



## Spider Man Chapter 17

Peter's alarm went off: the theme song to *The Office*. He sat up and stretched, enjoying the now familiar weight of his breasts swaying, bouncing, his sensitive nipples rubbing against the soft fabric of his nightshirt. He'd grown used to the weight of his breasts, the heft, the way they jutted out from his chest. It was hard to even remember what life had been like before he'd blossomed.

He needed to tinkle, so throwing the covers aside he padded to the bathroom, pushed his panties down to his knees and sat. He chuckled remembering how embarrassed he'd been the first time he'd had to sit and pee like a girl. It really was silly boys made such a big deal out of it.

When Peter finished, he wiped himself, pulled his panties back up and went to the mirror. "Good morning, Miss Penelope Parker," he said with a smile. "Welcome to the rest of your life."

Peter felt giddy. Thanks to Tony Stark, he was a permanent girl now. His status as a female was no longer a problem to be solved, but a choice he had made, and he was excited, nervous and yes, suffering just a twinge of regret as he looked at his smooth, pretty face, and ran a hand through his hair, which he'd been growing out and now came down to his jawline. There were not just butterflies in his stomach, but an army of butterfly mechanoids firing lasers across his tummy. It reminded him of the feeling he'd gotten the first time he'd swung on a web— like, this was the worst idea I've ever had, and it just might kill me, but boy is it fun. Well, the decision had been made. There was no turning back. Peter Parker was now a girl, and he would be for the rest of his life.

“Better get to it,” Peter said in the soft, pretty voice he’d come to enjoy. He was already running a little late, and he needed to shave his legs, do his makeup, tame his hair. Thank God, he’d done his nails the night before.

It was so much more work being a girl, but he loved it.

It was another spirit day, so Peter didn’t have to worry about his outfit. His cheerleader uniform hung in the closet, still covered in plastic from the dry cleaners. Peter took it down, and soon found himself stepping into his little, pleated skirt, pulling on the top over his bra. Checking his makeup and hair one more time in the mirror, he nodded. “Yeah, I’m hot” and headed off to school.

Peter strutted confidently down the hall, having grown used to the gawking stares of the boys as they drank in his curves. He’d also started to notice the furtive glances from certain girls. He was pretty sure they liked girls, but just hadn’t come out yet, and were terrified someone would catch them admiring Peter’s long, tone legs. He felt a sisterly empathy for them and wished he could talk to them, tell them it was okay, but then wasn’t he in the same boat, pretending to be a cis girl?

Peter went to his locker and checked his face again in the mirror he’d put in along with a bunch of cuties pictures of kittens. As he was using his pinky finger to clean up a slight smudge of his lipstick along his lower lip, he felt a pair of strong hands circle around his waist and a guy pressing against his rear.

Peter looked back and up to see Flash leering down at him. Ugh. Peter hated Flash so much, and it infuriated him that Flash felt he could just grab and touch him whenever he wanted, but Peter knew the role he was supposed to play, so he just giggled and smiled.

“Hey, sexy,” Flash said, twining his fingers around Peter’s.



“Hey, stud,” Peter said in his breathy, higher pitched “girly girl” voice. He tried to free his hands from Flash, to step away, but Flash held him tight, maintaining his dominate position, his body pressed against Peter’s ass. He had invaded Peter’s space, was breathing on his neck. Peter wanted to badly to break Flash’s arm or throw him across the hall, but instead he surrendered, meekly giving up his brief struggle. He saw the grin on Flash’s face, like a hunter who’d bagged his prey.

“I want you to come to the Fall Formal with me,” Flash said, wrapping his arms more tightly around Peter’s waist, pulling him tighter.

Gross, Peter thought, and for a second he was going to say no, but then he saw MJ down the hall, watching, nodding.

He had to do it for MJ. He giggled some more, smiled even brighter. “Oh, my God,” he said, playing his role to perfection, “I would so totally love that.”

“I know,” Flash said, turning Peter now so his back was against the locker. Flash put one arm against the lockers, blocking Peter in, and then leaned down and kissed him right on the mouth, then pinched his hip and walked away.

Peter leaned against the locker, stunned, resisting the urge to spit, wipe his mouth. The boy he hated most in the world had just kissed him in front of everyone. To make matters worse, his nipples had gotten hard and were poking out, and everyone could see. Blushing furiously, Peter turned his back to them, searching through his backpack for a breath mint. He needed to clean the taste of Flash out of his mouth.

