brood mother.”

Jared would have paled had he still had his human skin. “Wait...”. His multiple eyes blinked wearily a few times and then he felt suddenly acutely aware of his white fur and spider form. “Does that mean...?”

Jorge seemed to have completely overlooked what he may have been implying by telling Jared that tidbit of information. “Oh dear, let’s not put the cart before the horse,” he stammered out, eager to change the subject.

Oh no. Jared's brain had already latched onto this sudden realization and wasn't about to let it slide so easily. "No no no, I mean...would that even be, you know," Jared used his front legs to motion over his abdomen, "possible?"

"Oh you mean can you get pregnant?"

Jared made an exasperated noise. "Well, *yeah*."

Jorge shrugged, his attention already back to his various formulas he was scribbling in his notebook. "Do you think this is purely a surface level transformation?"

Jared shook his head, his mind flooded with up close and personal interactions with his new body. "It's not an illusion or anything if that's what you're asking."

"Exactly. So while I would have to do some further examination or testing to be sure, I would hypothesize that you could."

Jared rested his cephalothorax down on a chair, feeling a bit weak at the knees. "Oh."

"I wouldn't worry too much about it," Jared said artificially cheerily, "it doesn't just happen on accident like it does with humans. It's a deliberate thing."

*Good.*

"But on second thought, we are working in a lot of unknown territory here," Jorge said with a ponder.

"Mmm..." Jared's mind was awash in all kinds of hypothetical situations now. If he was to stay with Angela would he have to be a *queen*?! And have children. And not just one or two but the term *broodmother* certainly had Jared at his wits ends. Then something else occurred to him:

"How... does it even work?"

Jorge was mid-sentence on something else by now, but he stopped and turned around. “You mean procreation?”

Jared nodded, which came off as more of a worried bounce in his current form that lacked a neck.

“Oh my,” he said after a moment of pondering. “That’s not a conversation I would ever imagine myself having. The old ‘birds and the bees’ talk.”

“I mean, I know how it *physically* works!” Jared was quick to defend. “I mean, at least with humans. And Arachne I suppose. But you said it was deliberate, not accidental?”

The thing was, Jorge thought to himself, he probably didn’t. At least the way Arachne and Spiderkin did. But there was no need to get into all that messiness right now. “Then you probably shouldn’t be worrying too much about it, right now,” Jorge assured him. He came over and gave Jared a pat on his cephalothorax near where a shoulder would be on a human. “I can tell you’re freaking out enough right now already.”

Jared’s spider eyes looked up at the man. “You can? *how?!“*

Jorge shrugged, “Well you’d be psychotic not to,” he said with a chuckle. “But little things. Changes in body temperature, the way your legs keep quivering and absentmindedly grooming yourself. It’s all posturing that we’ve been around our whole lives. You’ll pick it up eventually, too, I’m sure.”

*We could help take your mind off it for a while.*

Jared turned to his left to see Z and Q approaching.

“Now?”

Jorge, upon realizing Jared was speaking to the Spiders, went back to his busywork and mumbling half-formed ideas and theories to himself.

*It will help.* the male spider assured him.

*It's chemistry,* his mate added in. *Come upstairs and we'll help you get through this.*

Jared stilled missed Angela, but seeing the two familiar Spiders looking at him so openly and concerned was already calming his nerves quite significantly. Their fur seemed to shine in hues of honey and amber in the sunlight filtering in, and Jared was suddenly longing to be between them, in their exquisite, impossibly soft fur.

“Okay,” he conceded after a breath. Pleased, the two Spiders began their assent to the second floor of the twisted treehouse. Jared followed suit, already feeling the tingle of anticipation racing through his body.

He was surprised by how quickly his mood was changing as soon as he was alone with Z and Q, with some actual quiet time and moody lighting. He suspected pheromones was playing a big role, but all the Spiderkin were open about their more positive and laissez-faire attitude towards sex than humans. It made sense, Jared justified to himself; after all it releases endorphins and reduces stress. Wasn't there even some kind of a chimpanzee relative that resolved conflict with sex?

His mindless wondering about apes and mating was, thankfully, interrupted quite pleasurably when Q and Z both snuggled close to him, trapping him on both sides in a pillow of velvety softness. A happy sound escaped from his spider mouth in satisfaction of being covered in their fluff. Both of them were running multiple of their legs through his own silky white fur, sending full body chills from his eyes to the tips of his spider-paw toes.

