Spidey’s Sleepin’ Songz

by captain_americano

Summary

Peter Parker can't sleep, and Spider-Man is suffering because of it.

Wade helps make it better.

Notes

Inspired by a story mum told me about her and my dad (before he turned into a giant abusive asshole). Sorry about my works that are on hiatus, I'm not feeling them, but I'm definitely feeling this one, so... Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

It's a cool Autumn evening in New York City, and Spider-Man is swinging through the city to meet Deadpool for a patrol. They had been working together for a few months, and while Peter had his doubts about the former mercenary at first, Wade had proven to be a trustworthy ally, even if he was a giant pain in the ass most of the time. Some of the time.

Actually, he wasn't that bad, really, Peter mused. He enjoyed Wade's dark humour and puns to no end -- Wade made him laugh like no one had in a long time, not since…
Don't think about her. Peter mentally chastised himself, as he always did when his thoughts strayed towards Gwen. Three years on, and his nightmares only seemed to be getting worse. He's not sure what he can do to try and stop them, beyond trying to push Gwen to the back of his consciousness.

He was running a little late to meet Deadpool, not that Wade was ever on time anyway. Peter, after yet another night of restlessness, had dozed off just as the sun was rising, and slept straight through all three of his alarms. He'd arrived late for his shift at The Bugle, and after an ugly encounter with the vein on Jonah's forehead, had promised to work late to make up for it.

Of course, because his whole day was running behind schedule, he had to encounter a group of muggers harassing a young woman in a dark alleyway. He dropped down behind the tallest of the four men, and sighed loudly.

"I'm already late for a date, and you jerks are pushing me even further behind," he said, webbing the tallest guy's chest, and yanking him to the ground. "Really inconsiderate, y'know?"

"Hear that boys? The freak's got a date," one of the standing men jeered, and Peter scratched his head.

"Did I say date?" He wondered. "Well, what I meant to say was --" he shot a web at the man who spoke, and it sent him flying back and pinned him against the grimy brick of the building. Two down, two to go.

The shortest of the group looked like he was about to piss himself, and legged it out of the alleyway. Peter rolled his eyes, knowing he'd have to chase him after he dealt with this next genius, which hopefully wouldn't take too long except -- oh, shit.

The remaining turd-burglar is holding the terrified woman in front of him and pointing a gun at her head.

"Oh, come on, man, you don't bring a gun to a web fight," Peter whined, as his Spidey Sense screamed at him. He was running through half cocked scenarios in which to save the woman and take the man down, but his mind couldn't quite connect the dots.

"Please, let me go, I'll give you anything," the woman pleaded, tears running down her face.

"Let her go," Peter tried, in his most commanding superhero voice. He took a step forward, his hands raise in what he hoped was a placating gesture, but the man turned the gun on him.

"Alright, here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna take her bag and phone, and then I'm gonna leave, and you aren't going to follow," he explained, sounding angry.

"No, that's not gonna work for me," Peter said, taking another step forward. There's a flash of light, a deafening shot, and the woman is pushed aside as the criminal turned on his heels and ran. With his back turned, Peter easily trips him with a web and shoots a few extra to pin him to the ground.

"Ma'am, are you alright?" He asked, hurrying over to where the shocked woman is gaping up at him from the damp ground.

"You -- he got your arm!" She screeched, sobbing and clutching her handbag to her chest.

"What? Pft, no," Peter scoffed, but even as he denied it, he felt a sharp pain in his right bicep, and a sticky warmth spreading down the sleeve of his suit. "Okay, maybe I got hit a little," Peter groaned, raising his left hand to apply pressure and sunovabitch yep, that's definitely a bullet wound hurting like a motherfucker, shithballs. "Never been shot before, not really a first I was wanting to
"I was just mugged and Spider-Man's been shot and he's swearing," Peter heard the woman say hysterically, and he looks over to find her crying into her phone.

"Hey, you try getting shot and keeping your language in check," Peter defended himself, but then he feels a little guilty. He doesn't often let his potty mouth out when he's in the suit. Plus, he doesn't actually want this woman to try getting shot, because, again, it hurts like a motherfucker.

