Summary

After Aunt May is killed and Peter kidnapped, his world changes forever. Peter is rare, a male Omega. He is an outcast in a world he never fit into and now, one he has now reason to go back to. Wade is dangerous, an enforcer and mercenary in a society that functions underneath the radar. Fated pairs are supposed to be fairy tales and they should have never met. But now that they have, they can never let go.

Notes

HELLO! So here's the deal friends, I haven't written in a very long minute. Life is crazy. However, I feel the itch again and its calling for Spideypool! This story will be an AU with no Spider-man and no Deadpool. It's in a very early stage but think of it as a mafia/secret assassin-mercenary society AU. Think John Wick. Any-who, I am talking a touch OOC Peter because, I want me some submissive Omega Peter. He will still be fiery and smart though! Plus, he won't have the moral compass of a saint. Wade will be dark, but nothing crazy. The man is pretty dark as it is.

BUT, I want to write this before I start posting because when I start posting without having it totally done, the time between updates can get crazy and I don't like it. Next semester is gonna be insane so I am gonna try to bang this out but I need to know what the interest in the
story is!

So, read, and LEMME KNOW! <3 (Also this shit it un-beta'd and I am not a grammar queen so, be aware)

Enjoy!
Peter woke up with a pained gasp, his ribs protesting with the effort. They ached, screaming out as Peter tried to shift himself, only managing to roll over onto his stomach.

The chalky musk of dirt wafted through his nose, making his mind clear just enough for fear to stab its way through him. Where was he?

Where was Aunt May?

Aunt May.

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Three loud bangs woke Peter up and he could feel the wrongness in the air like poison. It wasn’t unusual to hear gunshots in New York City, and they didn’t live in the safest part of Queens. But these shots had come from inside the building, not far from their apartment door.

A shot of panic flared inside of Peter as he sat up but before he could do much else, his door swung open and Peter could just make out Aunt May as she ran across his room.

“Peter,” her voice shook, her breath coming fast, “get under the bed, now.”

“May what’s going on?” Peter said but she shushed him, her hands pulling him off the edge and pushing him to the ground.

“Don’t ask questions, just hurry.” She whispered, forcing his head down and pushing his shoulders until he slid under the base board.

Peter tried pushing back, confusion settling into fear when their front door crashed open. He looked up at May, catching the shadows as they bounced off her face, eyes wide and terrified.

“Peter, I’m so sorry.” Her voice was wet, and Peter tried grabbing her arms so he could drag her under the bed with him, but she wrenched away.

“I love you.” May stood up and Peter went to pull himself back out when another gunshot rang out, the sickening wet thump of a bullet striking flesh following on its tail.

May screamed, knees buckling and body colliding with the carpet. Peter’s breath rushed out of him as everything slowed.

May’s head lolled to the side, her hair falling over her face and her chest rising shallowly. The light from Peter’s window glinted off the wetness that ran down May’s chest and neck.

Tears ran down Peter’s cheeks as May’s visible eye opened and her lips stretched into what looked like a smile.

“Love you.” She mouthed, the image of her locking in Peter’s mind like a shutter going off. Peter didn’t notice the two pairs of boots shuffling around the bed, didn’t hear their breathing, or the
sound of their guns cocking.

Peter watched as the light slowly faded from May’s eyes, her chest shuddering to a stillness that didn’t recover.

Peter did the only thing he could do in that moment, he screamed, just as two hands gripped his ankles and pulled. The last thing he saw before everything went black was May’s small, and last smile.

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Sobs wrecked Peter’s body, one after another until it felt like his lungs were on fire and his throat was raw. He’d been screaming, writhing on the dirt floor for what seemed like hours.

Unabashed, piercing guilt twisted inside him, like the pain from a brand. He hadn’t been able to save Uncle Ben, and he’d failed May now too.

Images of her smiling, laughing, bantering with Peter over everything and nothing swam over his eyes and they scrunched up, simultaneously trying to get away from the memories but clinging onto them like a lifeline.

The pain was so familiar, grief and loss like a thundercloud over his head. Except this time, he didn’t have Aunt May to hold the umbrella above them. Instead, he had a cold and dirty ground under him, the soil turning to mud as it absorbed his tears.

Peter didn’t know how long he stayed like that, didn’t know when he realized his ankle was shackled to the ground with a heavy metal cuff.

His brain dimly understood that he was in a shed, little spots of sunlight glinting through small holes in the metal walls.

It was early fall in New York, so it wasn’t hot, though Peter didn’t have any idea if he was still in New York or not.

Not that any of that mattered anymore. When his tear ducts were physically incapable of producing anything else, Peter simply closed his eyes and let his thoughts swirl, playing out the events in his mind.

Those gunshots were loud, his neighbors would have called the police and they would walk in, find May’s body, and discover that he was missing.

NYPD would investigate but that gave Peter little hope. Countless homicides happened in New York every day. Peter and May were, for lack of a better word, nobodies. Other than May’s coworkers, no one knew or really cared about them.

They were each other’s only family and they had no friends. Peter was an outcast at school, bullied because of his sex. Being a male omega was supposed to be special, rare, or so May and Ben had told him when he presented.

His tormentors never saw it that way. He had just turned 18, his senior year coming up and freedom on the horizon. But now, he was literally chained to the ground, trapped in a metal box god knows where.

Other than Peter’s high school bullies, he and May had no real enemies, definitely not the type that would want to kill them. So, odds are it was random, a robbery gone bad. The people who took him
had been shooting even before they got to their apartment, so maybe they weren’t the only ones that got attacked that night. That got lives taken from them.

