

"It's Halloween again," Hillary complained. "I've nothing good enough for the Party!"

It was the same every year. The big party at City Hall was about three weeks away and, like usual, Hillary left her costume preparations to the last minute

"I'll never win the Best Costume," she wailed.

Geraldo, her long suffering husband, had heard this for a decade now. She just had no concept of the amount of time a prize winning costume took. He'd heard that last years winner had been at work on her costume for 18 months! Geraldo had had enough. This year would be different and in a way his wife would probably not approve.

Geraldo worked for the Deep Space Colonisation Project. Their mission was to adapt the colonists both in form and genetically to be able to survive the unusual conditions of the planets they were opening up. They were all volunteers, of course, and wanted off an overcrowded Earth. The same adaptive technology could create a most unusual costume, assuming that Hillary went along with it.

"I have an idea," he broached the topic. "I could use the Adaption System to make you into something 'real'. It would be the best costume ever."

"'Real'?" She paused in her melodramatic explosion.

"Certainly. We could make you into something that has never existed, could never exist. Something that's mythological. Very dangerous, even!"

Hillary paused and thought a bit.

"And you'd change me back after?"

"Of course. But ..."

"There's always a but," she groused.

"But," he continued. "We'd have to start the process very soon. Adaptive changes take 16 to 18 days to complete. You'd have to get used to your new body in stages."

"And afterwards?"

"Well, at least two weeks in the form and then another 16 to 18 days to return to normal."

She thought. Geraldo could clearly see the war going on in her mind. A winning costume at a cost of being something strange for over a month! After several minutes of silence, Geraldo was sure she'd say no. Suddenly, her face brightened.

"Okay," she announced firmly. "Let's do it." A pause. "Now."

Geraldo nodded and led her to the attached building that housed his research apparatus. Though smaller than the ones at the Facility, it would do the job. His normal research was to take the results of the climate studies returned by the interstellar probes and work on modifications for the colonists. He'd been planning for this transformation for weeks rather than facing the yearly eruption.

He led Hillary into the transformation chamber, had her strip off most of her clothes and sit in the centre of the apparatus. She protested being nearly naked but calmed down when he explained why it was necessary. Though the process wouldn't be bothered by the clothing, major changes of shape were hard on clothing and the clothing often didn't survive. Knowing his wife's wardrobe and how proud she was of it, protecting the clothing would be critical.

"So?" She asked.

"You know that Ross 154 is a harsh environment." She looked annoyed. "Just bear with me.

The colonists are going to be given skin plates of chitin to help out. I've been investigating various arthropods as sources. Chitin is the stuff insects and spiders are made from."

"I know that! And?"

"You used to play DND. You know what a drider is?"

"Of course, I know ..." her voice trailed off. "You want to make me a drider!"

"Well, in a word, yes"

He was sure she'd back out. It was a major change and she wasn't too happy with any creepy-crawlies that managed to sneak into the house. She'd particularly hated encountering driders in any of the campaigns.

"Okay," she said slowly. "How would it work?"

"It would have to take place in stages," he began quickly. "Can't do big changes all at once. First, since this is a costume, we'd change your head and facial features. No one would ever recognise you. Maybe give you cute Anime style eyes and elven ears..."

"I like that!"

She loved the idea that no one would ever figure out who she was. He walked over to the console and brought up a pair of images. Diagrams of internal structures of a woman and a spider.

"There's a number of things that have to be rearranged. Your intestines would have to be merged with the spider's intestines," he began. When she didn't respond, he continued. "Okay, the spider has a multi-segmented heart along the back of the abdomen. It'll need merged into your circulation. We'll have to give you control of the silk glands and spinnerets, of course. Much of the internal workings can be left as is. After all, book lungs and your lungs won't need joined. We'll have to do something with the spider's genital region, too. Can't have you laying eggs all over the house."

He paused once again. He was sure she'd protest by now. She just gave him a puzzled look and waved him to continue. He brought up a second screen showing X-rays and some odd movie.

"Spiders have exoskeletons and you don't. We'll have to adapt your skeleton to merge with the spider so that you can hold together. I found this odd art piece on the Internet. Not perfect but it gives a starting point."

"And then?"

"One of the first things we'd want to do is give you fangs."

"In my mouth like a vampire?"

"We can but those would be cosmetic only. Real spider fangs are huge. The only thing that works would be to make your fangs from your arms."

"Would I be poisonous?" She asked with a malicious grin.

"Most spiders are. I'm not sure you'd want to be so toxic as to be able to kill someone though."

"Not even my competitors?" She asked with a grin.

"Not even them," he responded quickly. He caught the grin and responded with one of his own. "No, especially not even them."