Peter pulled his hand away to inspect the damage, but looking at the bullet hole just kind of made him feel sick and faint, so looks away as he rips his sleeve off and ties it around his bicep as a tourniquet.

Peter waits with the woman until he hears sirens from the road, and takes his leave, stumbling and swaying through the back alleys to the building where he's meeting Wade. Wade will know what to do, surely.

Peter looks up towards the rooftop where he and Wade usually meet, and he knows there's no way he can scale the building in his current state. "Wade!" He hollers, hoping Wade is already up there and can hear him. He waits a few moments, and calls out to Wade again. Still nothing.

"Okay, think, Pete, think…" Peter whispers to himself. He looks back up, and as loud as he can manage, shouts, "Spider-Man sucks! I hate him!"

"Oh hell no," he hears yelled back at him, and a moment later Deadpool is tumbling down the fire escape. "Who the fuck do you think you -- oh, you are Spidey! Hey baby-boy, why'd you say that? Why didn't you climb up and meet me? Why are you clutching your arm and covered in what I really hope is someone else's blood?"

"When have you ever known me to cause someone to bleed this heavily?" Peter grumbles. "Yes, we know, you're a goody two shoes, your way works and the criminals go through the system, and slicing and dicing is bad, blah, blah, blah," Wade makes a talking hand gesture. "Wait, shit, that means it is your blood, which means you're hurt, which means imma bout to make some motherfuckers pay."

Suddenly Deadpool is standing very tall, and his tone has turned to steel, and he's already walking brusquely away from Peter, undoubtedly to seek vengeance.

"No, no," Peter says, as though he's chastising a dog. "I just need you to help fix me up. I've never been shot before, and I don't want to go to the hospital, so please help me?" He asks. Deadpool is clearly torn, and seems almost wistful as he stares down the alleyway. "C'mon, man, you're not gonna leave me to bleed out on my own here, are you?" Peter whined, and that cinched it as Deadpool's shoulders sagged.

"Fine, we'll just revenge you when you're not looking," he says huffily, and walks back over to Peter.

"Thanks, so where -- what, hey!" Peter protests as Deadpool sweeps him up bridal-style and carefully carries him through the dank alley. "It's my arm that got shot, I can walk, you turnip."

"Spidey, please, you're delirious with blood-loss," Deadpool mocks, holding him tightly. Peter tries to cross his arms in a display of frustration, but it only makes his wound pulse and dribble out more blood, even with the tourniquet in place, so he goes back to applying pressure.
"Where're we headed?" Peter asks as Deadpool turns onto a back street and tries to stick to the shadows.

"Got a safe house a couple'a blocks from here," Deadpool says with a gentle shrug. "What're you doing getting shot up, anyways?"

"Well, I didn't do it on purpose," Peter says primly, and Deadpool stifles a chuckle, keeping quite for a few minutes.

"Spidey-sense on the fritz?" He asks, veering off the path and elbowing his way through a revolving door into a fancy apartment block.

"Just… tired," Peter sighs, resting his head against Deadpool’s shoulder despite his reservations.

"Yeah," Deadpool says, sounding surprisingly gentle, "I know what you mean," he huffs, tapping the elevator call button with the toe of his boot. "I'll get you cleaned up and you can rest in my apartment for as long as you need, Webs."

Peter wasn't really used to Wade being sincere and considerate, and it kind of threw him for a loop. He knew Wade could be good, and kind, but he was so used to the snarky, dark humoured side of the merc he sometimes forgot.

In the elevator, Wade kicks at the button for the fourth floor, and accidentally hits two and three along with it, so the ride to his floor is drawn out. When Wade carries him out, he kicks open 404 and Peter smirks, feeling slightly lightheaded, "Error, page not found," he mutters mostly to himself, but Wade snorts.

"Hilarious, good to know you can keep up the quality bants even when you've lost a pint of blood," Wade says, kicking the door closed behind him. It doesn't shut properly, the locks sufficiently broken from its rough treatment, so he gently lays Peter on the couch and props a chair behind it to stop it from swinging open.

Peter rips off his mask so he can breathe properly, suddenly feeling overwhelmingly nauseous. "Can we hurry up with the healing? I'm still bleeding here," he says pointedly as Wade takes his own mask off and gives him a sassy glare.