Either way, that would make finding May’s killers nearly impossible for the police, who were already inundated with cases which were less likely to go cold.

So, Peter laid there and let reality sink in. His brain, a gift May used to call it, let the probabilities run through his head. His being smart had once been his key out of the prison that was high school, a tool he would use to get him and May out of near poverty. Now, it was like a gun pointing to his skull, flaying the options open like a book so he could peer in and let the nightmare overtake him.

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Peter fell asleep two more times, dreaming of his aunt and uncle both times, before someone came in. The door, which was apparently by his feet, pushed open, the rusty metal clanging as it did.

A person’s silhouette lit up and Peter covered his eyes against the brightness of the sunlight. He inhaled deeply, trying to get any barrings he had left. No discernible scent wafted towards him which meant he was dealing with a Beta. Peter nearly sagged with relief. He couldn’t deal with an Alpha right now.

“H-Hello?” A female voice, quiet and shaky, asked. Peter had managed to wiggle onto his back at some point but sitting up might be too much for his ribs, which he suspected were sprained.

He groaned, desperate to find out where he was and what was happening, but his voice was ragged, his throat dry.

“I-I have water for you.” She whispered, like she was afraid of someone else hearing. She shuffled over to him, falling to her knees by his side.

Peter’s eyes might have adjusted to what little light he had, but he still couldn’t see so all he could make out was a darkened figure with medium length hair.

The Beta slipped a cold and clammy hand to hold the back of Peter’s neck, gently lifting it and bringing the edge of a plastic water bottle to his mouth.

Peter gulped greedily, the liquid coating the back of his throat like a waterfall. The girl gave him as much as she had, and Peter was grateful.

He swallowed a few times, his voice still scratchy when he asked, “Where am I? Why am I here?” The girl visibly tensed at that, standing to her feet and shuffling back toward the door.

“Please,” Peter rasped out and the Beta stopped.

“I h-heard they were going to sell you. That’s all I know.” She sounded apologetic.

“Whose ‘them?’” Peter tried to ignore the sharp pang of anxiety that the word ‘sell’ carried with it. The girl opened the door and the last thing Peter saw was her shaking her head as she all but ran from the shed.

Dread filled him to the brim, tangling in his grief and fear to make his emotions a toxic mess that Peter could nearly choke on.

Peter didn’t have anyone in the world anymore. No one to go back to, no one who would be missing him or looking for him. The feeling of being alone like a pit inside him, expanding outward until he
was hyperventilating.

He stayed like that, air pushing and punching out of him until his head went fuzzy and unconsciousness took him away once again.

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Peter was woken up by hard hands manhandling him, the pungent scent of Alpha burning his nose like smoke. This was wrong.

Alphas didn’t hurt Omegas, it was in their DNA to protect them, provide for them. To hurt them went against everything they were, unless they were twisted in some way.

Most of Peter’s bullies were Betas, but the ones who were Alphas had this wild look in their eyes, something unhinged and damaged.

A broken Alpha could hurt an Omega, might even take pleasure in it. Though this Alpha wasn’t beating him, in fact, the man’s hands roamed his body almost clinically, if a bit roughly.

Peter’s hands were handcuffed in front of him, his ankle cuff released before his body was hefted up and throw over the man’s shoulder. He cried out as his ribs shifted painfully but the Alpha seemed nonplused which was unnerving in itself.

Peter’s Omega was hidden in the depths of himself, receding back from this Alpha like a frightened animal.

His fangs elongated in his gums, a response to a threat despite their size. Omega fangs weren’t large enough to do much damage, and Peter knew that if he tried, he’d only piss this Alpha off. His body was skinny as it was, and with it bruised and damaged, he wouldn’t last five seconds in a fight.

Still, he tried to struggle uselessly against the man who craned the shed door opened and strode through.

It was nighttime, but Peter did his best to look up at his surroundings, anything to help. Trees, they were completely surrounded by large trees.

They couldn’t be in the city. Trees this tall and dense meant forest. The black feeling that had been eating at Peter only grew in size.

Peter was tired, in pain, and broken. But he was a fighter, had always been resilient to the darkness that life threw his way. Now, he couldn’t summon up any of that, the memory of his aunt haunting him every step that the Alpha took.

Why fight? What kind of life would he be fighting for? An empty apartment he wouldn’t be able to afford, visits to four graves, and constant harassment at a school he didn’t want to go to?

Peter whimpered as his body was set down in the back of a van, the door slammed shut and the engine roaring to life.

He closed his eyes and the vehicle pulled away, his eyes squeezing shut and his ears buzzing with the sound of the tires rolling over gravel and pavement.

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May would be disappointed in him. It was that thought that lit something inside of Peter, something
that had died when she did.

He’d given up. And that wasn’t how Ben or May had raised him. The shame of that fact had washed through Peter the entire way to whatever destination they were heading to.

And now, with Peter on his knees, blindfold over his eyes, and the scents of several people surrounding him, he was determined to go down fighting.

“A male Omega? You’re bargaining with a male Omega?” A female voice asked, amused. Peter grit his teeth together. So that’s why they hadn’t killed him, though he shouldn’t be surprised.

Male Omegas were rare, evolution weeding them out long ago before modern medicine. Turns out, having a reproduction system that required physical modifications to the body for pregnancy meant a lot of deaths during childbirth.

Peter had been one of two at his high school. So, he should have expected that criminals would use him as a bargaining chip. He let the anger from that nestle in his chest, his Omega curling aggressively like a spider.

