From The Rooftops

by Tornadic

Summary

It's no secret that Spider-Man hates Deadpool. But maybe Peter can fall for Wade.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
“I fell for you.”

“Yeah, I know. I think you broke your nose.”

The stranger laughed and brushed off his pants, before reaching for Peter’s outstretched hand and allowing him to pull him up. He stumbled forwards and almost ran directly into Peter for the second time in the past five minutes, though he stopped himself before they both collapsed onto the ground.

“Sorry ‘bout that,” he said, helping Peter pick up his books and papers.

“Don’t worry about it.” He was late for class anyway, and it wasn’t like the professor was teaching anything he didn’t already know.

The stranger handed him his chemistry textbook and laughed again. His eyes met Peter’s for a second. They were brown, though Peter detected a hint of green in there as well.

“Wow.” The guy’s voice was almost a whisper. “Uh, I’m Wade.”

“Peter.”

He was pretty sure he’d never seen him on campus before — he had the kind of face you’d remember. Every inch of his skin was covered in scars and burns, like he’d been the victim of some nuclear accident. It was fascinating and if Aunt May hadn’t taught Peter not to ask rude questions, he would’ve started interrogating the guy.

He didn’t exactly look like college student either, at least not unless he’d retaken a couple of years of classes, and wasn’t carrying any books or bags. Still, something about the way he talked was oddly familiar.

Peter only realized he’d been staring when the stranger, Wade, cleared his throat. “Sorry,” he said, “I just—”

“It’s cool, I’m used to it.”

“No, I wasn’t— it’s not your—”

“I fell asleep in an oven when I was a kid,” Wade explained. That seemed like a plausible explanation — the scars on his face and hands looked like product of some serious 3rd degree burns. Peter didn’t mind them though — in fact, they might’ve worked kind of well for a photography project.

“Anyway,” Wade smiled. He looked almost uncomfortable, like the prolonged look between him and Peter pumped him full of unease. “I should probably go.”

“Wait,” Peter wasn’t sure what he was doing (or why exactly he felt so compelled to do it) but the connection between his mind and his mouth had faltered the moment he noticed Wade’s complexion. “This might sound kind of weird but would you—” he wasn’t sure how to phrase it in a way that didn’t sound extremely weird. “I have this photography project coming up and you’re, like, the perfect candidate.” Yeah, okay, that wasn’t too bad. “Only if you’d be up for it, obviously.”

The guy’s eyes widened for a second — it probably wasn’t the type of question you’d expect from a
stranger you’d just bumped into on the street — though the corners of his mouth quickly curled into a smile. “Really?” He asked, voice several octaves higher than before.

“Yeah.”

He hesitated before answering, like he was contemplating the idea.

“I’ll buy you dinner afterwards.” Did that sound too much like a date? Peter made a mental note to go through stuff in his head before he said it. “To make up for the fact that I just made you drop your taco.” He gestured toward the broken shell on the ground.

Wade’s expression changed, and he started to nod eagerly. “Okay, alright,” he agreed. He snatched Peter’s phone out of his hand and added himself as a contact. “Give me a call,” he said.

“Sure.” Peter smiled as Wade handed him his phone back. “See you around, then.”

“Uh-huh,” he turned around and started walking back in the direction he’d come from. “Oh and I charge extra for nudes.”

Peter smiled to himself and headed to Chemistry.

As weird as the encounter had been, Peter couldn’t help but run through it in his head all the way to class. He tried to, as accurately as possible, recall the features of Wade’s face — all the burns and scars and his brown-green eyes and—

Stop it, Peter, he thought to himself, focus.

Not that the little voice in the back of his brain listened. He spent the rest of the lecture considering how he’d photograph a face like that and, more so, how he’d get through the dinner without saying something amazingly awkward.

***

“You’ll never win, Spider-Man!”

Peter fired a web in the general direction of the guy’s feet, landing it accurately enough to take out his legs and cause his body to smash into the pavement. “Uh-huh,” he webbed his mouth shut. “I hear you.”

The man looked at him with fear in his eyes, desperately reaching for a gun he’d dropped a few inches from his outstretched fingers. He tried to speak through the webbing, though it came out as nothing more than incoherent mumbling. Peter didn’t need words to know what he was trying to convey, though - at this point he could recognize an empty threat anywhere. He walked past the man and picked up his gun, webbing it to the wall for the police to confiscate.

Spider-Man was just about to leave the rest to the cops when a scream rang out from somewhere further down the dark alley. “So close,” he sighed, swinging towards the noise.

Peter dropped down at the end of the alley, looking around for the source of the scream. It was empty, as far as he could tell. But it’d definitely come from down here.

“Hello?” He felt like one of the idiots in the beginning of horror movies.

The scream rang in his ears again, this time coming from behind a dumpster. He rolled the thing aside, eyes scanning the space until he spotted a recorder on the ground. It was set to autoplay,
“Shit,” Peter hissed, suddenly on the lookout for anything that could hit him from behind. His spidey-sense wasn’t going off, but something was definitely wrong. The recorder went off again, and Peter kicked it into the wall hard enough to cause it to break into little pieces.

Out of nowhere, he felt a sting on his upper back. He reached up out of reflex and his fingers brushed against a dart buried disturbingly deep in his neck. “Shit,” he repeated. It didn’t take long for his sight to go blurry, and for the sound of cars and crowds to start fading. Okay, this was bad. He’d been drugged before, but usually he was able to either resist it or get away before he passed out. But, the way it looked right now, none of those were an option. Whoever had shot that dart had known exactly which drug to pick.

That was the last thought Peter had before everything went black.

***

“Spidey! You’re awake!”

Peter recognized the voice, but his mind was too fuzzy to match it to a face. Every single one of his muscles hurt, like he’d been electrocuted or used as a human punching bag. He wanted to stand or open his eyes or just do something but, as much his brain begged it, his body refused to move. He was still wearing his mask, though, meaning whoever had kidnapped him wasn’t interested in his identity. That was nice, at least.

“I’m…” It hurt to speak, but he had to get out of there. And the first step to getting out, he figured, was finding out where the hell he was. “Who are…”

“What, you don’t recognize me?” The voice sounded offended. “Ouch.”

“Where am I?” Peter continued, still unable to open his eyes. It smelled like gunpowder and gasoline, and if he’d been able to move he would’ve covered his nose.

The voice was quiet for a second, as though it was wondering the same thing. “Some warehouse. How come it’s always a warehouse? Maybe it’s a super-villain thing. Anyhoo, we’re not gonna be here for long, just until this thing charges back up.”

Finally, Peter managed to open his eyes. He wished he could say he was surprised when they focused in on a muscular figure, dressed in a slightly-too-tight red and black suit with two katanas strapped onto the back. “Deadpool.”

“You do remember me! Ha!” He looked behind him as if to find someone to say ‘I told you so’ to, but it seemed him and Peter were the only ones there.

He hadn’t been lying though; the big crates of dusty cargo and thin metal walls suggested they were in an abandoned warehouse. Peter even recognized which one — he’d shut down drug and weapon deals here countless times.

“Why am I— Did you kidnap me?”

“Kidnap? You have so little faith in me,” he clicked his tongue. “I was too busy saving your spandex-covered ass to kidnap you.”

Peter looked around, taking note of the three very dead men on the floor. They were surrounded by fancy, alien-looking weapons, and dressed in military-level suits. Maybe the mercenary was, for once
in his life, not lying.

“Then why am I tied up?”

“I thought we were past the kink-shaming part of our relationship.”

“Dude.”

He giggled and started untangling the rope around Peter’s hands. “Didn’t think you’d mind my waiting to untie you until after I murdered the agents sent to kill you.”

“Sent to— What?”

“No idea. I was just assuming based on the fact that they had big scary guns and, y’know, carried you through the city in a bodybag. And I thought, hey, that dead guy kinda looks like my best frenemy and future lover so—”

His story was interrupted by a loud gunshot.

Deadpool let out a wince and turned around to face his attacker. “Fucker!” He yelled, pulling a bullet out of his arm and letting it drop onto the floor.

Peter stood up, ignoring the uncomfortable wave of pain that rushed through his body, and looked in the direction of the sound. It was another group of men, dressed the same way as the dead guys on the floor, all carrying heavy firearms.

“Move and we shoot!” One of them yelled, cocking his gun and pointing it at Peter. “I mean it!”

In a shift motion, Deadpool unsheathed his katanas and, within a couple of seconds, the man’s head was separated from his body. His friends were more hesitant to shoot, giving Deadpool just enough time to kick one of them in the stomach and punch another in a place Peter could only imagine would never stop hurting again.

He was seconds away from sending a katana through one of the soldier’s heart when a web pulled the sword from his hand.

“No more murder,” Peter told him, before firing a web at the ceiling and swinging himself at the three men. He hit one of them in the chest, knocking him against a crate.

He dropped onto the floor and threw a few punches, dodging bullets for long enough to kick the guns out the soldier’s hands, and web each man to the wall. It didn’t take him much more than five minutes to tie them all up, and he turned around with a satisfied smirk under his mask.

“I am so turned on right now,” Deadpool said.

“Yeah well, don’t get any—” A wave of nausea washed over Peter, and he stumbled backwards onto the floor. “I don’t— I’m not feeling too great,” he admitted.

The merc shrugged and fished something out of a duffel bag beside him. “Side effect of the sedative. Usually tea fixes it.”

“Tea, huh?” Peter groaned.

“Yup. I know a place.”

Peter wanted to comment, but he was pretty sure that opening his mouth was just make him throw
“Oh, hey,” Wade reached into the bag and pulled out an old flip-phone. “Before I forget, mind doing me a favour?” He held the phone in front of Peter’s face as though he was about to take a picture of him.

“I most definitely mind.” Peter took a deep breath. His legs had gone completely numb and his arms felt like they were about to fall off.

Deadpool ignored it and kept aiming the camera at him. “I just need you to say ‘happy birthday Amy,’” he explained. “It’s for a… Thing. Look, you’re a good guy, isn’t this what good guys do? Wish little kids happy birthday and give them candy or whatever?”

Peter took a second to process. He had a million questions about this, but he knew he wouldn’t get any proper answers so he kept them to himself. Who was Amy? What did Deadpool have to do with her? Did she even exist, or was this all some stupid plan to get Spider-Man to like him? “Sure,” he finally said. Chances were it was a set-up, but it wasn’t like it’d hurt anyone.

Even with the mask on, Peter could tell the merc was grinning. “Aaaaaand,” he pressed a button and a loud ‘ding’ indicated that he was filming, “go!”

“Happy birthday, Amy,” he tried his best to sound cool despite the pain and nausea. “You’re growing up to be a real superhero.”

Deadpool, now all giddy and satisfied, closed the phone and threw back into his bag. “Thank you, my eight-legged friend.”

“I don’t— Nevermind. You’re welcome.”

“You’re not gonna ask any questions about that?” He almost sounded surprised.

“Nope,” Peter felt a sharp pain in his right leg. Maybe that meant the drug was wearing off. “You wouldn’t answer them anyways.”

Deadpool shrugged and muttered a “fair enough” before, once again, pulling something out of his bag, inspecting it for a second before returning his attention to Peter. “You ever teleported before?”

Peter nodded, somewhat reluctantly. He’d tried it a couple of times with the Avengers, but it hadn’t exactly been a treat. The first time, he’d vomited for a solid three hours and the second, he’d passed out. The subsequent tries were less extreme but still not what he’d call comfortable.

“Wanna get out of here?” Deadpool fiddled with the device, turning a couple of knobs as if he knew what he was doing.

He wanted to say no — to get better immediately and go home. But it’d be at least another two hours before he could start swinging again, and he didn’t exactly want to spend them in a secluded warehouse. “Sure.”

Even through the mask, he looked surprised. “You— Really?”

“Yeah. I can’t exactly go anywhere by myself.” It was a good excuse. The last thing Peter wanted was for Deadpool to think he wanted to spend time with him. If he came to that belief, he’d never leave him alone.

“Right.” He wrapped an arm around Peter’s torso and helped him stand up. “And three, two, o—“
A lightness surged through Peter’s stomach, and everything went silent and dark for a prolonged moment. The sound returned at a booming volume and Peter was overcome by nausea and his muscles were practically dead.

After overcoming the initial disorientation, he looked around. They were in a cafe, completely empty with the exception of a tired old woman by the counter. She didn’t even look up as they materialized from thin air. She’d probably seen weirder — this was New York City after all, Avengers fought aliens in the middle of Times Square once a week.

“So,” Deadpool scoured the place for a table as though they weren’t all available. “Want anything?”

Peter shook his head. He was in the mood for a couple of shots of expresso, but he planned to sleep for at least a couple of days as soon as his body was back to normal. Deadpool helped him sit down at one of the tables, the one closest to the window facing the busy street.

“You sure? This place has the best bubble tea — you ever had bubble tea?” He glanced at the menu for a second. Even if it wasn’t the best bubble tea, it was probably the most abundant. They had all sorts of flavors, ranging from normal stuff like strawberry to slightly more odd ones like honey lavender. “It’s like iced-tea but they have little flavored testi—“

“I know what it is,” Peter informed him. “But sure, looks kinda good.” Instinctively, he reached into his pocket for his wallet, only to be reminded he was still in full Spider-Man costume. He never carried his wallet with him when he was out like this. Ruined the lines of the suit. “Shit, nevermind.”

“Wha— No, no, no, my web-spinning amigo, I’m paying,” Deadpool turned around on his heel and went up to order without knowing what Peter wanted.

It didn’t take long for the old woman to whip up two lavender flavored bubble teas and hand them to the mercenary. She didn’t seem to mind his bloody suit or the katanas on his back, nor did she react when admitted he didn’t have any money. “Open a tab for me? Actually, no don’t do that. I’ll be back later.”

He sat down across from Peter, pushing the purple tea towards him. He figured he could push the mask up a little bit, just enough to get the straw into his mouth without showing his face. Not that Deadpool would recognize him — not a lot of people knew the quiet, nerdy Peter Parker who spent half of his time at the library and the other half in a little apartment in Queens.

“Shit,” he whispered after the first sip. He’d had bubble tea before, him and Johnny had gone multiple times, but never before had he tasted something like this.

“Good, huh?” Despite the tea in front of him, Deadpool made no effort to drink it. “I’m not big on I-told-you-so’s but…”

Peter practically drank the whole thing within thirty seconds. He was tempted to order another more, but remembered that they technically hadn’t payed for the first one yet. “Thanks,” he pulled the mask back over his face.

“For what?”

“Y’know… This. You could’ve left me there.”

“I considered it. Fact, if you’d been anyone else I probably would’ve,” he still hadn’t started drinking the tea and Peter hated to admit the mercenary had more self-control than him. “But hey, I thought it might be nice to have Spidey owe me one.”
“Please don’t abuse that power.”

“Me? Never.”

It was getting kind of late, and Peter had to study for a biology test. He hadn’t revised at all yet, and he hadn’t gotten much out of the lectures because his professor, Monotone Martin, had gone off on a rant about anti-mutant protests and something about the Avengers.

Whatever had been in that tea, it worked like magic. After about fifteen minutes of Deadpool ranting about something Peter couldn’t possibly bring himself to pay attention to, his body was almost back to normal. He really needed to go, so as soon as the mercenary stopped to breathe, he interrupted the constant stream of words.

“Hey, I gotta—“

“Thank me properly?” Deadpool interrupted back. “Figured you would. I know this super fancy restaurant. Do you know how much fun the press would have writing about Spider-Man and Deadpool’s first date? Or, I think I have a penthouse somewhere in the city if we’re thinking something more private.”

Peter wanted to reply, but he wasn’t entirely sure what to say. “Uh, raincheck?” He finally managed. “I got some stuff I need to take care of.”

“Right, sure.” Deadpool got up. “I’ll take you up on it later though.”

Peter just nodded and waved the old barista goodbye, before he was out the door.

Weird. That whole thing had been really, really weird. Peter hadn’t had a lot of run-ins with Deadpool, and he wasn’t particularly fond of the hero either, but this had been different. Almost like he.. Cared? It seemed to strange to even think about, and Peter was almost certain the guy had some sort of ulterior motive. According to the Avengers, Deadpool wasn’t exactly the type of guy who did anything for anyone for the sake of simply helping them out.

Still, he’d saved Peter’s life and, as much as he hated it, he kind of owed him one.

He pushed the thoughts to the back of his mind, though he couldn’t keep them from lingering there the whole way home.
Young Guns

Peter had passed the biology test at the top of his class. Not that he’d expected to — he fell asleep in the library after an hour of studying and only woken up when the librarian had come back the next morning.

Now he was back, only two weeks later, this time to write a 10,000 word paper. Monotone Martin seemed like he’d made it his personal mission to kill his students, or at least make them all drop out before summer. Peter refused to give in to it, though— if he could fight literal aliens, chances were he could make it through a stupid research essay.

There hadn’t been a lot of interesting Spider-Man activity since his run-in with Deadpool, and he was starting to get a little bored of stopping the occasional grand-theft-bicycle or helping old women cross streets. Not that he didn’t like those things, he was just hoping for something slightly more exciting. Maybe another Spider-Man and Deadpool adventure.

As soon as that thought entered his mind, though, he shook his head in an effort to get it to go away. Deadpool was was a mercenary, he killed for fun. Peter hated him. Just like he always had.

***

After a couple of hours at the dusty library, the only thing Peter wanted was a change of environment. His mind fell on the little cafe Deadpool had showed him, the one with the amazing bubble tea. It’d probably be safe to go there — it wasn’t for superheroes only, right? It was in the middle of a crowded street, and the owner hadn’t made any special efforts to hide it.

It wasn’t far from the library, and Peter was there within ten minutes. There were a lot more people than there’d been two weeks ago, talking and laughing and drinking their coffee and tea. It was comfortable. Relaxing, even.

Peter sat down and opened his laptop, ready to get back to the essay. He’d order a bubble tea later.

His paper was about genetics, more specifically the X-gene. He figured he’d show his bigoted professor why mutants didn’t have a choice by researching the issue in all its complexity. It was a student version of crime-fighting, really.

However, he didn’t get to write much before a familiar guy burst through the door, dressed in sweatpants and a hoodie that covered the majority of his face.

When his eyes fell on a Peter, they stayed there for a second, looking him up and down as if he was expecting him to do something. The brunette felt his face redden, which was enough for Wade to assume he could approach him. “Hey,” he sat down across from him and rested his head in his hands.

“Hi,” Peter replied. He hated how awkward he was out of the suit. It was like his whole personality shifted as soon as he didn’t have to be Spider-Man.

“You come here often?” Wade didn’t give him time to answer before he went on. “Actually, you don’t have to answer that. I’m here, like, every day and I’ve never seen you.”

Tell him the truth, Peter thought. Like a normal person. “Yeah, I’m—I’m new here. Well, not here in New York but… Here.” Why are you like this?
“Ha, knew it! Thought I’d remember a face like that.” Wade smiled at the barista as she brought them their drinks. “That’s Ethel,” he explained. “I helped get rid of her husband, got her a ton of money. She was so grateful she promised me free drinks for, like, ever. I think she’s starting to regret it.” She was eyeing them from behind the counter.

Peter looked at her for a second, before he figured he should react to the whole husband-removal deal as if he wasn’t used to that kind of thing. “Get rid?” Had he killed him? Peter didn’t like hanging out with killers, and he technically didn’t know anything about this guy. He could’ve been a mercenary for all Peter knew.

“Right. Yeah. Fuck.” Wade tilted his head back and looked at the ceiling. “Not a good way to start a date.”

“This isn’t— I’m just here to study.” Not that he was in the mood for his mutant essay anymore. “But back to the ‘get rid of’ thing…”

“To be fair, he hit her. Like, a lot. Fucker deserved it,” Wade justified. “And I didn’t kill him or anything. Just… Made sure he’d never hit anyone again.”

“You didn’t hurt him, did you?” Peter didn’t want to let his Spider-Man show, but he couldn’t help himself.

Wade laughed. “You sound just like this guy I know. He’s unreasonably hot too. I mean, I haven’t seen his face but you know… I’ve got a feeling. And a hyperactive imagination.” He looked at the wall.

