



Story by Hunter Opera
Cover by Meeps123



SPIDER * GIVEN

STOLEN SPIDER

The table was cold underneath him, but he didn't mind. He'd been cold for what felt like a very long time. His body felt stiff and he stretched, yawned, pushed himself to his side on aching limbs, his vision swimming as he sat up.

“Easy,” a deep voice said.

He nodded, not recognizing the voice. His throat felt dry.

“where” he rasped. His voice sounded strange. A glass of cool liquid was placed near his hand.

“Drink slowly,” the voice commanded. He did, sniffing the liquid and then sipping a little, letting the water slither down his throat. “You are in an Irkallan Care Facility. There was an accident.”

He didn't know the word *irkalla*, but he did know *care facility* and he knew his uncle and aunt could not have afforded one. He worked moisture over his tongue, letting it swish.

What did these people know?

“Do you remember your name?”

“Peter,” Peter said, then paused. “Peter Parker.”

“Excellent.” The voice sounded pleased. Peter looked up and saw a large impeccably dressed man offering a kind smile. “Peter, what else do you remember?”

Peter frowned, wondering what to say.

He remembered growing up smarter than anyone else in his class and being punished for it, by peers that hated intelligence and teachers that knew he knew more than they did. He remembered the bullying. He remembered how angry it made him, and how ashamed he felt when the only person that ever stood up for him was a girl.

Gwen Stacy. His hands tightened on the glass. Gwen Stacy. The neighbor girl. She thought they were friends but when the time had come for him to get real power she'd taken it for herself. He'd tried to be happy for her – he was a nice guy – but she flaunted it, the fucking Ghost Spider, Spider Woman, whatever-the-fuck. He wanted to fuck Ghost Spider. He wanted to fuck her.

Instead, he got some of her blood and began to experiment with it. Early tests were promising, and he injected himself with the formula once he understood the full breadth of it.

If she could steal his power, he could steal it back and make it better.

And then she killed him for it.

She killed me for it.

“Am I,” he said, then paused. “Did I die?”

“You got better.” The man sounded amused. “The regenerative properties of your formulae and a unique trait in your genetic code combined in an unexpected but fortunate way.”

“Fortunate for who?”

“Both of us, I hope. The people I represent would like to offer you a job.”



Pathetic Parker.

That's what the bullies had called him.

Flash and Jason and Kong and all the others. They'd hurt him. Ruined his things. Mangled his science

projects, turned the faculty against him, turned the world against him. They beat him in public and the only person that ever tried to protect him was the neighbour girl.

Pathetic Parker. Even Gwen is more of a man than you are.

Gwen Stacy.

Gwen Fucking Stacy.

He'd have liked to fuck Gwen Stacy.

I don't see you like that, Peter, she'd said, sauntering around like a whore who wouldn't give it up to him, just got a rise out of him and emasculated him and

He'd experimented when no one was looking. He developed a spider and tapped into something special, something precious, and she'd taken that, too.

Gwen Fucking Stacy.

He'd show her who was pathetic. He'd show all of them.



The man let Peter wash up and presented him with clothing more expensive than the house he'd grown up in. They gave him a tour of the grounds and explained things, but he was smart enough to guess at some of the things they wanted to tell him.

“You represent an inter-dimensional corporate treaty based on mutual protection, using the subjugation of people as lure and currency,” Peter said, over dinner. The large man looked impressed. “You would like me to serve as a member of your facility. Why?”

“You're intelligent, ambitious, driven,” the man said. “You were twice able to synthesize a formula and give yourself power, and you would have taken control of your life after so much hardship if your former friend hadn't betrayed you and then killed you.”

“Gwen,” Peter said, feeling himself flush. He reached up and undid his collar. He could feel scales pushing through his skin. “You're talking about Gwen.”

“Yes.” The man leaned back, considering. “She has been something of a problem for our interests and, as you noted, we subjugate certain people and use them as currency.”

“She must be worth quite a lot.”

“Indeed.”

Peter finished his meal.

“So, I think I understand – you want me to join your facility,” Peter said, setting his fork and knife parallel to one another. “In return, you'll give me resources to pursue my ambitions and the ability to subjugate Gwen and use her as credit when dealing with other facility members.”

“Directors,” the man corrected. “You have too much potential for mere membership. You would be assigned a team that would serve you and your interests, granted resources to pursue your own interests while acting on our behalf. Once Ms. Stacy is brought to heel, you might be asked to aid in the capture of other people like her.”

“There are no people like her.”

“I assure you, there are.”

Peter was silent a long moment.

“I can do anything I want with or to her?” he asked. The man did not hesitate when he nodded. “Then I accept.”



Peter was given three direct assistants that he chose from a large group. He spent time learning about his people and about what they could do, and then turned his attention to his old neighbor.

