

Felicia had gotten into weirder situations before. There was really nothing special about this one. She was used to getting lost.

The scattered quasi-Mesoamerican ruins were not exactly a sign that she was, in fact, still in her own plane of existence. For all she knew, they had been placed here by a different culture, or perhaps it was the Earth's natives who put them here. There was always an explanation for these sorts of mysteries, but she left that to the super scientists of the world.

So what if she was in some tropical jungle? She once got lost in the dimensional tesseract of some sorcerers whose magic trinkets she was trying to steal.

So what if she had no idea where she was? She once got kidnapped by aliens, and she had to navigate through an entirely different planet.

So what if she wasn't even sure she was still in the same dimension as that of Earth? It wasn't even the first time it happened.

It'd be *fine*. She'd gotten out of worse.

Now, what made this situation a touch... irksome wasn't just the heat or the humidity. Or the bugs. No, it was another source of annoyance Felicia did not quite know how to deal with.

"I hate you." The redhead glared balefully at her as she stood before the massive and intricately carved stone arches.

"I know," Black Cat easily replied, unbothered by the biting tone and the attempts to set her on fire with nothing but a glare. She walked over to the nearest stone structure, tracing a hand over the symbols. It looked... olmec, but there were a few differences. She wasn't an expert, but she was a master thief; she made it a point to know enough of the multiple cultures she was robbing. That way, she knew how valuable something was.

"I cannot believe I'm in this situation." The redhead bemoaned her fate, groaning into her hands. "With *you*,"

"Darling, most people would spend a fortune to spend an afternoon with me." Black Cat replied flippantly.

Mary Jane's reply was swift, "Really. How much the pay for the night then?"

Felicia was amused. "Ohhhh, sharp and fast wit. You got claws of your own." She made a playful clawing gesture at the other woman. "Rawr"

"Can you take this seriously?!" She snapped at the cat burglar. "We're lost somewhere on the planet, maybe not even OUR planet, because you had to get your sticky fingers over some tacky jewels!"

"I wouldn't say they're tacky." Felicia waved a bang of pearly-white hair off her shoulder, revealing one of the golden earrings with jade gems encrusted on them. The lettering was similar to the stonework in their surroundings, come to think of it. "I think they look good on me." She chuckled haughtily. "Then again, pretty much everything does."

Mary Jane let out a strangled sound as she began walking with no apparent direction.

"You do know going off on your own is likely gonna result in your death, right?" Felicia called out, raising her voice. "Even if there aren't traps around here, this is still a jungle. You have any idea how many poisonous types of insects and plants live in this type of biosphere?"

"I'd welcome the scorpions and the snakes before your company." Mary Jane called out over her shoulder.

"Ohhh, two in a row. My goodness, I did not know you could be this *fun*." Black Cat chuckled to herself as she picked up the pace, walking side by side next to the redhead. "But seriously, we have better odds of surviving and finding our way home together. And you know that as well."

MJ gave her a long, hard look before eventually sighing in defeat. "Alright, *fine*." She grumbled. "Still angry at you though..."

"I can live with it."

The two women walked in solitary silence. At least, they made an effort not to speak to each other; the jungle was doing a fantastic job in making sure there wasn't a moment of quiet. The ruffle of trees, the hollers of monkeys, and the songs of tropical birds filled the jungle. The

half-graveled path they walked over at least provided a means to make sure they weren't walking in circles. The various pieces of scattered ruins also helped as good indicators to navigate.

"Where do you think we are?" MJ finally asked, even if she did not enjoy Felicia's company, the two had to work together. So it was better to get in sync.

"Central or South America." She fiddled with one of the earrings. "These things look to be some olmec trinkets, so I hazard the former. Perhaps it was a place hidden by magic, given how we arrived here."

And what a trip that was. Felicia was following a lead on some rare Mesoamerican trinkets to be curated at one of the largest museums in New York. Lots of security. Lots of risk. She couldn't pass up the chance, really.

The most surprising part had been when, right when she was about to reach for the earrings, MJ of all people appeared, *also* sneaking around the place. The two must have looked positively silly, staring at each other like deer in the headlights, when the alarms suddenly flared to life. She acted on instinct, grabbing the earrings quickly and trying to make a run for it.