Peter tried his best to blush at being called hot for what he was pretty sure was the first time in his normal civilian life.

They sat in silence for a little while, Peter trying not to down the whole tea at once to keep Wade from ‘buying’ another one from Ethel. He didn’t want her to give away drinks for free, especially not when they tasted like that.

“So about the photography thing,” Peter finally said, mentally slapping himself for not having texted Wade sooner. “I was thinking sometime on Saturday? We could meet in Central Park and I’d do my thing and then—“

“Then you treat me to a candle-lit dinner at Taco Bell?”

Peter couldn’t keep himself from laughing. “Yeah, pretty much.”

“Sounds romantic,” Wade assured him.

It sure didn’t, but it was all Peter could afford. Even if Wade ordered the cheapest item on the menu, Peter would have to live off re-heated noodles for at least a whole week.

“So, Petey,” Wade threw the empty plastic cup over his shoulder and directly into a trashcan. Peter tried not to look impressed, though he very obviously failed judging from the smile on the guy’s face. “Tell me about yourself.”

“I’m really not that interesting,” he assured him.

“Bullshit! Everyone’s interesting.” Wade gestured for Ethel to get him another tea. She rolled her eyes and set to work. “Tell me about your… Family, or something. What’s your favourite colour? Where’d you grow up? Why’ve you never heard of me? Do you prefer the toilet roll facing forwards or backwards?”
Peter couldn’t help but laugh. “Uh, favourite color’s red, I grew up in Queens, I don’t really watch the news, and… Forwards, probably.”

“A man after my own heart,” Wade giggled.

“Your turn.” Peter figured this might as well serve as a way to get to know the stranger. He needed him for the project and he was curious.

“Me?” He almost sounded surprised. “Uh, alright, I guess. I, uh…” He inhaled sharply. “My mom… She died in the ocean when I was younger. And I had siblings, but they… They didn’t make it either. So it was just me and my dad for a while. He loved me a lot, I think. But the guy was protective, and I mean really protective. So I ran off.”

“Nice try,” Peter rolled his eyes. “But that’s the plot of Finding Nemo.”

Wade’s fake frown turned into a smile, then a grin, and finally into full-out laughter. “Fuck, you’re good,” he finally managed, once he caught his breath and dried the tears from his eyes. “That always works. You know how many Disney movie’s I’ve pulled off? Lion King, Bambi… I even managed to convince this guy my tribe was taken over by the English.”

Peter laughed again, having to bow his head so Wade wouldn’t see his cheeks turn red.

When he was pretty sure the worst of the colour had left his face, Peter looked back up. Wade was smiling too, only it wasn’t amusement or satisfaction but something entirely different, something he didn’t recognize.

“What?” Peter raised his eyebrows.

Wade looked away, giggling to himself. “You’re just…” He laughed and shook his head. “Wow.”

“Thank you?” Peter wanted to kill every single butterfly in his stomach. Since when did people act like that? No one had ever looked at Peter Parker like that. Spider-Man, sure — Deadpool probably did that every time they met — but never Peter Parker.

“I should, uh…” Peter shoved the laptop into his backpack and stood up. “I should go. I’ve got a… Thing.”

Wade opened his mouth to speak, though he closed it again as Peter shot him an apologetic smile and left the cafe.

***

“Really, Peter?” He dropped onto his couch and ran a hand through his hair. “You don’t have time for this— Spider-Man doesn’t have time.”

He groaned loudly and turned on the TV to watch a few episodes of Scrubs, though he didn’t get very far before a loud explosion went off a couple of blocks away. He rushed to the window, though he couldn’t see much more than smoke and flames.

He didn’t give himself any time to devise a plan before he was in the suit, swinging between buildings on his way to the scene. He knew there was a bank someplace around there, so the whole thing was probably some idiot’s idea of a robbery.

Dropping down in front of the building, Peter revised his usual routine: get people to safety, neutralize the threat, get out before the police started asking questions. Three easy steps that almost
always kind of worked.

Turned out he’d been right, the explosion had come from one of the vaults in the bank. The scene was chaotic; people were screaming and calling their loved ones’ names, and the bomb had caused a giant fire to erupt and run up the walls of the building. Okay, so it was a little worse than he’d thought. “Dude, it’s Spider-Man!” Peter turned around at the sound of his name, to see two blond men with their arms full of sacks of money, wearing ill-fitting ski masks and what he assumed was bulletproof vests.

“Fuckin’ shit,” the other guy hissed. “We gotta—“

He was interrupted when a bullet pierced his skull and he fell over backwards. His partner’s face turned pale, and by the time he thought to run another shot rang through the air and he fell to the ground. This guy hadn’t been shot in the head, though, but just below the knee.

Peter turned around to look for the shooter, hardly surprised to see Deadpool standing a few feet behind him, gun in hand.

“Dead— What the hell, dude?” Peter rushed towards the robber, who was still crying out about the pain in his leg.

“Another step an’ this place blows!” Without any further warning, he pulled a match out his pocket and lit it, holding it inches above the ground as though dropping it was a threat. It was only then Peter noticed the thick liquid that covered the floor and doused the walls. Gasoline. “There’s ‘round fif’en people back there,” the robber groaned. “I die, they die with me.”

“Spidey, I know you’re all against this whole killing thing, but please, please, please let me put a bullet in his head.” Deadpool raised his gun and aimed, though he looked expectantly at Peter before making any further moves.

“No.”

The merc groaned and lowered the gun. “Why not?” He dragged out the last word.

“No!” Peter didn’t take his eyes off the match, which had almost burnt out. Maybe he could find a brief window while he lit another match, a second of a timeframe to web his face to the ground and knock him out. “You kill him and he drops that thing.”

“So? It’s an ugly building, let it burn down.” Deadpool dropped the gun. “Maybe they’ll replace it with a Starbucks.”

“There are innocent people in there!” Peter gestured towards the bank. He couldn’t see much through the hole the robbers had blown in the wall, but he didn’t want to risk it.

Wade laughed and shook his head, taking a couple of steps towards Peter. “I thought you were supposed to be smart! You really think there’d be—“

Someone yelled something from further down the corridor inside the bank, and Deadpool swallowed his words as quick as he said them. “Oh.”

The robber pulled off his ski-mask and started chuckling. “Y’know,” Deadpool picked his gun back up. “Your manic laughter’s a little high pitched. Did you remember practice in the mirror this morning?”

“Dude.”

“I’m just saying if you’re gonna rob a bank, you could at least—“
“I’m giving you three seconds to get the hell out of here!” The robber yelled, frustrated by their lack of attention he was getting. He’d lit another match while Peter was preoccupied with Deadpool, and he was moving it closer and closer to the ground. “Three!”

Deadpool cocked the gun and glanced at Peter. “Shoot him?”

“No.”

The robber smirked. “Two!”

“Then what?”

“I don’t—“

“One!”

Peter shot a web at the match as soon as the robber dropped it. For a brief second he was overcome with relief that he’d diffused a potentially lethal situation. All him and Deadpool needed to do now was get the people out of there.

It was only a brief moment, though, before the gasoline ignited and the flames consumed the bank within a few seconds. Screams pierced the air from inside, and the cladding on the walls caught fire and started crumbling onto the floors. The bystanders cried out and started calling the police or running away from the scene.

Peter tried to shoot a web at the fire, hoping to contain it, though it didn’t hold for very long before it melted. “Deadpool, you—“

“Got it.” The mercenary rushed inside the building, disappearing behind the flames. Peter continued to remind himself about the healing factor — it rivaled the likes of Wolverine. He’d be fine.

While he was gone, Peter attempted to evacuate the rest of the civilians, the ones who thought the bank explosion would be a neat chance to update their Snapchat stories or post something exciting on Facebook. People like that were always around when this kind of thing happened, but they never ceased to piss him off.

It didn’t take long for Deadpool to exit, carrying a kid on his shoulders and followed by a group of around ten people. That had to be everyone.

He put the little boy down and let him run to his mom, before heading into the crowd without any comment or remark directed at Peter.

The police were starting to show up. That was probably why Deadpool’d left, come to think of it.

Peter threw one last look inside for any further casualties. He’d managed to evacuate everyone, it seemed. Right as he was about to follow suit and get the hell out before the police started wanting to question him, a voice rang out from somewhere behind the flames. He couldn’t hear what it said, but he was certain it was some kind of cry for help. Shit.

“Hello?” He called, hoping desperately there’d be no one there.

“Spider-Man?” Fuck.

He stepped in through the hole in the wall, into the dry, hot air of the bank. Deadpool had caved a bit of a path and the majority of the flammable objects had been pushed to the side, making just enough space for Peter to walk through. The corridor was a lot smaller than the other room, and the air was dense with smoke and heat.
“Spider-Man?” She called out again. Her voice was coming from a room to the left, and Peter pushed the door open to reveal what he assumed was a row of vault doors, all broken open. The fire was hardly present in there, though a great deal of the ceiling had collapsed onto the floor.

“Are you there?”

It sounded like a little girl, but her voice didn’t quiver or break. She was calm and collected despite the fire and the sirens, and Peter scanned the room for her figure. He wouldn’t leave before he found her, even if that meant staying until the building collapsed.

He pushed a fallen chunk of ceiling aside, and inhaled sharply as his eyes fell on a kid in a pink tutu. She’d been crying, but stopped when she saw him in favour of grinning like an overexcited fangirl. Had it not been for the whole life-or-death situation thing, Peter would’ve pulled his whole Spider-Man act, and maybe given her one of those Avengers pins he sometimes carried around.

But he didn’t exactly have the chance to do that now. All he knew what that he had to get her to safety.

The fire was creeping into the room. In a minute, that ceiling was going to completely fall in on itself, and the girl would be crushed under it.

It was getting hotter too, and Peter wished more than anything he could take off the stupid mask and breathe.

He needed to get her out of there. She was too far behind the rubble and, even with his webs, Peter could never reach her by himself. Where was Deadpool when you needed him?

“Hey, hey,” he tried to sound calm. “I’m gonna need you to help me out, alright?” She nodded eagerly. “You have to see if you can climb over here, okay?”

Her eyes shifted between Peter and the little hole through which she could see him. The path was littered with broken parts of ceiling and burning rubble, and the gasoline that lined the walls was seeping onto the floor and taking the fire with it. The girl shook her head, eyes once again swelling with tears.

Peter wanted to yell at her, tell her to hurry up and crawl through. But he knew that wouldn’t exactly work. *Okay, he thought, you’ve got this. “What’s your name?”*

“Amy,” she wiped her tears away and stared at him with her big brown eyes.

Peter nodded slowly, eyeing the enclosing flames. “You know who I am?”

“You’re Spider-Man!” she giggled. “You sent me a video on my birthday.”

Huh. So it hadn’t been a trick. “Sure did,” Peter tried to ignore the fact that Deadpool, for once in his life, hadn’t been lying. He’d think about that later.

“Ohay, Amy,” he smiled despite the mask. “You can do this. You’re a hero, remember?”

After a pause, she nodded and began climbing. She was fast once she got started, and quickly made her way through the rubble. As soon as she was within an arm’s length, Peter reached out and pulled her in.

“Right,” he looked around the room and almost cheered when he spotted a door at the far end. The frame was covered in fire and it was just below a section of the ceiling that looked as though it was
dangerously close to falling. But it wasn’t impossible to exit through it. “We’re gonna go through there, okay?”

She nodded again and stepped through, pausing in the doorway to look behind her at Peter. “Are you coming?” She asked.

“Yeah, I’m—“

The ceiling started creaking, shedding little pebbles onto the floor. It slid, first slowly then much faster, all while the girl remained in the doorway. Peter only just managed to push her outside before it broke down on itself.

A sharp pain shot through his leg as he landed on the sidewalk. He looked back to see his shin stuck between the rock and the ground. It was most definitely broken, and Peter was suddenly very grateful for the costume that masked his pained expression.

“Are you okay?” The little girl stood up, rubbing the arm she’d landed on when Peter pushed her outside.

“Yeah, I’m—“ His voice broke. Fuck, this hurt. “Could— Could you try to find— find a guy na-named Deadpool? He’s, uh, we-wearing a red suit. Like mine.”

She nodded obediently and ran off into the chaotic scene. There were cops everywhere, she’d be safe. Peter just hoped Deadpool wasn’t too far gone. To be fair, the police would probably be able to get him out of there, but then they’d want him to stay and answer questions.

He tried to ignore the pain in his leg by focusing on what the girl’d said. She really had been a huge fan of him, and she really had received that birthday wish. It all played out nicely — the only thing that didn’t make sense was why. Why would Deadpool go to all the trouble? The guy was selfish, he never did things because it’d be kind or helpful. So what’d been his motive? Did he just find a random girl who was a fan of Spider-Man in order to impress him? Why would he want to do that?

Peter was still asking himself when a voice rang over the buzz of chatter, “Hey, Spidey!”

He smiled when he spotted the familiar red and black suit through the smoke. It was ripped and torn like he’d been in a knife-fight, but Deadpool’s skin was clear of marks despite the blood that covered him. He winced when he saw Peter’s leg. “So much for ‘whatever a spider can’,” he mumbled, before he proceeded to lift the chunk of wall on top of him. Peter tried not to notice how easily he pushed it off, like it was made of pillows and not bricks.

“Fuck,” he looked from Peter’s face to his leg. “Does it hurt?”

Peter didn’t want to look at it. It felt like it was on fire and frozen at the same time, like thousands of little knives were furiously stabbing at his bone. “A little bit,” he replied.

“Okay, okay,” Deadpool looked around him, before finally fixing his eyes on a backpack someone had dropped a few metres away. He rushed to pick it up and search through it, finding nothing except an old t-shirt and some kiddie band-aids. “Right,” he mumbled, tearing up the t-shirt and crouching beside Peter’s leg. “We gotta get— I’m gonna tie this around your leg and then we’ll fix you up at my place.”

“Seriously, I’m fi—“ Peter winced as Deadpool tightened the shirt around his leg.

The mercenary nodded and slid one arm under Peter’s knees, and the other under his back. “Sure buddy. You’ve never looked better.” In a single, swift motion, he lifted Peter into his arms. “You’re
“kinda light for a superhero,” he commented.

“I skipped breakfast.”

Deadpool laughed and stopped in front of a very showy red car, parked behind the bank. “Wanna go for a ride?”

“Is this yours?” Peter asked, despite already knowing the answer. Of course it was Deadpool’s, what other idiot would spend what Peter assumed was thousands of dollars on some shiny car? Or, even worse, steal it?

He just smirked and helped Peter into the passenger seat, before taking his own seat behind the wheel.

“What happened?” He asked, once they were on the road to… Well, Peter wasn’t entirely sure where they were going.

“You didn’t get everyone,” he explained, trying not to think of the pain in his leg. It felt like it was on fire, like it was going to come off any second. “There was a girl in there, she knew me. Think she knew you too.”

“Huh,” Deadpool took a sharp turn down some dark alley, and Peter tried not to think of whether he meant to finish that whole kill Spider-Man deal he’d walked back on two weeks earlier.

The worry became pressing enough for him to ask, though Deadpool didn’t bother responding.

Peter hadn’t never seen his face, but he figured it’d have to be extremely expressive for it to show through the costume. He’d heard something about him being burned or scarred as a part of the Weapon X, but he had no idea what his skin looked like. Maybe the Avengers would have a file on him. Peter made a note to check next time he saw them.

As of right now, though, he was just really hoping he wouldn’t die.
It wasn’t long before they pulled into a small, dirty parking lot behind an apartment block, and Deadpool exited the car. He helped Peter out as well, motions uncharacteristically gentle as he picked him up and carried him towards the building.

“I can walk,” Peter insisted, though he was well aware he probably shouldn’t try.

Deadpool just nodded, unconvinced, and backed against the door to push it open. “If I were to, hypothetically, take a picture of this, exactly how much would you pay me to not release it?” He kicked open a half-closed door to the left and carried Peter inside, softly placing him on an old leather couch.

“Is this…?” Peter shifted uncomfortably, glancing from the door to the little corner-kitchen at the back of the room. There was a closed door across from the couch, to the left of an out-of-place flatscreen TV, which he guessed was Deadpool’s bedroom. Other than that, though, the room was entirely empty. “Do you live here?”

Deadpool let out a laugh, and disappeared into the bedroom. “I don’t live anywhere,” he said, voice muffled by the wall. “But yeah, pretty much.” He came back out, a bottle of something in one hand and a piece of cloth in the other.

Peter really hoped it wasn’t some type of disinfectant — as much as he knew he needed it.

“This might hurt just a little bit.” Without a warning, Deadpool popped the lid of the bottle and poured the contents over Peter’s leg. It burnt a lot more than the pain but Peter suppressed the urge to scream and instead clenched his fists.

“You can cry if you want.” Deadpool wrapped the cloth around the wound. “I’ve been told I’m great at comforting people.”

Somehow Peter doubted that.

“You hungry? We can order Chinese,” he put the bottle down on the table and lifted Peter’s legs, before sitting down and lowering them into his lap. “Ooo, or pizza. What situation isn’t improved by pizza?”

“I’m not—“

“Do you like Hawaiian? Actually, don’t answer that. Unless you do. Wait, do you?” He pulled a phone out from between the pillows and dialed a number.

Peter didn’t want to disappoint him, but he’d also made a vow to never lie about an issue as serious as pineapple on pizza. “It’s gross,” he admitted.
The mercenary dropped the phone onto Peter’s shin, sending a surge of pain through his leg. “You don’t— Spidey, no. Not you too.”

“Ow!” Peter gestured at the wound.

“You deserved that,” Deadpool picked the phone back up and continued dialing. “You know, I broke up with my last girlfriend because she didn’t like pineapple on pizza.”

He looked around while Deadpool ordered their pizzas — two Hawaiian with extra pineapple — eyes falling on a set of pictures on the wall beside the TV. They were all selfies of Deadpool with assorted superheroes: the original X-Men, Captain America, Cable. There was even one with Iron Man, though Tony didn’t look as though he knew he was being photographed. Peter was a bit disappointed that he didn’t have one with him in it — the two of them had been on enough missions together to earn him a place on the wall. It took him a couple of seconds to realise that he probably shouldn’t be offended by it, and yet...

“Half an hour,” Deadpool dropped the phone in favour of picking up a remote. “Heard they were re-running Star Trek.”

Peter smiled under the mask. It’d been too long since he’d kicked back with gross pizza and a good science-fiction show. “Wait, is it the o—”

“The original series, yeah. We don’t acknowledge any of the other ones. Not under Jack’s roof.”

“Jack?” Peter inquired, though he wasn’t sure he wanted the answer.

“Guy who owns the apartment. I killed his dad and the little fucker got a ton of money. Didn’t feel the need to pay me with any of it, though, so I stole his apartment after he moved upstate. Pretty sure he forgot this place still exists.”

Fair enough, Peter thought. Minus the murder part, obviously.

Deadpool turned the TV on and flipped through the channels until he found the one he was looking for. He started absentmindedly humming along to the theme, and they watched half an episode before the pizzas arrived. The delivery guy nearly peed his pants when Deadpool opened the door and Spider-Man waved at him from the couch. The mercenary picked the pizzas from his hand and replaced them with a $100 bill, before kicking the door closed.

“Did you see him?” He laughed, throwing one of the boxes onto Peter’s chest. It smelled kind of good, despite the unappetizing toppings.

“He’s probably still standing out there.” Peter laughed too. It must’ve been a weird sight, and the guy would undoubtedly tell everyone he knew about it. Not that anyone would believe him — it was common knowledge that Spider-Man only worked with the masked mercenary when he had to.

Deadpool retook his seat and the two of them continued watching until the sun set, and then until it rose again. In that timeframe, the managed to order Chinese five separate times, and Deadpool tried out some sketchy-looking online service that delivered weird pink drinks to his doorstep.

They got through the entire first season before Peter realized the time and started to stand up.

“Woah, what’re you doing?” Deadpool had ended up on the floor, nearly buried in empty take-away containers. “We still have two seasons to go! Don’t tell me you’re willing to walk out before Amok Time, Spidey.”

