This is your song

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Summary

Peter has been in bad relationship after bad relationship. He's been beaten broken stepped on and bruised. He's under the impression that no one could ever love him especially since he's pushed all his friends and family away. That's when Wade comes in and saves him like a superhero. But can he even save Peter? Or is Peter a lost cause?

Warning: one of the voices in Wade’s head TALKS LIKE THIS so if that’s triggering for you, don’t read!
Hey y’all. I know my writing style is kind of weird but I would love corrections of any kind as long as you specify, please.

See the end of the work for more notes.
When it came to Peter’s love life, you could say it was a complete train wreck. Of course Peter wouldn’t admit that or even realize it until much later into his life.

His traumatic love life was the reason he was currently in the situation he was in now.

See his breakup with Harry this time was probably the worst one yet. Harry had had a bad day at work and had come home in one of his moods, after a lot of yelling and cursing he-

Well that’s not something Peter wanted to think about right now.

Peter could only sulk for so long (about a day and a half) before he had to actually do things. Things included going shopping with what little money he had, (maybe not ignoring his friends when they text) and trying to find a job.

This is how he found himself here, at the supermarket where he had botched his job interview the day before. He thought he would be fine. Peter was so sure he’d be ok, but every time a worker looked at him he was certain that they had heard of his interview and was silently judging him.

Peter just needed some necessities to get him through the week. He could do this.

Except he couldn’t. It was going fine until about the end of the shopping trip he hear someone near him laughing. Being certain that it was about his failed attempt at getting a job, he broke down. He couldn’t breath and he had to lean against the glass door that was in between his final grocery item (frozen peas) and himself. He didn’t even fog the cold glass with how little he was breathing.

Peter was just coming to the conclusion that he was going to pitifully die from lack of breath here in a grocery store, alone and scared, when a deep scratchy voice behind him spoke making him tense. “Hey there, you ok?”

Peter turned his head and saw the prettiest blue eyes he’d ever seen. He took a second to notice that the man had scars on his face before Peter’s legs buckled under him. The man caught him and helped him rest himself on the floor without getting hurt. The handsome man crouched in front of him. “Whoa whoa! I need you to breath for me, is that ok?”

Peter tried to breath. The man’s calming voice definitely helped. And now that it was quiet Peter could hear the store music playing, Something about sculpture and traveling shows. After what had to be at least five minutes Peter’s breath was even. Peter made eye contact with the man once more. Upon the realization that Peter was now better the blue eye man smiled. “Anxiety attacks suck don’t they?”

Peter’s eyes widened, he had never met someone who also had anxiety attacks.
He nodded.

The man's smile widened. Because of the scars his smile was slightly lopsided which probably should have made him look weird but mostly just made home look charming. He stuck out his hand, which was also scarred giving Peter the impression that the scars were everywhere.

“Name’s Wade, Wade Wilson, Wade Winston Wilson.”

Peter giggles quietly at the strange introduction and stuck out his own hand.

“Peter Benjamin Parker.”

They shook hands.

Wade’s hand was big and covered peters whole hand which was kinda… interesting? Well Peter didn’t really know how to feel.

“Would you like to stand up?” Wade asked politely moving as if to imply he was about to stand. “If you’d like, I’ll help you finish up your shopping, especially since I’m done.” he finished holding up the ice cream he had apparently been holding.

Peter nodded and got up with a little help from his new... friend?

After retrieving the previously mentioned frozen peas, and putting them in Peter’s hardly filled cart he and wade headed towards the check out counters.

Peter put himself behind wade so that wade wouldn’t have to wait to buy his one item.

Peter expected Wade to go off once he had bought his ice cream but for some reason he seemed to be waiting.

After all of Peter’s items had been scanned peter swiped his card.

“You might want to try it again.” The cashier said tapping at something on their computer screen.

Peter went a little pale. He swiped again.

“Sorry dude but card declined.” The cashier said turning towards Peter which just made Peter’s cheeks heat.

He pulled out another card and tried to use this one but the outcome was the same.

Peter started to feel the panic creeping in when Wade suddenly stepped up next to him and handed peter his card.

Peter looked up at him as though he couldn’t believe what he could possibly be seeing.

“No, I couldn’t.” His voice was soft as he tried to push the card back toward his new friend

“Aw Pete don’t even worry about it, I have too much money to even know what to do with.” Wade responded confidently pushing his hand back toward Peter.

After some brief hesitation Peter swiped with the card. It worked of course and soon all the grocery’s were bagged and ready to go.

“I’ll walk you to your car.” Wade said leading the way out of the store.
On the small trip to the car Peter got a bit nervous. He knew how things like this went. As kind as Wade was he was sure Wade would want some sort of reward for being so charming and considerate it would only be a matter of time before he asked. Not that Peter would truly mind, it’s just that Peter had a bit of a problem with those kinds of favors.

With this realization in mind Peter was stressed as Wade said nothing. Peter was fidgety as Wade helped him load the trunk and he was down right panicky by the time Wade said

“It was nice meeting you Peter Parker.” And turned to leave like the goddamn charm he was.

“Wa-wait!” Peter yelled a little to loudly making Wade turn around and look curiously back at him.

“I was just- I didn’t think- I just wanted to know- I mean you’ve just done a lot for me, did you… I mean I could return all the favors you’ve done for me.”

Wade turned around completely and then made a thinking face as if the choice of payment wasn’t completely obvious.

“You know what, I actually have the most perfect idea.” Wade said

“Ok.” Peter responded hesitantly.

“There is this lovely little Mexican food restaurant that my friend runs. The food is fantastic there but she doesn’t get many customers there so she doesn’t get the money to fix up the place which only drives customers away. It’s a cycle really. So what you can do is go there once or twice and get your friends to go as well. Get her a little bit of business. You know what how about I text the location to you!”

Peter, amused by the tangent let Wade put his number into Peter’s phone. Peter texted Wade and Wade texted back the location.

“Alrighty then Petey I’ll see you around.” And then he was heading away.

Peter, after some brief bewildered staring turned and got into his car.

He could already tell Wade was going to be skipping through his mind for a while now.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Peter has been thinking about wade ever since they met. Now that he’s met him again he is about to find out if he’s just as wonderful as Peter hopes he is.

Chapter Notes

If you’d like to make corrections please do just be specific.

Peter definitely had a problem now. His problem was that he was addicted to the place that wade had suggested.

When he had first gone there he was quite sure that it wasn’t worth it. The outside was faded and some of the letters that spelled the name of the restaurant had fallen off so that Peter couldn’t read the name. Inside there were cracks in the walls and everything seemed a little dirty.

Nevertheless Peter persisted. He sat down and ordered, empanadas.

When it arrived however.

The smell was indescribable, like the sort of thing that would come from your childhood. It smelled like the sort of thing you’d take a bite of and say “just like how mama used to make.”

Peter could practically taste it already even though he’d never even /seen/ this dish before. (Geez how uncultured)

Jesus fuck! The first bite was practically orgasmic, which was not a word Peter ever saw himself using for food.

Peter was then stuck on what to do next. He could shovel every last bite into his mouth right now, or he could take his time and enjoy the meal to its fullest extent. After a bit of consideration (and figuring that he may actually choke if he chose the former) Peter decided to take another slow bite, no matter how beautifully tortuous he found the speed.

Every time he was there he’d think about how he’d really hope that wade would be proud that he was there or that if they met again, that wade would be excited to see him. Peter knew he’d probably never meet Wade again but wade had been the first truly nice non judgement person Peter had met in a while. So whenever he ate there he’d think about wade.

And that’s how he got addicted. He ate there frequently and even got a job finally in determination not to have to miss a single meal there. In fact it was his absolute stubborn determination to be there to eat constantly that helped him meet Wade.

It was a Wednesday which was apparently the busiest day because there were actually a few people there, not just someone in the corner reading or trying to eat and get out as fast as possible. In fact
there were (upon Peter’s count) twelve people today, which was definitely more people than he’d seen there in a while. After being sat down at a table and telling the waiter his drink order, he picked up the menu, only to be interrupted by a familiar face loudly plop into the chair ahead of him.

“Man! Sorry I’m late, traffic was a nightmare.” He said leaning back and showing off a goofy grin. Goodness! That grin was contagious.

“It’s ok, just don’t do it again.” Peter said trying and failing to not smile as he went back to his search for food on the menu.

Once he had found what he wanted he put the menu down and shared a smile with Wade.

Wade leaned forward a bit. “So you’ve been coming here?”

Peter leaned forward as well. “Of course! At least four times a week for the two and a half weeks since I’ve seen you.”

Wade laughed, which was also contagious, but then he started to stand.

“What’cha doing?” Peter asks hesitantly bobbing his leg a bit worried that wade was suddenly leaving.

“I actually have to get back to work.” Wade responded whilst tying an apron around his waist and holding up a pad of paper. “So have you figured out what you wanted?” He finished with a shit eating grin on his face.

Peter burst into giggles out of pure shock. Though fits of laughter he managed to squeak out his order.

After writing it down Wade gave Peter a sly wink and headed to another table.

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“Hey so my shift is over in a few minutes…” Wade started, setting the check down on the table, “if you want you could wait outside for a bit, and when I’ve wrapped up I could take you somewhere.” Wade finished and looked up to meet Peter’s eyes.

Wades blue eyes sparkled, and god damn if they didn’t make Peter’s entire mind numb.

Peter let a small smile grow on his face. “Sure.”

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Peter hadn’t smiled this much in a long time. His cheeks and stomach were sore from how much he and wade had joked and laughed. As it turns out Wade is hilarious as fuck and god damn if that didn’t make Peter enjoy his new friends company… his /handsome/ friends company.

See that was the problem. With every laugh, every joke, every tease, every goddamn smile Peter would fall farther. And he /knew/, Peter knew that Wade could never want something broken like Peter. Broken like Harry always had to remind him. That’s ok though, Peter didn’t need Wade like that. He was ok with Wade just being a friend. He was. Truly.

“Ok here we are.” Wade cut through Peter’s sudden quiet mental desperation, turning off the car.

Peter looked outside the window. An arcade.
Peter opened the car door and stepped out looking at Wade over the roof of the car. “Here?” Peter asked pointing at the neon lit building labeled “Jimbo’s arcade”

“Something wrong.” Wade asked looking up at the building as if suddenly regretting bringing Peter here.

“No! Not at all.” Peter responded hurriedly, “it’s just unexpected.”

Wade chuckled and started heading towards the arcade doors with Peter close behind.

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Peter and Wade were on a mother fucking roll. After a bit of searching Peter had found a big version of a phone app called doodle jump. If you got to the top you’d get 1000 tickets plus what you had gotten on your way there. Peter tried a whole bunch of time and finally got it. He and Wade were practically dying, saying things like “holly shit!” And “best day ever.” Over and over again. When Wade had finally gotten all the tickets in order. Peter tried the game again, and won again! 1000 more tickets came out of the machine which left Wade and Peter dying and screaming once more. Needless to say, putting them into the machine that transfers the amount of tickets on to paper was fun as hell, and by the end Peter and Wade had 2322 tickets to spend.

Peter and Wade approached the prize counter like they won the lottery. (They practically had.)

God damn they had a lot of prizes here. While Wade was deliberating what to get, Peter was eyeing this adorable baby pink cat plushie that looked like a big oval with an adorable squished cat face. He was sure that plushie style was called Tsum tsums or something.

Of course he couldn’t ask for something like that. If he were with Harry he was sure Harry would tell him not to be so stupidly childish and get something more manly. Wade of course wouldn’t be so open about his disgust but Peter couldn’t embarrass himself like that anyway.

“See something you like over there.” Wade said leaning down slightly to whisper toward Peter.

“No- I- I wasn’t- I didn’t- no.” Peter tried to cover. He using his nail to peel off some of the already chipped paint on the counter.

“Was it the cat?” Wade said looking away from the adorable toy and at Peter.

Peter tried to say something but what came out was a bunch of nervous squeaks and confused noises.

Wade chuckled and asked the prize guy for the cat. The man set the cat down right in front of Peter, which would have embarrassed him if he wasn’t so shocked by Wade being so ok with getting Peter a cat toy. Peter snatched up the plushy and hugged it close to his chest.

Wade scooped the prizes he’d asked for into a bag that he’d also asked for and they headed back to the car to drive around for some food.

They got in the car and started to drive.

Peter really loved the cat. He’d alternate between looking down at the cat and squeezing its little face, and looking out the window.

“What are you going to name them.” Wade asked nodding his head in reference to the cat.

Peter thought about it, the little guy was pink and a bit fuzzy so the first name that came to his mind was… he stuffed his face against the plushie and mumbled, “Peaches…”
“Hmm?” Wade asked leaning towards Peter a bit and still trying to keep his eyes on the road.

“Peaches.” Peter said in a little voice, pulling his face away from the stuffed animal.

“Awwwwww Petey that’s so cute!” Wade cooed, a smile tugging at his lips.

“Nooo it’s embarrassing.” Peter whined blushing and shoving his face back into the plushie.

Wade chuckled and then let quiet fill the car. Once the got to a traffic light however while waiting for the green, Wade pulled out his phone and quickly put on a song.

The sweet melody of some old timey singer started in the car.

Wade sang along

/It’s a little bit funny
This feeling in side./

Peter looked over to wade. His singing voice wasn’t amazing per say but god damn it sent chills down Peter spine.

/I’m not one a’ those
Who can
Easily hide/

Peter tightened his hold around his new stuffie. He felt his cheeks heat slightly as he pondered if wade was the type to sing in the shower.

/Don’t have much money but boy if I did
I’d buy a big house where we both could live./

Peter listened to the sweet serenade of wades words. But now that he was listening, he was pretty sure he had heard this song before.

/If I was a sculptor, But then again no
Or a man who makes potions in the traveling show/

Peter still couldn’t place where he heard the song but tried to enjoy it with out that bothering him, especially when he could listen to wade sing though the words.

/Oh I know it’s not much but it’s the best I can do
My gift is my song and
This one’s for you./

Wade then glance over at Peter for what could only have been a moment but it seemed to just be Wade checking to make sure he was all good.

/And you can tell everybody This is your song
It may be quite simple but now that it’s done
I hope you don’t mind/

Christ his voice was beautiful.

/I hope you don’t mind/

Peter wouldn’t mind him singing all the time.
The car stopped and Peter vaguely registered that they were outside of his apartment.

Wade turned the music down and looked at Peter. “I believe this is your stop.” He stayed turning down the music.

Peter tried to act natural. “Yep. That’s- yep.” He opened the door.

“This was really fun Peter.” Wade said smiling. “We should do it again some time.”

“Yeah, definitely” Peter responded. He sort of awkwardly stood there wanting to say something but not knowing what, and then he despises that there was nothing to say so he turned and went up to the door of the apartment.

He looked back as Wade drove off, feeling those little butterflies he hadn’t felt in a long time. He could ignore them. He could.

Right?
Ok so Peter’s whole idea about ignoring his feelings for Wade was failing miserably. The problem was that Peter miss read everything that Wade did.

Wade always directed Peter by putting his hand on the small of Peter back, and sure, that could be platonic friend direction but the location of wades hand seemed weird to Peter (not that he was complaining,) but then there were things like the fake flirting. Innuendos, the pretend gropes and kisses, and the goddamn shirts.

The goddamn shirts is how Peter referenced wades wardrobe.

As soon as Wade had gotten comfortable around Peter… well… he stopped wearing hoodies around him. Which would be fine. If the shirts he wore instead weren’t so goddamn…..fantasy inducing.

They were all too small. That was the problem. Wades shirts were just tight enough to not be uncomfortable but still tight enough to stretch across his beautifully sculpted torso. Tight enough that Peter could see the muscle shifting underneath. And truth be told that was enough to made even the straightest man ever so slightly gay.

But that wasn’t all that made being just friends hard for Peter.

What truly made it hard was how Wade could read Peter like a book. Somehow Wade could look at Peter and be able to tell his exact mood. And if Peter was sad in anyway, Wade would go out of his way to make it better, and for some reason that broke Peter. Down in his soul it crushed him, because he knew. Peter knew that he could never have that. Wade would never date him and even if he did, he’d find someone else, just like everyone else did. And then Peter would be alo-

“Hey whatcha thinking about that’s making you frown so much?” Wade asked poking Peter between the eyes.

Peter laughed, trying to lighten himself up. “It’s nothing.”

“Hmm...” Wade leaned back.

“What?” Peter asked crossing his arms worriedly.

“How about a movie? I’ll make some pancakes. Pancakes and movies always make me feel better. Is that alright with you Peter pumpkin eater.”

Peter blushed but nodded in agreement, though he was sure this was an unpractical time for pancakes, he always found that wades pancakes were time defying.

Wade went into the kitchen and Peter could hear the sounds of pans being set up on the stove.

Wade had hung out in Peter’s house plenty of times and he’d made Peter pancakes at least five times before and yet it still shocks Peter when Wade knows exactly where everything is. Of course when Peter was with Harry Peter did all the cooking (though he wasn’t much good) so there might have been a reason for him forgetting that other people could memorize his kitchens layout.
Once Wade came back with a plate of beautiful pancakes they started a movie (gnomeo and Juliet since wade seems to like kinda good kids movies.)

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Peter didn’t remember falling asleep and he didn’t remember getting into bed to do so, but he did remember a buff chest with a too tight shirt stretched across. And he remembered the warmth of arms around his waist.

Yeah, no matter how hard Peter tried, he just wasn’t sure how much longer he could ignore the way his heart sings for Wade. And he definitely couldn’t ignore the platonic touching and flirting. It was just a matter of time before he ruins everything.

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So Peter just ruined everything. How the fuck had he let it all spiral out of hand so quickly.

Peter needed to see why he fucked up so bad. He needed to review the day.

Ok so peter had woken up for work like a normal day rested in pjs and holding his favorite cuddles buddy “peaches” before he realized that he had no work (some sort of Holliday). It had been fine, Peter had stayed at home plenty of times

But for some reason today was different. Well no not for some reason. It was burning outside and this the power had gone out. So Peter couldn’t turn the tv on, which wouldn’t be so bad if the silence wasn’t so suffocating. No matter where peter was in the apartment all he could hear was Harry’s angry screaming. Peter kept hearing the slamming of doors even when he tried to make himself breakfast. It was almost as if he was in a VR experience of Harry played on repeat.

Peter tried to distract himself and even tried to make breakfast. He had gotten to putting the eggs (sunny side up) and toast on a plate when,

“PUT THAT SHIT DOWN YOU DISGUSTING CUNT!!”

Peter screamed and heard the shattering of glass. The tears that plunged down his his face almost burned. He loudly sobbed. He turned and ran to the bedroom unknowingly running through the broken plate on his way there.

He threw himself into his bed and grabbed peaches holding the stuffed cat close. Crying into its fluffy fabric.

“WHAT KIND OF A LAME ASS BITCH CARRIES A DOLL!!!”

Peter screamed into to toy to muffle his Holler.

Peter’s phone beeped signaling that he should be in his car on the way to work (if he had work.)

His phone! Wade!

Peter grabbed it in blind panic and being too impatient to do much else he asked Siri to call Wade.

It took two rings too many.

“Hey baby boy what’s up?” Wade asked. Peter could hear rustling on Wade's side. Peter tried to speak. Tried to tell him what was wrong. But the words stuck.
“Baby boy?” Peter couldn’t breath. He choked out a sound that he was suddenly worried sounded like he was maybe dying.

Wade seemed to think so too because he worriedly said, “Peter are you ok? Where are you?”

Peter sobbed hard and managed to get enough breath to say, “home. Please get here quick.” He tried breathing again but he just made a wheezing sound.

“I’m on my way Peter! Can you tell me what wrong? Are you in any danger?” Peter could tell that Wade was moving now.

“I’m not in danger.” Peter whispered. A small sob ended the sentence.

“That’s good. That’s good. I’m not my way Peter. Your going to be ok.” The sound of a car starting.

“I’ll be there soon!”

Peter never had to wait so long in his life

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The door slammed again and Peter screamed like he was being tortured

“Peter! It’s ok, it’s me!” Wades footsteps started toward the bedroom.

“WADE!” Peter hollered. And then Wade was running. Peter heard the commotion as Wade crashed into the wall just outside of the bedroom then threw himself toward the bed where Peter sat up with his arms outstretched desperately. Wade grasped him tightly and whispered softly to calm him down.

“I can’t breath.” Peter whispered. “I’m sorry, I’m going to die.” Peter held Wade around his neck.

“No, no, your not.” Wade took one of Peter’s hands and places on Wade’s side about where the ribs would be, “match my breathing.”

Wade took a nice deep breath. Peter attempted to copy it and got out a mostly shaky deep breath. Wade let his breath out and Peter followed. They repeated this until Peter had gotten some sort of control over his breathing.

Peter pulled away looking ashamed. “I’m sorry. I didn’t- I just- I mean this whole thing could have been solved by a simple breathing trick. I’ve wasted your time and made you drive all the way over here just to take care of some overgrown baby.” Tears started to form again. “I shouldn’t have called you. oh god I’m so worthless-”

“Hey! You are not worthless.” Wade said determinedly cupping Peter’s face with his hands. “Peter I don’t care about any of that stuff. Your so important to me. Peter you can call me whenever. Whether I’m mad or asleep or at work. You call me whenever and I’ll always come for you. I promise.” Wade looked Peter deep in his eyes. Wade’s blue eyes sparkled with a passionate protective glint. And Peter fell over the edge. Peter made a mistake.

He leaned forward and kissed Wade. In his bedroom while they were having a moment. Peter ruined it. He put his hands over his mouth in shock, “Oh my god! I aso sorry.” New tears fell down his face. “I’m so sorry.” Peter was sure he knew the outcome to this, “please don’t leave. I’m so sorry- I’m- im so- sorry.”

“Peter it’s ok. Really.” Wade said calmly. “Peter it truly is ok I swear.”

Peter tried to get up to flee from this humiliation but yelped in pain and fell back down on the bed.
“What’s wrong?” Wade asked tentatively, shifting Peter’s foot. “Oh baby boy your foot is all cut up.”

Wade helped Peter with the glass in the kitchen and the cuts on Peter’s foot but Peter wouldn’t talk to him. Not even when he suggested a movie.

Eventually, Wade left. With Peter not communicating with him and turning away when ever he tried to help, it was kind of pointless for Wade to be there at all. Peter knew this, but it still hurt that Wade was leaving.

“I’ll text you to see how your doing later. Is that ok?” Wade said. He stood at the door with his hoodie on and hand on the handle. Peter didn’t respond. With a disappointed sigh Wade left.

Peter had ruined everything.

Peter walked to his bed. (His feet still hurt a bit.) and once he had gotten under the covers he cried until he fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter is a bit short
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Things get better

Chapter Notes

If there are any mistakes you see feel free to tell me but please be specific

See the end of the chapter for more notes

|Wade: you wanna go to a movie?|

Peter stared down at the words on his phone. He blinked. It had been two days since… well since he’d last seen Wade, and Wade was just suddenly asking him to hang out. He wasn’t mentioning what had happened. Unless inviting Peter out was an excuse to trap Peter into what was an unwelcome conversation.

|Wade: you don’t have to say yes.|

Peter couldn’t help himself. This could be a well laid trap or some kind of confrontation but damn it, Peter hadn’t seen Wade in two days and he hadn’t even responded to his friends when they tried to text. He was currently drowning in loneliness.

|Peter: ok|

|Wade: you sure?|

|Peter: yeah|

|Wade: today?|

|Peter: sure|

|Wade: I’ll pick you up in an hour.|

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Peter felt sick when he saw Wade again. He was standing there with his hood over his scarred face and his hands in his pockets. He looked somewhat threatening, but then he saw peter and his entire demeanor lightened considerably. Wade removed the hood revealing his bald head. And his crooked smile sent those familiar butterflies into Peter’s stomach. Even the slowly graying sky was accenting Wade’s skin perfectly. Heck! Wade was more beautiful than when Peter had seen him last.

Wade greeted Peter with a hug like usual. If Peter hadn’t been noticing how Wade was just as warm as usual, he would have noticed how Wade hugged just a bit tighter than usual, and that his hug lasted a bit longer.
When Wade pulled away Peter tried not to show any sort of disappointment on his face. He also tried not to show the relief that Wade wasn’t mad enough to terminate their friendship.

“I was thinking we could walk, is that ok? The theater is just over there.” Wade said pointing down the sidewalk in one direction.

Peter nodded sticking his hands into his jacket pockets.

Wade swung a backpack over his shoulder and started walking in the direction he had gestures toward.

Unfortunately Wade’s long legs meant he was way faster than Peter, so Peter was getting a little tired trying to keep up with him.

Wade didn’t seem to notice, and (maybe it was Peter’s imagine) seemed to speed up.

No, Wade was definitely speeding up. He was probably worried about getting to the movie late, but he was leaving Peter in the dust. Wade was getting farther away and with maybe three more long strides, he would be out of sight.

Peter called out “Wade!”

Wade didn’t seem to hear.

“WADE!!!”

Peter did the only thing he could think to do. He ran. He ran straight into Wade’s back. Wade turned and looked at him in surprise.

Panting slightly Peter explained. “I almost lost you. You walk so fast you know.”

Wade laughed and grasped Peter’s left hand with his right. Then he continued walking like normal. He was walking a bit slower though. Peter’s mind couldn’t get around the fact that Wade was currently holding his hand. Wade’s thumb was tracing a circle into the back of Peter’s hand. Peter’s mind didn’t seem to work.

He didn’t know what he had expected to happen but he squeezed Wade’s hand. Not hard but enough to notice. Wade squeezed back and threw a look over his shoulder. If Wade hadn’t been movie so surely Peter would have stopped right there.

Wade’s eyes were so reflective in that moment. The scars that littered his face brought this red appearance that made him look like he had been exercising, and his smile. That smile. It wasn’t a smirk, not this time, it was just knowing and so fond. It made Peter’s whole mind collapse and it took until getting to the theater to reboot.

When Wade and Peter got in line for the concessions after getting the tickets, (they were seeing a restoring of some old movie called “All of Me”) Wade finally let go of Peter’s hand. His hand was cold. Peter looked up at Wade as discreetly as he could but Wade looked as though nothing was wrong. Peter wasn’t sure why he was disappointed.

Once they sat down in their seats and the lights dimmed Wade opened his backpack to show off all the snacks you could ever even think of.

“Wade!” Peter whispered, “why did you bring this stuff if we were going to buy popcorn!”
Wade looked at Peter with a smirk. He reached in and after digging around brought out Hershey’s caramel kisses, Peter’s favorite.

“Point made.” Peter responded taking the bag from him.

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The movie was actually pretty good. It was a romantic comedy with a small amount of the supernatural thrown in. It truly was a good movie for people who like romantic comedy. Peter even cried a bit at the end. It wasn’t even sad, or beautiful, but Peter liked it so he cried.

Now though the movie was over, which would have been fine if it wasn’t pouring rain outside, which would have been fine if Peter had also brought an umbrella. Which he didn’t. As it was, he and Wade had to huddle beneath Wade’s kinda small umbrella, pressed together, all the way to Peter’s apartment. Which Peter supposed wouldn’t be as bad as it was if Wade hadn’t decided the best way to keep him and Peter in the right spot was to place his hand on Peter’s waist and pressing them together. Wade had asked permission like a gentleman and Peter had stupidly said it was fine. So here Peter was about halfway to his apartment. Blushing, and stumbling, and burning everywhere that he and Wade touched. At this point he was getting so heated that he wouldn’t mind Wade shoving him against a wall right and kissing the living daylights out of him right here and now, on this busy street, where people were walking. Ok maybe it’s not the greatest idea.

And Peter shouldn’t even be having these thoughts right now with Wade right next to him.

