

Chapter Nine



Peter wiggled and squirmed as he yanked one Felicia's skintight leather outfit over his hips. Felicia watched, eyes glassy. It was such a turn on to see Spider Man, THE Spider Man, struggling to get into her cat suit, looking like any woman who'd decided to go skintight.

"Your hips are wider than mine," Felicia said, wanting to draw Peter's attention to just how much of a woman he'd become.

Peter had finally gotten the costume over his hips, and he'd slipped one arm into a sleeve and was now trying to pull the side up, to get his arm in and the costume over his shoulder. "My arms are bigger, too," he said.

"You're such a stud," Felicia chuckled. In fact, he had lithe feminine arms. If anything, they were a little smaller than hers, but she let this one pass.

Peter had gotten the sleeves up, the costume over his narrow, round shoulders. He felt so vulnerable, with the crescents of his breasts,

squeezed together by his bra and her costume, cool air caressing his taut, smooth tummy. He started tugging furiously at the front zipper, trying to pull it closed, to cover up his breasts



Felicia got up now and circled him, very much like the curious cat. “Lovely,” she said, then drew Peter’s hand away from the zipper. “The zipper’s just for show,” she said. “The front doesn’t close.”

“Oh,” Peter said, now tugging at the sides, desperate to cover the soft swell of his breasts. “I’m spilling out.”

Once more, Felicia stopped him. “It’s sexy as hell,” and now she grabbed the back

of his neck and pulled him to her, kissing him, a hot, wet kiss that hit Peter like a thunderbolt.

Peter didn't fight it this time. He welcomed it, pressing his body against hers, lifting one leather slick leg and rubbing the inside of his thigh against hers.



When Felicia ended the kiss, Peter dove right back, wanting, needing more, but Felicia put a finger to his plump, wet lips. Peter mewled with frustration. “Down, kitty,” Felicia said. “We need to finish getting you ready.”

“Finish?” Peter said. “What else is there?”

Moments later, Peter sat primly while Felicia painted his lips, put on mascara. When she was done, she

handed Peter a hand mirror. “Whoa,” Peter said, blinking, those thick, wet lashes fluttering. He did not see a girl when he looked in that mirror. He saw a woman, a gorgeous woman. The sight of himself made up with that long hair, his plunging neckline? Sexy, he thought, shocked as he found himself slightly turned on looking at himself, looking at the woman in the mirror. It shook his sense of self, threatened to shatter his self-image as a man. Could she, could this goddess in the glass, consider herself male? It seemed absurd. He flicked his fingers, watching the way the long talons on Cat’s gloves flickered in the light.

“You’re such a pretty girl,” Felicia said, fussing with his wig, then putting her hands on his shoulders. “You should wear make up all the time.”

“It’s just– for tonight,” Peter said, unable to stop from staring at himself, turning his head slightly to the side. Painted, his eyes and lips looked bigger, more feminine, more inviting, more beautiful. He realized he liked being beautiful, pretty. Sexy. A strange thought flitted through his mind; I could be a model.

“Are you ready?” Felicia said, taking his hands and pulling him to his feet.

“Yes,” Peter sighed, leaning forward for another kiss, not even thinking about his mission anymore.

“Now, now!” Felicia said, putting a hand to his upper chest and holding him back. “There will be time for that later, my pretty little kitty cat. You need to get to Oscorps.”

“Just one more kiss?” Peter begged, his body aching with need.

“You’ll smudge your lipstick,” Felicia said, then gave him a slap on the ass. “Now go. Get the data. We’ll celebrate when you get back.”

Peter's pupils were fat and dark with desire, but he struggled, regained control. Running his hands through his hair, he nodded and turned, heading off towards his mission— heel to toe.

Peter had a plump, firm lifted ass like a dancer, but wearing her heels had elevated it past even goddess, and Felicia sighed as she watched him walk away, hips swaying side to side. She wanted him, and it had taken all of her willpower not to just throw him down on the bed and ravish him, but The Kingpin was not a person to be fucked with. She only hoped that there would be some way when this was over, she could keep Peter Parker as his pet.