Peter really needed to leave. It was bad enough that he’d spent all night on Deadpool’s couch. He
hadn’t submitted his report yet either and he needed it to be really good if he wanted to convince his professor that mutants weren’t as big of a threat as he was making them out to be. “Deadpool, I need to—”

“One more episode?” He pleaded. “Come on, dude.”

It wasn’t like he wanted to go home. And the paper was done, anyways — another 45 minutes wouldn’t hurt. “Fine.”

Deadpool giggled and settled back into his seat against the couch.

They were almost halfway through the episode when Peter realized the mercenary’d been sitting on the floor for well over five hours. “You sure you’re comfy down there?” He asked.

“Me?” Deadpool looked around, as though he was looking for another person Peter could’ve been addressing. “Awww,” he finally said. “It’s cute how much you care.”

“I was just—”

“Shhhh,” Wade got off the floor and crawled up beside Peter on the couch. “Don’t ruin the moment.”

He was extremely warm, at least compared to the fact that the apartment was well below freezing (Peter was pretty sure that, if it hadn’t contained a ton of chemicals with complex names, his soda would’ve frozen solid). The sofa was wide enough for both of them to lie there beside each other, almost touching but not quite. Peter did his best to convince himself that it wasn’t weird how nice it felt. He was just touch starved, that was all. It had nothing to do with Deadpool.

***

They must’ve both fallen asleep because when Peter opened his eyes, the TV was playing The Immunity Syndrome and he could feel Deadpool’s steady breathing against his back. “Shit,” he mumbled, though he didn’t move or try to wake the mercenary up. He hadn’t seen Deadpool this off-guard in… Well, ever.

He figured he could stay for another while — even though he’d technically been there for 24 hours now. Just until Deadpool woke up.

He watched the rest of the episode and half of the next one before the mercenary shifted. “You’re cold,” he mumbled.

“Maybe you’re just warm.”

Peter could almost feel him smile. “Don’t leave,” he said.

“I have to.” Not that he wanted to. “I have to submit a paper.”

By the time he realized he’d slipped, it was too late. Deadpool popped himself onto his elbow, removing the arm he’d had wrapped around Peter. “Paper, huh? So you’re a student, then. Wait, you’re not underage are you? Oh man, please tell me you’re over 18.”

“I’m 22,” Peter said. He figured Deadpool wouldn’t be able to track him down with that little of a hint. There were plenty of 22 year old college students in New York, any of whom could be Spider-Man.

“Right… Good.”
Peter made a move to get up, though Deadpool was quick to pull him back onto the couch and wrap his arms around him. “You can’t leave halfway through a marathon.”

“I have to,” Peter insisted. “Listen, thank you so much for saving my life… Twice. And then for patching me back up afterwards.” He paused as he thought back to all the thing Deadpool’d done for him in the past two weeks. “Anyway, uh, I really need to go.”

The mask was killing him — he usually didn’t wear it for longer than a few hours. It was getting itchy and, even with all the modifications he’d made, it still didn’t give his skin enough air.

Deadpool pouted and loosened his grip, allowing Peter to get up and head for the door. He lingered for a second, watching the mercenary settle back into the couch alone. “Spidey?”

“Yeah?”

“Thanks.”

Peter wasn’t sure exactly what he meant by that. All Spider-Man had been was an inconvenience, with his broken shin and — “Wait,” Peter looked down at his leg. The suit was still ripped, but the pain had was gone and his skin wasn’t even scarred. His healing factor was good but it wasn’t that good. “Why isn’t it… You know…”

“Your leg?” Wade laughed. “I’ll tell you over bubble tea later.”

Peter furrowed his eyebrows. “We’re not having— Oh.” People flirted with him all the time, even asked him on dates, and he never seemed to notice. If it hadn’t been for the YouTube videos he’d watched on recognizing that kind of thing, it probably would’ve gone over his head this time as well. “Sure.”

“Really?” The mercenary almost sounded surprised.

“Why not?”

Deadpool sat up. “I can’t believe it.”

“What?” Peter gave up on leaving that very instant and leaned against the wall.

“I finally got Spider-Man to fall in love with me.”

Peter laughed and shook his head. “In your dreams.”

“And yours.”

“Okay, I’m leaving.” Peter opened the door and waved goodbye.

As soon as he shut the it behind him, he lifted his mask and took a deep breath. Shit. Fuck. Shitfuck. He needed a distraction. A crime or an accident or anything big enough to take his mind off this whole thing. He knew it was an awful thing to wish for, but he couldn’t help himself.

As of right now, though, he needed to submit that stupid paper.

He knew he wouldn’t be able to focus without background noise, so he went home to change out of the suit — he made a mental note to get it fixed later — before he headed for the first cafe he could find.

It ended up being a little corner coffeehouse, reasonably crowded and with decent tea, where Peter sat down and opened his laptop. It was easy enough once he got started, and an embarrassing
He emailed the paper to Professor Dipshit and headed home. He really needed to rest — Spider-Man was no good if he fell asleep halfway through catching a criminal.

It was around seven in the evening when he received a text from Wade. *Central in 10?*

Oh, right. That.

Peter thanked his past self for remembering to bring the camera, while heading outside the cafe. The street was crowded and smelled vaguely of hot dogs, and he had to fight the temptation to buy food from every street vendor he passed.

By the time the park came into view, Peter had thought out just about every possible thing that could go wrong. In scenario 1, Wade, who was definitely insecure about his skin, would smile awkwardly and let Peter take the photos; In scenario 2, he’d get cold feet at the last second and leave; In scenario 3 he’d refuse to look candid; and in scenario 4, he’d refuse to smile. After a couple of minutes of careful contemplation, Peter realized that they all had the same solution: he needed him to laugh. For real.

He stopped in front of a bookstore. The window displayed a number of crime novels and comic books, though none of them had caught his interest. No, that honor belonged to a semi-thick book named ‘Sure-Fire Pick-Up Lines for Lovers.’ That sounded like something that could make an awkward guy in his late twenties/early thirties laugh.

Peter evaluated the possibility for a moment, before nodding to himself and opening the door to the store.

The book wasn’t very expensive — only $10 — and most defiantly worth the kinds of pictures he’d get if he could make someone like Wade laugh. Which he totally could.

It was foolproof.

Central Park was only a couple of blocks away, and it didn’t take long before Peter spotted Wade, perched on top of a large rock by the lake. He was wearing a hoodie again, despite the sunny weather and early spring heat, and grinned as soon as he noticed Peter approaching.

“Aren’t you warm?” The brunette asked, taking a seat beside Wade on the rock.

“I’m hot,” he smirked, “if that’s what you’re talking about.”

“It’s not,” Peter assured him, though he returned the smile. He pulled out his camera and adjusted the lens, before looking expectantly at the man beside him. “So…” He started. “If you could just… Look natural?”

“You don’t sound too sure, baby boy.” Something about his tone was weirdly familiar. “Sure you don’t want me to strip naked and pose?”

Peter looked down in an attempt to mask the color of his cheeks. It didn’t seem to work though, because Wade let out a satisfied laugh.

Peter took the chance to snap a photo, a near perfect shot of genuine amusement. However, as soon as the flash went off the smile disappeared from his face, replaced by something Peter didn’t recognize. “Why’d you do that?” His voice was cold and nervous.
“Last time I checked, taking pictures of you was the point of this whole thing,” he reminded him.

“Sure, but I’m not…” He seemed to want to look everywhere but at Peter. “Actually, I’m not sure if I wanna do this.”

Scenario 2, then. He’d thought this through, he knew what he was supposed to do. The last thing Peter wanted was for Wade to start feeling uneasy in his own skin. “Hey, no. You’re not walking out now,” he tried to sound as gentle as possible. “You’re… You’re like this gorgeous person and if my photography teacher is even half as memorized by your face as I am, I’m gonna get a really good grade. And honestly I really need a good grade.”

Wade was biting his lip and fiddling with his zipper. He looked up at Peter and nodded. “I’m gorgeous, huh?” He smirked.

“Don’t ruin the moment,” Peter warned. “So, you wanna do this?”

Wade nodded and looked on as Peter pulled the book out his backpack and opened it onto a random page.

“What’s that?” He asked, cocking his head in an attempt to read the cover.

“I need you to laugh,” Peter explained. “So I brought this book of really bad pickup lines. Now, I’ll just read through them and you can react like the camera isn’t here.”

“…Okay.” He sounded hesitant, though he didn’t protest.

“Right,” Peter put the camera down in his lap, made sure nothing was covering it and started reading. “Was your dad a baker?”

“Wha— No?”

“Because you got some nice buns.”

Wade burst out laughing, and Peter took a picture. It was working.

“Do you play soccer?” He continued.

“These are terrible.”

“Because you’re a keeper.” He was still giggling, and Peter continued to take photos. “Do you work at a cafe?”

“I did for a while actua—“

“Because I like you a latte.”

That one got the biggest reaction — Wade wrapped his arms around his stomach and started shaking with laughter.

Peter snapped a couple more pictures — it seemed like Wade had comely forgotten about the camera — and tried his best to repress the feeling of pride that he’d been the cause of it.

It took a few minutes for him to stop laughing but, even when he did, the smile didn’t fade. “Where’d you buy that book?” He asked. “I need to own one.”

Peter put the camera away and handed him the book. “You can have this one,” he said. “I have a
feeling I won’t be needing it.”

“Seriously?”

“Yeah.”

Wade grinned and took the book, stuffing it into his own backpack. “So…” He said. “What’s next?”

Peter hesitated. He’d been planning on going home for a quick nap before putting on the suit and maybe busting a couple of criminals. But he was here now, and Wade was looking at him expectantly and the only thing he really felt like was tacos.

He reminded himself that he technically promised Wade dinner, and that buying the guy some Mexican food wouldn’t exactly distract him from his heroic duties.

“I was thinking tacos,” he finally said.

Wade nodded eagerly and stood up. “I know a place.”

***

That ‘place’, as it turned out, was a small Mexican restaurant in the middle of Manhattan. Wade greeted the man behind the counter like he’d known him for years, and nodded when he asked “the usual?”

They found a table towards the back, where Wade pulled up an extra chair to rest his feet on. Peter took a seat across from him, eyes falling on the giant mural painted on the wall beside him. It looked like some sort of superhero, dressed in a costume that looked suspiciously close to Spider-Man’s. He was using one hand to punch some guy in the face and holding a bowl of rice in the other, while a group of civilians were cheering behind him.


Peter shook his head. “No way. I’m paying. This is a thanks-for-dealing-with-my photography-nerd-stuff dinner,” he reminded him.

“No, it’s a thanks-for-making-me-feel-less-shitty-about-this-ugly-mug dinner.” Wade gestured towards his face, though he never stopped smiling.

Peter wanted to give him a hug or tell him that his ‘mug’ was everything but ugly. Instead, he pulled out a crumpled $20 bill and placed it on the table. “Let me pay,” he insisted.

Wade opened his mouth to argue, though he shut it again and nodded compliantly. “Fine.”

“Great, what do you want?” Peter stood up to order at the counter. He’d been eyeing that taco on the poster outside the window since they walked in.

“Tacos,” Wade replied, somewhat reluctantly.

Peter nodded and went up to order. It was only after he’d payed and turned around to walk back to their table that he noticed the actual image on the giant mural.

“Hey,” he placed the little number on their table and sat down, still very focused on the painting. “Why’s that here?”

“It’s Deadpool,” Wade said, nodding at the image of the red and black suited anti-hero.
It sure was — from the suit to the katanas, it was obvious that the mural portrayed Peter’s least favourite mercenary, in the middle of saving a bunch of innocents from a rice-thief. “I see that.” He felt himself losing his appetite. “Why’s it here?”

“Think he saved a ton of innocent taco-eaters,” Wade explained. “What a hero, huh?”

“Not really,” Peter assured him. He smiled at the waiter as he brought them their food — two plates of four tacos — and dug in.

“What’s that mean?” Wade’s tone was almost offended. Maybe he had some sort of personal relationship with Deadpool. Maybe the guy’d saved his life (he did do that on occasion, in between all the murder) or something like that.

Embarrassed by how harshly he’d responded, Peter tried his best to reconcile, “Just… He’s an assassin, right? Don’t they kill people?”

Wade looked up from his plate, mouth full of taco, and furrowed his eyebrows. “First of all, he’s a mercenary,” he said. “And second, who doesn’t kill people these days? Don’t see anybody complaining about Spider-Man or—“

“Spider-Man doesn’t kill people.” Peter tried not to sound too defensive, though he wasn’t sure whether he succeeded. “That’s his whole thing.”

Wade rolled his eyes. “Okay, so not Spidey then. But everyone else. Wasn’t Captain America in the war? Wasn’t his entire job to kill people?”

“Why are you defending him?” Peter asked. “Did he save your life or something?” He hadn’t meant to come off stern, but it was too late to take it back now.

Wade grew quiet. Whatever offended expression had been on his face, it disappeared in favour of something much more neutral. “You gotta give everyone a chance, Petey,” he mumbled. “Even the mercenaries.”

He had a point. And Peter wanted more than anything to prove him right, but how many chances had he given to people who didn’t deserve it? He’d almost died countless times because of second chances. Innocent people had almost died because of second chances.

But there was something about the look in Wade’s eyes that made Peter want to listen to him.

“I know,” he finally said. “You’re a pretty good guy, Wade.”

“Same to you, baby boy.”
Where Did Your Heart Go?

It was almost midnight by the time he walked out of the restaurant, taking in a breath of fresh air before heading down the street. His apartment was over twelve blocks away, and he had the Spidey suit in his backpack. So, due to laziness more than anything else, he crept into an empty alley and suited up, before starting to make his way down the street.

He was lost in his own thoughts when someone screamed down an alley a short distance ahead. Peter followed the sound, swinging around the corner to see an old man, somewhere in his middle-sixties, nervously fumbling with his wallet. Someone was holding a gun to his head — a woman dressed in a long trench-coat and a fedora. “Give it!” She hissed, snatching the wallet from the man’s hands. His knees were shaking and, if he hadn’t already, Peter was pretty sure the guy would pee his pants.

“Hey!” He yelled out, web shooters at the ready.

“What’a’ya want?” The lady forgot about her mugging victim in favour of marching towards Peter. “You tryna stop me, huh?”

Peter shrugged. “That was the plan, yeah.”

“You’re an idiot, boy.” She pulled a mini-gun out of her pocket and pressed the barrel against Peter’s chest. Despite the years he’d spent as a literal superhero, he still felt his heartbeat accelerate. “Didn’t you parents ever tell you not to—“

She was interrupted when a rock collided with the back of her head and she fell forwards into Peter, very clearly unconscious. He caught her and looked around for her attacker, only to see an empty alleyway. The old guy had left as well, though he’d had time to pick up his wallet.

“Hello?” Peter looked behind him.

Who the hell had done that? Spider-Man’d had that under control — he was just about to web her to the wall. “Who’s there?”

He had to get the woman to a hospital, then the police could take it from there.

“Spidey!” He jumped at the sound of a familiar voice, coming from somewhere further down the alley. His eyes followed the sound and, surely enough, landed on Deadpool.

“Oh… Y-You…” What the hell?

Peter gently put the mugger down on an old mattress someone had thrown out. She’d probably wake up within the hour — that hit hadn’t been fatal.

Deadpool jumped down from his place on the stairs. “Well, what the hell?” He dragged out the last word in a high-pitched tone, and enthusiastically shook Peter’s hand for no apparent reason. “Wait, do I hug you? Is it too early in our relationship for me to hug you?”

When Peter didn’t respond, the mercenary pulled him into a hug. “Uh, thanks. But I totally had that” He pulled away and glanced at the woman. “Oh, I know. I just needed an excuse to talk to you.”

That was… Flattering?
“Should we make sure she’s dead?” Deadpool raised his bat again, though Peter grabbed his arm before he could swing it.

“No!” Peter shook his head. “Are you crazy!? Let’s just call an ambulance.”

Deadpool shrugged and pulled out his phone, dialing a number. “Yeah, hi. There’s a lady here who got knocked out by a rock, so if you could send your best—I don’t know the street name! This is New York, you guys have like—Can’t you track my cell? This is the twenty-first century, why can’t you—Oh, okay.” He gave Peter a thumbs up and shut his phone. Why he still carried an old Nokia cell was a mystery, but some questions were better left unasked.

“Anyways…” Deadpool eyed the mugger and wrapped his arm around Peter. “I was thinkin’, since you’re here, that we could visit Ethel again. At her cafe. I haven’t been there since I was with you and, well, she worries.”

Peter was just about to decline when he remembered what Wade’d said.

“You gotta give everyone a chance, Petey. Even the mercenaries.”

Encouraging his inner good guy to take a hike, Peter sighed and nodded. “Sure.”

“Seriously?” Deadpool tilted his head.

“Sure,” he repeated, earning an excited giggle from the mercenary.

The cafe wasn’t too far away, and it only took then ten minutes to get there with the help of all Deadpool’s shortcuts.

The old woman rolled her eyes as Deadpool entered with a loud exclamation. “Two of your—“

“Finest bubble teas,” Ethel mumbled. “You don’t say.”

The mercenary pulled out a chair for Peter, before taking a seat for himself. “Okay so…” He clasped his hands together. “How’s my favorite spandex wearing goody two shoes and future boyfriend?”

Peter ignored the lovely synonyms for his name. “I’m good. How’s my least favourite mercenary?”

Okay, maybe not least favourite. But anything Peter said that could be interpreted as even remotely nice would only fuel Deadpool’s ego.

“Your least favorite?” He asked. “You haven’t met Domino.”

Peter refrained from informing him that, yes, he had in fact met Domino and that she’d been pretty cool.

They drank their tea in silence for a moment (or rather, Peter drank it while Deadpool waited for him to look away before he rolled up the mask to take a quick sip), each watching the street and stealing quick glances of one another.

“How come you wear that mask?” Peter asked, letting his curiosity get the better of him. He’d heard from S.H.I.E.L.D that his face was seriously messed up but, whatever it looked like, Deadpool didn’t seem like the kind of guy who’d be ashamed of it. In fact, Peter was pretty sure the guy wasn’t even capable of shame.

“I fell asleep in an oven once,” Deadpool explained, though Peter swore the corner of his mouth twitched under the mask. “Messed up my face.”
An oven? Was that just the normal explanation for having a scarred face? “Don’t believe you,” Peter said. He hadn’t believed Wade either.

Deadpool shrugged.

Another moment passed, and the last customers left the cafe. It was just them and Ethel now.

Life continued to pass by outside, people talking, holding hands, walking alone. That had always been the part of New York that Peter loved the most: its people. They were so different and weird and whenever Peter took a second to sit down and just observe, he remembered why he chose to put on that stupid red and blue suit.

“D’you like heights?”

Peter refocused on his surroundings, on the guy across from him. “Sure.”

“D’you like rollercoasters?”

“Some of them.”

Deadpool nodded slowly. “Listen, Spidey, I’m not gonna lie to you. I just met this guy and he’s very pretty and he’s making me feel things I don’t wanna feel. So would you like to come with me to that Coney Island place you New Yorkers won’t shut up about?”

Peter thought about it. He could use a distraction as well. Even if that distraction involved Deadpool And Coney Island sounded like the best idea in the world right now.

“Yeah.”

“Really?” There was something oddly familiar about that response.

“Yeah.”

Deadpool hesitated, as though he was waiting for Peter to reveal that he was only kidding. When he didn’t, Deadpool got up and waved Ethel goodbye, before pulling a set of keys out from seemingly nowhere and pointing them at a very expensive-looking car, red and roofless, like something out of a race-car video game. He swung himself over the door and settled into the driver’s seat, before gesturing for Peter to follow.

“Is this your car?” Peter opened the door to the passenger’s side and sat down. The seats were some sort of leather, oddly soft and dark brown.

“Why’re people always surprised? Why can’t I have a cool car?” He turned on the engine and pulled onto the street. It wasn’t very far, and it only took four and a half old 80’s songs until they pulled into the parking lot.

Peter had been a couple of times before, but he’d been a lot younger and if he was being honest he didn’t remember much of it. He’d gone once with his dad and once with Uncle Ben, and it felt oddly wrong to be there without either of them.

