

Chapter 15



“My biggest regret,” Tony said. “Is that we never made out.”

Peter smiled and tilted his head to the side. “I’m ready when you are.”

“I’d have to be totally wasted.”

“Rude!” Peter said, shaking his head.

“It’s the age gap,” Tony said. “The fact you’re Peter Parker, the…”

“I’m just kidding,” Peter said. “Yeesh.”

“Oh.” Tony frowned. “I can’t believe I fell for that.”

The two went back to work. After a few minutes, Peter got curious about something. “Now that you’re a guy again, do you ever miss your breasts?”

“Surprisingly, yes, though it makes no sense,” Tony admitted. “Why would I miss bras and backaches? I just got used to having that extra weight poking out, I guess.”

“I miss your breasts,” Pepper Potts says, walking in and once again demonstrating her amazing ability to make a perfectly timed entrance. “You had great tits, Tony.” She sidled up to Tony and pinched his nipple.

“Hey,” Tony said, “Not in front of the kids.”

“Okay,” Peter said, tapping *Enter*. “That’s it. The collider is locked down. The only people who can access it now are you and I, and we both have to be here to make it work again.”

“Celebrate?” Tony said. “Hit a strip club now that I don’t look like one of the strippers?”

“Gotta take a pass,” Peter said. “I’m running late as it is.”

He and Felecia were getting together. He was looking forward to it. As he swung his way along the corridors of the city, he thought back on the last few days…”

Once he'd gotten his foot in the door with Dr. Pym, securing the stabilizer plans had been child's play. It had been as easy as slipping his thumb drive into a workstation. Security all around Phase II was extremely tight- but that had led to an assumption inside Phase II that they weren't vulnerable. He'd also uploaded a viscous virus that would crash Cassandra's system for weeks, which would give them plenty of time to fix the world and return her to her previous role as Norman Osborne's secretary- at least until he fired her.

He and Tony had gotten to work right away building the stabilizer and setting up the systems for the "great reset."

Word had gotten around, in the meantime, that Logan had given birth to two beautiful babies- one boy and one girl. Peter wasn't sure if he should feel good or bad about not getting the stabilizer plans in time to spare Logan the experience of childbirth. On the one hand, yeah, that had to be something tough to experience, whether man or woman. On the other, well, maybe it would make Logan a better person?

Peter had come close to scuttling the whole thing. He'd considered either refusing to steal the plans or else pretending he'd failed. Working at Cassie had been great, and he had grown comfortable in his life as a girl. He struggled to even remember what it had been like to be a boy with a flat chest, no hips. On the other hand, two new experiences challenged him in ways he never expected and made his life as a female seem a lot harder than he'd hoped.

The first was his first visit from Aunt Flow. His breasts ached. He felt bloated. He was a leaky, emotional mess, and it felt so weird to have a tampon stuck inside him. As he walked down the hall at school worrying about a leak, being embarrassed if he suddenly had blood staining his

crotch, he'd had to wonder if he really wanted to have to experience this once a month until he was 40 or 50, which to someone as young as him seemed like an eternity anyway.

He'd made it through leak week without an incident, but the mood swings, the rages, the tears? Ugh.

The second incident was Flash. Everywhere Peter went at school, he would find his spider sense tingling, look and there was Flash with that intense, ravenous look in his eyes. It gave Peter the creeps to have a guy look at him like that. Flash was not just mentally undressing him, but frottaging him with his eyes. Peter didn't have to be afraid of Flash. He was so much stronger and faster if Flash ever did try anything, it would be over in one punch, but it still creeped him out, and then things got more complicated.



MJ'd brought the subject up while they'd been in the girls' room, fixing their hair, touching up their makeup. "So, Penelope, you've been coming along so nicely. There's one more thing, one more big thing, you need if you want to be one of the popular girls, though."

"What's that?" Peter had asked, immediately feeling insecure, inferior. He loved being friends with MJ, would do anything to stay close to her. Or, as it turned out, almost anything.

"You need a boyfriend," MJ announced, smiling. Good news. One of the absolute hottest and most prestigious boys wants to date you."

“Who?” Peter said, wondering if he could come out to MJ, let her know he liked girls. Society had changed, right? Yet, his gut told him this version of MJ would not be cool with it, plus he was terrified she would realize he’d ben crushing on her. He’d probably just have to date someone. Maybe it wouldn’t be too bad.

“Flash.”