“She's wracked with guilt because she killed me and she knows I should have gotten those powers to begin with,” he told his new friends, and they agreed with him. “It's the powers that make her who she is, but I can take those from her.”

“You can?”

“I've been studying what happened since my... re-cooperation,” Peter said, holding up a syringe. “There was an idiot woman who took away Gwen's powers for a time using a crude version of the formulae I invented. She had a team of scientists using multi-million dollar equipment to badly fabricate what I was able to do in a high school laboratory. I am me with a multi-million dollar laboratory, and I can do anything.”

“You're a genius, boss.”

“Yes, I am,” Peter said, injecting the syringe into his own arm.



Peter settled into his new life quickly. Subjugating people might work as currency for the Irkallan peoples, but he wanted actual money to make his own way in the world.

Using their resources, he developed and marketed several patents, bought into hedge funds, created a labyrinth of stock portfolios and tax shelters that made him wealthier than he would have ever thought possible in the span of six months.

It helped that the Irkallans were willing to help him, introducing him to other directors. He was able to call upon their experience and resources to help develop his own empire. Political and financial rivals met quick and violent ends, and he managed to keep his own identity hidden.

Pathetic Parker. He'd spent a lifetime trying to avoid notice.

He didn't care if anyone ever noticed him provided he had the power to do whatever he wanted.

Peter made sure his uncle and aunt were comfortable, rigging a lottery that they won and getting them to a place of safety. He didn't want them to see what was going to happen to Gwen.

He didn't want them to see what he was going to do.



Finding where she lived didn't take too long. Peter knew her secret identity. He had his people follow her for several weeks, learning her routines.

When he was certain she was going to be out, he and his people entered her home and went to work.

They took control of her computer, copied all her files and passwords. They marked down everything she owned, every scrap of thrift store chic clothing, every bit of second hand furniture. They installed cameras and microphones in her apartment, making certain that there wasn't anywhere she could go in her own home that they could not find her.

And then they left everything exactly how they found it.

Later, Peter watched as she got home, took a bath, ate some pizza, watched television. He watched as she pulled out a vibrator and brought herself off with it and settled in to sleep.

"I'm going to touch you," he told the screen, groping himself. "You're not going to like how I touch you."

He smiled and came.



Peter watched as she swung across the city.

Webslinging, he thought, sipping at a cup of coffee. *Such an idiot term.*

"Parker?" The voice cut through Peter like a knife. "Pathetic Parker? Weren't you dead?"

Peter turned slowly.

"Jason Ionello." The name tasted like rot in his mouth. One of his old bullies, one of the worst ones. Peter looked around, surveying the world around them, taking note of the crowd, the alleys, the lack of cameras.

"Not surprised you remember me," Jason said, grinning. "Shit, man, it's good to see you."

"Likewise," Peter said, checking his watch, thinking. *I can spare a moment.*

"You've done well for yourself," Jason said, noting Peter's clothing, his haircut, his build.

"You appear much the same," Peter said, smiling, knowing that someone like Jason would never see him as a threat. "From high school to some state college and then some cushy job your parents got you, I assume? Everything handed to you, just like always? Coasting through life *just like her*?"

"Peter, I-"

"My parents couldn't give me anything," Peter said. *Close enough.* He threw an arm around Jason; he thought he'd be shorter than the other boy and was surprised to find they were of similar heights.

"Because they died. But you knew that. You used to make fun of me because my parents were dead. Remember that time you rubbed my face in dog shit on the football field? You said, 'even Gwen Stacy is more of a man than you are, Pathetic Parker.' Remember?"

Jason didn't respond, probably because Peter's jab had collapsed his throat.

There were scales on his hands. His finger nails were black, growing.

"I do," Peter told him, guiding him into an alley, helping him sit, then crushing his knees and elbows. It was easy. Jason whined, he whimpered, but he couldn't scream. "I told our teachers and they told me they wouldn't do anything because you were a football star. A high school football star. But they told you that I told them, and do you remember what you did...?"

Jason was crying, eyes wide, mouth gaping. What Peter had done kept him silent, kept him sitting.

"I remember," Peter told him. "No hard feelings, okay? I just want to share with you what it's like to

feel absolutely helpless. You're going to asphyxiate – *that means you're going to choke to death* – in about thirty minutes. You can crawl and try and get help, but if you survive I want you to know that I will find you, and if you report me, well, my new friends will help me hurt you. Badly. But only after I kill whatever family you have and make you watch. Okay?”

Peter tapped Jason's cheek and smiled, pushed the other man's legs up to his chest and draped his hands on his knees, guided his head down on his arms.

“There, you look comfortable,” Peter said, standing and straightening his clothes. “Nice catching up. Now, if you'll excuse me, there's someone I actually want to talk to.”

And Peter left Jason to die.