/This is fine we’re already three fourths of the way there./

Peter peeked up at Wade through his eyelashes. Wade was walking normally (hunched a little for the umbrella) and he had a calm smile on his face. Then he made eye contact with Peter.

“What’s up?” Wade asked looking down at him.

Peter blushed. “Nothin’”

Wade chuckled. “That blush doesn’t seem like nothing. You thinking something unholy?” He asked full on shit eating grin crossing his face.

“NoO!” Peter squealed putting his hands on his face in embarrassment.

Wade’s laugh didn’t help much.

But thank god they were now at the apartment and this entire embarrassment fest was over.

Peter turned toward the door to put in the passcode. Wade caught his hand however. Peter turned.

“Peter, can you come back here for a sec?”

Peter hesitated but walked back under the umbrella, the memory of two days ago starting up in his head.

“What- uh what’s up.” Peter asked shifting uncomfortably.

Wade seemed uncomfortable as well.

“Can I- uh *ahem* Peter, can I… kiss you.”
Peter stood there staring up at Wade looking into his blue eyes. Peter’s brain seemed to have stopped. He couldn’t breath. He couldn’t move. There seemed to be only one solution.

“Ok” Peter brought his hands to his chest squeezing them together.

“You’re sure?” Wade asked bringing his hand up a bit.

“I’m sure.” Peter whispered leaning forward a bit. Wade grasped Peter around the waist and pulled him close. He pressed his lips to Peter’s hard. Peter gasped and wrapped his arms around Wade’s neck pulling him close.

Wade let the umbrella fall.

Water plunged down their faces and they were quickly becoming soaked from the water. But the kiss was slowly escalating. They were moving their mouths against each other. Wade’s tongue slipped in between Peter’s lips and tangled with Peter tongue. Their torsos were pressed together through their soaked clothes. and Peter had to stand on his toes slightly. Wade tangled his fingers in Peter’s wet hair and held it, using that leverage to tilt Peter head and get a better angle. Peter tried to kiss back but he found that he was becoming putty in Wade’s hands, unable to do anything except what Wade wanted him to do. Not that he was complaining. Until he was complaining when Wade pulled away.

Peter gasped for breath, “why did you stop?”

Wade chuckled and looked around, “funny thing actually, I uh seemed to have let go of the umbrella.”

Sure enough, upon looking around, Peter saw that the aforementioned umbrella was nowhere in sight.

Though Peter was sure that Wade might be mad at him for losing the umbrella, Wade was having a hearty guffaw and Peter couldn’t help but join in. Finally their laughter died down.

“You wanna come inside?” Peter asked a bit nervously, fumbling with his hands.

Wade smiled “sure... can I kiss you again?”

Peter smiled, “sure.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter might be a bit short but I hope you liked it.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Don’t forget, if there are any mistakes you see go ahead and tell me but be specific please.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>You’ve got a text from the group chat:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MJ: Let’s go somewhere today.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peter: I’m sick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gwen: that’s a new one, usually it’s “I’m busy.” “I’m having a date with Harry” “I’m just not ready” or just not responding at all, you can’t just waste your life away Peter. You have to get out sometime or you’ll go crazy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter: I was caught in the rain yesterday and now I’m bedridden, don’t know what else to tell you.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gwen: whatever</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MJ: you really should get out Peter but we won’t bother you anymore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gwen: at least today we won’t.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Peter looked down at his phone with a small smile on his face. His friends were always so dramatic. Peter had never gone crazy from being alone. Unless you count that one time where he needed to call Wade. Huh. Ok maybe they had a point. Maybe Peter did need to go out more.

“Hey, what did we say about frowny faces before eight o’clock pm?” Wade said entering the room with a tray of bacon, pancakes, and gross sick medicine.

Peter looked up and smiled. He met Wade’s eyes and blushed looking down at his phone. Wade chuckled.

“Hey Wade do you think I should go out more often? Like with people other than you? N- not that I don’t enjoy going out with you! I mean- I didn’t mean it like that- I- lemme try again. I haven’t seen my friends in a while and I was wondering if I should ask them to hang or if I should wait for them to ask me?”

Wade chuckled at Peter’s spiel. “Well you should definitely ask your friends out. You definitely shouldn’t be tied to me all the time. As soon as you’d better I will implore you to get some time away from here. Until then, have a pancake.”

Peter giggled. He took a bite out of the pancake that Wade was offering. They both giggled this time.

When Peter looked up at Wade this time he could see that adoring expression. The one that meant that Wade was about to ask-l
“Can I kiss you Pete?”

Peter chuckled at the timing. “You’ll get sick.” He leaned back a bit and crossed his arms, still smiling.

Wade chuckled as well. “Pfff I’m already sick.”

“What!” Peter practically screeched “what do you mean your sick!!”

Wade laughed again and slapped one of Peter’s hands on his forehead. It was burning hot.

“Whaaa!!! Get in bed!!! Your going to die if you don’t take care of yourself!!!” Peter cried out dragging Wade into the bed.

Wade fell into the bed next to Peter and made sure the food was alright on the side table before wrapping his arms around Peter and turning to him, “aww Peter pumpkin eater, I’m not that sick. Besides your the priority.”

Peter didn’t like Wade putting Peter health ahead of his own, and was about to say so when Wade said, “ I’m actually pretty tired.” Peter let it go. He laid next to Wade and whispered, “do you still want that kiss?”

Wade peeked one eye open and leaned forward for a quick peck to the nose then closed his eyes and was asleep.

Peter blushed but allowed himself to let go of embarrassment and cuddled up to a sleeping Wade. It’s not that shocking to say that he fell asleep as well.

That’s ok Wade’s pancakes are just fine when cold.

— — —

Harry was angry. That’s all Peter knew. Peter was scared, he was still supporting the wounds from Harry’s last rampage and he didn’t know how much more he could handle. That’s why he had to run. He was currently in a mall. He’d call for help but no one would come to his aid, and then Harry would know that Peter was trying to get away, and the punishment would be worse.

Peter ran until he slammed into a familiar buff person. Peter fell to the floor from the impact and looked up. “Wade?”

Wade turned around and he did not looked pleased. “Harry told me all about you. If I had known how fucked up you were I wouldn’t have ever even talked to you, I mean, no one would ever buy a broken toy.”

Peter was crying now. “I’m not broken, please don’t leave me Wade.” Peter tried to grab Wade’s leg to beg but Wade kicked him hard in the chest. Peter fell back and a sob was wrenched from his throat. Suddenly water was rising all around Peter and the chains on his arms kept him on his knees and prohibited him from swimming. “Please Wade please!” But Wade didn’t need a broken toy and he was staying just outside the edge of the water that was now at Peter’s chest. Peter cried harder. Begging for forgiveness even as the water surrounded his head.

He was going to die, and he would never see Wade again. He could see the shadow of him outside of the water. Suddenly his hair was yanked back which cause a terrified yelp to escape his vocals. With his hair came his head and he was forced to meet the unemotional expression of his boyfriend, Harry.
Harry raised the taser. “i bet you enjoy this you slut.”

He pressed the taser to Peter’s neck and Peter screamed in pain.

Harry pulled the taser away and said “this will teach you to only have good dreams about me!”

He started to return the taser to Peter neck when suddenly Peter was awake, eye to eye with Wade, who looked worried as all hell.

Peter was covered in sweat and had tears pouring down his cheeks.

He and Wade made eye contact for a quick moment before Peter just started sobbing. Sobbing so hard that his body curled in on itself. Wade wrapped his arms around Peter, keeping him close.

“Wade, I’m so sorry.” Peter whispered.

“Oh Peter you’ve done nothing wrong. There is nothing you should be apologizing for.” Wade tried to keep Peter calm but he seemed to be getting a little worse.

“I’m so sorry. Your sick and it’s night and I had a dream where you were bad! I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to!” Peter was sobbing loudly now. His whole body was spasming.

Wade shushed him calmly. “Peter there is no way to control what your dreams are about. At least not without some sort of training. Whoever used to get mad at you for having bad dreams was wrong. Peter, your ok I promise.”

Peter was quieter now. He was doing the breathing exercises that Wade had taught him. And thank god they were working. Peter was suddenly exhausted he felt the sleep start to kick in even as he still had hiccups from the crying. He was calmer now, and Wade was humming the last thing he hear before he fell asleep was Wade singing about sculptors and traveling shows.

— — —

Peter was still tired when he woke up. But at least Wade was there next… um apparently Wade wasn’t next to Peter. Maybe Wade had gone back to his own apartment? Peter kind of hoped not but decided that since he was feeling better this morning that he would start his day.

Peter walked into the kitchen to get some coffee before his shower. When he entered however, he say Wade there in a very pink and very frilly “kiss the chef” apron cooking... tacos? This early in the morning? Well Peter supposed that Wade was always quite weird about what times he ate what foods.

And Peter wasn’t complaining by the time he ate the first bite and almost died from overstimulated taste buds.

“I was thinking we could do some Mario kart. Since you’re sick I’ll totally beat your ass!” Wade said leaning on the counter.

Peter laughed, “in sickness or in health I’ll always kick your ass.”

“Is that a promise?” Wade joked raising an eyebrow.

“It most certainly is.” Peter responded grabbing a remote.

Wade grabbed the other remote and sat next to peter, “you are ok though, right?”
Peter looked up into his worried eyes, he sighed. “Yeah I’m good.”

Wade turned toward the TV not looking very reassured “well as long as you're sure.”

“I am.” Peter responded, starting up the game.

Wade slipped an arm over Peter's shoulders, and if he let Peter win well, neither of them said anything.

Chapter End Notes

Lol dreams are a clique but still...
So there was a few reasons that Peter was kind of avoiding asking his friends on an outing. One of those reasons is that one of the last time he went to see them that they had decided that they weren’t going to let him waste his life on bad boyfriends, every hangout after that consisted of their constant criticism of who he was currently dating. Though Peter now agreed with them, at the time it was quite offensive.

One of the other reasons was that the last time he had gone to see them they had called Harry abusive and manipulative and pretty much told Peter that he was stupid for staying with Harry. It bothered Peter at the time, that they thought they could control him like that, but Peter supposed that Harry was way worse. Anyway Peter had stormed out of the restaurant where that had met in a rage. He had cried all the way home.

So needless to say, Peter wasn’t all that excited to be meeting with them today. But they were his friends, and no matter how unconventional their form of trying to help was, they loved, and missed Peter and Peter loved and missed them. So Peter was going to battle through this anxiety and see his friends again. Still no one could blame Peter for trying to feel as safe as possible. So when Peter picked a location he chose the very restaurant that Wade had suggested all those weeks ago.

Well it definitely made Peter feel better to be back in such a familiar place. The “Mi Lugar Favorito” or so the new logo on the front said. Was just as low-grade inside as it had been when Peter had been there last, but it still had that quaint little charm that Peter had been missing. Peter was sure everything was going to be fine.

But not Peter was actually here, sitting at a table, and staring across the cheap wood at his two friends, who were supporting similar expressions of a mixture of shock, worry and a few others.

Peter felt like he was being examined on a surgery table.

“Heh, hey guys, who’s funeral is it huh?” Peter said in an attempt to get some form of reaction from the two stoic ladies. He didn’t succeed.

“Hehe, why the long faces?” Peter’s second attempt didn’t work very well either.

“Hah, uh what uh- what’s with all this silence coming from you two? I- I mean you guys usually start talking the moment I get here. Do- uh- do I have something on my face… or something? Maybe
it’s something on my shirt? I uh- i mean, ever since I started eating as much as I do now I have been getting a lot of stains on my shirts. I wouldn’t eat as much however if Wade didn’t keep telling me that he’s worried that I’ll die of malnourishment. He’s funny like that. That’s the thing though. I don’t believe I’d even die from malnourishment even if I was still eating like I did before because I was eating a bit and even though my muscle was a bit tired I was still eating at all. I’m not exactly sure if that’s how it works, because as we all know I’m better at chemistry than biology right? Haha.”

The waiter came over and gave them their drinks. After he left Peter looked back at his two companions only to see that their expressions had become even more worried and shocked.

“Guys can’t you say something.”

Gwen blinked and glanced over at MJ who returned the look, if only slightly. Gwen looked back at Peter. She opened her mouth, and closed it again, and opened it, “Peter, it’s just, we’re trying to get over the fact that you have no bruises on your face.”

MJ jumped into the conversation then. “And you look a lot healthier than you have in a long time. There are no bags under your eyes and your skin looks healthier, you look fuller too.”

“Peter what we’re trying to say,” Gwen took control of the conversation once more, “what is going on? What is happening that is making you look so much better than before.”

Peter traced the pattern of the wood on the table absently and chuckled, “that’s like the song from legally blonde, have you guys heard of that musical. Wade loves that musical, although to be honest he loves most musicals. He listens to them on a regular basis. Their kind of annoying sometimes but he’s just so into it that’s his pouty makes me feel bad when I ask him to turn it off.”


Peter blushed. “He’s my uh- he’s- we’re- he’s like my sort of boyfriend.”

“What?” Gwen asked making a disgruntled face.

“Well, we kiss and stuff but he isn’t- like he hasn’t- I mean- he hasn’t asked me to be his boyfriend. I don’t really know what our relationship is.

MJ looked like she had something to say about this but Gwen cut her off, “Well, I’d love to meet him.” MJ looked at Gwen like she was crazy. Something in the look Gwen gave her made her change her mind. “Yes I’d like to meet him as well.”

Gwen looked at Peter, “yes, how about you tell us more about him so that we know what to expect.”

Peter thought this seemed weird but decided that it might be best if he just went along with it. “Well he’s pretty buff… and tall… uh he has a really defined jawline, and his eyes as blue as how you would imagine a very clean ocean to be. He’s intimidating but he’s nice when you get to know him. Also he talks a lot. Uh I guess that’s mostly it for physical appearance. But really he super nice and he’s not like the other guys I’ve dated. And he makes really good pancakes. Also good tacos.” Peter finished his slight rant by the time the waiter came over with their food.

MJ took a bite of her food. She made a sound like she really enjoyed it and shoved some more forkfuls into her mouth. Peter chuckled at the sudden enthusiasm.

Gwen though enjoying her food seemed a bit bothered by something, “you are being careful this time, right?”
Peter hesitated, “what do you mean?”

Gwen looked down at her food as if looking for the way to phrase what she wanted to say, “it’s just that… well the last several guys you’ve dated have been ‘not like the others’ were not saying that your wrong or anything but MJ and I both believe that you may be repeating history a bit here.”

Peter grasped for something to say but MJ cut him off.

“The way you talk about him though, he seems like a great guy and we’d love to meet him before we make any assumptions, but we just want to make sure you know what your getting yourself into.”

Peter nodded, “I understand.”

MJ smiled “good, and I’m sure he’s fantastic.”

Peter’s smile widened a bit, “He is, I swear it.”

— — —

Peter had an extremely good time with his friends. After their food was gone they went driving around the area too see what they had, and they found a small flea market taking up one of the streets. So they decided to stop and do a bit of shopping. There were many booths there and many tempting things to buy but there were also people advertising for whatever classes they had. There were things like martial arts, and magic lessons and even piano lessons. Peter was pretty good at piano and thought it would hurt to get tuned up a bit on that skill level again.

Overall it went pretty well and Peter was glad that he had gone out with his friends. But now it was time to go home, it was getting late and Peter worried that Wade would worry that Peter wouldn’t be home in a timely manner. So Peter said his goodbyes and sent a text to Wade saying he was on his way back to his apartment and that Wade could meet him there if he liked.

It was nice. Wade had arrived home before Peter and was making desserts for Peter by the time Peter had gotten there, they ate sundays and watched TV on the couch, they giggled and flirted and maybe kissed a bit. Peter couldn’t help but think it was all terribly domestic, and as Wade kissed him goodnight and headed to the couch to sleep (as he insisted) Peter couldn’t help but actually be excited for whatever his future with Wade might be.

Chapter End Notes

hope this chapter isn’t too short! Thank you everyone for reading it.
This dating thing was going really well. Although Peter and Wade were /actually dating/. Well could Peter really say that? since they kiss all the time and go out all the time and cuddle all the time and text all the time. Yeah Peter didn’t really know where his relationship with Wade sat.

But that’s ok! Peter was perfectly capable of being with Wade, with no labels. Peter really was ok with that… but sometimes he worried. Peter worried a lot. Peter knew that people probably considered Wade to be handsome despite the scars. Which made him paranoid whenever they would walk past a pretty girl or boy who gave Wade more than a 3 second look. And Wade was a really nice guy, so if someone started a conversation with him he’d try to respond appropriately. This usually meant that he didn’t even notice when he was feeding the flirtatious fire that most of his conversations were.

Then there was the fact that Peter worried about how long Wade could stand him. Peter knew he was broken, he had nightmares almost every night. Peter couldn’t hear some noises or see some things without breaking down, and it always hurt because Wade was always right there next to him whenever he was having or about to have an episode. Wade was wonderful like that, but how long until Wade had grown tired of being Peter’s babysitter.

The worst thing however was that Wade never wanted any sort of physical action with Peter except for kisses and cuddles. (And before you ask, it’s not because Wade is asexual, Wade and Peter have had that conversation.)

It made Peter confused when he would come home and see Wade waiting there and he would cuddle up close and try to make their kisses go farther and try to get touchy… but Wade would pull away and pretend he wasn’t interested. Many nights alone were spent close to tears from the fear that Wade had found himself a pretty Piece of ass to satisfy himself until he got home to Peter’s boring body.

All this mental battling was definitely not helped by the fact that Wade had been acting kinda strange lately. Well not strange, Wade was acting like he usually did but he would quickly change what he was talking about on the phone as soon as Peter got in (and even if he didn’t know that Peter was there he would use some strange code to communicate with whoever was on the other line.) and Wade would close his laptop really quick as if he was looking at something embarrassing and had gotten caught. And twice Peter and Wade had been about to go out, and when Wade checked the car he suddenly suggested walking. So needless to say Wade was hiding something from Peter, and
Peter was definitely stressing about the implications of that.

This entire scenario sucked extra because it was a lot like something that had gone down with two of his boyfriends before, Daniel and Harry. That’s how his relationship with Daniel ended but with Harry, Peter had to buy a whole new tube of foundation to cover up the kind of Harry had left that time.

Peter needed to stop thinking about this. It wasn’t even eleven am and it was a Saturday. Peter sighed and stretched and pushed his hand along to the other side of the bed. His hand met some paper. In confusion Peter sat up and grabbed the yellow paper. It said:

Dear Peter,

Good morning! I know what your going to say, “Wade you got hunk of man meat! No one should be this chipper in the morning!” Well usually I’d agree with you but today is a special day baby boy, we’re going to have a… (drumroll please) scavenger hunt!!!! Now I know what your thinking again, “Wade what the hecking heck are you talking about?” Well I am hidden somewhere in New York City and I have laid out clues all over for you to find. At 12:00 you’ll start the hunt with the clue that is on your breakfast (in the fridge). Good luck!!!! (Kisses)

Love,
Your dope ass fresh prince

Peter chuckled and took the letter into the kitchen where he opened the fridge to find lemon cake in the fridge with a yellow note on top. He took both out and cut himself a slice (lemon was one of his favorites). He read the first clue

Peter laughed and when back to his cake. What could this all be about, Peter couldn’t really think of anything since it wasn’t Wade or Peter’s birthday anytime soon, and neither of them had really done anything noteworthy at work. So what could it be? (Peter was trying not to think that it was just a creative way of dumping Peter.)

But Peter was definitely in the mood to have a bit of creative fun. It truly felt like he hadn’t used his brain in a while.

Alright so the clue…

“I am big bright and exciting” hmm that could be a lot of things.

“I am enjoyed with snacks you must bring”

Peter still wasn’t sure.

“I can be scary exhilarating or romantic, Though if you want, you don’t have to pick.” Peter thought about it and decided that that could be some form of entertainment. Either a movie book or play.

“The next clue is the location where you saw me for the first time with Wade” that implies that it’s not a book since you don’t go somewhere to see a book.

So it is probably a movie given that Peter hadn’t seen any plays with Wade yet.

The Arminson theater is where he and Wade saw all of me together, and that was the first movie they saw together.

Peter finished his slice of cake, changed, grabbed his keys phone and jacket as well as the clue and was out the door.
When Peter arrived at the theater he wasn’t sure if he should even go in or not. He was standing there rereading the first clue to try and see if it stayed to go in when an older woman came up.

“Is that yours?” She asked pointing at one of the posters on the wall of the production of the Wizard of Oz that was coming out soon. And would you look at that, on the yellow brick road hidden against the road itself was a yellow paper.

“Yes! thank you.” Peter said to the lady and jogged over to the poster before carefully peaking the paper off.

This one was a bit harder than the other.

Peter got into his car to deliberate what it could be.

“This place has everything you need. From a bag of chips to something to help when you bleed.” Sounded like some sort of convenience store to Peter.

“Just because you might not like your memory there. Doesn’t mean you should not care.” Hmm, Peter was starting to believe that he knew what this was.

“Just because your night’s not good Doesn’t mean you can’t get food.”

“Your next clue is here.”

Alright so the supermarket where Wade and Peter first met seemed like what this riddle was trying to say.

— — —

Peter arrived at the store at about three thirty thanks to traffic (and the fact that the store was kind of far across town) But this time the next clue was rather obvious, beings yellow price of paper against a white wall.

Peter grabbed it and went back to his car to decipher.

“Beep boop go the machines with all the lights. Where there are prizes like toys and kites.” Ok so this already sounded like somewhere that Peter recognized.

“Where you (Peter) won the coolest game. And on the scoreboard put your name.” This is definitely what Peter thought it was.

“It was too much to handle, can’t you tell, but I still think that you handled it well. Your prize was cute so pink and fluffy. Your prize was that little stuffie. This is where your next clue is.” The arcade! Peter smiled at the memories of the arcade that were suddenly resurfacing.

Peter, still smiling, pulled out of the parking spot and yielded into traffic. It looked like it was going to be pretty bad today.
Peter finally got to the arcade by around four forty five. Right smack on the door was another yellow sheet of paper.

“This was when it all began. But not the way that one would plan.” Thankfully this was already harder than the last two.

“This is where the dating started. This was where you touched my heart (ed?)” Peter chuckled slightly but still didn’t know.

“Thankfully that day had been a success. This was where you said yes. This is not a memory I will want to miss. This is where we had our first kiss.” Oh! In front of Peter’s apartment?

Well only one way to find out.

Peter was thankful to finally get outgoing of the traffic by five on the dot. So it took very little time to get to his apartment and see the yellow letter immediately.

“Did you know that if you go on the roof, This is true, I have the proof. That you will just barely see a little restaurant as small as a flea. It’s way out there if you look. But you can get there kind of quook (quick idk)

This is where your next and final clue is text me when you get going.”

Peter knew this one, he had noticed it once when he and Wade had gone to the roof together.

If Peter looked way east of his building, he could see Sito Favorito way off in the distance. Hopefully it won’t take too long to get there even with this traffic. Peter texted Wade and then got in his car and was on his way.

Peter arrived when it was getting dark out but he could still tell that the restaurant was the same as ever but it was looking a little better inside and out. Otherwise Peter wasn’t at all sure where his final clue was. That was until a the lady who always serves peter came out holding yellow piece of paper.

“On the roof” was all it said. The waiter guided him to the roof door and gave him a wink as she left. Peter blushed from embarrassment and slight confusion. Peter opened the door.

He was greeted with the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

There had been a table set up with a white tablecloth that fluttered in the wind, on the table was an elegant arrangement of flowers in the form of a small bouquet, as well as lit candles, champagne glasses and a champagne bottle. The entire table was bathed in the colors of the setting sun. It illuminated the sparkling liquid that had already been poured into the glasses, and set the tablecloth into a beautiful orange.

And then there was Wade. He was standing facing the sunset. He was wearing a tux that fitted his body to a T. His eyes were closed as If he were just soaking in the heat of the sun, which was
making his scarred skin iridescent.

Peter gasped from how absolutely lovely the scene was, but if he thought that was as beautiful as it could get, he was wrong.

The moment Peter uttered the sound Wade looked over and that was the most beautiful because of Wade’s eyes. They caught the light and reflected everything in them. The shone like diamonds and sparkles like crystals.

And then Wade recognized Peter and then he laughed which just sounded like bells ringing in a church.

“Would you like to sit down?” Wade asked politely gesturing towards the chairs.

Peter nodded dumbly.

Wade laughed again and pulled out a chair for Peter to sit in. Peter blushed but sat anyway.

Wade took the other chair.

Wade talked like he always did. He joked and flirted and laughed, and Peter loved watching him.

And as the sun disappeared behind the rising and falling buildings of New York, and as Peter and Wade finished the food that they had ordered, Peter felt somewhere in his stomach a slight longing for something he didn’t really understand.

“Peter?” Wade asked pulling Peter out of his musings.

Peter looked up into twinkling eyes and responded with a small “yeah?”

Wade smiled and sighed “Can I ask you a question?” He inquired asking Peter’s hand in his own larger one.

“Sure.” Peter squeaked out.

“Peter, I’d like to make it official, I’d like to take our relationship one step further, so Peter would you do me the honor of being my boyfriend?”

Peter could hardly believe his ears and felt his heartbeat like a bird beats its wings in a cage. He could hardly even breathe when he huffed out a determinant “of course.”

Wade’s smile was contagious. He stood from the table, still holding Peter’s hand. Peter stood up as well.

Wade picked up his phone and tapped a few things. Suddenly a song began to play on smallish speakers nearby. Wade stepped up to Peter and put one hand on his waist and the other held Peter’s hand. They swayed to the music and Wade hummed along. The lyrics were by now quite familiar, and Peter hummed along as well as Elton John sung about sculptures and traveling shows.

Peter and Wade swayed late into the night, and woke up in each others arms in the morning.

Chapter End Notes
I hope this was a good chapter but I wrote most of it while I was exhausted so I don’t really know how it went.
Peter woke up feeling better than he had felt in a long time. That mostly had to do with the fact that Wade had become some kind of human octopus overnight. Wade was supposed to be on the left side of the bed but had somehow found a way to squish himself against Peter on the right. Wade's left arm slung across Peter's chest and his hand was resting next to Peter's head. His right arm was shoved uncomfortably under Peter's back. Both of Wade's muscles legs were wrapped around Peter's waist. So yeah, all in all Peter had a human octopus for a boyfriend. And yet Peter felt a little strange.

Not only did Peter worry that Wade was unsatisfied with their activities last night (there had been a lot of touching but they still didn’t go all the way) but he was also afraid that Wade was just biding his time until he could leave Peter in the dust. Although Wade wouldn’t have made their relationship official if that’s what he wanted. But he could also be trying to make sure that Peter doesn’t want to leave first, of course it could be that Wade-

Peter was pulled from his self destructive musings when Wade suddenly shifted and grunted. Wade started pressing kisses to Peter’s cheek and ear. Then he settled with his forehead against Peter’s cheek.

“Wake up Pumpkin.” He said in a sing song voice.

“I am awake.” Peter said smiling a bit.

“Then /get up/.” Wade responded like he had served a good dis.

“That’s a bit impossible with Mr. octo-boyfriend here.” Peter shot back, now with a full fledged smile stretching from one ear to the other.

“That doesn’t seem like sound logic.” Wade muttered, sitting up and pulling his body from around Peter.

Wade looked down at Peter in that way, the one that meant he wanted to kiss Peter.

“You can kiss me.” Peter said before Wade could ask.

“Oh ok good.” Wade said smiling. He leaned down and pressed his lips to Peter's. There was only a few moments of moving their mouths against each other before Wade was already pulling away.

“Actually…” Wade paused then smiled slyly, “Can I do that again?”