"Aren't you meant to be nice to the person who's doing you a favour?" He grumbles, folding his arms. Peter rolls his eyes, and schools his face into the sweetest, most innocent expression he can muster.

"Hurry. The fuck. Up. 'Pool."

"Alright, alright," Wade surrenders, walking out of sight down the hallway, and Peter can hear him shuffling about. He returns moments later with a first aid kit. He sits on the floor next to where Peter is lying on the couch, and begins cutting at the fabric surrounding the wound. "This is gonna hurt like a motherfucker, Petey," he says, sounding apologetic.

"Lets make it quick, then," Peter says, bracing himself as Wade opens the sterilising swab. Peter hisses as the alcohol touches his skin, and Wade grimaces sympathetically. Peter doesn't watch what Wade is doing, but he can feel every nudge and bump of the process, and he's biting his cheeks so hard he can taste blood.

Finally, after an eternity, he can feel Wade packing down the bandage. "All better," Wade says cautiously, as though he's not certain it's the truth. Peter keeps his eyes squeezed shut for another moment while his breathing evens out, and when he opens his eyes he meets Wade's.
"Thank you," he says, trying to evoke as much gratitude as he can. "I couldn't have done this myself, so thank you, Wade."

"Anytime, Petey-pie," Wade grins, looking please with himself, "just don't make this a habit..." he says, his face twisting into a frown, before hesitantly continuing, "You've kinda been off your game a bit lately, Pete."

Peter shuts his eyes tight, ashamed. He knows it's the truth, and he knows the reason. There just isn't much he can do about it. "I'm so tired, Wade," he sighs, opening his eyes to glare at the ceiling. "All the time. Every time I close my eyes I see..."

"I get them too, sometimes," Wade says, clearly referring to his own nightmares. "Not as often as before... It's getting better. It does get better. But it's still shit while it sucks."

Peter snorts, but it's humourless, and he blinks hard, his eyes stinging. "You're not wrong," he says, sitting up. "I'll leave you to it," he says, standing up, and Wade stands and frowns at him.

"You're not leaving in that state," he protests, but Peter just shakes his head with a grimace.

"Gotta get home, Wade, but thank you. Really," Peter says, meeting Wade's brown eyes again, "I owe you one." He slips on his mask with his good arm.

Wade just waves him off and walks him down to the lobby. "Call me if you run into any more trouble," he says, as Peter hails a cab.

"Count on it," Peter grins behind his mask, and Wade smiles back at him. Peter hops in the cab and ignores the driver's raised eyebrows as he prattles off an address two blocks away from his apartment in Greenwich Village. It's going to be a bitch trying to climb up and through his window when he gets home, but that's future Peter's problem, he muses as he rests his forehead against the window, feeling the cool glass even through his mask.

Twenty minutes later, Peter was standing in the tight alleyway, glaring up at his seventh-storey window, grumbling to himself. "Alright, Parker, you can do this," he muttered, rolling his wounded shoulder, grimacing at the pull. He gently pressed his fingers against the brick wall, and started climbing as quickly as possible, breathing heavily through the pain. He didn't stop until he was hauling himself through his open bedroom window, and then he collapsed on his bed with a grunt.

"Never getting shot again," he whined, glancing down at his arm to make sure he wasn't bleeding through the bandage. He pulled off his mask and tossed it on the bedside table, where he noticed a box of chocolates that weren't there when he left. "The fuck?" He mumbled to himself, feeling the last of his adrenaline draining from his body, and the bone deep exhaustion settling in.

He pulled himself upright and grabbed the chocolates with his good arm. There was a post-it note stuck to the box with a little message and Deadpool's mask doodled on it.

_Eat before bed so you will have sweet dreams._

Peter huffed a breath of silent laughter, and opened the box of chocolates and popped one in his mouth. He replaced the box on his nightstand, and rested his head on his pillow, wondering how Wade made it in and out of his apartment before he even got home.
Thanks for the chocolates, it was very sweet of you.

Peter had messaged Wade on his way to work the following morning, his bullet wound nothing more than an angry, sensitive scar.