"Aw, rats!"

"Rats are okay," he responded with a grin of his own. "Mostly, it's going to be remapping your fingers, hands, legs and feet to control the various aspects of the spider body once they're transformed.

"Then what?"

"Once you have your fangs, we'll grow eight legs down your sides. You'd control them by 'moving' your fingers. That would be the hardest part to learn. Probably take you four or five

days to get used to that.”

“Okay. What else?”

“Last thing we’d want to change is to give you a huge spider’s abdomen. Can’t be a drider without that!”

“Spider webs?”

“Well, I suspect you’d have to figure out how to make them. Spiders don’t shoot nets of webbing like Spiderman in the comics.”

“Okay, I guess that’s another reason to give me a few weeks before the party to get used to my new form. What about sex?”

“Spiders have sex, you know,” he’d been dreading this question. Both of them enjoyed their intimate time together.

“And?”

Bringing up the centre screen, he accessed a huge diagram of a spider’s abdomen.

“The best I can think to do is replace the spider’s genital structure with yours.”

He pointed at a labelled portion of the diagram.

“So my ...”

“It would be on the forepart of the spider abdomen.”

“And?”

“Your female parts would work just as they do now. Of course, you’d likely have to be on top ...”

She snickered. She always loved being on top.

“Okay. Let’s begin.”

“We’ll start slowly. Head changes and arm fangs first. Give you until tomorrow to get used to that. We can proceed from there.”

“Will I have to stay in this machine?”

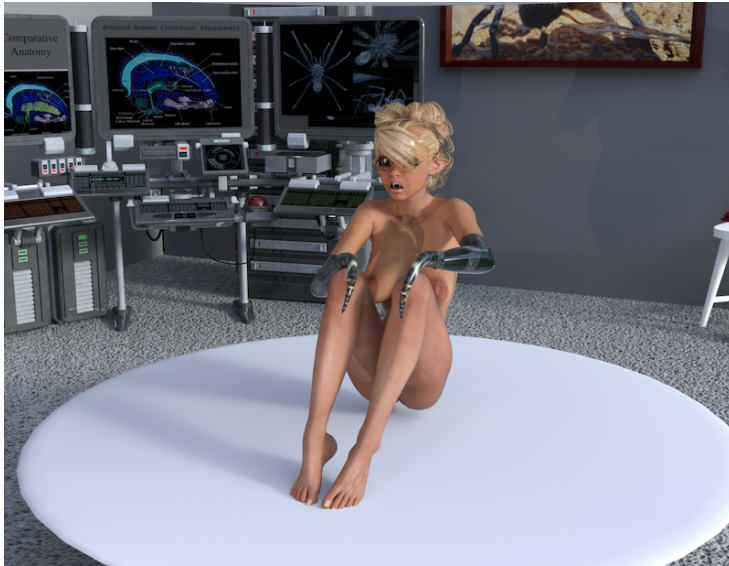
“Only during the transformations.”

“That’s a relief. Months in this thing would get really claustrophobic and boring.”

She got into a comfortable position and looked over at the console while he started the process. It was strange feeling her head and face shift around. After only twenty minutes, the process stopped and he returned with a mirror. She squealed in delight. No one would recognise her at the Halloween Dance now! He, though, called a halt for lunch and to let her get used to her new form.



The changes had resulted in lips and a mouth that weren't quite the same. At first, she was clumsy. Spilling her drink and dribbling a little. Her mouth, smaller than it had been, didn't work as well either. After an hour or so, she got the hang of her new facial equipment. She acknowledged the need to go slowly. If even minor changes in lips and jaws caused this kind



of problem, more extensive changes would take longer to get used to. After lunch, they began again. This time, she got a ring-side seat at the changes. First, her skin hardened and darkened up past her elbows. A wicked looking claw pushed its way from the tip of her thumb. The claw grew slowly while the rest of her hand shrank. The claw engulfed the remains of her hand and was considerably bigger than her hand had been. She tentatively moved her wrists and was surprised to find that the strange claw moved in a more-or-less expected way. The changes weren't completely over, though. Her forearms shortened, drawing the ever increasing claw back until it had replaced her elbows. Only then did the changes stop. Geraldo helped her from the transformation chamber.



“That’s all for today,” he announced. “You’ll have to get used to your new fangs before we can give you legs. “Uh, how am I supposed to do anything with these?” she scowled waving a fanged arm around. “That’s one of the reasons we must take this in stages.” “But I can’t pick anything up with these!” “You’ll figure out ways to make it work,” was his response. “Besides, once you get your spider legs, you’ll be able to handle things much easier. Spiders have claws and

sticky pads on their feet that will help out.”