Not that he had much time to reminisce over old memories before Deadpool grabbed his wrist and pulled him directly to the front of the line. The people who were next gave off a couple of offended noises, though the young girl at the booth didn’t look like she cared much. She didn’t even look twice at their costumes. “Two tickets?” She mumbled, while typing the order into an old computer. It kind of looked like the one Peter had had when he was younger.
“Please and thank you,” Deadpool pushed a $100 bill across the desk and encouraged her to keep the change. She handed them the tickets, squinting for a quick second at Deadpool’s katanas before returning to her job.

Peter smiled politely as Deadpool pulled him away from the line and towards the entrance, rushing inside before any of the normal people could shoot them a judgmental glare.

From there, the mercenary guided them through the crowd and straight towards the Cyclone. It was a lot taller than Peter remembered it, especially up close. “Uh, maybe we shouldn’t—“

“Hey, no,” Deadpool placed both hands on Peter’s shoulders. “You don’t get to back out now.” That sounded oddly familiar.

But he had a pretty good point. They’d come all this way, so really it’d be stupid to quit just because the ride was a little taller than what Peter remembered. It was pretty tall, though. You literally swing from buildings on a daily basis, he thought. You can handle a stupid rollercoaster.

“You need me to hold your hand?” Deadpool laughed.

“Maybe.”

Deadpool giggled and pulled Peter with him to the back of the line.

They only remained there for a couple of minutes before they reached the actual ride — the park was oddly uncrowded given the perfect weather and ideal time of day for visiting. They got settled in the car, behind an unrealistically tall couple, and buckled up. The ride required a full seatbelt, the type that had to be pulled down from overhead, and Peter did his best to pretend it didn’t phase him.

“Are you ready!?” Some idiot asked over the speaker-system. “Let me hear you scream!”

“ Heard that one before,” Deadpool mumbled, managing to get a small giggle out of Peter. After pretty much no response, the speaker-dude gave up and the ride began to roll up a virtually vertical hill.

“You sure you’re alright?” Deadpool glanced sideways.

“Oh, yeah, this is great.” Why wasn’t he completely cool right now? Maybe it was just Deadpool that made him uneasy — he kind of had that effect on him.

The ride gave off a whoosh, and rushed down a very steep hill. From there, it went back up and down and around a couple of loops. It was a bit like flying, only Peter had no control over where he was going or how fast, which was uncomfortable to say the least.

Peter couldn’t quite tell how much of that weird feeling in his stomach could be blamed on the rollercoaster and how much was due to an entirely different reason but, before he knew it, the ride was over.

“See?” Deadpool held the exit gate open. “Wasn’t so bad.”

“So, what’s next?”

“I was thinking that big wheel thing,” he pointed at the Ferris wheel. “Unless you’re scared of that too.”

Peter punched him softly on the shoulder. “Shut up.”
“Never.”

There was hardly any queue, and it only took a few minutes before the two of them were settled into a light-blue cabin, complete with coloured fairy lights and pink cushions. Peter always figured that, were he ever lucky enough to land someone willing to date him for a prolonged period of time, he’d propose to them in one of these things.

The girl who let them through the gate refused to take her eyes off their suits, even as the wheel started turning and their cabin lifted from the ground. Deadpool didn’t seem to mind — guy was probably used to being started at — but Peter couldn’t help but feel uneasy.

“So,” he shifted in the seat. “What was your thing?”

Peter raised his eyebrows. “My thing?”

“Yeah, you know… Your thing.” When he figured the question warranted further explanation, he continued. “No one agrees to go to Coney Island with some asshole dressed like a B-list superhero unless they have a thing.”

“Right.” He had a point. “I’m not sure.”

“Oh yeah?”

He nodded. “Everyone deserves a chance. And I haven’t given you yours yet.”

“Is it— You’re in love with me, aren’t you?” Deadpool was on the edge of his seat, as if he almost couldn’t wait for the response.

“No.” Peter assured him. “I hung out with this guy. And he was… I don’t know. But he reminded me that I should give people like you a chance. And you’re actually not that bad. I mean, you are, but not as bad as I thought.” He shook his head. “And anyways, he was right.” He’d completely forgotten who he was talking to at this point, and his response had become an externalization of an otherwise internal rant.

Deadpool was smiling, though. It was clear even through the mask. Was that a good thing? Peter could never tell with him.

“What?” He wanted to hide. He could always jump out of the cabin and swing back home.

“You’re in loveee,” he laughed.

“With you?” Peter scoffed.

Deadpool shook his head. “No no no, sweet-cheeks. With this mystery boy who’s got your panties all tangled.” He was laughing, and Peter hated that little voice in his head that told him the merc was probably right.

“I’m not! It’s just— shut up!” Eloquent, Parker.

“Who’s the lucky guy? What’s his name?”

“I’d like to change the topic.” Peter said.

Deadpool laughed. “Just give me his name and I’ll shut up.”

“Uh, Wade.” The name rolled off his tongue so easily he wanted to repeat it for no reason.
“Wade?”
“Wade.”
“Nice name.”

They’d reached the top of the Ferris wheel, and both took a moment to look down. The city was as bright as always, alive with noise and lights and cars and everything else that belonged to New York.

“What’s your thing, then?” Peter asked, once he felt like the silence had lasted long enough. “What are doing hanging out with a big time superhero on a Tuesday night?”

“It’s Tuesday?” He avoided the question. Peter glared at him, and his body tensed up. “Like you said, distraction.”

“From what?”

“Same as you. Met a guy. And I don’t really meet people because y’know, I tend to kill them before we get through the formal introductions— anyways,” he inhaled sharply. “And I think he might be into me. I mean, who wouldn’t be into this,” he gestured towards his body. “But I’m not exactly the type of person people wanna bring home to meet their parents. And it doesn’t make any sense. See, I’m not really what you’d call a hero or whatever, but this guy’s, like, the embodiment of everything anyone could possibly love about a person. Way out of my league, but—“ Suddenly he started laughing. “Look at us,” he shook his head. “This is just depressing. Wanna get some cotton candy?”

Peter hadn’t realized that they were back on the ground before the cabin door clicked open and Deadpool proceeded to exit. Peter stayed in there for a couple of seconds, though, going over the conversation.

Was it really possible that someone as messed up as Deadpool could have actual, human feelings for another person? Feelings that went beyond the usual flirting and unasked-for sexual innuendos? Almost sounded made up.

They left the Ferris wheel to find a cotton candy stand (which was done pretty easily, there was nearly one on every corner), and spent the remainder of the night walking around the park and eating their processed sugar. Deadpool won an abnormally big teddy bear for Peter, which he carried around until his arms hurt and he suggested they went home.

He asked Deadpool to drop him off at the cafe, as he realized it probably wasn’t the best idea to tell the guy where he lived. Not because of trust issues, but because he seemed like the type of person who’d show up unannounced in the middle of the night with a body to hide.

It wasn’t very far from Ethel’s to his apartment, but Peter still managed to go over everything he’d said throughout the night. Wade hadn’t talked any more about his secret love interest, though he’d had plenty to say about pretty much every other topic he could think of. Never an awkward silence.

When Peter reached his place he let himself fall backwards into his bed. He eyed the clock — 3:42 — and fell asleep within seconds.
A Different Corner

Chapter Notes

Hope you guys are liking the story so far! I know it has some pacing issues and that my English isn't perfect, but thank you so much for all the nice comments - they never fail to make my day <3

Hey baby boy.

Peter groaned and squinted to read the text, blinded by the bright light from his phone. He sat up in his bed and started typing.

It’s 5 in the morning. He pressed send and looked around the room. It was as messy as he’d left it the night before: his Spider-Man suit was thrown over a chair in the corner and papers and photos were scattered on the floor. It looked like someone had robbed the place, only they’d discovered there was nothing worth taking and bailed.

Sorry.

Peter tilted his head at the message. It seemed out of character for Wade to be serious. He was kind of like Deadpool in that way.

It’s okay, Peter wrote. You alright?

Yeah. A couple of seconds passed. No.

Do you need to talk?

If you don’t mind?

Peter felt himself getting worried, and he was quick to call Wade. He picked up immediately, and only breathed shakily on the other end of the line.

“Hey,” Peter said, figuring he had to be the first one to speak. “What’s up?”

“My skin hurts,” Wade mumbled. “And I can’t sleep.”

Overcome with the desire to make him feel better that very moment, Peter got out of bed and pulled a hoodie and some sweatpants off the floor. Maybe a cup of tea and some company would help.

“And I feel weird,” he continued. “Like my chest is on fire.”

“Do you want me to come over?” Peter asked. “I’ll bring food.”

Wade was quiet for a minute, probably considering his options. “Yeah. I’ll text you the address.”

There was a moment of silence as Wade sent the message and Peter pulled the place up on a map. The street name seemed oddly familiar, though he couldn’t be bothered to try to remember. “I’ll be there in half an hour,” he promised.

“About what?”

“Anything. Tell me about your life.”

Peter figured now was as good a time as any to open up — something about Wade’s tone made him impossible not to trust. And it’d probably be a really good distraction too.

“I, uh… My parents died when I was younger,” he started, locking the door to his apartment. He’d made sure he had enough money to pick up tacos and maybe some of Ethel’s bubble tea if her cafe was open this early. “So I went to live with my aunt and uncle. My uncle’s dead now, though, killed by some asshole robber with a gun license.” He started walking down the street, breathing in the morning air. It was comfortably cold, as you’d expect it to be on a spring morning in New York. “It was my fault. Indirectly, maybe, but still my fault.”

“Petey…” Wade started, though he couldn’t seem to find the words for what he wanted to say.

“So it’s just my aunt and me now. She’s…” He smiled at the thought of how badass May had been through everything that’d happened to her. “She’s amazing. I just— I wish I could do more for her, give her a ton of money maybe or help her move somewhere nice and peaceful. I mean, I’ll get there one day…” he turned the corner towards the cafe. “I just wish ‘one day’ would come sooner.”

“I’m sorry,” Wade said. His voice was uncharacteristically sincere, like he knew exactly how Peter felt. Maybe he did.

“Don’t be,” Peter said, smiling to himself at the sight of a glowing ‘open’ sign in Ethel’s window. “I’m not giving up and neither is she.”

As soon as the old woman saw him, she began making the tea, just like she’d done last night when Deadpool came in. Peter was pretty sure that was the only item on the menu she ever had the chance to make — it seemed like people only ever ordered her famous bubble teas, despite the wide array of other beverages and pastries.

While he waited for her to finish, Peter continued talking. “And now I’m here, a broke university nerd with regularly scheduled mental breakdowns.”

Wade laughed a little, and Peter felt a slight weight lift from his chest.

He thanked Ethel as she handed him the teas, and tipped her a little extra before leaving the cafe.

“I didn’t fall asleep in an oven,” Wade admitted.

Peter had figured as much, but it was still surprising to hear him confess to it.

“I got… I had cancer.” His voice was low and solemn, and Peter had to use every ounce of his willpower to not drop the stupid tea and run to his apartment to give him a hug.

“And the cure was… Complicated, to say the least. I mean, it worked so I guess I kicked cancer’s ass but,” he inhaled sharply. “It kind of kicked my ass right back.”

Now it was Peter’s turn to say “I’m sorry,” though his voice was weak with the urge to cry.

“And mostly, it’s okay,” Wade continued. “But some nights it starts hurting again and it feels like it used to.”
He was so vulnerable and genuine and real. Peter struggled to imagine that he actually existed. As Spider-Man, he met more than enough villains, all powerful and masculine and strong, and as Peter Parker the majority of his acquaintances were with students like himself who only wanted to get through the week with enough money to eat and enough sleep to function. But Wade wasn’t like that, he was weird and a little bit stupid but Peter was strangely — and inconveniently — drawn to him. He saved people every day because it was the right thing to do, but he wanted to save Wade because he deserved it. Because, even if he’d done some stuff he didn’t want to talk about, he really tried.

“Is there anything I can do to make it better?” He asked, after noticing the heavy silence that’d fallen over the two of them.

“Well, usually Mexican food works,” Wade explained. “If someone wanted to go get some.”

Peter chuckled and turned the corner towards the little take-away restaurant he usually ordered from after a long night of crime-fighting. They froze all their food, meaning it was done after the two minutes it took to heat it back up. Sure, it wasn’t ideal and you probably couldn’t call it healthy either, but Peter figured it was better than nothing.

Surely enough, he walked back out of the store three minutes after walking in, with a bag of tacos around his wrist and the two cups of tea in each hand. He was balancing the phone between his ear and his shoulder as he walked down the street.

Wade’s place was only a couple of blocks away.

“I’ll be there in two minutes,” Peter told him.

“You brought food, right?”

“And bubble tea.”

“I think I’m in love with you.”

Peter giggled to himself and turned down the street where Wade allegedly lived. His building was an old apartment complex, with mold infested walls and dust covered floors.

It reminded him a lot of the place he’d gone with Deadpool after he’d almost died.

“Apartament number two?” He asked, as he pushed the door to the complex open.

“Yup,” Wade affirmed, voice grainy over the phone.

Peter halted the moment he stepped inside the building. Apartment number two was just across from the entrance. Just like Deadpool’s place.

Okay, that was weird. But maybe his memory was failing him — he had been pretty messed up after the fight.

Pushing whatever thoughts he had to the back of his mind, Peter knocked on the door with his foot.

Wade opened almost immediately, dressed only in an oversized hoodie and his underpants and with a giant grin on his face. “Welcome to my crib,” he smiled, picking the teas out of Peter’s hands and placing them on the coffee table. “Everything alright?”

Peter felt his heartbeat accelerate as he looked around the room. In the middle of it all was an old
couch, just like the one he’d lied on that evening after he’d nearly crushed his leg. In front of it hung an out-of-place flatscreen TV. Just like the one him and Deadpool had watched Star Trek on. And on the wall beside the TV were all the pictures of Deadpool and a variety of superheroes. He recognized the one of him and Spider-Man — the exact one they’d taken the night before at the amusement park.

Shit. Shit shit shit shit shit. Shit.

“Petey?” Wade asked again, lightly placing his hand on Peter’s shoulder.

No no no no no, this couldn’t be happening. Wade and Deadpool couldn’t possibly be the same person. They were complete opposites: Wade was soft and kind and good and Deadpool… Well, he wasn’t.

“Can I— Uh, can I use your bathroom?” Peter asked, dropping the bag of tacos and rushing for the door Wade slowly pointed to.

“Fuck,” Peter whisper to himself, locking the door behind him. The room was small and the walls were dirty and covered in what he could only assume was blood, and there were a number of bottles of disinfectant and rinsing alcohol scattered around the floor.

“Wade’s Deadpool,” he mumbled. “Wade’s— And I was falling in— Shit.”

It made no sense. And yet, Peter wasn’t sure how he hadn’t figured it out before. Between all the dirty comments and ‘baby boy’s and stupid nicknames only Deadpool could think of, it was almost embarrassing he hadn’t at least considered the idea.

“Okay, Parker, calm down.” He took a deep breath. “It’s still Wade, he’s still— Man, this is so messed up.”

“You alright it there?” Wade — Deadpool — yelled from the other side of the door.

“Yeah,” Peter replied, somewhat weakly. “I just… I feel kind of sick. I’ll be out in a second.”

Okay, maybe it wasn’t so bad. Sure, Peter had almost started having feelings for Deadpool, a well-known mercenary and literal murderer, but he hadn’t known at the time. And besides, Deadpool had been weirdly nice to him for the past couple of weeks. Their trip to Coney Island had almost been… Fun? Peter wasn’t sure whether that was the right word, but he’d definitely enjoyed it a lot more than he’d thought he would. Maybe the mercenary wasn’t so bad.

Peter creaked open the bathroom door and smiled at Wade, who’d dropped down on the couch.

“You okay?”

He nodded and sat down on the floor, crossing his legs. “What about you? Does it still hurt?”

Wade shrugged and pulled a taco out of the bag. “Little bit.” He picked up the remote and turned on the TV. It was playing some show about cops, and Wade refocused his attention.

Peter, however, couldn’t stop looking at the man beside him. He was Wade, not Deadpool. The two weren’t the same — Deadpool was cocky and irritating, and Wade was funny and amazing and…

Peter spotted the Deadpool suit in the corner of the room, strung neatly on a hanger and covered in a transparent plastic bag. Did he have it dry-cleaned? “Uh, what’s that?” Peter pointed at it. If he was going to keep hanging out with Wade, the least the guy could do was tell him he was leading a double life as a professional murder (this, of course, didn’t count for Peter’s own secret identity).
Wade glanced at the suit. “Oh.” He turned down the volume of the show and sat up straight. “I was hoping we could— Okay so listen, I’m…” He took a deep breath before he went on. “Do you know Deadpool?”

“I’ve heard of him.”

Wade nodded. “Yeah, I’m… Him, I guess. It’s not a secret or anything, I’m actually kind of surprised you didn’t figure it out before. But yeah.”

At least he was being honest. “Deadpool…He’s— You’re an assassin?” Peter tried his best to sound surprised.

“Mercenary,” Wade corrected. “I wanted to tell you but then you had to go and tell me you hated him, or me or whatever, and I just…” He winced. “I couldn’t have you hate me.”

Peter remembered the talk they’d had at the Mexican restaurant only days before. It was hazy, but he recalled calling Deadpool a murderer and an ass. Yeah okay, that was pretty bad.

“But if you wanna leave,” he continued, “do it now. Because I’ve had enough people leave because they got to know me.”

Peter considered his options. It was Deadpool, after all — well-known killer and mercenary, who covered up every hint of emotion with crude humor. But it was also Deadpool — the guy who’d taken Peter to Coney Island and talked all night because they both needed a distraction. The guy who’d saved his life twice and who’d bought him tea and cotton candy.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Peter smiled.

“You’re not?”

“Nah.” Peter got up and sat down on the couch beside Wade, grabbing a taco and leaning back to watch the shitty cop show.

After a couple of minutes of comfortable silence, Wade mumbled a quiet “I’m trying to be better.”

“You are?” Peter hadn’t meant to sound so surprised. But Deadpool was Deadpool, he’d never be better. Not unless something major changed his mind.

“You know Spider-Man?” He asked.

Peter really wanted to laugh, though he suppressed the urge. “Yeah, I take pictures of him for the Bugle.”

“I thought, if he can go through this whole hero thing with nothing on his conscience maybe… I don’t know.”

Peter smiled and let his eyes meet Wade’s. “You can change,” he said. He wasn’t sure if he believed it, but he wanted more than anything to proven wrong.

Wade nodded slowly and looked back at the TV. Peter followed his lead and it wasn’t long before he felt himself drift off.
One of the better things about being Spider-Man was Peter’s ability to swing around town with very little effort. A favourite tradition of his was one which included stopping by the ice cream parlor on Broadway and taking a break on top of the Brooklyn bridge. He was convinced that there was no better way to turn a bad day around. And, after getting a C on his mutant report (even though the paper was almost flawless) and having to spend an hour listening to his teacher argue with a number of students about their grades, Peter figured he could use one of his ice cream trips. And then there was the whole ‘my friend and kind-of-but-not-really crush also happens to be my least favourite anti-hero’ thing, which had been a little frustrating as well.

He put on the suit for sheer convenience and left campus, disappointed and vaguely annoyed. With the webs it only took him a few minutes to reach the parlor. As per usual, there was no line and hardly any customers, so he didn’t have to wait very long for his extra large vanilla bowl.

He was almost at the bridge when he spotted something out of the corner of his eye that made his Spidey-sense go off. Swinging onto the top of the nearest building, Peter peered over the edge and down into an alley on the side.

“So what? You put my kid in danger and kill my boss, and I’m just supposed to let you?” The man sounded angry, and Peter noticed that he’d wrapped his fingers around something in his belt. Probably a weapon of some kind.

“First of all, you asked me to kill your boss, remember? And second, your kid was fine. Nothing wrong with a light fire.” Peter recognized the voice all too well by now. He watched as Deadpool — Wade — stepped towards the man, who stumbled backwards and dropped his gun.

“You mercenaries are all the same.” Somehow, he gathered up the nerve to spit at the ground beside Deadpool’s feet. “Fucking pieces of shit.”

