

## Chapter 13



Peter felt like a whole new girl as he sashayed down the hall in his trendy new outfit, throwing a little extra swing in his step, smiling brightly, his crimson painted lips wet and glossy. He'd gotten used to boys checking him out even in his jeans and hoodie. Now that he was dressed cute, their eyes practically bugged right out of their heads like cartoon wolves. Peter grinned, pleased at the effect he was having on the males.

“Penny,” Gretchen called as he walked past her. “Penny.”

Damn, Peter thought. He felt bad, but he knew he could be seen talking to a dork like Gretchen if he wanted to be one of the cool girls. Pretending he didn't hear her, he just walked on by.

He found MJ by her locker, holding court with the Seven. "Yeah, girl," MJ said, checking Peter out. The other girls looked Peter over, nodding in approval of his outfit, but his spider sense actually began to tingle just a little bit. A threat? From these girls? He didn't understand.

It was too late for Peter to change his schedule, so Peter got Penny's clarinet out of her locker and trudged to the band room. Sitting with his knees primly together, he started to put the clarinet together. He noticed some boys checking him out, as usual. The boys in band were all, at best, betas, he noted smugly, but in this world without any of the real alphas around, a few of them got to play the role of leader. One of them was Jack Paul, a chubby boy with a terrible perm, like he thought he was the lead singer of a 90s metal band.

Jack was sitting with some other dorks in the trumpet section, and they were huddled together, glancing over at Peter, giggling. Peter slit his eyes as he slipped his clarinet between his lips and blew, running a scale to warm up, grossed out that Jack and his nerds were probably talking about his tits.

Jack got up and walked over toward Peter. No. No. No, Peter thought, conscious that the other girls were watching as well as Jack's pimple faced "wolf pack." Here in the band room, where he was a king and not a peasant, Jack had a little swagger, and he made his fingers into guns and pretended he was shooting at Peter as he sat down next to him. "Hey, Penny," he said. "I wonder if you can settle a bet for me."

Peter was still not used to being a girl and dealing with boys. His instinct was to be nice. “What’s the bet?” He said.

“Well, I bet the guys that a clarinet isn’t the only thing you’ve blown.”

“What!” Peter said, shocked. “Gross! Get lost!”

Jack started laughing and got up. “Jerk!” Peter shouted as Jack started high fiving all his crew, who were cackling like jackals. Peter looked to the other girls for support, but they all looked away, clearly shunning him, and he heard one of them whisper, “she’s so stuck up.”

“They’re jealous!” MJ said when he told her about the girls saying he was stuck up. “And we are all stuck up, so just learn to love it! Those kids? They don’t matter. You do now.”

Now. It bothered Peter a little— a lot. He almost felt like a traitor now, joining up with the cool girls who wouldn’t even say hi to him just a couple days ago before MJ had anointed him as worthy. It seemed wrong, and he didn’t really even like the other girls all that much. He found them soooo boring.

MJ, though. MJ was everything, and he needed to be friends with her.

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Peter lay on his back chest heaving as Felicia dripped warm chocolate across his breasts. “It feels good,” he whispered.

“Just you wait,” Felicia said, now taking a can of whipped cream, shaking it. She brought it to Peter’s lips, and he eagerly sucked on the stem while she injected the sweet, milky cream into his mouth, then pulled it out, spraying the cream on his face, neck and then all over his breasts. Peter swallowed and licked his lips, reaching up, meaning to rub the whipped



cream into his breasts, but Felicia caught one of his wrists and said, “Just wait, baby girl.”

She sprinkled nuts across the whipped cream, and then plopped a red, candied cherry on top before climbing onto Peter, straddling him with her legs, smiling down at him and saying, “Sundae funday!” before she began to lick the sticky sweetness from his body, eventually clenching one of the cherry stems in her teeth and feeding the cherry to Peter along with a hot, sweet, sticky kiss.

They showered together, kissing, caressing, and then curled up on the bed in short, silk robes. “Just one harmless little caper,” Felicia said between kisses, cupping Peter’s cheek.

“It was just one time,” Peter said, eagerly accepting the kisses, slipping his soft hand inside Felicia’s robe, cupping her breast.

“Friday night,” Felicia whispered. “We’ll be in and out. You and I both know how much it turns you on. The sex will be incredible.”

“I don’t know...” Peter whispered, remembering how excited he’d felt after breaking into Cassie Corps, how lit up his body had been.

“I do,” Felicia said. “We’re doing it. Black Cat and Kitten are going to steal the Darlington Diamond and then, my little pretty, we are going to have the best sex you’ve ever had in your life.”

“Okay,” Peter said. “I guess.”