She moved her new fangs about, experimenting and was startled when a yellowish drop appeared at the tip of one.

“Be careful with that stuff. It won’t hurt a human but it takes your body several days to make and you don’t want to waste it.”

“Right,” was her response as she watched the golden drip slide thickly down her fang.

That night was ‘interesting’. Arm claws were clumsy and she had trouble eating or drinking with normal utensils. Geraldo, though, quickly improvised attachments to allow her to perform normal activities reasonably well. Bedtime was strange to say the least. She decided that she



wanted to experience everything and proceeded to seduce him. Her body felt normal to him but it was a little disconcerting to feel her hard and sometimes sticky fangs stroke his sides. Given the changes, he let her ride on top and she was totally exhausted by the time their lovemaking ended after midnight.

The next day, bright and early, she awoke him. She wanted to get things going and be done with the transformation so she could learn her new body. She had all kinds of ideas as to what she could do to enhance her chances at the Party. After a breakfast that he cooked, they adjourned to the transformation area. She positioned herself comfortably on the floor, cocked an eyebrow and waited.



She spent four hours in the tube watching dark chitinous stubs slowly grow into what was clearly a leg segment of a spider. By the end of the process, once she'd been released from the system, she stood up and tried to move her new appendages. It took nearly an hour before she could move each separately. At supper, though, she was angry.

"I thought you said I'd have claws and a sticky something to help me handle things!"  
 "You will," he responded calmly. "This is only the first segment. There are two other segments and hard claws to come."  
 "Oh," she was clearly expecting something more. "Can't we just do it all at once?"  
 "No," he shook his head. "You'd not be able to handle the changes."  
 "Okay. I guess so."

Once again, she became amorous after dinner. The extra segments proved clumsy, though.



She wanted to use them to stroke his sides but ended using them more as clubs than seductive legs. After a few hours, by tacit agreement, they gave up the attempt. Though she was clearly disappointed, she acquiesced and let herself be held until she fell asleep.

Over the next few days, segment after segment was added. At the end of each day, she learned how to control the new appendages. It took until the final leg segment was added before she developed the dexterity that she desired in bed. It was a most interesting experience as far as Geraldo was concerned. She was still his sexy wife, of course. But the stroking of her eight legs along his sides, legs and

(well) elsewhere was at first difficult to handle. Her ardour overrode his reluctance in the end, though.

After the first week, she finally had a complete set of eight spider legs and she could move them as dextrously as she had her own fingers. The claws at the ends were powerful and, as promised, the sticky pads provided a way to grab and hold objects.

Four hours of practice later, her face became puzzled.

“Can I walk on these?” she wondered.

“Of course,” Geraldo offered. “Why don’t you give it a try?”

She carefully leaned forward transferring her weight from her knees onto the spider legs. The legs were able to hold her weight. At first, it was all she could do to remain standing. Moving a single leg often resulted in her collapsing in a tangle of spider legs. Eventually, she managed to get their motion reasonably coordinated. Geraldo got online and played several videos he’d found on the Internet showing how spiders moving. The locomotion should work and probably would work but Hillary had a disadvantage the spiders in the videos didn’t have. Her legs, dragging behind, made proper spider locomotion difficult.

“Maybe when I have my spider butt,” she mused somewhat annoyed.

“Definitely then!” he responded.

That night, she was too tired for lovemaking. She could understand why children slept a lot when learning new skills such as walking. By 9 PM, it was all she could do to drag herself upstairs to bed.



The next day started normally. A dark patch appeared at the base of her spine. This quickly grew and soon became partially detached. It grew until it was nearly 75 centimetres long and fairly bulbous. As she had in previous stages, she attempted to move her new appendage before the process had finished. Unfortunately she became nauseous halfway through the process and Geraldo stopped the process. She wasn’t pleased at having tiny feet, shrunken shins and a spider bustle (as she called it).

Geraldo spent the rest of the day and long into the night explaining that connecting her organ systems to that

of the spider was a major proceeding. Her body wasn’t completely accepting the change at the speed they were going. Once she had a day or two to recover, they’d be able to finish the process. She wasn’t overly pleased. She didn’t like the ‘day or two’ pronouncement at all.

She didn’t usually sleep on her stomach but the new spider abdomen made any other sleep position impossible. Geraldo did his best to console her and make her comfortable but, in the end, the stresses of the day made it a moot point. Instead of their usual lovemaking, she fell asleep one of his hands still held tightly in hers, on her stomach, mid sentence.

The next morning, she was strangely energetic. The nausea had passed and she announced was ready for the next stage. Geraldo, not as sure, spent over an hour, to her extreme

annoyance, running various scans of her body to be sure she wasn't just faking it. It turned out that sleep had allowed the internal structures to settle down.

