

Chapter Six

Peter fell asleep studying, his head drooping down steadily until it came to rest on his math book. He drifted off into a world of dreams. He found himself in Mary Jane's bedroom. She lay on her bed, propped up on an elbow, and she was giggling. "Put it on," she said. I want to see how you look in it."

Looking down, Peter saw he held a little lace bra against his bare breasts. The cool air swirling around his skin told him was otherwise naked, but for a tiny little pair of lace panties. He felt embarrassed and threw one arm across his breasts, bra swinging in his hand, while he tried to use the other to hide his panties. Long, silky hair flowed down over his shoulders.

"Don't be shy," Mary Jane said. "You're a gorgeous girl, Penny."

Peter blushed at the compliment.

"Do it for me," Mary Jane said, softening her voice, sounding like a little girl.

Mary Jane. Peter couldn't say no to her. He turned his back and slipped into the bra as if he'd been doing it his whole life, hooking the clasps, adjusting the straps, fitting his breasts into the cups.

"Let me see," Mary Jane said, sultry now, alluring.

Peter turned to face her, deeply ashamed, worried she would laugh at him. He was still cringing, trying to hide his body beneath his arms and hands. Mary Jane didn't laugh. Her eyes grew hazy, and she whispered, "Let me see."

Peter had never felt so awkward, which was saying a lot. He didn't know what to do with his arms other than wrap them around himself, so he put

one on his hip, and the other behind him. He giggled. Mary Jane drank him in, letting her eyes caress every inch of his body. No one had ever looked at him like that, and he felt tingly and excited. "You're so fucking hot," Mary Jane said, now sounding hoarse.

Peter giggled again, hooked his hair behind his ear. He felt pretty.

"Dance for me," Mary Jane said.

There was music, a thumping base, Peter found himself dancing, awkward at first, but gradually more and more fluid, more confident. He leaned forward and shook his breasts toward MJ, giggling, then turned and swayed his hips. "Mmmmm," MJ sighed.



Making out on MJ's bed. She was on top, and as they kissed she cupped one of Peter's breasts over his bra, squeezing, squeezing. Peter

had his hands buried in his long hair, his eyes closed, his bare thighs intertwined with MJ's, their soft flesh pressing together.

Kraven pulled a pair of wrist bindings from his belt pouch. "Mother will be pleased. I mean, not Mother, but— just forget it."

Black Cat felt her bad luck power activate.

The air filled with the sound of flapping wings, squawking, as a flock of seagulls swarmed Kraven, pecking, hectoring him. Kraven screamed, shielding his eyes from their vicious pecking attacks.

Black Cat ran. She ran so far away.

Cat had twisted her ankle when she'd tripped on the wire, and as she ran she felt a jolt of pain shiver up her leg. She felt woozy, dizzy, and she was pretty sure she had a concussion. She made it to street level, a narrow alley and found a dumpster, jumping into it, rolling in the filth, rubbing a slice of moldy pizza under her armpits, over her suit. She had to cover her scent, or Kraven would track her.

She made it back to her apartment, climbing down through the skylight, and yanked off her boot. Her ankle looked like a turnip, swollen and red. She definitely had a concussion, and she had done too good a job hiding her scent— she reeked something awful.

She took a shower and scrubbed off the stink, leaning against the wall to keep from falling over. She'd have to delay the mission. There was no way she could break in until she healed. She got on her burner phone and called the client.

"Yes," a deep, sorrowful voice answered.

“I’m not going to be able to meet the timeline. It’s going to be another week,” Cat said. “There’s been a—”

“That is not acceptable. That is not our agreement.”

“There’s been an unexpected—”

“Get the data. Do not fail me. You know what happens to those who fail me.”

The line went dead.

“Oh, hell,” Cat thought, sitting down, head aching. She couldn’t get into a way right now, or deal with a steady flow of wanna be assassins, especially with Kraven coming after her. “Now what?”



Wilson Fisk, The Kingpin, was not pleased. There was no time for delays. He needed that data, and he needed it now. He thought about others he might employ, but none of them had the skills to get into Oscorps and steal the data, and he wasn’t prepared to launch a murder fist attack that might draw attention to him and his— situation.

He needed to pee. Again. He seemed to need to pee all the time now. He went to the bathroom, pushed down his pants, turned and sat on the toilet, peeing in fits and starts. If the world saw this, if they

knew, they would laugh. Every thug and villain in the city would lose respect for him, laugh.

When he'd finished, he wiped himself. He'd found when he didn't, he got piss on his underwear. He went to the sink to wash his hands. The man in the mirror, if he could still call himself a man, still looked largely the same. Maybe a little younger, a little thinner, but he still looked like Wilson Fisk. He could fool people for now, but he'd seen what was coming, had seen his fate in the shapely female Spider Man had become.