The next time Peter went into her apartment, he replaced most of her clothing. The doubles he had were exact copies, had even been aged and worn so that she'd never notice. The only difference was a handful of small nearly weightless tubes containing small needles, the sort of scratch it was easy to dismiss. The needles would extend when he activated them using an app and would be nearly undetectable otherwise.

He smelled her panties, used her vibrator to get himself off, deposited his load in her milk and stirred it in, wondering if she would notice.

Satisfied, he left.



She was reckless, Peter saw.

She threw herself into combat without a second thought. He'd heard of spider-sense – *he'd developed the fucking formulae that gave her his powers, he knew everything she could do* – but even with it, she was reckless.

It was like she felt guilty for what she'd stolen from him, what she'd cost him. He watched as she trounced some b-list super villains like the nothings they were, binding them with the webshooters he'd developed for his own use. He doubted she'd ever mentioned that to anyone, that everything that made her special was something he'd built.

His people were in place but no one was threatening her. He'd stressed how important it was that none of them presented as a threat and his new friends were good at obedience.

By the time he was done with her, she would be, too.

He let her win the battle, let her swing away, let her start finding her rhythm and then activated the needle in her panties.

A small pinch. She didn't notice it, didn't have time – her strength was gone, the enhanced reflexes, the awareness that made webslinging possible. She fumbled near the start of an upswing and lost her grip, skidding across a rooftop, slamming into the edge of a balcony.

He watched using a drone as she lay there, recovering, slowly picking herself up, pushing off her hood, taking off her mask. She was battered and shaky, flush and beautiful. He wanted to go and prove he was better than her at that exact moment.

Not yet, Peter, he thought, it needs to be perfect.

Gwen tested her strength and found it gone, moved without the predatory grace she'd stolen from him. She sat down and hugged her knees to her chest and cried for a bit, then stood up. She climbed down a fire escape, stole clothes from a dumpster, changed in an alley, cringed when a homeless man got close, elbowed the man when he groped her.

Peter made a note to have the derelict tortured and killed.

She took the subway home.

Only then did he let her have her powers back.



Gwen woke up late, flung the blankets off her, jumped up and caught the ceiling.

Peter smiled as she walked across the ceiling out of her room and dropped to the floor, smiling as she ate some toast and poured milk and added too much sugar to her coffee. She took a shower, got dressed, started making her way to the roof.

Idiot, Peter thought, not even thinking about what happened yesterday, are you?

And why would she? Gwen always got by, Peter thought, things just worked out for her. Today was band practice so she was going to swing on over to where her idiot friends were and they would play their idiot music that would never go anywhere because they were idiots.

“I'm saving you from yourself, really,” he said, watching as she took off.



The next part required careful timing.

Spider-sense did have a limit to its predictive range, and Peter needed to be close for the next part to work. He stood on a rooftop, wearing a hooded cloak and a mask. He felt like an idiot, but he didn't want her to see him, not yet.

When she swung over the same rooftop where he'd stripped her of her powers the night before, he took them away again. He was on the rooftop, watched as she fumbled, rolled, and crashed.

“Ow,” she said. “Ow ow ow ow ow ow ow ow.” She pushed herself up to a sitting position, pushed off her hood and took off her mask.

He let her collect herself, let her stand and limp around the rooftop.

“What is up with this place?” she thought, and he wanted her to think that, that this place was doing something to her. He wanted her to think she was smart so he could destroy her illusion of intelligence.

He opened the door to the roof and stepped outside.

“Hey, hold open the door, I'm-” she came running, then stopped when she saw him. “What are you supposed to be?”

Peter didn't answer her. He thought her babble was an attempt to mask her fear, but he'd never felt more confident. She backed up, took a martial arts stance like she was going to fight him, and he kept coming at her.

“Hey, what're you-”

He touched her.

The charge he had in his suit was of limited use, but it was enough. She screamed and fell back, her cries muffled by the sounds of the city, her fall seen only by him. She scrambled but she was weak enough that when he kicked her she fell on her face and he pushed her head down, hand on her neck, other hand groping her ass.

She felt firm, tight. He spanked her and her ass rippled and she screamed and bucked and tried to get loose, so he shocked her again, got her hands behind her back and handcuffed her while she was recovering, cuffed her ankles, closed a third pair of cuffs between the chains binding her wrists and then her ankles.

“Get off me-” she said, so he slapped the back of her head and rolled her over so she was facing him. She was beautiful, lovely, scared and angry. He slapped her to show her how helpless she was, put a hand between her legs and started toying with her, laughing as she screamed and cursed and insulted him, slapping her breasts and her face until she fell silent, waiting for him to get bored.

Peter wasn't bored when he stopped.

He had a plan.

As soon as she stopped fighting he pushed one hand on her breast and held her in place, started playing with her cunt through her suit, mimicking the motions he'd seen her use with her vibrator. She was panting, red faced, staring at him with confused hurt wide eyes. He'd watched her cum and knew when she was close, stopped playing with her long enough to settle her down, then went back to it.