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Peter and Felicia were cuddling together under a blanket, watching The Amazing Spider Girl. One of the results of Tony Stark's reality shifting was that everything that had once been Spider Man was now Spider Girl. "I just don't understand why I would be spending so much time hanging around in my room in my underwear," Peter said as they watched yet another scene of Spider Girl talking on the phone while striking sexy poses in her bra and panties.

"I don't have a problem with it," Felicia said. "She has great tits."

"Hey!"

"Oh, you know I love your body," Felicia said, giving Peter's breast a squeeze, kissing him on the cheek. "You have to admit, the actress playing you is hot."

"She's okay," Peter said. In fact, he was both turned on by her and jealous. She had really good skin.

Felicia smiled. She loved watching as Peter became more and more a typical little female, and his feminine jealousy was such a turn on. They'd just had incredible sex. It was only getting better and better as Peter got more comfortable being female, and she was teaching him just what to do to get her off. He'd proven an eager, sexy little student.

Peter leaned his head against Felicia's shoulder. He felt safe with her, loved and wanted in a way he'd never felt with anyone else. It was a big part of what had made him want to be a girl. He couldn't stand the thought of losing what they had together.

"Watching this has given me an idea," Felicia said.

"Uh, oh," Peter said. He knew that tone. He knew that smile.

"How about you make dinner for me?"

"That's it?"

“In nothing but a bra and panties.”

“No way,” Peter said. “NO WAY. That’s ridiculous.”

Felecia gave him a long, loving, lingering kiss. Peter sighed. “You’re right,” Felecia. “You would need to be wearing at least one more thing.”

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Peter’s heels clicked as he pulled the oven door open to check on the fresh bread, then hurried over to the stove to check on the boiling pot of coconut curry. Felecia sat at the counter with a glass of white wine, admiring his shape and the pretty, concerned look on his face as he worried over dinner. He would make a great little wife, she was thinking. She was also thinking about another way to draw Peter deeper into her world.

“I’m thinking it’s time for Black Cat and her Kitten to make a major score,” Felecia said.

Peter, stirring the curry, only half listening, said, “Oh?”

The timer buzzed, and Peter grabbed a pair of oven mittens and took the steaming, golden loaf of bread he’d baked out of the oven, slipped it out of the pan and onto the cooling rack. He looked it over, pleased. It looked and smelled great, and he really wanted to impress Felecia.

“Diamonds are fun,” Felecia said. “But it’s time to make a real splash, and if you think stealing diamonds makes a girl horny, just wait until you steal something that makes the news all over the world.”

While the bread cooled, Peter spooned brown rice from the rice cooker into a pair of ceramic bowls– it was fluffy, moist, and not too sticky, he noted with pride. “Dinner’s almost ready,” he said, now ladling the

succulent curry chicken into the bowls along with strips of bright, red bell peppers and the thick, golden curry sauce.

“It smells great,” Felicia said.

Lastly, Peter sliced the bread into thick chunks, laying one across the side of each bowl, before sprinkling them with Italian parsley. “Ta da!” He said, looking down, proud of the beautiful dishes he’d made. He looked to Felicia for her approval.

“You’re a goddess in the kitchen!” Felicia said, wanting to encourage Peter’s domestic instincts.

Peter blushed, the tip of his nose turning pink.

They sat down to eat, Peter crossing his legs at the thighs, slipping a thumb under an errant bra strap and adjusting it. Felicia used chop sticks to fish a piece of chicken from the bowl, capturing a little rice along with it, taking a bite and then, “Wow!”

“You really like it?” Peter said, eager to please her.

“It’s divine,” Felicia said, and she wasn’t lying. It was good. “You’re such a great cook!”

“I just followed the recipe!” Peter said with girlish modesty.

Peter tasted his, and it was so yummy. He was starving. He hadn’t eaten all day, as he was watching his figure. Chicken was lean, and though he so avoided carbs, he figured he could nibble on the bread and allow himself a little rice. He was swinging home and would burn off the calories.

He did miss eating like a boy a little sometimes, but dieting was all just part of the price he was willing to pay to live as a girl. Besides, all the girls on the cheerleading squad were on one diet or another, and they talked about dieting all the time. He needed to fit in. Peter also made a point to eat like a lady, taking dainty little bites. He was trying to be more ladylike, since



the cheer girls were all girly, at least in public. Plus, he thought Felicia would like that.

