

## Chapter Seven

Peter tapped on Cat's skylight. She lay on the couch, her ankle up, wearing an over-sized boyfriend shirt. She looked up and smiled, waved for him to come down. Peter remembered how he'd ended up here once when he and Cat had worked together. He'd been injured, and she'd learned his secret identity, revealing hers to him as a way to let him know she would keep his secret. So far, she had.

Peter spun a web and lowered himself into her apartment. "Ow," he said, spotting her swollen ankle. "What happened?"

"Kraven. He's hunting me, almost had me. I also have a concussion."

"Uh oh," Peter said, sitting across from her, pulling off his mask. "Kraven still out there trying to prove he's the world's greatest hunter, eh?"

"I think she's working for someone this time," Cat said, remembering she'd mentioned someone named 'Mother.'"

"She?"

"Oh, yeah. He's a girl now. Really cute, too. You should see his outfit."

"Wow. Another one." Peter couldn't help but chuckle at the thought of Kraven stuck in a female body, even as much as he could empathize. "So, what, you want me to handle Kraven?"

"No. The problem is my client, the one who hired me to infiltrate Oscorps. I can't get in like this and—" her voice trembled, and she looked like she might cry— "Peter, he threatened to kill me."

"Who's the client?" Peter said, temper flaring. He had a thing for protecting women, which had not changed, even though he was one now. "I'll take care of it."

"No. No. That's not gonna work. I need you to go in and steal the data."

“Felicia...”

“Peter, they are changing people, stealing their lives, their identities. If that’s not technically a crime, it’s only because no one ever thought they would need to pass a law making it illegal to use a dimensional vortex to alter people’s lives.”

“I’m not sure...”

“Look,” Cat said, holding her phone towards him. It was open to the front page of the Daily Bugle. There was a picture of a familiar looking, attractive older woman, and a headline that read “Mayor Melody Etter Declares War on Poverty.”

“Wait? Melody? Mel changed, too? He’s a woman now?”

“It’s happening all over the city. Everyday people are being transformed. You still protect people, right, Spider Girl, or did you lose that along with your dick?”

“Ow,” Peter said. She was making some sense. He’d been only thinking of himself, and the idea of breaking into Oscorps just to benefit himself violated his code. Breaking in to save others, well, it seemed a little more in his wheelhouse. Felicia, he had to admit, had a point, but still? It didn’t feel right. “Felicia, people look up to Spider Man, kids look up to Spider Man. If I get caught trying to steal, think about the damage that could do, the example I would be setting for kids. I don’t think I can do it. I don’t think Spider Man can do it.”

“I agree,” Felicia said, the hint of a smile on her face. “Spider Man can’t do this.”

“Wait? What?” Peter said. Felicia was not one to so easily back down from an argument, even when she was completely wrong. “You agree?”

“I do. Spider Man can’t break into Oscorps, but you know who can?”

“Logan?”

Felecia held up her mask, now grinning widely. “Black Cat. You ready for a makeover, honey buns?”

“Me? In that outfit?” Peter said, thinking about her leather catsuit, the plunging neckline, his bare breasts hanging out for everyone to see.

“Scared?” Felicia said, sensing she was winning Peter over to the idea. As much as it was about the mission, she was also turned on by the idea of dressing Peter up as her, turning him into her clone.

“No,” Peter lied. In fact, he was very scared. “It’s just— I don’t have the hair.”

“Lucky you,” Felecia said. “I have the perfect wig.”

“I don’t think it’ll work.”

“Just try on the wig and mask. Let’s see how you look.”

Peter groaned but decided he might as well just give it a try. There was something— disturbing— about the idea of letting Felecia dress him up as her, and he struggled not to acknowledge the fact that it, well, it kind of turned him on? “Okay,” he whispered. “If it looks stupid or obviously not you or whatever, then no.”

Felicia responded by pulling the wig on over his head, then brushing the hair back away from his eyes, arranging it over his shoulders. She then fixed the Cat mask in place, cupped his cheeks and said, “Oh, honey.” Her voice had gone deeper, hoarse, and her eyes were wet with desire. Trembling, Peter turned away before she could kiss him again and gasped as he saw herself— himself— in the mirror.

“Oh, boy,” he said, plucking at his hair, blushing. The long hair framing his pretty face made him look—sexy? He looked hot, he had to admit, looked kinda like Felecia, and seeing himself with all that wild hair confused

him. He wanted to kiss himself, he looked so hot, and it scared him to look so pretty.



“I look—”

“Gorgeous,”

Black Cat finished for him. “You can totally pass for me. Please, Peter,” she said, making her voice small, like a scared little girl. “For me?”