He played with her for an hour.

Her phone rang, her friends wondering where she was. He let it ring, let it go to messages, didn't let her cum. He molested her in her suit, wanting her to feel powerless when she should have been at her most powerful. She wasn't intelligent enough to understand, not really, but some part of her had an inkling, associated the suit with strength.

That would be a harder association to make in the days to come.

By the time he left her she was whimpering and crying and trying not to beg him to let her cum, he could see it in her eyes. He still hadn't said anything, every inch the man.

He slapped her face before he left her, changing into street clothes in the stairwell and taking the elevator down. He walked several blocks, bought a coffee before he let her have her powers back.

She snapped the cuffs, tore them off her and threw them hard enough that the metal penetrated the brick. She huddled back and cried for a bit and he watched as she struggled not to play with herself right there, her body wanting to get off even as her mind recoiled in horror.

In the end, dignity won out over lust.

He would fix that.



“Gwen, you need to be on time when we have practice-” Em Jay began talking as soon as Gwen opened the door, but she shut her mouth when she saw the state Gwen was in.

All the girls ran to her, helped her into the room, a cacophony of concern that Peter found irritating.

Feminists, Peter thought, watching. *Always strong until the least little thing reminds them that they're asking for it – and then they all need a shoulder to cry on.*

Where had any of them been when he'd been beaten?

“Betty, get her a blanket,” Em Jay ordered, and Betty ran off and came back, draping a blanket over the beaten thief. The other one, Glory, was already brewing some tea while Em Jay whispered quiet words and checked Gwen to see how much damage had been done to her.

There was something about the redhead that Peter had always found insufferable.

“Gwen, it's going to be okay,” Em Jay said, and Peter wondered if this was the first time something had stolen her attention away from her music, then smiled as he realized that she probably only cared about Gwen as her drummer. “What happened?”

Gwen burst into tears.

The other girls all looked concerned as Gwen clung onto Em Jay, feeling safe enough to let herself feel everything she'd been fighting to suppress, all the things that Peter knew too well. She told them about her powers cutting out, about all the things that had happened to her. The other girls hugged her, held her, made her feel safe.

Only after she had stopped sniffing did Peter take that safety away from her.

His new friends burst into the room as Peter activated the needles in her clothing, taking her powers away. She could do nothing as her friends were dragged into different corners, they all begging her to do something, anything.

Even without her powers Gwen was a fighter; she jumped after the one that had grabbed Em Jay, driving her knee into the man's face and knocking him back. She was ready to follow up when Peter grabbed the back of her neck, kicked the back of her knee to make her buckle, and pushed her down over a table to hold her in place.

She kicked and fought, screaming fury, her ass rubbing against his erection. She felt that and went still, glaring back at him, still not knowing who he was through the mask and cloak.

“Watch, Gwen,” he said, “It's important that you watch.”

One of his friends brought over a metal half circle and fitted it around Gwen's neck, then used a drill to fasten it to the table. Peter let her go, slapping her ass as she struggled to free herself, kicking her legs and flailing her arms.

Peter's friends were already stripping Glory and Betty, but Peter wanted Em Jay for himself.

“This is the one you care about the most, right?” Peter asked. Em Jay stopped screaming and stared at Gwen, pleading as Peter's friend threw her over a couch, pulling down her pants and panties. Peter slapped her ass, unbuckled his belt and whipped her with it, his friend holding her down so that all she could do was take it. “She's got a beautiful singing voice, doesn't she?”

“She does, yeah,” his friend smiled.

“You want to fuck her?”

“I do.”

Peter gave the man permission. He smiled, slipping around the couch and pushing himself into Gwen's best friend as Gwen watched. Peter moved the couch so that the two girls could look at one another. He returned to Gwen, made sure she was watching.

“Aren't you going to defend her, Gwen?” Peter asked, slapping Gwen's ass, reaching down her back to grope her breasts. “Come on, hero. That's your best friend being raped right in front of you. What are you going to do about it?”

Gwen screamed, pushing down against the table with all her might, struggling to free herself as Peter laughed, pressed his erection between her still protected ass. He slapped the back of her head, his hand in her hair, forcing her to watch as her three friends were stripped, raped, beaten in front of her.

“I'm going to take them away from you now, Gwen,” Peter told her. “There's nothing you have that I won't take from you.”



From a distance, Peter watched Gwen struggle to free herself after he and their friends left. He'd let Em Jay and Betty and Gloria scream for help until they were out of the building, then had them drugged unconscious, bound, and thrown into the back of a van.

“You know what to do,” he told his friends, and they did.

He hailed a cab and took it uptown, used a copied key to enter a building, sat down to watch Gwen scream and buck and fail to free herself for another half hour. She finally gave up, sagging against the table he'd bound her to, softly weeping.

Only then did he let her have her powers back.

She knew.

Gwen knew.

She freed herself in moments, threw the table across the room, threw all the furniture across the room as she indulged in a temper tantrum before running for the door and slinging up into the air, swinging around town, looking for some sign of her friends.

There was nothing.

Peter had made sure she'd never seen the van her friends were driven away in, and she still had no idea who he was or why any of this was happening. She was alone, isolated, exhausted, not thinking clearly. He let her swing around for a while and blocked her efforts to communicate with anyone else, hacked into her every system when he'd taken control of her computer.

Gwen had never been the most technically savvy person.

She swung around the city until she was exhausted and cold and hungry, exactly like he knew she would, and then she headed home.



He didn't need the drone to watch her when she got home. He timed her setting down just right, trusting her to be too tired to notice that her powers were gone. She shambled to her bed and fell on it, not bothering to take off her shoes, tracking the city in with her, staining her blankets.

She was tired body and soul and heart, strained beyond reasoning, and she was softly snoring minutes after her head hit her pillow. She didn't wake up when he stood up and walked over to her prone body, ass up, belly down, head turned to the side.

He let her sleep for a whole five minutes before grabbing her by the hair and yanking her up.

She screamed, clutching at his hands, trying to kick out, but he was shaking her head and she was so tired already, legs tangled in her sheets as he threw her to the floor and jumped on her, sitting on her back and pressed her face down onto her apartment's cold floor with one hand.

“You're not safe here, Gwen,” he told her, his free hand tracing the length of her spine. “You're not safe anywhere.”

“Get off me!” she said, so he slammed her head into the floor and leaned closer to her, inhaling the scent of her terror and sweat, feeling her helpless little shivers against his body.

“I'm going to fuck you, Gwen,” he told her. “You won't like how I'm going to fuck you, but there's nothing you can do about it.”

She bucked wildly against him. She was a bare slip of a girl without her powers but her strength was impressive, the wildness of it, the savagery. She'd always been wiry and her every muscle strained, swimming in a soup of terror-filled adrenaline.

This is the moment, he thought, smiling. He let his power wash through him, growing in mass, scales and muscle bursting through his clothing. Her bones strained under his weight. He let her have her powers back, wanted to take her at her most powerful. She cracked the floor as she pushed, fists bouncing off his scales as she fought, but his weight and power was so much more than hers. He could wait until she exhausted herself but, no, he wanted to take her now, while she was at her most powerful.

A single claw traced her spine and she gasped, stopped struggling, worrying that the claw that tore through her costume might tear through her flesh and kill her. She stayed still as he traced her hips, then ripped the costume off her top and pulled down the tightness still protecting her hips, her ass, her precious little cunt, still moist from his earlier teasing.

Plunging into her was the best thing he'd ever felt.

She pressed her legs together but he was bigger than her, stronger than her. He pulled her up and entered her, then leaned back and held her arms, using her like a sex toy, bouncing her off his hips. She whined and moaned and screamed as he used her, abused her, her body reacting despite itself as her tight tunnel hugged his girth, moans mixing with whimperings.

She came before he did.

His load exploded into her, his cum pushing her off his hips and onto the floor. She twitched, her ass an invitation that he ignored. Instead, he took her powers away again and let the lizard leave him, shrinking back until he was himself again.

A shaking hand lifted and she rolled over, looking back at him.

“no,” she mumbled, staring at him, seeing him. “no.”

“Yes, Gwen,” he said. “The person you took everything from is now taking everything from you.”



She whined, of course.

She tried to convince him that she'd defended him, that she'd mourned him when he'd died, that she hadn't meant to take the power that was his birthright. He slapped her until she shut up.

“You can join me when you're ready,” he told her. “Go wash up and get changed.”

He stood and stretched, buckling his pants before he left her to cry. He went to her kitchen and made

himself some coffee, poured her a mug and added milk and sugar. He heard her shower turn on.

“Remember,” he called, “I have your friends.”

He heard the window close and smiled, sipping at the coffee and wondering when she'd discover that he'd had her clothes removed from her home. He turned to her computer, adding a component.

She shuffled in, wearing a towel and the tattered bottom half of her costume twenty minutes later, after her coffee had gotten cold.

“Where are my clothes?” she sniffled.

“I didn't like them, so I got rid of them,” Peter answered. “You've got new clothes being shipped here, should arrive tomorrow.” He leaned forward in her chair and smiled at her.

“Why are you doing this?” she asked, staring at him.

“I'm just putting you in your place,” Peter told her. “I got to take a look at the multiverse, Gwen, and you're a rarity – the spider goes to a Peter Parker, goes to me, and I become a hero. You stole what was mine, so I'm stealing you.”

“I'll find some way out of this,” she said, a little of her fire back. He laughed as she glared at him.

“I'm going to take your defiance out of your ass, Gwen, and there's nothing you will do to stop me,” he taunted. She took her coffee with a shaking hand, sipped it like she had something to prove. “Would you like to know why?”

“Why?”

Peter turned out on the component he'd added to her computer, a projector, and turned out the lights. Gwen dropped her coffee as she stared.

“You fucker,” she swore. “Let them go.”

Em Jay, Gloria, and Betty were naked and in a plexi-glass container with holes in it, being lowered by a chain and a winch into water below them. Peter had made certain that there was nothing on screen that Gwen could use to figure out where they were, but she could hear them cry, hear them scream, hear them beat against the glass as the container moved lower and lower and lower.

“Let them go!” Gwen screamed, jumping at him, but he slapped her to the ground like the pathetic little girl she was without the powers she'd stolen from him.

“I bet you wish you had my powers right now,” he taunted her. “you'd go off web-slinging and save them, wouldn't you? You'd tear the city apart.”

“You'll never get away with this.”

“Gwen, what makes you think they're in the city?” he asked, kneeling over her, staring into her eyes as the words sank in her tiny little girl brain. “What makes you think you're in this dimension?”

She stared, started to cry.

“Please,” she begged. “Please let them go.”

“I plan to, but that all depends on you, Gwen.” He settled in the chair and smiled at her. “Suck my cock. As soon as I cum, they go free.”

“What?” Gwen stared at him. “You can't be serious.”

Peter said nothing, just smiled up at her. The chain lowered an inch.

“Peter, please, just let them go.”

He did nothing. Em Jay was screaming, her voice carrying. He'd chosen a spot with good acoustics so that they could all get the most out of this experience.

Gwen was staring at him, dignity fighting with desire.

She padded over to him, powerless. He could see the fight in her eyes, the need to punch him, the need to do anything other than what he demanded. She bit her lip, trembling, looking back at her friends.

Another inch lower.

Closing her eyes, Gwen fell to her knees at his feet.



Her mouth felt fantastic. Warm and soft, her tongue finally used for something worthwhile as she slathered it up and down his manhood, sucking him deep down into her throat. His hands were in her hair, petting her like an animal as her lips stroked him.

The towel had long since fallen off her and when she'd reached for it he'd kicked it away.

"I've got cameras everywhere in here, Gwen," he told her, looking down as she stared up at him with her wide wide eyes. "I've seen every inch of you already."

He liked the way her mouth slid over his manhood, the way her tears and snot dribbled down her cheeks and lips, covered him and then vanished as she took him into her mouth again and again. He wondered which taste she enjoyed more, his bare cock or the results of her crying.

"Remember those baggy fucking shirts you used to wear?" Peter asked her. "Were still fucking wearing. Not sure why you wanted to hide those little bee stings you call boobs, Gwen, but I wouldn't worry too much about that going forward."

She flushed, dropping her eyes, the long whine from her throat vibrating up his shaft. He sighed, leaned back, let her work. He liked the way her small tits bounced on her chest, liked the slight firmness of her. He'd have to make sure she kept her tight little body in shape for him in the years to come.

"You know what I remember," he asked, pulling her head off his cock and slapping her face with it before letting her get back to work. She looked dazed, her eyes glossy, her lips parted and drooling. "I remember looking up at you and seeing your tight little bum when you had your back to me, or the way your leggings clung to your legs when you were facing me. You were always a sexy little thing, Gwen, and maybe its for the best that things worked out this way."

Her eyes closed and she moved up, her palms on his thighs. Her boobs were close enough to touch, so he reached out and tweaked a nipple, enjoying the way she whimpered and winced, the way her back arched and her ass stuck out.

"Gwen fucking Stacy," he said. "I always wanted to fuck Gwen Stacy."

And now I am.

He came down her throat, his whole body tensing, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he held her head and pushed deeper into her, owning her completely.

She was so broken down that she didn't even think to struggle.



She was kneeling on the floor, coughing up his cum.

“Lick that up,” he said. She glared at him, wiping some of his seed off her lower lip. She looked delicious, delightful, and he felt himself hardening again.

“Let them go,” she said. So angry, so pathetic.

“What was that?”

“*Let Them Go!*”

She jumped up, pouncing on him, knocking him and the chair he was sitting in to the floor – even without her powers, his Gwen had always been a firecracker. She rode him down, knocking the wind out of him, went to punch him.

“Follow the projector, Gwen,” he said, pointing.

She went limp the moment she knew that she had taken too long.

“No,” she whispered, straddling him, reaching for the image. She left him, scurried towards the projection, tracing with one hand the gentle drift of three limp bodies let out of the plexiglass container. They didn't move, didn't swim, didn't breathe. All three of them, faces down in the water. Gwen beat her fist against the wall, turned to him.

He found the fury in her eyes amusing.

