



SpiderMan Chapter 18

Peter, MJ and the other members of the 7 strutted into the cafeteria, tossing their hair, waving to those they deemed worthy of their attention, noses in the air. Eyes followed, filled with an array of emotions. Admiration. Envy. Lust. Hate.

Peter didn't even look toward the table where his old friends, the nerd patrol, sat, instead making a point to spot some of the b-list girls around the room, granting them a smile and a fingertip wave. They always smiled, looked so happy to be recognized. Peter liked being able to make another girl's day just by giving her a wave. He was such a good person.

The 7 made their way over to their table— well, it was really their boyfriend's table- and however much they were the queens of the girls, when they were with their boyfriends, the guys were in charge.

“Dude, there is no way Brady is better than Mahomes,” Flash said.

“Seven Super Bowls,” Bradley, MJ's new boyfriend said.

Peter slipped into his spot next to Flash and put a hand on his back. Flash turned his head and gave Peter a quick, hello kiss. The guys went back to talking about football, ignoring their girlfriends. Peter and MJ exchanged a glance. Men! Peter opened his backpack and fished out his lipstick, started touching up.

“Check out this one,” Harry said, sliding his phone to the middle of the table.

The guys all leaned forward to look, so their girls did, too. “The music sucks, but God damn, she's hot,” Flash said, the words sending a jolt of pain through Peter. On the screen was some kind of KPOP Idol.



“Who’s she?” Peter asked, feeling jealous and a little threatened, even though he knew it made no sense to be threatened by a girl in some video.

“Just the girl of my dreams,” Flash said, then, catching himself, added, “after you, of course.”

The two of them met after school before practice, football for him, cheerleading for Peter, to make out. Peter had on his short shorts, a t shirt. He had stolen time all day sneaking peeks at videos of HER– and he’d found out that she was part of a KPOP group called Bunny Threat and went by the name Desire. It had really bothered him that Flash had been so totally obvious about how much he liked her.

As he approached, Flash had one hand behind his back, and he nodded toward Peter. Peter smiled and waved. “Hey!”

Flash pulled his hand from behind his back and held a bunch of wildflowers toward Peter. “I picked these for you.” The stems were broken, and some of the flowers a little wilted, but Peter’s heart fluttered, and he felt himself blush. No one had ever given him flowers before.

He took them, held them to his nose. “That’s so sweet.” Peter had never understood why girls got all goo goo over flowers, and he still didn’t, but he was most certainly going goo goo.

“Yeah. Look. I-uh– I know it wasn’t cool to be talking about that girl at lunch in front of you.”

Peter put a hand to his chest. “Oh, it was no big deal,” he lied.

“Yeah. I just want you to know your number one, babe.”

It... Peter felt himself growing warm. Flash? It was obviously so hard for him to be sweet, it made it all the better. Peter climbed onto Flash’s lap, tilted his head back and Flash kissed him. It was a good one. Flash liked to wrestle, show his dominance, and he pushed Peter onto his back, grabbed

his wrists and pinned his arms, grinning. Peter had to pretend to be weak, though he could easily have thrown Flash off. He wondered what it was like, sometimes, to be a normal girl, and have her man dominate her like that.

After school, Peter found himself hanging out at Black Cat's apartment. He had the mask in his hands, and he was turning it side to side, thinking, remembering. The night of their big steal, after they'd had the best sex of Peter's life— being bad was such an aphrodisiac— Cat had gotten the mask and said, "Let's roleplay."

"Okay," Peter said, giggling.

"Who do you want me to be?" Cat said.

"I don't know," Peter said, giggling.

"Oh, I know," Cat had said, putting on the mask. Her whole body shimmered, and shifted, and then a moment later, Wolverine stood before Peter, flexing his muscles. "Look at me," Cat said, and "SNICK" extended her claws. "I'm so tough, and I'm also the mother of twins."

Peter laughed. "I hear he's a great mom."

"Yeah, I am. Although, with my super smell, changing diapers is disgusting!" Cat said, camping it up, overplaying the macho man. "So whaddya say? Wanna piece of this?"

Peter shook his head. "I like girls. I like you."

Cat shifted, and now she was Scarlett Johansen. She sat down next to Peter and started playing with his hair. "One of the cool things about this mask is that it bends reality. You can become a whole new person, and everyone will think you are really her— or him."

“Really?” Peter said, intrigued and impressed. The mask was much more powerful than he’d realized. And yet? “But I know you’re you.”

“You were inside the warp bubble. Plus, since there is a real ScarJo, reality won’t bump her out. I can look exactly like her, and people might think I am her, but reality won’t warp so I AM her. It has to be someone I made up.”

