

# WICKED WEBS

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*How had an average cleaning day taken such a strange turn?*

Once every few months Luna Nova Academy held a ‘cleaning day’ where all of the students and faculty alike were expected to contribute to making sure the campus remained neat and tidy. Each team of students was assigned an area to clean on top of their own dorms, and for the team of Akko, Sucy, and Lotte the extra room in question had been one of the library storage rooms.

Predictably Akko had found something to distract herself with and Sucy was doing her best to avoid helping by sticking her nose in one of the library’s texts on mushrooms, so Lotte was the one doing most of the cleaning. Dusting *this*, putting back *that*. In a way it was unfair, but the young Lotte was used to them pinning more of the work on her. And those two? They were typically fine leaving her to do it.

That was why, when Lotte had tugged out a book that activated a trap door, neither Akko nor Sucy had noticed their friend falling through the hole in the ground before it closed again.

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“**Wh-Where am I!?**” Lotte wasn’t the bravest of witches, nor did her appearance really give off the impression she *might* be. Small frame, glasses-wearing, she was certainly the type that was more likely to be intimidated than to intimidate herself. Which made the fact she’d fallen into a very dark room all the more alarming.

A wave of her wand revealed her surroundings with a burst of light that lingered, and from what she could make out she was in something of a

tight spot. Shelves of old, decrepit books made her wonder if this had been part of the library before it was renovated decades ago, and as much as a bit of investigation might have revealed whether her few assumptions were correct, her light had reflected something else that made her aware she might not have the chance.

**“S-Spiders!?”** Webs had been everywhere, and dancing among them had been arachnid after arachnid. Some teeny tiny, others as large as the girl’s hand or bigger. With the light of her spell dimming she had to cast it again, but once she did she realized something very eerie.

*All of the spiders were staring at her, red eyes glowing in the dark.*

It didn’t take a spider enthusiast to know that this *wasn’t* normal. Spiders would typically flee at the sight of a human, or in the case of a more violent species they would otherwise attack. To just observe humans so blatantly was both strange and unsettling. Besides, even without their gaze burrowing into the back of her head from all around her, the fact that their eyes were glowing in the dark at all was enough grounds to be concerned.

They weren’t typical spiders. Had they been enchanted somehow? A magic experiment gone wrong in the past perhaps? It wouldn’t be all that surprising if a student had found the trap door Lotte had fallen into in the past and had dumped their creations down there. **“What do I do...? What do I do...?”** She could probably burn them all with magic, but what if they were rare or important? But as if reading her mind, a million tiny voices suddenly called out with the same response.

## **THERE’S NOTHING TO DO. JUST ACCEPT YOUR AWAKENING, MISTRESS.**

From head to toe goosebumps spread across the girl’s body in response to these voices, all of her ginger hairs standing on end. There was no doubt in her mind that the speakers had been the hundreds, thousands, millions of spiders that called this underground space their home. And every hair that had stood on its end? They darkened to a pitch black, also sending the orange of her head of hair awash with black in the process.

Lotte didn’t know what to do. All she could think of was to ask questions. **“Mistress...? Wh-What do you mean by that? I’m nothing of the sort!”** The mention of an awakening also troubled her, although little did she realize this was already beginning as her soul swirled in a marinade of injected darkness. Hair darkened, it was now a matter of bleaching her skin to a tone far paler than it had ever been before. The

child began to sweat she began to look almost sickly in appearance - though she foolishly chalked the sweating up to the anxiety born of her current predicament.

The change in skin tone almost made the girl look as if she were made of porcelain, freckles that dotted her cheeks lightening to remove any flaw or blemish that might otherwise cloud her *'beauty'*. Not that Lotte typically saw herself as beautiful. In fact she saw herself as quite plain and didn't really care for how others saw her appearance otherwise. And yet... why did she suddenly feel the **impulse to check her reflection to make sure her beauty was up to par?**

Emotions that were bubbling up within her felt very arrogant and self serving. Confidence was something that Lotte lacked, but she was beginning to feel it in spades as her fear of the spiders instead began to make her feel as if she were among kin. **"What's... going on? I feel... I feel strange..."** Powerful. No longer like she was an outcast in this room, but instead like she had the authority to command it like a sovereign.

Yet she still lacked the form for such an overpowering authority; something presently in the works for improvement.

Lotte's lacking form began to grow at no subtle pace. It began with her height, stretching her Luna Nova uniform upwards as the skirt that covered most of her legs ended up hardly even covering her crotch. The bones in her arms and legs were stretched, fresh bone length applied evenly to her spine as well. Everything creaked and cracked as skin was pulled and supplemented to properly contain these greater lengths, such as fingers that pulled into longer, bonier forms that told an eerie story with how long and pitch black her long nails became.

