

8 LEGS ARE PLENTY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Ueee heee heee~! You come into my parlour uninvited and ask questions, only to call me rude when I set out to deal with you?”

Honestly it had all happened so quickly that Byleth didn't quite know *what* was happening in the first place. Going back only twenty minutes, one of her students Annette had asked the professor if she could accompany her to Mercedes' room. Annette was close friends with her, and the young woman in question hadn't just skipped class the past few days, but hadn't left her room nor responded to any knocking.

The two of them didn't expect to find what they had within that door. A dystopia of webbing and creepy crawlies. Mercedes' room looked completely foreign, everything wrapped up in sticky, silky white. But what was it that stood out? A small table for tea in the dead center of the room with a single chair. Were that all that was there, it might not have been so jarring.

But a spider had been sitting there. Not an ordinary spider, but one the size of a human, in the shape of a human... even though she clearly wasn't human. The tinier spiders of the room stood at her defense, like she was their queen. **“No... What did you do to Mercie!?”** Annette had cried out. Yet no sooner than she'd charged at the table did the humanoid spider fire two balls of webbing. One completely smothered Annette's face, clouding her sight and muffling her words, while the other bound her legs and feet. The girl fell to the ground.

It was fortunate Byleth had brought her weapon, or so she'd thought, but the moment she'd gone to swing it she was suddenly immobile. Tiny

strings, spider webbing as firm as wire, had wrapped around her arms without her realizing. And so the professor was lifted up into the air by her wrists while the spider woman approached. **“Afufu~! I wondered when someone would come, but I’m glad you finally did, dearie.”** She spoke like an amused granny, hoisting herself onto the ceiling by a web and standing upon it like it was solid ground so that she was eye level with Byleth. **“I was just thinking I needed a new pet~!”**

Even if Byleth had noticed with time to reach, she lacked the means to do so as she dangled there helplessly. The spider produced what looked to be a cookie from behind her with one of her six hands, and with a rapid movement she crammed it into the blue-haired woman’s mouth. **“Mff!?”** Naturally she’d been trained for situations like this. There was a high chance the cookie was poisoned, but the force with which the cookie had been shoved in there, a few crumbs had fallen down the back of her throat.

“Swallow, girl! Your new queen, Muffet, commands you!” The purple spider woman barked, and as eyes glowed a dull gold Byleth obliged without realizing. **“Afufu~! Good! Good! Obedience will be a necessity going forward, particularly for the species I chose for you!”** The taste of the cookie had been sweet, but the texture rough. Almost like a million spider’s legs had fallen down her throat.

The moment the cookie touched the acid of her stomach, her entire body began to burn from within. It was accompanied by an intensive throbbing that seemed to be in sync with her heartbeat (*but since when had she possessed one of those?*). Byleth began to sweat bullets, but this ‘Muffet’ character only smirked as, still dangling from the ceiling, she gripped the professor’s clothing with all six of her hands and tore it clean off with monstrous strength, leaving the human dangling there in the nude.

Byleth had been about to call out some words of defiance, but Muffet hushed her so that she couldn’t muster the ability to speak. Was she completely under her control? What had she just eaten? What was any of this? Her tummy let out a loud rumble, and Muffet fell back to the ground to sit at her table. **“Don’t look at me like that, dearie. You won’t have any thoughts of rebellion soon, and I can see it has already begun. But hmm... I suppose you need to see what I mean.”** A snap of her fingers saw a fully body mirror lowered from a crack in the ceiling above.

The human’s eyes went wide the moment she’d been allowed to take in her own reflection, because it didn’t look quite like how it should. To begin with: her complexion? The anxiety caused by the current situation

aside, there was no reasonable explanation for the mouldy pigmentation of her skin - and the word 'mouldy' wasn't used in place of something less fitting.

Her skin had turned **green** from head to toe, nipples even carrying a dark pine tone that still stood out against the paler evergreen of her flesh. There was, likewise, a golden glint in her eyes that was very quickly overcoming the blues. Before long they shone as if they were possessed, a supernatural glow consistently emanating from them that suggested the woman wasn't human. At least not any longer. But Byleth could push past a difference in aesthetics even as her hair darkened to black.

But what she couldn't push past? She hardly *felt* human now.

It was a difficult feeling to describe. Like something had been carved out of her? Like she'd grown numb to things? Just moments before she'd been weighing the morality of what Muffet was doing to her, but now she essentially felt submissive. *'Muffet is more powerful, so it's only natural she can do what she wants to me'*. It wasn't even a thought so much as it was an *instinct*.