“We just want your people out of our territory-“

A growl shut the man up. “Our territory.” The woman’s voice was light, teasing despite her seriousness. “You’ve been reckless with the drug running, drawing attention to us and it’s becoming a problem. We aren’t willing to turn a blind eye to this, regardless of what you offer.”

“Now-“

“Honey~ I’m home.” A voice, far too deep for what it was trying to achieve, sing-sunged. Peter inhaled a heady scent, something that reached back and stroked his Omega.

A foreign and unwelcome hand came down on Peter’s neck, over his scent gland, and something inside him finally snapped. He turned his head and clamped down on the hand, fangs sinking into the flesh and ripping as Peter twisted his body, trying to do as much damage as possible.

The man grunted, a fist slamming into the side of Peter’s head, knocking the blindfold off as the Omega crashed to the ground. But he didn’t stop.

Now that he could see, he willed his body, as tired and broken as it was, to fight. Everything inside him unfurled, the anger and hurt, the pain and loss, snaked out and with golden eyes burning, Peter attacked.

He didn’t have strength on his side, but he was fast and small. Peter curled away from the hands that tried to subdue him, jumping up and using his cuffed hands to tackle the man who had touched him.

Peter bit into the man’s neck, ignoring the urge to gag at the taste of metallic blood. He was an Alpha, but the scent had that sour edge that made him queasy.

So, Peter ground his fangs down again, wrangling his body so the skin tore, and the man screamed. Suddenly, hands were on him pulling him back viciously.

Gunshots punched through the air, the sound throwing Peter back in time, remembering what had happened. His body lashed out at anything and everything, panic pouring through his own scent.

A different hand grabbed the back of his neck and this time, everything inside of Peter went boneless, electricity zinging through the skin to skin contact. His Omega reacted like an explosion,
something Peter had no idea how to interpret.

The hand squeezed gently, sliding down Peter’s back to wrap around his waist and pull him back, twisting his body so it was flush with another’s chest.

Peter gasped, air pulling in through his nose and shivers shooting down every pore. He looked up, golden eyes meeting another pair that were blazing red.

Peter didn’t notice the scarred skin or even the gun that the Alpha wielded, raised at the others in the room. His mouth was open, panting, little fangs poking out just enough to be seen.

The Alpha grinned then, flashing his much larger fangs and Peter whimpered.

“Oh, baby boy.” The Alpha purred, and Peter’s Omega preened.

The woman who’d been speaking earlier chuckled. “Well, shit. Looks like we’re keeping him.”
Chapter Notes

Okay guys so here's the deal. You all made me want to write the story so writing it I am! But it's taking a while. The holidays really threw me for a loop so I haven't gotten as much written as I wanted. BUT, I know WIPs are frustrating and the people that follow them are stronger people than me, and they give me strength. So, I am releasing chapter 2 for now. I don't know when the next chapter will be out but if all goes well, I will write like mad and be able to comfortably post asap. So, be patient please!

As always, I am a plot whore and its getting out of hand so that isn't helping the writing process. But it will be worth it in the end. Anyway, onward!

P.S. Forgive any mistakes and please point them out!

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The details of Peter’s first heat were hazy, as they were for all first presenters. He remembered the pain, stumbling to the nurse’s office before collapsing in the hallway.

That was when his senses all but disappeared. It was like lucid dreaming of a blank world. Peter had been aware, alert, but consumed by a void like emptiness that throbbed with pain, replacing all else.

It had lasted three days and by the end of it, he had a set of fangs, golden eyes, and a life that would never be the same.

Peter had been ten, young, but male Omegas were rare so what was considered “typical” for them was up for debate. The doctors had met with Uncle Ben and Aunt May personally to go over what his presentation would mean for him.

Peter had stayed silent, arms wrapped around his newly oversensitive body and nose wrinkled against the onslaught of new scents. Over time, he got used to it and put his instincts on a shelf in the back of his mind, refusing to be influenced by them.

It hadn’t been one event in particular that triggered Peter’s aversion to his inner Omega, but a life of being the outcast. When everyone was making deep friendships, Peter was shunned.

99% of Omegas were female, and they made up only 10% of the population. Alphas were 20%, with Betas making up the other 70. That meant Peter belonged nowhere and to no one.

No group would accept him, and once the bullies got ahold of him, he was on his own. They used his Omega against him. The taunts went from teasing him over his child bearing ability to full on sexual harassment.
So, Peter pushed every single aspect of his nature back. He bared his neck to no one, learned to talk so his lips always covered his fangs, and took meds to mask his scent.

His awareness of Alphas dampened, his heat nothing more than a bi-annual chore. Even his pheromones had thinned to near non-existence.

His eyes never glowed unless he wanted them to. Peter had practiced over and over again, making sure he had complete control over the lit of his irises so not even the flash of Alpha red drew a response. Not that Peter had many Alphas looking his way, he was a misfit wannabe Beta. Purposefully unattractive and strange.

It had been a years long process, one he’d been proud of. It shattered in an instant the second the scarred Alpha touched him.

The world opened wide again, scents flooding Peter like he hadn’t spent most of his life trying to weaken their effect on him.

His Omega, which had been so Beta-like, only reacting under threat, reared forward of its own account. It basked in the red glow, shining gold and turning Peter’s world upside down.

The scent of the man in front of him was all consuming and Peter’s lungs expanded almost painfully, like they couldn’t get enough of it inside him.

