The case of the missing flies
by polarRabbit

Summary

Wade involuntarily gets a new roomie without being aware of his little...big secret.

Notes

Another side project I've come up with and hope you're gonna enjoy!
This will be about Wade and Peter living together with lots of shenanigans ensured.

Wade was rather indifferent towards insects in general.

He didn't even mind the cockroaches getting homey in his kitchen since he hardly had any use for it anyway. The flies that were buzzing around the empty food cartons and his regenerating body on the couch were kinda annoying tho. He'd try to shoot them if he had any trigger fingers available right now but it would take a few more hours until he'd be able to hold a gun again. Until then, he had to endure the muted noises and the occasional fly using him as a runway.

„Congrats, you just got promoted to the top of my to-unalive-list.“, Wade announced into the empty room, referring to the fly that had decided to take a break on his thigh. Slowly rising his left arm he tried to punch the offending insect but only ended up hitting his leg and making the stump of his work in progress arm hurt all over again.

[This would make a great headline you know...]

Mercenary unable to hurt a fly
Fuck you both with a cactus.

Despite the general opinion that Deadpool had the attention span of a squirrel on ecstasy he actually noticed things, small details. Those things were important when you're looking for targets that were trying to hide from you. He's a bloody Sherlock Holmes with two fucked up versions of Watson in his head, giving him the worst advice. Like blow up yourself for a dramatic exit.

The first clue or rather the lack of it made him wonder if he should change his pizza place. If not even flies were interested in the leftover pieces laying around on the floor than maybe it's poisoned. Although Wade's stomach felt fine and wasn't leaking out, so they could simply get picky. Not that he's complaining over a lack of roomies. They didn't every refill the fridge after all.

The mystery was quickly solved when he saw a small shadow hurry underneath the couch. Curiosity killed the cat but luckily he had a lot more than seven lives. That's why he didn't hesitate to get a hold of the worn cushion and simply flipped it over, leaving the culprit exposed.

Gotcha!

[Congrats you've caught a...spider, idiot]

A quiet big one. So that's were all the bugs went, huh? You're doing a great job buddy, keep going.

[You've reached the stage of desperation where you befriend vermin]

Gotta admit that's a new low, even for you

Wade tried to ignore their insults, letting them drip off like rain drops on a lotus flower.
Unfortunately he was far away from being a waterproof plant and the nasty remark left a sour taste in his mouth. Well, nothing two pounds of burritos with extra spicy salsa couldn't overpower.

"...then I shot him in the head and it exploded like a ripe watermelon! A real flesh firework, you should've seen it. I'd take you on missions with me but I'm worried you might get lost or trampled.\textquotedblright, Wade told Spidey about his latest mercenary adventure which involved a bunch of dirtbags and lots of ammunition. He was pretty sure the spider had no idea what he was saying or even that he tried to communicate with the arachnid. Although the spider looked as if it was actually paying attention to his ramblings by the way it was facing him instead of crawling around. Such a great listener. Spidey only disappeared into his self-made nest once he'd finished his tale, probably to enjoy a web wrapped fly wrap. Ha, try to say that really fast three times in a row, real tongue twister.

After all those months spend together it seemed natural for Wade to take his little friend with him when it came the time to move. The furniture was left behind without a second thought. It held no sentimental value to the mercenary and half of it should be thrown into the garbage anyway. Maybe he should do the landlord a favor and just set the flat on fire.

Gathering an empty food carton from underneath the table he made sure it wasn't all moldy inside before walking around the living room in search for his pet.

"Here spidey spidey~"

His cooing wasn't answered but after a while he observed the spider emerging from the kitchen and scuttle towards him, coming to a halt in front of his left foot, lightly placing its front legs on top of Wade's boot covered toes. This spider was probably the smartest one in existence and maybe he could teach it to jump through rings of fire! Alright, he's getting ahead of himself again and should come up with less dangerous ideas for cool tricks to teach your pet.

"Time for a change of scenery, itsy bitsy. I'm sure you're gonna like it with your non-existent standards whatsoever.\textquotedblright, he declared before kneeling down and carefully scooped the spider into the china take out box.

"Hope you don't have claustrophobia, buddy..."