No hay problema, spiderita ;)

Hows the hole

Bullet hole

Butt hole haha

Dinny hav 2 chop ur arm off did u

Peter received the string off messages almost immediately.

Nope, arm is still fully intact, thanks for your concern.

I know I'm already a pacifist but then I would've been truly 'armless.

Peter grinned at his own joke as he entered The Bugle, and took the stairs to his shared office.

Shoulda let u bleed out

He spent the day chugging coffee, making calls and doing research for his article on a shady politician.

In the evening, he patrolled until three in the morning without spotting Deadpool once, and he felt a little disappointed. Deadpool could certainly be an excellent distraction. He was funny, and charming, and... Anyway.

When he finally crawled into bed, he spent an hour staring at the ceiling, willing sleep to come, even though he knew if it did it would bring nightmares along with it.

You awake?

He finally gave up on sleep and messaged Wade, who seemed to have a body clock almost as messed up as his.

Jep

Shamwow is on tv spidey cant miss tht

Peter rolled his eyes at the weak attempt at deflection, but let it slide.

Didn't see you tonight, Wade.

There was no reply for a few minutes.

Boxes were being a bit noisy

Also dint think you'd b up and swinging so soon after ur near death xperience

Peter rolled his eyes -- it was hardly near death.
Tell me about the Shamwow.

It was a weak segue, and maybe Wade thought so too, but he launched into a double texting nightmare about the yellow cloth, making Peter laugh.

After a while, Peter yawned and let his eyes drift shut as his phone kept vibrating on his chest.

**Thanks, Wade.**

**You make everything better.**

**I appreciate you more than I can say.**

**If you ever need anything, I'm here for you.**

Peter backspaced through several sentiments before settling on a lame 'goodnight.'

He didn't really end up sleeping, but there were definitely periods of unconscious-adjacent peace. No sleep meant no nightmares though, but overall he just felt more like a zombie. When he finally committed to being fully awake at seven in the morning, he glared at his drawn reflection in the mirror. He had deep bruises under his lifeless eyes, his hair was practically a bird's nest, and his skin was pale and looked fragile. He really needed to figure out how to get a decent sleep, and soon.

He went about his morning ritual with his usual level of enthusiasm -- next to none -- before moving to his kitchen table to grab his wallet and keys before heading to work. Next to his keys was a massive paper cup of coffee with a post-it on the lid. He could see the steam rising from the small hole, the smell hit him like a ton of delicious bricks, and his mouth watered. The post it had another Deadpool mask scribbled on it.

_Heard you've been sleeping poorly, so here's a coffee to make up for your latte nights._

Peter wrinkled his nose fondly at the puns and tucked the post-it into his wallet where the one from the box of chocolates was also residing. Wade must've snuck the coffee in while he was taking a shower, Peter mused. He took a big gulp of the scalding coffee, and headed to work feeling a little better already.

"… and then the fucking thing started chasing me, and I swear to god I nearly shot the bastard, but then I remembered I can outrun a duck on my worst day, so I just headed away from the pond. Last time I'll ever share my hotdog with a goddamn bitch-ass bird," Deadpool was chattering away happily, and Peter was half-listening to him, half-listening for any signs of a struggle around the neighbourhood. The late Autumn night air was cooler than Peter would have liked.

"Do you know how many birds I've nearly taken out while I've been swingin' around? It's like the damn pigeons have a death wish," Peter said absently, the last few words pushed out around a yawn.

"Still ain't sleepin' good?" Wade asked hesitantly, walking along the edge of the roof with his arms out to balance himself.

"No, but caffeine helps, so thank you for the coffee," Peter tried to smile, but it might've come out as more of a grimace, his mask still sitting beside him from when they'd split four dozen tacos earlier in
"You know it's not actually a substitute for sleep," Wade frowned at him, his own mask in place but expressive as ever.

"Yeah, well, every time I close my eyes I see Gwen dead at the bottom of the clock tower," Peter couldn't help snapping, his nerves frayed from his exhaustion. Deadpool raised an eyebrow at him, but didn't say anything, and Peter sunk his head into his hands. "Sorry, Wade. That was… That was rude, and you don't need me bitching you out. I'm just…" Peter scrunched up his face, his eyes stinging as he willed himself to not cry. He felt like his emotions were constantly on the precipice of boiling over, his lack of sleep wearing down his self control day by day.

