

Chapter 20

Inside the cocoon is a surreal experience. It's hazy, untouchable, and liminal. Time ceases to exist; similar to a dream. What likely takes only a few minutes in the real world stretches into a wide ocean of time and space as Heather's body began to change. While in reality she was packed tight in the cottony embrace of the cocoon, it felt more like she was suspended in space: womb-like. Dry, but warm. No sense of up or down, no vertigo or dizziness; just a hazy, comfortable, weightlessness.

In the safe warmth of the cocoon, her body seemed to ignite. Every nerve and hair follicle lit up like a Christmas tree in Heather's brain and her human eyes shot open. She gasped as an electricity-like tickle crackled over her spine and every cell in her body felt as though it was suddenly activated. Her consciousness seemed to stretch and bend; unbeknownst to her, the first change was a chemical reaction in her brain. A flood of dopamine, serotonin, and dimethyltryptamine was released and her whole body began to react.

It was everything: pleasure from the simplest movement, even in natural variations of her skin and fur rubbing over each other felt wholly erotic. She could feel her nipples growing hard in an instant, sensitive and peeking out just enough over the fur of her breasts they could be seen. Heather didn't technically have fur growing out of her nipple or areola, but the fur was thick enough over the rest of the breasts that they usually weren't visible to the naked eye. But now her nipples were so swollen they crested the carpet of beige fur. However, in her heightened state, the fur surrounding the nipples grazed over them in a way that made Heather twist and moan in her ephemeral bindings.

Heather was wet, and she could tell. Every twist of her hips caused the lips of her vulva to slide against themselves in a way that made her whimper. Her trichobothria pubic hairs seemed to soak up her natural essence, seeming to plump and pulse just as much as the pink, wanting skin underneath.

Heather took an inventory of her current state of being. She seemed to be in an anthro-spider-like form. She stood (well, if she were on the ground) on two feet, and possessed three sets of arms. She was covered in fur from the top of her head to the toes of her feet, in the typical biscuit beige color of non-royal Spiders. Her usually black-brown hair was integrated perfectly into her fur, framing her face in a slightly darker hue. She had her two human eyes; still golden and reflective in the night. Six other globular eyes spread over the rest of her face. Her nose was there, she could smell, but the fur made it appear nothing more than a smooth rounded bump in the middle of her face.

She had spinnerets, of course, that's how she managed to get so much silk to make her cottony cocoon. She ached to touch them, but though she was suspended in the weightless embrace of the silk wrappings; she somehow instinctually knew touching them would be more painful than pleasurable in her current state. After all, she was so prickly and alive that she was overstimulated enough without any actual touching of any of her erogenous zones.

Her nipples were hard and perked. Her pussy was wet and pulsing. Her spinnerets throbbed and ached. All of her skin seemed to be on fire; being both fanned and soothed by the constant breezy motions of her trichobothria fur. Of course, each strand of hair was nearly a sex organ in its own right; especially in this heightened state of being. They danced, swayed, pulsed, and seemed to reach out to each other in an internal play of longing and embrace. She was encapsulated by the fibers that would, from an outside perspective, seem to be tight and restricting. But in her altered state, Heather instead felt like she was swimming in a bed of soft, fluffy wool.

She hadn't even started to change yet, at least not physically. Her brain was releasing a concoction of pheromones, hormones, and other psychedelic chemicals that was getting her body ready for the radical transformation. Her trichobothria stood on end; reaching out for the strange silk of the cocoon. The silk seemed to reach back, and when they touched, on a microscopic level began to weave together like a gecko's foot against smooth glass.

The cocoon itself began to gently pull at the fur of Heather's body. It wasn't violent, or painful. In her mind's eye, it felt like being suspended in perfect shibari. In more scientific terms, this convergence of Heather's fur and the cocoon triggered the beginning of the physical change.

As she felt the rushing electrical charges that started in her brain and tickled through her body like lightning, she felt herself begin to stretch. At first it felt like she was taking a nice, long yawn; a few pops in all her joints. Then a funny, tingly feeling deep in her belly. Her torso began to elongate, and she shifted her shoulders as they suddenly felt tight and restricting. A loud pop as her body elongated more, and it felt as if her bottom two sets of arms broke off her shoulder blade, under the skin. It should have been painful, and it was in a way... however it felt freeing, as if she was suddenly in a tight ball and was now able to burst through and start climbing out.