“Flash?” Peter almost gagged at the thought. “I thought you two were going steady?” He said, hiding his disgust behind a plastic smile.

“We’ve gotten bored with each other,” MJ said, tossing her hair. “So, I promised him he could have you. He’s going to ask you to the fall formal. You’ll say yes.”

“I don’t like him,” Peter said.

“Oh, honey, you have so much to learn. Most of us don’t like our boyfriends. You don’t date a boy because you like him. You dat a boy for status. The important thing is that Flash is hot, and he’s an athlete, and he’ll make all the other girls jealous.”

“So I’m supposed to hang out with Flash just because other girls think he’s some kind of God? I’m supposed to spend all my time with a boy I don’t even like for-- Just for status?”

“Think of it as rehearsal for marriage,” MJ said, patting him on the cheek.

The thought of dating Flash, the makeout sessions, Flash’s hands all over his body, it made Peter sick. He couldn’t go back to trying to be friends with the nerds, but none of them would even talk to him anymore. He’d

thought he had no choice. Besides, would it really be fair to keep everyone swapped just for his own selfish reasons?

He and Tony had gotten everything up and running. They bring Norma in, change her back. Their calculations showed it would create a reverse ripple, restoring everything back to normal. "I'm looking forward to being a dude again," Tony said, his hands at the small of his back, chest out. "No more back aches."

"Men," Pepper said. "Even as women, you're obsessed with breasts."

"Guilty," Tony said.

"I'm gonna miss you girls, but I'm sure you're both excited to get back to being smelly, farting, belching boys."

"Yup. Especially the belching," Tony said.

"I'm not," Peter admitted as he made some adjustments on the portal stabilizer.

"Oh?" Pepper said.

"I kinda like being a girl."

Pepper nodded as she looked at Pete with a new respect. "Most boys your age would have a hard time admitting that."

"The thing is," Peter said. "I think of myself as a girl now."

"Bummer," Tony had said, patting Peter on the arm. "Bud, you're a scatter-brained dame right now. You'll think more logically when you're a guy again."

"Idiot!" Pepper and Peter had answered in unison.

The next day, they'd gotten Norma and brought her to the collider. "You want to do the honors?" Tony said.

"Sure," Peter said, swallowing. Pepper touched his arm. They exchange a glance. Peter went to the computer. All he had to do was press "Enter."

He didn't want to do it, but Uncle Ben's words came back to him: "With Great Power Comes Great Responsibility." Being a superhero meant putting the needs of others first. It meant sacrifice for the common good. He had no choice but to do the right thing, go back to being Peter Parker, even if that meant he would never truly be happy again.

He closed his eyes and pushed Enter, whispering, "Goodbye, Penelope."

One Month Later...

Peter knocked on Black Cat's skylight. She signaled for him to enter. As soon as Peter reached the floor, Cat gathered him on her arms. "Hey, Kitten," she said, giving him a kiss. Her hand slid up his side, and then cupped and squeezed his breast. Peter lost himself in her kiss, lingered in her arms, giggled when her other hand cupped the soft swell of his ass and squeezed.

"The bedroom?" He said in his breathy, little girl voice.

"Calm down, Kitten!" Felicia said, as Peter tried to kiss her again. "Heel."

Peter dropped to his knees and stared up adoringly at Felicia.

"Before I ravish you," Felicia said, cupping his chin. "A little foreplay. Black Cat and Kitten are going to steal some diamonds."