Peter chuckled, “you know you don’t actually have to ask me every time, it’s ok if you want a kiss and just do it.”

Wade’s smile strained almost unnoticeably “well you never know when someone has had enough
kisses for one day. I’d just rather annoy someone with consent than hurt them by not asking at all, ya know?”

He nodded his head, “You can still give me that kiss if you want.”

Wade chuckled and leaned down once more pressing his lips to Peter’s for a quick peck before rising from the bed and stretching.

He grunted and said, “hey, Peter pumpkin eater, want some pancakes or should we have an upside down day and have pancakes for dinner and tacos and chimichangas for breakfast?”

Peter deliberated and eventually decided, “hmm… intriguing, tacos please.”

Wade made a humming sound and leaned down, “one more kiss?”

Peter smiled and puckered his lips.

Wade gave him one long kiss then stood straight and stretched before heading out to the kitchen.

Peter stared at the door that he had just exited and blushed and let a giddy smile poor across his face. He covered his red cheeks with his hand and tried to resist squealing. Once he had finally gathered himself he walked out to the kitchen to meet his boyfriend.

When Peter got to the kitchen he saw that Wade was busy at the stove. Peter didn’t mind however. If Wade was making food Peter could enjoy watching him make food. And Peter loved to watch Wade make food because he just got so focused whenever he was making sure one of his delicacies came out perfect. Also when Wade was doing things like mixing batter for pancakes or putting seasoning in the chimichangas, the muscles in his arms and back would flex in one of the sexiest ways that peter had ever seen. Was that weird, Peter worried that it was. It’s just that Peter found Wade’s muscles to be a rather big… turn on… Peter really enjoyed the idea that Wade could surround him with his arms, and hold him close so that Peter could be surrounded by is body, but he wouldn’t ever hurt Peter so Peter would feel completely safe cupped in the warmth of Wade’s beautiful figure. Peter really shouldn’t be thinking like that. It was already enough that Wade allowed Peter the honor of being able to call himself Wade’s boyfriend, he didn’t need anymore than what he already had. He should just be grateful that-

“Breakfast is ready.” Wade said in a sing song sort of voice.

Peter accepted his plate of food and dug in. Wade always made the best food. Peter looked at Wade. (who was enjoying his own plate of food) Wade looked back and let his beautiful crooked smile slip across his cheeks. Wade leaned across the table and gave Peter a small peck on the forehead. Peter blushed hard but smiled back anyway. Peter looked back down at his food, still smiling, and decided that it’s ok that he and Wade hadn’t gone that far, as long as Wade continued to love Peter like he had been this entire time.

— — —

Wade and Peter were going to spend the rest of their day lounging around and maybe playing some Mario kart but they realized that the fridge was low on some groceries and that they’d have to go shopping.

Peter and wade went to the grocery store where they met because… you know… memories.

They entered through the automatic door and the cold crisp air inside greeted them like an old friend.
They shopped together until Wade wanted to get Oreos and they split up to get their own respective treats.

Peter was perusing the chips when a tall man came over and stood uncomfortably close to him.

“You shouldn’t have such a fattening snack, a tiny thing like you should keep his figure small right?” He said, his voice dripping like glue.

Peter tried to step away a bit, but the man followed. “No thank you.”

“No I insist.” He said grabbing a bag of some sort of diet chips off the shelf. “Try these ones, they’ll help you keep that skinny waist.” He slid the hand not offering the chips around Peter’s back and grabbed his waist.

Peter started to panic. “No really I’m not interested.”

The man pulled Peter against his side, Peter started to struggle. “Oh god where is Wade?” The man seemed upset now, “I’m trying to help you little boy,” he gripped Peter almost painfully, “you should be much nicer to me.”

Peter felt a tear slide down his cheek. “Please stop.” He begged in a tiny voice.

The man’s “kind” smile turned devilish. “Your so polite little one.” With his hand the man cupped Peter’s face, Peter didn’t remember him putting down the bag of healthy chips. Also where was Wade? Why did he even leave in the first place?

The man caressed Peter’s face. “How about we get out of here, I think you owe me don’t you?”

Peter sobbed out a terrified “oh god” As the man stepped away and grabbed his arm to drag him out of the building.

He barely turned a millimeter when a deep, angry, and beautifully familiar voice asked, “is there a problem here?”

Peter sobbed out loud from the shock.

“What’s it to you scarface?” The man said tightening his hand around Peter’s wrist.

“Let him go and walk away before I call security.” Wade crossed his arms and took a threatening step forward.

The man blanched but didn’t step down. “What do you think this is, creep, some superhero movie? My boyfriend and I were having an argument and it’s none of your business, so you don’t need to step in and try to save anybody.”

Something changed in Wade then. He straightened up, his eyes turned dark like churning oceans in a destructive storm. He stepped closer to the man so that they were now chest to chest, and when Wade spoke and let’s just say that Peter was glad that he was not on the receiving end of that voice.

“Listen to me you little rat, if you don’t let him go right now I’ll kill you, and let’s just say you better enjoy the small part of eternity where I’m not dead because as soon as I die I will never let you rest. You will spend all of your burning eternity wishing we weren’t cheek to cheek in hell because every moment that we’re in there I’ll hurt you until you beg, now let me just say that I will enjoy the sound of your bones cracking underneath my fist.” Wade finished by placing a closed fist in the air next to the man’s face. “Now then, run away you pig before I follow through with any of that.”
The man ran off with his tail between his legs.

Peter looked up at Wade with eyes that echoed with tormented tears, “I don’t want chips anymore.”

The car ride home was somewhat tense. Peter kept looking at Wade and trying to say something, but ultimately deciding against it and being quiet.

Wade didn’t even seem to notice.

Eventually they finally got to Peter’s apartment and Peter and Wade quietly carried in the groceries.

As soon as the food was all put away, Wade collapsed onto the couch. First he leaned back and ran his hand across his head, the he leaned forward and buried his face in his hands. He sighed in distress.

Peter crept over. “Wade?” He whispered.

Wade looked up at him, “what’s up pumpkin?”

Peter couldn’t help but feel overwhelmed. He looked down at his hands as a tear ran down his face, “I’m sorry.” He covered his face in his hands and sobbed.

“Oh hun, no, there’s no reason to be sorry, oh babe… c’mere.” He pulled on Peter’s waist until Peter was sitting in his lap with his head resting on Wade’s shoulder and his legs curled up on his lap. Wade held him gently as if Peter was a baby. “I’m not mad at you Petey pie.”

Wade’s mouth opened slightly in what Peter assumed to be shock. “I love you Wade,” he gave Wade a once over and bit his lip, “and I want you.”

Wade’s mouth opened slightly in what Peter assumed to be shock. “I want you real bad Wade.” Peter’s bottom lip quivered from the fear that we would be rejected.

“I love you too pumpkin… and I want you too.”

Oh god Peter, can I kiss you?”

Peter barely nodded before Wade was shoving his rough lips against Peter’s impossibly soft ones. They moved against each other slowly and soon peter felt Wade’s tongue push against Peter’s red lips. They gasped and panted and Peter squeaked our small noises as Wade took control.

Peter used one hand to pull Wade closer as the other hand gripped any loose article on Wade that he
could. Wade pushed Peter’s shirt up slightly and ran his hand across the exposed skin that he found there.

Soon they were practically stripping each other when Wade gasped and pulled away slightly, “bed?” He mumbled against Peter’s creamy skin.

Peter let out a sigh and gathered himself before letting out a desperate “yes please!”

Wade scooped peter up bridal style and brought him to the bedroom. Peter felt himself hit the bed softly, he turned to meet Wade’s eyes. Wade already had his shoes off. Peter was so ready for Wade’s next move that he couldn’t help but be excited when Wade finally made it.

Peter squirmed as wade slipped his hand down Peter’s leg and pulled off Peter’s socks, using the opportunity to tickle Peter’s barefoot. Peter squealed and giggled even as Wade continued his trek up Peter’s legs. Peter worshiped the feeling of heavily scarred hands sliding up Peter’s thighs. Wade gripped the waistband of Peter jeans and yanked them down, which even though they did move they mostly just dragged Peter down the bed a bit which just made him giggle again. Not that Wade seemed to mind.

Wade leaned down and kissed Peter’s jaw. He kissed and mouthed lower and lower as he slid off Peter’s jeans farther. Wade /must have/ known that that was a sensitive area for Peter.

Wade quickly removed Peter’s shirt, and his boxers. He sat up for a second to admire Peter underneath him. Peter blushed, under the obvious admiration pouring over him. Wade leaned down once more and mouthed at Peter’s neck. Peter squirmed and let out little sounds of pleasure, Wade /must have/ known that that was a sensitive area for Peter.

Wade ran his hands up and down Peter bare chest. Wade’s rough hands creates an almost unbearable sensation that had Peter whining and gasping.

Peter reached up and cupped Wade’s face in his hands, pulling him in for a slow yet messy kiss.

Wade tried press against the small body below him but Peter stopped him, and after being sure he had Wade’s attention he tugged on Wade’s shirt and said in a small voice, “off.”

Wade huffed out an amused laugh and peeled his shirt off, though he did hesitate for a moment. Peter gasped at the well defined muscles that hid under Wade’s hoodies and t-shirts (he had seen Wade’s chest before but hot damn!) He sat up and caressed Wade’s well defined abs. Peter couldn’t help but lean forward and nuzzle his face into the crook of Wade’s neck. He pressed small kisses there and maybe a few licks as well.

Wade pushed Peter away slightly and pressed a loving kiss to his lips. then he pushed Peter softly until he got the hint to lay back once more. As soon as Peter was resting on his back blushing and exited Wade pulled off his own pants and underwear. In one motion Wade was naked.

“Fuck.” Peter murmured.

Wade laughed and crawled atop him once more, “language.” Was all he whispered before leaning down and sucking at Peter’s neck.

Peter’s responding laugh promptly turned into a needy moan as Wade bit down slightly on the new hicky he had just created.

Wade reached over the side of the bed and pulled a condom and a small bottle of lube out of the back
pocket of his pants.

Wade placed the condom on the nightstand but poured a nice portion of the lube onto his fingers.

He looked up at Peter through lidded eyes, “Ready?”

Peter gasped quietly and nodded eagerly.

Wade smiled and leaned down. Chapped lips kissed Peter’s thigh and with one of His slicked finger Wade circled Peter’s hole.

Wade pressed his finger into the ring of muscle. After a few seconds of pressure Peter felt the first finger slide in.

Peter gasped quietly and closed his eyes to focus on the new stimulation. Peter had a bit of trouble however due to Wade’s kisses to Peter’s stomach and pelvis. As Wade fingered Peter he also seemed to be finding as many areas of Lower body was were surprisingly sensitive.

Suddenly Peter felt Wade’s rugged hand grip his dick and felt another finger push inside him. He moaned loudly once Wade moved both hands at the same time. Wade’s hand that was on Peter’s length squeezed slightly then stroked up and down, while Wade’s fingers on his other hand were scissoring up and down to the sides.

The slight burn from the scissoring was suddenly washed away when Wade pressed a kiss to the base of Peter’s cock. Peter accidentally thrust up in response to the sudden pleasure. He would have apologized but wade suddenly licked a long wet stripe from the base all the way to the tip and Peter’s almost apology broke into a needy moan.

Wade kissed and sucked at Peter’s tip until Peter couldn’t help but cry out. Then Wade shoved the whole length into his mouth.

If peter was more functional in his brain he’d be worried that one of his neighbors would be angry, but Peter felt kind of floaty and his brain was a bit mushy at the moment.

Peter opened his eyes and looked down at Wade. Wade’s returning stare was almost too much for Peter to handle, his blue eyes were lidded and desperate. Even with his mouth occupied as it was Peter was sure that Wade would probably be smirking if he could.

Wade sucked Peter’s leaking cock one final time before he sat up. He towered over Peter on his knees, his irises blown wide with desire. He used one of his scarred hands to caress Peter already sweaty body. Then with his eyes hooded and his beautiful smile quirked, Wade leaned down then and whispered sweetly, “ready?” He reached over for the condom on the nightstand. Peter couldn’t help but tremble, but he nodded eagerly.

Wade pushed Peter legs up onto his chest. He leaned down and gave Peter a rough needy kiss.

Peter gasped and panted from Wade’s enthusiasm but then he felt the sudden press of something rather large poking at his entrance.

Wade huffed a burning breath against Peter’s neck and pushed a little.

Peter gasped as a burn started from his ass and spread outward. He clenched his eyes shut waiting for Wade to go farther, but Wade stayed still with his own eyes closed.

He let another breath go, it ghosted across Peter pale neck and sent shivers down Peter’s spine.
“Relax sweetheart.” Wade whispered into Peter ear. His heavy breath sent waves of absolute lust through Peter’s veins.

Peter let his body relax as much as it could.

Wade pushed in a little further and the painful burn struck up again. Peter’s gasp this time almost sounded like a sob. Wade shushed him and waited until he relaxed once more.

Soon Peter was squirming and panting from the full sensation of almost all of Wade’s entire length filling him up.

One last time Wade told Peter to relax before he pushed the final inch of himself into Peter.

The idea that he and Wade were fully connected struck Peter like a brick wall. He let the tears clouding his vision release and fall down his reddened cheeks.

Wade looked down at Peter with the most worried expression Peter had seen on him yet.

“We can stop if you want.” Wade said kindly, clearing the tears away from Peter’s cheeks.

“No! I want to keep going.” Peter replied determinedly.

Wade’s caring look of worry turned into absolute adoration. He slid his hand up Peter’s chest and cupped his face. “Peter can I please kiss you.”

“You don’t have to ask-“

“I know,” Wade whispered cupping Peter’s face. “But I always want you to feel safe with me, that’s not going to happen if I push something on you that you don’t want.”

Peter stared up at wade with glossy eyes, then a happy sob was wrenched from Peter’s throat he wrapped his arms around Wade’s neck and whispered “god, you’re so wonderful.” Before pulling his lover down and shoving his puffy red lips against Wade’s chapped rough ones.

The movement from of Wade’s body shifted his length inside Peter, Peter moaned from the sudden sensation.

Wade seemed to remember what they were in this bed to do because he pulled out ever so slightly before shoving back in almost farther than he had been before.

Peter’s whine only seemed encouraged him. Wade placed his hands on Peter’s waist and pulled out a little farther. Peter clenched his eyes and gasped as Wade seemed to gain more confidence and move faster. Wade pulled out and pushed in more and more causing Peter to moan and gasp out whatever words he could think of, which weren’t many at the moment.

In fact feeling floaty wasn’t describing Peter anymore. If Peter analyzed it he would find that he no longer could even register the bed underneath him or the room around him. He felt that if he were to open his eyes they would be in space, just him and Wade.

Him and Wade…

And Wade…

Wade…

Peter stretched his arms up and around Wade’s neck. He pulled Wade down so that Wade was
completely flat against him. Peter held Wade close as Wade moved languishly and lovingly inside Peter.

Suddenly Wade pushed on Peter’s body differently which made Wade’s length press just so against Peter’s prostate, which only seemed to send Peter further into the cosmos. Peter’s sob as the new pleasure echoed around them in the starry sky of Peter mind.

Wade shifted against Peter a bit until Peter could hear the sweet erotic breath of his lover right in his ear.

Wade said something that Peter didn’t really register and suddenly quickened his movements. Hitting Peter’s prostate on almost every thrust.

Wade grasped Peter’s cock and got to work. He pumped it to the same rhythm of his thrusts into Peter’s body.

Peter felt himself get pushed farther and farther towards the edge then over. He came gasping all over his stomach and he felt himself get filled with warm wetness as well.

He floated in his space gasping and panting motionless.

Wade was saying something but Peter didn’t really care as long as Wade was still there. Peter felt Wade pull out and then a kiss on his temple before Wade suddenly wasn’t there anymore. Peter was alone floating between stars. But he wasn’t, he was on earth. All he needed to do was open his eyes.

He was on his bed like before, but Wade was nowhere to be found. Peter started to panic slightly. His brain wasn’t even grounded enough to wonder why Wade wasn’t there but Peter let out a distressed sob because Wade was nowhere to be found.

Suddenly the bathroom door was open to show Wade with a wet rag in hand and a worried expression.

“Pumpkin? What’s wrong?” His voice sounded distant and echoey.

Peter stretched out his arms towards Wade and Wade responded by practically throwing himself at Peter.

“Why did you go?” Peter asked looking up at Wade, his voice starting to sound a bit clearer.

Wade held up the damn towel, “I was getting something to wash us up. I thought I said so.” His voice was definitely much clearer now.

Peter nuzzled into Wade’s neck and whispered a small voiced “I’m sorry.”

Wade huffed out a breath and started cleaning Peter then himself, “don’t be sorry my love.”

Peter felt sudden exhaustion crawl over his shoulders and settle in his chest. He sighed and closed his eyes.

Wade finished cleaning them and layed Peter down under the covers and tucked him in.

Just as Peter was falling asleep Wade pressed a kiss to Peter’s cheek and whispered, “I love you.”

Peter sighed happily and whispered back “I love you too,” and then he was asleep.

Wade sighed and pulled himself close to Peter. He pressed his scarred hand against Peter’s chest and
felt his heartbeat. “your the best thing that’s happened to me in a long time.” Then with one more kiss against his loves temple, he was asleep as well.

Chapter End Notes

Just so no one is confused Wade totally used the condom, I dont know if I made that clear lol. Hope y’all enjoyed it.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Drama, sorry.

Chapter Notes

This chapter has a lot of drama in it. Please stick with it. It’s relevant to the plot

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter did know why he had woken up. At first he had thought that he had woken from a dream but then his phone buzzed again. He attempted to reach over and see what had woken him up on this fine Sunday morning, however octo-boyfriend has made a surprise return and was holding him tight. Not that Peter minded.

Peter looked over at his resting boyfriend and smiled happily and pressed a little closer to his sleeping love.

Unfortunately the movement alerted Wade who opened his eyes sleepily.

He hummed, his eyes shined in the early morning light. And his smile was so sincere.

Peter gasped quietly as Wade slid a hand around Peter’s cheek. Hardly touching, just grazing, as if Peter was so delicate that the slightest wrong movement might break him.

Peter didn’t feel delicate right now. Right now he felt stronger than he had in a long time. It felt like when someone puts you on their shoulders and your taller than everyone else.

Peter sighed sweetly and leaned forward slightly, “kiss?”

“Of course.” Wade whispered.

Peter leaned forward the rest of the way and let his lips press against Wade’s.

Wade hummed happily and slid one arm around Peter’s waist and the other underneath Peter body, effectively holding him close. Peter gasped as Wade stroked his back gently.

All too soon Wade pulled away, “what do you want to do today?”

Peter deliberated, “I don't know, after yesterday… in the store… I don’t really want to go out.” Peter admitted biting his lip.

“Alright sweetheart, we don’t have to go out, we can just stick around here if you’d like.” Wade respond lovingly.

Peter smiled up at Wade, blushing when Wade cooed and stroked his cheek kindly.
Peter’s phone buzzed twice, startling both of them.

Wade laughed at the sudden reactions, “I’m going to go make pancakes,” he said through light chuckles.

He stood, put some sweatpants on, and strolled out of the room.

Peter took the opportunity while he dressed as well to see who was texting him. He picked up his phone…

Oh god…

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 2:30 am</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: I miss you...</td>
</tr>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 3:46</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: answer me babe...</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 4:40</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: you left me for that disgusting piece of shit.</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 5:55</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: If he knew what you were really like do you’d think he’d even stick around.</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 6:58</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: wake the fuck up you cunt.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 7:34</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: your an absolute slut.</td>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 8:34</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: I hope you choke on your breakfast this morning.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Peter put a hand over his mouth in shock. He looked towards the window before deciding that it might be a good idea to pull the curtains shut. As soon as he did he got another text.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 9:34</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: scared?!</td>
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</table>

Peter gasped quietly. He made his way to the kitchen so that he could be in the same room as Wade. He felt safer when Wade was in eyesight. On his way there however,

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Today at 10:34</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Harry: if you don’t answer me right now you bitch, I’ll kill myself, then my death will be all your fault.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Peter didn’t want to answer. He put his phone down as soon as he got into the kitchen.

Wade had just finished putting the pancakes on plates and covering them in syrup. He looked over and Peter then did a double take, “you good hon? You’re looking pale.”

Peter looked away from the phone, “what… oh yeah, I just got up to fast in the bedroom.” Peter
hated lying but he didn’t want Wade to worry.

Wade shrugged and went back to decorating the pancakes. Peter had sat down at the table finally by the time he heard the phone buzz again on the kitchen counter.

Wade set Peter plate in front of him. Peter tried his hardest to focus on eating but his nerves were getting in the way. Wade struck up a small conversation with Peter but Peter was pretty sure wade could tell something was wrong.

Wade seemed like he was about to say something but suddenly Peter’s phone went off in the other room.

“You wanna go see who that is?” Wade asked smiling.

Peter didn’t really know what to say so he said “sure.” And when to check it out.

|harry: sent one imagel|

Peter opened the picture. It was a picture of Wade and Peter at the table a mere second ago. Peter gasped.

|harry: I see you.|

Peter put his phone back down and walked over to the window. He pulled the curtains closed. He went over to the other window in the room and did the same.

He sat back down.

Wade seemed confused but didn’t say anything. Peter appreciated that.

Once breakfast was done Wade washed the dishes while Peter chose something to watch.

Wade sat down next to Peter. “Hey Pete? Can I ask you something?”

Peter looked over. “Sure…”

Wade held up Peter’s phone. “Can I ask you what’s up with this?” He turned Peter’s phone on to show quite a few new notifications, some quite worrisome.

Peter snatched his phone away from Wade. “No you can’t!” Peter said raising his voice.

Wade seemed really shocked by this turn of events. “Peter this is really serious, whoever is texting you is-“

“IT’S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!” Peter screamed.

“Excuse me! What do you mean it’s not my business!? I think it’s my business if my boyfriend is being stalked or not!”

Peter started sobbing “YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO GO THROUGH MY PHONE! HOW FUCKING DARE YOU! I THOUGHT I COULD TRUST YOU-“

“I THOUGHT I COULD TRUST YOU TO TELL ME IF SOMETHING IS GOING ON!”

Peter started shrieking, “DON’T INTERRUPT ME YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE! I HATE BEING INTERRUPTED! I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU-“
“SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!”
There was silence. Peter looked at Wade with teary eyes.
Wade tried to take a step forward, “hun, I’m sorry-“
“Just get out, please, just leave.” Peter practically whispered.
“Peter.” Wade looked crushed, Peter couldn’t stand to look.
“Please just go…”
Wade looked down at his feet. “Ok.” He whispered. Then he was gone.
And Peter was lost.

— — —

It could only have been an hour, but Peter was sure that any longer and he would be going crazy.
Peter had checked the locks on all the windows and the door. He had pulled all the curtains closed
and even pinned a blanket over the bathroom window. He turned off all the lights so that no one
would no he was inside. Now he was laying on the couch sobbing. He had turned off his phone to
stop the constant buzzing.

He laid on the couch and waited. It was like in horror movies when there is supposed to be a scare
but it just keeps not happening until the suspense is so wound up that you jump at the smallest thing.
So Peter sobbed and waited.

He heard something down the hall. He gasped and tried to cover himself better with the blanket.
Whatever it was maybe it would think that he was just a pile of blankets. If it was Harry… well that
would be even worse.

It took Peter a few seconds to even attempt to think he had imagined it before-
Knock knock
Peter screamed in terror.
“Peter! It’s me! It’s me! It’s ok!”
Peter gasped and ran to the door
He threw it open. And he was in Wade’s arms once more.
“Pumpkin, what’s wrong, dear god! are you ok?”
Peter just sobbed openly now. Wade picked he up and carried him to the couch turning on the light
along the way.

Peter laid in Wade’s arms attempting to calm down, it was definitely easier with someone there for
him. After however many minutes Peter had finally stopped crying. But Wade kept holding him sweetly, rocked slowly and soothingly.

Wade leaned his head down and whispered softly into Peter’s ear, “You want to talk about what just happened.” No response, “You don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

Peter looked up at Wade through his soaked lashes. “I want to.” He whispered.

Wade nodded encouragingly

Peter looked down at his hands thinking of what he could possibly say. He opened his mouth… and closed it again. He looked up at Wade lost and slightly embarrassed.

“Whenever your ready, my love.” Wade said sweetly pressing a kiss to Peter’s temple.

Peter took a deep breath, and began.

“When I was about 3 my parents died in a plane crash. They were these scientists and I’ve always felt my whole life a deep connection to science because of that. When they died my Aunt May and Uncle Ben took me in. I tried as hard as I could to be someone that they could be proud of but I constantly felt that I was imposing on their lives. You know what I mean?”

Wade nodded.

“Anyway, I got good grades in school and I pursue science like I wanted. But then in my senior year of high school I met the guy named Daniel. He seemed wonderful and I even thought that we were gonna end up married, but he and I were rather different from each other. He told me that men don’t do stupid stuff like mixing whatever to see if it would explode, and he told me that I could either choose between him or science.”

Peter shifted in Wade’s lap, he rested his head on Wade’s shoulder.

“I was going to chose science but then my uncle Ben… uncle ben.”

Peter choked on a sob for a second. He had to cover his mouth as quick flashes of the dark scene clouded peters mind for a moment. Wade held him and stroked his hair in an attempt to help him calm down.

“He died. Some asshole shot him because he was a witness to whatever crime that guy was committing. I of course did the only thing I could think of, I ran to the only other male figure in my life, I threw it all away.”

Peter looked down at his hands though they started to become blurry through his tears. He could see his fists clenched however.

“It doesn’t matter,” he said gruffly, “I know I wouldn’t have made it very far anyway.”

Wade pulled peter closer to him, comforting him as much as he could.

“Well anyway, after Daniel I dated others, Frank, John, Alexander, Erica, Michel, and of course, Harry.” Peter took a dear breath. “He’s the one who’s been messaging me, he and I dated for two years, there was a lot of on and off with us. We were in an off when I met you.” Peter looked up at Wade, his calm face was somewhat of an anchor for Peter.

“My friends hated him from the start of our relationship, and I thought aunt May would see
differently but she hated him just as much. He told me they were jealous and that I shouldn’t talk to
them anymore since he was the only one I needed anyway. I cut myself off from them and listened to
everything that he told me to do. On some of our off periods I would take the time to go see my
friends. They would usually spend the time trying to tell me that I was not in a good relationship. It
was only this most recent time that, when they told me that they had never seen me without bruises
on my face, I started to realize how right they really were.”

Peter looked up at Wade who looked back down with an understanding sort of look in his face. It
crushed Peter to know that he was putting all of this emotional weight on someone undeserving.
Nevertheless Peter tried to continue.

“I don’t want to say that he was abusive. I- I- it’s just that he was more of a physical person, that’s
all.”

Peter thought for a moment more. “I don’t really know what else to say.” He looked into Wade’s
eyes in the hopes of seeing any sort of understanding there. He was glad to find what he was looking
for.

Wade however seemed troubled, “you have nightmares sometimes, are they usually about him?”
Wade asked.

Peter sighed, “yeah, besides inheriting Osborn industries he wanted to be a cop, he even got the get
up and everything. Including all the weapons. Baton, gun… taser. I’ve always had dreams about
what he would do with them if I made him too mad.”

Wade seemed to take a moment or two to absorb this information. He stared straight ahead
thoughtfully. He thought for a second longer then grabbed Peter’s phone once more. He made sure it
was on then looked down at peter with an expression on his face that was too serious for Wade’s
normal demeanor.

“What do you want to do about the texts.” He asked carefully.

Peter shrugged. “I don’t know… I- I’m scared of… of… I’m scared of....” he looked up at Wade,
lost.