“I guess I have to go through with this,” Peter said, pulling his eyes away from the image of himself. “For you and everyone.”

Cat smiled. “I can’t wait to

see you all wrapped up in black leather,” Felecia said, cupping his ass and goosing him.

“Stop it!” Peter shrieked, hopping away from her, throwing one arm across his ass cheeks

“Come back Monday night, and we’ll get you ready.”

Peter just shook his head. “I can’t believe I’m going to do this.”

Felecia bit her lip. “I can.”

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“You failed?” Ana spat, hands clawed in fury.

Kraven stood before her, hands clasped behind his back, knees together. “It wasn’t my fault,” he said. “I had beaten her, and then her bad luck powers, and birds and...”

“Excuses!” Ana said. “Men do not make excuses, Honoka. You know who does?”

Kraven just slit his eyes, struggling against the desire to strike her. He didn’t dare, though. He knew she would only humiliate him further.

“Little girls make excuses!” Ana said. “That’s all you are now, Honoka. A useless little girl! The only thing you should be hunting now is a husband!”

“Ana—” Kraven hissed, raising a tiny fist, no longer able to control himself. He could not allow her to further emasculate him.

“Go ahead,” Ana said with a feral smile. “Take your best shot.” She dropped her arms to her sides, making her seem open to attack, vulnerable.

Kraven paused. He knew she was baiting him, trying to lure him into an attack so she could once again display her dominance. He lowered his fist, clenched his hands behind his back once more and whispered, "I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"I'm sorry, Mother dearest."

"Good girl," Ana said. "Now, for your punishment. You will perform 50 sun salutations and then hold the goddess pose for 5 minutes. Begin."

Kraven sat on the edge of the bed and started to pull off one of his high heeled boots.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting ready for yoga."

"You will exercise in heels."

"Mother!"

"Let's add 50 squats. You need a bigger ass to attract a good man."

Kraven got up and began his sun salutations. Ana sat down and watched, pleased. It was such fun to break her father's will. She hoped he would always remain a little defiant. It was so much more fun when he fought for his lost manhood, and then surrendered to her will. "Show me that pretty smile."

Kraven showed her a smile, though it might not have been one described as pretty. He thought, again, about running away, trying to find some way to get his body and life back or at least his dignity. He, however, had no money. In this life he was just a teen-ager without so much as a part-time job or even a high-school diploma. And his herbs, the ones he needed to be strong, powerful? Ana controlled them. Without them, he would just be a tiny little girl with no way to defend himself.

And so, he would put with her insults for now, her mockery, at least until he could find some way to get his hands on the herbs. He needed a way to be strong other than by touching up his lipstick.

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Monday morning. Peter and Kraven each found himself about to face life in high school as a girl. Peter found a t-shirt bra— less supportive than his sports bra, but more comfortable.

Kraven slipped into a lacy bralette, chosen by his mother. With his small breasts, he didn't think he even needed one, but Ana had insisted.

Peter, once again feeling thankful that he

and Penny shared largely the same taste in clothes, pulled on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, zipped up his hoodie and ran a hand over his short hair. He was ready.

Kraven slipped into his pleated skirt and blouse, his ankle socks and Mary Janes. Of course, he attended a private school and was expected to wear the humiliating uniform. With each item he donned, he felt more and more the schoolgirl whose body he now inhabited, less and less the man he'd once been. He looked in the mirror and raised his middle finger, appalled at how cute he looked, before he sat down to brush out his hair, wincing each time his brush got caught on a tangle.

After, concentrating, he carefully applied the light makeup look Ana had taught him. She would inspect him before he headed off to school, and there would be a punishment if he disappointed her. His glutes and thighs still ached from the punishment the day before. He didn't feel like finding out what effeminate exercises she would have him do next. Besides, she'd hinted if he was a good little girl, she would give him another chance to capture Black Cat. If he did, she promised to give him back the keys to his car, which she'd taken away the first time he'd attacked 'Mother.'

Kraven had decided to be a good little girl. It was worth it to get his daughter to give him nice things.

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Peter had hoped dressing in plain, boyish clothes would make him invisible. His hopes were not realized. For one, he had a gorgeous face, and for another, even though Penny's clothes were not unusually tight, at least for a girl, they did fit, and with curves like his- well, as he walked down



the hall to his locker, he could feel the eyes of the boys roaming over his body.



It made him nervous and even a little, to his surprise, afraid to know these boys wanted him, wanted his body. He felt like he was surrounded by a school of sharks. Was this what it felt like to be a girl? Or maybe it was because he was really a guy? He didn't know, but he did know that this feeling? He didn't like it.

