

Chapter 5

That night after his talk with Aunt May, Peter had not found it within himself to try on his first bra. Bras were for girls. It felt like he'd be accepting this new female body, somehow, inching his way into not just having a girl's shape, but acting like a girl, being a girl.

The sight of a bra had always turned Peter on. He was a standard issues cis guy in that regard. Silk and lace, plain and white, functional and athletic, it didn't matter. Bras were hot. Sometimes he went to the Victoria's Secret website and just looked at the girls in bras, scrolling through the pictures, fascinated by the shape of their breasts, the way the bra- held them. The little straps across the shoulders, the strap across the back, everything about them just drove him nuts.



Now, staring down at a drawer full of bras, he felt all of those same feelings, and he withered at the thought of putting one on. He pushed them around the drawer, his skin tingling at even the touch of a bra, then he picked out a black sports bra, the kind he'd seen girls wearing when they went jogging. He held it up in front of his chest and looked in the mirror. Unbidden, the image of himself in a pair of short shorts and a sports bra, jogging, now with a ponytail, popped in his head.

"Nope." He tossed the bra back in the drawer and pushed it closed. He grabbed his laptop. As a dedicated science nerd, Peter did what he always did before making a big decision: research. The first thing he did was type in *breast pain and exercise*.

He skimmed over the text at the top of the search results:

*Many women will experience discomfort in the breast, or breast pain as a result of this movement of the mass of the breast and **the pain is thought to be linked to stretching on the supporting structures including stretching the skin, tension on the skin, tension on the Coopers ligaments***

He cupped his breast, feeling the soreness. His eyes went back to the first words in the article: *Many **women** will experience* and once more he felt that feeling, the feeling he was inching his way into the mysterious world of the female.

He looked further down the search results: *The best way to stop breast pain is to wear a good, supportive sports bra.*

He'd been halfway hoping to find an article that would say all that bra and breast pain stuff is bunk, letting him off the hook, but again and again the articles, citing specialists, doctors, trainers, delivered the same message: women need bras.

He needed a bra. Aunt May had been right. Peter glanced at his bra drawer, forlorn, feeling almost defeated. He decided to do more research and, on a whim, typed in *best bras for superheroes.*

Much to his surprise, he got a hit, though the title of the article made him cringe: *Super bras for super tits.* At least the article had been written by women. He felt he could trust them on this subject. A little. The article went through some different characters, Wonder Woman, Black Widow, discussing not just the best bra for support but ones that matched the needs of their costumes. Wonder Woman needed a strapless. Black Widow needed a plunge bra because she kept her top open all the time. Once more, things men never had to worry about, which was unfair, but hadn't may also already told him life was extra unfair to girls?

Ms. Marvel, the article noted she was flexible, stretchy, a teen-ager, needed a bra that would move with her body, had a c/d cup. *That sounds like me,* Peter thought, though he had no idea his actual cup size nor even how to measure it. The article suggested two bras: The Boux Avenue Lounge Bra and the Anita Active Extreme Control Sports Bra. Boux Avenue sounded so girly, but when he went to the website the bra was— not too bad.

Curious, he went back to his bra drawer and checked the label on the sports bra: Anita Active. *Well, Penny,* he thought, *looks like you did your research.*

He still wasn't ready to actually wear it. He put it back in his drawer, pushing it closed. Over the years, he'd noticed during his time perusing on Victoria's Secret models there were a lot of different kinds of bras, but he'd really only been focused on looking at bras, not learning about them. His perspective, he noted, looking down at the swell of his breasts, had shifted, and having already dipped one dainty foot into the shadowy world of women, he searched for *how many different kinds of bras are there*.

An article popped up: *26 bra styles every girl should know*.

"What about the ones we shouldn't know?" Peter said, then corrected himself. "I mean *girls* shouldn't know, or— okay."



26? Were there really 26 different kinds of bras? And did girls *need* to know them? Life for a girl, Peter was beginning to realize, was way more complicated than life for a guy. He clicked on the article. There was a picture of girls in different bras, cute girls. The first line of the article read *Most women share a love-hate relationship with bras. No matter how much you hate their pokes and stabs, you just can't do without their lift and support*.