“My cum isn't going to clean itself off your floor, Gwen,” Peter said, fixing the chair upright. “Clean it. With your tongue.”

She screamed and jumped at him, so he let the Lizard out and caught her wrists, lifted her up with one hand, let her dangle. She swung and kicked at him and he let her, her feet harmlessly bouncing off him – all she managed to do was bruise her heels, her toes, her arches, her knees. He let her scream and cry and fight until exhaustion finally claimed her, her tantrum tears fading into quiet sobs.

He turned her so that she was facing the image.

“This is your fault,” he told her. “My men told me you missed it by seconds. Imagine if you had just done what you were told to do without hesitation. Your friends might still be alive.”

“Fuck you,” she whispered.

“I plan to,” he said, slapping her ass, feeling her up, grabbing her face. “I don't need your permission.”

“I'm going to kill you for this.”

“What, again?” he laughed, letting the back of a claw push up one of her small boobs. His lizard tongue slashed out as he flicked a nipple, tasting her, liking the way she tasted, the way she recoiled. Her cheeks were flush and he could hear her heartbeat, smell the guilt and the fear. “You tried that and it didn't take.”

He let her fall to the ground, let her curl up and cry. He picked her up and cradled her in his lap, turned human, held her in his lap and let his erection settle outside the mess between her legs.

“I can bring them back, Gwen,” he whispered. He felt her tense. “I can bring them back to you, the same way I brought myself back. Betty and Gloria. What would you give to hear Em Jay sing again?”

She whispered something.

“What was that?”

“Anything,” she said. “I'd give anything.”

She shifted her weight, shuffling a little in his lap, adjusting herself, slipping the last remnant of her costume down her legs. She turned to face him, looked into his eyes as he leaned back and waited, not forcing her to do anything. She spread her legs, resting her knees on either side of his hips, reached down and took him in her hands.

She guided him inside of her.

He looked deep into her eyes.

“I don't need to see your stupid face, Gwen.”

The pain in her eyes felt almost as good as the way she shifted her body felt on his cock.



He walked around her apartment when he was done. She stayed where she was, crumpled on the floor, a used condom that no one care about.

“I want you to know that I've taken everything from you,” he said, making himself another cup of coffee. “I've got your passwords, all your identification, your bank information, all of it. I can take away your powers or let you have them as it pleases me. I can take over your lease, kill your friends, isolate you completely and there's nothing you can do about it. Do you understand?”

She said nothing, so he walked over and kicked her, spat in her face and leaned over her.

“I asked you a question, Gwen.”

She mumbled something. She hated him so much.

“What was that, Gwen?” he asked, slapping her across the face. “I need to hear you when you're answering my questions.”

“I understand,” she whispered, glaring up at him, but she winced when he lifted his hand. He brought his hand down and patted her cheek, gentle, helping her up, stroking her head and neck and holding her, soothing her.

“Rewards are so much better than punishments,” he whispered in her ear, nibbling. “I hate when you make me punish you, Gwen. Can you be a good little girl for me?”

“I-”

“Let me finish,” he cooed. “I can bring your friends back to life. You might even get to see them if you behave, okay? If you're bad, I'll kill your father. Do you understand?”

“I-” she recoiled, staring at him in horror. “I- I understand.”

“You really don't,” he said, voice soft, gentle, as he pushed her unresisting body back, held her down, “but you will. You'll be my good little spider, like you should have been from the very beginning.”

When he leaned down and pressed his lips against hers, it took her a few seconds to kiss him back, to hold him, to fake the passion he desired.

“Your father's life is on the line,” he told her, pulling up for air. “You can do better than that.”

She could.

She did.



They lay on the floor of her apartment, her head against his chest, her leg thrown over his hips. It felt good. Peter smiled to himself, knowing that this was a feeling that we would be able to reclaim any time he wanted. Gwen was still sniffing, probably still wondering how she could put a stop to this.

Time to put an end to that, he thought, shoving her off his chest to the floor.

He stood up, buckling his pants and walking around her kitchen to reclaim his coffee.

“Get up and come over here,” he said, snapping his fingers and pointing down. She crawled until she was standing, came over to where he had pointed. He didn't have to say anything, just looked at her until she dropped down to her knees. “Good girl.” He put some milk in a bowl for her and put it on the ground.

“I'm not a fucking cat,” she said, glaring at it.

“But you are a fucking animal,” he said, looking down at her. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a collar, showing it to her.

“I am not wearing a collar,” she said, staring at it.

“That's your choice,” he said, putting it on the counter. “It's entirely up to you. You can put on the collar and be mine, or your father will die and he, like your friends, will stay dead. And then I'll fuck you any way. I'll keep you in this apartment and hurt you and keep fucking you until I get bored and leave you here to rot and your father and your friends will still be dead because you were a selfish, shortsighted bitch.”

“Fuck you. You're the one doing this.”