As he made his way past a group of jocks, he felt them staring, their eyes

dropping to his ass, burning a hole in it as he walked by them. Flash Thompson, in a booming voice, declared, "I'd tap that."

Peter winced and cringed, hurrying his step and blushing. Did Flash actually want to have sex with him now? His bully? His nemesis? Flash? *He wants to do me?* Peter thought, appalled, wanting to most definitely go back to just being bullied by Flash. That was better than being drooled over by that jerk!

Peter had seen his new body with the eyes of a male, and as much as he didn't want to face it, he knew. Every straight guy would want a piece of him. Even Flash. Especially Flash. *But where did he get off just ogling me like that,* Peter thought, *telling people he'd "tap" my ass?* Peter felt-- violated.

Flash was clearly still an asshole. Why can't *he* turn into a girl? Peter wondered. Let Flash deal with a big set of tits and a bunch of horny guys looking to get laid.

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Kraven did not have as much of a problem being noticed. As he bobbed and weaved his way down the crowded hallways of St. Virtue Catholic school, his biggest problem was that no one seemed to notice him at all. He felt like even more of a child as the guys and even the girls towered over him, and he found himself time and again having to dodge to avoid running into their big, dumb bodies.

It further aggravated him at Ana for making him go to school in the first place, and for her reasoning. When he'd pointed out to her that he was actually a grown man and had more knowledge than any of the teachers at the dumb school, she just smiled and started to play with his hair. "Honey,

you need to learn how to socialize as a female, and high school is the best place for that.”

Socialize as a female? He had no intention. He got to his locker, relieved to have made it this far without being knocked over by one of the giants, and as he opened it up and started to take out his books, he felt a pair of strong hands on his shoulders, squeezing, massaging. “Hey, honey,” a male voice said. “I’m looking forward to our *study session* at lunch time.”

Kraven looked back and up into the smiling face of a boy, it was Eric, then Kraven froze in shock as he accessed Honoka’s memories. *Oh, my God*, he thought. *I have a boyfriend!?*

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Peter knew all the girls who Penny was friends with. He knew them all as Peter through the Science Club. Things were different now. He’d always been awkward around girls, a little shy, and they had always been kind of awkward and goofy around him. Now, the awkwardness was gone, at least for them. He’d been shocked when Jane, who planned to become a software engineer, saw him in the hall, smiled and said, “hi,” and then walked right up to him and gave him a hug. It was his first real life girl on girl hug, and the feeling of his soft breasts pressing into hers unnerved him. He broke off the hug.

“Is everything okay?” Jane said, surprised at how abrupt Penny had been, how it almost seemed like she didn’t want a hug today, when they hugged all the time.

“Yeah! Yes!” Peter said. He couldn’t help but notice he once more lost in the voice game. Jane had a voice he would now call normal for a girl, unlike his high-pitched chirping. “Nothing is weird. Nothing weird happened. I’m just the same old Penny as always.” He put a hand on his hip, intending

to strike an 'everything is normal' pose, but it felt weird and girly, so he crossed his arms, but that felt defensive, so he uncrossed them, feeling like his arms were flapping around like chicken wings, so he—

The warning bell rang.

"I gotta get to class," Jane said. "See ya." Seeing Penny acting so weird and dorky made Jane feel better. That was pretty much always how she was, after all.

Class. Peter had to get to class. There, at least, he could just sit at his desk and focus on school.

Or so he thought. Halfway through class as Mr. Spencer talked about the causes of the Great Depression— economics wasn't Peter's main interest, but he did find the math interesting— Harry Osborne passed him a folded-up piece of paper.

Peter glanced at the teacher, who had his back to the class as he wrote on the white board. A note? What could this be about? Peter's curiosity got the best of him and, holding the note under his desk, trying to act nonchalant, he opened it. The note read, in a childish scrawl, "I want you to know, but I don't know how to tell you."

*To know what?* Peter wondered, and then his eyes went wide, he tensed and blushed as he realized, *Harry has a crush! On me!*

He glanced over at Harry, who had a dreamy, scared, timid look on his own blushing face. He met Peter's eyes for a millisecond and then looked away. Peter felt awful. Harry was one of those kids who still hadn't matured. He had the face and body and emotional maturity of a 12-year-old.

It had probably taken all the courage he had to pass the note to Peter, and now Peter found himself wondering, how am I supposed to deal with

this? He didn't want to encourage him, but he didn't want to break the poor boy's heart, either.

*What, he wondered, is a girl to do? I mean, not a girl, a boy who everyone else thinks is a girl?*