As they ate, Felicia circled back to her plan. When she finished, Peter shook his head. "I can't do that," he said. "Stealing diamonds is one thing, but what you're talking about? That might draw the attention of The Avengers. No. Let's just steal an emerald or something if you need variety.

"Suit yourself," Felicia said, pushing her bowl away, getting up and leaving.

"Oh, come on," Peter said. He almost ran after her. He needed her, and he hated that she was upset with him. But, no. He had to draw the line on this one. He had to.

## Chapter 2

“You’re going to look so cute as a blonde,” MJ said as she and Peter walked into Salon Luxe.

“Do you think I really should?” Peter said, catching a glimpse of himself in one of the wall mirrors at the salon. He remembered seeing a picture of Penny as a blonde, thinking the blonde hair made her look silly, like an airhead. He also remembered vowing he would NOT go blonde. And now here he was, about to have his hair dyed. “Just because Flash wants me to?”

“We have to keep our boyfriends happy,” MJ said. “It’s just part of being a girl. You’ll love it.”

“You didn’t go blonde.”

“Flash liked me as a redhead, but if he’d wanted me to dye my hair, I would have done it as long as we were together. Do you know I wore nothing but pushup bras for, like, a whole year because Flash liked the idea I had bigger tits?”

“Hey, girls,” the receptionist said as they approached the front desk. “I’ve checked you both in, and the receptionist will be with you in a jiff.”

“Thanks!” Peter and MJ sang out in unison.

Peter sat primly, crossing his knees at the thighs, his hands in his lap. “It just seems like I always have to do what Flash wants, and he never even asks me if I want to do it. He’s always just, hey babe, we’re going to the hockey game. Wear something cute.”

“This is what it’s like to date an alpha male,” MJ said, patting Peter on the knee. “But the tradeoff is worth it, believe me. I dated a nice guy once who was always so interested in what I wanted, my needs. BORING!” She

made a sour face, then shook her head as if tossing the memory of the nice guy from her mind. MJ leaned in close, and her voice dropped to a whisper. "Have you gone all the way yet?"

Peter shook his head, no. The thought of going all the way with Flash terrified him.

"Of course not," MJ said. "I'd be able to tell. Well, let me say, it'll all be worth it when he grabs your hips and he's like, UNH! UNH! And he won't ask you what you want, but, believe me, sister, he'll give it to you!"

Peter forced a smile, but MJ couldn't tell he was uneasy with the whole.

"Omigod," she said. "You are such a virgin. Anyway, get ready. Make sure to douche before he picks you up for the dance. That's when he'll pop your cherry."

It all sounded so terrible to Peter, so awful. Had the things he'd been doing with Cat already popped his cherry? He wasn't even sure, but if he did ever sleep with a boy, he sure as hell didn't want his first to be stupid, gross Flash.

"Girls?" The receptionist called. "Come on back."

As Peter walked back and then climbed onto the salon chair, he almost felt like he was about to be reborn. He looked at himself, with his brown bob, and silently said goodbye. When this was over and his hair had been dyed blonde, and he'd gotten his extensions, he would be a different girl. He would be one of them, one of the blondes.

Sasha, his stylist, appeared in the mirror behind him, smiling as she played with his hair. "Girl, you are about to become a goddess!" Peter closed his eyes, took deep breaths. Sasha went to work.



“Oh! My! God!” MJ screamed the first time she saw the new, blonded Peter. “You’re gorgeous!”

“Does it look okay?” Peter said, shy, self-conscious, tossing his hair.

“Does it look okay? No! It looks amazing!”

“Really?” Peter said, crinkling his nose. He was being coy. When he’d looked at himself in the mirror and seen the platinum halo around his face,

he'd felt his heart flutter and his eyes had gone wide. He thought he looked like Barbie, and he liked it.

"Flash is going to freak!" MJ said, reminding Peter of the real reason he'd done this. They hugged and giggled, went out for lattes. Peter noticed it right away. He was getting more attention, more looks. Two guys asked him for his number. MJ just kept smiling an 'I told you so' smile, while Peter played the oh, I'm so shy card, pretending he didn't love all the attention he was getting. After just a few days as a blonde, Peter felt cuter, sexier, flirtier, more fun, more confident. Blonde, Peter realized, wasn't just a hair color. It was a mindset, an identity. Blonde was a state of being, and he even found himself getting more giggly and girly, playing the blonde he looked and more and more felt like.

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Peter wiggled his toes against Cat's, and when she glanced at him, he gave her the glad eye. They hadn't made love in days, and he was so horny he was losing his mind. Cat scoffed and turned her attention back to the television.

