

## Chapter Four

“So?” Peter said, looking down at the perfectly ordinary roof of the new building Oscorps had constructed out in Brooklyn. The sun was setting off to the west, a blaze of gold and orange.

“Watch.” Black Cat found a rock. They were on the roof of a building that was several stories taller and stood kitty corner to the Oscorps branch. She tossed the rock. It arced above Oscorps, then plunged down, and as it neared the roof, the air shimmered and the image of the ordinary roof vanished, replaced by the sight of a spiraling funnel that plunged deep into the building.

“Interesting,” Peter said. “At a glance, the machine looks like some sort of atomic collider.”

“Ohhh,” Black Cat said. “She’s smart and pretty.”

“Shut up.”

“It’s a dimensional vortex. They can use it to access the multiverse.”

“And you know that because—?”

“Let’s just say a client of mine has taken a keen interest in acquiring the schematics. I think they want to build one of their own. In any case, my lovely little friend, I think maybe your change has something to do with this machine.”

“Slippage,” Peter said. “Another universe has slipped into mine, a universe where I’m a girl.”

“And a hot one.”

“I really wish you would stop.”

‘I know. That’s what makes it so fun. You’re so cute when you’re flustered. In any case—”

They heard voices coming up from the stairwell, a man and a woman. Arguing. .”You should be at home resting,” the man said.

“The doctor said exercise was fine.”

Black Cat vanished into the shadows. Peter slipped behind an air conditioner unit.

“Just mind your own business. It’s *my* body.”



“And you’re my wife, so—”

“That again? We’re not *really* married. It’s just some glitch in reality. Drop it.”

“I just want you to be careful.”

“Once again, my obstetrician told me exercise is fine.”

“I don’t think she would recommend superhero work as a form of exercise.”

*Superhero work?*

Peter thought.

“Let me get that,” the man said as the door to the stairwell swung open.

“I’m not helpless!” The woman said, emerging, her hands on the small of her back.

‘I never said you were, *darling*,” the man said.

As the bickering couple emerged, Peter did a double, then a triple take. The woman had Wolverine’s distinctive haircut and even his sideburns. She was also very pregnant, with an unlit cigar clenched in her teeth.

Wolverine? Peter thought. Pregnant? He suddenly didn’t feel so bad about his situation.

The male member of the duo wore an X-Man uniform. He was a big, powerful looking guy, but Peter had no idea who the guy was. He stayed hidden, thinking to wait and listen a little longer, but Black Cat came slinking from the shadows, grinning. “Logan,” she said. “Congratulations!”

“Oh, great,” Logan grumbled.

“Cat,” the man said.

“And you are? I mean other than handsome as hell. I’m sorry, but I can’t guess based on the uniform.”

“It’s me,” the man said. “Shadow Cat.”

“Did you ever turn out well,” Black Cat said, putting a hand on her bulging bicep. “So, when’s *he* due?”

“Two to three months,” Shadow Cat said. “Which is why I keep telling him he needs to take it easy.”

“I’m not gonna just sit around the house all day!”

“I never said you should!”

“That’s *all* you keep saying.”

“You need to think about our babies!”

“*You’re* the father?” Black Cat said. “And did you say babies?”

“Could we focus on the mission and not my, er, situation?” Wolverine said.

Spider Man emerged, having not a clue what to say about Wolverine’s—condition, but thinking maybe he could help defuse the argument. “Hey, guys,” he said, trying to act like everything was normal.

“Great,” Wolverine grumbled. “Just great. Does everyone have to know about this?” He looked down at his belly.

“Spidey,” Shadow Cat said, giving his curves a once over, just like every other guy. “How ya doin?”

Spider Man felt a little tingle go through his spine at the way she looked at him, the tone of her voice, the look in her eyes. He resisted the urge to giggle. “I couldn’t help overhearing your conversation,” Spider Man said, ignoring the vibes he was getting from Kitty. “Wolverine is right. It is safe for an extent mother to—”

“STAY OUT OF IT!” Wolverine and Kitty shouted in unison.