"It's okay, Pete," Wade said, dropping to sit next to him, pressing against Peter from knee to shoulder. Peter dropped his hands from his face and rested his head against Wade's shoulder. He usually wasn't the touchy-feelyest person in the world, even when he was in a relationship -- which he and Wade were certainly not -- but he was so tired, and just needed a moment of comfort, a moment to let his guard down. "It's okay," Wade repeated in a whisper.

Peter lost track of how long he sat there leaning against Wade, but when he straightened up and stretched, his neck was aching. "I'm gonna head home and try for some sleep, for all the good it will do," Peter mumbled bitterly, standing up and slipping his mask on. "I'll see you 'round, Wade."

"Catch you on the flip-flop, Petey-Pie," Wade says lightly, giving a jaunty little wave.

Peter swings home, still feeling guilty for snapping at Wade. He really needs to sort out this sleeping issue. Pills don't work, the best legal ones he can access are metabolised too quickly. Hardcore drinking over stimulates him. Chamomile tea is at most a placebo for old women. All he can do is lie in bed and hope for the best.

He sheds his suit in the safety of his bedroom, and decides to have a quick shower to warm him up and hopefully relax him a little. The soothing pressure of the hot water does feel nice on his fatigued muscles, for a little while. He brushes his teeth and pulls on semi-clean sweatpants from the hamper, before heading back to his room. There's another post-it on his pillow, alongside a flash drive.

**Spidey's Sleepin' Songz**

Is what's written next to a small drawing of a spider. Below that is the Deadpool mask, next to smaller writing.

*Shuffle, sleep, slay, srepeat.*

Peter smiled tiredly at the note, and booted up his laptop. It took about ten minutes for the old hunk of junk to finish loading up and downloading the USB data, but finally Peter was able to hit play on the songs. He turned the volume down so it was just barely audible, and crawled under his blankets, letting the lyrics of unfamiliar tunes chosen by Wade to soothe him to sleep.

Peter woke up the next morning, thankfully a Saturday, actually feeling somewhat refreshed. His sleep was by no means good, but he had managed an hour or so here and there, and when he was actually asleep there were no nightmares. He couldn't quite believe the music had helped.
Peter lay in bed for a while, listening to the quiet tunes, in no rush to get out of bed and start his day. Once he was fully awake, he scrolled through the playlist and was able to recognise some of the titles and artists. He kept the songs playing, increasing the volume as he climbed out of bed and hopped into the shower.

As he was getting dressed, Peter thought about how kind Wade had been lately, and decided it was time he tried to return the favour. He realised he actually valued the merc, and was really grateful to have him around. In fact, he felt more than a little guilty that it took him so long to accept Wade's friendship.

When they had first met, Wade was a dangerous whirlwind and Peter was almost frightened of him. He was certainly put off, and disapproving. Deadpool was crazy; he talked to coloured boxes that resided in his mind, he killed people and enjoyed it, he hit on Spider-Man like it was an Olympic Sport, and was just generally unpleasant to be around which -- he was always around.

It actually turned out to be a good thing that he was always around, because Peter got in a bit over his head with a drug deal that ended up being a mafia set-up. Wade had swooped in, helping Spider-Man take everyone out, and he even did it without lethal force. After that, Peter found it much easier to tolerate Deadpool. Not long after, he found he actually quite liked the mercenary.

Peter grabbed his wallet, phone, and keys, and headed out into the chilly morning air.

*Can I come over?*

He messaged Wade as he entered a 24-hour taqueria not far from his place, and ordered six breakfast burritos, three chimichangas, and twenty-eight churros with both dulce de leche and hot fudge sauce.

*Ofc, @ safe house on W 22nd*

Peter vaguely remembered visiting that apartment once, only a twenty minute walk from his own place.

*Okay, I'll be there in about 30min.*

He waited patiently for his food, and half an hour later he was knocking on what he was pretty sure was Wade's door. 8G, right? Wade opened the door wearing his mask and a bath robe over his suit.

"Heya Peter-Peter-Pumpkin-Eater, whatcha got there?" Wade asked, peering down at the bag.