“Watch your tone.” In a swift motion, he pulled out his gun and rested the barrel on the man’s chest. “You didn’t have to money, and I needed payment. So we improvised, remember?”

The man reached for his gun and, without hesitating, shot Deadpool in the chest. He didn’t even flinch or stumble backwards, only moved his thumb to cock the gun. “Big mistake, assfac—“

Peter swung down and grabbed the mercenary by his arm, throwing him onto the roof of the nearest building. He groaned from the impact and popped his arm back in its socket before he looked up. “Spidey?”

“Deadpool.”

The menacing air around him had disappeared, and he stood up and reached out for a hug. All Peter could do, though, was stare at him in disappointment. Not that he’d expected anything else — though he’d seen a hint of Wade that night just over a week ago, the guy would always be Deadpool — but Peter’d hoped that maybe he’d find better reasons to kill people than whatever the hell that whole scene had been.

“Awww, Spidey, don’t be mad at me. That guy didn’t—“

“Didn’t what?” Peter tried to stay firm, tried not to remember the Star Trek marathon or the night they’d spent together. “You can’t just go around killing people!”
“He killed me first!” Deadpool protested. He wasn’t wrong, but Peter was determined to stand his ground.

“I thought you were trying to be better!”

“I never said that.”

Wait, shit. Peter tried to remember exactly when he’d heard Wade confess he was trying not to kill people anymore. If it hadn’t been as Spider-Man, then it must’ve been while he was just Peter Parker, boring old nerd from Queens.

“It doesn’t matter,” he really needed to change the subject. “Point is, don’t just— you can’t just kill people when they defend themselves!”

“I didn’t!”

“Only because I stopped you first!”

Wade took a step closer and kept his hand on a knife he’d stuck in his belt. Peter had to keep reminding himself that he wouldn’t hurt him, even though his spidey sense was telling him to move.

“You wanna know why I was gonna kill him?” Peter nodded. “The guy was a fucking drug-lord. He had me kill his boss — who, by the way, was an even worse dude — because he was getting too much of his money, so the fucking dealer you’re defending couldn’t support his kid. So I killed the idiot boss and then Sir Smoke-A-Lot refused to pay in cold hard cash. So I found a different way that he didn’t necessarily agree with.”

That all sounded very plausible. “But you hurt his daughter!” Peter reminded him. “I heard him, and he said you put his kid in danger. That’s almost worse than nearly killing him!”

“Danger? I moved her to an orphanage because her dad was a bad fucking guy!” Wade explained, gesturing wildly. “And the orphanage burnt down, but how the hell was I supposed to know!”

Peter felt his stomach sink. “Sorry,” he lowered his voice. The sun was setting and the city was turning golden. This was the only time of day when New York was quiet and calm, and perfect for observing from one of the towers of the Brooklyn bridge.

“Hey,” Peter broke the silence that’d thickened the air between him and Deadpool. He was still Wade, and Wade was seriously damaged. “I bought a ton of ice cream and I was gonna go eat it alone on top of the bridge—”

“Good for you, buddy.”

Peter sighed. “And I was gonna ask if you wanted to come.”

“You mean that?” Again with the surprise.

“Yeah. I bought way more than I can eat by myself and the view’s really amazing this time of—”

“Sure. But I haven’t finished my jetpack yet so we’re gonna have to do some sorta Yoda/Luke thing.” He picked up the bag of ice-cream and laughed as Peter sighed and took his hand.

He was heavier than Peter had anticipated, and the short distance between the rooftop and the Brooklyn Bridge seemed a whole lot longer with a 90 kilo mercenary in one arm. Nevertheless, they made it to the top unscathed, and Wade took a seat a little too close to the edge of the tower. He helped himself with the ice cream, grabbing one of the spoons (seeing as it was extra large, the waitress always assumed it was meant to be shared and Peter had never had the heart to tell her otherwise) and going to town.
“You know,” he handed Peter a spoon as well, “I would never take you for a vanilla kinda guy.”

“No?”

Wade shook his head. “Nah. Always assumed you’d be into something more interesting. Like pineapple or something.”

“Pineapple?” Peter laughed and pulled his mask over his nose. “Didn’t even know that was a thing.”

“Oh yeah, they got all sorts’a weird flavors out there. Had one that was supposed to taste like lobster once.”

“And did it?”

“Nah,” Wade dangled his legs over the edge. “I’m pretty sure it was just fancy coconut.”

They sat in silence for a moment, watching the sun set and slowly making their way through the bucket of ice cream. Peter couldn’t help but relax, even with one of the most dangerous people on the planet right beside him. Something about Deadpool was different now that he knew him as Wade Wilson, huge dork and total mess. He was almost comfortable around him.

“Spidey?” He didn’t shift his attention from the road below them, but his voice was low and genuine.

“Uh-huh?”

“I had… Fun, last time. You know, at Coney Island.”

Come to think of it, so did Peter. “Yeah, me too.”

“Should do it again sometime.”

“Yeah.”

The silence that followed was brief before Wade broke it again. “You know, the other day I saved this guy from getting himself killed by some crazy mugger dude.”

“And they still won’t let you join the Avengers?” Peter’s tone was sarcastic. “Incredible.”

“Okay, first of all, I’m choosing not to team up with Tony Stark and his boy band of super soldiers and second, that wasn’t the point. I didn’t kill the crazy mugger guy.” He sounded like it was something to be proud of.

“Why not?” He asked, before really thinking about it.

“Why not?” Wade sighed in disbelief. “Didn’t you just lecture me about why it’s bad to kill people or whatever?”

“No, I know why I don’t kill people. But why didn’t you do it? It’s kind of your… Thing,” Peter explained.

Wade smirked under the mask. “Don’t you think it’s a little early in our relationship for you to talk about my ‘thing’?”

“Shut up.” Peter tried to roll his eyes hard enough for the mercenary to see it through the mask. “Seriously.”

“Seriously? ‘Cause of you.”
“Me?”

Wade nodded and took a slightly-too-large scoop of ice cream. “Yeah. Why’d you think I suddenly started hanging out with you? I saw you on TV fighting some green dude and, even after the guy nearly beat you to death, you didn’t kill him. And it got me thinking, maybe hanging around you would make me less, y’know, me.”

Peter didn’t reply — mostly because he wasn’t sure how — so Wade continued. “Guess I thought you could make me more hero-y.” He sounded genuine enough, and Peter hated himself for not believing it. “Also, when you see some idiot swinging around the city wearing tight spandex, it kind of sparks your interest.”

That sounded more like Wade. Peter laughed and took another scoop of ice cream, watching the sun set below the city. New York was prettier at night, more alluring than during the day. Maybe it was all the lights — When Peter was younger he’d sworn Times Square could outshine the sun.

“I think you could do it,” Peter admitted.

Wade stopped eating for long enough to tilt his head and ask “do what?”

“Not kill people. Be a hero, or whatever.”

“Really?”

He nodded. Sure, he’d killed a ton of innocent people for no good reason, but Peter had a feeling that, if he wanted it badly enough, he could turn himself around. Deadpool may have been a lost cause, but Wade wasn’t. “Yeah.”

***

Maybe it was because his heart was constantly beating faster than it should, or because his mind was always racing in an attempt to think of something clever to say, but hanging out with Wade was extremely tiring. By the time Peter got home, he was beyond exhausted, hardly even bothering to take the suit off before he collapsed into bed.

He didn’t get to sleep for very long before he was woken up by a very loud noise coming from his kitchen/living room (it was a small apartment, and the only rooms that were separated from everything else were his bedroom and the toilet).

It was just past three in the morning. The street outside was quiet with the exception of the occasional train passing by.

Another crash rang through the walls. This one was different, though — whereas the first one had been glass breaking, this was something being dropped or knocked over. If this was a robbery, the perps were clumsy.

Peter considered putting on the suit, which he’d hung in its usual place inside his closet but, before he could move, he recognized Wade’s voice. “Petey? I really hope this is your place because I think I just killed your plant.”

He was looking for Peter then, not Spider-Man.

“Uh, Wade?” He called, quickly scanning the room for anything that could connect him to any sort of superhero. With the exception of the suit in his closet, he was clear. “What are you—“

The mercenary burst into the room, covered in something Peter couldn’t make out in the dark. Once
he reached up and turned on a lamp, though, he recognized it as a mixture of dirt and leaves. At a
closer look it became clear that there was blood in there too but, based on the lack of rips in his suit,
Peter assumed it wasn’t Wade’s.

“What are you doing?” He asked, running a hand through his hair. He probably looked like shit —
hadn’t showered in a couple of days and he was wearing an old Tetris shirt, at least five sizes too
big, and a stained sweatpants. Plus he hadn’t slept much, and he could practically feel the dark circles
under his eyes.

“I was in the middle of a deal but then the guy turned out to be a complete fuck-ass, and I promised
Spider I wouldn’t kill people anymore so I made a run for it.” He sat down at the end of the bed.
“Turns out he had a couple’a friends and way more big, fancy cars than you’d expect from a guy
wearing a fake gold chain. Anyway, I knew where you lived and I thought ‘hey, might as well see
what Peter’s up to at three in the morning’.”

“Sleeping,” Peter assured him. He shrugged and looked around the room. “Do you, uh, want some
tea? Soda? Water?” Aunt May had taught him to always offer guests something to drink, and he
assumed that still applied if they arrived in the middle of the night covered in dirt and blood.

“Sure. Tea sounds good.” Wade got up and walked into the kitchen.

After going over the whole situation a couple of times, Peter put on an oversized sweatshirt and
followed. In the kitchen, he met by the sight of a very broken houseplant and an open, emptied
fridge. Wade had taken a seat on his couch, surrounded by three containers of yoghurt and a bag of
Doritos.

“Peter, I think I’m in love.” He sighed, dramatically swinging his legs onto the coffee table.

Peter furrowed his eyebrows, just over a thousand questions on his slowly waking mind. “Okay…
But first of all, how’d you— This is my apartment. I never showed you—“
“How do you normal people deal with this kind of thing?” Wade pulled a spoon out of his pocket
and dug into the yoghurt. “Drink your problems away? Binge-watch fourteen seasons of Toddlers
and Tiaras? Buy a tiger?”

“I— no.” He shook his head. “No to all of those.”

“He makes me feel things, Petey.” He groaned and slid down into his seat. “I hate it.”

Peter poured water into the kettle, trying to distract himself from that weird feeling in his stomach.
Who was ‘he’? Could be Spider-Man. But what were the odds of that? “Wait, who?” He figured
he’d earned the right to ask.

“Can’t tell you. Top secret.”

“You broke into my apartment and broke my favorite plant.” Peter reminded him, reaching for a
couple of cups in the top cabinet. “You don’t think you owe me a name?”

Wade considered the facts and shrugged. “Don’t know his real name. And I can’t give you the fake
one,” he explained.

Nodding understandingly, Peter poured the hot water into the mugs and threw in a pair of leaves. He
didn’t drink a lot of tea and he wasn’t particularly great at making it, but Wade didn’t strike him as
the type of person who’d care much.

“Ever thought about telling him?” He suggested, putting the mugs down and taking a seat on the
floor across from the mercenary. If there was one thing he was terrible at — besides making tea — it was advice, especially of the romantic kind.

Wade snorted and pulled his mask over the nose. “You’re kidding, right?”

“No?” Maybe he should’ve kept quiet. “I mean, what’s the worst that can happen?”

“He could freak out, move to the other side of the planet and never talk to me again.”

Peter nodded slowly. “Right,” he dragged out the word while thinking of something else to say, “but at least it’d be out in the open.”

A train passed by outside, rattling the walls and drowning out Wade’s voice. “Geez, how’d you even live here?” He asked. “Anyway, that’s a super terrible idea.”

“If someone was all head-over-heels over you, wouldn’t you wanna know?”

Wade laughed again, though it sounded more like he was in pain. “Over me? In a world where people can literally turn into big green monsters, that’s the most unrealistic thing I’ve ever heard.”

“No way.” He tried the tea and, sure enough, it sucked. “Anyone’d be lucky to have you.”

“I did tell you that I kill people for a living, right?”

Peter shrugged. “You also told me you were trying not to.”

“I did?” He looked out the window. “Anyways, like I said, he’s way out of my league and I have a rep to keep up.”

He really needed to know who he was talking about. Then again, though, even if it did turn out to be Spider-Man, what the hell would he do about it? Even if that feeling in his stomach was some sort of affection, he couldn’t just start making out with a freaking mercenary on the nearest rooftop.

“Can I crash on your couch?” Wade asked.

Peter nodded. “Sure.” He wasn’t overly fond of the idea, but it wasn’t like he could just say no. “Don’t you want, y’know…” He looked at the dirt-covered suit. “Pajamas or something?”

He laughed and started to get comfy amongst the empty yoghurt containers. “You wear pajamas?”

He giggled.

Peter hated that he blushed, and that he allowed himself to be surprised. “Okay, just… I have a class tomorrow at 8:30, okay?” He groaned as he remembered that he’d set his alarm to 8:00.

“Perfect,” Wade placed his head on the pillow. “I got a thing at 9.”

“A murder thing?”

“You have so little faith in me,” he sighed. “I’m getting a haircut.”

Peter nodded — not because he believed him, but because he really wanted to go to sleep — and retreated to the bedroom. It was just past a quarter to four when he finally fell asleep, his last thoughts dedicated to the fact that Wade didn’t even have hair to cut.

It didn’t last very long, though, before he was woken up again. The sound of punches and groans pierced the wall, and something heavy crashed hard against the floor.
“Deadpool?” He groaned, turning on a lamp even though it was almost light outside. “Wade?”

“Who’s that?” The punching died down in time for a gruff voice to speak. “Friend?”

“You know,” Peter, for once, was happy to hear Wade’s voice. “I’m not sure. He’s very clearly head over heels for me but,” a gunshot went off, followed closely by a pained scream. “I’m saving myself for someone else.”

The door to his bedroom flew open to reveal Wade, towering over two unconscious guys dressed in dark suits. “Honey, I’m home?” He dusted something off his suit, and the smell of gunpowder filled the room.

“Who are those people?” Peter tried his best to sound like he wasn’t used to watching people get knocked out. “What— Did you kill them?”

“For fuck’s sake,” Wade kicked one of them, causing him to exhale a pained groan, “I don’t kill people anymore.”

The guy behind him started twitching and, before he could do anything about it, a bullet pierced the wall beside Peter. Had it not been for his spidey-sense, the thing would’ve gone straight through his skull. He fired again, but this time Wade stepped in front of the gun and, after mumbling something about how easily he could cut out his heart and feed it to him, kneed him in the nose and knocked his head against the floor.

Peter winced at the bullet hole in his wall, though his attention was diverted to Wade when he let out a pained groan.

“Did he—“ Peter got out of bed and approached the mercenary, slow and steady. He was standing with his back against the room, both hands fiddling with something in front of him.

After a moment of irritated sighs, Wade turned around and held a bloody bullet in out in front of his face. “Son of a bitch,” he mumbled, throwing the bullet over his shoulder. “Listen, Peter, I was thinking,” he opened the fridge and sighed at the lack of food, “since I just took a bullet for you and you refuse to feed me,”

“You ate two liters of my yoghurt, like, an hour ago,” Peter mumbled.

“And since I told you my deepest darkest secrets,” Wade casually dropped down on the couch, as if he wasn’t surrounded by unconscious people. “I kinda think you owe me a date.”

“A— What?” Peter’s eyes widened. Hadn’t he just said that he was head over heels for Spider-Man? Peter tried his best not to feel jealous of himself. “I thought you—“

“Motherfucker,” Wade groaned. “You nerds take everything so seriously. I don’t think—“

“Okay,” Peter interrupted. “Sure.”

Wade giggled and got up, heading for the door. “What day is it?”

“Friday.”

“Tonight, then? There’s a place on 5th, I’ll text you the address.”
Thank you so much for all your nice comments!! I'm so glad people like to read this story as much as I like to write it! Oh and for the person who asked for my tumblr, it's @comicc-relief :) Hope you guys like chapter 7!

“Fête des Escargots ;)"

Peter stared down at his phone. He was perched on top of his apartment building, police radio beside him.

The message was from an unknown number but, based on the winky face, it was definitely Deadpool. Peter couldn’t imagine himself going to a place called Fête des Escargots, whatever the hell that meant. He’d probably need to wear a suit and a tie and—

The radio went off, something about a guy with a flamethrower at the school on 44th. Peter figured he was in desperate need of a distraction, and swung towards the commotion.

He was a couple of blocks away by the time he started smelling the smoke. His phone beeped and a message popped up from the number he assumed was Wade. It was a big chunk of text, and the only part Peter could make out from his quick glance at the screen was “stay away from Manhattan, accidentally pissed off Guy Fawkes.”

Peter smiled at the fact that he cared enough to write, though he quickly repressed the feeling in favor of catching a couple of lockers that’d been flung from the school. There was a giant hole in the roof, and just under half the place was burning. There were a lot of kids outside — so most of them had been evacuated, then — and the fire department had already arrived. The police were there too, guns pointed at a man in a yellow suit who was kneeling in front of the door to the building.

“Get down!” One of the officers yelled, though the man didn’t look as though he intended to follow the order. “We will shoot!”

The man just started laughing and, before any of the officers could pull the trigger, he shot a wave of fire in their direction. “Two! Million! Dollars!” He screamed, recklessly blasting flames in every direction.

“Yowza,” Peter turned to see Wade, who’d somehow managed to sneak up behind him. “You should do something about that.”

Peter looked back down at the scene. “Did you— Is this your fault?”

“No!” He almost looked offended. “Maybe.” He shrugged. “Okay, yeah. But, he’s still alive so I’m not saying you should be proud of me but… Y’know…”

“What’d you do?”

“I slept over at this guy’s house yesterday — don’t worry, you’re still the love of my life — and that
Pikachu-looking fuck sent all these idiots to kill me or whatever. So this morning I went to, you know, tell him to not do that.” Wade cocked his gun and pointed it at the man as though he hit him from 100 meters away. “And he wasn’t a fan of the idea.”

“So he thought ‘hey, lemme just put on a yellow suit and burn down a school’!?” He didn’t give Wade a chance to answer before he swung into the hole in the roof.

It was dark — the walls were black and scorched and the floors were dusty and covered with debris. “Anyone still in here?” He looked around at the lockers and burning classrooms.

“No one but us.”

Peter turned around to face well over ten soldiers, dressed in black, bulletproof suits and with katanas strapped to their sides. “And who’s ‘us’?” He asked.

“Doesn’t matter.” One of them, a girl, stepped forward, twirling a knife between her hands. “You won’t live to tell.” She hauled the weapon in Peter’s direction, though his spider-sense warned him of the danger just in time to duck. He webbed her feet to the ground and went for a couple of her teammates.

There were too many of them and whatever their swords were made of, it was strong enough to cut through the webs.

“It’s a shame,” another soldier said as he sliced his katana through the air, only missing Peter by a few inches. “I saw you on the news,” he kicked Peter in the stomach, knocking him to the floor, “you seem like a good guy.”

Before he could continue his meaningless monologue, a gloved hand held a taser against his neck. He went out like a light within a few seconds, and Deadpool helped Peter stand back up. “Still no murder?” He asked.

“No.”

Peter punched one of the guys in the face, and kicked another in the knee, while Wade was busy trying not to shove the soldiers’ katanas up their asses.

“Hey, Spidey?” Deadpool pushed one of them against a wall and tasered him unconscious.

“What?”

“I got a date tonight and I was—“ he kneed a guy in the crotch and kicked him to the ground. “And I was wondering, since you’re all suave and whatever, how do I, y’know—“ Peter ducked to miss a body Wade’d flung across the room. “How do I do that? Properly?”

He webbed a girl to the wall and kicked the katana out of her hand. “You’re asking me? I haven’t had a date in, like, four years.”

“Die, you mutant fuck!” One of the soldiers cut through Wade’s stomach with a yell, earning nothing more than a disappointed look from both him and Spider-Man.

Peter webbed him to the ground while Deadpool removed the katana and forced it deep into the floor beside the idiot’s face.