Peter held up his hands in surrender. “Okay. Sorry.”

“We’ll continue this discussion later,” Wolverine said. “In private.”

“Of course, honey,” Kitty said. “Do you want to sit down, maybe? Rest?”

“KITTY!”

“Okay. Okay.”

“I’m guessing you’re here about the vortex?” Black Cat said.

The group discussed what they’d all heard about the vortex, how it might be to blame for what was happening. Wolverine did, eventually, sit down, sighing with relief, his hands now resting on his belly. Kitty kept looking down at Peter’s breasts whenever she talked to him. He just ignored it, as much as it offended him. Peter, for his part, kept glancing at Wolverine, fascinated to think that another man was not only a woman, but a very

pregnant one at that. It made him wonder what it would feel like to have a baby inside *him*. He hoped he would never find out., though he really wanted to ask Wolverine about what it was like. It was pretty clear, though, that the grumpy old man was still, well, a grumpy old man. Not even his impending motherhood could change that.

Peter assessed his fellow swapee. Wolverine had a very pretty pretty face, and even with bushy sideburns he looked cute. With a face like that, he could pull off anything. His boobs were huge. Maybe due to his pregnancy, Peter thought. But, still. He had big breasts, himself, but not *that* big. He wondered how Wolverine was dealing with *those* puppies. Another strange and ironic reason to feel grateful for his own situation, Peter supposed.

“I can phase in,” Wolverine said. He had a woman’s voice, but a strong one, unlike Peter. “Get the data easily.”

“Phase in?” Spider Man said.

“We also traded powers,” Kitty said as, *snick*, she popped out her claws. “I got these babies now,” she said, slashing at the air, adamantium blades gleaming.

Wolverine rolled his eyes. “She thinks she’s so tough.”

“That’s not the only thing you have that *she* used to have,” Black Cat said. Wolverine rolled his eyes some more.

Kitty chuckled, a deep, manly chuckle of amusement.

“What’s it like peeing standing up?” Black Cat asked. “Is it as fun as it looks?”

“You get used to it,” Kitty said and then, smirking at the two transformed men, she added, “but it sure beats having to sit to pee.”

*Unh*, Peter thought. He and Wolverine exchanged an annoyed glance. They were both thinking the same thing. *Men! Like it's really such a big deal.*



And then Peter remembered how ashamed he'd felt at having to sit to pee. Like a girl.

"I don't think it's a good plan," Black Cat said. "If I remember right, your phasing powers disrupt eclectic devices. You could knock out the system. Then, we get nothing."

"That's what I've been *trying* to explain to him," Kitty said.

"Well, excuse me if I'm willing to take a little risk because I want to fix this before I end up having to pop these puppies out of me."

“So what if you do?” Kitty said. “Do you think you’re going to be the first woman to ever have a baby in the history of the world?”

“I’m not a woman!”

“Okay, okay, okay,” Peter said. “Guys?”

Wolverine and Kitty glared at each other.

“I’m going to go in and hack the system anyway,” Black Cat said. “I’ll get everything I can, share it all with you. Maybe you guys just hold back and give me a couple days.”

“The security is likely to be extremely advanced,” Peter said.

“I’m Black Cat,” she answered. “Please.”

It was agreed. Black Cat would steal the data, and they would take it from there. Logan struggled to stand up. Kitty reached out to take his arm and help him, but he batted her hand away. “Stop!” He said, voice rising to squeal. ‘Just stop!’

Kitty glanced at Black Cat. “He’s hormonal.”

‘I’m not— ugh. You make me so mad,’ Wolverine said, finally getting to his feet, crossing his arms and marching toward the stairs.

“He is,” Kitty whispered.

“So, is there going to be a baby shower?” Black Cat asked, mostly just wanting to further enrage Wolverine.