It was earthy, like Alphas usually were, like morning soil and mountain air. But underneath it was the scent of something dark, musky and raw. It smelled \textit{wild}.

“You got something in your eye, little Omega, or are you just happy to see me?” The Alpha’s voice snapped Peter back to himself, making him realize what he was doing.

His eyes were gold, against his will; his own scent pungent in his nose where before, it had been nearly stale like a Betas. His body was pressed against the man who was a solid wall of muscle.

The Alpha was tall, a good foot taller then Peter and three times his size. It was…overwhelming. Peter bristled against the other, unnerved by how uncontrollable his Omega was inside him, clawing to get out.

He tried pushing back but the arm around his waist curled. Peter braced his hands on the firm chest and urged his arms to flex himself away, but it was almost laughable how useless it was. The low chuckle at his attempt made his Omega swoon, but Peter just shook his head.

“Maybe you just have pink eye.” Peter flashed his fangs in a show of intimidation, hating how the Alpha’s laugh boomed around the room and traveled from his chest to Peter’s in a way that was not okay.

“Oh baby boy, you’re so cute when you’re cheeky.” The man said, fingers going to pinch Peter’s butt which made the Omega gasp, jump, and growl at the other. He sounded like an angry puppy and Peter really couldn’t take the emotional whiplash he was experiencing. He \textit{never} acted like this.

“If you two are done, I think it’s time we go.” The woman who’d been speaking earlier said and Peter turned in the Alpha’s arms to see her.

That’s when he noticed the bodies littering the floor. His blood went cold, his face paled, and his breath got stuck in his lungs.

“You call waste disposal?” The man said, pulling Peter tighter to him if that was possible but the
Omega was too busy staring at the literal gore that was before him to respond.

“Texted them just now, but you know, Carlos won’t be happy about this Wade.”

“Ah well, Bea and Arthur have been feeling a little lonely. They need some lovin’.”

“Not if the Chairs have anything to say about it. The cartel knows too much about us already, if they want to start more problems, things aren’t going to end well.”

“Chairs Shmairs, things will be fine. Besides, they put their dirty paws on baby boy, can’t let that go.”

Peter was oblivious to their ramblings. Cartel. She had just said cartel. Peter dragged his eyes from the bodies to look back at the Alpha. He saw him this time, really saw him.

The man was covered in scars, the flesh raised and morphed to look utterly unnatural. Whatever happened to him should have killed him, the fact that it didn’t lived in his eyes which were jet black, depthless.

The skin didn’t bother Peter, not in the least, and he ignored the inner thought he had about wanting to feel it. The look in the Alpha’s eyes was unnerving though, and Peter willed himself to feel fear, anger, disgust, anything to match the situation.

The man, Wade, the woman had called him Wade, had just murdered a whole group of people. Sure, they were people who had kidnapped him and killed his aunt but, he just killed them. Like they were nothing.

But when the Alpha returned his look, all Peter felt was comfort, which was fucking ridiculous. Wade smiled down at him, fingers pressing into Peter’s side and the Omega whimpered in pain, the throb of his ribs reawakening now that things had calmed down. It hurt to breathe but direct contact was much worse.

Wade’s smile dropped, and his eyes darkened. Peter was struck by the scent of anger that permeated the air, the expression on the Alpha changing into something altogether sinister.

“They hurt you baby boy?” Even his tone had changed, dropping low and the bass of it made Peter shiver with something that was decidedly not fear, but absolutely should have been.

“Wade, we need to go. Weasel sent a van, we’ll take care of him.”

A low growl rumbled in Wade’s chest, his other hand putting his gun back in its holster behind him. It came back to soothe down Peter’s spine, ghosting over the Omegas ass before lifting back off.

Peter should fight, try to run, but he was exhausted. His ribs were throbbing, eyes drooping, and Omega inexplicably calmed by the Alpha’s presence.

He didn’t know where he was, and he was surrounded by dead bodies. So, he didn’t judge himself to harshly when he let Wade guide him out, even letting his Omega surface just a tiny bit more and enjoy the feeling of that big hand on his back.

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“W-Who are you guys?” Peter asked, his voice quiet. It was the first time he spoken since they’d gotten to the house. Though ‘house’ was probably the wrong word.
They were in a mansion, having pulled up after a few hours of driving, though it could have been longer. Peter had been nestled against Wade’s side in the back seat of the van and sleep, real sleep, took him before he knew what was going on.

His brain shut up, or maybe it was still trying to catch up with the insanity that his life had turned into. Either way, with the combination of Wade’s scent and hand that held him, Peter had gotten some rest.

They’d driven up and Peter looked around desperately as Wade led him in, the Omega trying to ignore how big the Alpha felt next to him.

The mansion was in the middle of a dense forest which made it look all the more out of place. It looked every bit like a castle, several stories of hulking brick with a huge green field surrounding the area and a rounded driveway that extended back out to whatever public road they got off on.

Peter had never really been out of NYC, his aunt and uncle never having the money for much more than a trip to Staten Island. So, to say he was out of his element right now was an understatement.

The sign that had hung above the double door entrance way had only confused Peter more: *Sister Margaret’s School for Wayward Children."

“Wrong building, wrong movie, I know.” Wade shrugged as they walked in, which…what? The Alpha had set him down on a cushioned chair which helped his ribs stay aligned.

“Down worry, you’re a gifted youngster in my eyes.” Wade winked at him. “Be right back.” The Alpha turned and stalked away from Peter, leaving him to gaze at the man’s back.

The woman they’d been with had sat down across from him, elbow perched on the arm rest and hand cupping her jaw.