“Really?” He asked. “You run around in red and blue spandex and you can’t even get a date?”

“And yet you throw around insults like that and still you manage.” Peter looked around and noticed
that all the guys were either unconscious or pretending to be.

A shot rang from outside and a man screamed. The police started yelling something about ‘target
down’ and ‘moving in’ and Peter figured he probably needed to get out of there before they found a
way to pin this on him.

“Is he nice?” He shot a web at the building beside the school, ready to exit through the whole in the
roof. “She? Them?”

Wade wrapped his arms around Peter, probably hoping to catch a lift out of there. “Not as nice as
you.”

Peter rolled his eyes and swung out of the building, carrying the mercenary on his back. He landed
on top of a nearby building, ignoring the shouts and commands from the policemen. “You’re heavier
than you look,” he informed Wade.

“Had a big breakfast.”

No, you didn’t.

Peter looked at the time. “Gotta go,” he said. He turned around to face Wade, only to see that he was
already gone.

***

“Alright, Peter,” he looked at himself in the mirror. He didn’t own any suits, so he’d rented one from
a store down the street. The sleeves were a little too long and the jacket was very tight around his
waist but, at least for a rented outfit, it wasn’t half bad. He’d decided not to wear a tie, it was too
obnoxious, but he’d combed through his hair for what had to be the first time in his life. “First date
with a mercenary.”

Tired of his reflection’s nervous eyes, he grabbed his phone and left the apartment. The restaurant
was virtually on the other side of town, so he let himself use his web shooters to swing through
barren alleys and uncrowded streets.

The place was fancy; the decorations on the walls were plated in gold and giant glass chandeliers
hung from the ceiling. Wade wasn’t there yet, so Peter figured he’d wait on one of the velvet
couches that lined the reception. He tried to convince himself it was more of a social experiment than
a date — maybe if he started to understand a guy like Deadpool, it’d be easier to help him. Yeah, that
was all.

He was fifteen minutes late, but came in dressed in his normal red and black suit only with a tie
around his neck. It looked dumb to say the least, but it was exactly wha Peter’d expected.

They greeted each other and let the lady lead them to a corner table, covered in a white cloth and
decorated with fancy-looking flowers and candles. She handed them their menus and left them to
decide what they wanted to order.

“Hey, uh, Petey?” Wade’s voice was lowered. “Do you have any — and I mean any — idea what in
the ass escargot de quimper is?”

Peter smiled and shook his head. “I think it’s something with snails,” he said. “It sounds like a snail
thing.”

He could tell Wade grimaced under his mask. “What about escargot bourgogne?”
“Okay, that’s definitely snails.” Peter assured him. He didn’t know anything about French cuisine, but he was pretty sure they were big on gastropod-based dishes.

Wade gestured for a waitress, who smiled politely and asked “yes, sir?”

“Do you happen to have anything that doesn’t contain snails?” He made it sounded like he was asking not to be poisoned.

“We have garlic bread,” she informed him.

He hesitated for a second, finding it difficult to believe that on all four pages of menu, only one thing wasn’t cooked with gooey squishy animals. “Okay, I’ll take eight of those and your most alcohol beverage.”

The waitress looked revolted as she awaited Peter’s order.

“I’ll have the same,” he couldn’t not smile as she furrowed her eyebrows and reluctantly took their menus without saying a word.

As soon as she left the table, both Peter and Wade broke into laughter. It took them a solid five minutes to recover, just in time for the waitress to place a pair of red and blue martinis in front of them. “The garlic bread will be ready shortly,” she informed them.

Wade laughed again, while Peter kept it together long enough to smile and thank the woman. People in tight-fitting suits and golden dresses were giving them sideways glances, though neither cared enough to notice.

“Holy shit,” Wade wheezed. “Oh, did you see her face?”

“She looked like we ordered human organs,” Peter agreed, grinning as he recalled the way her features had scrunched up in the middle of her face.

“Cheers,” he raised the weird-looking drink and tapped the glass against Peter’s, before downing the whole thing.

“Thirsty?”

“Miserable.”

Peter laughed, not because it was particularly funny, but because the mercenary had a point. Following his lead, Peter swallowed the remainder of the thick liquid. It tasted kind of good, though it made his head spin and turned the room upside down for a brief moment. He wasn’t used to alcohol, but tonight he figured he could afford to drink just a little. It was his first date in years and he didn’t want to ruin it by being boring — even if it wasn’t really a date as much as a social experiment.

The waitress put their sixteen baskets of garlic bread down on the table, struggling to fit them all on the small surface. Peter tried his best to avoid eye contact with Wade, only because he knew he’d start laughing, though he couldn’t keep it in as soon as she left.

He was about to ask some question about whether Wade even liked garlic bread when someone started chocking at a table a couple of meters away. Out of reflex, Peter got up to help the guy, though Wade pulled him back into his seat. “He’s not gonna die,” he assured him, as though he knew for sure.
The man kept choking and, despite desperate attempts from the woman he was with, eventually went out cold, face landing in his bowl of snail-soup.

“Okay, now,” Wade spoke into his wrist, where Peter assumed he was wearing a microphone of some kind.

Before he could stop him or ask questions, two men in suits dragged the unconscious guy away. They were too quick for any of the waiters or security staff to stop them.

“What the hell?” Peter hissed.

Wade wrapped a few pieces of bread in his napkin and put them in his pocket. “I’ll explain later but—”

“Over there!” Someone yelled, pointing to their table — they seemed pretty obvious culprits after all, with Wade dressed in a very vibrant red suit that covered his face. A couple of very strong guards started sprinting towards them, though Peter dragged the mercenary towards the emergency exit before they could catch up.

He slammed the door shut and followed Wade down a narrow street, rounding corners and looking over his shoulder. Wherever the mercenary was going, he was doing a good job of losing their pursuers.

They stopped when they reached the Hudson River and, after making sure the guards were off their tail, Wade sat down and swung his legs over the edge of the harbor.

“What the hell!” Peter was still breathing heavily from all the running, but it didn’t stop him from wanting to punch Wade in the face. “You killed that guy, didn’t you? And then you run from the police and you— You steal their garlic bread!? What’s wrong with you!?"

“First of all, guy’s not dead. He’s on a plane to the exotic Yemen to make up for the 89 children he almost killed when he set fire to an orphanage. And second, this garlic bread tastes like sweaty dog genitals, so really I was doing that place and all its guests a favour. And third,” he held up three fingers, “you look cute in that suit.”

Peter really didn’t want to blush, but it wasn’t like he could control it. And technically the guy in the restaurant deserved whatever he got. And Wade had been doing so good with the whole no killing thing, so really there was nothing to blame him for.

Even in the dark, the color in Peter’s cheeks had been evident. Wade smiled (his mask was pulled over his nose so he could eat), as he patted the spot beside him. “C’mon, this is way more romantic than the snail-place anyways.”

Peter laughed and took a seat. It was nice there; the breeze was cool and the river reflected all the lights from the city.

“You ever been in love?” Wade asked, fishing the wrapped bread out of his pocket.

“I don’t know,” Peter admitted.

“Then you probably haven’t.”

“No?”

He shook his head. “You’d be able to tell.”
“I think I might’ve been,” he explained. It wouldn’t hurt to tell the truth, it wasn’t like Wade knew he was talking about him. “It’s not as nice as people make it seem, though.”

The mercenary threw one of the lumps of garlic bread into the river. “Never is.”

“It’s like— you know when people say they have butterflies in their stomach?” He nodded. “Well, it’s kind of like that but instead of butterflies it’s… I don’t know, bees or something.”

“Bees?” Wade laughed.

Peter knew it sounded dumb, but it was the only way to describe it. “Yeah. Like my stomach is full of bees every time I see him. And he’s not my type at all, but he’s just so…” What was the right word? There didn’t seem to be one, and the more Peter tried to explain it, the less he understood.

Wade was looking at him weird now, head tilted slightly to the right. “Are you drunk?” He asked.

“I’m not—“ Peter remembered the martini he’d had back at the restaurant. He wasn’t used to alcohol and his tolerance was extremely low. “Maybe?”

“Awww, lil Petey’s a lightweight.”

“For the last time, dude—“

“Nope! I saved your life,” Wade reminded him. “I can call you whatever I want. And it was either Petey or Co-Star In An Embarrassing Amount of Dirty Dreams, so I picked the shorter one.”

They sat there for a couple of moments, watching the water splash against anchored boats and listening to the distant music from night clubs across the city.

“It’s Spider-Man,” Wade said.

Peter felt a wave of something surge through his body. His heart started beating faster to the point where he thought he’d have to put a hand on his chest to keep it from getting out. “What?” He’d understood what he meant, but he wasn’t sure how to react just yet.

“I got a huge, head-over-heels, ball-numbingly pointless, kick-me-in-the-crotch-rip-out-my-liver-and-boil-it type of crush on Spider-Man,” he spoke quickly, like he wanted to get it over with. “Holy fuck. Never said that out loud before. Is this what happens when people talk about their feelings? Gotta say I’m not a fan.”

Peter wasn’t sure whether to kiss him or push him in the river, so he settled on the much more reasonable option of pretending he didn’t really care. “Spider-Man? Really?”

“Surprised me too.” He threw another lump of bread into the river. “And I flirt with, like, everyone, so at first I thought it was just a symptom of someone flirting back. But then I started getting this weird thing in my chest whenever—” he inhaled through his teeth. “And I thought I was sick. But then I remembered that I can’t get sick. So I thought I was dying. But then I remembered that I can’t die.”

“Spider-Man.” Peter repeated, feeling the weight of his own name on his tongue. “And you’re sure you’re in love with him?”

Wade shrugged. “Fuck if I know. Been trying to ignore it for so long I haven’t really thought about what to call it.” He threw the last pieces of bread at the water, this time more aggressively. “And I swear, I’ve tried everything to make it go away.”

“Everything?” Peter asked.
“Almost.”

Whether it was the alcohol or the view or the rush of running from the police, Peter leaned in and, after rolling Wade’s mask over his nose, pressed their lips together.

Wade made a surprised noise at the back of his throat, though it didn’t take long for him to melt into the kiss. By the time the mercenary pulled away, Peter’s cheeks were hot and flushed and his heart was in his throat. “Even that?” He asked, voice hoarse and quiet.

“I, uh…We’ve—I should—” He stuttered. “I’ve got somewhere to be.”

Before Peter could apologize or throw himself in the river, Wade was gone.
After he was done with hating himself, Peter figured that, since there was no way he’d be able to go to sleep, he’d put on the suit and punch some people in the face.

“Jameson was right,” he mumbled to himself, as he sat down on a roof near Manhattan and placed the police radio beside him, “Spider-Man sucks.”

“I could not agree more.”

Peter froze at the sound of another voice. What the fucking fuck was Deadpool doing there?

“Wade?”

The mercenary sat down beside him, accidentally knocking over the radio in the process.

“How was your date?” Peter asked, cringing internally at the thought of it.

“Off the charts,” Wade assured him confidently. He was pretty great at lying.

“You’re back a little early for ‘off the charts’,” Peter informed him. He couldn’t help but wish he’d brought something to eat.

Wade just shrugged and pulled a bottle out of seemingly thin air, before popping off the cap, lifting his mask and taking a very long sip. “Want some?” He offered, holding out the bottle in front of him.

As much as Peter wanted his mind to stop functioning properly, he figured he’d probably messed up enough for one night. “I don’t drink,” he replied, a little too fast.

“Suit yourself,” Wade mumbled, taking another swing from the foul-smelling bottle.

Peter listened to the sound of the city — the cars, the laughter, the shouting — before he figured he could at least make Wade feel better. Especially since it was his fault that the mercenary was so busy downing alcohol that he hardly had time to breathe. “So, how’d it really go?”

“What?”

“Your date. Something must’ve gone wrong, or you wouldn’t be acting like… That.”

Deadpool laughed coldly and put the bottle down beside him. “Okay, Sherlock,” he said, “it was going good, almost killed a guy, ran from the police. The usual. And then, because I’m just so hard to resist, he had to go and— Wait, why am I telling you this?”


“Yeah, yeah,” Wade waved his arms above his head for a reason Peter couldn’t quite make out, “but
It was hard to explain without confessing that he was the idiot who’d tried to kiss a well-known murderer. “I care about you.”

What followed was the longest timeframe Peter had ever heard Deadpool be quiet. “What?” He finally asked.

“You’re my friend and you’re upset,” Peter explained. “So I want to help you.”

“You— We’re friends?” Wade scoffed in disbelief. “I’m friends with Spider-Man?”

“We spent 24 hours watching Star Trek on your couch,” Peter laughed, “I’d say that makes us friends.”

Deadpool was smiling under the mask, and Peter couldn’t help but feel a little satisfied with himself.

“Hey,” Wade grabbed the bottle and stood up. “I, uh, I gotta go. But nice talking to you.”

And with that, he left.

Peter was about to call out for him, or ask him to stay just a little while longer. But, before he could, the police radio went off. “—Carrying a large chainsaw, right in the middle of Times Square. Guy’s gone crazy.”

“Duty calls,” he mumbled to himself and, after looking back one last time, jumped off the roof.

Times Square was close, and all he had to do was follow the sound of screaming and whirring. There were already three police cars at the scene, though at least two of them were flipped upside down and the third was on fire.

The chainsaw guy was standing in the middle of the screaming crowd, swinging his weapon violently above his head. He didn’t look like he knew how to handle it which, annoyingly, made him even more dangerous.

“Hey!” Peter dropped down a few meters in front of him, hoping to divert his attention for long enough to let the police evacuate the civilians.

Chainsaw Guy growled and paused his rampage for long enough to glare at Peter. “What’a’ya want?”

“Well, honestly I’m really feeling like bubble tea,” he webbed the guy’s mouth shut and kicked him in the chest. “But for now I’ll settle for this,” he grabbed the chainsaw and smashed it onto the ground.

That seemed to piss the big guy off, and he pulled a long knife out of his pocket and threw it. It only grazed Peter’s arm, but it hurt nonetheless. In a single motion, he jumped over the guy’s head and pulled the knife from his hand. “Is that a knife in your pants or are you just happy to see me?” He giggled.

He webbed his feet to the ground and punched him in the stomach, just long enough for the police to get out of their cars and aim their guns at him. The civilians were mostly gone, with the exception of a few idiots taking pictures.

Right as he was about to leave, Peter felt a sharp pain in his chest. He looked down to see a long
wound across his upper body. It was bleeding a lot, and it’d torn the better part of his suit. *Knife must’ve gotten too close,* he thought, feeling his head get lighter.

“Okay, okay,” he mumbled, stumbling forwards. “Gotta get outta here.”

His apartment was too far away. He just needed to get away from the scene, and then he could wait and hope that his healing factor could fix it.

Without knowing exactly why, he ended up on top of a building on fifth avenue. People probably wouldn’t look for an injured superhero in one of the world’s fashion centrals.

He sat down and looked at the very bloody wound. It hurt like a bitch, and he was pretty sure it was infected.

“Okay, Parker,” he winced, “stay awake.” The world was getting blurry and it felt as though the rooftop had started spinning. “Stay awake,” he ordered himself. “Stay… Stay…”

Darkness enclosed his field of vision and he let himself slip away, just for a second. Just until his healing factor fixed the damage or until someone came to help. Or until he died.

***

[Wonder what he’s doing right now]

{Probably helping some old lady across the street}

[Or saving a kid from a fire]

{We could do those things}

[Sure we could]

“Shut up,” Wade mumbled. It was impossible to sleep when the stupid boxes refused to shut the fuck up.

Ever since the Star Trek marathon, he’d slept on the couch. He wasn’t sure why, but it was a lot more comforting than his empty bed with blood-stained sheets and cold, flat pillows.

[Maybe he’s sleeping]

{Do spiders sleep?}

Wade sighed and shifted uncomfortably, “I said shut it.”

[You should stop seeing him]

“Why?”

{You’re a bad influence}

“No, *you’re* a bad influence,” Wade said. “I’m a fucking angel.”

[You’re making him worse]

Wade shook his head. “He’s making me better.”

{No one can do that}
“—When New York’s own crime-fighting superhero the Spider-Man stopped the conflict. From the footage taken by a bystander at the scene, it appears the masked hero was injured in the process, though he escaped before an ambulance could reach the area.”

“Saving kids it is, then” he muttered, getting up to change into the suit.

“Find a better insult.”

He opened the window and jumped onto the fire escape. Spidey would still be somewhere around the scene. With a cut like the one he’d gotten, he couldn’t have gone far. The police were surrounded the immediate area, so he’d probably gone just outside their field of searching, meaning he’d be somewhere around—

Wade ignored it and shot a grappling hook at the roof of one of the buildings. It was night time, so it’d be easy to hide up here.

“You told me that already,” he reminded the boxes, before grabbing a bag from under his bed and filling it with every single substance in his apartment that could act as an artificial healing factor.

“I should find him,” he muttered, getting up to change into the suit.

“—When New York’s own crime-fighting superhero the Spider-Man stopped the conflict. From the footage taken by a bystander at the scene, it appears the masked hero was injured in the process, though he escaped before an ambulance could reach the area.”

“Saving kids it is, then” he muttered, getting up to change into the suit.

“Find a better insult.”

He opened the window and jumped onto the fire escape. Spidey would still be somewhere around the scene. With a cut like the one he’d gotten, he couldn’t have gone far. The police were surrounded the immediate area, so he’d probably gone just outside their field of searching, meaning he’d be somewhere around—

Wade ignored it and shot a grappling hook at the roof of one of the buildings. It was night time, so it’d be easy to hide up here.

“You told me that already,” he reminded the boxes, before grabbing a bag from under his bed and filling it with every single substance in his apartment that could act as an artificial healing factor.

“Find a better insult.”

He opened the window and jumped onto the fire escape. Spidey would still be somewhere around the scene. With a cut like the one he’d gotten, he couldn’t have gone far. The police were surrounded the immediate area, so he’d probably gone just outside their field of searching, meaning he’d be somewhere around—

Wade ignored it and shot a grappling hook at the roof of one of the buildings. It was night time, so it’d be easy to hide up here.

“You told me that already,” he reminded the boxes, before grabbing a bag from under his bed and filling it with every single substance in his apartment that could act as an artificial healing factor.

“Find a better insult.”

He opened the window and jumped onto the fire escape. Spidey would still be somewhere around the scene. With a cut like the one he’d gotten, he couldn’t have gone far. The police were surrounded the immediate area, so he’d probably gone just outside their field of searching, meaning he’d be somewhere around—

Wade ignored it and shot a grappling hook at the roof of one of the buildings. It was night time, so it’d be easy to hide up here.

“You told me that already,” he reminded the boxes, before grabbing a bag from under his bed and filling it with every single substance in his apartment that could act as an artificial healing factor.

“Find a better insult.”

He opened the window and jumped onto the fire escape. Spidey would still be somewhere around the scene. With a cut like the one he’d gotten, he couldn’t have gone far. The police were surrounded the immediate area, so he’d probably gone just outside their field of searching, meaning he’d be somewhere around—

Wade ignored it and shot a grappling hook at the roof of one of the buildings. It was night time, so it’d be easy to hide up here.

“You told me that already,” he reminded the boxes, before grabbing a bag from under his bed and filling it with every single substance in his apartment that could act as an artificial healing factor.

“Find a better insult.”

He opened the window and jumped onto the fire escape. Spidey would still be somewhere around the scene. With a cut like the one he’d gotten, he couldn’t have gone far. The police were surrounded the immediate area, so he’d probably gone just outside their field of searching, meaning he’d be somewhere around—

Wade ignored it and shot a grappling hook at the roof of one of the buildings. It was night time, so it’d be easy to hide up here.
“Shut up,” Wade whispered. He jumped onto the next roof, eyes scanning its surface for a familiar figure. Maybe he wasn’t here after all. Maybe he was lying in some alley bleeding out.

“Shut the fuck up!” Wade yelled — a weak and desperate attempt to get some silence, just for a minute. Just for long enough to find Spidey.

“Wade?” He froze at the sound of a familiar voice. He’d recognize it anywhere, even now when it was quiet and broken.

His eyes darted around the roof, though it looked deserted at first glance. “Webs?”

