

Chapter 10

Pepper Potts poked her head in the door to Tony Stark's office, a playful smile on her lips as she called, "Tony, don't forget about your appointment at 2 to get your nails done."

Tony didn't look up from the computer, but just waved a slender little hand, bracelets sparkling. "Yeah, yeah, got it." He was focused intensely on his task, and with his pretty, young, feminine face, Pepper couldn't help but think how cute he looked when he was being serious. She lingered, looking at the cute, young woman Tony Stark had become, enjoying the sight of the former playboy now looking like the exact kind of pretty little woman he'd once chased. Pepper had enjoyed pushing him into his new role and life, convincing he needed to start wearing skirts and blouses, heels.

"Is there some reason you're lingering?" Tony asked, finally looking up from his computer, brushing a strand of hair away from his smooth cheek. He'd done a good job with his makeup, Pepper noticed.

"I was just wondering; do you know CPR?" Pepper said.

Tony rolled his eyes. "Why?"

"Because you take my breath away."

Tony couldn't help but laugh. Ever since he'd gone female, one of Pepper's little things had been to constantly hit him up with the kinds of cheesy come-on lines guys used with women. He actually did think it was kind of funny. "It reveals so much about you, Potts, that you are taking so much pleasure in the fact that I lost my dick."

"It's not just that you lost your dick," Tony. "I am also loving those tits of yours."



“As informative as I’ve found my time as a member of the *weaker* sex, Potts, it might not be for much longer,” Tony said getting up, striding across the office, showing perfect form in his high heels. “I think I’ve found a way out of this skirt.”

“And into a dress?” Pepper said. She’d been trying to get him to put on a dress and go clubbing with her ever since the change, but that had been too much for him. So far. She enjoyed the sight of the pretty little man. Even in heels he was half a head shorter than her.

“That’s not gonna happen, Pepper. Tony Stark just might be getting his dick back.”

Peter Parker was not thinking about getting his dick back as he found himself on his hands and knees, moaning as Black Cat took him from behind, her strap on plunging deep, deep inside him. She had one hand on the small of his back, and with the other she was slapping the side of his ass as she thrust. “Do you love being a woman?” She shouted.

“Yes...” Peter gasped, pushing back, his breasts swaying stunned as waves of female pleasure courses through his body, a tension building within him... like a tight little ball of fire in his belly...

“Do you like being my woman?”



“Yes...” Peter mewled, the tension building, becoming unbearable He found himself clenching onto Cat’s strap-on, wanting to hold it inside him. “Oh, God. Oh, God.”

Cat smiled as Peter cried out, loving the sound of his soft, feminine voice as she drove him toward his first female orgasm. She thrust harder, slapping him on that soft, bouncy ass... and then

she felt him tremble...

“Ahhhhhhh!” Peter screamed, throwing his head back, arching his back as that little ball of fire ignited and flashed through every cell in his body... He collapsed onto his side, panting, body slick with sweat. Cat unstrapped, lay next to him, putting one hand on his hip while she cupped his breast with the other, rolling his hard, throbbing nipple between her thumb and index finger.

“How was it?” Cat asked, kissing him on soft, round shoulder.

“Amazeable,” Peter whispered, lost in a confusing tangle of feelings as he basked in the afterglow, feeling every bit a woman. “I mean instastic. I mean... I can’t think...” He bit his lip and sighed.

Cat chuckled and rolled him over, climbing on top of him, looking down at his pretty face. His eyes were glassy, pupils wide, cheeks and the tip of his nose red. She cupped his cheeks and kissed him, enjoying his plump, wet lips. “You’re so fucking hot,” she said.

“You’re pretty, too,” Peter whispered, staring up at her, feeling an unexpected urge to cry, to laugh, to hug her, kiss her. He felt a bond now, a connection he’d never felt with anyone before. She’d popped his cherry. He loved that she found him pretty, desirable. female.

Cat dragged her finger along Peter’s lower lip, then slipped it into his mouth. Peter began to suck. He didn’t even have to think about it. “There are so many things you can do with those lips,” Cat said, smiling. She pulled her finger from Peter’s mouth. He whimpered. “It’s my turn,” she said.

“You want me to? With the strap-on?”

Cat laughed. “Don’t be ridiculous,” she said. She whispered into Peter’s ear.