"Breakfast," Peter shrugged, stepping into the apartment and heading for the lounge room. The whole place was messy, but not dirty. There were guns and ammo strewn across most surfaces -- to which Peter rolled his eyes and bit back a comment -- as well as magazines and board games, but there weren't any mouldy take out containers or empty beer cans, so he didn't mind. His own apartment wasn't exactly spotless either.

"Not that I don't love your company, and Mexican," Wade said, leaning against the closed door with his arms folded, "but what are you doing here, Pete?"

Peter busied himself with unloading the food onto the coffee table for a moment, hesitant to answer. Finally he looked up at Wade, and sighed. "I just wanted to say thank you. You… You've put up with a lot of my shit lately, and you've helped me out more than… Anyway, I just -- yeah. Thank you, Wade," Peter said lamely, staring at the white eyes of Deadpool's mask. Wade stood completely still for another moment, then shrugged and joined Peter on the couch.

"Pshaw, what are friends for, Webs?" He rolled his mask up and grinned, grabbing a burrito and
tearing through half of it in one bite.

"I… I really liked the playlist, Wade. I think it helped," Peter said quietly, grabbing a burrito for himself and nibbling at it.

"Sheet, for realz?" Wade asked, looking up thoughtfully. "That's cool! I didn't think it really would, but I figured it wouldn't make your sleep any worse either, so…"

"It was very relaxing," Peter said, smiling faintly.

"Huh, guess I missed my calling as a deejay for insomniacs," Wade grinned. "After breakfast you wanna get your ass kicked at Mario Kart?"

"Oh, I definitely want to play Mario Kart, but the only person who's ass will be kicked is you," Peter smirked, taking a bigger bite of his burrito.

So they spent a few hours playing Mario Kart. Then they decided to watch *Star Wars*, but not without a heated debate of prequels vs. originals.

"Ewan McGregor, how can anything beat Ewan McGregor?" Wade demanded, shoving *Episode 1* in Peter's face.

"Two words," Peter said seriously, "Han Freakin' Solo."

Wade paused to count on his fingers, then shook his head vigorously. "If we start with *The Phantom Menace* we get to see Jane Forster! And then we're right into hot-Anakin territory in *Attack* and *Revenge!* Nick Fury is there too!"

"I don't really know what you mean by that, but I refuse to watch Jar Jar Binks ruin the best franchise in the world one more time," Peter said bluntly.

"How wude!" Wade said in a perfect imitation of the horrible Gungan. Peter rolled his eyes viciously.

"A New Hope or no *Star Wars* at all," Peter said firmly, meeting Wade's glare. They stared at each other for a few moments before Wade sighed and looked away.

"Fine, I guess you're hotter than young Anakin anyway," he shrugged with a smirk and grabbed *Episode 4* and loaded it in the DVD player.

"I'm glad you finally agreedo, you had me panakin for a moment there," Peter grinned.

"Wow," Wade said, staring at him from behind the mask, and started slow-clapping sarcastically.

Peter flicked imaginary lint off his sweater and casually shrugged, "It was nothing."

"Absolute madman," Wade huffed as he sat back down on the couch, invading Peter's personal space. Not that he minded. At all. He could feel Wade's warmth even through his Deadpool suit and Peter's clothes. The apartment was a little chilly, and he didn't quite manage to suppress a shiver.

"You cold, Pizza Parker?" Wade asked, wrapping a warm arm around Peter's shoulders.

"Yeah," Peter mumbled, "Sorry…"

"What? Don't be sorry, dumb-dumb," Wade scoffed, withdrawing his arm and standing. Peter frowned up at him -- that wasn't the response he wanted at all! Wade ignored his petulant look and
walked out of the room, returning a moment later with the biggest, fluffiest blanket Peter had ever seen. "Here y'are," Wade said tossing half the blanket over Peter's lap before sitting down and pulling the other half over his own. Peter automatically leaned into Wade's body heat, and Wade chuckled and wrapped his arm around Peter's shoulders again.

Suddenly, Peter was hit with a wave of exhaustion and was struggling to keep his eyes open. He managed to stay awake for some of the movie, but he felt his eyes drifting closed right around the part where Han shot first.