Their... differences aside, she did not want to leave MJ in the hands of those people, so she grabbed her hand to run... when the earrings glowed a bright green and teleported the two through an arcane vortex that had dropped them in this place.

"You know why I was there, of course." Felicia pointed out. "But why were you?"

"I was investigating." Mary Jane replied, looking rather uncomfortable in her leather jacket. The heat and humidity were not doing Felicia any favors either, even with her specially designed form-fitting attire. "I got a lead that Roberto Marcino, the museum's curator, has ties with the Tincelli crime family." She explained. But Felicia already knew that; she had her own sources after all. "My lead said he was running contraband for the family, so I wanted to get information to expose them."

"Okay," Black Cat mused slowly. "But why, though? You're an actress."

Mary Jane gave her both the most annoyed and frustrated look possible. "I *was* an actress. I'm an investigative journalist now."

“Huh!” Well, color her surprised. “I did not see that coming. Here I thought you just left those things to the Spider.”

Mary Jane’s face shifted through different expressions, too fast to properly discern them all. “Yeah, well, I wanted to do something more meaningful with my life. I figured out this would let me help people.”

“Awfully kind of you.” Black Cat said without judgment. She was a thief who looked after herself above all, but she was not heartless. “Still very dangerous. This isn’t just investigating for political or corporate scandals. These are *bad* people, MJ.”

The redhead snorted. “God, you sound just like *him*.”

Oh my, seems the two were not exactly on good terms right now. Interesting.

They ran into their first obstacle, a stone structure with its gate arch blocked by a fallen pillar. It did not look particularly large, but it wasn’t the sort of thing that could be moved easily. The jungle grew particularly dense in this place, so going through this building would be their best course of action right now. Otherwise, they’d have to go back to where they came. And it’d start getting dark soon; they couldn’t afford to waste time.

The redhead turned to look at her. “You can move this, right?”

Felicia raised a baffled brow. “On my own? Of course not.”

MJ blinked a few times, mouth slightly ajar. “But I thought you had super strength! Or at least, beyond regular person strength...”

“Why would you think that?”

“Didn’t you take a super soldier serum?”

“...No,” She said bluntly. “Why would you think *that*?!”

"I don't know! I heard you did! I... guess I just got things mixed up." She awkwardly rubbed her arm, making Felicia roll her eyes. "There are a lot of people who take super soldier serums."

"Might want to check your sources, *miss journalist*."

The redhead grumbled and made a downright adorable face.

"Never mind that, just help me here." She crouched, MJ following suit as they put their hands under the trunk. "Lift with your legs, keep your back straight."

"I know how to lift," MJ deadpanned. "I go to the gym, and I use more than just the treadmill."

"Well then, at least you won't have me do all the heavy lifting." Before they could descend into another cartoonish tirade, she began counting. "On three. One... two... three!"

The two women heaved, letting out long, strained groans as they pulled with all their strength. The pillar creaked and rumbled as they slowly lifted it, creating an opening large enough for one to crawl through the door.

"Go, now! I have this!"

Felicia's arms struggled as MJ stopped pulling, crouching down to scoot across to the other side. Her arms trembled, burning as the muscles gave it their all to sustain this weight lest it crush her companion. No matter what happened between the two, whatever their differences, Felicia was not about to let her die.

"Hnng!" The Black Cat clenched her teeth in effort, the muscles of her neck rising prominently as she threw her head back. Fingers screamed in agony as she tried to support the weight of the stone all on her own. Her legs gave it their all to remain straight.

In the middle of all that struggle, all that agony, there was a brief spark of something else. Beyond the exertion, there was... *bliss*.

A surge of strength like a second wind.

Felicia slowly held up the pillar a bit higher; her already toned yet svelte limbs seemed to thicken, filling out with this new wave of strength flowing directly through her flesh. Biceps flexed, rising against the sleeves and pushing out rounder mounds of hardened muscle. The breadth of her legs expanded with thickening calves and thighs, as crevices of definition began to be highlighted through the dark, skintight suit.

Her back spread a bit, increasing the distance between both shoulders, filling out various toned muscles in between as the deltoids became denser and stronger. Through each deep breath, her core seemed to pulsate and elevate her firm stomach into a nicely-shaped washboard.