The darker male pulled away and climbed straight up the closest wall of the room, deftly able to then pull himself onto the ceiling. His spinnerets were weaving in a hypnotic undulating way as he made quick work of a makeshift silk rope. Jared knew he was staring; he couldn't take his eyes off the way they swelled up, bounced, and produced such a delicate fiber right there before his very eyes.

While Jared watched, his multiple eyes transfixed on the effortless but astounding webwork, the biscuit colored female crawled on top of Jared, using her fangs and pedipalps to nibble and stroke down Jared's fur. She was mounted on top of him, using her legs to steady herself. From the back of his eyes where they perched on top of his head, she achingly slowly nibbled and raked through Jared's fur, standing it on end. Q's manipulation of the trichobothria hairs pumped arousal into Jared like heartbeat. He realized he would usually moan and close his eyes at the sensation but being here like this, without eyelids or proper lips, he was able to continue to stare up at Z as he made an elaborate web at the same time Q was playing him like a harp.

Right as Q got all the way down Jared's abdomen, the darker male spider dropped down in front of him. A spider's face lacked the same range of expression as a human muscular system allowed, but even so Jared could sense an air of mischief behind his golden eyes as he used his web-like ropes to tie his two front pairs of legs together.

It wasn't just a simple knot; there was no malice in his movement, and the silk was smooth and soft and allowed for a graceful medium to tie an elaborate knots into. It occurred to him he has seen some softcore Japanese pornography this reminded him of: shibari. Big elaborate decorative knots used to tie women up seductively. Obviously, this wasn't the exact same, but Jared's pulse began to quicken as he realized the similarities: Z was delicately and efficiently lacing up his two front pairs of legs. With a reassuring stroke of Z's pedipalps on his cheeks, he shimmied up the anchor chord to the ceiling.

Before Jared could even think to wonder where he may be going with this, Z hoisted Jared up by his webwork and has him suspended vertically with surprising strength and stability. Now, Jared had his abdomen and back pairs of legs dangling near the floor with Q, and Z now facing him, through inverted; the spider still 'standing' on the ceiling.

Q seemed to instinctively know exactly what to do at this point; she attacked Jared's sensitive spinnerets with her mouth, leaving Jared reeling. Any coherent thoughts in Jared's brain quickly scattered as he felt her whole fuzzy mouth overtake his spinnerets. They were already pulsing from



arousal, but being so suddenly covered with Q's warm wet mouth, her fangs and chelicerae immediately tickling, prickling, and stimulating him, a surprised scream of ecstasy escaped his mouth as his knees gave in.

He would have surely collapsed on the ground, but as intended the expert webbing covering his front legs made being suspended comfortable. His loud moan was quickly quieted by Z, who pulled him into a deep spider-to-spider kiss. His own chelicerae eagerly working against Z's as he swallowed Jared's moans of pleasure as Q continued to work.

Back on the ground, Q steadied Jared's dangling form still with her pedipalps as she continued to suck and stimulate his spinnerets. With expert precision, she got them swollen and red, using her thin tongue and softest parts of her mandibles to massage and suckle them.

They were a whole new erogenous zone to explore. Blood was rushing into them, making them swell larger than their normal size already. The pulsing, sensitive skin was being constantly laved by Q's thin and quick tongue. Something was twisting inside his abdomen, a feeling of butterflies and the leaping gut sensation you feel as you approach the crest of a roller coaster. Then, just as Jared thought he may just pass out from the overstimulation, Q squeezed the base of them with surgical accuracy using her pedipalps.

She knew exactly how to do it. Her pedipalps pressed at the base with just the right pressure. Without warning, and definitely without any directed thought of his own, his spinneret's convulsed and stiffened and then released a long, shiny, soft silken strand of sticky silk. It was similar to an orgasm but wholly a sensation Jared had /never' felt anything like before. Q was happy to collect the webbing she expressed from her lover.

Jared squirmed, his moans and screams of bliss still being swallowed up by Z's kisses on his mouth and pedipalps lovingly stroking his furry face. There was something both objectifying and utterly arousing about being manipulated so expertly by Q that she could hijack his own bodily functions. Through the initial shutter of the first explosion of silk had faded, he still squirmed and mewled as Q continued to her work, pulling more and more

silk out of Jared until she, too, had enough to construct some web ropes of her own.