That morning he'd gone to his closet to find half his suits replaced with dresses, his shoes with high heels. In his dresser panties, bras. Women's clothes. Women's shoes. Never, he vowed as he coated his chin in shaving cream.

He didn't need to shave anymore, but he did anyway. It made him feel like he was still a man.

Sunday morning. Showering for Peter had become an erotic nightmare. It was like the shower scene from a porno, but he was the hot girl. He turned the shower on and waited for the water to get hot, trying not to think about the ordeal to come, but his efforts not to think about the shower only led him to revisit his dream— he and Mary Jane, bodies entwined, kissing, caressing, his soft moans as she shoved her hand...

The room filled with steam. Peter climbed into the shower, breasts swaying. He lathered up with his Irish Spring body wash and started in a safe zone, under his armpits, but as he reached across his arm lay across the soft swell of his breasts, and as he ran his hand along his armpit, his arm felt like it was massaging his boobs. He thought of Mary Jane, how her



hand had felt on his nipple, squeezing, teasing... Peter's nipples grew hard, tingling with pleasure as the hot, steamy water pelted against them.

He couldn't fight it, and he lathered up his hands and the rubbed his sudsy fingers over his breasts, then under, lifting them. Peter's knees went weak as waves of foreign, feminine pleasure washed over him. It was better even than his dream. He'd heard girls talk about their breasts being

sensitive, but he'd had no idea. None. They were, it was— insane.

Answering a deep, inner urge, he put a thumb and index finger against his hard, aching nipple and squeezed, crying out softly as he felt himself shaken by even more intense waves of pleasure like he'd never felt...

His explorations came to a sudden halt as he felt himself grow hot and wet in a place he still didn't want to admit he had. Peter pulled his hands away from his breasts, the fear of his female sexuality finally over-riding his animal desires. He rinsed off, and got out of the shower, heading swimming with lust and confusion.

He needed exercise, to clear his head, he decided. He needed to go swinging and that meant, yes, he finally had to face it, he needed a bra. It was so wrong, but he didn't want to deal with breasts pain, and he knew he needed the support. It would be good not to have his boobs bouncing all over the place.

It's just a bra, he told himself. Be a man and just put it on. He grabbed the Anita Active sports bra and then turned it around, looked it over. There was no zipper. No clasps. I guess I just put it on like a t-shirt, he realized, slipping it over his arms, then over his head, pulling it down and— it seemed too small, but it stretched, and he yanked it down over his boobs, grimacing as it compressed his breasts, crushing them against his chest.

Is it supposed to be this tight? He wondered, tugging, adjusting, trying to get more comfortable. He was smart enough to understand the principle, this time without even looking it up. The bra had to be tight to keep his boobs from bouncing around. It made sense, but why couldn't someone make one that didn't make him feel like he was being crushed to death by a boa constrictor?

Peter glanced in the mirror and scrunched up his face at the sight of himself wearing his first bra. A boy in a bra, he suddenly felt a little like a perv. He'd stepped over into girl world. Wasn't that supposed to be wrong?

He thought about taking it off, but decided to experiment, hopping up and down in place. He still felt some jiggle in his soft flesh, but not so much of movement. It helped. He would probably be able to move better, fight better. He decided it was time to stop obsessing about his boobs. It was time to swing.

He dressed, stuffed his costume into his backpack, gave Aunt May a kiss and insisted he didn't need breakfast, then headed into the city. He got off the subway as soon as he reached Manhattan and went to one of his changing spaces— no cameras, little foot traffic, changed into his costume and fired a web into the sky.

Peter swung from building to building, losing himself in the pure joy of it. In Manhattan, the sound of sirens was ever present and most of the time ambulances making their way down the crowded streets. Peter had learned to hear the difference. In most cases, ambulances used a *wail*, while police used a *yelp*.

Today, Peter heard only ambulances wailing. Peter was glad there didn't seem to be any major crimes happening, though part of him craved a little action. He wouldn't allow himself to want someone to be victimized just so he could come swinging down and play the hero.

He made his way down to The Village, tried his luck with Strange again. This time no one answered, so he decided to go back to his favorite rooftop hang out and catch his breath. Landing on the roof, he really did have to admit his bra worked wonders. It was worth the discomfort. No wonder women put up with it. Maybe this would all be over soon, he'd and would be able to look back on it and say he'd learned a thing or two about the female of the species. In an ironic way, he thought it might even make him a better man. It would be just like *Freaky Friday*.

“Hmmm.” Someone had painted a crude circle on the side of the stairwell entrance and tacked a note in the middle. Peter went over and read the note. It was from Cat.

Spidey. I'm in trouble. I need your help. You know where to find me.

And now, a sneak peek! Coming soon to the MTGU:

