

## # Chapter 19 - ENTHRALLED

Jared tapped the pink rubber eraser against his delicate chin as the Anthropology professor rattled on about Australopithecines. He used his free hand to flip through the binder of notes Angeline had left for him, but he wasn't quite adept at deciphering Angeline's thin, spidery handwriting.

He had been attending class of late as "Angeline" herself. After all, he currently looked more like what her classmates expected of "Angeline" than she did. Neither of them had any real close friends at the university, so no one noticed the minor changes in appearance. He was happy to have his human face and hands back. While his time as a Spider was certainly interesting and alien, it felt nice to be back to a semblance of normal.

If anything in his life could be considered normal at all.

Of course, being forced to conceal oneself was growing tiresome. Even with the most feminine and flowy dresses Jared could find, it was still uncomfortable to have to sit for hours with most of his legs folded around each other, holding his own butt to himself like some kind of emotional support stuffed animal. Complicating things even further, there was the excruciating paradoxical pain/pleasure with all his Arachne fur pressed under there. Every time he raised his hand, every time he took notes, every time he shifted in his chair to relieve the pressure on a joint the twisted up Spider bottom of himself would crush and smush all the sensitive hairs together. Perhaps the only explicit downside to having a whole body of erogenous zones is when you're supposed to be paying attention to your studies.

Jared was starting to learn just how much time he spent grooming himself without even consciously thinking about it. Whether he was a Spider or an Arachne, his Spider legs would constantly smooth, adjust, rub, massage, or tuck away the thousands of little trichobothria. Not only did it just feel incredibly pleasurable when he touched his fur, but it also kept what would otherwise be a cottony, matted mess in check. Despite whatever bodily fluids, dirt, grime, et al got onto the hairs the constant background grooming kept the long stands looking shiny and perfectly coiffed.

But now they were class, Jared was starting to become aware of how much he was jonesing for a good grooming. With every passing moment, he was feeling all the trichobothria crushing themselves against each other under his dress. They were getting matted and knotted and it was slowly driving Jared mad. Worst of all, of course, was that despite the lack of orderly perfection in his fur, the constant squishing and rubbing of the furs together sent a constant feed of tingly pleasure sensations to his brain...and other parts.

He needed to distract himself, and the tapping of the eraser wasn't cutting it. He put his pencil to the paper and began to doodle. Hardly able to focus, his lazy pencil strokes turned into elaborate spiderwebs over his notebook page. When he even realized what he was drawing, his mind immediately, of course, went to his sensitive spinnerets at the end of his uncomfortably crunched up torso, and his body shuddered as he felt the tips of his fur threatening to expend out of his follicles.

Taking a deep, shuddering breath Jared shifted in his seat once again, having gotten cramped in the position he was sitting, and the whole cycle of sexual-pleasure-but-also-all-these-little-rat-nests-forming-under-my-dress-are-driving-me-mad started again.

As he did so, Jared's highlighter rolled off his notebook and careened into the personal space of the young man sitting next to him. The classmate, a freshman international exchange student named Manau, was typing notes when the bright pink instrument tapped lightly against

his laptop. The light clattering of his keystrokes stopped as he picked up the highlighter and turned to 'Angeline' with a friendly smile. His skin was fair and slightly pocked, and his strawberry blond hair was swept handsomely to one side. "You're..." Manau obviously spent a beat trying to think of the English word for 'highlighter'; before giving up. "...korostuskynä?"

Jared smiled and nodded politely, taking the marker from him. Manau gave her the slightest of winks his with green eyes, before going back to his note-taking. Despite the brief encounter, Jared felt a blush and a rush of heat spread over his cheeks. The way Manau's eyes sparkled like that to him... the smile and the way he just slightly leaned over into his space; it was subtle but completely different than the interaction would have gone if he were still the more typical man he used to be.

He wasn't hitting on 'her' or anything, but he wouldn't have been the first time had he been. Lately, Jared had been forced to take a crash course in all the little microaggressions and sexual overtures of every man 'she' ran into. Jared wouldn't have usually considered himself a 'feminist' but he thought of himself as a pretty nice guy, but now that he was actually living out the college campus as a woman, Jared began to have a whole new appreciation for the gauntlet of unwanted attention and sexually charged conversations every single place he went.

