

Felicia Hardy sighed contently.

She never would have expected this to be her life, at any time.

She and Spider- no. Peter, she had to tell herself, had danced on this line before, but things always got in the way.

She was the feisty, thrill seeking Black Cat, he was the dogged do-gooder Spider-Man.

They would have fun, but they couldn't have a real relationship.

Right?

Well, Peter was usually pining after Mary Jane Watson, and Felicia always told herself she wouldn't let any person tie her down.

But Pete and MJ had broken up, and well, Felicia was getting older. The thrills were becoming less thrilling, and the mundane sounded so much more appealing.

One night, she said fuck it and called him, they had a talk, they had sex, and now she was leaning against him on his couch in his small apartment, watching TV, and she didn't hate it.

She might even... like it?

Peter's phone buzzed. He got up and began putting on his suit.

"Trouble?" Felicia asked, looking back at him from on the couch.

"Scorpion broke out of prison. He's taken hostages on the Staten Island ferry."

"Sounds intense."

"It's normal for me. Wouldn't mind some back up though..."

"Sorry. I promised some Boy Scout I would stay out of trouble."

He smiled as he put on his mask.

"I'm sure he's very proud of you."

He zipped out of the window.

Felicia yawned and leaned back on her couch.

Ever since hanging up the Black Cat's claws, she had to figure out who Felicia Hardy really was, outside of her costumed actions.

To help pay the bills she even dusted off her old web design degree (Peter making a joke about "he thought he was the only web designer in the relationship" had earned him a very stern arm punch) and would design websites for small fashion boutiques around the world.

But she had already done her work for the day, and watching more TV alone sounded unbearably dull, so she got up and walked around the apartment a bit.

There wasn't much to see, but it still felt good to stretch her legs and she didn't feel like changing out of her sweatpants to walk around New York.

Peter's room was full of memorabilia from his long career as the Friendly Neighborhood whatever, so that was a favorite place for the mildly ADHD Felicia to snoop.

There were old web gadgets, newspaper clippings, photo's he never turned into the Bugle, and much more.

The adorable nerd even had a lego set depicting himself fighting the Rhino.

One thing caught Felicia's eye though, and it was on the floor.

Underneath a box of discarded costumes was an obviously loose floor board, and she opened it to see what was inside.

"Well now Peter, I didn't expect you of all people to be into this..."

It was a magazine, depicting several, very large women.

She licked her lips. This was juicy, something to tease him over.

She fired up a delivery app on her phone, knowing just how she would do it.

Hours later, an exhausted Peter swung back into his apartment, and pulled off his mask.

"Honey, I'm home." Peter said, knowing Felicia loved/hated being reminded they were in a "normal" relationship now.

"In... here... web head." Came the voice of Felicia Hardy, which sounded oddly strained.

Peter approached the door to their bedroom cautiously, despite his spider sense not going off.

Inside was certainly a shock.

“Oh... spider-man... you caught me... I've eaten so much... I'm a bad Kitty.”

Felicia had donned her Black Cat costume once again, and judging by the shape of her stomach and food containers surrounding her, she was absolutely stuffed.

The rational part of Peter's brain would have been freaking out about Felicia finding out about his long hidden kink, something not even MJ had found out.

But rational Peter wasn't here right now.

Without uttering a word he rushed to the bed and was on top of Felicia, whose eyes showed how shocked she was at his sudden speed and ferocity, but as soon as their lips met, she moaned.

Several hours later, they both collapse onto the bed, nude and exhausted.

“That was... something...” she said, still a little breathless.

“How did.. You know...”

“Poor hiding... spot ... spider.”

“Yeah.... Sorry I didn't... tell you.”

Felicia propped her head up with one arm to look at him.

“No need to apologize, you've had to get used to keeping secrets from people.”

“I'm just glad you're not mad.”

She laughed.

“This is one of the more harmless secrets you've kept. In fact...”

She crawled on top of him, her platinum hair falling over his face.

“If you treat me as good as you did tonight, I might be persuaded to let myself go just a little.”

Peter looked up at his goddess of a girlfriend with wide eyes and a blush, his voice catching in his throat.

“I can’t ask you to-”

“Oh save your hero complex, Parker. That was... really hot what we just did, and now you have me curious.”

He leaned up and kissed her.

“I don’t deserve you, Felicia Hardy.”

She smiled.

“Damn right. But you know what I think I deserve right now? Some Ice Cream.”

Peter got up to fulfill her request, and Felicia looked up at the mirror she had installed over his bed when she moved in.

She was a conventional knockout.

Washboard abs led downwards to firm and supple thighs, and led upwards to breast’s that were more than a handful.

Her body was a result of a lifetime of hard work and dedication, to be able to do things no one else could do.

But she was different now. She didn’t need to be at the top of her game like she was before.

And seeing how happy Peter was made her happy. The nerdy little dork was too adorable for his own good.

He came back in with a big bowl of ice cream.

“I hope you're not doing this just for my benefit..” he said as he sat down.

“What, can’t a cat get a little cream here and there? I can imagine worse things for me to do.”

She laid down, rested her head on her arms, opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

With a hand only slightly trembling, Peter fed a spoonful of sugary cream into Felicia’s open mouth.

She moaned slightly at the taste, and Peter blushed furiously.

Later that night, Peter was spooning her, one hand on her once again stuffed stomach.

This was not the life Felicia expected, but she would be very happy to see where this path took her.