With a shrug, he motioned her to the transformation tube and restarted the process. Some hours later, her legs and hips were now completely absorbed by the spider abdomen. Her



waist remarkably tiny, as small as the fetishists who deliberately forced themselves into corset. Her body wasn't a corset, though. Her new body was exactly as it should be. After a few quick checks, he released her from the tube. No sooner did she attempt to walk off the platform than she felt a huge gush. Under her body, still dripping from an engorged clitoris, was a mass of yellowish sticky material.

"Well, this was a little unexpected," Geraldo noted.

"And what is it?"

"Silk."

"Silk? Silk is white!"

"Spider silk is many colours and brilliant yellow is one possibility."

"But ..."

"The really unexpected thing was where you fired the silk from."

"And that would be?"

"Did you notice anything when you ejected your silk?"

Twisting a bit she reached under and noticed her engorged clitoris.

"It can't be!"

"It seems that," he began and then paused. "You have spinnerets in a most unusual location."

"Do you mean to say that every time I ..."

"I'm not sure. Transformation can have several unexpected effects. Some are temporary."

"And others?" she demanded.

Handing her a mirror, he was more than a little surprised at how deftly she picked it up with one of her front spider legs and used it to view her new form from all sides.

"There's a problem," she announced.

"And that is?"

"I can't go to the dance nude! Particularly with these huge ..." she touched one of her enhanced breasts.

"Driders usually don't wear a lot in the stories. Or they wear armour of some sort."

"This drider is NOT going nude."

"Could you rig a costume or something?"

"With these?" She waved a pair of legs about. "I can't use the sewing machine. I can't even glue things very well. Can't quite hold the glue tube yet."

He thought a few moments, working some details out in his head.

"Maybe we could extend the chitin up to cover your breasts ..."

"Okay. That would work fine!"



“It’ll take me a day or two to work out the protocols.”

“Well, make it happen. Get started.”

It struck him odd that she was so assertive. Though she let people know her wants and needs, she’d never been quite this assertive. He hoped that the process hadn’t changed her mentally too much. The next few days, while Geraldo worked out the final changes, she became adept with her new body. She discovered she was quite strong. Before, 10kg of sugar had been difficult. Now, she discovered she could rearrange the furniture in just about every room in the house without difficulty. She didn’t quite like the fact that she was walking about on her tummy and let Geraldo know. When she was told that she’d have to give up on the Party this year if she wanted a different form, she decided to live with it. Within a day, she learned to push herself upright like a spider in threat mode. Brandishing four of her front legs and with her fangs outstretched, she looked downright frightening.

It took nearly three long days of work at the console before Geraldo had a protocol that would work and that he was happy with. She’d end up liking like she was wearing a chitinous corset that covered all the sensitive bits (as she termed them). He hoped it was something she could live with because she was nearing the end of her allowed exposure in the transformation tube. Normally, a change this extreme would be done over a month or maybe more and the process carefully adjusted so the colonist would be able to live on their own during the entire process.

She was becoming extremely annoyed with Geraldo throughout this period, though. Every evening, he’d drag himself from the console, eat and collapse in bed. He was absolutely no fun in bed! After a few aborted attempts to arouse him, she gave up and just slept.



The fourth morning, Geraldo led her into the transformation chamber and described what was going to happen. She nodded nonchalantly. She’d be the Best Costume this year no matter what! Geraldo, tired from the research, waved a hand and started the process. Two hours later, Hillary had her spider corset and was ecstatic!

She danced about the room, trailing silk from all of her spinnerets. Geraldo hadn’t ever seen herself so happy. It was going to be a real job to clean all the cobwebs after the party. That night, they spent a sticky session in bed. As he’d surmised from the protocol, she was fully capable of all

manner of intimate behaviour. He had no idea the effect the changes would have had on him though. The long thin vaginal tract that connected her labia to the uterus deeper in her spider abdomen was muscled and pulsated in a most indescribable manner. He’d never felt anything like it in their decade of marriage. She, for her part, seemed insatiable. Eventually, both of them, totally spent and covered in cobwebs from her clitoral spinneret, slept. His last thought before sleep claimed him was that it was usually she who complained about stickiness in the bed. This was sticky taken to an entirely new level!

He awoke with her tracing patterns on his chest with the sharp tip of a spider’s claw. She seemed distracted and he didn’t want to disturb her reverie. She knew, better than anyone,



that she could take no more transformations without at least a two week break. Fortunately, that would put her a day or two after the Party. She could then return to normal and put this strange period in the past.

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