On one hand, Jared would be lying to himself if he didn't enjoy it to a degree. Leaving modesty or humility aside, Jared was beautiful. He was looking more and more like Angeline by the day, and of course, there was a reason she drew his attention to begin with. Jared's skin was pale, smooth, and flawless. His hair was silky, straight, thick, and a beautiful light shade of blonde. Angelina's tresses were so platinum it was almost blue with how frosty white it was. Jared's wasn't quite as colorless as Angeline's, but it retained a pale golden hue just slightly warmer in tone. The thick, mane-like locks framed Jared's face well, bringing attention to his high cheekbones and striking green eyes. Jared hadn't forayed into full-on makeup (yet), but he had found himself primping in the mirror more and more before he ventured off to campus. Lately, he had been adding lip-gloss to his rather perfect completion, liking how it plumped up his cupid-bow lips and gave them a playful sheen.

Jared did his best to refocus his attention on the lecture at hand despite the shifting of the trichobothria under his garments and the tiny bit of male attention began to make him uncomfortably turned on. Whether or not you could consider having thousands of individual erogenous zones a flaw or a feature depended completely on the scenario. Right now, in the middle of class, with only the breath of male attention and he was already getting turned on. Thankfully, Jared was able to control his libido enough that he wasn't sprouting fur all over his face, but he could tell he was wet.

As a man, one's arousal is easy to gauge. However, being half turned-on by /everything/ like most teenage boys can get uncomfortable quickly when you're sporting a half-chub in the middle of a math class on fractals. But as a woman with a supercharged libido, at least Jared was thankful it was more subtle. No one else in the class had to know he was buzzed from a mere suggestive glance and fleeting eye contact at least. But Jared could feel the warm flush of heat that pooled in his belly. With every twist of his lower Spider body cramped under his dress, the slick, tantalizing sensation of his lubrication sliding over his labia was ratcheting his arousal.

Jared kept rubbing his human hands over his face, making sure no fur was sprouting. Thankfully, despite the warm throbbing need under his dress, the fact he was in the middle of class and horribly cramped and uncomfortable in his human disguise the transformation wasn't progressing.

After what seemed like an eternity, the professor dismissed the class. Jared quickly gathered up his notebooks and pen, shoving them in his satchel before making his way out of the classroom. Outside the Anthropology building, Jared took a moment to find his compact mirror and flipped it open. While he was first and foremost checking for any stray Spiderhairs on his face, Jared also found himself futzing with his hair upon gazing at his reflection.

"You look perfect," a voice said to him from behind the mirror, in a thick Finnish accent.

Jared flipped the compact closed with a snap, surprised to see Manau in front of her, his disarming smile and sparkling eyes catching Jared off-guard.

"Oh, stop," Jared chuckled self-consciously, slipping the mirror back into his bag. The warm sting of a blush settled on his cheeks. Why was he flushing his easily? Was he that turned on or...

Somewhere in the back of Jared's mind, he knew this would eventually have to come up. He would be lying to himself if he denied he enjoyed the male attention he got while looking like Angeline; he was more and more having to wrestle with the reality that he kind of, well, actually /liked/ when men paid attention to her. It made him feel pretty, in a way men are never 'allowed' to let themselves want, much less actually pursue. Jared wouldn't have even considered himself queer in any way before Angeline came barreling into his life, and now, well, he supposed the proof was in the pudding.

"Say," Manau started, sheepishly rubbing his hand against the back of his head, tussling his hair that nearly looked pink the way the light was shining through it, "Do you want to get coffee sometime with me? Maybe we could study together?"

Jared had to choke back an actual giggle. His mind and heart raced as he realized Manau was actually asking him out.

Thankfully, Jared was saved by the bell. Or in this case, the chime of his cell phone email notification. Jared glanced at the message as it popped up on his screen and blinked. "Oh."

He quickly re-read the message before slipping the phone into her pocket and addressing Manau, who was waiting eagerly for an answer. "I'm sorry," Jared stuttered out, "It's an emergency. Some other time?"

Jared didn't allow himself to linger on the look of disappointment on the Finnish man's face. Instead, he immediately started his way towards the library.

"I'm stuck in my office! Can anyone please come to help me?! I don't know what to do! - Heather"

Jared typed out a quick reply, letting her know he was on his way.

Jared wasn't quite sure what to expect by the time he made it to the heavy door of Heather's office. It was located in the basement of the University library, in a labyrinthian system of decades-old offices and conference rooms that hadn't looked well utilized since the late 80s. Heather's was unmarked for privacy, but Jared and Angeline had both been shown by Heather how to find hers. He reached up and tapped on the door firmly.

At least his worry for Heather had cured his anxiety about losing control of his arousal-triggered features in the middle of campus.