Upon their arrival at their new location, which could be best described as a former workshop converted into an industrial looking loft, Wade opened the paper box to release the spider. Said spider gave him a rather judging glare - if that was even possible - for the wild ride it had been through. Spidey was quick to dart out and crawl down along the side of the mercenary's body until his feet connected with the ground.

"Take a look, find a nice place to relax. I'm gonna order some food to celebrate!"

[Celebrating your fourth-months anniversary with your special little friend or the fact you've officially moved together?]

Kinda fast for a lone mutt like you but also kinda cute...in a disturbing way

"Thanks for your unnecessary input~"
Nowadays food delivery wasn't a problem anymore but for Wade's more unusual order he had to pay some extra cash to a pet store. Otherwise, they hadn't sent one of their employers to hand him a plastic container filled with meal worms.

Winter was approaching and there weren't many flies buzzing around any longer. Wade was worried that his spider would starve to death and it wasn't like he could share his nachos with Spidey. Not for the lack of trying, his special snowflake was really picky.

„Two meatlovers for me and a handful of wiggly worms for you.“, he announced tonight's dinner accompanied by a sweeping gesture towards the laid coffee table in front of the new stainless couch.

Wade wondered if he was just imagining things or if Spidey had actually rubbed his forelegs together in a show of delight before hastily scaling the low table. Averting his gaze because honestly it wasn't very appetizing to watch a spider eat Wade busied himself with his own meal and fetched himself a slice of the still steaming pizza. They spend the rest of the day having a Brooklyn 99 marathon, which was a lot more productive as it may sound.

Peter was a shapeshifter, one with very limited abilities because he was only able to switch between two appearances. It's still double the amount of what other regular people could do so no complaint, really. He had no idea why his second skin was a spider then again it was very useful in many situations. For example when you wanted to disappear out of a place or sticky situation as well as getting into places. That's how he'd ended up at Deadpool's apartment.

To be fair he hadn't been aware of the fact that the flat belonged to the somewhat famous mercenary otherwise he hadn't dared to enter in the first place. His goal had been to find shelter for a while and the fewer residents the better. The owner of the apartment appeared to be gone most of the time which was just perfect for the spider. He didn't need much space, just a dry cozy corner to sleep. During the day he left the accommodation if it was possible or stayed out of view.

Most of the time the reason he had to leave was that the resident found out of his existence and tried to get rid off him. More often in more radical ways than necessary. At this point Peter had stopped counting how many people attacked him with a rolled up newspaper, tried to suck him into their vacuum or even worse set him on fire with a combination out of hair spray and a lighter. The nicer ones attempted to cage him in glassware to set him free outside. Some humans could be really cruel and ungrateful. After all he'd made sure their rooms were bug-free and barely claimed any space.

Unfortunately his action was officially trespassing and if those people had known that he was an actual male human they'd have surely called the police. Why go through such a hassle for finding shelter? Considering that Peter barely owned any money and that the rent in New York was insolently high even for a cardboard box with no windows the answer was pretty simple. Flatsurfing like this was still better than living on the streets. The few possessions he had were stored in a backpack and hidden somewhere close by his current flat.

He'd come up with certain rules in order to ensure his survival and hiding true identity. Firstly he
only used his human skin outside of the place where he's living and changed into a spider as soon as he entered. Secondly he wasn't taking anything in the household, which was the more difficult rule to obey. Especially when the jewelry was openly splayed on top of the nightstand or a purse carelessly thrown onto the floor. It would be as easy as racing a turtle to pick up those gems or a handful of bills, and they would never find out who took it.

Since he tended not to get too close with the residents moving was more troublesome than truly heartbreaking. That was until he started living with Deadpool. For a while the mercenary hadn't been aware of him just like everyone else. When he discovered him thanks to Peter's slackness he reacted different that any other had before. The man didn't try to kill him, which he certainly would be very capable of and instead allowed him to stay. Peter was wary not just because of the unusual hospitality. During his stay at the flat he'd witnessed Deadpool arriving with bloodstained and bullet-riddled cloths more often than not sometimes even missing several limbs. It was a disturbing sign and Peter thought it was risky to live with such a trigger happy individual. Yet he had been very welcoming so the shapeshifter decided to give the mercenary a chance. At the first sign of danger he'd be out.