Peter chose to travel Black Cat-style, leaping from building to building as he made his way to Oscorps. He didn't want to risk some random person taking a picture of him shooting webs, swinging from building to building. Would anyone make the connection that he was Spider Girl dressed up as Black Cat? He didn't want to take the chance. Meanwhile, he couldn't help but feel as if his breasts were going to spill out of that top with each and every jump and landing. He found himself impulsive tugging and tugging, adjusting, in a constant state of worry he was about to give the world a really good look at his bouncy tits.

He arrived at— odd. The building no longer had a huge sign reading "Oscorps." It now read, "Cassie Corps." Peter did a double take, checked the street signs. Yes. He was in the right place. The building, other than the changed sign, looked the same. Was Norman now Cassie? He wondered as he snuck down an alley to the side of the building. There was an entrance here Cat had identified as disused, largely unwatched, and which

security used to take smoke breaks, often leaving it carelessly unlocked and unsecured.

Peter's spider sense saved him. He dodged, avoiding the net that had come flying out of the darkness, and heard what sounded like a little girl curse. "Damn it!"

"Wow," Peter said as he looked over the petite girl who now approached him, dart gun in hand. "Kraven? You're adorable."

Kraven growled in rage, though once more he sounded more like a frustrated little girl trying to get her hair just right than a man, a hunter. He fired, spraying darts at Peter, who cartwheeled, dodged until Kraven had run out of ammunition.

Kraven threw the dart gun to the side and tilted his head, regarding the woman who crouched across from him. She didn't move like Black Cat at all. He knew Cat's tendencies, and he'd been so distracted he hadn't even noticed that he was dealing with, "Spider Man?" He whispered, tossing a long braid back over his shoulder. All of the changed recognized the true self within the other. It was part of what was going on with the multi-verse.

It amused Kraven to see his old enemy looking so— sexy. He was not, however, here for Spider Man, gorgeous or not. He stomped a little foot in fury and disappointment. "I'll never get my car back!" He shrieked.

Car? Peter had no idea what Kraven was squealing about, but he was making enough noise to draw a battalion of security. Peter decided he needed to take Kraven out and sprang at him, hoping to catch him off guard.

His hopes were not realized. The little mini-Kraven was quick, far quicker than he'd even been as a man, and three lightning fast moves later, he had Peter beaten, was about to apply one of his pressure point attacks.