"Still?" Peter said. "Is it really so important to you?"

Cat sighed. She was wearing one of her boyfriend shirts again, letting it slip off of and reveal her soft little shoulder, and the front was open so Peter could see the lacy balconette bra she wore, the inviting swell of her breasts. "It's your lack of commitment to us," Felicia said. "Your unwillingness to come with me, to be my true partner."

Her angry eyes were hot, intense, and Peter felt a fire building in his belly as he looked at her, his body answering that heat. He felt his

willpower melting, felt his resistance crumbling. “Okay,” he said, licking his lips. “I’ll do it.”

Cat screamed with joy and pounced, throwing herself on top of Peter, kissing and kissing, first his mouth, then his neck and tearing open his blouse, sending buttons flying everywhere, she somehow had him out of his bra in less than a second and was kissing him on his breasts, sucking on his nipples. Peter lay back, moaning softly, digging his nails into her shoulders. She’d planted one of her strong thighs between his legs, and he started to grind against it, thrusting his hips in the air, lost in ecstasy.

He wanted Cat, needed her, and he would do anything to be with her. He would do anything to stay her girl.

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As the night of the big dance approached, excitement grew among the girls Peter was now friends with—all they could talk about was what they would wear, how they were going to have their hair done, some amazing new eyeshadow and, of course, who expected to get laid. Answer: all of them.

MJ Picked out Peter’s dress, his heels and he and the other girls gathered at the salon right after school to have their hair and makeup done. After, MJ gave Peter tips on how to keep from smudging his makeup when he got dressed, then everyone hugged and air kissed before heading home to get dressed and wait for their men to come and pick them up.

Peter carefully pulled his little dress on over his head, reached back and zipped himself up. He checked his face in the mirror, sighing with relief that he hadn’t messed up his makeup, while also checking himself in the mirror— he was hot as hell. The dress flattered his figure, and it fit him like a

second skin, accentuating his plump rear, his tiny waist, the swell of his breasts and his long, coltish legs. The color was perfect for his pale skin. His nails were on point, and his golden hair had never looked so glossy and full of bounce. Peter, of course, didn't care at all what Flash would think of his outfit— like Flash would even notice how cur his dress was! Flash would just down at his tits. No, Peter had learned to dress to impress the other girls. Their approval so important if he wanted to hold his place in The Seven.

This was the first time Peter had really dressed up as a woman, and when he looked at himself in the mirror he felt he looked more like a woman, less like a girl, even with the ribbon in his hair. He felt sexy in a raw, earthy way, and he reveled in the total immersion into feminine vulnerability he felt in his tiny, skintight dress, the smell of his flowery perfume.

Peter grabbed his phone, struck a pose, lips puckered, and texted it to Cat with the caption: Thirsty? Setting down his phone, he slipped into his heels, stood, and practiced his walk. He'd been working hard on holding his arms in a more feminine manner, letting his wrists bend, walking heel to toe, putting some extra swing in his hips. He picked up his clutch purse and practiced holding it in different ways as he walked, looking in the mirror, trying to decide which one looked cutest, and then he practiced his smile.

Peter needed to be the most feminine girl in any room. There was something exciting to him about it, not only because he'd once been a boy, but because he was also stronger, faster, more agile than any boy, so wearing the mask of a delicate and feminine girl, fooling everyone, really turned him on. He had fantasies about being dressed in his cheerleader

outfit, and suddenly picking up a car while everyone watched, giggling and rolling his eyes like, did I just do that?

Bloop.

Peter grabbed his phone and saw Cat had sent him a tit pick. Her nipples were hard. He giggled and blushed, even as he heard the rumbling of Flash's Dodge Charger approaching, the jarring roar of sped metal guitars. Grabbing his purse, Peter hurried downstairs, where Aunt May waited. "You're gorgeous!" She gushed, snapping some pictures.

"Stop!" Peter squealed, even as he planted a hand on his hip and struck model poses, smiling brightly.

The doorbell rang. Peter started to answer, but Aunt May said, "No! No! I'll get the door. You stand right there under the chandelier and look pretty. Your first dance! Oh, I might cry!"

"Please don't," Peter said, striking the pose he'd settled on after only, like, trying out different poses in the mirror in his room forever. He'd decided to go with sweet, shy, insecure.





Aunt May opened the door. "Hello, Flash," she said. "Come on in."