The threads of the cocoon began to pull at her fur even more, and around her waist and below, the fur grew even longer: feeling less like it was growing and more like it was being pulled out of her skin by the silken threads of the chrysalis that intertwined with the ends of her trichobothria. It felt strange; almost painful but more satisfying, almost sexual in the way the new longer hairs were coaxed from the skin. There was even a slight lubrication process so the hairs growing out didn't irritate the skin; not enough to wet the fur just give it a smooth sheen and slick slide out of the follicles; the lipidous liquid brimming with pheromones.

Though when the hairs were pulled taught by the cocoon, they kept tugging at her, the sensation leaking into the trichobothria and feeling as if the fibers were attaching to her soul itself. Her rear end began to swell, plumping up from the cheeks of her ass directly under the throbbing spinnerets. She elongated more, and all the swelling became her bulbous spider-like abdomen, the hair-pulling sensation began again, though it went from her waist upwards. She twisted in her binding as her body felt restrained; a pressure building in her joints.

With a pop her back bent backwards as an nearly 90 degree angle as the growing spider abdomen pulled her back legs with it, and her two lower sets of human(ish) arms were beginning to be pulled both downwards, physically going lower to join her legs, while the hair pulled it longer spreading from her navel and over the two depending arms. She made an airless gasp as the thicker, longer fur spread over her stomach and seemed to crawl up to her two lower set up human arms. They dipped lower, slowly being dragged by the web of threads all around her; it felt so strange. Not exactly uncomfortable, just like her arms were free-floating within her body, sinking and dragging their way to her waist, then lower. As moved they also began to change shape; as her fingers got overtaken by the thick beige fur, the skin came up around them, leaving only her index and middle fingertips slightly cresting over the edge of the fur. They darkened and turned into small, blunted claws at the final joint, matching her bottommost legs.

The sets of arms segmented, being pulled lower, past her former waist. Her buttocks expanded even more, forming the swelled abdomen of a Drider. Where she had had three sets of arm and two legs beforehand, she now had three sets of legs, a thin waist, and her fur-covered relatively human upper half. She seemed compelled to raise her arms, still integrated into the cocoon, making her seem like a marionette.

She shuddered in pleasure as her fingers slid through her fur. She grasped at the thin wasp-waist at the bend, and then pulled her arms around and rubbed the back of her abdomen where it swelled up behind her back. Just as she seemed to become aware of the fact she only had six legs on her abdomen, she felt a lurch inside her belly. It wasn't so much pain, but a pulsing, bubbly pressure in the pit of her stomach. She let out a grunt as her internal skeleton rearranged itself inside her body.

Somewhere in the depths of her unconscious, she knew what was happening to her would be painful, and likely, extremely gory. In reality, she would be crushed into a perverse fetal position as her insides liquified and then solidified into a new form. But here, wherever she was; this warm, fuzzy, chemical-induced euphoria made this brutal transformation imprint onto her conscious mind like a pleasant trip on psychedelics.

Near her waist, before her six legs, lumps formed under the surface of the skin, causing the fur to ripple out like rolling hills. Segment by segment, they pushed out in a trippy, fur-covered tectonic motion. Pulsing outward, breaking into a segment, then repeated again. She moaned in pleasure-pain as the pressure reached a crescendo and a pair of spider-paws formed on the lumps in her flesh. She was shaking from the intensity of it, and she could feel a few drops of web fluid drip out of the swollen spinnerets at the end of her rump.

Her crotch began to enflame, and her clitoris made itself visible over her fur near the bend in her waist. She gasped and reached for it with her hands, but the moment her finger pressed the aching nub she called out; it was too painful to touch, too intense from the blood pumping through her body during the transformation. She twisted at the waist, and while she was thinking about the motion of crossing her legs; the nubs underneath that were forming her front-most spider legs began to swell and engorge, growing longer out of her body and segmenting as they grew to match the length of the other legs on her body.