Felicia kissed him, pushing him onto his back. She put her hands on his cheeks and grinned. “That’s my girl.”

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“I should wear it,” Tony said. “I’m obviously the boss bitch in this relationship.”

“Oh, please,” Steve Rogers said, trying to snatch the strap-on from Tony, who yanked it away just in time. Both men had stripped down to their bra and panties. “You know I could just take it from you if I wanted to, right?”

Tony smiled, now holding the strap-on behind his back. “Why don’t you, then?”

Rogers smiled. “Maybe I will.” He wrapped a giggling Tony in his arms, easily lifting him off his feet, burying his face in Tony’s cleavage and kissing his breasts.

“Stop!” Tony squealed, kicking his legs as Rogers lifted him up onto his shoulder and carried him toward the bed.

“I think someone needs a spanking.”

“Don’t you dare!”

Rogers lay Tony Stark across his knee, took in that plump, heart shaped ass of his, then whack! He slapped it, hard.

Tony shrieked and giggled, looking back over his shoulder, his hair falling across his eyes. “Is that all you got?”

Rogers grinned and spanked him again, harder, and then again, Tony kicking and giggling, both men feeling themselves getting hot and wet, their nipples hard, aching as they strained against the cups of their bras. Rogers grabbed the strap-on from Tony’s hands— the other man didn’t even try to stop him, and then he picked Tony up, turned him over and placed him on his hands on knees on the bed, grabbing his panties and tearing them off, throwing them across the room.

Tony felt a thrill pass through his slender body as he found himself in that position, his back arched ass in the air, but then... “No,” he said, rolling

over onto his back. He slipped one finger into his mouth and batted his long lashes. "I want to do you."

Rogers grabbed Tony's wrists and pinned his arms over his head, straddling him, leaning down and kissing him, their soft thighs intertwined, their wet sex pressing together. "I'm the man," Cap said between kisses. Tony struggled, but Cap was so much stronger. He was helpless. His only option was to negotiate.

"We can take turns?" He said, raising a slender eyebrow.

Cap tilted his head to the side, mulling it over. "Who takes it first?"

"I was thinking you."

Cap giggled and kissed Tony again. "Nah."

"Well, well," a voice called. "If it isn't Earth's Sexiest Heroes."

"Pepper!" Tony and Cap gasped in unison. Cap got off Tony, and both men crossed their arms bashfully across their chests.

Pepper walked right up to them, planted her hands on her hips and said, "How about I take the lead, ladies?"

Tony and Cap exchanged glances, then they both got knelt, looked up at Pepper and whispered, "yes."

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"Penelope Parker?" Mrs. Watters called.

Peter strode onto the stage, smiling, held high, just like MJ had taught him. Inside, he waged a losing battle with the swarm of butterflies storming around in his stomach, fought against the urge to puke right there on the stage. "Hi, everyone!" He said as he took his position at the center of the stage, planting his pon pon on his hips and lifting one leg slightly.





The judges sat at a folding table beneath him— four wrinkly old teachers and MJ, the captain of the cheerleader squad. Peter had dropped into a



few practices that week and he wore the practice uniform— a pair of short shorts and a tank top that read, Cheer across his breasts in stretched out letters.



Pop, Punch and Pizzaz!  
Hey, you, you've been had

“Whenever you’re ready, Miss Parker,” Mrs. Watters said.

Peter took a deep breath. Glanced at MJ, who gave him a thumbs up. She’d assured him the whole thing was rigged, that he would make the squad, but he still desperately needed to impress her, to show her he was her kind of girl.

“Ready?” He shouted. “O-kay!”

“We’ve got razzmatazz,” he shouted while working through the choreography.

Cheer team got razzmatazz!

Razzmatazz!

He finished with a squeal and doing a jump, landing effortlessly on his feet, planting his pon pons back on his hips, smiling brightly. Hold. Hold. Hold, he reminded himself, remembering what MJ had taught him.

The judges applauded politely. "Excellent. You may go."

"Thank you so much," Peter gushed in a breathy, airhead voice, then pranced off the stage, his feet kicking him on his butt as he made his exit. He gave MJ a quick glance. She nodded and gave him another thumbs up, and Peter felt his heart flutter.

He and some of the other girls who'd already auditioned exchanged hugs and compliments, then Peter went to the side of the stage curtain and watched as Susan Collins came out. Her family was poor, lived in a rundown house on the bad side of town. MJ had made fun of her, how dumb she was to think someone like her could ever make the cheer team. She went through her routine, and when she ran off the stage, she looked so excited and happy. Peter's heart went out to her. "You were great," he said, giving her a hug.

"I hope I make it," she said, and her eyes were so full of need and hope, Peter almost cried for her.