Jared could hear a scuffle behind the door, then the sound of multiple locks unlatching. The door creaked open, but only partially, and Heather was opening the door from behind it as not to be seen. After an awkward pause, Jared took the hint and squeezed awkwardly through the gap in the door. His fur pressed together, compressing on itself, and when he slipped on the other side the release felt like a ghost of an orgasm, just enough to make his flesh break out in gooseflesh for a moment. Once he was clear, Jared heard the door shut closed behind him. He turned around to access the situation and even he was shocked by what he saw.

Firstly, Jared was relieved that Heather didn't appear to be in any physical distress, so the worst-case-scenario fears dissipated in a sigh of relief. Jared had never seen any of his Spider tribe quite like this: Heather was covered head-to-toe in a beautiful toasted biscuit beige. It covered over her entire face, obscuring her human nose so much it appeared as nothing more than a rounded bump in the middle of her face. Her big, golden elven eyes were in a typical humanoid position on her face, though they appeared larger without her distinguishable eyebrows. Above her elven eyes was a pair of smaller, globular spider eyes, as well as two more sets under her eyes on what would normally be the apple of the cheeks. The smaller spider-like eyes were golden and reflective just like Heather's otherworldly Elven eyes, though they lacked any differentiation in sclera, iris, and pupil.

Her hair was seamlessly integrated into the textured beige Spider fur, though it remained darker, nearly black, and framed her face and down her back like a mane. There was a sprinkling of dark, freckle-like spots over the bridge of her 'nose'.

"Wow," Jared finally got out.

Heather let go of a huge exhale she had been holding onto and rushed forward into Jared's arms. He caught her, though the weight knocked Jared off-balance and he got of his self-holding posture and steadied himself as his lower half unfolded into his typical Drider form. "Hey, are you okay?"

Heather nodded, though her grip on Jared tightened. "Thank you for coming," she said. Apparently her mouth parts under the fur were human enough she could speak well. Jared looked down over her back as she cuddled him. She was standing on two legs, upright like an anthro spider, with her three sets of arms wrapped around Jared's torso in her hug.

"Are you okay, seriously?" Jared asked, wanting to make sure she wasn't in some kind of peril beyond what he could see.

Heather pulled back slightly, regaining her balance on her two feet. "Yes, I think so, you know, besides," she made a dramatic gesture with her arms, the middle set seemed to 'lead' the auxiliary ones, which followed suit to make the gesture look even more silly than it already was. Despite everything, they both broke out into a fit of giggles. Heather felt comforted knowing Jared was here with her now, and surely the two of them could figure something out until they both managed to get back to Uncle Jorge with a report of new findings.

"I take it you're stuck like this?" Jared asked, smoothing her mane-like hair down over her head and cupping her face gently with his hand as the giggle fit subsided.

"Yes," Heather sighed out, leaning back against her desk for balance. "Can't exactly nab some clothes from the lost and found to cover this up."

Jared nodded in agreement, then ruffled through his backpack. "That's true, so we should document things now," he suggested, pulling out a notebook and a pencil. "Since we're going

to have to figure something out, might as well make sure we get everything down as it is right now.” He paused, “in case we manage to fix it somehow.”

Heather grinned, impressed with his forethought. “Good idea,” she agreed, throwing her head back seductively and jutting her hips, half draping herself over the desk. “Draw me like one of your French Girls, Jared,” she purred melodramatically.

“Ha ha,” Jared laughed sarcastically as he pulled out his pencils and opened to a blank page. “But for real, stand up straight for a minute.”

Heather did as she was told, planting herself back on her two feet, slightly widening her stance to regain balance. Her lowest set of arms planted firmly on her hips; her second set of arms crossed in front of her self-consciously. Her uppermost set of arms spread out awkwardly in a position she thought would be most helpful for Jared’s scientific evaluation.

“I’ve never asked,” Jared said as he sat down on his Drider bottom, maneuvering himself into a stable position to put the notebook over his forearm as he began to sketch out the basic anatomical reference. “Is there a reason you guys never take photos of yourselves like this?”

“It’s not safe,” Heather replied matter-of-factly. “Between spyware, accidents, data breeches I just we just don’t really see the point.” Heather gave a small shrug, “Our kind has always been slower to adapt to what humans would consider modern amenities.”

Jared looked up from his sketch, “How so?”

Heather tapped her chin with one of her free hands, “Time works differently in the fae realms,” she settled on. “Its hard to understand, but generally the faefolk of all kinds live longer than humans. Time stretches on for longer, so there’s less turn-over in generations.”

Jared shook his head, not fully understanding the logistics of it all. But, of course, if he was taken with explaining the scientific details of how time and space worked to some alien race, he wasn’t 100% confident he would be able to explain it any better.

