

## Chapter 14



Peter found himself swept into a whirlwind of female life. Cheerleader practice every afternoon, and then the team performed at pep rallies, and both the boy's football and basketball games and the boys, of course, were always *bothering* him. Meanwhile, he was helping MJ with her homework—well, actually, doing it for her-- while trying to keep up with his own classes, and on top of all that he had his relationship with Felicia and his undercover internship. He collapsed into bed each night, then woke up an hour earlier

than he ever had to make sure he had time to do his makeup before school.

How did he find time to spidey? He didn't. Spider Man had been MIA for weeks, and the guilt was building in him as crime began to spike, and he worried more with each passing day that there would be another Uncle Ben out there, murdered by some thug he could have gotten off the streets, some family grieving a loss that he could have prevented.

It was almost too much. Almost. He promised himself he would carve out some spidey time soon. He would. And he would have to tell Felicia that he couldn't be her criminal sidekick. It was wrong to use his powers to steal. He knew that. And, besides, he told himself one morning as he tied his lengthening hair into pigtails, once he and Tony got the collider working, they would reverse all this, and things would go back to normal.

That's what he wanted, he assured himself, as he began to put on his eyeliner. Of course, that's what he wanted. It wasn't like he wanted to be a girl and have to put on makeup for the rest of his life.

The first week of the internship, Peter had just shown up and done what was asked of him. In case he was being watched, he and Tony had decided it was best if he kept an initial low profile. Ultimately, though, he needed to get his hands on a component— a portal stabilizer.

Tony had spotted the problem right away when he'd looked over the code Peter had stolen. He'd been reading intently, and Peter had thought he looked really cute when he had a serious look on that young, pretty face of his. "This could be a problem," he said, nodding, making a note.

"What is it?" Peter said, looking over Tony's shoulder. Tony's hair smelled like strawberries and vanilla.

“The software includes a subroutine for something called a portal stabilizer.”

“And the problem?”

“My collider doesn’t have one,” he said, frowning, playing with his long hair. “Everything else I can adapt to my hardware, but without a stabilizer, the program will crash.”

“I could just go back and steal the part?” Peter said.

“The security at the facility has been enhanced by an order of magnitude. Even Cat couldn’t break in there now, and I am guessing it would take hours to safely remove the stabilizer from the collider. That’s a no go.”

“So, we’re stuck as girls, then?”

“If we are,” Tony had said, “you and I are going to have to make out at some point. But, there may be another way.”

The plan had been hatched for Peter to go undercover as an intern and steal the plans for the component. So, Peter had found himself fetching coffee, delivering mail, making copies and generally playing the role of the eager young intern, until an opportunity had presented itself. He’d been pushing his mail cart around the office, and had come to the cubicle of Sandy Haverson, an engineer working on the project. “Special delivery,” he’d said, dropping a bundle of mail on Sandy’s desk.

“Hey, Penny,” Sandy had said without looking up from her screen, which was crowded with mathematical equations, all lit up in red.

Peter had glanced at her screen and seen it right away. “Um, excuse me for interrupting, but there’s a mistake.”

“A mistake?” Sandy had said, turning her glassy, strained eyes to Peter.

“Right there,” Peter said pointing to what had leapt out at him as a miscalculation.

“Show me,” Sandy said, getting up from her chair, guiding Peter to sit.

Peter sat and made the correction. The code on the screen immediately turned from red to green and started flashing. “There,” Peter said. ‘I’m pretty good at math.’”

“Come with me,” Sandy had said. “There’s someone I want you to meet.”

Doctor Hanna Pym was tall, gorgeous and full figured. Peter felt his cheeks growing warm at just the sight of her in her lab coat and hip glasses, as she gave orders to her crew of female engineers. “Dr. Pym,” Sandy said.

Dr. Pym turned, and her eyes fell right to Peter’s face, then down. She gave him a once over, and Peter’s skin tingled as he saw the hungry look in her eyes. “And who is this?” She said in a breathy, little girl’s voice.

“Penelope Parker,” Sandy said. “And she just solved the little problem we were having with the phase two software.”

Pym’s eyes lit with appreciation. “You solved the broken equation? And how did you, young lady, manage to do what my whole team has failed to do over weeks of struggle and effort?”

“She glanced over my shoulder while delivering my mail, saw it and fixed it in less than five minutes,” Sandy said.

“Delivering your mail?”

“Hi,” Peter finally managed to say, breaking out of the awestruck spell the woman’s beauty had cast over him. “It was nothing. I’m just an intern.”



“Not anymore,” Dr. Pym said, taking Peter’s hand in a firm grip. “Not anymore.”

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Peter and the rest of the cheerleaders pranced out to the center of the gym while the students cheered. It was the Friday afternoon pep rally before their big game with their bough rival, Queens Central. Peter had a big smile on his face, and as the sound system started to blast out Katy Perry singing, “I kissed a girl and I liked it” he kicked and jumped, leaned forward, shaking his tits and ass... he felt his little skirt flip up, giving the room a glimpse of his panties... and when their routine ended and he pranced back off, he saw Flash staring at him with hard, predatory eyes.

*Gross, Peter thought. I can’t believe Flash thinks I would ever let him kiss me!*





Peter arrived at the antechamber to Cassandra's office and let himself in. Norman wasn't at his desk, so Peter walked into the office, wondering why Cassandra had asked to see him, when he heard voices coming from behind the double doors that led to the inner office. He crept up and listened.

"I don't want my company back," he heard Norman say in his soft little voice. "Please. Let me be a man again, and I'll disappear. You'll never even hear from me again, but I can't live another day as a woman."

"Oh, Norma," he heard Cassandra say in a voice oozing with condescension. "Is it that time of the month?"

"That has nothing to do with it!" Norma shrieked.

"You're emotional," Cassandra said. "It's perfectly normal for a girl like you to get all weepy and hysterical when she's on the rag."

Peter heard Norma start to cry. "Do you have any idea what it's like to be a man with a body like this? Guys always hitting on me, ogling me, catcalling me?"

"I told you before," Cassandra said. "I can't use the collider to change you without changing everything. You were subject one. All the other changes rippled from you after I turned you into a woman and switched out positions, turning you into the secretary and me the CEO of this company. The changes spread from you to people you knew, to people who knew people you knew. I never planned it, but I love what is happening. This world is becoming a woman's world, Norma, and I won't ever let it go back to the way it was."

"And what am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to live like this?"



“Do what women like you have always done, doll face. Find yourself a man and have a few babies. I’m sure you will be happy as a wife and mother.”

“I’ll find a way,” Norman said. “I’ll find some way to take back what’s mine.”

“Doubtful. Right now I need you to pull yourself together, fix your make up and get me some bottled water. Okay, hun? Either that, or maybe I should fire you?”

“No, miss. Yes, Miss,” Norman said in a defeated voice. “Right away.”

Peter heard movement, Norman’s heels clicking as he headed toward the door. He retreated out of the office, back into the hall, closing the door just as the door to Cassandra’s office started to open.

He would wait a bit and then enter as if he just got there, pretend he hadn’t heard anything. While he waited, he mulled over what he’d learned. So, this whole thing had started when Cassandra had decided to use the collider to switch places with Norman Osborne. Maybe all they would have to do was switch them back, and the multiverse they lived in would be restored?

In the meantime, he fished out his phone and checked his period tracker. Penny had installed one, and it turned out Aunt May had been wrong about his time of the month, but he *was* due in a couple days, according to his APP. Thinking about his period, Peter’s heart went out to Norman. It did seem wrong on so many levels for a guy to be *on the rag*.

He wasn’t looking forward to *that* aspect of the female experience.