"Hey, Mrs. Parker..." Flash said. His voice trailed off as he spotted Peter in his tight little dress, standing under the golden light from the chandelier. "Penny," he said, actually stunned by how gorgeous Peter looked all dolled up. "You're stunning."

Peter giggled and dropped his eyes, playing with a strand of his hair while Flash walked into the room. He really wanted to undress Peter with his eyes, let them rove over every one of his dramatic curves, but he knew better with Aunt May watching, so he kept his eyes locked on Peter's face.

'Pictures!' Aunt May said.

"Aunt May!" Peter said, stomping one little foot.

"Gotta have pics," Flash said, slipping his arm around Peter's waist and pulling him close. Peter hid his revulsion behind a bright, pretty smile. He didn't like being touched by Flash, moved around, controlled. But there was no way he wanted a picture out there of him with a sour face.

May wanted a video of Flash pinning the corsage, and Peter stood, smiling up at the boy he hated most while Flash slipped his fingers under the strap of Peter's dress, his knuckles pressing against the soft flesh of Peter's chest. He smiled down at Peter as he pinned the corsage, then raised his hand and brushed Peter's hair away from his face. "Shall we?" H said, offering Peter his arm. Peter took Flash's arm and let Flash lead him to the door.

Aunt May planted herself in front of the couple. "You be a gentleman," Aunt May said. "Treat my niece with respect!"

Peter's mouth dropped open, and he used his eyes to plead with her—don't embarrass me.

“Of course, Mrs. Parker,” Flash said, trying to sound extra serious. “I have the utmost respect for females.”

Aunt May seemed satisfied and stood aside. “Have fun. Have her home by 11.”

When they got to the car, Flash held Peter’s door for him, and helped him slide into the passenger seat. As Flash went around the car, Peter checked his makeup, fussed with his hair. As soon as Flash sat, Peter said, “I am so sorry about my Aunt. She’s just very protective.”

“Blah,” Flash said, kissing Peter on the shoulder. “Parents gonna parent. MJ’s Dad practically threatened to kill me if I even kissed her.”

That, actually, made Peter laugh.

“Just so you know,” Flash said. “I would be all over you right now, but I know better than to mess up your makeup— before the dance at least. You’re the finest girl in school.”

Oh. Well. “Thanks,” Peter said, the compliment landing, making him feel special and pretty, despite the fact it was coming from Flash. Or, maybe, because it came from Flash? Something in Peter loved the effect he was having on the big dumb bully. It gave him the feeling of feminine power he’d been growing to love as a girl.

The dance was a blur. Hugs. Gossip. Dancing with the other girls, and two slow dances with Flash put his arms around Peter’s waist, and Peter threw his arms around Flash’s neck, his back arched, his breasts pressing against Flash’s hard body. Twice, Flash let his hands slide over the soft curve of Peter’s ass, cupping his ass, squeezing, and twice Peter pretended to be annoyed as a teacher rushed over and made him stop.

“So annoying,” Peter lied. “I mean, it’s the 2020s!”

Flash just smiled, a hungry, wolfish smile. It scared Peter. He could see it in Flash's eyes. He wanted Peter's body. MJ had been right. He wanted to pop Peter's cherry. The dance had started at 8, and around 9:30 Flash, who'd been sneaking booze with his buddies in the corner, came over and took Peter's hand. "Time to roll," he said. "I have a surprise for you."

"We need to freshen up," MJ said. "We'll just be a sec."

Flash groaned, and the meaning was clear, women! "Don't be long," he said to Peter, unable to keep the anger and annoyance out of his voice.

"I'll be back in a jiff!" Peter said, making his voice extra high.

He and MJ hurried to the Girls' room, heels clacking. As soon as the door closed, MJ fished an airport bottle of vodka out of her purse and handed it to Peter. "Drink."

"I don't—"

"Drink. You're way too uptight."

Peter couldn't argue. He was scared, and it bothered him that he was scared. He twisted the top off the bottle and gulped the contents down.

"That a girl," MJ said. "Now, do you have a condom?"

"A condom? I don't..."

"Boys forget, or pretend to forget." MJ fished a little silvery square from her purse and handed it to Peter. "Flash will probably pressure you for unprotected sex. That's a no-no."

"I really don't want to have sex at all," Peter said, taking the condom, his hands shaking slightly as he confronted the reality of what it meant for him.

"You have to," MJ said. "Everyone, and I mean everyone, is going to be wanting deets, and Flash is going to be telling his guy friends what you're like. You don't want to get the reputation as some kind of prude."

