

Chapter 8

Kraven spent the morning getting used to life in a skirt, particularly how to sit without it bunching up under his legs. Ana, of course, had shown him, had him practice how to smooth his skirt as he sat, but it seemed so feminine a gesture he'd tried three other ways, only surrendering to his new reality in fourth hour. He also didn't like the way the skirt made him feel, which in a word, was vulnerable. It swirled around his legs and allowed breezes and drafts to swirl up between his thighs. He felt like a strong wind would toss it up and give the whole world a glimpse of him in his panties, and that made him more nervous, anxious, insecure.

Worse, the invisibility he'd enjoyed in the morning had faded a bit. Sitting in class, he felt boys checking him out, and one girl—Maisy, he recalled, drawing on Honoka's memories. She was clearly into him, and the prospect, much to his shame, scared him. He'd never been scared of much in his life, and certainly never a high school girl, but she was a big and burly, threw shot put for the track team, and if Honoka's memories were any indication, she was pushy. The mere thought of her coming after him was enough for him to anxiously touch up his lips for fear of losing his superhuman strength and falling victim to her advances.

Meanwhile, he had lunch next hour. Eric was expecting to meet him in the library. The two of them would then sneak off to the storage room, their usual makeout spot—Kraven cringed as Honoka's fond memories of their kissing and hugging floated through his brain. There was no way Kraven was meeting that boy, nor was he ready to have to go through some kind of teen break up drama, so he decided he would just not go. He would go to

lunch and just find a corner and hope no one bothered him. He looked at the clock. Just a few more hours and this day would be over.

High school, he decided, sucked. Hunting lions with a spear was less stressful.

When class ended, Kraven hurried off to the lunchroom, the buckles on his cute little shoes flickering as he moved. He saw Eric, who was at his locker talking to some other boys. *Oh, damn!*

“Hey, babe,” Eric said, meeting Kraven’s eyes, making his fingers into a gun and pretending to fire at Kraven. “See you soon.”

Kraven giggled and smiled, not wanting to tip Eric off he planned to ditch their makeout session. He scurried down the hall, as Eric drank in his flashing legs.

There was, of course, no way Kraven was going to spend time alone with a boy. The idea was so gross.

Kraven curled his toes as Eric slipped his tongue between the great hunter’s soft, wet lips. “Mmmmm,” he said, cupping the back of Eric’s head, arching his back, pressing his small breasts against Eric’s hard chest. Eric pushed Kraven onto his back, and Kraven lifted one leg, running the inside of his thigh against Eric’s ribs as Eric ran a hand along that same bare, soft thigh, letting it slip under Kraven’s skirt. It felt so dangerous and naughty having a boy put his hand under his skirt, and Kraven sighed with pleasure, excitement as a daring, thrilling, dangerous idea popped into his head and he reached down and grabbed Eric’s hard member, which was straining against his pants.

“You,” Eric said, pausing between kisses, staring down into Kraven’s big, pretty eyes, “are a very bad girl.”



Bad girl. He’d spent so much time being a good girl, trying to please his “Mother.” The words sent a thrill through Kraven’s little body, and he grabbed Eric and pulled him down for another long, wet, lingering kiss. *To think I tried to avoid this*, Kraven thought, reveling in the impossible joys of being a teen girl

kissing a cute boy. *To think!*

Kraven's original plan had been to go to the lunchroom, thinking that he'd be safer surrounded by other girls. If Eric got mad when he didn't show up and came to the lunchroom, well, Kraven was pretty sure he wouldn't make a scene in front of everyone.

As he headed toward the lunchroom, however, Kraven felt his anxiety growing. He stopped, playing with one of his ponytails. What would the other girls think if Eric did come into the lunchroom and make a big scene, or worse, got all lovey dovey? No. He couldn't risk it, and so he'd decided instead that he would sneak out of the school and hide in the school yard, where Eric would never find him.

He'd slipped out one of the side doors, found a tree over by the playground, and sat down, curling his legs under him, once more annoyed at how impractical a skirt was, even for just everyday living. He'd started thinking about Cat, strategizing on how to beat her, ways he might somehow negate her infernal bad luck powers, when he'd heard footsteps approaching. He looked. *Oh, no!* "Eric?"

"Hey, Honoka," Eric said, stopping about three feet away, his hands in his pockets. "What's going on?"

Kraven sighed. He would just have to do this, break up with his boyfriend, as awkward and embarrassing as he found it. I should have just been a man, he said to himself as he started to struggle to his feet, trying to get up without his skirt showing off his panties.

Eric offered a hand.

Hell. Kraven took it, letting Eric pull him to his feet, but much to his surprise, Eric yanked Kraven to him, pressing their bodies together,

wrapping his arms around Kraven's slender waist. "Why'd you ditch me?" Eric said.

Kraven, who'd been touching up his face all day, could easily have freed himself from Eric, and he tensed up for a moment, meaning to do just that, but— "Oh." The feeling of being cradled in Eric's arms as Eric's manly musk swirled around him and filled his head, tilting his head back and looking up into that handsome face... Terrified, Kraven burst out, "I want to break up with you." His voice was extra high, strained, as he felt himself overcome with powerful and terrifying new female desires.

"How come?" Eric said, wrapping his arms even more tightly around Kraven's waist even as he leaned his head down, bringing his lips closer to Kraven's.

"Omigod," Kraven gasped as he realized: He's about to kiss me. I have to get away, to push him off me, before... before... but he didn't. Instead, he lingered in Eric's arms. "It's just..." he started, his voice soft now, but still higher, more feminine, as he stared into Eric's eyes. He had such pretty eyes. "I... I'm going through some things, and —"

Eric smothered Kraven's objections, his lips on Kraven's, and Kraven kicked one leg up as he felt like he was floating, his whole body rising, tingling. His first kiss as a girl, and it was— heaven!