He had so many questions! Were there multiple fae realms? What else was real? If Spiderkin and Elves are real what about trolls, or unicorns, or dragons, or wizards? He had certainly pondered these things before, but found he never ended up asking.

Why is that? Jared was perplexed by that as well. But, he concluded, unlike just hypothetical thought exercises, Jared knew that these answers would be real. Definitive. He honestly didn’t know how much more his mind could take all at once; he was still in the long process of coming to terms with the few realities he had entangled himself in so far.

“Well, it’s not exactly Leonardo DiVinci,” he admitted as he proffered the notebook to Heather. And indeed that was a gross understatement: the nearly child-like drawing of Heather’s anthro-spider form was far from anatomically correct, he had made a great effort to scientifically notate and document all the relevant features of Heather’s weird current form in case they were not able to replicate it later for Uncle Jorge.

Heather giggled, holding up the masterpiece. “Aww, we’ll hang it on the fridge,” she joked, though the softness detectable even in her inhuman eyes exposed that she was genuinely pleased with how much care and consideration Jared was giving her predicament.

“So where do we go from here?”

Heather, put the notebook aside and took a step closer towards Jared. "There's always the classic tried and true method," she suggested, her warm smile intoxicating even under the guise of the fur covering her face.

"Sounds like a plan," he admitted, already feeling the flush blooming over his face as his fur all over his body began to prick up in excitement. Jared's humanlike hands hooked behind Heather's neck and he pulled her close for a deep, lingering kiss.

Heather's tongue was more pointed and thin than a human's in this form, however, it still retained the slick texture and flexibility of her human one. Jared found it absolutely intoxicating to kiss, his own tongue smoothing over, around, and against Heather's.

Even better, as their two bodies pressed against each other, their fur began to entangle together, rubbing up against each other and every single strand seeming to come to attention: eagerly reached out to be touched, groomed, rubbed... /anything/.

Jared took them gently to the floor, as Heather hastily assisted Jared with removing his dress and discarding it away. Jared moaned as his bare skin touched the air, and he quickly began to feel the fur starting to sprout completely over what was left of his humanesque body. It washed over him in a rush, the natural pimpling of goosebumps heralding the sprouting of fur by a scant beat or two. He arched his back into it, the new rush of warmth sweeping over him and cumulating down into the apex of his legs.

Heather's hands eagerly rubbed all over Jared's body, loving the feel of the new hairs sprouting up through his hot human skin, feeling them sprout up between her fingers; the little furs navigating their way up through Heather's fingers; a new sprout eagerly reaching for the rays of the sun. Every nerve in Jared's brain ticked with excitement as Heather's deft fingers (after all, she had 30 at this particular moment) ran over his physique. They caught on the wily hairs that had been cramped under his clothes, each stroke helping the twisted, knotted hairs to come alive and smooth out. It was the tactile equivalent to drinking a cold glass of water on a scorching day of heat, and Jared broke the kiss to give a loud, appreciative, shuddering moan as Heather casually teased out his crimps.

Jared eagerly returned the favor, sensually combing his deft fingers through Heather's mane, letting his nails just barely scratch along her enflamed skin. He peppered kisses all down her face, her neck, his hands finally caressing over her breasts. Her nipples were hidden under the impossibly soft fur, but they were pert peaks under the surface, and Jared twisted them between his fingers as he continued to nuzzle and kiss along her face and neck.

Heather was breathing heavily, her moans low and needy. Her fur seemed to get more and more sensitive as she got aroused: a pleasant sensation akin to feather-like touches on your lips became a full-blown erogenous zone as if they were engorged with blood, making each trichobothria feel as if Jared were directly stimulating her clitoris. The soft patch of biscuit beige fur between her legs was darkening with wetness, nearly dripping, despite barely being touched below the waist.

Heather's three sets of arms set to returning the favor to Jared. Her top set raked through his long white hair/fur, rubbing her thumbs over Jared's soft furred face. Her middle set of arms reached hungrily towards his breasts, catching Jared's nipples between her fingers and squeezing the soft mounds with gusto. The lowest set grasped at the shapely curve where his human waist met his spider abdomen, relishing in the sensual curves. The other reached towards his front, seeking that hot, wet apex between his legs.

Their mouths crashed together as their respective fingers sunk deep into each other's pussies. They moaned into each other, hips bucking together as the fingered each other delicately, lovingly. Their frantic panic of earlier in the day smoothed into a slow, unrushed make out session, four sets of arms clutching to one another as they kissed, caressed, and flicked their way over all their bodies.