"I don't want people to think I'm a slut!"

“They won’t. You’re giving yourself to the hottest guy in school. It’s time. You need to punch that V card before college.”

“But—”

“Penny? Honey. Trust me. Look, it’s normal to be scared, nervous. Just remember, all you have to do is lay back and spread your legs. Flash will do all the work.”

“Okay,” Peter said, once more finding himself unable to say no, to make his own decisions. He wanted, needed MJ’s approval as much as he needed Cat’s. He would just have to do it.

“Oh, and one more thing,” MJ said, going to the mirror and checking her face. Peter did as well. “No pictures! If you let him take any pictures of you naked, they’ll be all over social media.”

“So, it’s okay for me to let him stick his dick in me, but not to let him take a picture of my tits? Cool. That makes sense.”

“Penelope,” MJ said, stern. “Sarcasm is not attractive.”

“Sorry,” Peter said.

“Okay, girl,” MJ said, her bright, girly girl mask back in place. “Go get your man!”

Flash had booked a room at the Biltmore hotel— high class, his family had money— and Peter found himself facing the balcony window, gazing out over the lights of New York City as Flash unzipped his dress and let it fall at Peter’s feet. Peter had worn a lacy, sexy black bra and panties set, and he felt cold, vulnerable as Flash went to the bed, lay back and looked him up and down. “God damn you’re hot,” Flash said.

Peter giggled. He didn’t know what to do, how to stand. He was about to join Flash on the bed, wishing he’d had more to drink, when Flash growled, “dance for me.”

Peter started to dance, slow, awkward at first, but he thought about what he'd seen girls do, the way they danced, and he lifted his arms over his head and wiggled, tossing his hair, then turned and swayed, throwing his hips from side to side. He pretended he was with Cat, and he danced the way he knew she would like it. Thinking about Cat, he smiled. He loved to dance for her.



“Strip,” Flash said, his voice low and guttural.

Peter turned and saw that Flash had his hands wrapped around a huge boner, staring at Peter with a little smile on his face as Peter reached back and unhooked his bra, slipping the little scrap of lace off, letting it dangle

from his fingers as he shook his shoulders, sending his breasts swaying side to side.

“That’s it... hell yeah...” Flash said.

Peter felt himself tremble as he pushed his panties down over his hips, stepped out of them and, hooking them on the ends of his toes, flipped them to Flash, he grabbed them and put them to his nose, taking a deep, satisfied breath, and then, true to his name, he leapt off the bed, grabbed Peter and lifted him off his feet, tossing him onto the bed.

Peter found himself on his back, legs spread, and Flash climbed on top, planting his hands on Peter’s breasts, squeezing so hard it hurt. Peter squealed in pain, which only seemed to inflame Flash, who locked his fingers onto Peter’s nipples and pinched them really hard.

“You’re hurting me,” Peter cried out, squirming. He felt Flash’s hard, throbbing member pressing against his soft thigh, and squirmed, hating the feeling. Flash grunted, grabbing Peter’s hips and positioning himself, and then Peter cried out as Flash thrust into him.

Peter closed his eyes and just thought about Cat, trying to ignore what he was feeling, the sweaty mass of Flash, the manly smell of his body, the feeling of him pushing himself into Peter, inside him, and then a hot, sticky explosion inside Peter’s body.

Flash rolled off and lay next to Peter, panting. “Was it good for you, babe?”

Peter knew what he was supposed to say. MJ had coached him. “You were incredible,” he lied, rolling onto his side, kissing Flash on the cheek.

Flash cupped Peter’s cheek, then let his hand drift down to Peter’s breast, giving it another squeeze. “You’re a helluva piece of ass,” he said.

Idiot, Peter thought, offended and annoyed. He giggled, though, and whispered, “thanks.”

Flash sat up. “Get dressed. Chop Chop. I have to get you home by 11.”

That’s it? Peter thought as he slipped back into his bra, found his panties. It wasn’t like making love to Cat at all. He felt dirty, gross, and not in the least satisfied. Fuck you, Flash he thought as he stepped into his dress and wiggled, pulling it up. He could smell Flash on him, smell the electrolyte saltiness of Flash’s semen. He fished a bottle of perfume out of his purse and spritzed, hoping to hide the smell.

Flash came around and zipped Peter up. “Hey, babe, sorry, by the way. You’re so fucking hot, I totally forgot to use a condom.”