“I'm telling you how you can stop me.” The fire in her eyes. The defiance. He smiled down at her. “Put on the collar and your father lives. Your friends might come back. Hell, you might even find a way to escape me.”

He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up and closer so that their lips were almost touching, so that he could smell the fear mingling with his cum on her breathe, see the sheen of self-doubt in her eyes.

“I'm going to let you decide,” he told her. “I'm even going to leave you all alone here to think it over. If you're gone when I get back, your father dies. If the collar isn't on by the time I get back, your father dies. If the collar is on, Gwen, I'll bring back one of your friends. I'll even let you see her for a few seconds. It's up to you, hero.”



Peter stood on the roof of Gwen's building and dialed a number.

“Everything okay, boss?” the first of his new minions asked.

“Everything is going according to spec,” he said, smiling as he looked at the still rising sun. “The others are okay?”

“The friends?” the minion laughed. “They're fine. Did the stupid little slut buy it?”

“Don't call her that.”

“Sorry, boss. Didn't mean anything.”

“She bought it, thinks they drowned and it's all her fault,” Peter took a deep breath, got control of his

emotions. “We should be able to rent them out to other people that might want a taste. Is the redhead as fun as she looks?”

“Yeah, boss,” his minion said. “I haven't taken her ass yet, if you'd like to be the one to break it in.”

“I would, thank you,” Peter said, recognizing an unspoken apology when he heard it. “Just let me wrap things up here.”



Peter walked back into Gwen's apartment to find her kneeling by the bowl, the collar around her neck. Her hands were balled into fists and she was radiating hatred as she glared up at him. It was comical, so he laughed at her, walked over to her and ran a gentle hand across her face.

“Good choice,” he said. “Good girl. Now, get over there and clean my cum off the floor.”

she started to get up, reaching for a cloth.

“With your tongue.”

The look she shot him was mutinous, but his laughter made her sag and brought tears to her eyes. Sullen, she crawled over to one puddle of spunk and bowed over it, stretching out her tongue.

He enjoyed her defiance, enjoyed the way she gained nothing from it. He hoped she would be able to maintain it in the years to come.



One Year Later

Peter had taken over Gwen's lease, then bought the building, had it rezoned, turned it into his office. The whole top floor was his loft now, a massive space of floor-to-ceiling windows from where his maid could stare and remember what she had been.

He dressed her in little – a frilled apron, a headband with flowers, ballet shoes. Ribbons tied the apron around her back, along her shoulders and beasts. Ribbon at her wrists and ankles, in her hair. Everything done in the colors of her old costume. She looked like a sex toy.

Gwen was able to use her powers to clean. She wiped windows and light fixtures, kept everything spotless. She learned to cook, do laundry, do all the things he needed her to do as his pet. He beat her when their home wasn't up to her standards. When it was, he let her eat at the table, or watch television, or order clothing she liked and even wear it.

Sometimes, when she was really good and they could both pretend that she was a person, she even forgot to hate him.

He liked knowing that she was available to him whenever he felt like it. He fucked her over the kitchen table, at his computer desk, on his balcony, in the shower. He brought her with him wherever he went when he was home, having her crawl alongside him and service him when he was on the phone or at his computer or even when he was eating. She'd learned to please him, to draw out his pleasure, to do everything and anything to make him love her.

And Peter did, in his own way. He loved the power he had over her. He loved the way she went down on him, the way she offered her ass to his cock, the way she came whimpering while riding him. He loved activating the vibrator her every set of panties had set to nestle deep against her clit, liked

watching her struggle to do her chores while fighting the urge to cum.

“You cum on my cock,” he'd told her, “or not at all.”

He was looking at porn on his computer while her mouth worked over his cock. He wasn't even paying attention to her, just staring at other women he'd like to fuck. He knew she hated this – the times when he didn't even look at her while she did everything to please him. It was thrilling, watching the anger and shame and fear, fear that he would leave her, shame that she wasn't good enough, anger that he would look at porn after reducing her to this.

The thrill of it was enough to push over the edge.

Hungry little slut that she was, she swallowed it all.

Peter pushed her off, got back to work, felt her eyes on him and turned to look at her.

“What is it, Gwen?” he asked. “I'm busy.”

“Have,” she swallowed, shuffled on her knees. “Have I been good?”

He considered. He knew what she wanted. Patting his thigh, he welcomed her to sit on his lap and clicked open a new tab on his browser, setting the url and letting her watch the Mary Janes perform live on stage. She smiled. She cried. She held him and thanked him for this kindness.

He didn't tell her that the girls would be drugged and passed around like party favors as soon as the show was over and they got backstage. He didn't tell her that Em Jay sometimes whispered her name when she was asleep in her cage.

The things he was keeping from her made him hard again as she nuzzled his neck. He pushed her off his lap to the ground.

“Be a good girl,” he told her.

And she was.