Heather caught Jared's clit between her fingers, rubbing the swollen nub. Jared was getting closer to orgasm than he wanted at this point, so he gently broke away. Heather cocked her head curiously, and Jared responded by gently maneuvering Heather a hundred and eighty degrees. Heather gasped and giggled, wiggling her furry butt over where it now however Jared's face.

Jared groaned his appreciation of the gesture. Her furry bottom was sopping wet from her pussy, and above her anus two wet, swollen spinnerets greeted him, weblike fluid beginning to pool in her cervixes. He enthusiastically buried his face into her pussy, grasping her ass and pulling her in. His hands slid back over her curves and began to play with the white-hot spinnerets; marveling at how the pulsed and quivered under his fingers.

Heather gasped and shouted out in pleasure, her whole body shuddering at the sensation. She ground her hips into his face, whimpering as his nose bumped and played against her clit as his tongue and lips launched an assault on the soft sensitive skin of her labia.

Her multiple fists clutched handfuls of Jared's fur as she rode the waves of pleasure. Refocusing her efforts, she used her lowest set of arms resume playing with Jared's breasts as she used her own face to find the wet slit at the apex between his human body and spider-waist.

Jared was longer than she was in his Drider form, so he was able to brace against the desk to allow them both a freeing amount of leverage. He lost himself in a sea of smells and sensation; her pussy tasted sweet and heady, and her swollen spinnerets seemed to swell even more as he fingered them. He could feel the webs forming between his fingers as the wet fluid seeped out over his hands.

"Oh... oh, I think I'm coming," Heather moaned out, her voice muffled as her face was firmly planted into the thick fur of Jared's crotch, though her hot breath on Jared's clit meant he actually /felt/her words more than heard them.

"Yes, good," her murmured back to her, catching her clitoris between his lips and giving a hard suckle. At the same time he let his fingers pull and pinch the puffy skin of her delicate spinnerets.

And immediately the one-two punch sent Heather flying over the edge. Her whole body stopped for a second, contracting tight before she gasped and let out a surprisingly voluminous scream as the orgasm crashed over her body like a tsunami. Every trichobothria stood on end and seemed to shudder along with her; her pussy began to clench and clutch and the immense pressure she didn't even realize was building at her spinnerets exploded.

She continued to scream and come, her spinnerets convulsing and shooting copious amounts of web fluid around the room.

The sheer sight alone for Jared, looking up at the scene, sent him over the edge as well, feeling his own orgasm washing over him as Heather's body spasmed with astonishing intensity. It was wholly different than having an orgasm as he used to; back when he was just a human virgin. Of course he had masturbated, but not only the fact he was in the body was a

woman now, the complex addition of extra limbs, fur, more sensory than he even ever had mental access before turned having an orgasm into a completely different animal of a sensation. The word orgasm itself means “little death.” If a human orgasm was little death, this was akin to having an out-of-body near death experience. The pulsing, clutching, shuddering sensation of the intense climax wasn’t relegated to his genitals: every little piece of fur was its own clitoris or penis. They physically vibrated subtly as he came, synergizing his body like a cosmic tuning fork.

The blinding-white bliss of orgasm must’ve made Jared pass out for a few seconds, because by the time his shuddering body began to slow and the warm, calming endorphins began to pump through his veins of the post-coital bliss, Heather was no longer draped on top of him.

He stood up, just to see a blissed-out Heather, still in her anthro spider form, standing up next to him, lazily, almost conclusively, building up a cocoon around herself. Though her eyes were glazed over in a post-orgasmic blank expression, her mouth slightly open in a smile, her chin fur still wet from a combination of drool and the Jared’s juices. Despite her semi-conscious state, her six arms were smoothly and methodically weaving the cocoon up around her from the webs that she had sprayed so generously.

“Heather?” Jared asked gently, slowly getting up onto his drider feet. She didn’t look in pain, but she didn’t look fully conscious either. Jared couldn’t help but think about the time he was compelled to build his own cocoon before he turned into the Spider.

Her eyes made contact with Jared’s at the sound of her name. She wasn’t completely unconscious, just in some kind of drug-like altered state.

Somehow, this was more relieving than concerning. He rubbed her face affectionally before the web reached her neck. He kissed her forehead and whispered a few words of encouragement as she pulled herself up the rope-like supports that hung from the ceiling. She swung upside-down as the cocoon finished. Jared watched in fascination, and when it was done he made himself comfortable in the other corner of the office. Might as well nap and wait to see what was next for Heather when it was time for her to emerge.