

Peter Parker The Spectacular Spider Man

The Multi-Verse Mix-up

By

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As an angst-ridden teen, Peter Parker worried about a lot of stuff. He worried about grades. He worried about girls. He worried whether his hair looked cool (it didn't), he worried about his style, his walk, his video game skills. The list of things he worried about, in fact, could fill a novel. Let us

then focus on one worry that had never crossed his mind: breasts. His own. As in one day popping out a pair. Which he did.

He'd been at his locker, back to the rest of the students, thankfully for him, when his spider sense had begun to tingle. He glanced over his shoulder, wondering, what now? Who this time? Rhino? Goblin? Had Kingpin shown up for career day?

The tingling of his spider sense intensified, and then his chest began to tingle, to get warm. He looked down and watched as his chest swelled, two little cones that then filled out, rounded, blossomed into a pair of firm, perky breasts that strained against his t-shirt. "Breasts?" He said, staring down in horror.



"What's always on a boy's mind for 500, Alex," Mary Jane said.

Peter yelped, grabbing the hoodie from his locker and pulling it closed, hunching over, trying to hide his new boobs from the girl he had a massive crush on.

“You’re gonna help me with my math homework after school, right?”

Mary Jane said.

“Yeah. Sure,” Peter said, blushing, terrified his crush, Mary Jane, would notice that he had boobs almost as big as hers now. Which is when his spider sense started tingling once more and he felt a warmth growing around his waist. “I better go...” he said, voice strained.

“You okay?” Mary Jane said, seeing Peter’s face turning an even deeper red, but also growing etched with pain. She was used to Peter blushing around her; he was such a dork, but the look of pain?

“I’m fine, just— Ah!” It felt, suddenly, like someone was cinching his belt, pulling it tighter and tighter, and he felt his waist pulling in... slenderizing, getting smaller... He hunched even lower, now terrified she would notice what he could only imagine was a petite waist. “I gotta get to class,” he said, his voice still in that strained, higher pitched position.

“Later,” Mary Jane said, touching him on the arm, chalking up his weird behavior to the obvious crush he had on her. She walked away, flipping her hair. Peter couldn’t help but enjoy the way her hips swayed when she walked, and in fact he was enjoying the sight so much he even forget about his perky new puppies— at least until watching Mary Jane made his nipples get hard.

Peter, turning back to his locker, opened his jacket to see, sure enough, his nipples erect on top of those big breasts, threatening to tear through the fabric. He pulled his jacket closed. “Down,” he whispered. “Down.” It was hard for him to really judge how much his waist had shrunk, but judging by how his hips now seemed to jut out from his body, it was a lot. Or, he wondered, had his hips gotten wider?

The warning bell rang. Peter faced a dilemma. Go to class, do his best to keep his new assets hidden, get through the day and look for answers later. Or, leave school right now and try to find someone who could help him get rid of his boobs.

As an angst-ridden teen-age boy who already suffered a great many insecurities, this was actually not much of a choice. There was no way he was going to traipse around school with bigger breasts than most of the girls. He headed toward the door, wondering who he should go see. If it was magic, Doctor Strange. If it was science, Mr. Fantastic.

Sneaking around and hiding behind a bush, he made sure no one was looking, then struggled into his costume. It was not as hard as he'd expected. In fact, to his surprise, it seemed his costume had now altered to fit his new shape. That was both good and bad. Good because he hadn't been sure he could even get that jacket on over his maracas. Bad because the costume hugged his new curves and made it made it extremely obvious that Spider Man now had his own perky pair of spider jugs.

The altered costume settled it in Peter's mind. It had to be magic, and that meant Dr. Strange.

Peter fired a web and swung into action and... awkward! Now much more top heavy than before and with the aerodynamics of his body altered, everything felt wrong, and what's more his new breasts swayed and bounced as he swung from web to web, his body twisting and rolling in ways he'd never experienced...

Peter was, fortunately, extremely agile, so even though his new shape didn't cause him to crash anywhere, he tumbled through the air distracted, awkward, feeling like he was learning to swing for the first time. He couldn't

get down to Bleeker Street fast enough and could only hope Dr. Strange would have a fast answer.

Which is when he heard the sirens. And a scream. For one fleeting moment, Peter considered just swinging on, letting someone else take care of it. Then, he thought of Uncle Ben. With great power comes great responsibility. There hadn't been any addendum absolving him from responsibility on account of popping out a pair of bazoongas.

Sighing, he changed direction, swinging away from salvation and toward the emergency at hand. Swinging toward the sounds of the sirens, he saw a thug running down the street, cops in pursuit. Relieved i wasn't going to be something harder, he swung down and landed on the sidewalk in front of the thug, annoyed at the way his chest bounced on impact. "Stop right there," he said, ignoring the awkward new sensation. The thug pulled up, his eyes dropping right to Spider Man's impressive bust.

"Spider- Man?" He said, confused.

Having the guy look at his boobs made Peter feel- odd. But, he had a job to do. "Drop the gun!"

The thug, overcoming his confusion, the cops closing in, instead started to raise the gun toward Peter.

Peter fired off a web, gumming up the hand and gun, then webbed up the thug.

The cops who'd been chasing him ran up, all their eyes dropping to Peter's chest.

*Oh, come on!* Peter thought. "He's all yours," he said, just wanting to get out of there. His spider sense tingled. *Oh, no,* he thought, thinking another change was about to occur.

“Help!” Someone yelled from behind him. He turned. A camera flashed. It was Eddie Brock. “Heh... heh.. Heh...” Brock chuckled, having captured a perfect shot of Spider Man’s fetching new figure.

*Damn.* Peter resisted the urge to smash the camera and instead fired a web and swung off into the sky while Eddie clicked away. Have I mentioned that Peter Parker was consumed with angst? Well, that angst grew and grew as he made his way to the village and Doctor Strange’s Sanctum. He could only imagine what would happen if those pictures made it to the front page of The Bugle, onto the website.

He’d be the laughingstock of the city! Well, maybe Doctor Strange could cast some kind of mass forgetting spell, too, he thought, trying to be hopeful, though he doubted the master of the mystic arts would be willing to go to those lengths to save him from embarrassment. Finding an alley along the twisting, narrow confines of Greenwich Village, Peter changed back into his civilian clothes. It was easier to hide his new shape, he felt, and he didn’t want to draw any attention. Hoodie up, hunching over, arms across his chest, he made his way to the Sanctum.

Wong answered. “Hey,” Peter said. “Is the Doctor in the house?”

Wong looked at Peter in his hoodie. “I’m afraid not.” He started to close the door.

Peter threw out an arm, blocking the door open. “It’s urgent,” he said. Then, hoping it would help, “It involves the Avengers.”

Wong’s eyes narrowed, and for a moment he looked like he was about to strike, but then he merely nodded. “The doctor is currently indisposed.”

Peter relented. “Tell him, um, tell him...”

“I know who you are,” Wong said simply. “I will inform the doctor when he returns from his... business. Now, if you please?”

Peter removed his arm from the door, which swung shut.

Now what? He needed to do something. He didn't feel he could just sit around and wait for Doctor Strange. He had to do something. He looked down at his chest, curiosity growing. *I mean*, he thought, *as long as I have them?* He just needed some privacy, so he made his way back to the alley, did a quick change, and headed off to his thinking place. Only, he wasn't