Eyes trained on her own reflection, a sharp pressure upon either side of her head ended up stealing the attention of those golden eyes of hers. In a matter of moments she could see a pair of nubs sticking up from her skull, and only several seconds later a full pair of horns had ejected themselves, dark green and curving into their points above her hair. The marks of a *monster*.

Albeit not as blatant as the actual marks that were growing across her naked form. 'Growing' was the word used because, for the most part, the thin lines that made these marks up were actually born of fine, dark hairs. They ran over her shoulders and between her breasts, in turn weaving a spider-like emblem in the front while additional dark fur sprouted around her nipples to conceal them, otherwise reaching down to her pussy (*which was likewise masked by a veil of dark fur*).

While Byleth couldn't speak, she could still grunt and groan. Both sound effects were in full force as the woman's hands began to throb at a pace that was inconsistent with the throbbing that matched her heart rate. Bound as they were in the air she couldn't exactly bring them down to inspect them, but in the mirror the professor could still make them out for the most part.

They were throbbing because they were swelling. Hands themselves had quickly become hefty and fur covered, larger in size than a coconut each when she'd first noticed, and bigger than a watermelon by the time they

were finished. Byleth's fingers hardened during the process, nails merging with flesh as each digit became a claw that was several inches long. It was horrifying to watch and horrifying to feel, but the ex-mercenary did not truly feel horrified even as her body resembled a human's less and less. She felt *powerful*, even if that power came at a cost.

Instinct was robbing the woman of reason at an alarming rate, and her intelligence ended up suffering as a result. Try as she might, the grunts and groans she'd been making were feeling more and more like the most effective way to communicate, and the many words she knew were getting harder to grasp. It would have been wrong to say the human language had been slipping away entirely, but it certainly wasn't going to have the same nuance and coherency it had once had.

Behind her, Byleth's ass was swelling. Not in your typical '*wow she's getting a big butt*' sense, for cheeks sealing together all but dissuaded that assumption, but in a '*her ass was becoming something else entirely*' sort of way. Fur quickly coated her rump as it bubble backwards with a reach that should have been impossible. In a matter of moments the proportions weren't even *possible* for a human body, for it was incredibly round and reached back several feet behind the woman's torso. And yet, as six furred appendages plopped out of the sides and touched the ground below with sharp claws for feet and a tuft of fur that resembled a tail shot out the back? It was clear what that was.

A spider's abdomen.

Byleth *wasn't* shocked. She no longer even cared. It was a part of her body. Each of those legs was strong enough to kill with a single swipe, much less pin down the prey necessary to feed her building, sexual appetite. Drool had begun to fall from her mouth as hunger built, and wiggling her tongue to catch some she revealed that all of her teeth had become a set of dangerous fangs.

All that really remained of her old body were her human legs but even they weren't longed to remain in their shape. Bones cracked to forcible point her feet straight down, their flesh fusing and hardening into giant claws while fur coated the lengths that *weren't* meant for piercing flesh. It was clear these shorter limbs were just the missing two spider legs, appendages meant for holding prey in place.

And the webbed strings holding up her body finally released her. Her weight had tripled over the course of her transformation, but the six grounded legs kept her upright with great strength. "**Kkkk... Hunger...**"

“Oh? And who said you could speak, my dear dear Ushi-Oni? Afufufu~! It’s fine though! Those empty eyes of yours certainly look the part of a hunter, which is what I was hoping for. So why not feed on the girl in the corner there? Just a bit of blood though, to satiate you for the time being.” Muffet was clearly amused and offered up Annette known that a single bite would transfer the cookie’s effects into the other maiden. They’d both acquire venom capable of transforming their peers into legions for Muffet’s spider kingdom. Wasn’t that funny?

Acknowledging Muffet’s orders, the Ushi-Oni turned her attention to Annette, whom was still bound. She was guided by instincts and orders, not personal feelings. If there was anything in the monster’s mind that might feel guilt about biting her student, or anything that might have tried to stop her? It wasn’t loud enough.

“Kkkkkkkk...” The smaller legs in the front picked up the muffled human, who screamed in horror as she felt herself being moved. She had no idea what had happened to her professor, and it certainly was too late to register the truth now. She was turned onto her side in the monster’s arms, and then... *Annette screamed again.*

Fangs had pierced her neck, a venom delivered into her body. What the Ushi-Oni had really wanted to do was have sex with the human, but she would not do such a thing in her owner’s presence without permission. Satisfied with the taste of blood on her lips, she dropped the girl back on the ground.