Wade smiled encouragingly, “of what?”

Peter sighed. “I’m scared of what Harry might do if I block him or cut him off somehow. Truly I
think it would be better if it didn’t have to be done at all.”

Wade thought about this. He looked down at Peter then. He picked up Peters phone and tapped at it
a few times. He turned the screen to Peter to show the block this caller button.

“Peter...” He said softly, “if it makes you feel safe I think we should do this.”

Peter hesitated, he looked up into Wade’s earnest eyes. He nodded.

The brightness of the phone was almost blinding. He hovered his finger over the button worriedly.
Then, with all the confidence he could muster, he tapped the screen.

Nothing much changed except the icon switched from saying block caller to unblock caller. Still
Peter couldn’t help but worry.

Wade put the phone down and hugged Peter close to him. Peter sighed feeling a bit safer being
circled in the familiar embrace of his loved one.
They sat there in a somewhat tense silence before Wade spoke once more, “there is one last thing we need to talk about…”

Peter felt exhausted from this already stressful day which left Peter brain in more turmoil than he had been in in a while. But either way Peter still nodded and looked up readily.

“I have dissociative identity disorder.”

Peter felt his mouth drop open. “What.”

“Multiple personality disorder.” Wade Rephrased.

“I know what DID is… it’s just shocking.”

Wade’s face fell, “I know it’s probably a bit scary because of movies and books like “split” but I swear it’s not that bad.” Wade said almost desperately.

“I know it’s not bad… it’s just… I know that DID is caused by an extremely traumatic childhood experience. I’ve heard snippets from some other people’s stories. Just the idea that you had to go through stuff like that… it’s almost nauseating.”

“Yeah.” Wade murmured before pulling Peter impossibly close. Wade hugged Peter tight. Almost as if holding him in place. “I just want you to know that when I had that outburst earlier that it was something to do with one of my personalities. I won’t go into it too much but he’s been kind of mean today and it all just came to a head then… I’m not saying that what I did was justified or anything. It’s just that’s why that’s what happened.”

Peter nuzzled the crook of Wade’s neck tiredly. “I’m sorry.”

Wade sighed. “There’s no reason that you should be sorry.”

“I’m sorry that we fought.”

Wade rubbed Peter’s back. His thumbs circled slow and methodically. “Couples fight. Hey, we can check that off the bucket list, first fight.

Peter giggled quietly but it was cut off by a sleepy yawn.

Wade stood with Peter still in his arms and brought him to bed for a nap. It wasn’t until he say the digital clock next to the bed that he say that it was only 3:40 pm.

poor poor Petey pie.

Wade would make it up to him.

Chapter End Notes

Don’t worry. Wade won’t let this Harry thing slide
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

My writing is especially crappy this time and this chapter is mostly fluff

Hope no one minds too much
(*^▽^*)

“Wade! What the hell is this?!”

Wade looked away from choosing something to watch as clueless as ever. “What?”

Peter pointed at the gun tapped just barely behind the fridge.

Wade didn’t even bat an eye. “That’s a gun.”

“Yes.” Peter sighed. “And what is it doing in my apartment?” He asked losing some patience.

“Well if someone comes in, you can defend yourself.” Wade said smirking as if he didn’t understand what the big deal was.

“No!” Peter couldn’t help the voice crack.

“Come on it’s a great idea.” Wade said with a somewhat whiny tinge to his voice.

“Oh yeah? Who told you that?” Peter said crossing his arms accusingly.

“Yellow.” Wade responded as if that answered all of Peter’s questions.

“Who’s yellow?” Peter asked leaning back thrown off by Wade’s answer.

Wade’s only response was to tap his head.

At first Peter was going to get upset again with how weird Wade was being but he suddenly remembered what Wade told him yesterday about having DID Peter faltered for a moment before saying, “well you should tell yellow that though I appreciate his attempt at keeping this place safe I’d rather not have a myriad of guns littered across the entirety of my apartment.” Peter went back to doing whatever he was doing before.

“Yellow would like me to tell you that It’s not just guns.” Wade said defensively. Flipping through a few more options on the tv.

Peter couldn’t help the shocked look on his face. “What?!?”

“Yep there are some knives also.” He said seeming to decide on a something to watch.

“No, this ends now there will be no hidden guns or knives in my house.”

Wade sighed dramatically “buuuuuuttttt baaaaabbeeee…. “
“No, after the movie you will help me remove all of them.”

Wade looked over at Peter making a pouty face. “Babe please. At least one for each room.”

Peter groaned, apparently Wade’s puppy face was just too good because Peter said, “I will let you have only three in this room.” In the form of a compromise.

“Thank you baby boy, you’ll thank me later.” He said emphasizing with a lewd wink.

Peter rolled his eyes and sat next to Wade on the couch. “So, what did you pick?”

Wade put the remote down as a tv show of some kind started. “The Golden Girls, obviously.”

“Alright,” Peter started “what is that?”

“Gaaassssp!” Wade said turning toward Peter and putting his hand on his chest as if he was shocked so terribly by what Peter had just said that he was worried that he would have a heart attack. “How could you not know what the Golden Girls are?! Bea Arthur is one of the best things to ever grace this world!”

Peter laughed. “Well I guess I’ll just have to watch the show won’t I?”

Wade huffed and crossed his arms, “you most certainly will.” He leaned over and rested his head on Peter’s shoulder.

Peter hummed happily and pressed a small peck to the top of Wade’s scarred head. He didn’t really pay attention to the show but he enjoyed the small parts that he saw of it and he definitely enjoyed the way that Wade enjoyed the show.

Whenever anything happened that was even remotely dramatic Wade would gasp as if it was personally offensive. Anything that prompted Wade to say anything to Peter would send Wade into a frenzied story that he’d have to pause the show for. Wade would wave his arms animatedly and raise his voice to almost annoying volumes.

Peter couldn’t help but fall in love everytime Wade laughed just a bit too hard or guestured just a tad to wildly. It made Peter heart almost beat right out of his chest everytime Wade would quote something someone was saying at the exact same time with the exact same rhythm as whoever was saying it.

Peter watched Wade react to the show that he had seen a thousand times before far into the day, yet it wasn’t until the sun was setting that Peter even realized any time had passed.

An episode of the show was coming to a conclusion when Wade suddenly bolted upright from lying his head on Peter’s lap.

“What the heck?” Peter asked staring at Wade.

“What time is it?” Wade asked as if he hadn’t just acted as if he had woken from a bad dream.

Peter looked at the time on his phone. “It’s 4:36” He said.

Wade hummed thoughtfully at that. Then he proceeded to place the weight of his entire body on Peter, crushing him into the arm of the couch.

“Ack, Wade… you're crushing me.” Peter whined.
Wade chucked and wound his arms around Peter hugging him tight. Then with Peter still in his arms Wade rose from the couch and marched into the kitchen.

Peter’s childlike squeal was drowned out by Wade making the sounds of an airplane engine and pretending to fly Peter over to the counter in the kitchen. He sat Peter down and started making food.

The food was done in no time and Wade carried the food to the table before depositing Peter in his chair. Peter giggled at the almost childish display.

They talked and joked easily. Making humorous observations about anything and telling silly stories about their childhoods.

They’re fun was interrupted however when Peter phone suddenly buzzed.

Peter felt the blood drain from his face. He could see the expression on Wade’s face grown controlled and serious.

“‘You know it’s not going to be him.” Wade said softly.

“I- I know I just… I don’t know.” Peter looked down at his phone which was face down on the table. He reached for it but couldn’t seem to actually pick it up.

Peter looked up at Wade helplessly.

Wade seemed to know what was being asked of him. “Would you like me to look for you?”

Peter relaxed slightly and nodded.

Wade grabbed the phone and turned it to himself then turned it on. “‘Uh it’s someone called ‘aunt May.’ She says, ‘the girls told me you have a new boyfriend,’” Wade paused to wiggle his eyebrows at Peter making Peter laugh. “‘I hope I get to meet him. See you soon. Maybe over dinner.” Wade scrolled down a bit with a warm smile on his face. “‘Its followed by pretty much every emoji ever,” he said showing the screen to Peter.

Peter laughed and took the phone to answer his aunt.

|Peter: sure thing just set a time and date and we’ll see if we’re busy that day.| |
|Aunt May: how about this Saturday.| |
|Peter: sure thing :)| |
|Aunt May: see you then. Love you.| |

The final text was followed by almost every emoji that even remotely had to do with love in any fashion. Peter couldn’t help the relaxed smile that crossed his face.

“What’s up?” Wade asked finishing his plate of food.

“My aunt May has invited us to dinner on Saturday.”

“Meeting the parents?! So soon?! I’ll have to start picking out my outfit! I hope your aunt doesn’t mind dresses and heels! Wait!!! Is this casual or semi casual? Or! Is it casual semi semi casual? I’ll have to set aside an outfit for each option! There are also other things to consider though, like, should my shoes match your eyes, or should my shoes match your shirt? Oooohhhh Peter what if-“
Peter had to cut him off now. “Wade, you can calm down.” He said through laughter. “Just wear a button up and some slacks.” Peter laughed for a moment more before saying, “or a dress if you’d like.”

Wade squealed and ran to the bed room to see if there was something he could wear.

After a lot of deliberation, a location change to Wade’s apartment for more options, and a fashion show for Peter, they finally decided on a nice burgundy long sleeved button up and some comfy yet proper looking black pants. Peter even picked out a matching red and black jacket for Wade to wear if he was feeling self conscious about his skin.

Wade of course blubbered the whole time, “what’s your aunt like? Is she one of those parents that have all of those rules like ‘no putting your elbows on the table, and go wash your shirt there’s too much blood on it.’ Perhaps we should bring our own dish, just so that she doesn’t have to cook everything for us. Do you think she likes tacos? Wait! Will there be cake! That would be amazing! What’s your favorite flavor of cake? Mine chocolate but baking that flavor is sort of a hit or miss so vanilla is also good.”

Peter laughed and stepped away from finishing the look of Wade’s outfit. “You look good... My favorite flavor is red velvet.”

Wade gasped, “then we should bake some right now! This whole conversation has made me crave cake! Let’s go!”

Peter laughed and tried to tell Wade no but Wade was already slinging Peter over his shoulder and carrying him to the kitchen. Peter shreaked the whole time.

Wade plopped peter down on the kitchen counter, he pulled up a red velvet recipe on his phone and got out the necessary ingredients.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Peter asked.

“You can sit there and look handsome.” Wade replied.

Peter giggled and pulled Wade closer by tugging on his shirt. As soon as Wade was within range Peter kissed Wade on his lips.

Wade groaned and rested his hands on Peter waist. He took the liberty of sliding his tongue gently into Peter’s mouth. Now it was Peter turn to groan.

Wade pulled back with a shit eating grin on his face, “nothing like sexual tension to get a cake baked properly.” He said wiggling his eyebrows.

Peter giggled again. “Then let’s get started.”
Peter stretched in an attempt to wake himself a bit but he couldn’t help but groan from the tension on his back.

“What’s wrong?” Wade asked shifting to cuddle Peter better. If there was one thing that Peter loved it was cuddly Wade in the morning, with his hot ass voice and sleepy eyes.

“My ass is sore.” Peter complained turning into Wade’s embrace.

Wade chuckled and let his hand slip down Peter back and grope his butt.

Peter’s only response was to shift against Wade and mumble.

Wade chuckled, “kiss?” He asked softly.

Peter nodded and leaned forward. Their lips met sweetly, moving gently against each other. Then Wade slipped his tongue inside Peter’s mouth and the languish slow kisses became purposeful and more desperate.

“Up for another round baby boy?” Wade asked hungrily.

“After a zillion rounds last night and a sore ass this morning, no way.” Peter responded chuckling.

Wade pulled away with a shit eating grin on his face. “How about I suck your dick then?” He asked with a darkened look in his eye. Fuck if that didn’t turn Peter on.

“Only if I can return the favor.” Peter responded.

Wade chuckled and pressed a kiss to Peter’s cheek. He moved a bit lower to Peter’s neck, then his collarbone then to his chest. He licked and nipped at Peter right nipple while pinching the other making them even pinker than before. Peter was already responding to the treatment, gasping and panting slightly.

Wade continued his quest downward. He kissed Peter stomach, his pelvis then he kissed the inside of peter thigh. He sucked a little mark there before moving on to his prize.

Wade grasped Peter’s dick in his hand and kissed the tip sweetly before licking a wet stripe up from the base. Peter gasped and moaned above him. Peter couldn’t take his eyes of the vision that was Wade stuffing as much of Peters cock into his mouth.

Peter groaned as he felt the tip of his cock hit the back of Wade’s throat. All thought was gone from his mind. All thoughts except those of how wet and warm Wade’s mouth was, and how amazing the suction of Wade’s working throat was.

Peter didn’t even try to regain any coherent thought. He just let the pleasure, that spread from his groin like fire. He let that beautiful feeling mount and mount before he could hardly last any longer. He felt himself slow just at the edge of completion before allowing himself to tumble over. He attempted to warn Wade but it just came out as a jumbled cry of relief.

He probably should have found it embarrassing that he had finished so quickly but anyone who had
someone like Wade Wilson sucking their dick would find self control quite difficult as well.

Peter sighed happily with his eyes closed. He lay there panting and felt the bed shift as Wade climbed his way up the bed again. He circled his arms around Peter and pressed little kisses against his cheek and ear. “How was that pumpkin?” He asked sweetly.

Peter started giggling.

“What?” Wade asked confused.

Peter’s giggle grew into more of a chuckle.

“What?!” Wade demanded even more confused than before.

The desperate curiosity in his voice just make Peter break out into full “tears in your eyes” laughter. Somehow peter was able to halt his hearty guffaws and say, “if I’m Pumpkin… does this make you… pumpkin eater?”

The question was met with silence from both sides. Peter’s silence was mostly him trying to hold in his laughter whereas Wade’s silence was more of a confused sort.

After a moment Wade lowered his head against Peter’s arm and sighed in resignation. “That was so bad pete.”

Peter could hold back no longer. He Burst out in laughter that had his sides hurting within moment. Wade joined along after the original disappointment from the terrible pun had finally dissipated.

Soon the two had calmed down and lay there on the bed in a comfortable silence.

“Still horny?” Peter asked looking up at Wade.

“Yeppers.” Wade said to which Peter responded by pushing Wade onto his back and started kissing down his chest and licking around his groin like Wade had done for him.

He pressed open mouth kisses to Wade’s cock and licked at the tip.

Wade’s lovely moans pierced the air. Peter drew out as many as he could, sucking slowly or nipping quickly.

Soon Wade had his hand fisted in peter hair mumbling that was was going to finish soon.

Wade cried out as he came. Peter sucked one last time as he felt the warm seed splash against the back of his throat.

Wade gasped and panted as Peter repositioned himself next to Wade.

Wade signed and pinched his nose as if he was thinking of something he didn’t want to.

“What’s wrong?” Peter asked worriedly.

“Fucking pumpkin eater.” Wade mumbled, “the boxes are just chanting ‘pumpkin eater’ over and over.”

Peter was sent into a new set of giggles before quieting down. “The boxes?” He asked carefully.

“These guys.” Wade said tapping his head.
“Who do you got up there?” Peter asked curiously.

“Just white, yellow, and red. Or Deadpool as he likes to be called.” Wade said closing his eyes.

Peter was about to ask something else when Wade suddenly bolted upright. “OH MY GOD!” He holored.

“What!” Peter asked.

“We’re gonna be late to your Aunt May's house!” He said throwing himself out of bed.

“OH MY GOD!” Peter said doing the same.

Peter ran into the bathroom and only got a small glimpse of his pale and hickey marked body before he practically threw himself into the shower.

Next thing he knew Wade was in there as well. “It will be faster if we shower together.” He said winking and reaching for the soap.

Needless to say they were a bit late.

— — —

Peter shifted uncomfortably in the car seat trying to release some of the pressure on his ass. “There’s no need to be nervous Wade.” He said again patiently.

“No you don’t understand.” Wade says looking out the window. “When I get nervous the boxes get really chatty, to the point where I don’t know if I’m responding to them outloud or not. That makes me even more nervous and the boxes get even more chatty which makes me talk out loud more. It’s a cycle.” He finishes with a sigh.

Peter adjusts his hands on the wheel. “Do you want me to tell aunt May that you have DID and might end up talking to yourself?”

Peter could see Wade shrug out of the corner of his eye. “I won’t unless you want me to.” Peter said in an attempt to be sweet. He wasn’t sure if Wade got that though.

The car was silent for a few moments before Wade suddenly said, “no even if we do that we’ll have to meet her eventually,” the car was silent for a moment more. “No /your/ being difficult.” Wade said grumpily.

“What are they saying?” Peter asked so that Wade wouldn’t accidentally say stuff out loud again.

“White told me to pretend to get sick or faint, I told him no, yellow told me I was not making it easy to decide what to do.” Wade responded distractedly.

Peter put his hand on Wade’s knee and rubbed it soothingly. “I’m a bit nervous too, but you know what?” He said hoping to get Wade curious.

“What?” Wade said taking the bate.

“You’re different than all of my other relationships. I just know my Aunt May’s going to love you.” He said smiling happily and glancing over to Wade before looking back at the road. “Plus, my ass is so sore now that it might actually be hard to walk. You’ll have to hold me the whole time we’re there.” He said shifting again in his seat.

Wade’s lovely chuckle filled the car. Peter smiled proudly at the successful attempt at humor.
Wade’s laugh broke off and the car settled into a peaceful silence. Wade broke it.

“Do you think she’d mind the scars?” Wade asked his voice small and unsure.

Peter looked over at Wade in shock. He looked back at the road quickly. “No! Wade, there’s no way she would mind something like that!” Peter said determined.

“Your sure?” Wade asked in an even smaller voices than before.

They got to a red light and their car paused. Peter used the opportunity to lean over and press a loving kiss to Wade’s mouth, he slipped his tongue in just a fraction of an inch before he moved away again.

The light turned green.

“I’m sure.” He said

— — —

Peter knocked on the door.

It opened to reveal a beautiful older woman with a warm smile and a playful look in her eye. “You’re late.” She said.

“Hello aunt May.” Peter said hugging her.

“Hello peter.” She said squeezing him tight in her embrace.

She pulled away and looked up at Wade. She only went up to his diaphragm so looking up wasn’t all that easy. “You must be Wade!” She said excitedly.

“I am!” Wade said accepting the hug she offered.

“It’s wonderful to finally meet you! Come on in you two!” She said pulling away from Wade and gesturing inside.

Peter laughed at her enthusiasm and started to head inside. But his aunt May stopped him. Her eyes were wide is shock and he suddenly wondered if something was wrong.

“Peter Benjamin Parker! Is that a hickey on your neck!!” She said practically screeching

“Aunt May!” Peter said embarrassed by her observation.

“Don’t act so scandalized. You’re the one with a hickey on your neck.” She said logically.

Wade laughed, “Yeah Peter Benjamin Parker! You should feel lucky that that was the only thing she noticed from our activities last night.”

“Wade!!!” Peter gasped even more scandalized than before.

“Oh? What else would I have noticed?” May asked almost innocently.

“MAY!!!” Peter squealed.

“His limp.” Wade said helpfully.

“Nuuuuuuu!!!” Peter cried covering his now red face.
May and Wade laughed as May led them towards the main living room.

When they had finally gotten control of themselves May said, “Alright boys, dinner will be ready in a bit. So how about a tour first?”

Wade smiled. “Sounds good to me. Peter?” He looked down at Peter hopefully.

Peter sighed in resignation. “Aunt May will find a way to embarrass me either way so, sure.”

Wade squealed in delight.

May laughed happily and said, “Alright we’ll start with the boring stuff first and end with the exciting stuff.” She started the tour.

“This is obviously the tv room.” She said. She then led them down the hallway to her bedroom.

“This is the master bedroom and the master bathroom.” She opened another door. “That’s the guest bathroom.” She opened another door. “That’s the guest bedroom.” She opened the second to last door. “That’s the laundry room.”

Finally she pointed at the final door in the hallway, she looked at the two men and with a gleeful look in her eye she said, “that’s Peter’s bedroom.”

Wade’s scream reminded Peter of a teen fangirl that had just met their idol.

“I guess that means you want to go in.” May said smiling bright.

“Hell yes!” Wade exclaimed.

May chucked and threw the door open with the gusto of one showing off a new apartment.

Wade put both his hands on his cheeks with a wide open shocked mouth like that painting called “scream”.

Peter was shocked too. Every little thing was in the exact place that it had been when he had left with Daniel all those years ago.

Wade was already prancing through the room enjoying all the nerdy figures on the shelves and posters on the walls and the bedsheets, god those bedsheets… they’d seen hell.

Wade was babbling to his boxes about how amazing everything was when May cut him off. “If you think that’s awesome, look at this.” She opened the closet to reveal every trophy and prize that Peter had ever one in his life ever. But not only that, there was an entire section of projects and personal stuff from school in a corner there. Jesus Christ it was like taking an unwanted trip down memory lane.

Wade was speechless. All he was able to do was stare and make a series of incoherent babbling sounds.

May laughed and picked up one in the middle. “Peter won each and every one of these. This one was from a spelling bee in his middle school.” She picked up another one close to it. “This one is from when Peter did a science project in middle school.”

She picked up the largest one in the closet. “This one was from when he actually made a scientific breakthrough for his high school science fair. Famous sciences had come from all over to support the kids and the moment Peter presented his project the scientists went crazy.”
Peter smiled. “I didn’t make the breakthrough but my project led one of the scientists to the conclusion and they told the others.”

If Wade was speechless before he was some other dimension of speechless now. He turned his head to Peter with his eyes wide and an open mouth. Then he threw himself at Peter and screeched. “Peter!!!!!!! That’s so amazing!!!!!!!!!”

Peter sighed as Wade threw his arms around him and hugged him tight. “I can’t believe I’m dating a science nerd!!!” He said loudly and nuzzling Peter who just sighed in resignation.

May laughed at the two and interrupted “this is my favorite.” She pulled out a cardboard box and set it on the dresser. She pulled off the lid to reveal a framed letter and one thousand more unframed letters underneath.

“What are these?” Peter asked confused peeling wade off.

May picked up the framed letter and started reading.

“Dear Peter Parker,

Hello, I hope your doing well. I wanted to let you know that I saw your presentation during the science fair. I am so blown away by your genius that I’d like to offer you a job at Stark industries. But of course you need to go to college first. That’s why I am also offering you a scholarship as long as you major in some sort of science. Hope you accept my offer kid.

Tony stark.

Ps. This is the number you can reach me by.”

May looked up at Wade grinning like a fool.

Wade seemed to be shell shocked. He just looked down at the framed piece of paper before saying. “Tony Stark? Like /the/ Tony Stark?”

“Yeah,” May said wistfully. “He was so interested in Peter. Peter never accepted but Mr. stark persisted. He’s been sending letters as often as he can. The same number is always at the bottom. If only Peter would call him.” She finished and gave Peter a meaningful look.

Peter sighed and said, “May, we’ve talked about this. It was a long time ago and it just wouldn’t work.”

“Peter,” Wade said softly. “If you could. If there was nothing in your way, would you go?” He asked softly.

“Of course I would. It was my dream for so long. It would never work though. There’s too many reasons why it wouldn’t.” Peter responded looking at the ground.

“Peter I know you're tired of hearing this but there are a thousand reasons to say no to something. Just because you can say no doesn’t mean you shouldn’t try” She said earnestly looking Peter in the eye.

“May, I know, and every one of those reasons to say no make sense. I just can’t. I just can’t. You don’t understand. I don’t know why you just can’t-“

“Hello is this Tony Stark?”
Peter and May whipped around (faster than either of them should have) only to be greeted by the sight of Wade on the phone.

“No this is his boyfriend, Wade Winston Wilson.”

“WADE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!” Peter screamed and make a snatch for the phone.

Wade pulled some cool moves and grabbed both of Peter’s hands with his one hand successfully keeping Peter in place.

“Yep that’s him right there.” Wade said laughing.

Peter was helpless to watch as Tony on the other line said something to which Wade responded, “actually I’m calling for the opposite. I think Peter should totally accept the scholarship. He’s a smart dude and it would be awesome to see his brains put to good use.”

Peter could feel tears starting to form at the corners of his eyes.

“Yeah,” Wade said softly. “He’s a wonderful person, I think he really deserves it.” Wade looked down at Peter with a look on his face as if he thought Peter had done some great thing. Peter knew he had done nothing of notice. But god damn it, when Wade looked at Peter like that, Peter wanted to do anything for Wade. A tear fell down his cheek.

Wade smiled sweetly and wiped the tear away. “You’d like to talk to him?” He asked. He paused listening to the answers then handed the phone to peter.

“Mr Stark?” Peter said as a greeting.

“Hey kid. I don’t care what you say but you’re definitely going to school. Your boyfriend wants you to so that’s not a problem anymore. You start in autumn. Get supplies together and get new college clothes. You can’t flake out no matter what. You understand?”

“Yes.” Peter mumbled.

“Good. Now then as soon as you graduate there will be a well paying high up science job for you at Stark industries. No flaking on that either, got it?”

“Yeah.” Peter said

“Good. One more thing. This new boyfriend of yours. He’s not so bad. You should keep him around for a while.”

Peter sighed, “I know” he said looking up at Wade through his damp lashes.

Wade just smiled like before.

“Alright kid I’ll see you later.”

“Goodbye Mr Stark.” Peter said before hanging up.

Peter looked up at Wade. Wade had that proud smile on his face. Peter couldn’t help himself, he threw himself against Wade and held on tight finally letting the tears fall from his eyes.

“I just want you boys to know that this is the second most wonderful moment of my life that has to do with peter.” May said seeming to wipe of a tear of her own.
“What’s the first?” Wade asked chuckling.

She held up the trophy that Peter had won. The one that made Mr Stark offer him the scholarship.

“When he won this gosh darn trophy.”

— — —

Dinner was just as amazing as ever for Peter but Wade gushed about how it was the best home cooked meal he had ever had. Though Peter was somewhat skeptical of the legitimacy of the statement, he was glad to see Wade so happy.

May and Wade really seemed to be connecting. Though Wade would pull out a swear or an inappropriate joke here and there, their humor were actually quite similar.

Although Peter was somewhat a third wheel at this point, he was elated to see his aunt finally getting along with someone he was in a relationship with. It made Peter’s chest tighten in joy whenever Wade or May placed comfortable patts or nudges on each other like old friends. And the best part was that Wade hardly talked to his boxes at all, and if he did May brushed it off easily.

Peter almost wanted to stay the night but he had his job the next day and he didn’t want to be late like usual. (Its Wade’s Fault for being so sexy in the morning.) So Peter and Wade departed with a few hugs.

They exited the building with a comfortable silence between. It wasn’t until they got to the car that Wade finally said. “Your aunt may is really awesome.”

Peter laughed, “yeah, she really is.” He looked up at Wade still smiling. Peter suddenly got a flashback of Wade calling Tony Stark. It had been the only thing in their relationship so far that Wade had forced Peter into. That fact alone made Peter want to accept the scholarship. But then Wade had smiled at Peter like Peter had hung the moon, and Peter couldn’t possibly refuse.

Peter wondered if he could get Wade to look at him like that again.

He looked up at Wade and asked “kiss?”

Wade’s smile widened and Peter felt his stomach flip.

“Yeah,” Wade whispered “of course.”

Peter leaned in and pressed a kiss to Wade’s mouth. Their mouths moved sweetly against each other before peter had to pull away to breath.

Wade pressed his forehead against Peter’s. “I love you pumpkin.”

Peter sighed happily, “I love you too.”

Peter started the car and let Wade choose the music.

/And you can tell anybody, this is your song./

Peter sighed and looked over at Wade.