Inside the warm embrace of the cocoon, Heather's mind wasn't able to fully comprehend colors, and she wasn't sure if it was because of the physical lack of light inside, or the fact that Heather's brain was simply overloaded with sensory information. Having every single hair on your body being able to fully input touch information required a whole re-wiring of the brain, and even though this wasn't the first time she had trichobothria, they seemed to grow thicker and deeper in this transformation. She could perceive the roots of the thick, engorged fur burrowing into her skin, rooting, expanding into her skin like vein-like root systems of a plant.

Something was different about this change... Heather could tell. She couldn't exactly tell how or why, but it was an epiphany she felt deep in her soul.

The threads of the cocoon began to shift around her again, and pulled and pricked at her skin and hair. The threads seemed to start to break on her upper body, releasing their soul-like hold on her body around her face, shoulders, chest, and belly. While she had previously been covered everywhere in her fur, she could now begin to feel her bare skin starting to be exposed on her upper half, feeling the cottony-soft texture of the cocoon against her; pimpling up in her skin into gooseflesh and flushing a deep pink on her softer bits.

With the physical transformation coming to a conclusion, Heather's body began to feel less floaty; instead of feeling like she was floating on some warm shapeless cloud, the walls of the fluffy confinement began to squeeze down on her. It wasn't unpleasant; the walls were soft, warm, dry. However, Heather's arousal was still in full swing, and the gentle grind of the walls beginning to rub against her exposed clitoris, nipples, and spinnerets was making her mental state seem frayed and savage.

She suddenly felt extremely claustrophobic. Intense pleasure, pain, and sexual tension where her sensitive erogenous zones butted up against the ever-tightening sensation of the cocoon closing in on her caused her panic. She was in a frenzied state of absolute sexually charged terror as she began to thrash and flail at the silky confines. If she was screaming - she certainly was trying to - the sound was either absent or so muffled from the cottony cage she was in that there was no sound to be heard.

She lurched, straitening her long body out, extending her spine and abdomen. She felt the pressure of the cocoon around her, it shifted with her, not breaking but bending around her. It seemed to constrict her vertically, feeling like a corset around her extended shape. After a strenuous few moments, she collapsed back into a near fetal position.

After a few heavy breaths (was she breathing? She couldn't tell...), she tried again. She grunted in effort and pulled herself straight. When she couldn't stretch anymore, despite the intense constriction around her, she concentrated and pushed her arms outward. It felt like she had a rope tied around her middle, her shoulders tensed and flexed but her arms could not bulge.

After a few moments of struggle, she collapsed back again. The adrenaline pulsing through her body was relentless; the physical exhaustion could not tamp down the swelling desperation of her body to get out of the cocoon. What once seemed like a warm, cozy womb was a nightmare contracting suffocation.

/One more time,/ she pleaded with herself. /Third time's a charm!/

With a scream of determination, she willed herself outward like an 8- limbed starfish, straining out her back and pressing out with all her legs and arms at the same time.

The cocoon groaned and creaked under its resistance. Her whole body was squeezed, tightening even more as it seemed like the silken hairs pushed back with just as much effort as she was straining against it. She couldn't hold much longer... she had to escape now!

At the brink of devastation, there was a sudden release of pressure and a soft, tearing sound. Her left arm jutted forward, and with an orgasm-like explosion of tension her fingers felt the cool freedom as she split through the outer wall of the cocoon.

She laughed manically (at least, she would have been laughing had she actually been breathing), as her arm slid out. She relaxed her body, and the silken walls around her lost their tension. She pulled her right arm free of the bindings and crossed her chest, searching for the split hole where her left arm was free.

Once she had both arms out the confines, it only took a few seconds for Heather split the rest of the cocoon open, using her arms and all her legs to free herself. The cottony pouch ripped with a soft hiss, falling to the ground in pieces as Heather slid and pulled the silky strands.

She was dizzy from the whole experience of it all, but any exhaustion she felt immediately dissipated as the sudden rush of oxygen into her lungs reinvigorated her entire body. The cool free air on her skin caused her nipples to harden painfully, and her exposed clitoris and spinnerets turned beet red as they engorged with blood. The room was spinning around her, and she planted all eight legs firmly on the ground.

"...Heather?"

The voice was distant, concerned, muffled.

Heather put her hands to the sides of her head, steadying herself both mentally and physically.

“Heather?”