‘I’ve never done that,’ Peter said, batting his lashes.

“Don’t worry,” Cat said as she grabbed the ring on his collar and pulled him to a sitting position. “I have a feeling you’ll be a natural.”

Peter found himself with his head between Cat’s thighs, licking, licking, licking... Cat had her hand on Peter’s head, holding him there, though he wasn’t exactly fighting. “Good... ummmm.... Yes, my little kitten... keep licking.... Oh! Kitten!”

Cat had been right. Peter *was* a natural, and hearing her sighs and moans of pleasure made him feel good. He just wanted to please her.

After, Peter just wanted to hug his knees to his chest and sleep, but Cat made him go and take a shower. “Get dressed while I clean up,” Cat said, pointing to the outfit she’d laid out on the bed for him.

“What’s this?” Peter asked.

“Get dressed,” Cat repeated, closing the bathroom door and not waiting for a response.

Peter sighed and picked up a black, leather catsuit. It wasn’t the Black Cat costume from before. He had no idea why she wanted him to wear it. Could she seriously be thinking about more sex? He sighed. He would just have to put it on and wait to see what she had planned.

Peter had already come to realize he couldn’t say no to her.

He squeezed himself into the suit, pleased to discover the zipper on this one did pull up all the way to the top. He didn’t like having his bare breasts exposed. It felt like too much of an invitation, and he wasn’t that kind of girl. Or, at least, he was pretty sure he wasn’t. There was also a very short, pleated skirt, a pair of knee length, high heeled boots and a pair of kitten ears. What the hell am I supposed to be? He wondered as he stepped into the flirty skirt. Looking in the mirror, it looked like the kind of skirt that went

with a “slutty schoolgirl” Halloween costume, except this one was black leather, like his catsuit.

He sat on the bed and pulled on his boots. As he stood, perched forward on his toes, he didn’t have to wonder why Cat loved putting him in heels, aside from whatever kink factor was happening making a guy wear high heels. They also added a +10 to his already impressive legs and ass.

He looked at the kitten ears. “No way,” he said, putting them back down on the bed. They looked like something a tween girl would wear. Cat was asking too much. He felt like she wanted to turn him into some kind of fetish and a boy had to draw a line. Besides, he remembered a video he’d come across for some Kpop girl band where they’d all been wearing kitten ears, and which he’d gotten horny as hell gawking at.

They’d even been wearing short little pleated skirts and knee-high boots just like the ones he was wearing now, come to think of it. The thought Cat was turning him into one of his own fantasy girls confused him, threatened him. He’d gotten to like being sexy on some level, but this was a specific kind of look that– scared him. Like he was supposed to be a sex toy, some teen-age boy’s wet dream.

He checked himself out in the mirror. His leather outfit left nothing to the imagination, hugging every curve. He looked hot as hell. His makeup was all a mess from their love making, and he had no idea how to fix it, but it actually looked– sexy? In a slutty kind of way.

Maybe I am a slut now? He thought, giggling at the idea, almost thrilled, though he cringed to think what Aunt May would say if she knew what her innocent little niece was becoming.

Cat came out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her body and caught Peter checking himself out in the mirror. “Slut,” she said.

Peter giggled and gestured at his outfit. "What's all this about?"

Cat grabbed the kitten ears from the bed and fitted them into Peter's hair. Cat said. "This doesn't look quite right."

"Yeah, there's no way I was wearing those things."

"Oh, you're wearing the ears, Kitten," Cat said with a smile. "I just want to switch out of that wig."

Cat carefully removed the wig Peter had been wearing. He rubbed his hand over his short hair, felt the back of his neck. "That's much better."

"This'll look great on you," Cat said, choosing a page boy style wig from her collection and fitting it over Peter's head. "You're so cute!" She said. "Like a living, breathing sex doll."

Peter felt himself blushing.

"Now, sit. I'm going to explain, but you need to learn to do your own makeup. First, use those wipes to clean off your face."

Peter sat and plucked some of the wet wipes from the container.

"Knees together, shoulders back," Cat said.

"What?" Peter said, wiping the lipstick from his lips.

"Knees together, shoulders back," Cat repeated. "You need to sit like a proper young lady."