/It May be quite simple but, now that it’s done./

Tony Stark was right.
/I hope you don’t mind, I hope you don’t mind, that I put it down in words./

Tony Stark was so right.

/How wonderful life is, now your in the world./

Peter needed to keep Wade around for a long time.

Chapter End Notes

I hope y’all liked this specific chapter. I spent half of the editing process trying to spell hickey so...
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

I am so sorry this took so long! I lost my mojo for a bit. But I never gave up! This is my favorite fic that I’ve written and I won’t leave it so don’t worry. I also didn’t edit this chapter so I’m sorry if it’s not up to par.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry this took so long! I lost my mojo for a bit. But I never gave up! This is my favorite fic that I’ve written and I won’t leave it so don’t worry. I also didn’t edit this chapter so I’m sorry if it’s not up to par.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter stood in Wade’s kitchen looking for anything that could possibly be made easily for food. Apparently however Wade only ever ate handmade tacos, pancakes, and chimichangas when he was at home because that was all Peter could find at the moment.

Peter had wanted to make food for Wade because whenever Wade was at his house he cooked but now for the second time they were at Wade’s house. Peter wanted to return the favor. But he couldn’t do that with no knowledge of how to cook.

Peter could at least try to make something. Pancakes didn’t seem so hard.

Peter marched over to where he had seen some flour and dragged it out of the pantry it was in. Out along with it tumbled a remote of some kind.

The remote was long and black and hardly had any buttons on it. It pretty much looked like an older model iPod without the screen. Peter pressed the play button and suddenly loud music blasted over the speakers. That were apparently all around the room.

/You can dance! You can jive!/ Peter chuckled. Of course Wade would have a magic remote that would play ABBA at a moments notice.

/Having the time of your life!/ Peter suddenly heard frantic movement in the bedroom.

/Ooo, see that girl, watch that scene.

Suddenly the bedroom door flew open and Wade danced out wearing a fancy pink dress that was completely covered in sequins and one of those annoying boas that scratch your neck. Upon further inspection, Peter found that Wade was wearing black tights and the cutest pair of red heels Peter had ever seen. All in all, wade was fucking sexy. Wade posed dramatically and belted,
Peter laughed joyously as Wade draped the boa around his shoulders seductively and sang.

/Wednesday nights and the lights are low./
Wade flicked the lights for effect.

/Lookin out for a place to go.
Where they play the right music
Getting in the swing
You’ve come to look for a king./

Peter laughed as Wade hung the boa around Peter’s neck at the word king.

/Anybody could be that guy.
Night is young and the musics,/ he took a drag from an imaginary cigarette, /high/

Peter giggled even as Wade turned the music down with the remote and slipped his arms around Peter waist.

“Whatcha doin?” He asked gesturing to the bag of flower.

Peter giggled. “I was gonna make pancakes but I am apparently a terrible housewife so I did no such thing.” He sighed.

Wade laughed, “I bet I could teach you.” He said raising and eyebrow.

Peter Smirked, “prove it.” Peter challenged.

Wade chuckled and ripped open the flower bag. “I’m gonna teach the hell out of you college boy.”

Peter and Wade stepped back from the counter, sweaty and tired. There in front of them, resting on a plate on the messy counter, was a single perfect pancake.

Next to that plate was a plate of all of the rejects. These ranged from completely burnt to almost raw. There were lumpy ones and crumbly ones. There were some that looked fine but on the inside they were either completely rock solid or too gooey to be considered edible.

“Well I’d say your first attempts at pancakes wasn’t so bad.” Wade said casually taking a reject out of the bad pile and taking a bite out of it.

“Eww! Wade don’t eat that.” Peter said making a face.

“Why not.” Wade said taking another bite out of it. “Anything my college boy makes is delicious.”

Peter rolled his eyes at the new nickname. “Yeah well I won’t be making food anymore. This experience alone is proof that you should be cooking while I will be-“

“Bringing home the bacon!” Wade finished for him. “You’ll have to do that part because your going to college soon. Then you’ll be working. You will be my hard working man and I’ll be your stay at home wife.” He took the last bite out of the reject pancakes and then grabbed Peter and dragged him toward the couch.
“Wade! We’re not even gonna clean up first? You can’t leave your kitchen like this!” Peter complained. But Wade was already making Peter sit on the couch and climbing on top of him. Wade rested his head on Peter chest and handed Peter the remote.

“Play Mama Mia.” He ordered. “And don’t complain. You’re the one who played ABBA so now we have to watch the movie that has all the songs in it.”

Peter laughed and preceded to play the movie.

Peter was actually enjoying the movie when Wade suddenly looked up at him with his pretty blue eyes. “Do you like flowers?” He asked sweetly.

“Yeah.” Peter responded. “Why do you ask?”

Wade hummed. “No reason.” He said suspiciously.

Peter rolled his eyes and got back to the movie. he was interrupted again. This time by his phone.

| Aunt May: hey peter hon should I tell the girls about you agreeing to college or would you like to? |
| Peter: I’ll tell them. |
| Aunt May: darn. I wanted to tell them. Jk. Alright hun. Also you me and Wade should get together again. |

Peter smiled.

| Peter: sure thing! See you later. I love you. |
| Aunt May: I love you too. |

Like normal, May’s text was followed by ten billion emojis.

Peter chuckled and pulled up the group chat between him Gwen and MJ.

| Peter: hey girls. We should meet up soon. |
| Peter: I was thinking Friday evening. |

Peter waited for a bit before his phone buzzed.

| Gwen: why?! |
| Peter: wow. Can’t a man just take his female friends out for a night on the town? |
| Gwen: no what are you playing at?! |
| Peter: You’ll just have to find out when it’s time. *wink* |
| MJ: well I think it sounds great and I’ll be there. |
| Peter: thank you. |
| Gwen: I’ll be there too. But I still suspicious of you Peter. |
Peter laughed and looked up to see that the movie was coming to a close. He looked down at Wade who was still resting his head on Peter’s chest. As the credits started to roll Wade looked up at Peter with his blue eyes.

“Wanna watch something else?” Wade asked grinning.

Peter smiled and stretched slightly. “Sure thing jelly bean.” He said casually.

Wade chuckled and stood up. “Is that my new nickname?” He asked heading over to the dvd shelf (DVD’s!!!!!!! In this economy???????) Wade perused the selection casually while still discussing the fact that he needed a nickname from peter since he’d already given peter plenty. Wade leaned over slightly to get a closer look at a dvd box. The action put his ass a bit on display. Peter felt his heart rate pick up a bit followed by some blood flowing south a bit.

Wade leaned over farther to see some of the movies on one of the lowest shelves. He didn’t crouch down, he bent the fuck over. Peter didn’t think any more blood could possibly fill his dick, when suddenly Wade got down on his hands and knees and searched the final shelf for any movies. Wade spread his stocking covered legs slightly in an attempt to look further back in the shelf. Peter lost it.

“Hey beautiful.” Was what came out of his throat.

Wade sat up on his knees and looked over his shoulder at Peter. /Like a school girl./ Peter treacherous mode supplied.

Wade raised an eyebrow. “Me?” He asked confused.

Peter chuckled nervously, “uh, yeah. Get your as over here.”

Wade smirked and raised himself off the ground almost as if he had been lifted up by a string. Thoroughly convincing Peter that Wade had been some kind of stripper or escort at some point. He definitely had the talent for it.

Wade stalked over to Peter casually tho he had the confidence of a runway model. It turned Peter on even more since he had never really seen Wade with this much confidence before.

Once Wade was standing over Peter with his heals making him even taller than usual peter patted the sweet next to him and smiled.

Wade poured his body across the cushion next to Peter and spread his fabric covered legs. Peter gasped and let himself fall between the beautiful appendages. He ran his hands lightly up and down Wade’s waist which was being hugged by the cute dress. Peter ran his hands up Wade’s chest and around his neck. Peter rested his hands on Wade’s shoulders and leaned in for a kiss. Peter felt a delighted hum course through Wade’s chest. Wade sat up and reached behind himself. At first Peter didn’t known what he was doing but then he heard the sound of a zipper.

“Wait.” Peter interrupted.

Wade looked up worriedly. “Something wrong? Should we stop? Is this too weird?”

“No!” Peter said, “no this is fine. Your fine. Your hot.” He giggled nervously. “It’s just, I uh, could you- could you… keep it on?” Peter finished with a bit of a cringing at himself.

Wade said nothing. Peter watched him for a long time getting increasingly more worried and worried. He could practically hear Harry telling him how disgusting his desires are.
Peter didn’t have to worry for too long however because Wade grinned suddenly. Almost maliciously. “Ooooooh! Baby boy do you have some sort of clothing kink?” He asked, winking lewdly.

Peter gasped embarrassedly, “waaaaadeee! Nooooo.” He blushed and put his head against Wade’s chest. He could feel it shaking with silent chuckles. “It’s not like I have some weird fetish.” He thought about it for a second. “In fact I don’t think I’ve ever been turned on because of regular clothing before.” He blushed at the confession he was about to make. “I think I might just like you in a dress.” He said shyly.

Wade smiled widely. “Baby boy that means more to me than you know.”

Peter let out a shaky breath and leaned forward, he pressed little pecks against Wade’s jaw and neck.

Wade’s moan vibrated through his chest making Peter reaping with a needy whine. “Wade.” He panted starting to move against Wade. Wade responded to the action with excitement, moving against Peter hungrily.

Peter grinded against Wade with no shame. He only stopped when he started to feel his release build. Wade whines in protest.

“Come on baby boy! I was almost done!” He complained.

Peter chuckled, “you got some lube somewhere around here?” He asked, breathing against Wade’s neck.

Wade grinned and dug under the couch cushion below him. “All men know to keep lube in their couch.” He said slyly.

Peter laughed and grabbed the lube from Wade. “Pull your tights down a bit and pull your knees up to your chest.” Peter instructed.

Wade giggled, “oooh baby boy I love it when you boss me around.”

Peter stopped halfway through applying lube to his fingers and worriedly looked up at Wade, “I didn’t mean for it to be bossy sounding. I’ve never been on top before” It sounded like he might say more but Wade cut him off.

“I don’t mind baby boy. I like being told what to do. Now then. Put your hands on me college boy.” He instructed, shifting his hips longingly.

Peter laughed and reached his lubed fingers in between Wade now revealed cheeks. He softly ran each finger over Wade’s hole. Slowly he pressed the first finger against the ring of muscle and pushed in. Wade’s groans were like music to Peter ear.

Soon Peter felt that Wade had adjusted to Peter one finger and he pressed another in. He scissored and spread his two fingers apart, he took the time to enjoy Wade’s blissed out face. Especially when Peter pressed his fingers against the little nerve inside Wade on accident. Once more Peter felt that Wade grew accustomed to two fingers, so he added a bit of lube to the final finger then added that finger to the fray.

Wade was a beautiful moaning mess by the time Peter was sure he was ready. Peter pulled his fingers out and lathered lube on his dick. He lined up with Wade’s hole and slowly pressed in. Wade cried out and Peter leaned down to press little kisses to his neck and jaw. Peter pressed in a bit more and waited. After what seemed like centuries, Wade loosened up a bit and Peter pressed in more.
Wade loosened up sooner this time. And then again even sooner. After some time, Peter was all the way in. His hips pressed against Wade’s ass.

Peter had to look at Wade’s entire body to see when he finally relaxed enough to continue. But when he did, he sent a dazzling smirk up at Peter. The simple action was enough to spur Peter on.

Peter pulled his hips back and snapped them forward. Wade let out a delicious sound, which spurred Peter on. Soon Peter was thrusting in and out of Wade quickly, which was causing Wade to moan a lot. Wade occasionally would cry out some kind of praise to Peter. “Baby your so good.” “Your so perfect.”

Each and every word made Peter want Wade all the more. Peter a hustled his body for a better angle when suddenly Wade’s while body jerked, and Wade moaned louder than he had yet. “Baby! That’s it! Right there!” Peter chuckled at the reaction, he proceeded to hammer that spot as much as he could. Wade seemed to lose the ability to speak after that because all that he did was moan incoherently and shudder as Peter pounded his prostate.

Finally Wade gasped out and grasped Peter’s shoulder. “Cuming.” Was all he said, but Peter understood. Peter grasped Wade’s cock and pumped it a few times. Peter felt his own release clime.

With one final cry Wade came, White strips that were supposed to cover his chest and stomach were instead caught by the dress. Wade’s ass clenching sent Peter over the edge. Thrusting through his own release.

As soon as Peter was finished and panting, he rested himself on Wade’s chest.

They both sat there panting as they came down from their high. After some time, Wade looked down with an easy smile on his face, and said, “baby boy that was the hottest thing that ever was hot. In the history of hotness. What I mean to say is, that was unlike anything I’ve ever seen from you.” His smile grew.

Peter however frowned slightly. “Is that bad.” He asked.

“no! Of course not!” Wade assured him. “It was like a turtle coming out of its shell. But then it turns out it wasn’t a turtle at all, it was a fucking peacock or something.”

Peter giggled, but it was true. For a moment there it seemed that peter was completely different. Less scared, more assured. Peter wondered if that’s what he would be like if so many people hadn’t dampened his self esteems. Not that there was much self esteem in the first place.

Wade sighed. “So… you still want to watch another movie?”

“Sure thing.” Peter sighed tiredly.

“Your gonna have to get up for me to pick another.” Wade said after a few moments of peter not moving.

Peter sighed happily and let his eyes skip closed. “Nah.” Was all he said

—— ———

Peter met Gwen and MJ at Peter favorite restaurant (it’s been his favorite ever since he met Wade. And thankfully MJ and Gwen liked it as well.)

“Alright, so, what’s this about.” Gwen asked, once they’d already gotten their food and peter still
hadn’t said anything.

“What?” Peter asked suspiciously. “Can’t a guy just hang with his friends? No strings attached?”

MJ started to talk then, “Of course you can but—“

Gwen interrupted. “But your dont Peter. So you have news to tell us, and you better tell us before I kick your in the nuts due to annoying suspend that’s lasting way to long.”

Peter laughed, “Alright.” He paused for a moment.

“I” He paused for a moment more. (He loved dragging it out like this.

“Am” the girls leaned in excitedly.

Peter took a breath. “Going.” The girls held their breath.

“To…” Peter said slowly with a shit eating grin on his face.

“My god Peter just tell us!” Gwen complained angrily.

Peter laughed. “Alright. I’m going to collage.”

MJ and Gwen were quiet with shock. “What!?” MJ suddenly blurted, “Tell us everything!” She clapped excitedly. “When did you decide? What prompted it?!”

Peter laughed. “Alright well, I brought Wade to meet May, and she was giving him the tour. So we were in my room, and she was showing Wade mr Stark’s letters, and Wade just called him right then and there and was like ‘Peter’s going to college whether he likes it or not.’” Peter chuckled to himself. He was about to continue, when Gwen suddenly interrupted.

“Wait, He said your going whether you like it or not?” She asked, looking uncomfortable.

“Well, something like that. But it’s ok because going to college is really something I should have done years ago. Wade was just helping,” Peter smiled, hoping to show that he was actually happy with how this turned out.

Gwen didn’t hide her frown now. “Peter I don’t think him forcing you into something is a good thing. Even if the thing he’s forcing you into is a /good thing./” She sighed. “Listen, Peter, you remember Eddie. He seemed great at first, but from the very beginning he was bossy. He also wanted you to go to college, but you remember why?”

She gave Peter a pointed look and Peter looked down at his almost finished food, before saying, “he wanted me to go to college so I could learn science to make his food taste better.” Peter pudge the remaining food around his plate. “But Wade isn’t like that. He wants me to succeed.”

“Peter.” Gwen sighed. “Can you ask him? That way you can be sure. I’ll drop the subject for now but just ask him do we can all have a clear conscience.” She reached across the table and squeezed his hand.

“Yeah,” Peter sighed, “Yeah of course.”

MJ spoke up then. “Hey how about you tell us more about what you are going to do in college. Did you pick your classes yet?”
Peter felt himself light up like a Christmas tree.

“Oh yes! Get ready to take a lot of notes because I am about to rant!”

— — —

Peter and the girls went shopping as per tradition. So Peter came back to his apartment with two small bags. One for himself (with a few books inside) and one for Wade (with maybe a red smooth sort of dress, that Peter may have bought because the moment he saw it his body immediately reacted. Don’t judge). Peter entered the apartment and took off his shoes. “Wade?” He called out.

“In the bedroom.” Wade called.

Peter smiled and was about to head there when he saw the two pancake plates that were supposed to be full but were now completely empty.

“Wade! You did not eat those reject pancakes.” He yelled, heading toward the bedroom. “Your probably going to-“

“Hey baby boy.” Wade said grinning.

Peter dropped his shopping bags in shock, for there on the bed was Wade Wilson. Draped in a lace and silk robe, which was hiding the sexiest lingerie that Peter had ever seen.

Wade chuckled. “Yes. By the way. I definitely ate your reject pancakes. They were perfect. Now then, are you going to stand there and gawk or are you going to get that bubble butt over here and screw me senseless.”

/Damn/ Peter thought as he marched over to Wade. /This is going to be a long night/

Chapter End Notes

Just to let y’all know, I may have to add chapter at the end. I know the description say 20 but I may need to make it 25
Wade was doing that thing again. The thing where he was totally planning a surprise for Peter and was really bad at hiding it. Peter has a feeling that it was because Valentine’s Day was coming up.

Peter was actually really glad that he had remembered Valentine’s Day. He was never good at that sort of thing. He had a little something planned. Not big. But Peter had ordered flowers. A combination of white, yellow, red, and black. The first three because of Wade’s alters and the black because Peter had noticed that red and black seemed to be the only color Wade liked to wear.

Peter hoped that his gift would be enough because Wade seemed to be planning something big. He’d abruptly leave if he was on the phone. Or he’d almost shatter his laptop by closing it too fast. He was also gone a lot more than he usually is. Peter would have been worried but he saw Wade zipping up a bag that had beginner sheet music, for some instrument, in it.

The closer they got to Valentine’s Day the more nervous, because Wade was still getting stuff figured out. It meant that Wade was planning something big. So every day closer to V-Day that Wade would run out of a room on the phone, or shut his laptop, sent Peter into an emotional whirlpool of self doubt. Peter wondered if maybe he should get chocolate as well as flowers but that turned into one of those classic procrastination situations.

So on the morning of Valentine’s Day Peter opened his eyes, looked Wade in his sleeping face, and ran into the bathroom to throw up. When he walked back into the bedroom to look for a mint, he saw Wade sitting up in bed.
“Hey hon.” Wade said smiling kindly. “You good? You wanna stay at home today?”

“No!” Peter rushed to assure Wade that he did not want to stay. “I’m just nervous is all.” He explained.

“What are you nervous about?” Wade asked, patting the bed next to him to signify that Peter should sit down.

Peter sat. “I’m worried that my gift to you today won’t be good enough.” Peter mumbled.

“What!” Wade gasped. “Baby boy! I’m sure it!”

Peter didn’t seem reassured, so Wade smiled and scooped Peter up into his arms. “I’ll admit that my present to you May be a bit over the top. But whatever you got me. Just because it may not be as crazy as mine doesn’t mean it won’t be wonderful. I’m sure I’ll love anything that you give me. I promise.”

Peter smiled and nuzzled Wade’s neck.

Suddenly the doorbell rang.

Peter sat up quickly, “I think that’s it.”

“The present?” Wade asked.

“Yeah.” Peter said, jumping up.

Peter ran to the door and opened it. the flowers that Peter ordered were sitting there peacefully. Peter sighed in relief. Peter heard Wade’s footsteps and quickly picked up the flowers and hid them. Peter turned around to the sight of Wade standing there patiently waiting.

“So this isn’t going to be much.” Peter warned.

Wade smiled. “I think I’m gonna like anything, pumpkin.”

Peter sighed. “Alright.” He pulled the flowers out from their hidden spot and presented them to Wade. “It’s a representation of you.” Peter finished shyly.

Wade took the flowers. He stared at them curiously. “Me?” He asked almost to himself. Peter watched nervously, hoping that Wade would get it.

“Me.” Wade said suddenly. Peter looked up into his face and saw the recognition in Wade’s eyes. “Me!” Wade said excitedly.

Wade suddenly threw his arm around Peter. (The other was holding the flowers.) “oh my god! Peter!”

Peter looked up into Wade’s eyes and saw tears. Wade smiled dreamily. “Thank you baby.”

Wade turned suddenly. “I’m need to go find a vase.”

Peter giggled at Wade’s urgency.

Peter heard Wade banging around in the kitchen. He hear clanging and crashing and even some kind of tapping, although that sounded suspiciously like it was coming from the window. Soon enough however, Wade was back hugging a pastel green vase, with the flowers in it, to his chest. “Alright,
“Your turn?” Peter asked, raising a brow.

“Yep.” Wade said skipping over to the pantry. He opened it and pulled out a bunch of normal colored roses.

“Sorry they’re all the same color but I have a practiced line for when I give these to you.” Wade looked Peter in his eyes and smiled.

“I will stop loving you when the very last one of these flowers wilt and die.” Wade whispered. Peter felt almost offended before he looked closer at the flowers.

“Wade… their fake.” Peter whispered.

Wade smiled. “I know.”

There was a moment of silence where Peter felt tears threatening to slip free of his eyes.

“Alright let’s go.”

“Go?” Peter asked, wiping away a tear.

“Yep!” Wade said happily. “I’ve got a lot of over the top stuff planned and we gotta start soon.”

Peter chuckled, and placed his vase down on the table. “Are you taking the flowers with you?” He asked as Wade put on a jacket while still holding the vase.

“Yeppers!” Wade said bouncing up and down.

Peter chuckled and threw on some nice looking clothes (to match Wade’s) and a jacket as well.

They left the apartment together and head down to Peter car. Wade drove them out of the parking building and down the street.

After a few minutes, Peter started to recognize the buildings around them as the buildings that he sees on the way to the restaurant that Wade had introduced him to.

“Where are we going?” Peter asked, looking over at Wade.

Wade laughed joyously. “Like you don’t know.”

Peter gave a nervous little chuckle in response. Wade reached over and squeezed Peter’s leg in a comforting way. Soon however, they were at the restaurant and all that comfort went out the window.

The building was looking better than Peter had ever seen it. Cracks were getting paved up, the paint was new. Over all, Peter was quite proud of the little restaurant that he had come to love. And then he was nervous again because Wade was heading inside and holding the door open for Peter. Inside was way different. The lighting had been turned down and there were candles on each table, giving them all a warm, romantic sort of glow. In the back of the room, beer the kitchen door, was a shiny, black piano. Almost every surface was covered in hearts. The place was packed.

“Where did they get the money to spoof everything up like this?” Peter asked, looking up at Wade.
Wade smiled. “I’ve been getting them as much customers as I can.” He swept a hand around the room. “Customers bring money.”

Peter gave a sly smile. “So I’m not special. You just gave me the address to this place for business?”

Wade chuckled and leaned down to press a kiss to Peter’s forehead. “I didn’t give anyone else my phone number.”

Then, seemingly done with the conversation, Wade led Peter to a table over to the left.

Wade even pulled out Peter’s chair, like a gentleman. Peter and wade ordered drinks. And then later food. It seemed like it was going to be a normal, romantic dinner, until a woman stood next to the piano, and spoke into a microphone.

“Hello, ladies and gentlemen. I hope your having a good Valentine’s Day.” A couple in a corner of the other side of the room whooped. The room laughed. “Good, good. Now a good friend of mine and the person who helped to refurbish my little restaurant is here tonight and he’d like to say a few words. So please welcome, Wade Wilson.” The people in the audience clapped politely.

Wade stood up from the table and started to head over but as a second thought, he turned around and grabbed the vase of flowers that Peter had gifted him, and head over to the piano. He placed them delicately on the piano and turned to the audience, microphone on hand.

“Hey everyone. I’m gonna try to keep this short but don’t get your hopes up.” A chuckled crossed the crowd. “So my boyfriend, Peter, is here tonight.”

Peter raised his hand (embarrassed) so people would know who he was. He felt everyone’s eyes on him.

“Peter. We met in a supermarket. Which is pretty romantic on my opinion.” A laugh from the audience. “A song was playing, the first time I looked into your eyes. That same song was playing later when I drove you in a car for the first time. That song has played several more times for us. You could say it’s ‘our’ song but Peter… ‘this is your song’.” Wade sat down at the piano and started to play.

And Wade started to sing.

/It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside/
/I am one of those who can easily hide/

Peter felt a blush climb his cheeks. Wade’s fingers brushed the piano keys elegantly.

/I have a bit of money, and boy since I do /
I'd buy a big house if you want me to/

Wade’s gentle voice drifted through the restaurant. Peter observed how men and women alike, throughout the building, were swooning or smiling at their own partners. All Peter could think was that his Wade was causing that. His Wade.

/If I was a sculptor, but, but then again, no /
Or a man who makes potions on a traveling show /
I know it's too much, but it's the best I can do /
My gift is my song, and/

Wade looked up from the piano and straight into Peter’s eyes.
Now it was Peter who was swooning. It wasn’t Peter fault that was was perfect, with his sneaking out to practice piano, and his subtle lyric changes.

Now Wade played louder with the oncoming chorus. His fingers danced across the keys like ballerinas in a dramatic performance.

Someone behind him tapped on his shoulder. He turned to see who.

A middle aged woman was leaning towards him with a dreamy grin on her face. “Is he yours?” She asked.

Peter turned his gaze back towards Wade.

Peter turned back to the lady. Yours. His mind supplied.

“Yeah.” Peter’s smile mirrored the woman’s. She leaned back to her spot (peter could have sworn he saw her mouth the word “lucky” and Peter turned back around.

Peter looked back at Wade’s face, and even in the now colorful tinted light Peter could still see the smallest of smiles on Wade’s face.

And you can tell everybody this is your song
It may be quite simple, but now that it's done/
Though he didn’t really know why, all of a sudden Peter felt his vision blur with joyful tears in the corners of his eyes.

/I hope you don’t mind
/I hope you don’t mind that I put down in words/
/How wonderful life is, now you’re in the world/

Peter felt a tear drop down his cheek, then another, then another. And then it was like a dam being opened. Peter’s body shook with silent tears, as Wade finished up the song.

/I hope you don’t mind
/I hope you don’t mind that I put down in words/
/How wonderful life is, now you’re in the world.

Peter finally let out a quiet sob as the entire restaurant cheered and clapped. Peter tried to wipe away any remaining tears as Wade bowed to his audience, but then Wade grabbed the flower vase and gave it a look as if it was the best gift ever, (as if he hadn’t just given Peter everything.) and Peter broke down again.

Wade was by his side almost immediately as Peter sobbed quietly and kissed Wade.

Wade pulled away finally with his own tears resting in his eyes. “Are you alright pumpkin?” He asked softly.

“I’m so Alright.” Peter responded.

Mine. His brain thought one last time.

Mine.

Chapter End Notes

Alright y’all. I hoped you liked it. The ending was a bit weird because I wrote that instead of sleeping.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

It’s a pretty short chapter, sorry, I had a really long period of random writers block. Either way I’m actually more proud of this than I am of some of the longer chapters. Don’t be strangers, please comment, they keep me going.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter woke up the morning of February 15th with bright eyes and a gentle smile. Wade was asleep next to him. Peter slowly got out of bed as to not wake Wade unnecessarily. Peter tiptoed out towards the kitchen when he suddenly remembered something from the day before. Something at the window closest to the front door. Peter didn’t really understand what it was about this window, only that something was different.

Peter walked over to said window. Upon looking outside, he could see some sort of black package with little red hearts on it. It was peacefully sitting on one of the stairs down the fire escape. It would be completely fine... if it wasn't moving.