Heather realized her eyes were shut. She opened them and blinked away the blindness. She held her arms up, shielding her eyes from the harsh fluorescent overhead lights of her dingy basement office. She was in her office...

“Heather, its me.”

Someone was touching her. White, soft, and concerned. The voice wasn't worried, but patient. Friendly. Loving. The room slowly came into focus and Heather realized that it was Jared, in his stunningly beautiful female drider form, his soft hands a steadying weight on her shoulders.

Heather stared up into Jared's emerald green eyes. And overwhelming affection flooded over her, and she collapsed forward. Heather swung her arms around Jared's shoulders and crushed her lips against his.

She immediately felt her whole body flush with the warm, pleasant erotic arousal of making out with your beloved partner. She lifted her hands to his face, tangling her long fingers into his platinum hair. Jared's body melted into hers, and she felt the vibrations of his affirmative murmurings against her lips.

Both in their Drider forms, Jared was still taller than Heather, but it was easy for Heather to use her front-most spider legs to crawl up enough to easily kiss his lips, face, collar bone... she fluttered kisses all over his delicate, beautiful, feminine face. Jared purred back at her affections, and brought his arms around her slender spider-waist, seductively rubbing the smooth skin at the small of her back.

Jared hadn't redressed from before the transformation, so their breasts pressed and rubbed against each other. Both of their nipples were erect, sensitive peaks that teased and kissed at each other as Jared and Heather continued to neck each other hungrily. Despite the urgency in both of them, they took the time to enjoy every aspect of lovemaking, including the foreplay.

Gently, Jared maneuvered Heather onto the floor of the office. While waiting on her, Jared had used his discarded dress and a blanket he found to make a comfy pallet. She was able to sit with her human back braced against the corner, the cool hardness of the concrete walls behind her grounded her.

"Wow," Jared murmured as he looked over her from his position above her. "You look different."

Heather's large golden eyes blinked. "Different?" She looked down over herself, "Bad?"

Jared shook his head, his blonde locks dancing around his shoulders, backlit against the slightly buzzing fluorescent lamp embedded in the ceiling above them. "Beautiful."

Indeed, she didn't look exactly like she did before, even when she was in her Drider form. It was a subtle difference, one that most wouldn't even catch when looking at two different giant spider creatures, but Jared was now very familiar with the forms of the Spiderkin, he cupped her face in his hands as he explained. "Your eyes, they're solid gold, like before. They're mystifying."

This revelation caused Heather to blink, but it was true. She had no differentiation between her pupil, iris, or sclera. Her eyes were just two large glimmering pools of gold; the hunter-eyed shine still reflecting light from deep within their depths. Her ears retained their pointedness from the dark elf heritage.

Jared's hand trailed down her face. Her skin was the same hue as before, but her lips seemed to hold a more natural color; a mauvey purple tone to them. Even with her mouth closed, her pointed incisors rested on the pillowed bottom lips, able to be seen without opening her mouth. Jared swept his thumb over her bottom lip, prompting her to open her mouth. He let his thumb slip in and he pressed it seductively against her tongue.

Heather sucked back appreciatively, enjoying the body worship from her mate.

Jared kissed his way down her face, to her neck, and over her slim shoulders. His hands came to rest on the waist where her human torso and spider abdomen met. It was more severe than Angela's or even his own; coming to a more dramatic point and swelling back out with a high arch. It was shaped, perhaps, more like a traditional spider's but she retained the extremely fluffy tactile fur. It was the biscuit-beige color of all the female Spiderkin, however, there was an agouti-like coloration that gave its appearance even more volume, looking fluffier and fuller. There were patches of deeper brown color, nearly black that matched her hair, at the tips of all her spider-like feet, the end of her abdomen, and in an extra-fluffy band around her spider-waist.

"Please..."

Heather's desperate whimpering shook Jared from his abject adoration. She was still painfully horny from the whole ordeal, and her body was showing the signs. Her dark nipples were long and erect, appearing to reach upwards to be touched. At her waist, under where the band of darker fur-tone, the fur was beginning to dampen from her continued desire, her clitoris so swollen and engorged that it peaked just barely above the jungle of soft fluff surrounding it.