When the kiss ended, Eric kept one hand possessively around Kraven's waist, while with the other he brushed the bangs away from Kraven's eyes. Kraven, dazed, confused, wrapped his arms around Eric's neck and just stared at that gorgeous face of his. Somewhere deep inside the teen girl, the old Kraven the hunter was freaking out, screaming stop stop stop.

"You still want to break up with me?" Eric said.

“I...” Kraven whispered, struggling to say the words. He was so scared of what he was feeling, needing, becoming... and yet... it felt so good. The great man, the fearsome hunter, he had no defense against the demands of his eager, hormonal body. “I...” He rose onto his tiptoes and kissed Eric, moaning softly at the thrill of surrender...

All Kraven wanted in the world right then was to make out with this delicious boy, and lucky girl that he was, his boyfriend wanted the very same thing.

Peter managed to do a better job avoiding his would-be lover boy. In fact, he managed to avoid him the rest of the day. Thank God they didn't have any classes together. His day was haunted nonetheless by strange new thoughts and desires. He couldn't stop thinking about that black leather catsuit, how he would look wearing it, what it would feel like, and just what it might do to Felecia when she saw him in it.

He understood and didn't understand what was happening. There had always been tension, attraction, between the two of them, but now he felt it from a new angle, as he felt thrilled at the thought of making himself sexy for her, becoming her, driving her crazy with his new curves wrapped up in a leather body suit like a kinky Christmas present...

He pictured her wearing his costume, laying back, watching him as he danced for her...

Peter, get it together, he told himself. *You can't let yourself go down this path. Just keep it to business.* All day long, he kept struggling with kinky daydreams, all day long he kept pushing them away, telling himself to stop. He would need to stay focused when he got to Felecia's. Keep this all about the mission.

And then as soon as he'd arrived at Felecia's, she'd looked him up and down and said, "strip." It was almost like she'd read his mind. She wore a sports coat, slacks, a button-down shirt, and she'd tied her hair back. She was clearly playing the man, and Peter, God help him, was turned on at just the sight of her dressed like that, the command in her voice. "Strip." It made his nipples hard. He longed to feel their naked bodies pressed together, to taste her lips.

He vowed to stay strong. He had to remember who he was, and that he was a man. "I'll change in the other room," he said, trying to hide his desire, to sound cold and clinical.

"Do you have any idea how to put this on?" Felecia said, holding up some sort of contraption Peter had never seen.

"I have no intention of putting that on," Peter said. "Whatever it is."

"It's an open front bra, and you're going to need it, honey. You can't wear a regular bra with my costume, and, lord knows, you can't go braless. Now, take off your clothes, and don't worry. You don't have anything I haven't seen before."

"Okay," Peter said, voice softening as he pulled off his shirt. It was all the excuse he needed. He wanted to strip for Felecia. He just didn't want her to know.

Of course, she knew.

Felecia let her eyes linger on Peter's bra, his cleavage, as he undid his belt and slipped out of his jeans, putting an extra wiggling in his hips, shaking his shoulders. His pants pooled at his feet, and he kicked them away.

Felecia's eyes grew hot and wet as she drank in Peter's gorgeous body. It was more than the stark reality that he was beautiful, but the fact that she

knew it was Spider Man inside those curves, with those hips and that skin and that lovely face, that drove her mad. Brazen-eyed, she looked him, her eyes slowly rising down and up the length of his slender frame, and Peter blushed as he stood and let her, enjoying the feeling of being fixed in her gaze. “The bra,” Felecia said.



Like Kraven, Peter was powerless over the desires of his female body, the new feelings, needs. He couldn't help himself. Peter giggled as he pulled the bra off and tossed it onto the couch, his breasts swaying, nipples hard, pointing up like little missiles. He resisted the urge wrap his arms around his chest, instead offering them to Felecia, letting her enjoy the swell of them, so firm and full. “You're loving this,” he said.

“I am,” Felicia said. “Fuck, Parker, you are so goddamn beautiful.”

Peter blushed even more and dropped his eyes to the side.

She came around behind Peter, the open front bra in her hands. Having her behind him, outside his line of sight, made Peter feel vulnerable, a feeling that grew stronger as she brought one hand around, letting it glide



gently up the length of his taut belly until it slid up and over the curve of his breast, lifting, squeezing. Felicia let hands graze his soft skin, press and

caress. “Mmmm,” Peter sighed, arching his back. He couldn’t help himself. It felt so good to have Felicia’s soft hands cupping the weight of his breasts, lifting.

“Do you like having breasts?” Felicia said.

“They’re– confusing,” Peter said.

Felicia liked that answer. She liked the thought of Spider Man, her Spider Man, a confused, anxious, aroused female. She started to fit the bra onto him, her movements gentle, sensual. The open front bra felt so different from the ones he’d worn, as it cupped his breasts from the sides, lifted and supported.

Felicia turned him now, and looked him over, then fully cupped his breasts, her hands over the bra, fingers pressing against the inner crescents. She squeezed. “Does this confuse you?”

“Yes,” Peter admitted, struggling with the waves of desire washing over him. Felicia was so confident, so sure of herself, and her touch was like silk. He thought she was going to kiss him right then and there, and if she had tried, he would have welcomed it, but instead she slipped one of her fingers between his lips.

Instinctively, Peter sucked on her finger, licked it, feeling the hard ridge of her nail against his tongue. When Felicia pulled her finger out of his mouth, he grabbed her wrist. He wasn’t done. He wanted to suck some more, to feel her salty fingers deeper in his mouth.

“You naughty girl,” Felicia grinned. “Let’s get you dressed.” She took Peter’s soft little hand in her own and led him to the bedroom.