Peter opened the window and grabbed it. It felt like someone had spilled some sort of drink on the bottom. And it seemed to pulse in his hand. Even still, despite his better judgment, Peter opened the box.

A heart.

A real human heart.

And it was beating.

Peter shrieked and threw the box to the ground. He placed his hands on his knees and tried to breath and not look at the beating organ.

“Peter are you alright?” Wade asked rushing into the room. He approached Peter who still wasn’t looking. Peter knew that Wade had seen it when Wade stopped near Peter and whispered, “oh my god…”

Peter attempted to straighten up and talk to Wade but the blood rushed through his body to quickly, and he got a sight of the heart. He fainted.

Later after Wade got rid of the… problem. He asked Peter what had happened. Peter struggled but eventually got the story out. Finally when Peter was done, Wade talked about how he had found some sort of battery pack on the back of the heart, it seemed to keep blood pumping inside the heart.

And there was one more thing.

Wade held up a note that he had found in the box.

Mine still beats for you- H

Peter gasped. Harry…
Peter wasn’t able to sleep well for over a week.

Tonight was one of those nights

___

Peter woke with a startle. He was sweating profusely and the little sounds of his gasps were drowned out by wades loud snoring. Peter reached up and wiped the sweat off his face.

Working on a few breathing exercises that wade taught him helped a bit but what would help most was a short cuddle with a loveable stuffed toy who goes by the name of peaches. Peter leaned over the side of the bed and searched the floor for his beloved stuffed cat. It was just barely sticking out from under the bed. He hugged the cat to his chest tightly.

By this point Peter had grown used to the dreams enough that he doesn’t cry anymore, but it’s still difficult for his to calm down for a while after.

Finally after a few moments of uneasiness Peter turned to look at his sleeping boyfriend.

Wade was resting peacefully. He was snoring really loudly but Peter found it really comforting.

Peter was going to turn on his side and cuddle up against Wade but suddenly Wade’s eyes furrowed and he frowned. Peter held his breath as the room grew quiet from lack of Wade’s breathing.

Wade let out a skin crawling growl. Then he whispered to himself “shut up D, you don’t want to spook the angelic bubble butt baby boy in bed with us, do you?”

Peter would have laughed if he weren’t so shocked. He hugged peaches to his chest and whispered “Wade?”

Wade’s eyes flashed open. He paused and looked around the room before stretching like a cat. He reached out and grabbed Peter and pulled him across the bed. “Good morning.” Peter felt frozen. “I’m hungry.” Wade said

‘Wade would have noticed that he scared you by now’ Peter thought to himself but he only said “it’s hardly even 2:30.” Wade shrugged “It sucks to wake up this early right kitten?”

Peter froze, ‘he’s never called you kitten before.’

“Your not Wade.” Peter said

“Oof baby boy you catch on quick dontcha” totally-not-Wade said pulling away from Peter and sitting up. “What gave it away?” He asked, stretching again.

Peter say up as well. “Wade’s never called me kitten before.”

Not Wade shrugged again.

“Who am I talking to?” Peter asked shuffling on the bed.

“Oh! Where are my manners?” Not Wade said slapping himself on the forehead loudly. “Nice to meet you, I’m Yellow.”

“Oh!” Peter exclaimed. “Nice to meet you.”
“It’s always nice to meet me.” Yellow said chucking. “And I’m sure you’d like to ‘meet me’ better, huh?”

Peter ignored that “so do you come out often and this is the first time I’ve seen you or is this rare.”

Yellow laid back a bit. “White says it’s semi-rare.”

“Ah,” Peter paused and then asked his next question. “Is white smart then?”

“Yup.” Yellow said relaxing even further into the bed. “He’s the smart and silent type of you know what I mean, doesn’t like talking much until he’s comfortable. Usually when you ask him a question it’s like ‘are you feeling alright today?” Yellow made a cold and professional face “.......yes.” He let the face go. “I mean jeez what’s with him.”

Peter frowned, “you don’t like him?”

Yellow yawned and laid back down. “Do I have to?”

Peter considered this for a moment. “Well you have to share a space with white, Wade, and (what’s his name?) red? Well if you hate them your sharing unhappy space for as long as you’re alive, but if you like them or at least pretend to then your entire existence won’t be as miserable I suppose.”

Yellow looked up at Peter with shocked eyes. Then his eyes narrowed with adoration. “I can see what Wade likes about you.”

Peter chuckled and hid his blush by looking down at his hands. But then a thought occurred to him. “Aren’t alters supposed to come out when the host is majorly stressed or something? Why did you come out? Did you have a bad dream?”

Yellow sighed, “yeah we had a nightmare, about something that happened to Wade a long time ago. I usually come out to defuse things or when Wade needs to let go a bit.” Yellow shifted so that he was now resting on his side. “I haven’t had to come out around you much… ever since that night in the supermarket when Wade helped you through that panic attack Wade’s been happier and more relaxed than he’s been in a long time.”

Peter hardly had time to react to so much being laid out in front of him before Yellow was moving on. “Anyway we had a dream about this bad place that we spent a lot of time in, D got really upset and I had to come out to calm him down I guess.”

Peter interjected, “D?” He asked tilting his head

“Deadpool,” Yellow responded “our therapist said only to give him nicknames so that he doesn’t have the power that he had before.”

“Power?” Peter asked intrigued.

“Oof white is telling me that I’m telling you too much.” Yellow let his eyes slip closed. He sighed. “This has been a nice conversation. Wade will see you in the morning I guess.”

Peter tried to said “hey wait!” But he hardly got the h out when Yellow (Wade?) was snoring once more. Peter sighed and laid back down himself. He turned to his boyfriend.

“See you in the morning.” He whispered.
“Pete… Peter… baby boy.” The sweet whisper lulled Peter out of his surprisingly restful sleep.

“Hmm?” He mumbled tiredly.

“Baby boy I’m just really sorry.”

This made Peter open his eyes. “What for?” He asked looking up into Wade’s upsets expression.

Wade shifted his eyes nervously.

“I’m just sorry that you had to meet Yellow since you’ve been going through so much lately and I didn’t mean to let him come out. I’m so sorry baby, I’ll try not to let it happen again.”

Peter giggled. At the sight of Wade’s hurt expression he amended the act, “Wade, you’re just really cute right now. I don’t mind having met Yellow, I’m glad I got to meet an Alter, I’m not upset Wade, I swear. And I’m not upset that you had a nightmare the same night as me, you’ve said it before, that’s not something you can control” Peter leaned forward and kissed Wade’s nose.

“Your sure?” Wade asked quietly.

“I love you Wade.” Peter smiled and pressed his lips to Wade’s, “every part of you.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Chapter End Notes

In the next chapter some shit goes down and it will probably end on a cliff hanger so if you’re like me and you want a story to wrap up without angst being the last thing that you read, please wait for a few more chapters.

If none of that made sense then sorry...
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter woke to the sweet embrace of his loving boyfriend. He rolled over and cuddled into Wade’s arms. Peter looked up to see Wade’s face, but instead of looking up into his restful face he looked up into the worried and restless face of Wade Wilson.

“Are you ok?” Peter asked quietly.

Wade sighed. “I’m sorry.”

Peter sighed, “Wade…”

“I almost let red out.” Wade squeezed his eyes shut like he was trying to erase a memory from his brain.

Peter looked up in shock, “Wade it’s ok.”

Wade shook his head roughly. “It’s not ok… it’s not ok. He’s done things… I can’t tell you… I can’t tell you what he’s done… if I let him out… oh god… if I let him out…” a single tear dropped down his face.

Peter felt shocked. He wasn’t sure if he’d ever seen Wade cry. If he had seen Wade cry he hoped it wasn’t as heartbreaking as it is now.

Peter wiped away the falling tear. “Your alright now Wade, you didn’t let him out, your ok.”

Wade let his almost broken gaze fall on Peter. Slowly his quivering lip melts into the smallest smile that Peter has ever seen on Wade. “Kiss?” Wade’s voice was so small and weak that Peter was unsure if this was even the Wade he was used to.

“Of course.” Peter whispered in response.

Wade wiped away another tear running down his face and leaned forward to press a loving kiss against Peter’s lips.

Peter brought his hand up to Wade’s cheek and just held him. Peter let his thumb rub little circles against Wade’s cheek.

Wade seemed to be lost in thought, but Peter just focused on gentle touches. There had been plenty of times that Wade had helped Peter through rough times, it was time for Peter to return the favor.

Wade sighed and let his eyes close. Peter felt his own body relax in return. “Do you want to do something today? Or do you want to stay home?”

Wade sighed and made a thinking face. “I- I want to go out.”

Peter pressed a slight kiss to Wade’s nose. “You sure?”

“Yeah…” Wade whispered back. “Can we just walk around the mall or something?”

“Of course,” Peter whispered.
The mall was nice, it was air conditioned and not very crowded. Definitely a good fit for someone who was going through something. It seemed to help Wade at least.

Peter led Wade to the first few shops, most were clothing, but there were a few makeup stores and even a bath and body works. Then there was “lollipops and sugar.” Which was a… candy shop.

Peter looked away for one moment and wade had practically bought the whole store.

“Wade what the heck?!” Peter squealed at Wade looking at the gigantic blue bag of diabetes that Wade was holding. “How did you get that so fast?!”

Wade laughed, “a magician never tells his secrets.” Peter felt his stomach flop at the sight of Wade laughing.

Suddenly Wade’s phone buzzed. “Oh!” Wade exclaimed, pulling his phone out of his pocket. “We’re gonna be late for the movie, come on!” And with that he turned on his heal and bolted for the door.

“Wade!” Peter gasped catching up to him, “you can’t bring outside food into a movie theater!”

Wade laughter and looked back at Peter, he took his hand while still maintaining the speed he was at before and said “watch me.”

Peter laughed at that.

Wade and Peter broke into the extremely busy sidewalk. They pushed through the crowd but somehow didn’t lose the speed they had began with.

They were almost halfway to the theater when Peter felt someone grab his arm. He looked into a slightly familiar face and tugged his arm way. It happened so fast that he didn’t really process it. The man’s face turned angry and then almost fearful as He got pushed back in the crowd. Peter lost his face before he could even respond.

The gears in Peter’s mind turned as he and Wade approaches the theater building. They had been here before, for one of their first dates. But Peter was lost in thought as to where he had seen that man before. Peter and Wade got to the ticket line then the food counter.

“Hey pete, want some popcorn? They also offer chips.”

Chips!

/* “You shouldn’t have such a fattening snack, a tiny thing like you should keep his figure small right?”*/

Oh god Peter remembered. The man in the grocery store, who hit on him. The man who tried to bring Peter home. What was he doing on that street, why did he try to grab Peter. And most importantly… why did he look so scared when Peter pulled himself away.

“Hey baby boy, are you ok?” Peter pulled himself out of his fog and looked up, “yeah I’m fine, just tired.” Wade smiled

“So popcorn or chips?”

Peter couldn’t tell Wade what had happened, not after he had such a rough night.
Wade and Peter arrived back at the hotel room tired. Immediately Wade plopped onto the couch as Peter put the remaining candies in the pantry. They would probably finish them later.

He barely turned around before he was being hoisted into the air and swung around and a round. He squealed with joy.

Wade put him down with the biggest smile on his face, then Wade pressed his forehead against Peter’s and whispered, “God I love you Peter.”

Peter let out a tiny giggle. “I love you too.”

“Good. Now, let’s go to bed.” He swept Peter up onto his arms and marched down the hall, little Peter giggling all the way.

He never noticed his phone ringing.

Peter woke with the early morning light blinding him. He sighed and turned to his other side to try and get back to sleep. As he turned however he hear a crinkling sound. Beneath him was a letter on pink paper.

“Hey Pete

Went to the store to get some stuff, should be back soon, don’t worry.

-Wade”

Peter sat up and looked around, sure enough Wade wasn’t in the apartment.

Peter sighed and rubbed at his eyes. Then he decided that waiting in bed would do no good for his rumbling stomach, he rolled out of bed and dragged himself to the kitchen. He pulled out some eggs from the fridge and tested to see if they were rotten. After Deciding that they good enough he cracked them on a pan and started cooking.

Soon they were done and Peter was sitting at his kitchen table slowly eating. He kinda wished Wade would come home soon, he was really bored.

He should have been careful what he wished for.

The apartment phone rang, which is bad because it only rings when the workers in the lobby have to have everyone evacuate for some emergency. He was only a pace away from the phone when it stopped ringing, would they call back?

‘I guess it’s fine’ Peter thought to himself. Peter picked up his phone, he had one missed call and a text Harry: I’m coming to get you. Peter felt himself grow pale. Then Peter heard some kind ruckus outside his apartment. He ran to the door when suddenly the door opened and a tallish man walked through the doorway. He had slicked back black hair and a pale and sunken face.
“Hello honey,” Harry raised the gun in his hand, pointing it right between peters eyes “I’m home.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m sORRY
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

I’m sorry if this is kinda badly written. I was just so excited to put this chapter out. IT ENDS ON ANOTHER CLIFFHANGER SO IF YOU DONT WANT TO READ, wait until the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

{yellow}
[white]
RED

Wade
Wade walked down the street to his car, happier than he had been in a very long time. He was more blissful than when he and Peter has kissed for the first time and he was swooning far more than when he finally asked Peter to truly date him, never had he been so elated as he was right now with the beautiful band of gold in the velvet box in his pocket. The receipt still in his hand.

{pete is gonna be so excited! Can you imagine his face when we finally get down on one-}

[if he even wants to be with us.]

{can you for once not be such a spoilsport?}

[i’m just saying that Peter is too good for us and there is no way that he would want to be with us long term.]

Wade sighed at the bantering in his brain. The boxes could be quite talkative when he was excited. White was voicing some of the worries in Wade’s mind but truth be told, Wade wasn’t actually that worried.

[but you should be.]

{omg white just shut up}

Wade sighed and pulled his phone out of his pocket to tell Peter that he was on his way home. But the moment he touched it he felt it buzz.

|Peter: HELP|

Wade felt himself grow faint. Why would Peter need help?! What happened?! He was walking fast now. Oh god what if Peter was hurt!

ŘŮH! ÎDĪ T!!!

And Wade ran. He ran as fast as he could. He practically slammed into his car when he got there. He got the car started and reeled out of the parking space.
He was now reaching top speeds of 70 which was a godsend with all of the New York traffic. Wade didn’t even try to break when he approached the red light.

He was almost a block away from that one when he ran through the second, and that’s when he heard the sirens.

“FUCK!” Wade screamed slamming his hands on the wheel.

{DON’T POLICE GIVE ESCORTS?}  ÞULL  νŘÊ!

Wade felt like he was losing time but he did.

The cop was a lovely woman with her blond hair pulled pack in a tight bun.

“Sir do you know why I pull-“

“MA’AM SOMETHINGS HAPPENING TO MY BOYFRIEND! I HAVE TO GET TO HIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!”

The woman didn’t even bat an eye

“I’ll give you and escort, what’s the location of the problem?”

Wade told her and they were off.

Wade was practicing numb by the time they arrived at the apartment building.

He and the police woman raced inside.

Inside was every attendant in the building crowing up the lobby. Most were sitting on the ground some were standing and some seemed to be just sitting down.

“What happened here?” The woman asked.

One of the people who worked at the desk spoke up.

“Some maniac with a gun came in. He told us to get everyone down here except whoever was in room 202. Then he went up there. We just got the last few people down here.”

“We’re gonna need some back u- hey! Get back here!”

But Wade was already charging up the stairs to Peter’s apartment.

202

He repeated it in his mind.

202

Peter’s in 202.

Wade got to the second floor and ran down the hallway. He could see the door at the end but it was like those dreams where your running towards something but your not getting any closer. Eventually he did reach it. Wade didn’t even bother trying to open it, he just raised his foot and kicked the door down.
There pressed against the ledge separating the kitchen and the tv room was Peter. Pressing him there was Harry.

“Oh, I see you decided to join us. I was just telling Peter about how he doesn’t need you anymore.”

Wade took three steps toward them before Harry pressed the gun in his right hand against Peter’s temple. “I would move another inch if I was you.”

Peter whimpered and a tear leaked down his cheek.

“Don’t you fucking touch him.” Wade said more confidence than he had.

Harry chuckled, it was dark and slimy, like an eel. “Why shouldn’t I touch something that belongs to me.”

[WIDE HIR!]

Wade needed a plan

Peter had allowed Wade 3 weapons in the tv room. There was a gun taped under the coffee table, there was a knife taped under the ledge where Peter was cowering. And there was a ninja star set taped to the shades on the window.

The coffee table was right in front of him, if he could get to it he could shoot the shit bird over there. Peter just had to keep him talking.

Wade looked at Peter who was still crying, but Peter seemed to be on the same page because he nodded ever so slightly.

Suddenly Peter made a gagging noise and turned around to dry heave into the sink, Harry’s eyes followed which left a window open for Wade to take three more step.

Peter dropped to his knees and sobbed.

Harry made a disgusted noise. “You disgusting slut! This is why I hired someone to watch you.”

Peter and Wade both froze. “What?” Peter asked in a small voice.

Harry grabbed Peter by the hair and yanked him upwards. Peter grasped the bottom of the ledge for balance and pulled something out from under it.

“That’s right.” Harry said. “I knew that if I left you alone for too long that you would… fall out of habit. That’s why I was shocked too. The man that I had hired said that you were dating someone already. Well it had hardly been 4 weeks. I then told him to watch you 24/7. Well he did that job pretty well, but yesterday I asked him to get you, like he was originally supposed to. Imagine my surprise when he came back to me empty handed saying that he had done everything right, he even had you in hand at one point, but you still slipped away.”

Wade had no fucking clue what this dude was talking about but it was distracting Harry enough that Wade got several more steps closer to the coffee table.

“Oh my god,” Peter whispered. “That man, the man from the grocery store.”

{[what?!]}

Wade felt the breath leave his body. They had been watched this whole time. Wade had had enough
of being watched from having to deal with weapon x. He felt an almighty rage fester inside his gut. One more step and he could grab the gun.

“What’s wrong with you.” Peter whispered.

“WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?!” Harry’s hand that was holding the gun dropped a bit. “I OWN YOU! YOU BELONG TO ME!”

Wade raced forward and grabbed the gun from under the table.

BANG BANG

SQUISH.

Harry fell back gripping the knife that was stuck in the bullet hole in his shoulder. He collapsed to the floor and stopped moving.

Wade felt buzzed. He opened his gun to count the shells left. Only to find that only one had been fired off. Hadn’t he shot twice, Wade heard two gunshots, what-

“Wade?” Peter’s voice was scared and weak.

Wade looked up to see that Peter was clutching his side.

Peter pulled a hand away from his waist and showed it to Wade…

It was covered in blood, fresh red blood.

“Wade?,” Peter’s face was growing pale, “I don’t feel good.”

And Peter collapsed.

Chapter End Notes

{HOW DARE YOU QUOTE INFINITY WARS}

I'm sORRY!

[the readers will not be happy about this]

It’s not that bad, I swear, red back me up here!

И . Y Ü SÜÇ'K.

*cries*
If there was one thing that May hated more than anything, it was that everything could be fine one moment and then everything collapses the next. It was usually small things like playing with your friends as a child, you fall over and scrape your knee, you start crying, and everything is ruined. But for May…

May was cooking food for a late night with her husband Ben.

*Ring ring*

May walked to the phone.

“Hello?”

“Is this May Parker?”

“Yes.”

She shifted the phone on her ear

“Mrs Parker we are calling to inform Richard Parker and his wife Mary Parker have died.”

May gasped. /Mary and Richard/. She felt the smallest tear drop down her cheek.

“We know this must be hard for you but their son Peter Parker lived, we would like to know if you are able to take custody of him.”

She breathed. She and Ben had never really wanted children, but, “Yes… yes of course we will.”

“Good, we’ll meet you at the location that we will be emailing you.”

May let loose some of the pain in her chest, in the form of a sob.

“…I know this is hard Ma’am, but I have been looking at your records and I think you’ll be a wonderful guardian, goodbye mrs Parker.”

“Goodbye…”

*Click*

“May? What’s wrong?”

“Mary and Richard… they’re dead.”

— — —

It had been almost 19 years since since that last call. Peter was a beautiful part of May and Bens lives.

May was making an early dinner to celebrate Peter’s going to college. Tony stark himself had an internship lined up and everything.
*Ring ring*

May walked to the phone.

“Hello?”

There were sirens on the other side.

“May! Something’s happened to Ben! Oh god it’s all my fault! He’s been shot!”

May’s knees collapsed under her.

“What?”

Peter’s voice sounded panicked.

“May I’m so sorry! We’re heading for the hospital on 4th street.”

“I’ll be there.” She pulled herself up and ran for the door.

“I’m so sorry May.” Peter was definitely crying now.

“It’s ok Peter I’ll be there in a moment.”

— — —

May was cooking food again. She does it every night now. She isn’t as lonely as she was all those years ago but sometimes she still expects to go into the other room and see her beautiful husband laughing at something on the tv.

She had only finished a fresh bowl of soup when her phone rang.

*Ring ring*

Perhaps it was Peter or Wade!

“Hello.”

She heard sirens. She immediately felt lightheaded.

“May! It’s me Wade. Listen something’s happened, Peter’s been shot! It was harry! We’re heading for the hospital on 4th street!”

May gasped and distantly wondered why no tears came down her face.

“Oh god…” she whispered brokenly.

“It’s ok May, just meet me there, it will be fine!”

*Click*.

May stood there in the middle of her kitchen holding an empty bowl. She only shuddered as she was knocked over with fear.

“Please God. Please don’t hurt him. He’s the only one I have left. Please.”

May didn’t run this time. She slowly dragged herself towards and grabbed her keys and a jacket and
hobbled out to her car.

The car ride was slow and torturous. Every red light was like some kind of sign that she should turn away now. She should just pull back emotionally. Why put herself through this again. All that was going to happen was that she was going to see Peter’s pale body as she whispered her goodbyes. But this time when she leaves the hospital... don’t think about that... she arrived at the same hospital that she lost her husband at. She wandered inside and scanned the room, this time instead of Peter she found Wade hunched over with a hoodie covering his head.

She walked over.

“Wade.” She hardly gets another word out before Wade is shooting up and throwing his arms around her. She gasped as the first tear of the night slipped down her cheek.

“I can’t lose him Wade.”

He shushed her gently, “He’ll be ok, I know he will.”

She sobbed just a bit louder remembering when Peter hugged her and said the same thing. Her knees gave out slightly below her, but Wade was there to lower her into a seat.

They were silent for only a moment with only the sounds of her sniffling and the hospital sounds to fill in the space.

“I told the doctor that I was his husband, so that they’d give me updates, but I told them that you were his closest blood relative so that they’d tell you stuff too, I hope you don’t mind.

May wiped her eyes a bit. “No, I don’t mind.”

They were silent for a moment more, then May broke the silence. “When you came to my house I told you that the greatest Peter moment of my life was when he won that trophy. But- but, but I was lying. The greatest Peter moment in my life was when he showed up to my house with you in tow and he smiled. Wade... he smiled without hesitation. He was happier than I’d ever seen him. When I saw that hickey on his neck I feared the worst. Wade he’s been with so many men in these few years since his uncle died. And I have not once seen him without a real bruise...until you. So I just want to say... that if Peter doesn’t make it-“ she broke off with fresh tears poring down her face. “-if Peter doesn’t make it, I just want to thank you for treating him the way you have.” She curled in on herself and sobbed harder. Her whole body rocked from the force of it.

Wade reached around her and held her gently. Her sobs quieted until they were calmly rocking back and forth.

“He’s not going to die...” Wade whispered.

“Wade, you shouldn’t get your hopes up.” May whispered back.

“It wouldn’t be fair if he died now. I’ve already picked out the ring.”

May chuckled humorlessly.

“You think I’m joking but...” Wade shoves his hand in his hoodie pocket and pulled out a beautiful blue velvet box. He opened it to reveal a beautiful golden ring with lovely spirals and floral designs cut into the precious metal, however right in the middle on the top it said “this is your song.” May didn’t know why it said that but she had a feeling that it was some kind of inside thing.
“Wade…” now she had tears sparkling in her eyes for a completely different reason.

“May Parker, with your permission, I would like to ask Peter for his hand in marriage. I don’t know if it would be this week, or next week, or the week after. But when the time is right I’d like to have Peter’s hand in marriage… if he’ll have me.”

May covered her eyes with her hand and let out another devastated sob.

“Wade. If Peter wakes up… you can have my blessing.”

Wade let out a small sob of his own and reached forward to pull May into get another loving hug. She rubbed at her eyes but remained in the embrace.

“Oh,” she exclaimed quietly.


“I should probably text the girls. They need to know what’s happening.”

— — —

Gwen was watching tv. It was something boring one of those building remodeling shows. She was mostly just pouting.

“Gwen, I told you that I can’t get out of this. Not unless there’s a family emergency at least. Besides I came over here so that you would help me, and your not.” Mary held the red dress in front of her again, then the black dress. MJ was going to some bullshit party for her work, she had been promoted recently and now she had to make an appearance to every event.

Gwen groaned. “You always used to make time for me!”

MJ snorted. “Yeah so did Peter, but look at where he is now.”

“Ugh don’t remind me.”

*Buzz buzz*

Gwen picked up her phone,

/May: can I call you? Something bad happened./

Gwen sat upright.

MJ turned, a worried look on her face.

“What?” She asked

“May just texted.” Gwen said pressing the call button. The phone rang twice before May picked up.

“Hello.” May sounded bad on the other side. Her voice was cracking and it sounded like she was tired.

“Hey, May what’s up?” Gwen shifted, meeting MJ’s worries look.
May took a shaken breath. “Peter- He- He got shot.” She broke into tears now.”he got into an altercation with Harry. We’re at the hospital at 4th.”

Gwen shot up and grabbed her jacket.

“What happened?” MJ asked dropping both dresses and reaching for her hoodie.

“Peter’s been shot!” Gwen cried, she grabbed her keys and ran for the door. MJ not to far behind her.

— — —

The hospital waiting room was white. Very white. Especially for 5:00. Almost shiny where the fluorescent lights reflected off of it.

Gwen and MJ searched the room for May. She was sitting with her legs crossed, sitting straight and proper. Her hands were folded in her lap and there were dried tears in her eyes. On one side of here there was a man who was cupping his bandaged arm. On the other side there was a heavily scarred man with a hoodie covering most of his face.

Gwen made her way through the coughing and sneezing patients. She approached May but before she could say anything May looked up and srilly exclaimed, “Girls!” Shocking the man next to her. He looked up at them with sunken eyes and a blank expression. Then he looked back down.

She whispered brokenly. She threw her arms around Gwen and then pulled MJ into the circle of her arms. “Thank you both so much for coming here.”

“Of course.” MJ whispered, her voice was thick with unshed tears. Gwen felt herself grow emotional as well. It wasn’t every day that the strong woman who was May Parker cried.

May pulled back after a few more moments of a silent embrace, May pulled back. She wiped a tear from her eye, “Wade and I were just talking about how white the walls are here, we were wondering how often someone cleans them,” she let out a small laugh.

“Wade and you?“

“May Parker and Wade Wilson.” A man in a white coat was standing with a clipboard by the front desk.

May and the scarred man bolted over to where the man was standing. Gwen couldn’t hear them over the chatter of the hospital, but she didn’t really even try because,

“That’s/ Wade?!” Gwen asked a bit loudly.

MJ shuffles uncomfortably, “Gwen be nice.”