Almost half a year later he's still living with Deadpool and Peter could truthfully say that he enjoyed it. Aside from the general state of the flat the mercenary had been nothing but friendly towards him and was treating him like an actual...human roomie. They're having conversation, unfortunately always one-sided but Peter paid attention to what the other man was telling him even if it seemed to be nonsense 50% of the time. They had regular movie nights and most of Deadpool's choices were entertaining, although he'd never understand his liking for the endless amount of Fast & Furious films. Probably just the amount of explosions that seemed to multiply with every movie.

Peter hadn't been prepared for moving it just happened and there wasn't much he could do to resist aside from switching forms but that was his last resort. His tiny stomach was knotting in anxiety only resolving once he was released and free to take in the new surroundings. The new flat was bigger, cleaner – for now – and also much brighter. All in all a huge update to the previous one. Peter was quick to forgive Wade for his method of transport. Unfortunately he didn't have the chance to get his backpack that was still hidden near the former flat. Now he had to find out where exactly they moved to and how to get back to retrieve his stuff. A knitted scarf from his aunt, a university sweater from his dad, a few more articles of cloths and a laptop that was almost as old as himself weren't valuable, but they had a big sentimental value for Peter. He needed those things and therefore he had to get out of the loft.

An opportunity showed itself when Wade was getting ready to leave for his next mission. Peter stayed close to the front door. He only had a very limited time frame in which he was able to slip out behind the mercenary without getting noticed or smashed by the closing door. Insert the Mission Impossible soundtrack for tension buildup. The arachnid made in just in time and dived right for a tuft of weed to find cover. Patiently waiting for approximately 10 minutes after Wade was picked up by a cab - despite wearing his suit – Peter dared to leave his hideout and turn human. A bit of stretching and getting used to his lack of limbs later the brunet started to explore the area. Searching for the main road was always helpful and from there it was easy to find a station. Apparently they'd moved from Midtown to Williamsburg. On one hand he's excited to live in the same neighborhood as Max and Caroline from 2 Broke Girls, totally not caring that they were fictional. There's still a chance someone set up a diner or bar just like in the show! On the other hand he'd have to walk for around 4 hours in order to reach the old location and that's just one way. He'd spend his whole day walking back and forth, oh joy.
Peter wished for a second key to the flat, so he wouldn't be condemned to wait until Wade's return. Straying around the neighborhood he hoped that it the mission wouldn't take several days or even a week. It rarely happened but in this case he might have to find another short-term shelter. The shapeshifter had already hidden his backpack and spend his time waiting with checking mails, answering them and studying for his correspondence course. One more year to go before he finally had his degree. The life insurance his parents had left him behind after their accident didn't allow him to take any longer.

Preoccupied with his future and a physics problem he had to solve for his next paper Peter didn't notice the shadow looming over him. With slightly hunched shoulders he stared at the screen and typed out a few thoughts that came to his mind. What made him aware of a presence behind him was the sensation of cool metal against the back of his head. He couldn't suppress the following flinching motion but was quick to lift his hands in surrender.

„I don't have any money!“, the shapeshifter stammered timidly before his offender even had a chance to utter his demand.

„That's fine. I'm more interested in your employer anyway, sweetcheeks."

At the sound of the other's voice Peter's breath caught in his throat, heart beating even faster than before. This was officially becoming one of the worst days of his life. He might just end up getting killed by his own roomie.

„I don't understand, I'm sorry...“, came his weak reply, gaze wandering sideways, yet he didn't dare to turn his head and face the mercenary.

„You know what happens to liars? They get their pants set on fire. I don't have a lighter with me but two bullets to the knee should pretty much have the same effect.“, Wade went on verbally assaulting him, making Peter's hands shake beside his head.

„I swear I wasn't doing anything, just minding my own business!“

„Which seems to include stalking me. Honestly I'd feel flattered if it wasn't so suspicious. I've seen you around my flat in Midtown before. At first, I thought nothing about it but that cute lil mug of yours appeared too often to be coincidence. Then I moved and look who came along! I'm gonna give you a hot tip.“, the mercenary finished by nudging the muzzle of his gun against the brunet's head for emphasis.