**"Gyah! It *HURTS!*"** It certainly wasn't a painless affair, and the girl hissed out her discomfort through lips that were growing into a supple definition more befitting of an adult woman than a sixteen year old girl. Even her voice deepened, a sultry and seductive tone becoming the norm for no explicable reason.

The spiders assaulted her as she hissed, thousands of legs crawling all over her body for several moments like vultures attacking a carcass. It felt gross and unnerving, but at the same time it didn't bother her at all. As if two sets of preferences were clashing within her soul to bring about uncertainty. What the spiders were up to wasn't at first apparent either, but as they soon retreated Lotte found the reason clear. They had chewed up her uniform, leaving pale skin stark naked in the dark.

Which raised two questions to her: *had she always been this pale, and since when was it she could see in the darkness?* Her spell hadn't been reactivated for some time now but she could see within the cellar as if it were bright as day. Unable to see her own face, it of course escaped her notice that her eyes were both wider and ashen gray in color, lashes with thick mascara reaching out farther than they had before. This gaze was piercing and stern, a commanding gaze that looked down upon every other life form. But Lotte had never felt that way about anyone before! If anything, she'd always been below them!

**“So isn't it about time I was on top?”** Provoked by her memories of inadequacy, she blurted out something that might as well have been obscene for the creeds the girl lived by. It was the accumulative effect of her newly discovered confidence paired with an overwhelming sense of entitlement. To be on top, to treat everyone else like dirt. It all welled up inside, turning Lotte into a powder keg of dark sadism as her soul stewed further.

She swatted away her glasses for she knew she no longer needed them, and as they fell towards the ground they'd first bounced off of her chest. **“Huh!?”** It had been surprising enough to snap Lotte out of it, and in that brief moment her old voice spoke with shocked clarity. When it came to her chest it should have been far too flat for anything to bounce off of it, but looking down...

Her breasts were swelling! They were already settling into a hefty C-cup, but her upper body was yanked just the slightest bit more forward as each tit came to hold a better size relevance to her own head. She couldn't help but give them a squeeze with her new, bony hands, but no sooner than the moment she'd done so the personality overtaking her settled back into place and she cast her gaze away from dark gray nipples.

The spiders were dancing around the *woman*, waiting for her destined awakening to complete before they bestowed upon her a gift they'd crafted with their own legs. From the point of view of the spiders closer to the floor it was simple to see how Lotte's hips were widening, almost excessively to give her an extremely thin waist. Padding rapidly filled her thighs, meat jiggling even as the woman idled to the point that it became clear that her giant breasts would find equal measure in her lower half.

Porcelain cheeks of her ass bubbled up next, intent on finishing the ensemble hourglass figure to the best of its ability. Fat rippled into them, sending pleasant vibrations through both her butt and her thighs as they filled up like a pair of round sponges, engorged forms looking both

supple to the touch and soft to sit upon. When all was said and done her ass sat a solid eight inches out from her back *at least*.

Lotte herself hardly batted an eyelash as this was all happening. Her soul had been stained black, and a discerning eye that could reveal its shape might have noticed how it was shaped like a spider. From the woman's perspective her form was nothing to find concern nor excitement about, she had merely grown into the most optimal, beautiful shape and that was to be expected for a woman of her power.

Pitch black hair atop her head framed her face and kept her forehead bare, pasty skin all the more visible because of it. **“So Arachne is my name? I suppose it's suitable considering my appearance.”** She spoke calmly, in a way that was likewise very pragmatic. She wasn't happy or upset, she was merely analyzing the situation that had been dealt to her while considering how she could make it work to her benefit. Lotte wasn't gone, for example. She was still Lotte. But it was more like that meek, ugly little human she'd once been had been shoved in a blender with her new strong, aristocratic identity.

So Lotte could remain, but she could never again have control. They were now one in the same whether that witch liked or not. At the very least she was lucky to have become such a powerful, elder witch in exchange; even if what it meant to be a witch for Arachne was conventionally different. Her blackened soul spoke to that.

The spiders cheered as their mistress embraced her new self, and they soon began to swarm the woman once more. Tiny legs against her naked body were of no concern to Arache, and she could actually see what they were doing. They were constructing her a dress - long and black, with a fishnet neckline that showed off her abundant cleavage. Detached sleeves with a trio of claws on either arm. A spider decoration with eight legs that was attached to her neck, and a pair of spider earrings that dangled from exposed ears once her hair was tied up.

Arachne smirked as she thought about the two witches that were still cleaning the library up above. Reaching them would not be a difficult task, and she was sure she could use them before she wagered to attack this academy. After all...

**“I'm sure Eruka and Medusa would appreciate it if I brought them into this place.”**