Peter shivered with pleasure, smiling at her in the mirror. He wanted to be a proper young lady for Cat. He wanted to be whatever she wanted him to be. He did as he'd been told. Once his makeup had been cleaned off, Cat stared at him in the mirror as he did his lipstick, mascara, eyeliner. She had a hard, hungry look in her eyes, clearly enjoying watching him make himself pretty. Peter still found it surprising how makeup transformed his face, made him look so much sexier, mature, and with his new wig? "I look

like a totally different person,” he said, picking up the camel hairbrush and dusting a little more blush onto his cheeks.



“You are a totally different person. You’re not Spider Man anymore. Now, you’re sidekick to the notorious Black Cat. Your new name is Sick Kitten.”

“Kitten?” Peter said, looking at himself with his little kitten ears.

“Sick Kitten,” Cat said. “You like it. Don’t try to deny it.”

It really wasn’t a question, and though Peter actually hated it, he wanted to make Cat happy. “I love it,” he lied, flashing a big smile. “What do I need a name for, though?” He gestured at his outfit again. “It’s just for this one time, right?”

“We’ll see,” Cat said. “I have a surprise for you.” She went to her dresser, and when she turned around, she had a diamond bracelet dangling from her finger, the precious stones sparkling, flashing.

Peter’s heart thumped, and he put his hand to his chest. “For me?”

“Pretty things for my pretty girl,” Cat said as she slipped the bracelet onto Peter’s slender wrist.

“I can’t accept this,” Peter said as he stared at the bracelet. It was—divine. He’d never really cared about jewelry at all, but his girl’s heart adored it, especially as it was a gift from HER.

“I insist,” Cat said. “A girl like you deserves the best.”

Peter lunged in for a kiss. He wanted to, needed to show her how much she meant to him, but Cat warded him off. “I need to get ready, and then we’ll deliver the data to my client.”

“Wait, you want me to go out like this? In public?”

Cat just smiled and purred.

Peter and Cat arrived at the alley door to Club XXX. “So, it’s Kingpin?” Peter said.

“The one and only,” Cat said.

A thug let them in, and as they made their way down the hall to the back office, they passed one of the strippers. Peter checked her out, thinking, I’m prettier than her.

“I have to check you for weapons,” the thug outside the door said, leering as he let his eyes roam over the bodies of the two gorgeous women. Peter felt his skin crawl. The guy was gross.

“Touch either one of us, and I’ll break your arm,” Cat said, pushing past the thug.

Peter’s heart fluttered. She was so tough!

They stepped into the office. Peter stopped short. Cat looked over the woman who waited for them. She wore a black and white polka dot dress and had a cigarette extender in her slender hand.

“Well, well,” Cat said. “Aren’t you easy on the eyes— Miss Fisk.”

Kingpin smiled. “It’s Mrs. Marianna now,” he said in his sultry woman’s voice. “Fisk was my maiden name.” He took a puff from his cigarette. “And people call me Bombshell.”

“I can see why.”

“You have the data?”

“Right here,” Cat said, plucking the thumb drive from where she’d stashed it in her cleavage. She handed it to Fisk.

“Very well,” he said. “Our transaction is complete. My colleague will get to work on a solution.”

Neither of them had noticed the girl lingering in the shadows. She stepped forward into the light now. She was pretty, Peter noticed, with a dynamite figure and great skin, wearing what looked like a metal corset. Peter immediately felt a very strong dislike for her, but then he did a double-take. “Iron Man?”

“Iron Miss,” Kingpin corrected, chuckling.

“Hey, Spidey,” Tony said. He had a high, pretty voice, just like Peter and Cap. It seemed all the male heroes had ended up with little girl voices. “What’s with the kitten ears, kid? Not that you don’t look sexy as hell.”

Peter dropped his eyes, blushing.

“Iron Man and Kingpin working together?” Cat said, curious.

“Strange times make for strange bedfellows,” Kingpin said.

“I just want my dick back,” Tony said.

Cat laughed. “You’re still being led around by your cock, I see, even though you don’t have one.”

“What can I say?” Tony said as he met Cat’s eyes, then stepped closer and put a hand on her hip. “Not that I need a cock to please a woman.” He ran his tongue over his upper lip.

“Oh, do tell?” Cat said, intrigued, as she cupped Tony’s chin and tilted his head back.