Gwen was shocked. To be honest, Gwen expected Wade to be the blond hair blue eye sort of fake player sort. Not some buff football player who looked like he had stuck his entire body into the garbage disposal. This didn’t change anything either. Wade was still not to be trusted. Just because you look different doesn’t mean you are suddenly a good person. Peter still needed to be protected, and Wade had let him get shot, so…

May walked back over. She wiped a new tear and sat back down. “Peter is in surgery right now. They say he might be done by morning. Or maybe later. But he isn’t going to be done anytime soon.”
She looked over to where Wade was still discussing things with the doctor. She sighed. And looked back down. “We should probably get ready to go home and rest for the night.”

Across the waiting room the doctor shook Wade’s hand and walked away. Wade ran his hand over his scalp looking overwhelmed. Then he turned around and came back. “The doctor said there could be some complications with the surgery, if anything happens he’s gonna have someone call me first, if I don’t respond they will call you.” he turned to May. “Is that alright?”

May nodded kindly. Wade made as if he were going to sit down, May put a hand on his shoulder. “Go home, it’s late, try to get some food and rest.”

Wade sighed and ran his hand across his head again, like he was smoothing back hair. “I don’t think I could possibly do either of those things right now,”

May took him into a hug. “Just try, ok?” She pulled back, “Peter would want to to be rested and happy when you see him in the morning.”

“If..” Wade whispered, he looked to the ground as if he were a child confessing something to an adult.

“When.” May insisted, “go home Wade. It will be better, I promise.”

“Alright…” Wade shifted slightly, took a deep breath and walked to the door.

May turned to Gwen and MJ, “I’ll see you girls tomorrow?”

They hugged, “Yeah, you’ll see us.” MJ whispered.

Gwen looked around the waiting room, she really hoped she’d never have to be here again, “tomorrow.” She promised.

— — —

Gwen arrived at 4:00 the next morning, she hoped that she would be the first one there and could play it off that she had gotten there a few moments before everyone else. Unfortunately Wade was there as well, he was sitting in the same chair as yesterday, he was wearing different clothes, and he had a backpack at his feet.

Gwen shuffled awkwardly over to him. He looked up at her blankly, then he went back to staring at the floor sullenly.

Gwen cleared her throat and sat down in the (thankfully) empty seat beside him.

She looked at Wade and opened her mouth to talk. Wade beat her to the punch though.

“Couldn’t sleep? Decided to get here early?” He didn’t even move.

“Yeah, I fell asleep until an hour ago, I couldn’t get back to sleep, I decided to get an early breakfast and drive here to wait. You?”

Wade paused for a moment, he took two deep breaths and then said, “I hardly even got to bed before my nerves were making me throw up. I tried to rest but sleep never took hold. It was about when I was dry heaving that I decided to just wait it out here, I took a shower and threw on new clothes. I didn’t want Peter or May to know that I didn’t actually sleep.”

Gwen paused at that. “Wait, so when did you get back here?”
Wade slowly looked at her straight on. “You won’t tell May will you?” Gwen shook her head. “I got back here at 7:00 pm.”

Gwen gasped, “you’ve been here all night!?”

Wade winced at the volume.

“Sorry,” Gwen amended.

There was something else, she didn’t want to bring it up. But Wade should probably know.

“Did- uh- did you hear the news?”

Wade looked at her curiously, “no. What is it.”

Gwen got her phone out. “It’s better if I show you.”

She played the clip she had saved.

“Yesterday evening an Entrepreneur by the name of Harry Osborn had been attacked when he tried to talk the love of his life into giving him another chance.”

The man next to the lady started talking now, “that’s right gale. Young Harry was /lovingly/ talking to his ex boyfriend when Peter’s current boyfriend charged in and shot both of them. He then blamed harry for shooting peter instead. Mr Osborn was going to be put on trial but given that he is injured and his attacker has refused to show up to the trials, it seems that judge Michael will be letting Harry go.”

The disgusting pair on the phone screen nodded sympathetically. Going on to talk about how brave Harry has been. The clip ended and Gwen and Wade were left staring at a blank screen.

Gwen looked into Wade’s eyes, shockingly he seemed almost emotionless. Like he was unfazed. He stood. He placed his backpack on the chair as if to say that the chair was occupied.

Gwen started to follow but he made a gesture like she should keep sitting.

“Are you ok?” She asked worriedly.

Wade didn’t look at her. He stared at the ground and stayed silent until. “...........yes.” Then he was walking towards the door.

And he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

This one is longer so I hope you enjoyed it.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

I’m sorry for that small hiatus. I hope y’all like it.

Btw I legit was going through here and I found out that none of my italics translates into ao3 so... ima have to go back and fix that shiz.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wade stood in front of his closet door. It rested slightly open. The darkness inside it poured out like a reverse ray of light. Wade held his hand aloft as if someone had pressed pause on a remote somewhere. All wade needed to do was open it. If he did red would take control and there would be nothing stopping him from taking his revenge. White had gotten them out of the hospital without an incident but now that wade was here. Staring at the closet door, knowing what it held, he wasn’t so sure that letting red takeover was a good thing.

Wade sighed. "I don’t think I really want to take revenge. We could just stay by Peter to keep him safe.”

Wade sighed brokenly.

“If I let you out again you have to promise not to kill anyone, not even Harry. Besides he deserves to suffer completely for what he’s done.”

DEAL.

Wade breathed out… and opened the closet door

HELLO! WARNING THIS BIT HAS SOME GORE IN IT SO PLEASE BE WEARY, IF YOU WOULD LIKE YOU CAN SKIP THIS PART, THERE WILL BE A NOTIFICATION LIKE THIS LATER WHEN THAT PART IS OVER!
Deadpool has never felt so alive. He felt like he had been cramped up for centuries and now finally had a chance to stretch his legs. It was a bit like a genie, except this genie broke bones instead of granted wishes.

Deadpool leapt across yet another gap between the buildings. Out in the darkness he could see the penthouse he was headed for. He chuckled low in his throat. Deadpool almost couldn’t wait to feel that pricks bones crunch beneath his boot.

He would keep him alive, just like he promised Wade. Why would he kill someone when he could watch them suffer. It was almost too wonderful. He hadn’t done this sort of thing in years.

— — —

Deadpool stuck the recording device (top of the line, can hear anything inside of a room) in his pocket. He tapped on the window.

He could see the figure of shitface inside. The silhouette startled at the noise and moved towards the window to check it out. There was a brief moment where Deadpool stood on one side and Harry stood directly on the other. Then with shaky hands Harry wrenched the window open.

“Whoever paid you to kill me doesn’t have as much money as I do. I can promise you that.” Harry hardly looked fazed but Deadpool could see the tiny twitches, the wide eyes. He took joy in the silent fear in this rats face.

“Who ever said I came to kill you?” Deadpool let his voice drip like honey. In a way he was luring harry into a false sense of security. It was quite enjoyable.

“What are you here for then?” Harry asked not relaxing in the slightest.

Deadpool chuckled low in his throat.

“I just want to compliment you on the way you not only evaded the authority during this whole ex boyfriend fiasco but you also made yourself out to be completely victimized. As a mercenary I know true talent when it comes to this sort of thing. Perhaps you can give me some pointers.”

Harry smirked. “Well, come in then.” He twirled around and walked farther into his office space. Deadpool chuckled quietly. This fly seemed to think himself a spider, and he was falling straight into a web. Deadpool ducked through the window and looked around. It was spacious and yet seemed rather crowded. Like someone designed it to look like a busy persons office. But judging by the dust it seemed as if that was more visual than true. Deadpool closed the window. And the fly was truly trapped.

“Hmm, I see you work a lot, is that just a front or…”

“Oh yes it’s a front, people believe a hardworking person. But why work yourself when you can have people work for you. Watch this.”

Harry pressed a button on his desk which made a bell ring somewhere else in the penthouse. Quite quickly someone knocked at the door. “Come in!” Harry called.

A young dark skinned woman stepped into the room. Here eyes immediately fell on Deadpool, “your Deadpool!” She gasped pointing.

“Did I say you could address him!” Harry barked. She looked down with a miserable look on her face. Harry continued.
“Take these papers,” he picked up a gigantic stack of paper. “Finish them by the end of the hour.”

The young woman gasped, “but sir! there’s so much—“

“Them you should get started then shouldn’t you!”

The woman opened her mouth to say something but Harry sent her a dirty look and sent her out.

Harry laughed as soon as she left, “see what I mean.”

Deadpool let out a single chuckle, enough to put Harry back on edge, but the dumb little shit just leaned back in his chair.

“Yes,” He said to himself.

Deadpool causally picked up a paper on a shelf somewhere in the room,

“And this power of yours extends to your love life, or is he just another rung on your ladder?”

Harry laughed, “well… yes and no. having an unknown boy toy gives me the look of someone who doesn’t care for glitz and glamor, but Peter, yes, Peter is /mine/. He knew what he was signing up for when he started dating me, and now some scarred /freak/ thinks he can just pop in and take Peter from me….” he scoffed. “No, that boy belongs to me.”

“So you shot him?” Deadpool asked feigning confusion. “Doesn’t that, you know, mark his body?”

Harry closed his eyes like he was imagining a beautiful work of art, “yes, I shot him, i didn’t actually mean to but it was either that or let scarface take him away from me, I don’t regret that I did it either, I would rather him be marked with a gunshot wound and be with me or be dead, than him be completely clean and be with someone else.” He sighed, “it’s quite romantic when you think about it.”

Deadpool chuckled, he never thought it would be this easy, “Congratulations, you have officially given me what I came for,” he turned towards Harry and pulled out his gun, Harry’s eyes fell on it,

“Wh- what? Didn’t you come to- to congratulate me?” He asked suddenly worriedly.

Deadpool laughed. It was a mocking sound. The kind of laugh that seeped under your skin and made you feel as if all the blood in your body was leaving your face and heading towards your feet along side your stomach. “Congratulations you? No.”

Deadpool slinked closer to where Harry seemed to be frozen on the spot.

“After what you did to that poor Peter boy. After the way you tried to break him. You really think I, Deadpool, mercenary, at the right price, savior of victims and murderer of rapists, would come here—” his voice broke into a wild laugh. “Τζ ΗΓΡΑΤΟΛΑΤΕ ώ Ο!”

Harry tried to let out a fearful cry but Deadpool had a hand around his neck and was slamming his head into the desk before him before he could even utter a sound. Deadpool pulled him back up to show off (to no one in particular) his now bloody nose. With that he pulled Harry from the chair he had been located in and slammed him into the wall. Deadpool slammed the butt of his gun into Harry’s temple before punching into his stomach a few times. He let Harry fall down.

Deadpool stood above Harry’s almost broken body. He chuckled a cold lifeless chuckle.
“Please don’t.” Harry said trying to take the victims route. But Deadpool knew better.

“Is that what poor Peter said whenever you two were together?” He slammed his boot into Harry’s chest. Once. Twice. Three times. He heard the glorious sound of bones breaking under his foot. Like when your walking in autumn and you step on the dead leaves covering the pavement.

Deadpool leaned down and grasped Harry around the head. He slammed it into the ground a few times before punching it until his eye was black and his lip was split.

Deadpool clenched his fist around Harry’s neck. As Harry gasped and tugged at Deadpool’s wrist Deadpool spoke. “Here’s the deal. I am going to be putting this tape recorder right where someone can find it. Soon enough the police will be here and when they do, you will admit everything. And if you don’t, I will hunt you down. I will follow you to the ends of the earth. And when I catch up to you, which I will, make no mistakes about that, I will tear you limb from limb until all the life you have in you will be spent screaming in pain. Do you understand?” Harry was turning blue now but with all the power he had left he spit straight onto Deadpool’s mask. “Hmm, Deadpool said.” I guess not.

He smashed Harry into the ground one more time before pulling his knife out of his pocket. With its sharp blade he cut into the flesh of Harry’s leg. Harry screamed as Deadpool watched with glee as the blood spilt down his tailored pants. Deadpool stuck the knife back into its pocket. With his newly freed hand he dipped his pointer and middle fingers into the freshly cut wound which cause Harry to cry louder.

“Yes,” Deadpool said, “this will make a perfect ink”

“Now to find a good canvas…”

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Hello everyone, sorry, all the gore is over if you chose you not read that part this is where it stops!

Wade entered the hospital lobby at about 6:00. Gwen was still in the spot she’d been in before been in before. But now May and MJ Accompanied her. Gwen was holding up her phone like she was showing them a video. Probably the news video.

Wade approached them in an attempt to act nonchalant.

May was the first to notice him. She jumped up to greet him.

“Wade! Gwen told us that you left when she showed you that news report, are you alright?”

Wade leaned in and hugged her. “Yeah… yeah I’m good, I just needed to take a little walk.”

Gwen scoffed from where she was sitting. “Little?” She murmured under her breath, but Wade knew what she said.
{wow, bitch.}

[she's Peter’s friend, we have to try to befriend her. And probably not call her bad names]

Wade sat down next to her. He was completely ready to back talk with his own passive aggressive well thought out muttered comment. But at that moment…

“Parker family.” A man in a white doctor’s coat stood near the reception desk.

Wade shot up and power walked to him. MJ Gwen and May were close behind.

“Mr Parker has been through a rough few hours. The bullet has been removed and he is currently slowly waking up from the medicine. He could wake up anywhere in the next 5 hours but if his rest exceeds that you need to call someone in. Do you understand.”

Wade nodded. Apparently MJ May and Gwen did also because the doctor nodded in response.

“This way please…. he’s ready to see you.”

— — — —

Peter was pale. Very pale. He looked like he was getting better… but he was pale.

Wade took the seat beside him. Away from all the monitors and cables. Wade stared at Peter’s chest. Rising and falling slowly. That plus the steady beep beep beep of his heartbeat displayed on the screen were enough to guide Wade to the edge of tears. He didn’t cry though. Peter wasn’t dying. So Wade didn’t want to cry.

Wade took Peter’s hand, it was cold. Wade didn’t like that. So he place both his hands on Peter’s and rubbed slowly. Trying to create a low warmth.

[sounds vaguely dirty.]

{HUSH! We’re having a sweet moment here!}

Wade smiled humorlessly at his boxes. Even in a moment like this they just couldn’t keep to themselves. Wade brought up Peter’s hand and gently kissed his knuckle. No sound reached the others in the room.

For a moment Wade could pretend that it was just him and Peter in the morning. Maybe they had plans and Wade was waking Peter up quietly. Wade let his lips traverse along the rest of Peter’s knuckles but with every beep of the monitor Wade was wrenched from the domestic scene he had attempted to plant himself in.

Wade adjusted his chair until it was closer to Peter’s head, then he laid his own head down, (rather uncomfortably) next to Peter’s.

{ah the things we do for love..}

[we literally beat the shit out of someone]

Wade shifted his head until his mouth was right next to Peter’s ear, again, uncomfortable.
Wade let himself relax as much as possible. He let his breath shift the stands of Peter’s hair that rested around his ears. All Wade could think was that there was silence. Not the sweet silence at home. Not the silence of Peter’s cute little apartment. This silence was stilted. In a way that Wade could hardly describe. Eventually Wade couldn’t take it anymore. He started to hum.

He hummed Peter’s song. The song that was always playing around him and Peter. It played in the background when they first met. And in the car. Peter and Wade danced to it when Wade asked Peter out officially. And of course… Valentine’s Day. Wade played that song on Valentine’s Day.

It was Peter’s song for sure.

So Wade hummed it. Wade let it flow into the quiet and uncomfortably silent room. Wade didn’t sing the words. He didn’t have the strength right now to actually push words through his vocal cords. Still Wade put emotion into it.

Wade had gotten about halfway through the song when he felt Peter’s hand tighten around his. Wade raised himself slowly looking down into a slowly awaking Peter’s face. Wade brushed Peter’s hair out of his face and opened his mouth to melodically whisper the final line of the song,

/How wonderful life is, while you’re in the world./

Peter’s eyes opened tiredly. A beautiful smile fell across his face. “Good morning Wade.”

Peter then glanced over Wade’s shoulder and his face furrowed in confusion. “Aunt May, MJ, and Gwen? Why are you guys in our apartment?”

Wade chuckled which caused Peter’s eyes to glance back towards him. Wade leaned down and pressed a small peck to Peter’s pale forehead.

“Good morning pumpkin, you sleep well?”

Peter blinked tiredly, “mhmm, ‘m still tired.”

“Ok baby, you can rest some more.”

Peter let out a breath that sounded like a very tired “I love you.”

Wade kiss his forehead one more time.

And Peter was asleep once more.

Chapter End Notes

[wow how eloquent]

{looks like you were actually a good writer for once}

Well thanks guys!

{if only you didn’t make that god damn infinity wars joke maybe people would still like you...}

(T__T)
The second time Peter woke up it was in the early morning. The room was quiet except for the brief snores from a sleeping Wade in the chair to his right.

On his left however was,

“Mr stark?”

The man was wearing a grey suit that fitted without wrinkle even though he was sitting down.

“Hey kid.” He said nonchalantly.

Peter eyed the heavy Manila file in his lap.

“What’s that?” He asked quietly.

Mr stark sat up straighter. “When your boyfriend-“ He said like it was a disgusting thing, “- introduced himself over the phone a while ago I recognized his name. I looked him up in our archives. And well… I’ll let you see for yourself.” Me stark dropped the file in Peter’s lap.

Peter stared down at it. He didn’t touch it. “I don’t know if I want to Mr. stark.” Peter looked back up at him.

“I suggest that you do. You won’t like what you find but you’ll realize what a mistake you’re making being with him.”

Peter didn’t respond. But he pushed the folder away from him slightly. Stark didn’t seem impressed. “If you don’t read it kid I’m sure it’s going to be your funeral… literally.”

Peter looked up now. “I don’t want to betray Wade’s trust by looking into his backstory without his permission.”

Starks expression didn’t change. “I’ll leave it with you then.” He stood, “but I suggest that you look inside. You might not like what you read but it will shed some light on your boyfriend over there.” And with the tapping of expensive shoes, stark was gone.

Peter looked down at the file again. His fingers itched to open it. Open it like a book and read every page inside. But with a particularly loud snort from Wade and a muttered comment about cheese, Peter knew he couldn’t. It was a definite breach of privacy. He would talk with wade when he woke up. Peter tossed the file on the the table next to his bed. Unfortunately that jarred the papers inside and a newspaper fell out. Before people could help himself… he looked down.

DEADPOOL FAMED MERCENARY EVADE AUTHORITIES AFTER MURDER OF 12.

Peter’s mouth dropped open. He leaned down as carefully as he could to grab it. However the motion cause a great pain in his side and Peter cries out. This jarred Wade awake. “Peter? Are you ok?!” He asked, sitting up in such a way that his foot crumpled the paper slightly. He looked down.

“Peter… what is this.”
Peter tried to sit back up but the pain in his side only increased. He cried out again clutching his side. Wade reached forward and readjusted him until he was painting from the pain and lying properly against his pillow.

Wade now leaned down and picked up the newspaper.

“Peter?” he asked again. “What is this?”

Peter told him about his brief interaction with Mr. Stark.

“But I wasn’t going to look inside unless you said you were ok with me doing that.” Wade didn’t react to this. “So I put it on the table but that newspaper fell out.” Peter waited for Wade to react again but he said nothing. Peter tried to fill the void, “I just thought that if I read it it would be like a breach of privacy. I mean I don’t think I’d want someone reading my file without my permission. So I didn’t want to read yours. And I won’t if you don’t want me to. It’s completely up to you. Like I said I totally underst-“

“You can.” Wade interjected voice sounding slightly lower that before.

“What?” Peter asked carefully.

“....You can read it” Wade said.

Peter almost couldn’t believe his ears. “Are you sure?” He asked hesitantly.

“.........yes.” Wade said. Or was that wade?

“White?” Peter asked hesitantly leaning in.

White looked shocked but then he nodded.

“White did Wade decide this? Because I want his explicit permission.”

“.......yes.” White said softly.

“Ok.” Peter whispered, he slowly reached for the folder. “If he changes his mind please let me know and I’ll stop reading immediately.

Once Peter got a nod from White he opened the file.

Lots and lots of news arrivals filled it. Some papers on a “subject 1” probably refusing to Wade. These seemed to cover a lot of things like day to day activities all the way to Deadpool accepting “jobs.”

Finally peter found a summary page.

He started at the top

“WADE WINSTON WILLSON

Other titles:
Deadpool
Merc with a mouth

Summary of character:
Seemingly kind upon meeting although at first glance rather terrifying.
Summary of Deadpool:
A mercenary who takes jobs recklessly and murders all who “deserve it.” Classic outfit is red and black with two katanas strapped to his back and many guns in other places on his body. Subject 1 claims this character is caused by dissociative identity disorder.”

“Family:
Mother, Hailey Wilson (deceased)
Father, name unknown (deceased)
Uncle, Jared Wilson (deceased)”

Peter read the next line with a heavy grief.

“Daughter, Eleanor Camacho (taken out of subject 1’s custody)”

Peter looked up at Wade. He just avoided eye contact in return. Peter went back to reading.

“Relationships:
Vanessa Carlyle, (deceased)
Theresa Cassidy, (deceased)
John Daniels, (separated)
Maria “death” Jones, (disappeared)
Mercedes black, (deceased)
Anastasia, (institutionalized)
Henry Thomson, (Separated)
Inez “crazy temple” (separated)
Carmelita Camacho, (deceased)
…

Peter Parker, (current)”

Ok now judge Peter all you want but even in the light of this current circumstance where it’s starting to become obvious that Wade may or may not have previously been a murderer of some kind at some point it still fills Peter with a wonderful sort of glee to see his own name saying “current.” (Rather than deceased separated or… institutionalized) On Wade’s file. But what came after that section pulled all that glee away.

“Number killed:
26,189,+  
(Not taking into account any innocents who were caught in crossfire.)”

Peter didn’t even know how to address this. He just kept reading.

“After extensive research (which included interviews with past neighbors, co workers, and army people. subject 1’s entire life story has been revealed to us. When subject 1 was a child he was abused by his parents. He killed the both of them when he turned 14 after that he ran away to live on the street. Eventually he joined the army and stays there until he was honorably discharged. This is when he started taking money to hurt people. Eventually he met Vanessa Carlyle halfway through their relationship subject 1 got cancer and signed up for a project called ‘Weapon x’ what happened within has not been discovered but when subject 1 left after months of living inside he was scarred and didn’t reconnect with his girlfriend. He created Deadpool and became a mercenary. He during this time he had many relationships and even had a daughter at one point. (It is speculated that he killed her himself)”
Peter was shocked. Shocked that this could happen to someone. He looked up at Wade again but this time Wade was looking back.

“They got so many things wrong here.” Wade said pointing to the paragraph that Peter just read.

“Like what?” Peter asked (sue him for being curious.)

Wade hesitated then he took a deep breath and let it all out “Well when I was a child my dad was the only one to abuse me. Him and his brother. At that time my mom was the only good thing about my life. She tried to protect me from my dad and uncle. She wasn’t very strong or smart but she tried. There were time that my uncle would lock himself and me in my room and my mom would bang on the door so hard that the neighbors could hear. That never stopped my uncle though. He would take off his and my clothes and...

Peter clapped a hand over his mouth in shock.

“… well… um… anyway. My mom would protect me all the time. My dad was alcoholic and she would take all of his punches for me. Anyway one day she got really sick and it turned out she had cancer. I was 14 at this time. When we got home from the doctor my father started screaming about us being lazy and using up his money to go to the doctor unnecessarily. He called my mom a lame bitch. He pulled out his gun and shot her. In the chest… right where the cancer was. I wrestled the gun away and I shot him in return. I packed some shit and ran after that. I lived on the street until I was 18 when I signed up for the army. I actually kind of liked like training there. It was only when I got to the front that everything kinda went south. A bomb exploded near me and I got a lot of the blast. I was honorably discharged. When I got out I decided to help people. But not in the way that you’d expect. If anyone came to me and said someone was abusing them, I would either take the abuser out or leave them with enough fear to make them never talk to the person again. I started taking jobs from my friend who worked in this bar. That’s where my first girlfriend worked.”

Wade’s voice turned whistfull when he started talking about this girl. (Peter was only kind of jealous.)

“Her name was Vanessa and she was an escort, she was kinda self conscious about that sometimes but I didn’t care. She was beautiful and whitty. She wasn’t afraid to stand up for herself. I wanted to propose her eventually. We had been together for at least a year when I finally did. But literally that same day I got sick and we went to the doctor and it turned out that like my mom. I had cancer. At some point I was sitting in my friends bar when someone approached me saying that they worked for this place called Weapon X and that they could cure me in a matter of months. I didn’t believe them at first but eventually I got so desperate to be able to live my life with Vanessa that I accepted. Well as it turned out my original plan to stay away was better. Because the day they got me in there they started experimenting. They were planning to create ‘super humans’ and they’d do anything to try to make that happen. It was so long for me everyday I lived in fear of what would come next. At some point by accident they left one of my arm braces unlatched. I got out and set fire to the whole place. The next time I looked in a mirror I looked like this.”

Wade gestures to his face sadly. “The good news was that somewhere in their experimentation on me they got rid of my cancer. But now I could never see Vanessa again. Not looking like this. I became a mercenary. I helped people who needed someone dead. It was not a great time but I always did my research on any target a was going for. I made sure that it was never a child or that they were never being framed for something they didn’t do. I got a lot of money from that. But eventually I ran into Vanessa again. I hadn’t meant to but she saw me and immediately recognized me. After some explaining that she wasn’t going to hate me just because of what I look like we got back into a relationship. Unfortunately someone was pissed at me and shot her right in front of me. I went even
“My life after that was kinda blurry but there is one thing I know. It wasn’t me who was in control. It was Red. Or as the world knows him, Deadpool. He… well he wasn’t me. He slept around and killed people for fun. I was in my own head for most of the time. It wasn’t very fun. My own morals were pretty fucked after a while but we never killed innocent people. That’s where I drew the line. No innocent people and no children. But other than that red pretty much had free reign. It was so many years but one day I got a call. One of my one night stands had resulted in a child. The woman who called was her mother and she requested that even if I didn’t want to meet Ellie (that was my daughters name) that I at least pay child support. I learned that her mom worked for this Mexican restaurant. But I wanted to meet her so I did both. I made sure I was as prominent in both of their lives. Carmelita even got me into therapy. That’s when I learned to call Red by that name so that he had no power. I helped her mom with the restaurant, I took care of Ellie, it… it was amazing. Anyway, I guess I hadn’t left it all behind because someone came back to get me. They shot Carmelita and no sooner than I had taken my revenge some social workers came to take Ellie away saying I could never see her again…”

Wade stared down at his clasped hands. Peter looked straight at Wade’s lowered head. He did nothing until he saw a single tear drop onto Wade hands. Peter reaches forward and rested his hand on Wade’s head. Wade leaned into the touch. Then he breathed steadily and continued. “Anyway I kept going to therapy and after a few years everything got a bit better. Then even better. Then even better. Eventually I felt almost normal. Carmelita’s Mom died and she passed the restaurant to her good friend, she took me in I guess and she took care of me, But I still have a lot of problems... As you can tell” Wade said looking up at Peter as if he had told some humorless joke.

Peter pulled Wade forward a bit and kissed his forehead. “Oh Wade…” he couldn’t even explain how much the story broke his heart. They were quiet for a bit, Wade nuzzling into Peter’s neck and Peter slowly rubbing his shoulder. Eventually Wade spoke again. “You know if I could, I’d go back and change a lot of stuff, but I’m glad about one thing.”

“What’s that?” Peter asked.

“I’m glad that I met you.” Wade whispered. He brought his head up. Peter couldn’t really get over how shiny and blue his eyes were in this emotional state. Even as Peter felt his own eyes full with tears. “Oh Wade…” this time he pulled him forward and kissed his lips. Just chaste kisses that brought a smile to Wade’s face (that was Peter’s goal). Eventually Wade just pulled himself as close to peter as possible. Peter could feel him shivering against his shoulder. Peter was about to ask one last thing then let it go but the doctor came in then.