He woke up alone on the couch, cocooned in the blanket, and fireworks booming over Endor and Ewoks celebrating on the television. He sat up and squinted around the dark apartment. "How long was I out for?" He mumbled to himself.

"Two and a half movies," Wade called from the kitchen. Peter looked over to the hallway leading to the rest of the apartment, and Wade stepped out of the kitchen, holding a plate of food. "Eyes," he warned Peter before flicking the lights on.

Peter took a moment to squint in the suddenly too-bright room, and Wade presented him with a huge plate loaded with pancakes and bacon drowning in maple syrup. Peter's mouth watered as he gratefully shed his blanket and balanced the plate on his lap. "Oh my god, I'm so hungry," he moaned, accepting Wade's proffered cutlery and digging in.

"Thought you might'a been," Wade chuckled, heading back to the kitchen and returning a moment later with his own plate. "Other than that, how're you feeling?"

"'Ood, I 'a'n't lept like dat in 'eeks," Peter mumbled through a mouthful of food, before blushing and swallowing hard. "Sorry, that was gross and rude," he said, feeling like he'd let down Aunt May even though she was an hour train ride away. "I haven't slept like that in weeks, so I'm feeling pretty good."

Peter tried not to delve too deep into why he had slept so well, though a not-so-small part of him intuitively knew it was because he felt safe and comfortable with Wade so close.

Wade, who had taken his mask off completely to eat, and had changed in to a sweatshirt and pants while Peter was asleep, smiled around a mouthful of food. "Hey, that's great! Maybe now that you're in a better mood, we can discuss a certain prequel trilogy that demands respect and should be watched, oh, right about now," he said with a grin after having swallowed his food.

Peter looked down at his plate of food, and then back up to Wade's playful smile, and he couldn't help smiling back. "Fine," Peter said in a mock whiny voice, "we'll watch your shitty prequels. I'll even try to not fall asleep this time 'round."

"Yos!" Wade cheered, almost upending his plate of food in his eagerness to get up and change the disk. He ended up dropping his plate carelessly on the coffee table, his focus now on ensuring everything was perfect for *The Phantom Menace* to play. "But, y'know, it's cool if you fall asleep. You… looked peaceful," Wade said hesitantly, his back still to Peter as he fiddled with the DVD player.

Peter smiled down at his bacon and tried to will away the flush he felt rising in his cheeks. "I felt at peace," he admitted quietly. Wade turned around and gave him a searching look, and Peter held his
gaze until Wade's mouth quirked up in a crooked smile. Wade shook his head, seemingly at himself, and grabbed his food before settling in next to Peter again.

Peter managed to stay awake through all three prequels, almost but not quite cuddling with Wade on the couch. Peter couldn't stifle his massive yawn as Obi Wan watches the sun set over Tatooine at close to one o'clock in the morning, and Wade pokes him in the ribs. "You can stay here tonight if you want," he offers quietly, turning the television off, and Peter blinks at him slowly.

The three hour nap earlier had been the best sleep he'd had in a while, and he largely attributed it to Wade's presence… Maybe he could actually get a full nights sleep here at Wade's apartment? "Yeah, if that's alright with you, Wade?" He asked hesitantly, not wanting to overstep his bounds.

Wade nodded solemnly, even though he almost looked like there was a war going on in his head. Peter sometimes worried about what the boxes might be telling Wade. "Thanks," Peter said, smiling and lying down to settle into the couch for the night.

"Wait -- whoa, no," Wade tsk'd, rolling his eyes, "You're not sleeping on the couch!" He stood abruptly and proceeded to sweep Peter up in a bridal carry. Again.

"We gotta stop meeting like this," Peter muttered to Wade, feeling his face heat with embarrassment.

"Puh-please, you love being man-handled," Wade said with a wink, carrying Peter to his bedroom and depositing him on the bed. Wade flicked off the lights and hesitated for a moment, watching in the dark as Peter curled up under the blankets. "Uh, I'll see you in the morning, Pete. Just shout if you need anything, I'm a bit of a light sleeper meself," he said turning towards the door.

"Wait," Peter sat up abruptly. Wade turned around and gave him a curious look. He realised he needed Wade to be there with him, and he flushed violently, hoping it wasn't visible in the dark.