“No!” Wolverine said over his shoulder.

Kitty gave Black Cat a nod and mouthed, yes, then put her hand to her face in the universal *I’ll call you* gesture.

“Goodnight, Mrs. Pryde,” Black Cat called. “And congratulations, again on your pregnancy.”

Wolverine didn’t bother to answer. Kitty ran after him, ever the doting husband.

Peter starred after them. ‘Okay. Well, they need a marriage counselor.’`

“Oh, they’re just a young couple in love,” Black Cat said wistfully. ‘And Kitty is right. Logan *is* hormonal. Isn’t it amazing that Wolverine is pregnant?’”

“It’s a little disturbing, actually,” Peter said, placing one hand gingerly to his belly as he once more found himself wondering what it would be like to have a child inside him, moving, kicking. It was not something he’d ever had to think about before.

“Oh, you made a great little mommy,” Black Cat said, putting her arm around his shoulders. “Whaddya say? We get a little place together, go down to the sperm bank and get you knocked up with some of Tony Stark’s jizz?”

“Gross,” Peter said, slipping away from Black Cat before she could handsy or try to kiss him again. “Anyway, I appreciate you showing me this, but I have to ask, *why* did you show me this?”

“Well, I thought maybe you’d thank me by showing me your tits?”

Peter shook his head. “The real reason?”

“I could use a partner,” Black Cat said. “I figured you might be willing to team up, given your situation.”

“I’m not a criminal,” Peter said.

“It’s never too late to get started.”

“No. Not gonna happen.”

“Well, then, Option B?”

“What’s Option B?”

“A quick flash. That’s all I ask. Three seconds.”

“You’re impossible.”

“Don’t be such a prude. Come on, babe. I’ll show you mine.”



“I’m outta here.”

“Think about it,” Black Cat called as Peter fired off a web and swung off. “I mean teaming up. You could be stuck like that forever, Spider Girl!”

*Forever*, Peter thought as he made his way home. He didn’t know if he could stay like this forever. He was already sick of guys checking him out, and he hadn’t even gone to school yet. He didn’t even want to think about



being surrounded by a bunch of horny teen-age guys.

By the time he got home, Peter was in pain. His breasts were aching terribly. As he and Aunt

May ate dinner, he swallowed his pride. “Aunt May,” he said, blushing.

“Can I ask you a question? It’s, um, awkward.”

“Of course, Penny. You know you can talk to me about anything.”

“Well, my, er, breasts? They’re, like, aching really bad?”

“Well, honey, you might be starting your period,” Aunt May said.

*My what?* Peter thought, horrified. He hadn’t even thought about that happening to him.

“You’re not due for a week, though, so my second guess is it’s because you need to wear a bra.”

“A bra?” Peter said, crinkling his nose. He hated the thought of wearing a bra.

“I’m afraid so, honey. I told you. A girl as, ah, blessed, as you? Without support you’re going to be in constant pain, especially if you exercise.”

Peter pushed his mash potatoes around his plate. Sighed. “It’s just unfair,” he said, thinking about how he never needed a bra before to exercise or swing on his webs or anything else.

“Life isn’t fair,” Aunt May said. “Especially for girls.”

Peter thought about Black Cat’s offer. It was starting to seem more enticing. What had Aunt May said? He only had a week before his first period?

He had to find some way out of this. He didn’t think he could deal with being a boy on the rag.

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Back on the rooftop, hair tossed by the wind, Black Cat perched herself on the top of the wall and watched the moon rise over New York City. It was one of those fat, bright moons, wispy clouds trailing across the surface. She had just loved seeing Wolverine knocked up, the delicious role-reversal between he and Kitty. And Spider Girl? Black Cat had to have her. She craved to see and touch the body under that skin-tight suit.

The world was getting so interesting. She wondered who else might have changed?

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And, though Black Cat is yet to learn the answer to her question, we're going to share a little sneak peek with you, dear reader, of the man known as...