“Amazing.”

“You can even make the change permanent if you know the right command.”

“Why?”

“I guess so someone could start a new life and not have to wear the mask all the time? I don’t know. It is said Cleopatra, when she owned the mask, would get men to change into female concubines, and then trick them into saying the magic word that would bind them to that life forever.”

“Doesn’t sound so bad to me,” Peter said, grinning.

“Me, too.” They kissed, and Peter ran his hands through Cat’s hair, gazing lovingly into her eyes.

“So, who do you want me to be?” Cat said, patting Peter on the leg.

“I like you as you are,” Peter said, deferring.

“Boring,” Felicia said. “I want some fun!” She took the mask off and handed it to Peter. “I know who I want you to be,” she said, tracing her hand down his chest, between his breasts.

“Who?”

“I always wanted to do it with Scarlet Witch.”

“The real one or the movie one?” Peter asked.

“Both.”

“Olsen first.”



Peter put on the mask, made the change. “You like?” He asked. He had a different voice now, a more mature, woman’s voice.

“Oh, yes,” Black Cat had said. “I like very much.”

Now, on the couch, Peter was wondering if he should use the mask and become Desire, or a girl like her. Maybe that was what Flash wanted? Nah, he decided, he was just overreacting. Flash liked him just

the way he was. He was sure of it. Pretty sure. Kinda sure.

Part Two

Over the next few weeks, it became increasingly obvious to Peter that Flash did, indeed, have a thing for Asian girls. He tried to hide it, but it just kept slipping out in different ways. At the same time, Peter, watching all of Bunny Threat's videos, reading about Desire, started to really like her. She seemed so cool, and she loved animals and collected sea glass. He found himself in his room, dancing along to their videos, practicing her moves.

He wanted to find out what it would be like to be her— or, rather, a girl like her. Back at Cat's, he once more found himself toying with the mask. "I should probably tell Cat," he thought. "Or, make the change while she's in the bubble." But, then again, if the mask worked, no one would know there had been a change, so what harm was there? He could always change back.

Peter had prepared, and he pulled up the profile he'd written for his new self. He would look just like Desire, but his name would be Kiko. Aunt May and Uncle Ben had adopted her, and she'd grown up in America. She had pretty much Peter's life, but as a girl. "This is so crazy," Peter thought, putting on the mask, envisioning himself as Kiko. He felt his body shift and warp, and then he grabbed his phone and looked— "I'm her!"

He grinned, made a peace sign and snapped a selfie, posting it to Instapic with a row of hearts. "Hey, y'all!"



The mask worked. It really worked. It was surreal for Peter to walk into the living room back at Aunt May's, have her look up and say, "Hey, Kiko," without batting an eye, like he'd been Kiko his whole life. It was almost like his first day as Penny, though not quite as strange: he was still a girl, at least.

That first night, Peter had watched videos of Kiko doing interviews, and he imitated her breathy delivery, her giggle, the way she held her head, her hands. She was always smiling, upbeat, relentlessly cute.

He wanted to be just like her.

Things with Aunt May were pretty much like always.

Things with Flash, though? Back when he'd been Penny, there had been a casualness to their relationship, and Peter had felt sometimes like he was as much a piece of arm candy as a girlfriend. Flash's typical greeting was a nonchalant, "Hey, Babe," and a peck before he turned his attention elsewhere.

Now that he was Kiko? Every time Flash looked at him, his eyes lit up, and Peter got a big, strong hug and a long, lingering kiss that, at school, had more than once earned them a warning for a PDA. They both laughed those off. Flash was the star quarterback, and Peter was a popular cheerleader; they could do whatever they wanted and never get in trouble.

It was during their first makeout session that Peter realized he'd lost his powers. He and Flash had met behind the band room. "Hey, beautiful," Flash had said, running his eyes over Peter's long legs. Peter had giggled, tossed his hair and made little fists under his chin. "Hey, stud!" Kiko was shorter than he'd been as Penny, and he just loved how much bigger and

taller Flash seemed now. He reached up like he was measuring Flash's height, but even on his tiptoes he couldn't get his hand to the top of Flash's head. "You're a munchkin!" Flash said, and they both laughed.



Peter just giggled and fitted his body into Flash's, tilting his head back as Flash wrapped Peter in his powerful arms and kissed him, one of the new, lingering kisses that felt like love to Peter and not just lust, a kiss that made Peter feel wanted, needed, treasured.