“Mmm...!” She didn’t even know if that sound was a sign of effort on her part or a moan.

But supporting the pillar became *much* easier on her own now.

“Okay, I’m on the other side! I’ll hold it up now! Hurry!”

Oh, sweet little red... there’d be no need for that.

“Hnng!” Black Cat pulled even harder, moving the pillar further and further up until it was perpendicular to the ground, and the doorway was no longer obstructed. MJ stared slack-jawed at the display of physical strength from the thief.

“Rhgn!” With a final push, she threw the damn thing to the other side, making it split into smaller chunks of carved stone. The dust rose soon after the rumbling impact. And Felicia stared with a crooked smile.

She looked down at herself, at her strengthened body. She felt *powerful*. Felicia felt every inch of her firm body, the way her flesh tightened with subtle flexes and ripples of the flesh. She traced a hand over her quadriceps with a slow, deliberately sensual pace before doing the same with her abdominals. “Mmm...” She closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation of those hard bumps in her stomach. Her steely blue eyes opened to stare at her own bicep as she raised her arm and flexed, rewarded with a small yet very noticeable mound of muscle. “Feels like this kitty got her milk~.”

“Felicia...” MJ breathed out with a dry heave. “What the hell happened to you?”

Black Cat touched one of the earrings, feeling the engravings and the jewel. "I might have a clue." She answered with a wide grin.

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So, the thief got magic earrings that gave her super strength and a fitness bod.

Great, that's great. J-Just fantastic.

MJ sighed to herself as she sat on a bench, watching as Felicia acted like a child with a new toy. Only this toy was her full body. She was jumping, doing somersaults, spinning in the air like a circus act, overall just having the best time despite their situation.

MJ envied how she was so calm with everything. It really pissed her off.

"Ohohoho my!" Black Cat laughed as she jumped over a large statue's head with a neat landing. "I did that in a single jump! Last time it'd have taken me leveraging at least three vantage points, or needed my climbing tools." She unabashedly slapped her muscular quad. "Not with these beauties, though~."

"I'm glad one of us is having fun," MJ said petulantly. "In case you forgot, we're still lost in the middle of nowhere."

Black Cat jumped down, spinning at least three times before landing onto the floor almost silently (showoff). "Oh, relax, honey." She flicked a long bang of white hair over her shoulder. "We have a roof over our heads, don't we?"

"But no water and no food." MJ pointed out. "And it'll be dark soon."

"We just have to find some then," She waved at the redhead to follow her as she walked out of the chamber with a very distracting sway of her hips. MJ had to shake her head to avoid looking at those firm glutes.

"You're far too optimistic about our situation," MJ muttered as she quickly sprinted to catch up to her. "How do you know we'll be okay?"

“Darling, if there is something I’ve learned in my life.” She flashed her a toothy grin. “Is that I’m lucky.”

“Oh, so we’re depending on the kindness of the universe. Wonderful.”

They stepped out into a large courtyard, where they spotted a much larger collection of ruins. This was either a temple complex or an urban settlement, given the way the buildings were arranged. There appeared to be a large collection of trees with flowers colored between creamy white and yellow. They had long since grown wild, spreading over the intended harvest area.

Felicia approached the trees and plucked something from them. She grinned before throwing it to MJ, who barely managed to catch it.

MJ stared at the papaya in her hand.

“Here,” Felicia said before giving the fruit a large bite, splashing her mouth with juice, uncaring how it stained the corners of her mouth.

MJ felt her cheeks heat up at the sight of the juice trailing down her neck and in between her generous cleavage...

*What the hell was wrong with her?*

“See?” Felicia’s lips were completely slathered in juice as she gave her a playful smile. “Food and a source of hydration. Told you I’m lucky.”

“...Shut up,” MJ mumbled as she took a bite.

God help her, it was delicious.

X~X~X~X~X

People clearly used to live here, once. Irrigation systems. Residences. Even if time had worn down the structures, they could tell there had been a thriving community here long ago.

Felicia hummed to herself as she looked over the mural of a large person holding a spear and a shield, adorned in the pelts of the jaguar. The old Mesoamerican-style frescos made it hard to tell if it was a man or a woman. But there were a few things she could pick up.