“I have business, so if you two sluts want to get nasty, go do it somewhere else,” Kingpin said.



“You sure you don’t want to join in for a threesome?” Cat said.

“My husband would kill me,” Kingpin said. “Now, go.”

“I know a hotel not far from here that rents rooms by the hour,” Tony said, pressing his breasts against Cat.

Peter’s temper flared. That little bitch! “Don’t you think we should be doing something with the data!?” He shrieked.

“Peter!” Cat said, amused.

Tony smiled, gave Peter a wink as he filled in all the blanks.

“Unfortunately, kewpie doll is right,” he said. “I need to get to work, but, um, maybe we can take this up again before I change us all back?”

“I’d like that,” Cat said, smirking, glancing at Peter, loving the jealous little female he’d become.

“Hunh!” Peter huffed.

The three of them headed toward the door.

“Cat, what are you doing to poor little Parker, here? I mean, really?”

“He loves it,” Cat said. “Don’t you, honey?”

Peter winced. He didn’t want to have to admit that he loved it, not in front of Tony Stark. He knew he was the girl in their relationship, and while it thrilled him in private, in public he was embarrassed. But, his newfound need to please Cat won out. “It’s really fun,” Peter said.

“Of that, I have no doubt,” Tony said, thinking of all the kinky things he wanted to do with Cat now that he was a woman. He’d always found lesbian sex videos really hot.

“You should have seen her when I put her on a leash,” Cat said.

“Cat!” Peter wanted to die.

“She’s just a kid,” Tony said. “And you are a bad, bad, girl.”

‘You’d look hot as hell on a leash,’ Cat said.

“Funny, I was just thinking the same thing about you.”

“Guys?” Peter said. “The data?”

Cat and Tony smiled at each other, challenging, testing each other with their eyes, sparring to see who of the two of them would be the dominant female.

“I’m sure we’ll continue this conversation soon,” Cat said.

“And I’m sure you’ll be doing it with your ass in the air.”

“Miss Stark,” Cat said. “You do know how to charm a lady.” She turned to Peter. “Come on, Kitten.”

“Actually, I could use Kitten’s help with this,” Tony said. “If you can spare her.”

Peter gave Cat a look. No. Please. He did not like this little hussy Tony had become. Not at all.

Cat grinned. The fact Peter so obviously did not want to go with Tony made it all the more fun for her to send him. “Take her,” she said. “Just don’t ruin her.”

“What?”

“Go with Miss Stark,” Cat said.

“But—”

“Not another word, Kitten.”

Peter pouted. Tony goosed him. Peter yelped.

“I promise not to bite,” Tony said.

“I don’t,” Peter said, reduced to a furious little female being bossed around by everyone.

Mrs. Winona Marianna, The Bombshell, shook her head as the three departed. “Will you be needing anything, Mrs. Marianna?” The thug at the door asked.

“Privacy,” he said, with a dismissive wave of his little hand. The door closed. Kingpin sighed. All that flirting, those sexy bodies? They’d gotten him all hot and bothered. He hoped his husband, Van, would be in the mood tonight. Van could be so moody, but Kingpin knew just the sexy little thing he would put on when he got home, and if that wasn’t enough to get his husband interested?

Well, there was always Mr. Sparky and an episode of Bridgerton to get him off.

Kraven lingered in the shadows, watching as Cat, Spidey and Iron Man had a brief conversation, then Spider wrapped his arms around Iron Man and the two jetted off.

Cat moved off into the night. She was alone. Kraven could track her, find the right moment, and strike. He checked the time. He was supposed to meet his boyfriend in a little bit to “study.” He had to make a choice.

Do his job or make out with his boyfriend?

Mom’s going to be pissed, he thought, as he headed off, away from Cat, thinking about his boy. He would probably never get his car back, but, really, it would be so worth it. His little body tingled and grew warm at just the thought of being in his man’s arms, his strong hands on Kraven’s soft little body. Kraven didn’t think there was anything in the world better than kissing a boy.

The fact that at the same time he would be defying his mother, breaking the rules, being a bad girl?

It made it too perfectly delicious.

Kraven was learning that he not only liked being a girl, he loved being a bad girl.

I'm a very bad girl, he thought, pleased and excited. And Mom can go fuck herself.

Bonus Pick!