It seemed the webbing that had bound Annette’s face had an adverse reaction to blood, for as some of it had splattered from the wound on her neck it had begun to dissolve. In a matter of moments her entire face had been revealed, and her muffled screams of pain were laid bare. She certainly seemed to be in agony for her entire body was convulsing wildly -- not to mention the fact that her eyes were glowing red. The venom had taken hold. Transforming someone this way was far cruder than via cookie, but she wanted to make sure it was a functioning process.

“AAAAAAA! It hurts! IT *HUUURTS!*” From Annette’s point of view her *entire body* was on fire. Color drained from her flesh and hair alike, the latter finding comfort in a color that was much more mauve than it had ever been ginger while the cut seemed to shorten ever-so-slightly. Her bangs ended up sporting a thin sweep down the center, which left either side bare enough to reveal that four more smaller, crimson eyes with black sclera had opened across the forehead in question. They were all wide from both the *pain* and the biological *shock*.

Her flesh throbbed and her body grew, testing the integrity of the Garreg Mach uniform she adorned readily every day. But not only was she growing taller - her very proportions were shifting wildly in a way that some might consider *beneficial*. The front of uniform's chest tightened, breasts beneath the fabric swelling several sizes to the point that they felt like they were going to burst free of their confines; and this was to say nothing of an ass that became rounder and peach shaped, grinding her undergarments between her cheeks.

Unlike Byleth's transformation it didn't seem like Annette was gaining any extra body hair nor did it seem like her human ass would end up sacrificed. That didn't mean she was out of the monster woods, however. A spider's abdomen did erupt, it just didn't completely steal away her luscious booty.

Something in the girl - *woman?* - told her she had to stand up despite the pain, and her body begrudgingly complied. Her screaming had subsided into grunts and moans, for what had once been excruciatingly painful was now more akin to pleasure. As she rose to her feet she tore her clothes from her own flesh, revealing a pair of DD cups in the process as the skin of her arms darkened and hardened into purple chitin with noticeable joints.

“Almost... done...” She could feel herself reaching the *climax* and she wasn't afraid anymore. The wound on her neck had healed and she felt more powerful than that lackluster human shell ever had before. A pedicel connector reached backwards just below the cheeks of her ass, and from it a purple spider's abdomen eventually shaped itself in a globby mess, hoisted up in turn by the eight mighty legs that supported it. Even her traditional pair had elongated into arachnid counterparts. **“Ahn!”**

It was like she released all of the fear and tension in her body in that moment, as the spider woman threw her arms into the air and bellowed out a moan of ecstasy. Lips licked, she savored the fangs that now poked forth from her maw. They were perfect for hunting, and her legs ideal for pouncing. Drunk on her new arousal, she'd begun to fondle herself before Muffet cleared her throat pointedly. **“Oh, you were still there my queen?”** While the Ushi-Oni seemed to be little more than a brainless pet, it seemed as if she'd rolled her eyes at 'Annette', implying *something* was still there.

“Afufu~! If you'd like to do that my dear, please do it in your own quarters. Or perhaps our pet would like to engage with you?” Muffet seemed amused by it all, and after getting up from her seat she gave the Ushi-Oni an encouraging pat on the abdomen that

made her squeak. She was still aroused, it seemed. **“But before you two get off on your own business - and I imagine we can begin spreading our influence tomorrow so have the night for yourself - what should I call *you*, dearie?”**

She hadn't asked the green haired spider for a name because it probably didn't have one. With a head *that* empty it was probably deemed unnecessary to have a name by the Ushi-Oni herself. Calling her 'pet' would do well enough anyways. What was once Byleth would be their attack dog in the future.

'Annette' on the other hand seemed to pause. Memories of her past life had faded but she didn't seem to have any of her own. Despite the cunning she possessed and the raw, sexual energy she exuded, she didn't quite have anything to call her own. She just knew she was an *Arachne*. But there seemed to be something there. A name from a past life perhaps? She smirked as she settled on it. **“Call me *Rachnera*, your highness.”**

“Well then. *Rachnera*? *Pet*? Go fuck to your hearts' content. Tomorrow we'll capture the remaining women of this school and make them members of our kingdom. Afufu~! I can't wait to have all of those hands to help with the baking. As for men... do whatever you'd like with them.”

“Kkk... Kill? Fuck? Eat?” The Ushi-Oni wanted to confirm if these things were okay, but she could only ask in the most basic of manners.

Rachnera giggled. **“My dear *pet*...”**

“...she did say anything.”