Fuck! Peter felt a new fear, one he’d never even had to consider as a boy— what if he got me pregnant? “It’s okay,” he said with a giggle, but he was thinking he would like to punch Flash right in the face.

“Let’s go,” Flash said.

“My shoes.”

“You can put them on in the car,” Flash said, slipping an arm around Peter’s waist and guiding him toward the door. Peter grabbed his heels and followed Flash. Out in the hall, two old looking guys in suits came walking toward them. They took in Peter’s disheveled hair, his smeared makeup, and one elbowed the other and chuckled, and then they both gave Flash a little nod of respect.

Peter, blushing furiously, looked down. He thought he would die. His first walk of shame.

“Young lady,” one of the guys said, smirking, pretending to tip a cap.

Peter had had enough. He turned and planted a hand on his hip. “Eat a dick,” he said.



All three men burst out laughing.

Men! Peter thought. I fucking hate men! He felt like crying, but there was no way he would give these pigs the satisfaction. Instead, he threw his nose in the air and said, "Take me home."

Women, Flash thought. Why do they have to be so damned sensitive?

Peter kept a bright, happy face when he got home, telling Aunt May all about how much fun he'd had at the dance, lying about what a gentleman Flash had been, but the whole time he couldn't stop thinking about the possibility he might be pregnant— and with Flash's ugly baby. He'd just finished his period, but he didn't know if that was good or bad. Was he ovulating?

As soon as he got to his room, the tears flowed, and he did a search on his phone for the Morning After Pill, staring at the tear blurred screen, knowing he would have to go to the pharmacy in the morning and— take care of it.

His phone buzzed. A text from MJ. There was a GIF of two people fucking and the word, Well?

Heaven, Peter replied, because he knew that was what she wanted him to say.

Another GIF appeared. A bunch of girls clapping and the words, "You're no longer a virgin!"

"Thank God," Peter typed back, then added a bunch of bananas and a rainbow.

It worked. MJ responded with a dozen smiley faces.

Peter lay down, curled up on his bed, and cried himself to sleep, wishing he had someone to talk to, but he was too ashamed. Who am I? He wondered. Why do I keep letting other people tell me what to do?

He texted Cat. "Goodnight. Thinking of you."

She sent him another tit pic.

Peter chuckled. Then, he decided, he had to tell her. If he wanted to really be her girl, he had to be honest. He texted; I might be pregnant.

A moment later, his phone rang. "You okay?" Cat said.

Peter cried then, harder than he'd ever cried before.

## Chapter Three

Cat went to the Duane Reade drug store and picked up the Morning After Pill for him. He took the pill, cried some more, and then they went for a walk along the waterfront, eventually finding a spot on the Brooklyn Bridge, looking back at the soaring towers of Manhattan glimmering in the sunlight, ferries and tugboats churning the waters of The Hudson River. For a time, they stood shoulder to shoulder, and then Peter said, "Well, at least one good thing came out of this."

"What's that?"

"I determined that I am 100% a lesbian."

"I could have told you that," Cat said, pulling him in for a kiss.

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Later that week, Cat and Peter, dressed as Kitten, crept along an abandoned subway tunnel near Lexington Avenue. There was even an old, Red Bird subway car that had been left there, rusty and tangled in webs. They came to a ladder, and above them a circular opening capped with an iron lid. "This leads to a storage closet in the basement of Standard Storage."

"How do you know about all this?" Peter asked. "The abandoned tunnel? The old entrance?"

"I'm a professional thief," Cat said. "When I'm not knitting or reading up on celebrity gossip."

“It’s amazing they would leave a vulnerability like this wide open.”

Despite the mundane name, chosen in part to stay below the radar and also because the founders felt a name like “The Impenetrable Vault” would only invite would-be thieves to test their mettle, Standard Storage, Cat had explained to Peter, was one of the most secure vaults in the world, and the wealthy from all over the planet and even a few from other worlds kept their valuables here.

“They didn’t,” Cat said. She took out a small bottle and sprayed it up, and a series of crisscrossing lasers appeared in the mist. “They have forgotten about it. This system is ten years out of date.”

“How do we beat it?”

“Easy.” Cat pulled a circular stretch of cable from between her breasts. “Where else was I going to keep it?” She tossed it into the air, and the cable spun upward, attaching itself to the walls of the entrance, and as it did the lasers were re-routed, now traveling in a circle within the cable, safely contained.

They made their way up and then through the twisting corridors of the building until they came to Unit 0171. “This is it.” Cat effortlessly jimmied the door, sliding it open. There, across the room on a pedestal under a ray of light, was their target. “The Personate Mask,” Cat said.