Pokes and stabs? Peter thought. *How come they all claim to be comfortable, then?* His eyes drifted back to the girls at the top of the webpage, one in particular: A hot, smiling girl wearing a bra covered in hearts. She looked good, but even as Peter found himself getting turned on as he checked her out, once more he

couldn't help imagining what he would look like in that bra, and imagining himself looking so cute he—

He closed his laptop. Enough of that. He had a Math test Monday, and he needed to study. He had to hope Black Cat was successful in her mission, and he would find some way out of this female mess. *I wonder what kind of bra she wears, he thought, with her top always open like that?*

Black Cat snapped a picture of the west side of the Oscorps building, checked the image, noting the location and the positioning of the security cameras. Once she'd gotten done thinking about what Spider Man looked like under that suit, and she was sure he was gorgeous, she'd gotten down to business, doing her reconnaissance. She planned to slip into Oscorps Monday night. Everyone hated Mondays, and she expected the Monday night security crew would be especially annoyed at being assigned such a crappy shift, and therefore, out of resentment, a little lax in their duties.

Using the special lenses The Tinkerer had made for her, she scanned for any lasers, heat detectors. You could never be too careful and— Cat felt her quantum probability pulsator activate, sending a small jolt through her body as her bad luck power activated.

She heard a girl squeak and then a body hit the roof as a dart zipped by her, just barely missing her. Spinning, she saw a petite Asian girl pop to her feet and draw a katana. She looked all of 15. Black Cat had meant to strike back, but she couldn't help but hesitate in shock for a moment as she recognized the young girl, or at least the man inside her body: "Kraven?"

Flashback.

Kraven coated his lips with pink gloss, while his daughter, Ana, sitting behind him watched, eyes intense and critical. "Make sure you don't let the gloss stray outside your lip line," she said as she watched her father do his face. "You'll look like a clown."

"I *know!* You told me twice already," Kraven said, sounding like a petulant girl.

Ana just stared, making eye contact with him in the mirror until Kraven looked away and went back to doing his makeup. Sergei Karavanov had been shocked to find himself turning into a woman and humiliated beyond measure by his loss of manhood. He'd thought things couldn't possibly get any worse. Then, he'd found himself regressing until he was not even a

woman, but an 18-year-old girl who looked all of 14—if that. Well, he'd thought at that point, he'd been wrong before, but now it certainly couldn't get any worse.



Then it got even worse. He found himself not only an 18-year-old girl, but the adopted daughter and legal dependent of his own daughter, Ana. It would have made little difference had Ana not been triggered, deeply triggered, to find her father now a young female and her, legally *her* daughter. Anna, who the last time they'd spoken before his change had rejected her father, declaring herself "no longer a Kravenov," now took delight in making him play the part of a young woman. And she was forcing him. He'd attacked her three times intending to put her in her place only to find himself defeated each time, physically dominated by his own daughter. He finally had to admit she was stronger than him.

Seeing Cat hesitate, Kraven pounced, launching himself at her with what once would have been an intimidating roar, but now sounded like the shriek of a frightened mouse. Cat dodged under his sword, noting he had swung at her with the flat of his blade. *He wants me alive*, she thought as she unleashed a roundhouse kick. Kraven blocked with his arms, and the force of the kick sent his tiny body tumbling backwards, his sword clattering as it spun from his hand.

Kraven immediately popped up in a fighter's stance. He seemed quicker and more nimble than Cat remembered, and she knew to stay clear of him as he was a master at exploiting pressure points. If he managed to get his hands on her, he could paralyze her, and the fight would be over. They circled, each one looking for an opening, and Cat decided to taunt Kraven, see if she could rattle him, bait him into making a mistake. "Is it Kravena now? Lady Kraven? Miss Kraven?"

Kraven slit his eyes. "I am still Kraven, wench, as you will soon discover."

"Well, I love your lip gloss, honey. Where can I get—"

Kraven growled, though again, what would once have seemed a fierce, aggressive, animal threat, now only sounded cute, more like a kitten purring. Kraven swung a tiny fist. Cat countered.



"I still can't believe you put the herbs I need to enhance my powers into my— this— stupid makeup," Kraven said.

"I put your precious herbs into your cosmetics so you would have no choice but to wear makeup," Ana said.

"Duh," Kraven said, wincing at his increasing use of teen-speak. "But, why are you doing all this to me? I'm your father!"

"Honoka," Ana said, using his new name while playing with his long hair. "I don't think it's possible for a *girl* who is younger than me to be my father, do you?"