Jared was perched over her abdomen. Heather was on her back, with her spider abdomen stretched out in front of her, which Jared gentled straddled now with his own. As he positioning himself over her, Heather gasped desperately when the swollen, fleshy glands of her spinnerettes brushed against his.

"I need you," she moaned out again. Jared was deliberately going slow; both using the time to take her in and relishing the way her body twisted and ached for the release. He wondered if anything else would happen at this point, and there was only one way to find out.

Swooping down, Jared caught one of Heather's nipples in his mouth, sucking deep and eliciting a squeal of delight from Heather. She arched her back into it, her own arms flinging around his neck encouragingly. She ground her hips up, her squeal flattening out into a growl of visceral desire. She could feel Jared's white fur brush up against her exposed clit at her brain was short-circuiting from the need.

As Jared continued to suck and play with Heather's nipples, he let one of his feminine hands drop down and began to play with Heather's aching pussy. She gasped breathily and twisted under his attention; hips undulating up and begging for more. When Jared's long, thin finger slid past her lips and sank into her, she nearly came right then and there.

Jared could sense her urgency by the way her internal walls fluttered needily against his touch. Smiling against her skin, he released his mouth's hold on her nipple and continued his journal

downward, feathering kisses the whole way down. He let his fingers work on her pussy as he did so, letting his hand get wet and slick from the effort. When his mouth kissed over Heather's belly button, he removed his hand with a pleading whimper from Heather.

His hand, however, was soon replaced by his mouth, kissing and licking hungrily at the sold skin folds. The fluffy fur around her vaginal lips were wet, heavy with their own sensations and pheromones, but slicked back well enough to allow for Jared unfettered access to the treasure underneath.

Heather took a huge sigh, rolling her eyes back in her head and resting her shoulders against the corner walls around her. "Yes please," she encouraged him.

Heather's spider legs wrapped around Jared's body, caging him into her. They grasped at the thick white trichobothria, experimenting with the ways she played, pulled, and pricked at the tactile hairs that caused Jared to moan and whimper into her pussy. His tongue was Heaven, playing over her lips, clitoris, and walls of her eager and hot cunt. She wanted to return the favor; though she was so delirious from the post-transformation she could barely think more than a few rational thoughts at a time.

Eventually, she used her front two spider legs to explore the thick fur around Jared's waist. It was an easy trail of wetness, musky need, and physical wetness that made it easy to find. As Jared continued to eat out Heather, she began to return the favor by playing with his own pussy with her spider-claws.

Though not quite as nimble as her human fingers, the little paw-like tips of the end of her segmented spider-legs were dexterous enough to easily spread Jared's pink lips, letting the other paw slide into him. Heather moaned as she felt the tightness of Jared's pussy clutching down on her spider-paw, and her human fingers twisted into Jared's blonde hair.

The thick heft of being penetrated by Heather was working wonders on Jared's own impending orgasm. His gasps of breaths above Heather's pussy were becoming labored and deep. Jared's hips began to move, thrusting hard back at Heather's paws and grinding against her as he continued to slurp and tease at Heather's clit.

Finally, Jared's returned the favor and used his own spider feet to fumble at the end of Heather's abdomen. Once he found the pulsing, red-hot crests of her engorged spinnerettes, Jared used his little nimble spider-paws to grasp and twist at the organ, which at this point was as sensitive and pulsing as her clitoris.

This was enough to finally send Heather over the edge. With a scream, the orgasm rushed over her like an earthquake. All of her limbs went rigid as she shook, and her pussy flooded over and an explosion of spiderweb fluid from where Jared was playing with her spinnerettes flung all over the room.

Jared was continuing to grind his pussy over Heather's paw, and the sight of her under him, flushing nearly purple from the whole ordeal; her face contorted in throes of pleasure, and the rush of chemical-induced pheromones flooding into the whole room made it easy for Jared to join Heather in her orgasmic, his body shuddering around her and releasing his own wail of relief as his body came and his own spinnerettes fired off and joined his silky stands with Heather's.

They soon after fell asleep in each other's arms, sedated from the pleasurable concoction of drug-like chemicals awashing over them in their post-coital state. At some point, they climbed

back up so they were both leaning against the wall, Heather in Jared's arms as she laid her head against his breasts and the crook of his neck.