“I’m—“ he groaned, “I’m over here.”

Finally, Wade spotted a figured on edge of the roof, bent over itself and leaning against a chimney. “Oh fuck,” he said under his breath, dropping down on his knees beside his friend. “Okay, okay.”

“Wade, I’m f—“ he winced.

“If you say fine, I’m gonna have to kill you.”

Spidey laughed wryly and moved his arm to reveal a very large, open cut all the way across his chest. His suit was covered in blood and his breathing was unsteady, like Wade’s when he’d been shot. Only, of course, he couldn’t heal as fast.

“Listen,” he pulled a bottle of 97% pure alcohol out of his bag. “I’m not gonna lie to you, because we’re best friends and all — this is gonna hurt like a bitch.”

He poured the alcohol onto the wound, trying to ignore Spidey’s self-contained screaming. The pain was enough to knock people out — he’d seen it happen before — but he stayed awake through all of it.

“I’m just—“ Wade put the alcohol down and fished a roll of fabric out of the bag. As gently as he could, he lifted Spidey’s head and started binding the wound. It wouldn’t make it heal, but it was probably enough to get him back to Wade’s apartment.

“I won’t,” Wade assured them, carefully picking Spidey off the ground. He knew he wasn’t fragile, but he was hurting and the last thing Wade wanted to make his pain worse.
“What?” His voice was still hoarse and weak.

“What.”

It took twice a long to get home as it had taken to get there, mostly because the boxes kept reminding Wade to take it slow. They were nicer now, like they cared just as much about Spider-Man’s well-being as Wade did.

“I —” Spidey groaned as Wade kicked the door to his apartment open. “I owe you my life twice now.”

“Yeah, well, I can think of a couple of ways you can repay me.”

{Oh, I bet you could}

{Do you even think he can bend that way?}

Wade ignored the boxes — though they did have some decent ideas — and placed Spidey on the couch. “Do you want some water? Tea?” He asked, mind racing to come up with ways to make him feel more comfortable. He wasn’t exactly used to making people better — in fact, he was very well practiced in doing the exact opposite.

“Wade, I’m fine,” he assured him, though he didn’t sound like he meant it. “I just… I need this to heal. And I need a distraction so just—” he shifted and winced at the pain that shot through his chest. “Talk to me. About anything.”

“Anything?” That was too broad. Wade was good at talking (a little too good according to a great deal of people), but he usually needed some kind of prompt.

“Tell me more about your date,” Spidey suggested.

{Ugh, let’s not}

{Anything to make him feel better}

{Anything but that}

Wade shrugged. “I told you all the juicy stuff. I got a guy arrested, we ran from the police. He kissed me, I freaked out. I ended up back here all alone. Saw you half-dead on TV. Thought it’d be fun to save your life again. Pretty standard Tuesday night.”


{Yeah, dude, why did you freak out?}

[We’d all love to know]

They did know, though. They had to, because Wade knew it too. Even though he tried his best to ignore and repress it, and come up with excuses that didn’t include his massive crush on Spider-Man, it wasn’t easy to lie his way around it.

It was hard to fall for a nerdy college student (no matter how pretty his eyes were or how cute he’d looked in that suit), when you knew a guy like Spidey. From Wade’s point of view, which was heavily supported by the boxes, the man had no flaws; he saved people’s lives on a daily basis, and he’d managed to fight off every single bad guy he’d encountered without killing a single one. Sure, it wasn’t practical, but it was certainly admirable.
Deadpool wasn’t one for idolizing people, especially not goody-two-shoes heroes with lawful good morality codes, but there was something different about Spider-Man. Something he couldn’t—

“Wade?” There was a hint of concern in his voice, though it was masked by vague irritation. “Everything okay?”

“Uh, yeah. Yeah, I’m good,” he lied. “I just… I guess I just haven’t kissed anyone in a while.” Another lie.

“Right.”

Deadpool took a seat on the floor beside the couch. He had a feeling it’d be at least another hour before Spidey was ready to leave again, so he figured he might as well get comfortable. “You’d get it if you saw my face.”

“Why can’t I?”

{Why does he have to sound like that?}

[It’s infuriating]

{Maybe we should just kill him. It’d be a lot easier}

“Because I’m not— You probably have enough nightmares as it is,” he tried to laugh, but it sounded weak and pathetic.

Spidey lifted his head and, even through both their masks, Wade could feel his eyes on his face. He was looking for any sign of who he was beneath the costume, any abnormal dents the in fabric that might suggest the shape of his nose or the curvature of his lips. Wade did the same with Spidey all the time, only he had a feeling the wall crawler was a lot more attractive than himself.

Slowly, Spidey lifted his hand and placed it on Wade’s cheek. His touch was so soft he could hardly feel it, but its presence made him uneasy and annoyingly self-conscious.

“I think you’re being dramatic,” he said. Just as slowly as before, he slid his hand onto Wade’s neck, and started removing the mask. The air in the room got thick, and it became a whole lot harder to breathe.

Wade wanted to run, but his body wasn’t moving. He wanted — needed — Spidey to see him. Maybe then, he’d return the favour.

{You should probably move}

[Or knock him out]

{Anything to keep him from seeing that radioactive prune orgy you got going on under that mask}

[Maybe he won’t mind]

{You’re kidding, right? Have you seen him?}

Wade wanted to tell them to shut up, just for a moment, but he was completely paralysed.

“Is this okay?” Spidey asked, once he’d untucked the mask from the rest of Wade’s suit. “I don’t have to see it, I just—“

“Yeah.” That was all he could say.
Spider-Man slid the mask over Wade’s face and let it drop onto the ground.

He was quiet for what Wade could only assume to be forever, before he finally mustered up the courage to speak. “You’re— What happened to you?”

“Got bit by a radioactive avocado,” he joked.

Spidey chuckled, though he still seemed like he wanted an actual answer.

“Weapon X,” Wade admitted. He wasn’t sure how to elaborate, so he decided not to.

“Does it hurt?”

“Non-stop”

“All the fucking time”

“Nah, not really.”

“I’m—” His voice sounded weird. Was he crying? “I’m really sorry, Wade.”

“Me too”

[Sucks]

“Don’t be,” Wade laughed in a desperate attempt to lighten the mood. Emotions weren’t his forte. “I still got an ass that could rival yours.”

Spidey must’ve understood how badly he wanted to change the subject, because he giggled and scoffed. “You wish.”

A moment of comfortable silence followed, during which Wade’s heartbeat started slowing back down, and the burning sensation in his chest disappeared.

Wade grinned and nodded eagerly, before reaching for the remote. Turned out they’d missed the first four, and the fifth was halfway done, so they ended up watching reruns of old Friends episodes until well past dawn.

“I’ll never find love,” Spidey mumbled, halfway through the second episode of season six.

Wade couldn’t help but laugh. “What?”

“I just mean, like, what’s the point if it’s not like that?” He gestured at the television, where Chandler and Monica had just proposed to each other. Even Wade had to admit the scene used to make him all warm on the inside.

“Who says it won’t be?”

[Has he met himself?]

Spidey shrugged. He looked a lot better now — his wound was almost healed and his movements were more natural and comfortable. “I don’t know. It’s just— It’s hard when you’re a… Superhero, or whatever.”

“Are you kidding?” Wade asked. “If anything, it’s easier when you run around New York saving people’s lives in skin-tight spandex. And I’m speaking from experience.”

[No, you’re not]

{Fact, our experience tells us the exact opposite}

“Yeah, well, you’re, y’know, good at that stuff.”

Wade chuckled wryly. “Gets kinda difficult with this face. Pretty sure I’m in your boat with the whole romance thing.”

“No way.” He shook his head and sat up in the couch. “You’re, like, a god that that stuff. You’ve probably had a hundred girlfriends.”

[Wow, he is funny]

[Is there a camera somewhere?]

“Pfft,” Wade scoffed. “Someone’d have to like me first. D’you know how difficult it is to get people to like you?”

“Do I know? I’ve spent the last seven years of my life saving people, only for those very same
people to write articles about how much I suck, like, the day after I’ve hauled their asses out of literal fires.” Spidey reminded him.

Deadpool shrugged. “Yeah, but they don’t know you. It’s the opposite of my situation — people think I’m okay and then they meet me and it’s all…” He trailed off, running through all the people who’d kill him in a heartbeat if they had the chance.

“Wade, I’m… You’re a good guy. And you’re getting better. And you’ve saved my life three times in the past month.” He inhaled sharply. “So, yeah. I like you, if it helps.”

[It totally helps]

[He likes us]

[Did he mean it?]

“You do?” He asked.

[No, he doesn’t]

“Yeah.”

[Nope]

“First time for everything, I guess.”

Spider-Man slid his hand around Wade’s neck and the mercenary could feel Spidey’s eyes bore into his skin through the mask. Weirdly intimate for someone who was supposed to hate him. His glove felt cool against Wade’s bare skin, and he couldn’t help but feel relieved that Spidey finally knew what he looked like. And even more, that he didn’t seem to care about the ugly scars or unnatural indents in his skin.

[Do you feel that?]

[The chronic skin pain or the weird eruption of fire in our chest?]

“Wade, you’re, like, one of my best friends now.” He grimaced under the mask. “Can’t believe I just said that.”

[Me neither]

“But seriously,” his voice was soft and quiet and Wade had to strain himself to hear it over the roar of traffic from outside the window. “You’re smart, you’re funny and you’re pretty cute if I’m being honest” he cleared his throat. “Anyways… I like you. So do what you want with that.”

[Do we cry? Do we kiss him? Run away?]

[All three?]

[In what order?]

Wade ignored the boxes for long enough to smile and whisper “I like you too, Spidey.”

For a second, he swore they were going to kiss. Or at least hug. But then Spidey pulled away and refocused on the show, like he hadn’t just been inches away from Wade’s face.
“What just happened?”

“I think he’s in love with us”

[Shut up]

“You should say something”

“Know what I like?” Wade asked, though he didn’t give Spidey a chance to answer. “Pizza. And you know what I don’t have right now? Coincidentally, also pizza.”

Spider-Man laughed and pulled out his phone. “We should do something about that. Pineapple, I assume?”

“Lots of it.”

***

Even though Spidey had healed, he stayed for another couple of hours. Wade wasn’t sure why either, though the boxes tried to convince him the superhero actually did kind of like his company.

He left halfway through season eight, thanking Wade just about a thousand times before he reached the door. “I’ll thank you properly sometime,” he’d said. The boxes’d had plenty of lewd comments about that remark, though Wade was too preoccupied trying not to overthink it to listen to them.
“Deadpool?” Johnny laughed and shook his head. “I cannot believe you.”

“I didn’t say I liked him.” Peter reminded him, though he wasn’t sure how much he believed it. “I just… He’s not that bad.”

Johnny just laughed again and muttered a quiet “sure, you didn’t say it,” before taking a bite of his burger. It was just past noon, and the city was having to survive on its own while Spider-Man took a lunch break.

“He saved my life,” Peter reminded him, feeling a sudden need to defend himself. “Like, three times.”

“So have I,” Johnny said. “Don’t see you kissing the ground I’m walking on.”

Peter wanted to argue, but the guy had a point. They’d saved each other’s lives countless times, but neither had ever felt they owed the other anything. And Peter definitely wasn’t in love with him.

“Do something nice for him, then.”

“What?”

Johnny shrugged. “Like a date. If you like him so much.”

“Were you even listening?” He tried his best not to sound too frustrated. “I don’t want to like him! Plus, I already messed up once.”

“Dude,” Johnny shoved the last bit of burger into his mouth. “You don’t really look like you have a choice. So either you give into it and take a chance at happiness or whatever, or you repress it and hate yourself for the rest of your life.”

Peter thought about it. It wasn’t like the merc would have to know it was date. He could just pretend it was two friends meeting up because one wanted to thank the other for saving his life. Twice.

“Maybe I will,” he finally admitted.

“Wait, really?” Johnny laughed. “Can’t believe that worked.”

Peter was about to argue that it didn’t work, when his Spidey-phone chimed. The message was from an unknown number, and only contained an address and an image. It was Wade, shot half to death and bleeding from seemingly every part of his body.

A heavy feeling started weighing down on Peter’s chest, a mixture of rage and worry and something he didn’t quite recognize.

“What?” Johnny looked over his shoulder. “Shit, is that—“
Peter nodded and shoved the phone into his bag. “I’ve gotta go.”

***

Wade was headed to the nearest bar to drown out the boxes when someone grabbed ahold of him from behind and held a very nasty-smelling piece of cloth in front of his nose. Before he could shoot or cut the attacker in half, his vision went blurry and his muscles stopped working.

When he woke up, his head was hurting and he was pretty sure he was upside down. He was blindfolded and his mask was off, and based on the acoustics he was hanging from the ceiling of a really big room.

“Is this a warehouse?” He asked, unsure of whether there was anyone around to answer.

[Of course it’s a fucking warehouse]

[What else would it be? A fucking cruise ship?]

“He’s awake,” a voice mumbled, and the sound of guns being cocked rang off the walls. Great.

“What do we do now?” Another voice asked.

“We wait.” Idiot-With-A-Gun #1 replied.

“For?”

“Spider-Man.”

[Fuck]

{Shit}

[Fuck-shit]

Wade reached into his back pocket for the little knife he kept there. His hands were tied but he could only managed to get ahold of it, though a sharp pain shot through his wrist as he pulled it out.

“No tricks!” Idiot-With-A-Gun #1 yelled.

“Okay, okay,” Wade tried to sound calm, though the idea of these idiots getting ahold of Spidey was starting to piss him off. “You got me, alright? So why don’t we just leave Webs outta this one? I’m a lot more fun away, plus—”

He felt three bullets pierce through his chest. “Ow,” he mumbled. “Okay, how about this then — If you hurt Spidey, I will personally rip out your dicks off and feed them to you?”

Three more bullets. “Okay, then, one last offer—“

“Let him go, asshole!” Shit. He recognized Spidey’s voice, though his tone was a lot harsher than usual. He sounded kind of cute when he threatened people.

{Why’d he come? Didn’t he realise it’d be a trap?}

[He’s a hero, dude. It’s what they do]

{I’ll never understand them}

Wade really wished he wasn’t blindfolded — he needed to see him, make sure he was okay. Not that
there was much he could do, all tied up and half-dead. “Webs?” He yelled, hoping to divert the soldier’s attention for long enough to let Spidey get away. If only he’d just run, ignore it. Wade had gotten out of situations with worse odds by himself. “Listen, I’ve got this under control.”

“Oh yeah,” Spider-Man said, “I can tell.” He sounded like he was in the other end of the room. There was probably and army of soldiers between him and Wade. The guy was good but he wasn’t invincible, and he definitely wouldn’t win if he tried to fight them. Which, knowing him, he would.

“Come with us, and we let him go.”

{I can’t believe we’re the damsel in distress}

[It’s kind of hot]

“Okay…” Spidey’s voice was calm. “Or I can do this.” A series of familiar thwips sounded from the other end of the room, followed by soldiers shouting.

A shot rang out, and an eerie silence fell over the crowd. “Spider-Man,” a voice called. “Let us take you to our boss and we let this idiot go.”

“What makes you think I want you to let him go?”

{Aaaand there it is}

[Maybe it’s an act]

{Unlikely}

“No,” the man scoffed. “We’ve seen the two of you. Not that I understand why you’d choose him of all people, but hey—“

Based on the sounds that followed, Spidey had webbed the guy’s mouth shut and knocked him out. His men were mumbling, unsure of what to do next. It didn’t sound like they got much time to think about it, though, before they followed their leader into unconsciousness.

Someone removed the blindfold from Wade’s eyes, and he blinked a couple of times as he adjusted to the light.

“Can’t believe you let yourself get kidnapped by a bunch of high-school dropouts.” He smiled at the sound of Spidey’s voice, once again sweet and soft.

“I was really hoping the first time you’d find me tied up and blindfolded would be different,” he said, letting the superhero untie the ropes around his feet.

“Do you ever say anything that isn’t gross?”

[Nope]

{Not even once}

Spidey helped him down, supporting him as all the blood in his head rushed back down to his feet. The bullet holes in his chest were nearly healed, and the bullets had all come out on the other side so there wasn’t much to worry about.

He’d been right about the warehouse, too, though he’d greatly overestimated the amount of soldiers. It only looked to be about eight form where he was standing, and they weren’t as heavily armed as he’d thought.
“You shouldn’t have come. I totally had that.”

Spidey nodded. “Sure,” he seemed like he wanted to say something else, though he decided against it and helped Wade outside the warehouse. “Hey listen,” he looked around, “I could really go for some of Ethel’s bubble tea.”

Wade had to really try not to cheer. It didn’t mean anything, he knew that, but still. “Oh yeah?” He smirked. “Me too.”

Spidey did Wade the courtesy of letting him hold on as he swung across town towards Ethel’s. It went a lot faster, and Wade reminded himself to ask Spider-Man where exactly he got his hands on a pair of web-shooters.

Ethel sighed as Wade stepped into her cafe — he didn’t take offense, he knew that the woman loved him — and started making their teas. They sat down at their usual corner booth, right by the window but a little away from the rest of the tables.

“What do you think they wanted?” Spidey asked.

Wade shrugged. “Dunno.”

“Kinda scary they were willing to kidnap you just to get to me,” he thought out loud.

{Kinda scary they thought you cared enough to give yourself up just to save our life}

[Kinda scary you actually did care enough to almost give yourself up just to save our life]

“Don’t worry about them. They try to hurt you, I’ll cut off their hands and—”

“Okay, okay,” Spidey held up his hand and giggled. “I get it.”

{Does he have to laugh like that?}

[It’s fucking annoying]

{Adorable, though}

[That’s what I’m saying]

Ethel put their teas down in front of them, and Wade pulled up the mask to drink. Even the hundredth time, those things tasted absolutely magical. “Haven’t killed anyone in almost a month,” he mumbled.

{Wow, round of applause for the genocidal maniac}

Spidey looked up and Wade swore he could see him smile under the mask. He could only imagine what his face looked like, though his imagination was more than satisfactory.

“Really?” The wall-crawler asked, voice soft. “That’s… I’m proud of you, Wade.”

“Yeah?” Wade smirked. “You should award me.”

“I hate you.” Wade’d heard those words a hundred — no, a thousand — times, but they’d never made him smile as much as when Spidey said them. Something about him was so familiar, the guy almost felt like…

{Home?}
“Shut up,” Wade mumbled, hoping the boxes might at least let him have this one moment.

“What?” Spidey was nearly done with the tea.

“Nothing.”

They sat in silence for a few moments, both lost in their own thoughts.

“Wonder what he’s like in real life”

“Like when he isn’t Spider-Man?”

“Yeah”

“He’s probably a huge nerd”

“Probably”

“He’s his bestie”

“Ha, I bet they’re besties”

“Hey no, we’re his bestie”

“Maybe they’re more than besties”

“He takes pictures of him, doesn’t he?”

“Wouldn’t be surprised if they were banging”

“In fact…”

“Do you know a guy called Peter,” Wade asked. He wanted to take the words back the moment they left his lips, but it was too late by then.

Spidey’s shoulders tensed. “Uh, yeah. He’s a photographer, right?”

“Mmhm,” Wade threw his empty cup into the trash. “How, uh, how well would you say you know him?”

He looked extremely uncomfortable. Wade wanted to stop, maybe bang his head against the wall until the boxes shut up, but he was in too deep. “We’re… He just takes pictures of me. And I let him,” Spidey assured him.

“That’s a lie”

“Wonder if he’s in love with him”

“Probably”

Wade was about to apologize when Spidey abruptly stood up. “I gotta go,” he said, already halfway out the door, “but it was nice, uh, saving your ass. Call me next time a group of teenagers get the jump on you.”
Before Wade could respond with some cocky comment, he was gone.

{Look what you did}

[Went and scared him off]
“Okay, Peter,” he inhaled sharply and let the cold wind blow the hair out of his face. “It doesn’t mean anything.”

He lanced down at the busy street. “He doesn’t know. He can’t know.” He said, scouting the area for something, anything, crime-related. “I’ve been too careful for him to know.”