“Mr Wilson,” he greeted formally, “it good that your here because I’d like to discuss Peter’s future in this hospital.” He looked to Peter “If you are ok with that happening now.”

Peter was taken by surprise but he deliberated. “Can we wait for my aunt to get here?”

The doctor nodded, he turned. But Aunt May was right there in the doorway.

“Ah.” The doctor said. “Good timing.” He turned back toward Peter. He waited for aunt May to sit then he started. “I’ll get right to the point.” He stood straighter and shuffled his clipboard around. (That didn’t seem like getting to the point to Peter) the doctor shuffled more and then took a breath. “Mr Parker you have lost the use of your left leg fully and some of your right leg.”

May gasped and Wade pressed a hand against his mouth. The doctor continued.

“You see the bullet wound severed several important nerve connections to both legs. With vigorous
physical therapy you May be able to stand in four years at least. But it will take a minimum of six years to walk again. Unfortunately physical therapy is quite expensive. Most patients just stay wheelchair bound their whole life. I guess it’s up to you.”

Peter tried to wrap his mind around this. The loss of his legs? He couldn’t even really imagine that.

“What about payment for this hospital visit?” May asked, when Peter didn’t say anything.

The doctor looked a bit confused but he explained. “Well Mr Wilson paid for everything. All at once.”

Both May and Peter sent Wade a shocked look.

“Anyway in terms of staying in the hospital. You should be officially released around noon today.” The doctor waited to see if they had questions when they had none he turned and left.

As soon as he did May turned to Wade, “I will pay you back.” She stated. Though it sounded a bit like a question.

“Nope.” Wade replied casually. “That’s that too much money. It didn’t even make a dent in my account.”

“Wade I can’t let you do that. I don’t want to be in your debt.” She was politely determined now. Her face resembled that younger more powerful young lady that Peter remembered from before his uncle Ben died.

Wade was determined as well. “I don’t consider it debt.” He crossed his arms.

“Well I do!” May crossed her arms.

“That’s silly!” Wade responded. Getting a bit frustrated

“Why won’t you just let me pay for it!” May said matching Wade’s energy.

Peter tried to hide a giggle behind his hand. May and Wade looked at him. After a second more of giggles Peter was able to get a hold of himself. “Sorry, it’s just, I don’t think I’ve ever seen two equally stubborn people who were from different families act so similar.” Peter giggled for a second more and this time Wade and May joined in. Once the giggles died down the room turned silent. However it was not awkward. A smile rested on each person and they each took each other in. Then as Peter looked to Wade, Wade looked as if he suddenly had an idea. “May.” He called across the hospital bed.

She looked across to him with a smile still on her face.

“If Peter told you he’d take the burden of paying for this hospital visit, would you let him?”

May’s smile didn’t leave but suddenly her face was filled with confusion. “No! Of course not!”

“Why not?” Wade asked.

“Well- I- because- I- because…”

“Because you love him,” Wade filled in for her, “because he’s your family.”

“Well yeah.” May said getting quiet.
“That’s why I won’t let you pay for it, or pay me back.”

May and Peter were quiet as we realized what Wade was saying. Peter felt his heart beat a little faster. ‘Wade thinks of May as family’ his brain offered to him, ‘Wade loves her.’

Wade chuckled and stood up. “I’m gonna go see what they have in the cafeteria.” He left. The room with a slight bounce to his step.

As soon as he was gone May leaned back and sighed wistfully, “Peter! If you weren’t already dating him, I definitely would be!”

“EXCUSE ME?!”

The doctor had been correct. Peter was signed out and was rolled to the car in a rented wheelchair a few minutes after noon, it was strangely easier than Peter had expected. The process of getting into the car however was not.

Gwen and MJ tried, there was a lot of weird shuffling. Then May tried helping out which pretty much made it worse because they got Peter up but only on one side, they quickly tried to get him into the car but it would be like shoving a bag in. Peter felt rather embarrassed for being such a nuisance. Finally Wade came out from finishing up the paperwork. He walked over to where everyone was struggling. “Wow guys, great work. Looks like a few more hours and you could get a whole foot in the car.” He said sarcastically.

Gwen snapped back in frustration, “why don’t you try it then!”

“sure thing.” Wade handed the paperwork he was holding to May. Then Wade bent down “tell me if anything hurts.” and scooped Peter up as if he weighed about as much as a small dog. Wade gently rolled the wheelchair out of the way. Peter blushes at the way Wade held him and placed him in the car. It was as if Peter was Wade’s most precious family heirloom.

Wade then made sure none of Peter’s body parts were out of the car before closing the door. He then turned around to where MJ and Gwen were struggling with closing up the wheelchair and pointed to a small handle on the seat. Wade trapped that and pulled up and the chair folded by itself. Wade then removed the wheels and placed them as well as the folded up chair in the trunk. Peter giggled at MJ’s shocked and Gwen’s annoyed faces.

Through the closed car window Gwen yelled, Don’t you dare laugh at me Peter!”

As the day progressed Peter felt more and more like a nuisance. Everyone kept tripping over Peter’s chair or steering it wrong. Wade had to carry Peter when ever he needed to sit somewhere different. Peter didn’t say anything though. Not until he and Wade were in bed that night.

They had gotten through everything. And we’re finally laying down in bed. Peter hugged peaches he stuffed cat close as he felt the tears come. “Wade?” He whispered into the darkness. Wade immediately reached forward and pulled himself closer to Peter.

“What’s wrong sweetheart?” He whispered staring to stroke Peter’s hair.

A sob broke out of Peter’s chest. “It’s only been a day and I already feel like I’m useless.” Peter whispered back. His voice was shaking.
“Oh, pumpkin, your not usele-”

“I am! All day you’ve had to carry me around and hand me things that are just barely out of my reach. You’ve had to bring me food and get me dressed for bed, hell! You’ve even had to take me to the fucking bathroom!” Peter stopped getting quiet. “I probably won’t even be able to pleasure you at all. I feel like dead weight.” Peter pulled the blanket over his head. He would have curled up into a ball but his legs didn’t work like that anymore.

“Whoa whoa, excuse me Peter but all of that is bullshit.” Wade pulled the blanket away from his face. Peter felt tears in the corner of his eyes as Wade looked down at him lovingly. “Pumpkin even if you couldn’t walk or move your arms, and couldn’t talk or eat or speak or.” Wade added finger quotes, “‘pleasure me’ I would still take care of you because I love you! Pete I don’t care about any of that, especially not sex, I’ve loved you this whole time, even before we had sex.”

Peter felt tears drop down his cheeks into his hairline. “Wade.” He whispered brokenly. “I love you.”

Wade leaned down and whispered, “can I kiss you?”

Peter three his arms around Wade’s neck, “yes yes yes!”

Wade kissed him gently over and over. “I love you so much.”

— — —

It wasn’t until the early morning that Peter remember that he had an unanswered question. He and Wade has woken up merely moment before. Peter got his strength up and asked, “Wade?”

“Yeah baby boy?” Wade said looking over.

Peter took a breath. “I just have one question then I won’t talk about this anymore.”

Wade looked over waiting for the question.

“Wade… uh… when… when was the last time that red has… come out?”

Wade sighed like he had been waiting for this question. “Peter before I answer there is one thing you need to know, there has been no casualties in years.” Wade looked at Peter to make sure he understood. When Wade nodded he continued. “Ok the last time that red came out was…. the morning after you were admitted to the hospital.”

Peter (understandably) looked mortified. But Wade continued. “Gwen has just shown me this shitty video where the news pretty much said that Harry-“ He said Harry like it felt disgusting just to say. “- was the victim. They made it seem like you and he were soul mates or something. Red got pissed and… well he found Harry’s penthouse and beat the shit out of him.” Wade stopped his story now, probably waiting for Peter to respond. Peter sighed.

“May I see this video.” Wade nodded and grabbed his phone of the side table.

The watched the video together. When it ended Peter sighed. He rubbed his eyes. “Well I suppose if I was in your situation I’d probably do that too, but that doesn’t make it ok!” Peter turned only to see that Wade’s face was turned down and broken looking. Peter sighed again, “oh Wade it’s ok… just please don’t do it again.”

Wade nodded. He turned his eyes downward again. He seemed to see something on the phone screen however. “What’s this?” There was a video in the recommended section titled “Harry Osborn
revealed.” Wade clicked on it.

It started just like the other. The woman started talking. “Last night at midnight Harry Osborn was found bloody and unconscious in his office by his secretary. One would think that this would be cause for an investigation but written on the walk-in blood was the message ‘rapists and abusers get their comeuppance,’ -dp and taped to the wall was Harry’s entire confession to the attempted murder in the Parker case. He has now been sent to jail and will remain there for a few years.”

The man spoke now “you know Gale I said from the beginning that this Osborn character wasn’t to be trusted.”

“That you did David, now to the weather..” the video stopped there.

Peter and Wade stared at the now black screen. Peter looked up at Wade. He looked shocked. “I told him to promise not to kill anyone, I just checked out and let him take over.”

Peter nodded and leaned into Wade’s embrace. “Just promise me one thing.”

Wade nodded “of course pumpkin.”

Peter took a shaken breath, “just next time something like this happens don’t let him take over. Don’t let him hurt someone else. Can you promise that?” Peter looked up at Wade with sorrowful eyes.

Wade nodded. “Yes, yes I won’t let him do this again.”

Peter sighed. “Ok” he sighed. Then a smile smile grew on his face. It grew bigger then Peter looked up at Wade with a sly smile, at least I know my boyfriend loves me enough to become a dangerous mercenary for the night. It’s so romantic I might swoon.”

Wade laughed “you're a sassy piece of shit pumpkin.” He sighed. “But I love you.”

Peter leaned up and kissed him also, “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, this chapter was super expositioy I needed to end a few stray lines before the last chapter. Anyway we are almost done!
Getting used to Peter in the wheelchair was like learning to walk. That sounded cliché but it was true. The first day that Peter was back home he cried a lot. It was always something small that set him off. Something like Wade having to scoot the wheelchair out of the way to do anything in the cramped apartment. Or even if Peter needed to go to the restroom. Wade had to help him with a bunch of stuff. He even had to help give Peter baths and showers.

Peter constantly asked Wade if he was disappointed that Peter was like this. Or exasperated that he had to take care of Peter. And even when Wade promised that he loved Peter no matter what, Peter would break down into tears.

Peter tried to feel less like a liability by attempting to get around all by himself. This included trying to cook and get into the shower or onto the couch. Wade was pretty sure that about ten years were shaved off his life every time Peter tried to do something like this. Early on there were a lot of messes from Peter’s clumsy attempts to be independent. That was ten more years for every shattering sound that made Wade bolt from one room to another to make sure Peter wasn’t hurt. And there were plenty of nights that Wade would wake up and turn over to find Peter in his wheelchair staring out the window. Tears in his eyes. On these nights Wade would get up and make coffee or hot chocolate and sit with Peter by the window. He wouldn’t say anything. Then as the early morning sun pressed past the horizon. Wade would coax a sleep deprived Peter back into bed.

Peter started and ended university like no big deal. He even graduated early due to excellence in every class. He graduated on his wheelchair. And tho Wade loved each picture, Peter claimed that each and every one was tainted with the memory of feeling useless. (Wade still kept the pictures)

Eventually however, Peter and Wade got used to the wheelchair. Life became routine once again. And with the slight progression of time Peter’s mental health increased as well. Peter and Wade even found a way to be… intimate.

{BLOWJO-}

[shut up and let the author tell her story]

In this time Gwen and MJ also became part of the routine. Which (rather shockingly) was new to Peter as well as Wade. They came over a lot. They invited Wade and Peter out as well. Lots of lunches were spent in the restaurant that pretty much got Wade and Peter together. They even went to the mall sometimes. (There was one experience here when some snotty young man told Peter that he didn’t have to settle for Wade just because he was in a wheelchair, the man hardly got out a sentence about Wades fucked up face before MJ punched him in the jaw and Gwen kicked him in the nuts. Peter ran over his toes as they left.)

So Peter has been getting used to the wheelchair, and he was happier as time went on, but there are still nights that Wade wakes up to Peter crying by the window. On these nights he laments about how Wade should just leave him. How Wade would be happier if he didn’t have to take care of him. And every time this happened, Wade would reassure Peter until they were both ready to go back to bed. Wade just hoped that he could reassure Peter permanently that Wade would do anything for him.
Peter was always wonderful. Even when he was totally planning a surprise for Wade. See the thing is that when planning a surprise, Wade was subtle, he might have a few tells but mostly he was pretty good at not giving anything away.

Peter however was awful at keeping secrets.

{lots of blushing and word vomit.}

[thanks now shut up]

So for almost a year Peter has some sort of surprise setup for Wade and the closer they got to the day of the surprise the worse Peter got. Which is why Wade was grate duo that one day Peter rolled into the living room in a dress shirt and fancy pants and said.

“Wade, it’s not a specific date or anything but do you want to go to our restaurant?”

{that’s what we call it now}

[hush]

Wade was about to respond but Peter just plowed on. “N-Not for any specific reason or anything! Really! I-I’m serious there’s nothing going on I-I just felt like going out for dinner! Don’t laugh at me!”

Wade couldn’t help it. Not when Peter tried to cover himself so poorly. And especially not when Peter stuttered and voice cracked all over the place.

“Yeah sure.” Wade said, saving peter from himself. “I’ll go put on something nice.”

Wade went passed Peter and kissed him on the way. “Ok cool cool good good.” peter said Wade chuckled at Peter’s attempted casualty.

— — —

Their restaurant was pretty crowded. It had been gaining major attention after Peter told tony stark about the place and stark started frequenting.

Anyway peter was practically vibrating with nervous energy. He allowed Wade to wheel him to the table. He ordered drinks like he was performing in front of an audience. And once the waitress went away Peter seemed to look anywhere except Wade.

Wade laughed at his college boys adorable awkwardness.

{I could pinch his little cheeks!}

[i'm getting real sick of you!]

Then the waitress asked what they’d like. Peter practically lost it. “Oh gosh, uh- uh- can you tell- uh- tell the chef- (oh boy) uh tell the chef we’d like the uh- uh- the third special? Tell him it’s from Peter Parker.” The waitress left looking rather confused.
Peter looked down at the table and groaned at the weird interaction.

Once again Wade laughed. “You wanna y’all me what that was about?”

“No.” Peter grumbled.

The waitress showed back up with the most humongous plate of all Wade’s favorite Mexican style foods.

{we’re talkin’ tacos, chimichangas-}

[there was way too much to even list.]

Wade’s mouth dropped open and watered. Peter looked even more nervous if that was possible.

“Uh. Let’s eat.” He said nervously

Wade had no clue how they could eat so much but he gladly complied.

Once dinner was done a gigantic plate of all sort of deserts came out as well.

{being a huge pig Wade finished that plate with room to spare}

[hardly]

And once Wade was finished he sat back in his chair like the lazy bitch he is and said “welp that was amazing, I don’t know what I’ve don’t to get this huge meal but I sure enjoyed it.” He rubbed his tummy. Peter hummed then made some sort of gesture to their waitress. She disappeared into the back somewhere and wade wondered what more she could possibly bring out but the only thing that changed was the music. And Wade didn’t even register it at first.

/it’s a little bit funny/
>this feeling inside/

Wade gasped and looked to Peter who slowly wheeled around the table and to Wade’s side.

/I’m not one of those who can/
/Easily hide/

“I can’t kneel-“ he locked the wheels in place. “-so you’re gonna have to stand.” Wade stood of course. His mind going a mile a minute and yet not going at all. He just stared down at his baby boy.

{Pete is cute, sue us.}

/I don't have much money/
/But boy if I did/

Peter grabbed Wade hands. Wade was pretty sure everyone was staring but all he knew was him and Peter in this moment.

/I'd buy a big house where/
/We both could live./

“Wade,” Peter addressed him. “When we met, this was the restaurant you told me to go to, that’s all you wanted me to do was to go to this restaurant-“
"If I was a sculptor/
but then again, no/

“I thought you would want more from me but that was it. And the next time we met was in this restaurant. No one would believe that that was almost two years ago.”

/Or a man who makes potions/
in a traveling show/

“This is the restaurant where you officially asked me to date you and the restaurant where we spent our first Valentine’s Day.”

/I know it’s not much,/  
/but it’s the best I can do/

“This is /our/ restaurant… so I thought I would place at least one more milestone here, so Wade-“

/My gift is my song, and this one's for you/

“Would you- uh- would you,” Peter pulled out a small black box and opened it to reveal a beautiful diamond ring. “Marry me?”

/And you can tell everybody this is your song/

Wade’s smile hurt his cheeks, his eyes watered until he couldn’t see. "i was supposed to ask you, i got a ring and everything," he said pulling the box out of his pocket, peter just laughed. wade opened it to show peter, "i guess i beat you then." he pulled the ring out to show wade that on the inside was engraved "this is your song" just like wades ring said on the outside. he glanced at wade nervously, "so marry me?" wade scooped his baby boy out of his wheelchair and said “of course! Of course! Of course!” As many times as he could without taking a breath. Was wasn’t sure about much after that. He’s pretty sure people clapped and he might have said something stupid like “drinks for everyone!” But one thing he was sure about, tomorrow morning he’d be waking up next to Peter Parker.

His fiancé.

— — —

Wade was stressed. Majorly. He was pacing back and forth wildly, probably ruining his tux. Gwen and MJ watched him go back and forth with hardly any interest. This was the fourth time that Wade had started doing this and at this point they just needed to let him get over it so they could continue getting him ready. Wade knew this but he ignored them. He just muttered to himself and his boxes,

/if we don’t calm down right now we’re going to ruin our tux/

/if we ruin the tux then Petey might not find it sexy and he won’t want to have sex later!/

/is that all you can think about? It’s literally our wedding day. /

/that’s not how you use the word “literally”./

/[yoUR FACE ISNT HOW WE USE THE WORD LITERALLY!!!!] 

/I DONT HAVE A FACE}
“Oh my lord you two stop screaming!” Wade yelled. As he rounded on the mirror again to fix said tux.

“Neither of us were yelling,” MJ said stepping forward to help him now that he was done pacing.

“I wasn’t talking to you!” Wade exclaimed frustratedly.

“Listen Wade.” Gwen started. “I don’t know why you’re stressed but this is going to be great—“

“No! You don’t get it! I’m not good enough for Peter! He’s so… you know! And I’m just… ugh!” Wade ran a hand over his head.

“I don’t know why I thought this was a good idea. Peter deserves so much more than this.” Wade said gesturing to himself.

“Oh my god Wade we’ve had this conversation already!” Gwen complained.

Just then May popped in. “How’s he doing?” She asked.

“He’s being self deprecating. Thinks peter is too good for himor some shit” Gwen said trying to full a fold out of Wade’s shirt.

May sighed. “Oh Wade. You know Peter loves you.”

Wade sighed and under his breath he said “he ‘loved’ Harry too.” no matter how quiet he said it everyone still heard.

“Wade.” May said quietly. “I was just with Peter, do you know what he was saying.” Wade didn’t respond but he tilted his head towards her slightly so she knew he was listening.

“He said, ‘May I dont know how I can do this.’” Wade sighed almost defeated but May continued “‘May I love Wade so much but I don’t want him to feel like I’m tying him down. And I definitely don’t want him to regret being with me. I don’t feel like I’m good enough.’ He said some stuff about how he’s been wheelchair bound for three years and will only be able to walk again in three more. He looked at himself in the mirror over and over talking about how he didn’t deserve you.” She paused and looked to Wade, “does that sound like someone else Wade?”

Wade looked back to himself in the mirror. All he could think to himself was, ‘how can peter think I’m all that when I look like this.’ But then Wade thought back, to all of the touches and the looks. The ones that Peter did a really bad job of trying to hide. The ones that made Wade hope that Peter was interested. Wade literally wore skin tight shirts to see how Peter would react. Wade suddenly wondered if it’s not that Peter has put Wade on some sort of fake pedestal but rather that he could actually be in love with Wade for who he was. Not through some kind of filter. But straight up plain ugly Wade. But what was May saying, ‘who did Peter sound like?’ Well he sounded like Wade. And suddenly Wade wondered if Peter thought that Wade might be putting him on a pedestal.

No. Wade wasn’t Puting Peter on a pedestal. Peter was every bit as wonderful as Wade thought he was. So maybe just maybe Peter was right about Wade in the same way that Wade was right about Peter. So ‘who did Peter sound like?’

“He sounds like me.” Wade finally responded.”

“That’s right.” May said taking his arm and pulling him away from the mirror. “He has the same insecurities as you Wade. And together you two can lift each other up. Right?”
Wade smiled “Right!”

“Good.” May said, “now get out there and marry that boy.

— — — —

The music startled Wade. It was the classic bride walking down the aisle song.

{be more original}

[stfu]

First came the bridesmaids. And the...guymaids? What was that called.

{I doesn’t matter you don’t really know any of them except for Weasel.}

[once again I kindly ask you to shut the fuck up]

{ok ok}

Each pair came down one at a time which just filled Wade with even more nervous energy.

Next came the little flower girl and ring bearer (Peter’s cousins or something).

Finally after what seemed to take forever. Gwen and MJ appeared at the end of the long aisle. In between them was a wheelchair bound Peter Parker all dressed in white. His entire wheelchair was decked out in beautiful pink and red flowers a flower crown sat on his head which in all honesty made Wade think of a tree nymph. MJ and Gwen each took a hold of one wheelchair hand thing in the back and slowly guided him across the aisle. Peter smiled as he rolled forward slowly. The wheelchair trailed a beautiful white cloth behind it like the train of a brides dress. And Peter in the church light with the organ music playing surrounded by white looked so angelic that Wade felt himself tear up. It was in this moment that Wade knew he couldn’t possibly be happy with anyone else.

They were about halfway down the aisle when Peter suddenly put both hands up as if to signal MJ and Gwen to stop. They stopped and held their hands out for some reason. Peter placed a hand in each of theirs and suddenly they pulled him up until he was standing. The entire chapel seemed to scream in excitement, cheers echoed across the aisle. Peter took one clumsy step forward. Then another, and another. Each step brought a new gleefully wave across the viewers. And as Peter stumbled his way towards Wade Wade felt his heart expand and expand until he was hardly breathing. Peter neared the steps and Wade met him at the bottom. As they embraced Peter laughed joyously in his ear. Wade hugged his pumpkin tight to him.

It took a bit for the people to settle down. When they finally did the Priest raised his hands and said, “please be seated.”

There was a loud clattering as the guests took their seats.

Once they were all quiet and sitting the priest raised his hands to everyone and said, “Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to witness the union of these two lovely men in holy matrimony. You may exchange your vows starting with you Mr. Wilson.” he waved his hand toward wade as though he were brushing his hand across water.

Wade signed nervously.
Wade chuckled and squeezed Peter's hands in both of his. “Peter Parker, we have spent a whole four years together and it seems as though everyday you grow brighter and father away from that scared beaten young man from the grocery store. Every morning that I open my eyes and see you next to me I feel as though my heart bursts with glee. Every evening that I fall asleep with you in my arms i feel as if I’ve run a marathon and I’m not even tired.” Peter’s happy smile seemed to shine when Wade said this and it spurred Wade onwards. “Pete, your strength never fails to amaze me, in these four years you have overcome abuse, gone to collage, gotten a well paying job as an up and coming scientist, overcome the struggles of being bound to a wheelchair /and/ upon this very day you walked for the first time in three years even though your physical therapist assured you it would take six. You are a beautiful amazing young man and i can't wait to, to s-spend—” his voice broke. “the rest of my life with you.”

Peter cleared his throat, “Wade Wilson.” he tried to clear his throat again and continued, “from the moment i met you, you have been defying my expectations. From helping me purely for the sake of helping, all the way to supporting me at my worst in ways that others haven’t.” a tear fell down his cheek. “When we first m-met i was depressed, and anxious. But through the four years that we've known each other you've l-lifted me up and carried me through the toughest transitions of my life. You say that I am amazing for achieving the g-goals that I have,” Peter wobbled for a moment but Wade held him quickly. “but you fail to recognise that through all of this, /you/ are t-the one who gave me the power to get there. /you/ were the one who initiated the f-first date, /you/ are the one who c-called Mr Stark for my collage, and l-later my internship. It was /you/ who c-convinced me to p-put bad p-p-people behind me and to embrace g-good ones. Through all of this even though I'm—” his voice broke, “-the one who has been r-reaping the r-r-r-reward, it has b-been /y-you/ Wade Wilson, /y-y-you/ w-were the f-foundation of my s-s-successes.” Peter was full on crying now, but so was Wade. And though he didn't bother looking, Wade heard a few sniffles from the pews. So who cares.

“I know i dont.”

“s-so Wade, it is w-with g-great joy that i say, /I/ can't wait to spend the rest of my life with /you/.”

Peter was done now and over Peter’s stifled sniffles and gasps the priest said, “now, if the ring bearer would please bring up the rings.”

Wade smiled as a shy little boy brought up a pillow with two rings on it. Peter grabbed the bigger one and slowly slid it onto Wade's ring finger. Then Wade took the remaining one and slid it on to Peter's finger. Then Wade in a spur of the moment raised Peter's left hand and kissed the ring gently. Peter gasped and almost fell again.

With a gentle blush, Peter looked over at the priest to signal the next part. The priest took the cue. He nodded and raised his hands. “If anyone objects to this marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace.” silence ensued as people discreetly looked around to see if anyone would object. No one did.

“By the power vested in me by the state of new york I now pronounce you married, you may kiss.”
Wade wasted no time. He scooped Peter off his feet and kissed him like a dying man with no water in the desert. He would have been embarrassed but Peter kissed back with even more fervor. Everyone cheered as Wade and Peter swapped mega spit.

{ewwww gross}

[there were so many other ways to say that]

Anyway Wade and Peter were making out on stage and needed to be stopped. That's probably why Wade felt a hand push his head back at the same time as Peter's head jerked back.

Gwen (new name: the evil kiss blocker) addressed the audience, “To the after party!”

The party was brilliant, there were a lot of drinks and embarrassing toasts from most of Peter's family and friends.

However the best part of the night was when Wade and Peter finally got home, they both collapsed into bed fully clothed. They were silent for a moment before Wade said “brb” and went to the bathroom. Peter almost drifted off thinking about himself and Wade being together forever when he heard a throat clear from the door. His eyes shot open to see Wade in... a wedding dress.

“Awwwww Wade!” he exclaimed scampering to sit upright. Wade chuckled and jumped into bed. Peter laughed as well and grasped Wade close to him. Feeling all over the pretty cloth that hugged Wade's broad body. Peter grabbed Wade's left hand with his own. Smiling at the way the metal glinted under the light. Peter felt glee fill him up. Like that feeling that your a closed mouth away from making weird squeaking sounds. Wade hummed.

“What?” Peter asked looking up into those blue eyes.

“Just thinking.” Wade said moving his unoccupied hand into Peter's hair.

“About what?” Peter asked letting his other hand stroke Wade's stomach through the dress.

And all Wade said, while in bed as a newlywed with a beautiful white dress on and a loving husband, “I'm just thinking about forever.”

Chapter End Notes

its the end! thank y'all for coming on this adventure. its been real fun. i will be writing other spideypool fics. I've got some ideas. keep an eye out! as for this fic, i will be editing and there will also be some bonus chapters! but otherwise thank y'all so much. its the end for now!

Edit: I just realized that I’ve been calling them bonus chapter, they are kinda bonus chapters but there will be some story/stories that are extensions of this is your song, but focus on other aspects. *thumbs up*
I used to think my writing was terrible but now I’m kinda proud. Anyway here is my fic

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