Namely, the earrings the figure was wearing.

Black Cat fiddled with one of them. She instinctively knew the figure on the mural was a warrior, a powerful one at that. The physique was broad and meant to display strength. It wasn't hard to connect the dots.

There was old magic coursing through her. Felicia had had experiences with the like it never really lasted. This one, though? This one she might keep.

Her firm musculature felt *exceptionally* invigorating after all.

The rustle of leaves distracted her, and she turned to see MJ arranging a make-shift bed out of palm leaves. The redhead took off her jacket and folded it up to act as a pillow; it wasn't all too comfortable, given the look on her expression. Ugh, that sad look in her eyes meant she was clearly contemplating her life choices.

Deciding to distract her a little and have some fun along the way, Felicia lay down next to MJ, propping her head up with her arm, not so casually flexing her bicep. She enjoyed the way MJ very desperately tried not to stare at her muscles. Which was hard to do given the nature of her skintight attire.

"So, I'm curious." She said, "Was life modeling and acting truly so unsatisfying to you that you sought to get involved with dangerous journalism work?"

"I told you I wanted to do something important," MJ replied, leaning her head against the folded jacket. "And it's not like I didn't know what I was getting into. Even before I left acting, I was already used to being in danger."

"Yes, dating the Spider gives you a magnet for the strange and perilous, doesn't it?"

MJ paused, looking contemplative for a moment before finally sighing. "...We're not together anymore."

Felicia raised a brow. "It wasn't hard to figure that out. May I ask why?"

She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Why would I tell you?"

"Because you don't have anyone else to talk about this part of your life," Black Cat theorized, very accurately given her facial response. "Because secrets pile up."

"...It wasn't just one thing," MJ muttered. "If it wasn't his work as a hero, it was his actual work. And it just... consumes him, so much. Just trying to constantly live up to this ideal." She sounded so exasperated. "Sometimes there was barely even room for me in his life, not when his real love is New York. The place he decided was *his* responsibility to protect."

"I always said he'd collapse under all that responsibility," Felicia said, understandingly. "The worst part is that he wants it. And that mess will follow him everywhere. "

"Yes," MJ hissed. "With Great Power and all that, he doesn't want to understand there is such a thing as *too* much responsibility."

"And yet here you are," Felicia pointed out with a grin. "Taking some of that responsibility into your own hands, and risking your life as well. The very same things you chastise him over."

"I'm aware of my flaws, Felicia," MJ muttered, sounding very tired. "I just want to... be someone who can do things that matter. That I'm more just collateral in his life."

Oh, darling, the Spider doesn't know how much he screwed up. Letting a pretty little thing like her, so full of passion and spirit, all alone in that grim and dour city.

Felicia reached out with her gloved hand, tenderly running her fingers over MJ's jawline and cheek. The redhead stared at her, a touch freaked out. "What are you...?"

"You're lonely, aren't you?" Black Cat muttered huskily. "Bearing the same burdens all on your own." She gently traced her thumb across the cheek in an intimate act.

MJ gulped; her eyes quivered at the sight of Felicia drawing closer.

Felicia smirked widely and seductively. "Why don't I help you unwind for a bit?"

"Y-You, uh, you like-"

"Men, women, aliens, humans. Even a *goddess* once," She purred. "I go for what I want without regrets. I live my life day to day, knowing each time I go out could be the last... The *thrill* of just giving in to your impulses is the most liberating thing in the world."

Her hot breath caressed over MJ's lips like a feather's touch.

"Say the word," Felicia muttered, and MJ's eyelids grew heavy. "And I'll wash away all those burdens for you."

MJ was panting, slowly inching closer, drawn by some hypnotic force she could not resist. Slowly, her lips neared Felicia's and-

She gasped, standing up abruptly. The redhead tried her hardest not to look at the thief.

"...I'm going to explore the complex." She muttered, almost robotically. "Will be back later." And hurried out of the room with a swiftness to her step.

"...Alright then," Felicia muttered in disappointment, letting out a frustrated sigh while leaning back over the palm leaf bed.

Great, now she was aroused and lonely.