He needed a distraction. His mind had been stuck on Wade for too long, and all he really wanted was to catch a break.

So what if he knew? A little voice in the back of his head whispered. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad — Wade was an asshole and extremely unstable, but he wasn’t untrustworthy. If, hypothetically, Peter was to tell him who he really was, he had a weird feeling he would take the secret to his grave (if he could die, that was). You should tell him, the voice continued. What’s the worst that could happen?

“He could tell the whole world about it,” Peter mumbled to himself. “He could get me or Aunt May or everyone else I care about killed.”

That seemed to shut the voice up. Still, Peter couldn’t help but wonder if it’d really be so bad if Wade found out.

His thoughts were interrupted when a shot sounded from somewhere not too far away. Peter was off the roof before he had any time to think of a plan.

He reached the source of the sound within seconds, though his spider-sense wasn’t going off and the alley looked pretty much empty. “Uh, hello?” He called out. Not that he was expecting anyone to respond.

Peter jumped as a body dropped from the roof above and landed on top of a dumpster. He didn’t look dead, but he definitely wasn’t getting up anytime soon. “Shit!” He yelled, heart almost beating as fast as that night by the Hudson.

“Hey listen,” Deadpool yelled from somewhere above Peter, causing the brunette to exhale a breath of relief. “Sorry about Parker.”

“Did—”
“He’s not dead!” The mercenary yelled before Peter could finish his question. “Dude’s probably got a broken… Well, everything… But he’s not dead.” He started climbing down the fire escape. “But listen, I get why you’re all weird and stuff but,” he jumped the last few feet onto the street, and Peter swore he heard a crack as he landed on the hard stone. “But sorry.”

Peter couldn’t do much more than stare at the man in front of him. Did he just hear Deadpool apologize? Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad for the mercenary to know who he was. “It’s fine,” he assured him. “It’s just…” Deep breath. He had to tell him who he was. He just had to. “Peter and I are—”

“Dating?” Deadpool said, taking a couple of steps closer. “Yeah, figured that out already.”

Peter wasn’t sure whether he was supposed laugh. Dating? Wade thought they were… What? He had to be kidding. “H-How—“ Peter stumbled over his own words. “What?”

Deadpool laughed, though he didn’t sound as though he found the whole situation particularly funny. “You don’t have to pretend, Spidey,” he said. “I’m actually kinda disappointed I didn’t realize
it before.” He crossed his arms and awaited Peter’s response.

Only Peter didn’t have a response. What the hell was he supposed to say to something like that? Did he lie and pretend that he was, in fact, dating himself? Did he tell Wade about his identity? Did he make a run for it?

The latter seemed a lot more appealing, but it wasn’t very practical. “I’m… Parker’s a photographer, alright? He takes pictures of me — without my written consent by the way — but that’s all. Nothing more.”

Wade was quiet for a moment. “You’re— So you’re single?”

“Never said that,” Peter laughed. “But yeah.”

“And Parker’s single?”

Peter shrugged. *Yes, very, very single.* “I have no idea,” he replied.

The tension in Wade’s shoulders dissipated and he smiled under the mask. “Well then,” he wrapped his arm around Peter’s shoulder and started leading him back towards the street. “Wanna see a movie?”

Happy to have diffused the situation, Spider-Man nodded. “Which one?”

“I was thinking Justice League.” He still hadn’t moved his arm, and people were starting to stare at New York’s most hated crime fighter and a well-known mercenary walking around like they were a little more than colleagues. “Can we do that? Rival franchises and all.”

“I heard it sucks.”

Wade shrugged and turned left down a street Peter had never been in. “We could always, y’know, distract each other.”

“Why would we— Oh.” The brunette blushed under his mask. “Why don’t we just buy some dinner and find a nice rooftop.”

For a reason Peter couldn’t quite make out, Wade seemed surprised. “I mean, sure but you know you’d have to, like, talk to me, right?”

Peter laughed. “That’s kind of the point.”

Wade nodded slowly and removed his arm from Peter’s shoulder. “Okay. Know any good restaurants?”

Peter nodded and wrapped his arm around Wade’s waist, letting the mercenary grab on before shooting a web at the nearest building.

Wade was almost completely quiet as they swung across the city to a little Chinese restaurant where Peter used to go to with his aunt.

“Don’t know how you do that all day,” Deadpool commented as Peter put him down on the street. “It’s real fucking lucky I can’t die because I swear that would’ve killed me.”

Peter laughed and walked inside. The owners didn’t even look twice at his whole Spider-Man outfit, though they did eye the many weapons on Wade’s belt.
Peter ordered for both of them and, once they had their food, swung himself and Wade to the top of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Wade, despite the fact that he almost threw up from the trip, ate all his food within a minute where after he shuffled closer to the edge of the tower to dangle his legs above the street. “Hey, Spidey?” He asked, after ten minutes of silence.

“Yeah?”

“Thanks.”

Peter smiled and put down his food. “For what?”

Wade shrugged. “Just… Thanks.”

Something started burning in Peter’s chest and stomach, and he joined Wade at the edge of the tower. The mercenary had taken the mask off and was looking down at the street with bright, green eyes. “You’re welcome,” Peter said. “I’m proud of you.”

“You are?”

“Yeah. You haven’t killed anyone in, what, a month and a half? That’s like a century by Deadpool standards.” He laughed softly, and Wade joined in.

“That’s just until someone really fucks up. I may be getting better but I’m not good,” he mumbled.

Peter looked at him, studying the features of his face. There were so many scars, he hardly had any non-burned skin left. Peter wanted to touch it, heal it until the pain went away.

Wade must’ve noticed him staring, because he turned his head away.

“What do you mean ‘really fucks up’?” Peter asked, hoping to make the mercenary feel more comfortable.

Deadpool shrugged. “For starters, if some fuckhead decides to hurt someone I care about, they’re getting un-alived faster than they can say ‘why’d you rip my dick off?’”

Peter laughed, though he knew Wade was serious. “Someone you care about? You mean your swords?”

“I care about people!” Wade argued, tone almost offended.

“Oh yeah?” Peter scoffed. “Name one.”

“You,” he replied quickly. His expression changed after he realized what he’d said, and his shoulder tensed up as though he was in the company of someone who wanted to kill him.

“Okay,” Peter started, after a few seconds of awkward silence. “I’m gonna do something, and I don’t want you to freak out or start rambling like you do, alright?” He needed to try something out.

Wade tilted his head at him, eyes going wide as Peter placed his hand on his neck and pulled him in for a kiss.

It felt the same as that night by the Hudson, warm and comfortable and safe. Only this time, Wade was kissing back, without reluctance or hesitance. Peter pulled away first — it was an experiment, after all, he was just trying it out.
The mercenary opened his mouth to speak, though he closed it again, probably after remembering what Peter had said about rambling.

“Okay.” Peter said to himself. “Okay,” he repeated.

Wade’s breathing was heavy and slow, and his eyes were stuck on the man beside him. “Okay?” He asked.

*Very okay.* “Yeah, yeah,” Peter sighed. “Want me to walk you home?”

***

Wade didn’t mention the kiss while they walked, staying surprisingly true to what Peter had asked of him. They found things to talk about on the way home, like Wade’s favorite Spice Girls songs and Peter’s guilty pleasure for *Love Actually,* and the awkward air between them dissipated within minutes.

The route to the apartment complex seemed a lot shorter than usual.

“Do I get a goodnight kiss?” Wade smirked, stopping just outside the door to his building.

Peter blushed and pulled up his mask far enough to give the mercenary a little peck on the cheek. He quickly covered his face again to avoid letting him know just how much he was blushing. He didn’t say anything else before he walking away, feeling Wade’s gaze on his back.

He turned and corner and sighed, taking a break from walking in favor of leaning against the outside of the building. “No, no, no, no,” he whispered to himself. “Why would you— Why would I do that?”

He closed his eyes in the hope that everything around him would just go away, fade until he was the only person left. When he opened them, however, New York was still standing and he was pretty sure he was starting to have feelings for Deadpool.

He needed to sleep. His eyelids were heavy and his mind felt fuzzy and that stupid warm feeling in his stomach refused to go away.

Pushing himself away from the wall, Peter inhaled sharply. He’d go home, he’d put on a pair of sweatpants and then—

An explosion went off somewhere behind him. “Wade,” he breathed, turning back around and running towards the apartment.

He threw open the door to Wade’s apartment and felt his stomach drop. He wanted to scream or cry or maybe just wake up.

Deadpool was standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by over twenty bodies, all covered in blood and guts and blown-out brains. He was holding a gun and one of his katanas, and his suit was splattered with red and dark liquids, mixtures of gunpowder, gasoline and blood.
“Spidey, it’s not as bad as it looks.”

Peter ignored the way his voice broke. “You better start explaining, because it looks pretty fucking bad from here, Wade,” he spoke through gritted teeth and with clenched fists.

“They were—They were looking for you. They were gonna use me as bait. Again. Only this time they had orders to kill you on sight and I—”

“And you thought you’d just kill them instead!?” Peter fought the urge to punch the mercenary in the face. He’d been doing so good and now it was all back to normal. This was exactly what he hated about Deadpool. This was exactly what he would always hate about Deadpool.

“They were gonna hurt you! I couldn’t just fucking let them!” He argued. “I don’t care what you think about me, they would’ve killed you and it’s my fucking fault that you’re alive. And if making sure you’re okay means causing you to hate me, I’m alright with that.”

Peter tried not to think about how twistedly sweet that was. “You killed—Wade, you’ve been doing so well and you just went and fucked it all up!” He ran a hand through his hair. “How could you even—I thought you were actually getting better! I was even starting to—To…” He didn’t know how to say it, so instead he figured he’d let the silence speak for itself.

Wade clenched his fists and gritted his teeth. “You’re fucking kidding right!?” He erupted. “I did that to save you!”

“I can save myse—“

“No you fucking can’t! Your stupid no-murder policy’s got you and hundreds of other people hurt! And I wasn’t gonna let that happen again!”

“Why the hell not?” Peter yelled.

“Because I love you, you fucking asshat!”

Peter froze. His mind seemed to stop thinking and his heart stopped beating. He’d known about the crush, he’d known about the flirting. But love? That was completely different. “You what?”

“I love you,” Wade’s voice was nearly a whisper. “I don’t know the details or the terms but I…I know I wanna hold your stupid hand and kiss your idiot face and—and” he stuttered, gesturing wildly as though it’d help him get his point across. “And I wanna move into your apartment and set off the smoke alarm while trying to cook for you and I wanna crawl into bed next to you after a tough day and watch Star Trek with your nerdy ass for hours on end and… And yeah, I love you.”

Was he supposed to laugh? Cry? Kiss him? The last one seemed the most doable, but it was also the most risky. If Peter kissed him now, he was pretty sure he wouldn’t be able to stop.
“This long, awkward silence can only be a good thing,” Wade commented.

Peter figured he probably had to say something. “You’re in love with me?”

“Seriously? I just went to the trouble of spitting a big dramatic confession and you have to ask?” He scoffed. “Thought you were supposed to be, like, a genius.”

“You’re in love with me?” Peter really wanted to stop repeating the question, but he was pretty sure he couldn’t survive much longer without at least a bit of an explanation.

“Nope.” Wade gestured and turned around to walk away. “Nope. I was just kidding. Man, you should’a seen your face. I mean, I’d have liked to see it too, but—“

“This isn’t a joke?” It was stupid question. Wade was good at jokes, but this wasn’t the kind of thing he liked to make fun of.

“I’m starting to wish it was,” the mercenary admitted.

“Why?”

Wade shrugged and looked down at his feet. “Well first of all, you’re not taking it very well and I’m starting to think—“

“No,” Peter stopped him. “Why are you in love with me? I’m just… I’m me, you know?”

The mercenary laughed. “You’re shitting me,” he said. “Just you? You’re… You know, I’m not even having this conversation. See you, Spidey.” He shot a grappling hook through the window and was about to get the hell out of there when a loud boom shook the walls.

Twenty heavily armed men burst through the doors, all dressed in black and with the same alien-looking weapons as the ones from before. “Get down or we shoot!” One of them yelled.

Peter got ready to web them to the walls when a sharp pain shot through his chest. The pain increased exponentially for what felt like hours before Peter couldn’t keep awake. His eyelids got heavy and his muscles got weak and everything started going black.

***

He awoke to the sound of someone yelling. It took a few seconds for his sight to return, but he could tell the voice next to him was Wade’s. “Let him go or I swear I’ll rip out your prostate and feed it to your mother!” He was speaking through gritted teeth, and sounded disturbingly serious about his threat.

“Where…?” Peter mumbled, though he trailed off when his sight came back and he saw the twenty-something officers in surrounding him. It seemed him and Wade were tied to two wooden chairs in the middle of the warehouse, probably taken hostage for some greater purpose.

“Spidey?” The mercenary’s voice was soft and low. “I’mma get us outta here, okay? Just give a second to let this asshole know how I’m gonna remove his dick with a butterknife—“

“Shut the fuck up!” One of the guards shouted, his words coated in a thick Russian accent. He was wearing dark green rather than black, and Peter assumed he was some kind of general. “We’re taking the Spider,” he continued. “The nuisance can stay.”

“Nuisance?” Wade scoffed. “I’m at least a pain in the ass!”

The general rolled his eyes and nodded at the soldiers behind Peter and Wade. “Take off the masks,” he commanded.
Peter’s spider-sense was going crazy, and his mind was racing for a way to stop these idiots from seeing his face. His hands were tied, he couldn’t move (and even if he could, he was far too sore to fight) and his web shooters had been taken off.

Before he could think of anything, the fabric covering his face was gone, and the cold air smashed against his skin.

He didn’t want to look at Wade. He knew he was looking at him though, all awestruck and numb with surprise.

“…Peter?” He asked, voice almost a whisper.

Peter swallowed all his fear and let his eyes meet Wade’s. He looked… Scared? His face was red from the leftover anger and his eyebrows were furrowed with confusion, but his eyes were bright and hopeful and—

“That your name? Peter?” A soldier hit Peter over the head with his gun.

“He’s Peter,” Wade instructed. “Not that the fucker will live to pass it on.”

Peter shook his head, an idea forming in the back of his mind. “I’d get out now,” he warned, slowly moving his hand to press a button on the wrist of his suit. He struggled to push it down, but succeeded after shifting under the ropes. It gave off a loud click, and Peter smirked.

The guards started looking around, well aware that they were about to get seriously injured. “What’s that mean!?” The general yelled. “What’s it mean!?”

He pushed a pistol against Peter’s forehead, finger twitching above the trigger. “I’ll shoot!”

He didn’t have the time, though, before four heavily armed, red and gold suits crashed through the windows. “I’m giving you a ten second head start,” Tony’s voice echoed throughout the room. “One… Two… Ten.”

The suits started firing simultaneously, knocking out half of the soldiers within a second. Peter smirked at the confusion on Wade’s face as he watched the men drop, unconscious, onto the floor.

It didn’t take much more than ten seconds before they were all knocked out, and three of the suits left the way they’d come. The fourth landed in front of Peter, untying the ropes around his hands and feet.

“Thanks, Mr. Stark,” Peter smiled and picked his mask from the soldier’s hand.

“No problem, kid,” the suit replied. Tony himself was somewhere in the Bahamas, but kept the Cradle protocol on at all times. It was meant as a safety measure in case Peter got caught in the middle of a fight he couldn’t win. He was in his twenties now, but Tony had insisted and Peter figured it’d be pointless to say no to a little help every now and then. No matter how embarrassing the names of Tony’s protocols were.

The head of the suit turned to look a Wade before it fired a concussive blast at his chair, knocking him over. “Don’t spend too much time with him,” Tony’s voice echoed through the room. “Guy’s a bad influence.”

Peter scoffed.

"Should I wipe his memory?" The suit asked.
It was tempting. Peter had done some embracing stuff as himself, and it was nice to be idolised as Spider-Man. And yet, there was something relieving about Deadpool knowing who he was, like a heavy weight lifted off his shoulders.

"No," Peter sighed. "No, don't."

The suit managed to shrug -- a feature Peter was sure Tony had included in the design for this very reason. "Be careful, Peter." His voice was grave, as though he was warning of severe consequences.

And with that, the last suit followed the others out the window.

Peter fell back into the chair with a deep breath. The Cradle protocol had saved his life countless times, and preserved his identity from thousands of bad guys (the blasts wiped the memory of everyone unfortunate enough to be hit by them -- a feature Peter had been eternally grateful for).

He was reminded of Wade’s presence when he coughed loudly. He was still tied to the chair, and had face-planted on the floor.

“Shit, I’m so sorry,” Peter rushed up and untied the mercenary, laughing quietly at his awkward position.

Wade stood up and brushed off his suit. He didn’t say anything, only studied Peter’s features like it was the first time he saw them.

“Wade…” Peter started, though he realized he wasn’t sure what to say. He ended up going with “I’m sorry” though Wade didn’t seem to be listening. He let him stare for a while longer, feeling as though he at least owed the guy some closure.

He wondered if their friendship would be over. If Wade would be upset he’d stop talking to him. It kind of made sense — he’d been involved with both Spidey and Peter in a more-than-friends kind of way. Peter figured he’d be mad as well.

He didn’t like the thought, though. As much as he hated to admit it, he’d become very fond of Wade’s company. Thinking it over, he realized he wasn’t sure what he’d do without the dirty jokes and comments about his ass.

“Please don’t be mad.” He didn’t like the way his voice sounded, three octaves higher than usual and as though he was on the verge of tears. “You gotta understand, I had to protect my—“

“You’re kidding, right?” The corners of Wade’s mouth curled into a smile. “This is the best day of my life!” He grinned and pulled Peter in for a hug. The brunette hugged him back, somewhat hesitantly.

“What?” He asked, once Wade pulled away.

“I was hoping it’d be you!” The mercenary said. “I owe myself ten dollars.” It was hard not to be infected by the way he grinned, and Peter found himself unable to stop smiling.


“Technically—“

Before Peter could respond, Wade had taken his hand and was leading him outside. Peter laughed and let the mercenary pull him all the way to Ethel’s cafe.

***

The old woman smiled at them and started making their tea. Wade pulled out a chair for Peter, before sitting down himself. His rested his head on both his hands, eyes focused intently on Peter’s mask. “You should take it off,” he commented.

“Don’t want people to see my face while I’m in costume,” Peter explained, pulling his mask up far enough to take a long sip of the bubble tea.

“Take off the costume, then.”

The brunette almost choked on his drink, and started coughing violently. Wade laughed, though he hit Peter between the shoulder blades to keep him from choking.

“I’ve got a change of clothes at my place,” Deadpool said, once Peter had stopped nearly dying. “And I think they’re showing all the Indiana Jones movies on Sy-Fy.”

Peter nodded slowly, still recovering from Wade’s dumbass comment. “Sounds good.”

Once they finished their tea, Peter swung them back to Wade’s apartment. The mercenary picked out an outfit for him — pink Hello Kitty sweatpants and a sweatshirt with the word ‘nerd’ written in large, capital letters until a pair of cartoon glasses. Peter reveled in being able to take off his mask and relax around another superhero. Because that’s what Wade was, a superhero. A shitty one maybe, but still.

“You know that thing you tried the other day? On top of the bridge?” The mercenary asked slowly, about halfway through Temple of Doom.

Peter remembered. He wasn’t sure why he’d done it — kissed Wade — but he definitely didn’t regret it. He’d been warm and soft and— “Yeah?” He interrupted his own thoughts.

“Would you…” He cleared his throat. “Would you wanna try it again?”

Yes. Peter inhaled sharply and nodded, allowing Wade to take off his own mask before he leaned in and pressed their lips together. Wade leaned into it, hands placed lightly on Peter’s hips. It wasn’t short or fleeting like the time on the tower or by the Hudson. Instead, Peter slid his hand onto the mercenary’s neck and softly pulled him backwards onto the couch. Wade smiled into the kiss and Peter reciprocated, running his hand down Deadpool’s back.

It felt safe. That weird warm feeling in Peter’s stomach was flaring and his heart was threatening to beat right out of his chest. But he was safe.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! If you have any comment or questions, my tumblr’s comicc-relief :)
Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!