Flash had picked him up— oh! Peter loved how small and light he felt cradled in Flash's arms— and lowered him to the ground, then grabbed Peter's wrists, as usual, and pinned his arms. Only this time, Peter didn't have to pretend Flash was stronger. Before, he'd had to hold back, LET Flash pin him, but this time Flash easily shoved Peter's skinny little arms over his head as he leaned in for a kiss. Curious, Peter had tested Flash,



struggled to lift his arms, to free himself from Flash' grasp and— nothing other than a small little squeak of surprise.

“Baby,” Flash said, now holding Peter's wrists down with one hand while he used the other to cup and squeeze Peter's firm, perky breasts. “I love it when you struggle.”

Helpless. Peter felt helpless under the power of his man, and that feeling of helplessness sent a shockwave of pleasure through his body, curling his toes, making him gasp softly as he lifted one leg and rubbed the inside of his soft thigh against Flash's ribcage. He struggled some more, playfully, thrillingly, just because it felt so good to be dominated. He felt Flash, hard as steel, pressing into his hip, and the sensation made him moan even louder, gasp, pant, frantically kissing Flash who had now shoved his hand under Peter's shirt, under his bra, his calloused hand on the soft, bare skin of Peter's breast, his thumb rubbing across Peter's nipple.

They'd both lost control, and Flash shoved Peter's knees apart, roughly yanked his shorts and panties down to his knees. His arms freed, Peter dug his nails into Flash's back and as Flash entered him, he thrust his hips up, wanting, needing Flash inside him, his eyes swimming with stars as his body turned into a hot, slender flame of desire.

After, he lay cradled in Flash's arms as Flash played with his hair. “I gotta get to practice,” Flash said.

“Me, too,” Peter said, aching at the thought of being separated from Flash. He just wanted to lay there in Flash's arms, feel the warmth of their bodies, pressed together. They untangled, stood.

“You okay?” Flash asked, kissing Peter on the head.

He'd become so attentive, so caring. Peter nodded and smiled, tilting his head to the side. "I wish we could just be together all the time," he said, a giggle in his voice.

"Me, too." Flash gave Peter a pat on the ass and said, "Be good," before turning and heading off to practice.

Peter, playing with his hair, biting his lip, watched Flash go, admiring his man's broad shoulders, tight, powerful ass. He looked at his own tiny hands, slender wrists. He'd gotten so lost in passion, he hadn't been thinking about how Flash had been so much stronger than him. Making sure no one was watching, he tried to lift the front end of a Chevy parked in the parking lot, making cute little squeaking noises as he failed to even move it one millimeter. He tried to shoot a web at a tree and— nothing.

Kiko had no powers. She wasn't Spider Girl. He hadn't specified that when he'd written up his character profile for her. Grabbing his Juicy Couture duffle bag, he slung it over his shoulder and hurried to cheerleading practice. It was, like, so totally not acceptable to be late. As he scurried along, he thought about his loss of powers, being a normal girl now.

He kinda liked it.

Part Three



Felicia came home to find Peter mopping the kitchen floor, humming softly to himself. He was wearing his casual around the house clothes, a pair of comfy sweats and a t-shirt bra. He didn't see her right away, and Felicia watched him for a time before she snuck up and tickled his ribs.

"Oh!" Peter squeaked. Rising onto his toes. He turned and welcomed a hello kiss from Cat. "You look so sexy with a mop in your hands," Felicia said.

"Should I bring it to bed with me?"

"You're so kinky," Felicia said, bopping him on the nose. 'I'm in a nefarious mood. We're stealing something tonight.'

“Maybe I should give myself some powers again?” Peter said, worrying about going out as just a regular girl.

“Again?” Felicia said, shaking her head. ‘Like you ever had powers.’ Felicia now only knew Peter as Kiko, the girl who looked a lot like a KPOP Idol, just like everyone else. “Anyway, sidekicks aren’t supposed to have powers. That’s your whole thing,”

Of course, Peter thought, Felicia was right. She was always right. Looking at her, she just radiated confidence, strength. He loved her, admired her, worshipped her. She was a goddess. All warm and glowy, he went back to mopping, feeling so happy he was able to help out around the house, keep it nice for Black Cat.

Unbeknownst to Peter, The Personate Mark did not only transform the reality around the person according to their wishes. It was impossible for any person to comprehend another’s life so fully that the mask could build a reality around something like a list. It has to fill in the gaps, and part of how it did so was by delving into the subconscious of the wearer, manifesting things they wanted and desired, but often so deeply they, themselves, had no inkling of their deepest dreams.

Peter, dressed as Kitten, went out with Cat that night. He needed her help to climb ladders onto rooftops, to pull himself up over ledges. His little arms were too weak. He couldn’t even do one pushup anymore, a single pullup. Cat was so strong, so patient, so caring, and Peter found himself warm, buzzing with pleasure, once more delighting in his passivity, his femininity.