"I *am* your father!" Kraven squealed, batting Ana's hand away from his hair. "You should treat me with respect!"

Ana smirked. Her dearest

father couldn't fight the reality of his young, hormonal female body, and

he'd become so emotional and dramatic. "You are a young lady for now, Honoka," she said, adopting the patient, motherly tone she already learned infuriated him. "As your mother—"

"-- you're not my mother!"

"As your mother," Ana repeated, "it is my duty to teach you the feminine arts. Now, turn around and let me see."

Kraven crossed his arms and put his nose in the air, refusing to turn so his *daughter* could examine his makeup.

"Young lady," Ana said, allowing some anger to seep into her voice.

Kraven refused to turn.

"I will count to three. One..."

"Fine!" Karen said, gasping dramatically and turning.

Ana took his small chin in her hand and turned his head side to side.

"Acceptable," she said. "You will improve with practice. You may continue getting dressed for your mission."

Cat and Kraven exchanged shots, dodging and blocking each other's attacks, feinting and jabbing. Cat was assessing Kraven, getting a sense of what he'd become. Skinny a little female as he was, Kraven still possessed incredible strength. If it hadn't been for her own super strength and toughness, Cat had no doubt the blows she'd blocked would have shattered her arm. She had longer arms and legs, more reach, and could probably use that against him, but he seemed quicker in that little body, more nimble. She was also bigger, had more mass, but she couldn't risk grappling with him, again, due to his skill with pressure points.

She could see him growing frustrated as they sparred, and her earlier taunts about his makeup had gotten to him. She turned her attention to the next easy target— his cute clothes. *Why the hell is he dressed like that?* She wondered. *Unless...* "I love your heels," she said. "Glad to see you finally embracing your feminine side."

Kraven, indeed, wore stiletto heels, something for which he suffered both embarrassment— and anger. Heels. It had been at his daughter's insistence that he wear heels, even though he'd told her...

"It makes no sense to wear high heels— ever!" He'd said as he drew the long boots over his slender, rounded legs. "They serve no practical



function! To wear them in combat is just, like, so stupid. There should be a law against these— dumb— things.”

“I don’t remember you ever complaining when you were a man,” Ana said.

“I always thought it was ridiculous for women to hobble themselves,” Kraven said, standing, wobbling as he found himself balancing on his tip toes. “See?”

“Black Cat wears high heels,” Ana said.

“That’s because she is a fool.”

“If you want to prove you are still the greatest hunter, you must not have an advantage over your prey. She wears heels, so you must as well.”

Kraven pouted. “Well, that does make a little sense at least.” He started to walk back and forth, trying to get used to life in stiletto heels.

“Heel to toe,” Anna said. “Heel to toe.”

Kraven glared, but following her advice, he did discover he moved better. “If that’s your logic for heels,” he said, “why are you making me wear a skirt? She doesn’t wear a skirt.”

“The skirt makes you look cute,” Ana said as she draped a fashionable scarf around his neck.

“Cute?” Kraven said, appalled. “I am not cute!”

Ana steered him to the mirror, and Kraven plucked at one his side tails. “Oh,

no,” he said, seeing himself in his new outfit for the first time. He was cute. Super cute. It made him want to vomit.

“You just want to humiliate me,” he said.

Ana just smiled and kissed him on the head. “Get back to practicing. With your superhuman balance, you’ll be as good in heels as any supermodel in no time. You’re so lucky!”

Kraven slit his eyes and went back to walking: heel to toe, heel to toe.

Cat saw it in his eyes, the rage building. “Heels, a skirt,” she said, “and that scarf really ties your whole outfit together. I always knew you were into wearing girl’s clothes.”

Kraven couldn’t help himself. The thought Cat or anyone would think he wanted to dress in this ridiculous outfit sickened him. “Shut up!” He screamed, furiously attacking, tiny fists and feet flying. “Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!”

Kraven’s feminine ferocity shocked Cat. She stepped backward and onto a power cable, her ankle twisting. As she fell backward, she let her guard down. Kraven landed a powerful kick right to her temple, sending her to her knees, the whole world spinning.

Kraven stood over her, fists clenched and laughed. He’d meant it to be a triumphant, victorious laugh full of gloating and bravado.

Cat, even in her dazed state, couldn’t help herself. “You sound like Minnie-Mouse,” she said, her strong, woman’s voice in stark contrast to his little girl tittering.

Kraven stopped laughing.