“Lasers everywhere,” Peter said, looking at the crisscrossing beams that cut through the air between them and the mask.

“They want us to see them,” Cat said. “They think it will intimidate us into giving up. The lasers, they think, can’t be traversed. What do you say, Kitty Cat?”

“I say, watch me!” Peter said, immediately darting through the lasers, doing cartwheels, flips, sticking to the ceiling, spinning back down and

sticking the landing, posing like a gymnast as he stood next to the mask, a bright smile on his face.

“Well done,” Cat said, and then she followed, spring and crawling and likewise darting through the web of lasers. Double checking to make sure there was no security on the mask itself, she grabbed the mask and made a small bow to Peter. “Milady, the honor is yours.”

Peter fished a thick, black marker out of his own ample cleavage, and then he quickly scrawled Black Cat & Kitten on the side of the pedestal. then, on a whimsical impulse, he quickly sketched a grinning cat. It was Felicia’s idea they should leave a note behind.

“It was almost too easy,” Black Cat said, giving Peter a kiss.

“It’s not that it was easy,” Peter said. “We’re just that good at stealing shit.” He felt the thrill again, and he was hot, eager, couldn’t wait to get home so he and Cat could get naked and play.

They were back in the subway tunnel when Peter’s spider sense started to tingle, and he tackled Cat, the dart that had been whistling toward her neck crashing harmlessly against the concrete floor.

A high-pitched squeal of frustration followed, and Peter and Cat sprang back to their feet as a skinny young woman came leaping down from the top of the old subway car.

“Kraven?” Peter said, looking over his old adversary in his mini-skirt and stiletto heels. “You’re still a girl.”

“Oh,” Kraven said, tossing his pigtails, his voice oozing sass. “You’re, like, so totally observant.” He crouched into a fighter’s stance. Peter glanced at Cat, and their eyes met, and they each immediately knew their strategy. They’d gotten so close, they could read each other’s minds. Peter leapt to the ceiling, out of Kraven’s sight, and Cat charged, she and Kraven

exchanging blows and blocks and counter blows. Peter got behind Kraven and fired a web that wrapped around his shapely ankles, binding them together.

“You bitch!” Kraven screamed as Peter yanked the web and Kraven dropped to the ground, landing hard on his chest, a shock of pain as his soft breasts smashed into the hard stone. In a moment, he was bound up in webs, struggling, furious, until he realized that, once more, he was beaten.

Peter and Cat stood over him, and they both felt a little bad for him as he started to cry. “Mother will be so angry with me!” He said, forlorn. “I’m going to be grounded, like, forever!”

Peter fired a web that covered Kraven’s mouth and left him squirming and weeping in feminine fury.

“He even talks like a girl now,” Peter said as the two of them made their escape. “I wonder why he didn’t change back?”

“Maybe because he’s so much cuter as a female?” Cat said, and the two of them laughed.

As soon as they got back to the lair, Cat was all over Peter, her hot mouth on his as her hands peeled his leather catsuit off his soft, round body. He found himself on the floor, Cat on top, kissing him, fondling his breasts. The room filled with the salty smell of their arousal, and once they were both good and wet, Cat picked Peter up, tossed him over her shoulder and carried him to the bedroom, Peter giggling and kicking. She tossed him on the bed and said, “get on your hands and knees.”

Peter knew what that meant, and he obeyed, ager but also a little disappointed. He’d been hoping for some more splashing. He loved it when Cat smeared chocolate over his tits and then licked it off, but he wanted,

needed, to please her. Cat harnessed herself into her strap on, climbed on the bed behind Peter and, grabbing a handful of his hair, yanked, hard.

Peter squealed, arching his back, and then gasped as Felicia slid the dildo into him. She kept yanking on his hair, pulling his head back, the two of them rocking in unison, Peter's breasts swaying with each thrust, the tension in him, that warm, supernova in his belly building and building and building until, "Omigod!"

Felicia chuckled and pulled out, slapping him on the ass. He fell onto his side, curling his knees to his chest, panting in the afterglow. Felicia gave him some time before she started to rub her foot against his smooth calf. Peter sat up, pulling his hair out of his face. Felicia had propped herself up the pillows, and her legs were spread wide. "My turn," she said, waving Peter toward her.

Peter grinned and giggled, crawling toward Felicia, crawling between her strong legs, and then burying his mouth in her hot, wet sex.