She smiled gently at him and Peter didn’t know what to make of her. Her hair was eerily like May’s, long and curled just so, except hers was much darker. A streak of platinum blonde flashed through, highlighting the tips. Consider ing how she handled the people who’d kidnapped him, he would have thought she was an Alpha but no, nothing but stale air met his nose.

“Name’s Vanessa.” Was all she said, eyes assessing even if they were trying to be casual. That’s when Peter blurted the one thing he wanted to know.

“Who are we?” She asked, apparently finding it funny, “Well, that depends on what the Big Wigs tell Wade. Now,” she leaned forward slightly, “my turn. What happened to you? Why did those guys have you?”

Vanessa smiled encouragingly but she couldn’t hide the sharpness of curiosity that gleamed in her eyes. But Peter wasn’t about to give in. The situation was helping keep the pain of grief at bay, but he needed to stay on his toes.

Wade and Vanessa weren’t bad, Peter’s Omega would have known instantly if they were, but they weren’t good either, whatever that meant. Regardless of Peter’s reaction to Wade, and even his strange discomfort being away from the man, he wasn’t about to blindly trust them.

“I’m not saying anything until you do.” Vanessa grinned a bit at that, but Peter just crossed his arms, ignoring the gab of pain in his side that followed.

“You could just let me go?” Peter offered, forcing down the slight shake in his voice. Maybe it was a
stupid thing to say, but he’d never exactly dealt with criminal types.

Vanessa’s smile dropped, and she was either a great actress or she actually felt bad for him. “No can do,” she shook her head sadly, “I doubt their gonna just let you go. You’ve seen…too much. And even if they did, I don’t think Wade would allow it either.”

“What is that supposed to mean? Why wouldn’t he-“

“You’re home!” A girl all but threw herself on top of Vanessa who had fallen into a toothy smile, genuine happiness pouring from her scent.

The girl was lanky, naturally curly hair pulled up into a messy bun at the back of her head. She smelled of strawberries and grass, definitely Omega.

“Hey Michelle, I’m back.” Vanessa pulled the other female so she straddled her legs, running her nose along the other’s jaw.

Peter averted his eyes, a light blush ghosting his cheeks. Despite his own secret romantic inclinations, he didn’t actually have much experience with it, and by much be meant zero. Seeing it so blatantly on display wasn’t something he was used to.

Peter ignored the little whisper inside himself that always came up when he saw couples. His own desire for a bond wasn’t something he wanted to think about, certainly not right now.

“M, this is…” Vanessa gestured to Peter and Michelle turned, clearly unaware that they had an audience. Her eyes widened, and she blushed, quickly shuffling out of her partner’s lap and onto the seat next to her.

“Uh, hi.” Michelle visibly changed, shoulders slouching in a way that was a little forced, her expression going from elated and affectionate to bored and uncaring. The difference was so drastic, Peter didn’t quite know what to do.

He nodded at her once, not offering anything else because he was still embarrassed over his own reaction, and because he wasn’t exactly a guest here.

“Well well well, what did I miss?” Peter jumped out of his seat, not hearing Wade come in. the Alpha was leaning against the wall, arms and legs crossed, as if he’d been there a while and only now decided to speak up. Peter hadn’t noticed earlier but the man was wearing dark jeans and a black hoodie that clung to his body in a way that made the Omega swallow unconsciously.

Wade was watching him, eyes intense. They didn’t move even as he spoke, “Our little cutie gets to stay.”

That took a second for Peter to understand. “…What?”

“That was fast, the Chairs cool with it?” Vanessa asked, and Michelle look mildly interested.

Wade nodded slowly, pushing off from the wall and approaching Peter slowly, like he was some wounded animal, which wasn’t that far off to be honest.

“Now, lets get a look at those ribs baby boy.”

“My name is Peter.” He shot back, the nickname making him feel something he didn’t want to feel. Maybe that had been a stupid decision, Peter hadn’t exactly read “Being Kidnapped for Dummies” but he was pretty sure giving them his name made him an A grade idiot.
Wade grinned again, fangs on display, and Peter looked away, frustrated with his own inability to control his emotions.

“I’m not staying here. Let me go home. I don’t know who you are, what you’ve done, or why I’m here.” Peter felt his stomach tighten when he mentioned home. The thought of going back to that apartment, now empty, made dread fill him again.

No, maybe he wouldn’t go home. Maybe being homeless would be better. There were all sorts of ways to get money in New York. Peter could do it.

“Not a choice Petey.” Wade stepped over to him, kneeling down in front to him and hands slowly coming toward his chest.

“We’ll let your family know you’re okay but you’re staying right here.” At the mention of a family, Peter snapped again, hand lashing out to strike Wade’s fingers away.

His eyes were wet, but he’d be damned if he cried in front of these people, his new captors. Peter put his hands on the arm rests, pushing himself up even as his ribs protested.

The pain was shocking, no adrenaline to lighten the sting, and whimpers tumbled from his mouth despite his attempts to seal his lips shut.

It was tangible, tinting the air with bitterness and Wade’s eyes flashed red. “No.” The man put just enough Alpha into the word to give it bite.

Peter froze, eyes flashing gold and body unable to disobey. “You’re hurting yourself baby boy, sit down.” Peter sat, hating himself, hating the Omega inside of himself that was not just helpless to obey, but happy to. It hadn’t even been a full command. What was happening to him?

Everything had been taken from him in an instant, including his freedom. That had been one thing, and on its own, maybe Peter could have done it. At least he’d have his dignity left.