"You're not -- I'm not… I'm not stealing your bed, okay? So get here, right now," Peter said in what he hoped was a firm voice. Clearly he didn't quite hit the nail on the head because Wade gave him a dubious look. Peter rolled his eyes, pulled the covers back, and patted the empty space beside him.

Wade hesitantly made his way to the bed and carefully hopped in, trying not to jostle the mattress too much. Peter hummed approvingly as Wade lay down, and he wrapped the blankets around the larger man. Wade was still watching him, his wide brown eyes bright and curious, and Peter hoped the darkness would hide his blush. He looked straight back at Wade, his heart thrumming.

Wade's hand was resting on the mattress between them, and Peter slowly reached out and covered it with his own, letting his thumb rub circles on the scarred skin.

"Pete," Wade said, his voice barely a whisper as Peter shuffled closer to him and moved his hand up to cup Wade's cheek. Wade's eyes drifted closed, and he leant into Peter's had a little. Peter was suddenly hit with a so much gratitude and respect for Wade, he almost didn't know what to do.

"Thank you for everything, Wade," Peter said, his whisper-quiet voice cracking a little with emotion. He craned his neck forward just a little more, until his lips gently pressed against Wade's. A broken sound came from the back of Wade's throat as he lifted his hand to gently run through Peter's hair, holding him close. The kiss was soft, sweet, and chaste, and nothing like what Peter imagined kissing Deadpool would be like.

They pulled away after a few moments, and Wade gave Peter a miserable, broken look. "Peter, you don't… you c-can't…"

"Hey, shh," Peter whispered, running his fingers gently up and down Wade's neck. "I do. I can."
Wade gave a huff of self-deprecating laughter and frowned at Peter. "I… Man, I've been in love with you for months," Wade sighed in frustration, "So you can't just… Pete, you can't just kiss me when it means nothing. I'm so fucking broken, Peter, I don't need you to break me even more," Wade said, closing his eyes tightly. "I can't let you."

Peter stared at him in shock, his stomach clenching horribly. "You -- Wade I…" Peter took a deep breath and tried to gather his thoughts. "It didn't mean nothing, I mean, shit, double negative -- it meant something, Wade, I wouldn't… I wouldn't have done it if I didn't mean it," Peter said, cupping Wade's cheek.

"No, I know he doesn't mean it, White," Wade whispered to himself, "Shut up, Yellow, pity ain't better than nothing, pity is the worst."

Peter was panicking, hating the things he was imagining the boxes were saying to Wade.

"Please look at me," Peter asked quietly, waiting until Wade's sad brown eyes met his before continuing. "I do not pity you, Wade Wilson. I'm in awe of you. You -- you're so kind to me, and thoughtful, and I see you trying, every single time we patrol. You're a hero, Wade, you're my hero. I kissed you because you constantly amaze me, and I'm so grateful to have you in my life, I kissed you because I knew it was the right thing to do. I didn't kiss you out of pity, I kissed you out of…" oh, shit, Peter swallowed, as it hit him like a tonne of bricks. "I kissed you out of love."

He loved Wade Wilson. After all this time, all of their problems, their serendipitous friendship, the taco Tuesdays, the late night patrols, the ass kicking, the day saving… Peter was in love with Wade. "I love you, Wade," Peter said with a breathless laugh.

"I… did not see that coming," Wade laughed gently, and Peter could see cautious happiness and careful hope in his eyes.

"Me neither," Peter confessed quietly, huffing out his own breath of laughter. He leaned in again, pressing another soft kiss to Wade's lips, and this time Wade responded with much more enthusiasm. Peter felt warm, calloused hands cupping his jaw, Wade's big thumb rubbing circles against his cheek as they slowly kissed each other. After a few moments, Wade pulled away and looked at Peter in awe.

"You… you made the boxes stop," he said, amazed. Peter leaned in, resting his forehead against Wade's.

"You made the nightmares stop," Peter confessed quietly. Peter knew they'd probably start again -- and soon -- as would the boxes. But for just a moment everything was perfect.

End Notes

Check out Spidey's Sleepin' Songz (the playlist) here.

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