She then used Jared's own silk to wrap his back two pairs of legs, mirroring her mate, and made her way to the ceiling to join him. She kept a lead silk rope, so when she got in positioning, she hoisted Jared up and secured him to the ceiling by his two pairs of back legs. This left Jared's belly exposed, hanging like a hammock. The two Spiders worked in tandem to carefully lower him down just a bit, bring his body closer to the floor.

Part of Jared wished he could see what he looked like right now: suspended from the ceiling with his legs all bound. He arched his back and tested the knots: they were secure. He could move and struggle and the web ropes held tight. But, they weren't only effective at keeping him suspended; they were so expertly crafted that they didn't hurt like Jared expected them to. In fact, he felt incredibly supported, which he only imagined would come in useful for what the two spiders had in store for him.

Both spiders then hopped off the ceiling, landing right-side up with Jared suspended above them. With Jared momentarily left to squirm aroused, but unfilled, the two Spider mates kissed, tasting Jared on each other, which excited them even more. When the Spider mates broke their kiss, they looked up. Jared was so aroused the fur around his horizontal slit between his abdomen and cephalothorax was so wet it was nearly dripping. The spiders hummed in unison and both of them used their mouths to cover his quivering opening.

He cried out, making a noise that was far from human but still as desperate and needy as any sexual moan he'd heard before. Well, he couldn't exactly 'hear' without his ears, but he could tell he was making sounds by the vibrations of the trichobothria. Two pairs of chelicerae and tongues flicked and licked and pinched at his soft pussy, and Jared was absolutely helpless to do anything but twist and quiver at their mercy.

Jared's first orgasm wasn't long after; his whole body tensed and began to convulse as the two spiders continued their erotic assault on his vagina. Jared's orgasm seemed to last for hours, and neither Spider seemed

interested in relenting. His shudders eventually subsided enough that he wasn't just vibrating, and Z finally pulled back. Q, however, showed no signs of stopping. As she continued to lick and pet at Jared's helpless and exposed pussy, Z made his way and positioned himself behind his mate. He began to fuck Q in earnest with his pedipalps as Q continued to tongue and nibble at Jared. The tuning-fork like effect began again, all three spiders vibrating with a mix of pheromones and physicality that caused all their trichobothria hairs to 'sing' in rhythm, enhancing every single moan, thrust, lick, and squelch to a near tantric state of bliss.

When Q finally came, grinding her abdomen back against her mate as he was deep inside her, her sudden spike in heady pheromones quickly sent Jared over for a second time, coming hard he twisted and ground his pussy into Q's soft, trembling face.

As both Q and Jared were recovering from their orgasms, Z dutifully went back up to the ceiling, lowering Jared down with a grace and tenderness that was overwhelming. On the floor, the two Spiders undid his binding, allowing his legs to come free and lay boneless on the ground as he breathed in large, satisfied breaths. His muscles where his legs met his cephalothorax were slightly stiff and pulsed as the blood flow rushed back into them; but the ties were so expertly bound they were not sore or bruised at all.

Jared must have fallen asleep right on the floor, because the next moment he was waking up to Angela stroking his face delicately. "Have a nice nap?" She asked with a husky drawl. Her voice was deepening in her male form, but it still sounded sexy as hell to Jared.

"Hmmm," he answered indelicately. "You're back! I uh..." he looked down at himself, relieved to see that Q and Z seemed to have the courtesy to clean up a bit before letting him to rest. "Sorry, I guess I passed out." He looked around, "Where are the Spiders?"

"Downstairs, helping Jorge and my mother set up an experiment.," she answered, pulling Jared up and into a big hug. Both her human arms and her first pair of spider legs encircled him like a burrito and she buried her

furry human face into Jared's furry own. "I know this is all so much for you" she admitted, putting a squeeze into the hug.

Jared returned the hug, finally steady enough on his feet to stand and look up at his mate. Angelina 'sat' down to make them more the same height, resting the bottom of her spider half on the floor. "It is," Jared admitted.

Angelina winced, 'I'm sorry,' she warned, "I know it's a lot, but there are a few other things we need to discuss of a more practical matter."

Jared raised his eyebrows - at least that what he tried to do. That's what he *thought* about. Instead his eyes on his head just widened slightly and his cephalothorax gave a little bounce.

"School," Angela sighed. "Obviously, you can't go to class looking like that."

"Obviously," Jared agreed, crestfallen.

"But," Angelina continued, holding up a finger. She had a plan. "I've been looking into a few options. Online classes, for one."

Jared thought about that for a second, looking down at the tips of his pedipalps. "But what about the classes that don't have an online option? Or the labs?"