While Peter crouched in the shadows, Cat disabled the security cameras around the back entrance to WorldWide Diamonds. Peter held his breath, watching her fluid, graceful and silent movements, the way her long hair

floated in the breeze. After, she easily disabled the security systems, and the two of them entered the diamond wholesaler's business, gathering bags of diamonds in velvet bags, thousands upon thousands of diamonds that sparkled in the dim light.

They walked and casually strolled through the alley, and then made their way to the Brooklyn Bridge. The sun had just crept up over the edge of the horizon, casting long, golden rays across the Hudson River and setting the glass towers of Manhattan ablaze.

"What are we doing here?" Peter said.

"Making magic," Cat said with a crooked grin. She pulled two of the sacks from Peter's backpack and handed one to him. "On the count of three," she said, "we pour our diamonds over the side of the bridge. We're going to create a waterfall!"

"But, they're worth millions!?"

"I know."

"One. Two. Three!" Peter and Cat turned their bags over, and the diamonds tumbled out. As they fell streaming toward the river, they caught the sun's rays and flared, bright, rainbow colors. A ferry was not far off, crowded with passengers heading toward the city on their morning commute. Looking up, spotting the rainbow falls, a bright surprise to interrupt their usual grim morning, they cheered and applauded, not even knowing what they were seeing.

Peter nestled up against Cat, and the two of them laughed and laughed and laughed.

Peter settled into his new life. He enjoyed being just a girl, not that between school, cheerleading, dating and time with Cat he wasn't soooo

busy, not to mention finding time to spend with Aunt May. He didn't miss all the save the universe responsibilities that had become a part of his life as Spider Man. Not at all. He was thinking more and more about making it permanent.

Then, things started to happen. Rhino was on a rampage, and no one seemed to be stopping him. The Wrecking Crew had reappeared. Even weird villains like The Frogman had been running rampant.

No one remembered Spider Man. In this reality, he had never existed.

Where was Daredevil? The Punisher? The Defenders? Why weren't they doing anything?

"I can't do it," Peter mumbled to himself as he scrubbed the bathtub at Cat's place. "I'm too busy being a housewife!"

He felt justified. Hadn't he already stopped every one of those criminals, only to have them escape and return to a life of crime? Hadn't he already saved the entire universe?

And yet, more and more, he remembered how he'd turned his back on that thug the night of the wrestling match with the words, "Not my problem." Uncle Ben had died because of him, and he could never forget Uncle Ben's words, "With great power comes great responsibility."

Didn't he owe it to the world to be Spider Man? Or, at least Spider Girl?

Peter didn't make any decisions anymore without consulting Cat. One night, they'd decided to go out and sabotage cell towers around the city, not to set up any special crime, but just for the fun of it. Cat often got bored and, like a real life feline just batting a vase off a shelf for no reason, she sometimes just liked to break things.

Not that Peter minded. He loved spending time with Cat and doing bad things with her— in the bedroom or anywhere else.

Sparks flew as Felicia tore the wiring out of another cell tower, then she and Peter danced before running off to put some distance between themselves and the crime. They found themselves sitting on a rooftop, kicking their legs over the ledge, looking at the stars.

In the distance, they heard the wailing of sirens, and then there was a howling in the distance, like a huge beast of some sort. “There’s so much crime now,” Peter said. “Where are all the superheroes?”

“Fighting some cosmic battle on Mars,” Cat said.

Peter laughed.

“I’m not joking. The Squadron Supreme or some other group of idiots with their latest, pointless plan, and all the heroes fly out there, even the ones that have no business being out there like that arrow dude”

“Hawkeye?”

“Is that his name?”

“I think she’s a girl now.” Peter put his head against Cat’s chest and listened to the sound of her beating heart. “I think I should turn back into Spiderman. The city needs me.”

“Back into what?” Cat said.

“Spiderman. I know you don’t remember, but I used to be a superhero named Spider Man.”

“You were a guy? With, like, eight hairy legs? No thanks.”

“I didn’t– the thing is, I think the city needs me.”

“You, Kiko, are my girl, and I like you just the way you are. You will NOT make any changes, maybe minor cosmetic ones if I choose, and you will most certainly NOT be putting yourself in danger playing superhero based on some false sense of nobility.”

“But—”

Cat put her fingers over Peter's lips. "I have made my decision. No. None of this matters, Kiko. Every single criminal Daredevil has ever captured has ended up right back on the street. Even when the bad guys die, they never stay dead. Do you know how many obituaries I've read for Victor Von Doom, only to go online a week later to read he was already back with some nutty new plan to conquer the world?"

"What does matter?"