But he couldn’t take this. This attraction he felt for a man he didn’t know, lighting up everything about himself he’d fought back for years.

They were being kind to him, gentle yet with no intention of letting him go. It was all the crueler. Like petting a dog while you hooked a chain to his collar, nailing it into the ground.

“Promise me you won’t hurt me.” It was pathetic, his voice broken and upset. But he was only eighteen and he was so tired, hurting from the inside out and even if it was a lie, Peter needed something.

Something that didn’t make him feel as destroyed as he did. So, while Peter realized that words meant nothing, especially coming from criminals, when Wade looked at him in the eye and said “Never,” Peter let himself believe it. For now.

Chapter End Notes

I hope that answered some questions, albeit led to more. I will be back as soon as I can! <3 Thank everyone for their awesome comments and all the kudos. You make my heart happy. Happy New Year!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I'm not too far ahead but I'm just too excited for this story to wait. So, I'm just going to upload at will and hope I can keep up! So here goes nothing!

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter was filthy. Dried mud and dust clung to his clothes and skin like it was a part of them. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips bloody from being so chapped. It shouldn’t have surprised him, considering everything. He had slept on a dirt floor after all.

But standing in the bathroom now, staring at his haggard appearance, he was hit, yet again, with exactly what happened to him.

Peter wondered when the constant reminders of his aunt’s murder and his abduction would end. Probably not anytime soon, seeing as he was still being held against his will. An upgrade in accommodations didn’t change that fact.

Wade had shown him to a room on the first floor which effectively stopped Peter from snooping around. The mansion was too quiet, like it was empty, and he didn’t like it. Plus, he needed to find a way out asap.

The Alpha had told him he’d be right back, and Peter found his way to the bathroom. He just wanted to sleep, give his brain and ribs a rest so he could figure out how to escape.

But he felt disgusting and the shower looked so inviting. So, Peter pulled at his shirt with the hand that didn’t cause his ribs to scream out in pain.

It took him a good few minutes, several positions, and no small amount of discomfort before he got the shirt off. He let it drop to the floor just as Wade walked in.

Peter stared at the Alpha through the mirror, watching as the man stopped in his tracks, gaze falling onto Peter’s before tracing downward and landing on his chest.

Peter followed the stare to assess the damage. The left side of his rib cage was a mess, the skin a mass of purple bruises that got worse in-between the bones. The flesh was swollen and puffy.

Bloody scrapes and lesser welts scattered the rest of his body and Peter wanted to wince just looking at them. He looked back up to Wade, startling when he saw the Alpha’s eyes shaded a deep red, lips curled back in a silent snarl.

Probably scenting Peter’s fear, Wade took a deep breath, visibly trying to calm down. “Not mad at you baby boy. You know who exactly did this to you? Anyone who wasn’t at the abandoned house?” There was a growl under the words.
Peter shook his head. “I woke up like this. I don’t even remember how I got them.” They must have thrown his body around after abducting him. His fingers glided over the abused flesh, hissing when he applied any pressure.

Wade walked forward to grab his hand. “Let me.” He said, grumbling something about torture under his breath. “Sorry Petey, should have made it worse for them.” Peter didn’t know what to say to that, so he stayed silent.

He lifted his arms awkwardly as Wade slipped his under them. He watched as the scarred hands felt the bones tentatively and when Peter started to grimace, the Alpha kicked up a low-level rumble in his chest.

It comforted Peter instantly and he wondered if that was an Alpha thing. He’d never gotten close enough for an Alpha to do much more than look at or bully him, so he didn’t know what went along with normal Alpha-Omega interactions.

Wade was gentle with the prodding, gaze fixated on what he was doing which gave Peter the opportunity to just look at him.

The scars were on both of his hands, and if Peter had to guess, they were probably on the rest of his body as well. Peter wondered what exactly happened to the Alpha to cause it, definitely nothing good.

They weren’t ugly though. In fact, Peter let his eyes trace over the pattern of skin, almost entranced by the uniqueness of it.

Unique. That was another thing May and Ben had told him he was. Peter used to think it was just an optimistic spin on being different, weird.

It looked good on Wade though. Peter was snapped from his thoughts when he realized the Alpha had stopped his examination and was instead, staring directly at Peter through their reflections.

“Hard to look at, I know. Believe it or not, I didn’t always used to look like a demonic avocado.” Wade’s tone was light, but Peter wasn’t a fool, he caught the slight pull of Wade’s lips, the twitch in his cheek, and the twinge of something close to shame in his scent.

Peter couldn’t help himself, shaking his head slowly. “I like them.” The admission was quiet, barely audible really. Peter didn’t like when people felt self-conscious, knowing very well what that was like.

He didn’t know why it bothered him so much that it was coming from Wade though. He reminded himself again that the Alpha was a stranger, one who was keeping him trapped, and who was apparently very comfortable with killing.

Wade chuckled, but there was no humor in the sound. “You’re too good Petey.” The man shook his head as he took another deep breath and ran a hand over his bald head.

“The ribs are bruised, not broken. They’ll hurt like a bitch for a few weeks and you’ll have to ice them regularly, but they’ll heal up soon. I got some ibuprofen and cold packs in the room. Use them before you go to bed. There’s bathroom shit in here and some clothes in the closet. You need anything, you call for me alright? I’ll be around. The house is safe, but don’t go exploring. No bloodshed on Order lands but if someone touches you, a bullet goes in their head. You got me baby boy?”