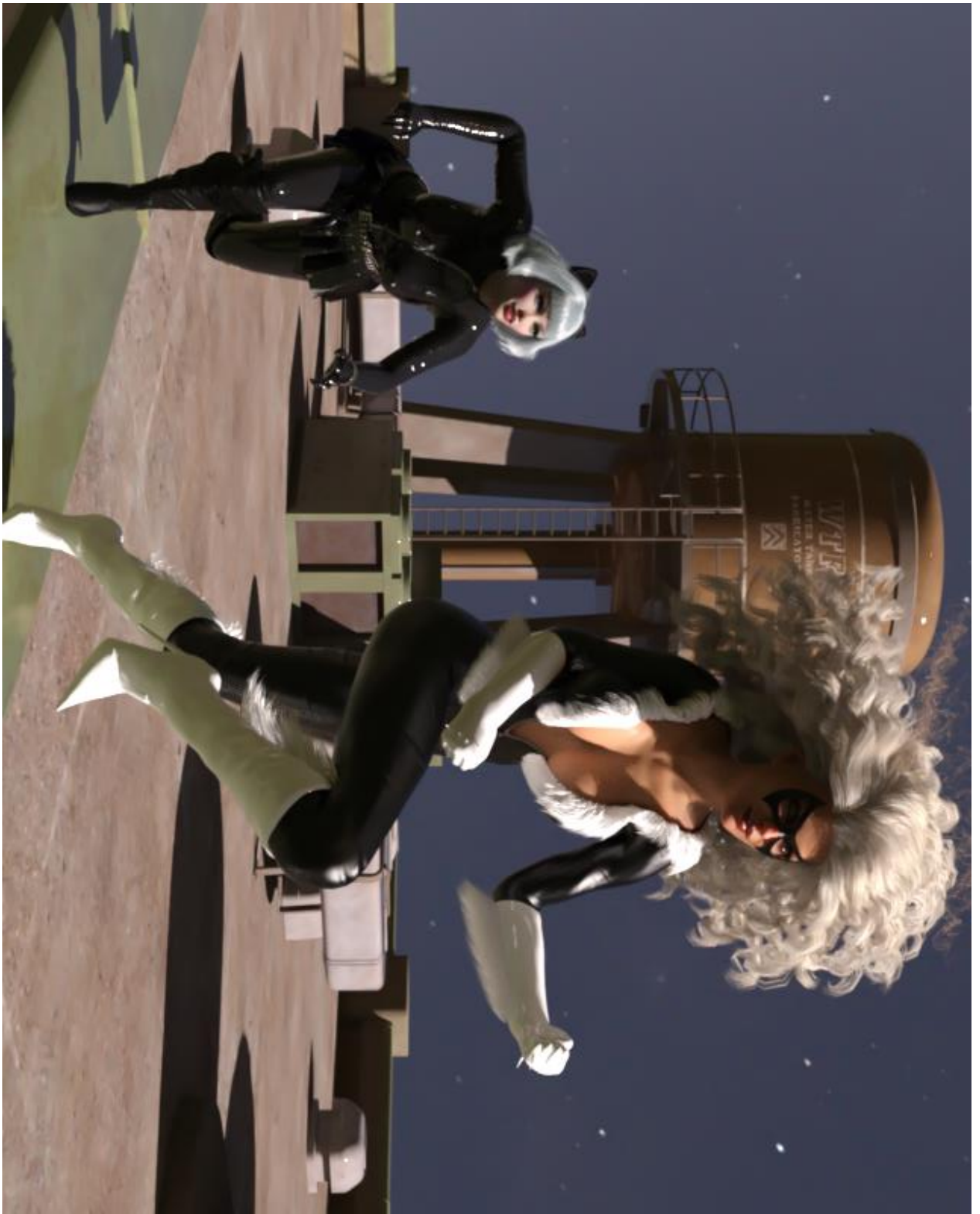
"Diamonds?" Peter gasped. He loved diamonds.

"Oh, yes, honey, and then I am going to baste you in warm, sticky chocolate and lick you clean."

Peter moaned, a tremor of pleasure shaking him.



Diamonds?



As Cat and Kitten ran along the rooftops beneath the light of a full moon, Peter smiled, remembering it all. Once Norma had been transformed back to Norman, just as he and Tony had predicted, everyone began to change back. Everyone, that is, except for Peter. He'd gone to see Tony one day after cheerleading practice. "Something's wrong," he'd said, looking up at the man.

"Galactus back?" Tony had said. "The Lizard? Maybe a skrull pretending to be Sandman pretending to be She Hulk? What's the problem?"

"Um, me?" Peter said. "I'm not turning back into a boy."

Tony had given him a quizzical look. "Of course not," Tony said. "I made a few modifications to the program. Actually, it was pure genius on my part and I spent the whole night working on it, but I spliced this *you* into *our* universe. You're welcome."

"But, what about the possible ripples in...?"

"It's done, Penny. Now, go. Get out of here. I'm a busy man."

Peter had started crying, had thrown his arms around Tony and given him a kiss. He couldn't help himself.

"Women," Tony said as he gently disengaged from the kiss. "You cry at the drop of a hat." He was happy, though, happy for Penny, that she was in her right body, her right sex.

"Yes, we do," Peter had said. "Thank you, thank you, thank you..."



The End (For Now)