Peter's mouth went dry. Was there a believable explanation for his actions without revealing his other identity? More importantly could he come up with it fast enough? The chances dwindled with every passing second.

„C'mon babyboy, I'd hate having to scatter your brain on the ground."

Swallowing the lump that had lodged itself in his throat Peter decided to risk everything. Wade was running out of patience, and he didn't want to find out what a bullet in his body would actually feel like.

„I'm...we've been living together for a while.“, he replied although it sounded more like a question than a statement. The cocking of the gun still pressed against his head got his hackles up.

„Wait, don't shoot! I know it sounds fake but it's true! I'm a shapeshifter and my other form is...it's a spider."

„You have a blooming fantasy, I'll give you that."

"
"Of course Wade wouldn't be this easily convinced by merely his words despite the fact that New York had been attacked and protected by all sorts of extraterrestrial life forms and metahumans before. If it wasn't a big deal they wouldn't even make it to the front page of the morning papers."

"I can prove it. Just stop pointing a gun at me."

"Alright."

"Alright.\text{'} Peter parroted back hesitantly and set the laptop aside before slowly turning towards Wade. The weapon wasn't pointed at his face so that was mildly reassuring. Unfortunately he was at eye level with Wade's crotch and couldn't help staring at it for a second or...ten. Awkwardly clearing his throat he muttered something about 'okay, the show is gonna start' and then it was happening. No mystery smoke appeared, no bones bending or skin shifting. One moment he was a twenty-one-year-old guy from Queens and the next he was a red and blue colored spider.

The mercenary's face was hidden behind the mask but somehow he still seemed to have somewhat of a dumbfounded expression. Nervously waiting for a bit longer Peter decided to switch back to his human form once more for better communication.

"You have every right to be mad at me. I've invaded your privacy and I betrayed your trust or whatever it was you had in me, but I swear I didn't have any bad intentions. I should've told you earlier but I was afraid that it would ruin everything and that you- uh might kill me."

At the last part his eyes briefly flickered back to the gun in the other's hand.

"Well seems like I didn't dodge the bullet after all so....it probably doesn't mean much anymore but I had a great time until like 5 minutes ago. I was looking forward to our Golden Girls special tonight."

"So this means you've seen me walking around naked."

That...was a very radical change of topic right there. Wade's brain truly worked in mysterious ways.

"Y-yeah but I didn't oogle-\text{'} Peter started to defend himself while all his blood seemed to rush to his face.

"Ahaha of course you didn't, who in their right mind would do that? I guess seeing me in my natural ugly should be punishment enough for a lifetime."

This was probably not the time to discuss Wade's bad self-image although the brunet really felt the urge to tell him that he didn't find his skin disgusting. Surely he had needed time to get used to it but after a while it became a normal sight.

"So on a scale from 'delivery service forgot hot sauce' to 'can't find the remote' how angry are you with me?\text{'} he asked out of morbid curiosity.

"Eh, it's a solid 'food exploded in the microwave' but it depends on how much of a tear inducing background story you got. You're getting sympathy points for torture content."

"....no that never actually happened."

"Well lucky you. Now get moving, I don't want to stand on a roof all day, got food to eat and series to watch."

"Oh okay.\text{'} Peter replied a bit disappointed about the sudden end of their conversation before
picking up his laptop and slowly straighten himself up. That was it. He's loosing his shelter and longtime roomie and not on the best terms either. Letting out a resigned sigh Peter guessed he should rather be grateful that he didn't get used as target practice. Always look on the bright side of life.

„Goodbye then.“

„Where the hell do you think you're going?“

„Away?“

„Never said I'm kicking you out, did I?“

„No but...that would be the logical action after finding out about me?“

„I'm a cool guy in case you haven't noticed before, I'm gonna let you stay if you keep the flat clean and pretend to listen to my verbal diarrhea. “

Peter couldn't help scrunching up his face at the last part because of the image™ he had on his mind thanks to that. The conditions were more than acceptable, even ridiculous. It seemed too good to be true but hey that's the same he thought after Wade first discovered spider-him and decided to let him live.

„Cool. I can do that.“

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