Peter was blushing by the time Wade stopped talking. The Alpha’s voice was lulling but Peter was
sure that was just his exhaustion talking. The talk of murder was less disturbing than it should have been, but he felt no real maliciousness coming from the man so Peter wasn’t afraid.

“How do you know? A-About the ribs?”

“Special forces will teach you shit. I’m not a doctor but I know my way around broken bones. Wash up and get some sleep Petey, we can talk more in the morning. Alright?”

Peter nodded, absorbing the information about Wade like a sponge.

“And you understand what I said about not leaving the bedroom?” Peter nodded again and the two stared at each other for several beats before Wade looked down at his pajama pants.

“You need help getting those off?”

“No,” Peter replied too fast and Wade grinned. He held up his hands in surrender and started backing away.

“You need help, I’ll be out there.” With that, Wade left. Peter sagged the second the door shut. Being around Wade was like having each of his nerves turn into a live wire. His body like an electrical circuit with Wade as a power source.

Peter knew he should be prioritizing escape, but he could at least get himself cleaned up. His cuts might very well get infected otherwise.

Getting his pants and underwear off was a job and a half, requiring him to wiggle his legs and shimmy them down because he couldn’t bend over.

The shower was a walk in, white and maroon tiles decorating the bottom and sides. Peter turned the knobs, adjusting the temperature until the two shower heads were pouring steamy hot water over his body.

He could have moaned it felt so good. The hot water burned his cuts but relaxed his muscles, so he endured the sting. He couldn’t scrub his body very well, but he did the best he could.

The whole process took far longer than it should have, his body having to mostly air-dry after he was done. The bathroom connected to the closet and Peter was able to find an overly large black night shirt to wear.

There was no way he could get underwear on, much less pants, so he didn’t try. The shirt was huge enough so that it didn’t matter, and Peter wasn’t in the mood to care about much right now.

Once his hair had mostly dried he slipped into the bedroom. Relief washed over him when he realized no one else was in the room, half expecting to find Wade.

The lights were off except a single lamp on the end table, illuminating a glass of water, several little pills, and an activating cold pack.

Peter took the pills, ignoring the cold pack in favor of the bed which looked like paradise. The second Peter was under the thick duvet, air gushing out of him as he went limp, his brain promptly asked what the hell was wrong with him?

It was true that he was exhausted, but he’d slept the entire way here. He was injured but he wasn’t in a position where he could afford to relax.
Though Peter had never actually built one for himself, Omegas liked to nest. This meant he was prone to seeking out comfort where he could find it.

With how nice the mansion was and how nonthreatening Wade and Vanessa had been, Peter had unknowingly let himself relax. For all he knew, Wade was using the strange atmosphere between them to throw Peter off guard.

He couldn’t let that trick him into feeling secure. He hated that the only reason he was even remotely okay with this was because, well, he didn’t have a life anymore.

A very big part of him didn’t want to go back to New York. He didn’t want to bury his aunt, deal with police officers, go to school only to be shoved into lockers, and there was the fact that he was eighteen now.

The foster care system didn’t apply to him anymore. He’d have to start working if he didn’t want to be homeless and while Peter could do it if he really needed to, had been raised to grit his teeth through hardships, it was a hard sell when he was currently laid up in a huge mansion and cozy bed.

The fact that no one here had tried to hurt him, bind him, or worse, was giving him a sense of comfort that he shouldn’t have.

Then there was Wade. Peter didn’t trust the man, but his Omega wanted to. He had little to no experience with Alphas, so he shouldn’t be surprised that his repressed self was wanting out.

Seeing the dead bodies had been disturbing but he’d be lying if he said he wasn’t relieved. The people who killed May were dead and he was still alive.

Shame bloomed in Peter’s gut. He could run. He had to try. He was grateful for how things had turned out, but he couldn’t trust them. He owed it to May to go back and deal with his life. Whether he wanted to or not didn’t matter.

So, Peter waited. The urge to sleep was strong but Peter kept himself awake with memories of his aunt. He needed to mourn her, maybe have a little picnic in the cemetery where his other family was buried.

Peter let these thoughts shuffle in and out of his mind. Someone had eventually opened the door, the scent giving away that it was Wade, before leaving soon after. He was probably checking to see if Peter was asleep.

He waited an uncomfortably long time, feeling jittery and nervous. Finally, when a good few hours had to have passed, Peter slid out of the bed.

He was about to make a run for it, underwear or not. So, bare footed, Peter walked to one of the windows, pulling aside the thick curtain and unlocking the window with a flick on his wrist. Leaving him alone had been a stupid idea. Did they really think he wouldn’t try and escape?

Still, Peter sighed in relief, and with the pace of a snail, he slowly pushed the panels open. He went to grab a chair that was sitting in the corner, using it as a step stool before planting his feet on the window seal.

First floor or not, jumping down felt like setting his ribs on fire, the pain licking up and inside of Peter as he collapsed to the ground.

He bit his lip, pushing his face into the grass and body tensing up in an attempt to keep quiet. Peter struggled to his feet, taking longer than he wanted to.
He was shaky, but he wasn’t going to stop now. So, with several deep and painful breaths, Peter started running. Every step was excruciating, his muscles requiring more oxygen so his lungs had to pump faster, and the pain only intensified.

Peter was small and skinny, his footsteps making little noise on the cushioned grass. When he finally reached the edge of the field, where the forest began, that was another story.

Peter slowed down to give his body a break, feet working to avoid twigs. The moon was out, but the thicket of trees was too dense to see clearly so the effort was pointless.