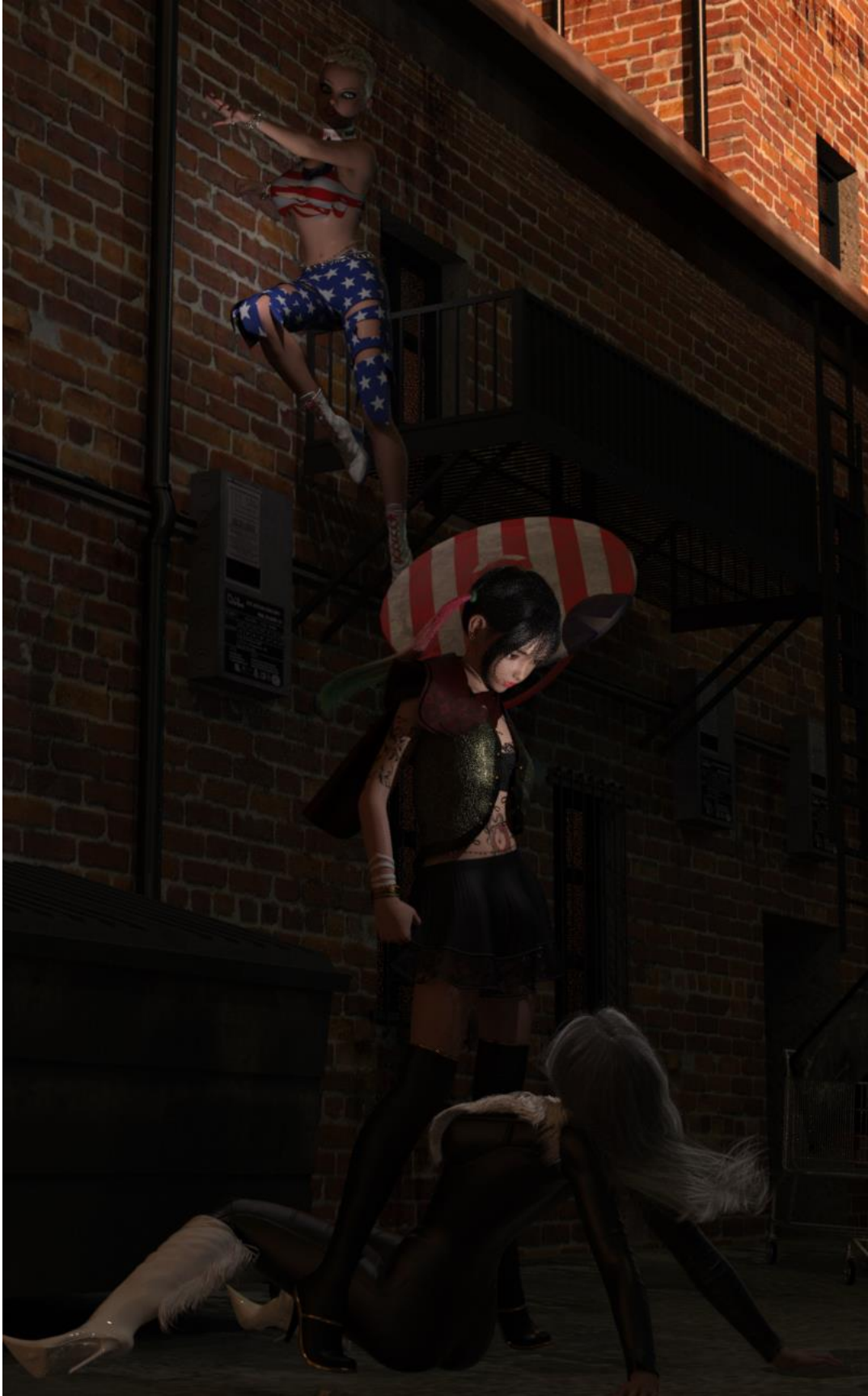
Peter couldn't believe it. Beaten? By this little thing? Head spinning, woozy, he collapsed onto his back.

Kraven made a classic villain mistake. Instead of finishing Spider Man, he couldn't resist the urge to gloat "You're mine," Kraven whispered, cupping Spider Man's chin, tilting his head back. "After all these years, how does it feel to be captured by Kraven the Hunter?"

Peter did not feel good about being captured by Kraven. All he could think about was Felicia, and the fact that there would be no heavy petting after all. Still, maybe he could keep Kraven talking until he rallied? "I love your skirt," Peter said.

"Oh, thanks," Kraven said, unable to help himself, plucking at his skirt and raising one knee. His kissing session had changed him, allowed him to stop denying some of the realities of his evolving personality. He liked having a cute outfit.

"Eat it, bitch!" A tiny voice screamed.



Kraven howled as a shield came spinning out of the night, knocking him off his feet and then boomeranging right back to the hands of a hot little blonde wearing a stars and stripes uniform.

“Cap?” Peter said, taking in the pretty little woman.

Captain America rolled his eyes. “Yeah, it’s me. Why are you dressed up like Black Cat?” Cap, like Peter, now had a high-pitched, Pixie voice. Looking Peter up and down, Cap said, “You make one hell of a skirt.”

Peter couldn’t help but look Cap over as well. He had a trim, athletic body like a gymnast and a cute, Betty Boop face. Of the two of them, Peter couldn’t help but note with some small and unexpected sense of pride, that he had the bigger breasts. “You’re not too bad yourself.”

Seeing the two former men distracted as they checked each other out, Kraven took the opportunity to run. He hadn’t come here for Spider Man anyway, and he had no desire to take on two supers at the same time.

“Fuck!” Cap said. His left tank top straps had slid down off his shoulder and his left breast was hanging out, so he tugged and tucked. He looked at Peter while he got his breasts under control. “Who knew having cans was such a pain in the keister?” He dropped his eyes to the generous swell of Peter’s breasts. “You got good ones. Bigger than Natasha’s.”