"You and I, Kiko. Just you and I. And pleasure. We're hedonists, not heroes."

"Okay," Peter said, and it was okay. Felicia was his world, and he would do anything for her, even forget the words of his beloved Uncle Ben. She'd spoken his own mind back to him. He'd been thinking the same thing about the futility of his crime fighting days. There would always be crime. People would always get hurt. He couldn't change that.

And Cat didn't want him to try. That was enough. Unless....

Peter and Flash walked down the hall together. Flash had his arm around Peter's waist, and Peter clung to his man's arm. Much to Peter's surprise, Flash had turned out to be a pretty good boyfriend, and Peter was proud to be the big, strong boy's little female. People stood aside to let them past, gazed at them in envy. They were the school elite. Peter spotted Gretchen, one of his old science club nerd friends from a previous life, at her locker.

"Hey, I need to talk to Gretchen for a sec," Peter said.

"Her? Why?"

"I need her help with my homework."

Flash smiled and nodded as Peter untangled himself and headed over to talk to the dork. That was what nerds were for, he felt: to be exploited by the pretty people. They would go on to become tech gnomes, grinding away in the darkness, while people like him became CEOs and made billions in the sunlight.

“Hey,” Peter said as he approached Gretchen.

She turned and gave him the stink eye. “If you’re looking for help with your homework, get lost.”

People chuckled inside. Gretchen had always been gruff. “No. No. I think I can help you.”

Later, they stood together under the stairs as Gretchen turned the mask over and over in her hands. Once he took it off, Peter had reverted to Penny, so Gretchen was already inclined to believe in the magic.

“So, I can really turn myself into a boy? And a superhero?”

“Yes,” Peter said. He’d suspected for years that Gretchen was trans, that she was a male trapped in a female body. He wanted her to have this gift, even as it would help him ease his own conscience. He showed her an image of Spider Man on his phone. He existed once more as Peter had taken the mask off.

“If you are fucking with me, I will beat the shit out of you,” Gretchen said. It seemed impossible. Too good to be true, like Kiko was her fairy Godmother, come to make her wishes come true.

“This is real,” Peter said, covering her hands with her own and lifting the mask to her face. “Just focus on the picture.”

Reality shifted, and Spider Man now stood before Peter, flexing his muscles. “Holy shit,” Gretchen said. “Listen to my voice!” She reached down and grabbed her junk. “It’s real?”



“You’re Spider Man now!”

“I’m a dude,” Gretchen said, laughing, throwing her arms around Peter, and lifting him off his feet, twirling him in the air. “I’m a fucking dude!”

Gretchen followed Peter’s instructions to make the change permanent, then gave him the mask back and burst out the doors and into the light, firing a web into the air and swinging off, shouting, “yipee!”

“With great power,” Peter shouted after her, “comes great...” He realized she was long gone and shrugged. “Sorry, Uncle Ben. I tried.”

That night, Peter curled up on the couch next to Aunt May, the two of them eating popcorn as they watched *The Crown* together. Peter found himself thinking about Gretchen, how happy she was, and how happy he was to be free to just be Kiko now. Yet, at the same time, he felt sad as he remembered Gretchen, swinging off into the sun as Spider Man. The tears began to flow.

“What’s wrong?” Aunt May asked, pulling him in for a hug. “This isn’t even a sad part.”

“It’s not that,” Peter said. “It’s just, so many things are changing, and I’m excited about the future, but I’m sad about the past. I love my life, but I miss my old one. Does that make sense?”

“It does,” Aunt May said. “It’s called growing up.”

Growing up? Yes, he was, though in so many ways Aunt May couldn’t understand. He’d been Peter, then Penny, now Kiko. He’d found himself dating Flash, his old bully, and now he loved being dominated by Flash, feeling so small and pretty in his man’s big, powerful arms.

He lay on his bed, checking his social media, liking and commenting. His friends were all so pretty, so cool and well-dressed. He heard a siren in the distance, and he felt not the slightest urge to do anything about it. It

was strange, how easily he'd just stopped caring about saving people, protecting people. All he cared about now was parties and making out and having fun. Being a superhero was so boring, and the villains were always so ugly and stupid with their dumb costumes.

The Personate Mask, he realized. It had changed him. Was this what he'd always secretly desired? To be free of the angst and the guilt and the need to constantly put others before himself? His phone buzzed. A text from Flash. "Night, babe," it read.

Peter pulled up his shirt and took a shot of his breasts, typed, "Sweet Dreams" and added a bunch of smiley faces, then sent the text, giggling to himself, rolling onto his tummy. Who even cares why, he decided. Being a girl was way more fun than being a dumb superhero!