"Well that's where I come in," she said with a smug flourish, pulling her hair back and striking a pose. "I'll go. Pretending to be you."

"But..." Jared started to protest but... it wasn't a bad idea, actually. With her hair darkening and more masculine features, she could pull it off. With the right haircut and clothes to hide the spider part of her body, it could work. "Your body hair?"

Angela was still covered in white fur over her 'human torso'. "Well, we're working on that," she admitted, crossing her arms. "But it's a start, no?"

Jared nodded. Then, "What about your studies?"

“Talked to mom about this morning,” Angela confirmed. “Since I’m no longer confined to being kept in captivity as some kind of domesticated farm animal, I’m free to continue my studies as well.”

Jared chose not to mention at this point in time how her vivid imagery of broodmotherhood has him all twisted up inside.

“Assuming,” Angela continued, running her hands absent-mindedly through Jared fur, causing a nice purring sensation in his brain, “You’d help out, if needed. With my online classes if they overlap.”

“Of course,” Jared said without thinking.

Pleased, Angela gave his fluffy chelicerae an affectionate kiss. “Thank you my dear! “Anyway,” she continued with a wave of her hand. “Let’s head downstairs. Mom and Uncle Jorge have been working on a preliminary concoction, are you willing to give it a go?”

Jared didn’t see what other options he had. Plus, he would do anything he reckoned for Angela.

Downstairs, he was relieved to find Q and Z, who both looked up with interest when he arrived. *Feeling better?* Z asked, somehow able to sound smug even though he wasn’t exactly talking in any recognizable human language.

“Yes, actually,” Jared let himself admit. He gave an affectionate rub of his chocolatey brown fur with one front leg, and a pet to Q with the other. They both learned into his touch.

Jorge and Queen Theodosia were busily measuring out components, not even realizing Jared and Angela had down at first. “Oh, there you are,” the queen said after moment, being the first of the two to realize they were back. “We may have something.”

Jorge didn’t even look up from the delicate tincture he was measuring out. “Your mother was telling me about your discussions about your education.”

“What about them?” Angela asked defensively.

“Well, if this works how I anticipate...”

Jared looked to Angela. There was something unnerving about a mad scientist talking about all these ‘ifs’.

“... then we may have a solution. At least, closer to one.”

Everyone besides the queen and the scientist looked on blankly, waiting for a better explanation.

“Let’s not jinx it with too many particulars,” he insisted, putting his human thumb over the top of the vial and shaking it. The liquid inside was a honied amber color with a slight suspension of particles. Looking pleased, he handed it off to Theodosia.

The queen gave the vial and cursory inspection, then proffered it Angela. “Drink this.”

“Should I be scared,” she asked with a slight tremble in her voice. Feeling protective, Jared came immediately by her side.

“No,” Jorge insisted. “Worst that should happen, if it doesn’t work, is that nothing will happen at all.”

Angela gave a heavy sigh, but then downed the vial in one swing. She made a face and scrunched her nose. “It’s bitter,” she complained. But then a heat flooded over her body and for moment, she felt dizzy.

All eyes in the room were transfixed on Angela as she steadied herself. Then, over the course of a few minutes, the white fur that covered her face and torso thinned and began retract back into her skin. Her skin was warm to the touch, like with a fever, but even that faded as the last of the fur faded away.

“Eureka!” Jorge shouted with enthusiasm. Even the queen let herself smile with pride.

“It worked!” Angela said after a moment, immediately looking to Jared. She still was male, and she still had her spider -body, but her upper human torso was now free of the white fur. With its absence, Jared was taken aback by just how, well, *handsome* he was.

“You look....” Jared didn’t even know what to say. Would it be narcissistic of him to compliment her when she looked, well, more like him than even he remembered. “Wow, you’ll definitely be able to go to class looking like this!”

“Now don’t go throwing any parades just yet,” the queen interjected. “Its just a test, and it’s still a bit unstable. Sharp increases in mood - like fear, anger or...” she gave Jared a pointed look, “Arousal may cause the effect to nullify. So try to keep yourself even, and report back anything unusual if it happens.”

“So you mean it,” Angela pressed to her mother, walking over to her, “I can continue my studies then? Posing as Jared when he needs to be on campus? And taking my lessons online?”

“Yes, yes,” Theodosia conceded. “I’m not a completely unreasonable monster.”

Angela responded by wrapping her mother in a giant hug. She couldn’t see with her facing the other way, but Jared noticed a satisfied smile settle on the queen.