Peter had not expected Captain America to look at his bare breasts, nor to compliment him on the size of his bust. “Cans,” he said, once more tugging on the zipper of his catsuit, wishing he could make it close. “Yup. Who knew about cans? This suit doesn’t close. If I didn’t have a choice, you know I wouldn’t. you know, be showing off so much of -- my, uh, cans?”

“You got nothing to be ashamed of,” Cap said. “I’m glad mine are perky.” He cupped his own boobs and gave ‘em a squeeze, shaking his head.

“Cans. At least they’re fun to play with.” He looked back down the alley in the direction Kraven had run. “I guess I better go after him. Hell. You



coming?”

“I’m in the middle of something,” Peter said, gesturing at his costume. “I can’t share any details.”

“Who gives a shit,” Cap said.

“You seem grumpier than I remember,” Peter said.

“I’m on the rag,” Cap said. “It fucking sucks. Cramps. Bloating. Whatever. A man handles his shit.” While his voice was just as high as Peter’s now, it had a scratchy, kind of smokey quality that matched his

seething personality and punk girl outfit. "I had a date tonight," he said as he took off in pursuit of Kraven. "My boyfriend is going to be so pissed!"

Boyfriend? Peter thought, watching Cap race off after Kraven. He shook his head, thinking he really liked Cap's edgy look. He wondered if he should redesign his Spider Man costume. Make it sexier? Then, catching himself, he remembered why he was here. "Focus, Kitten," Peter whispered to himself. "Focus." He needed that data if he was ever going to get back to Cat's and do some heavy petting. He needed it bad.

Peter made his way through the side entrance, crept down halls, avoiding cameras, the occasional wandering guard. It was exciting to be sneaking into Oscorps, doing a stealthy mission as Black Cat.

As he approached the super collider control room, the security grew tighter, and he had to avoid pressure plates, contort his way through laser fields. Finally, he found himself in the control room. He inserted the thumb drive into the computer, glancing over his shoulder as the files downloaded, worried that any minute security might show, sound the alarm.

When the words Download Complete flashed on the screen, Peter felt a powerful sense of excitement, a thrill, a high. He felt powerful and—naughty. Was this what it felt like to steal something? No wonder Cat couldn't help herself.

He wanted to just bolt now, run heedlessly through security, part of him almost wanted to get caught so he could brag about how easily he'd penetrated the building as he pummeled the hapless guards. Cat had warned him about the thrill of the steal, the impulse to get caught, and he'd assured her it wasn't going to happen. Not with him. He was one of the good guys. She'd been right, though. She'd been so right. It was fun to be bad.

He had to temper his excitement, stay focused and level-headed until he made it out of the building. As much part of him wanted the whole world to know about his theft, he was much more interested in impressing Felicia.

“You bad little girl,” Felicia said as Peter opened his palm and showed her the thumb drive. “You need to be punished.” She held up a collar.

Peter smiled, blushed, even shivered. Naive as a boy or a girl, he wasn’t even sure what Felicia meant by punished, but the sight of that collar, the promise and threat in Felicia’s eyes, they scared him in the hottest way possible.

“Lift your hair,” Felicia said.

“I could take the wig off, and—”

“LIFT YOUR HAIR,” Felicia barked.

Peter lifted his hair. She was so strong, commanding. Obeying her turned him on.

Felicia fitted him into his collar, then connected it to a leash. “You’re my little kitten,” she said, running the cool leather strap across his cheek. “You like being my little kitten, don’t you?”

Peter felt himself getting hot and wet, felt his nipples hard, aching, straining against his leather top. He didn’t understand what was happening, but he knew he liked it. “Yes,” he whispered. Peter had never seen Felicia like this, had never been with a woman at all let alone one who liked playing the dom. He didn’t know if he was so excited because of his body, or because he had always wanted this somewhere deep inside. He also didn’t care.

Felicia yanked on his leash and dragged him toward the bedroom.
“Come along,” she said. “I’m going to make you glad that you’re a woman.”