The trunks were tall, the branches reaching far, and they were well spread out. At least he wouldn’t run into anything. When he felt his heartbeat slowing, Peter picked his run back up.

Running off into the woods wasn’t the brightest idea, but he’d gone in the direction of the driveway so at least he knew he was going in the right direction.

If he veered a little to his left, he’d be able to see the dirt path so he wasn’t worried about getting lost. Peter was hoping he could find a main road, follow it to a store or gas station, and call the police for help.

Peter ran for what felt like ages, his huffs making more noise than his feet and an ache had settled in his chest. He figured it was the pain of his ribs and burning lungs, but it felt oddly deep and he started rubbing a palm against the area.

It had been early nighttime when his kidnappers had met up with Wade and Vanessa, but Peter had fallen asleep on the drive over and it could have been hours before they’d arrived at the mansion.

So, he had no real idea what time it was, and he wanted to get help before dawn, in case they came looking for Peter only to find him gone. If he was still on the move by then, they might be able to find him.

So he kept it up, legs pumping and sweat dripping down his skin. It was especially cool outside which was helping.

Finally, Peter saw a light peeking just over a hill and he pushed himself to go harder. The closer he got, the higher up the light appeared.

Undeterred, Peter ran, ignoring the harsh sound of his own breathing. He eventually got close enough to see the moonlight catch onto something and it stopped Peter dead in his tracks.

Of course they hadn’t locked the window. It wasn’t that they didn’t think Peter would run, it was that it didn’t matter. Because a few hundred feet in front of him was a fifteen-foot-tall cinder block wall.

And the light? It had been coming from a tower that sat atop the wall, right next to a rod iron gate that went just as high.

Peter fell to his knees, just as a beam coming from the tower lit up his form, and an alarm went off.

Chapter End Notes

o(≥▽≤o) I'm so freaking excited. I really hope everyone liked this chapter! Lemme know what you think and an eternal thank you for everyone enjoying the story, whether
you comment or not, I appreciate it.
The alarm screamed, coming from speakers that had to be hidden somewhere in the forest. Peter did
the normal thing to do, he panicked.

He stood up and bolted for the gate. The intricate designs that covered it were made of metal,
allowing for small gaps that Peter stuck his fingers and toes into.

He climbed, not bothering to muffle the broken sounds of pain that spilled from his lips. He could
hear a man in the tower talking but Peter ignored it, too focused on not falling.

Spear like metal jutted out from the top of the gate and reasonably speaking, Peter knew this wasn’t
going to work. But he had to try.

The sound of a car came from behind Peter, headlights illuminating his body further. He had to be at
least half way up, his body feeling like it was about to give.

Peter cried out in frustration as the muscles in his arms and legs started to spasm, unable to do much
more.

“Peter!” Wade’s voice made him freeze. “Baby boy, you need to get down.” He had to be directly
below him, and Peter just now remembered that he wore absolutely nothing under his shirt.

He blushed from head to toe, wanting to die. Instead, he kept climbing. Wade tsked, trying to sound
more at ease than he felt.

“Petey, you’re going to hurt yourself. Come down and let me help you.”

“I don’t want your help!” Peter yelled back, his scent smelling rotten due to the pain. It made Wade’s
Alpha snarl. Alphas didn’t let Omegas be in pain, and this Omega was...

“Baby boy,” Wade gritted his teeth, not wanting to resort to force but Petey had already done a lot of
damage to his body, and there was no way he was going to get over the gate without impaling
himself. The Omega was desperate enough to try.

“Come down.” The command growled out of him and Peter shouted, his body letting go and falling.
Wade reached up, his finger tips catching the first bit of weight, his legs bending to absorb the impact
as Peter’s body slammed into him.

Wade did his best to keep his hands and body away from Peter’s left side, but that didn’t stop the Omega from sobbing bitterly at the pain.

“Shhh, it’s okay. I’ll make it better. Sleep.” Peter fell limply in Wade’s arms. It was the only thing he could do. The command would stay in place for a while, Peter’s Omega keeping him under.

Wade was as gentle as he could be as he carried Peter back to the car where Vanessa was waiting, looking worried.

The Alpha gazed down at the scrapes and flushed skin. He was pissed at Peter for hurting himself and even angrier at himself for letting it happen. But he couldn’t help the beam of pride he felt. Petey was a fiery little thing.

“Did the High Table really say he was okay to keep alive?” Vanessa asked, turning the car around. “He’s a witness, and I don’t think he’s going to stop trying to escape.”

“Fuckers owed me a favor for the last hit.” Wade replied, keeping Peter close to him in the backseat.

“You’re being protective. Why?” Wade Wilson didn’t protect anyone, even when he and Vanessa had their little fling back in the early days, the Alpha had shown no attachment to her or anything else.

“He’s an Omega.” It was a bullshit answer, and Vanessa knew, but she kept silent.

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Peter woke up feeling weak but floaty. He braced for pain, but nothing came.

“Trix are for kids and drugs are for naughty little Omegas who hurt themselves.” Peter turned his head slowly, eyes landing on Wade’s form in a chair next to him.

“Shouldn’t have left me alone.” Peter slurred, sleep pulling at him and whatever painkillers he was on making him woozy.

“Didn’t think you’d crawl out the window with your ribs looking like that. Guess that means you’ll be bunking with me from now on.” Wade’s eyes didn’t look nearly as innocent as his voice sounded.

Peter blinked a couple hundred times before he felt like he could speak again. “Why don’t you just kill me?” His voice was hushed but clear, head turned slightly to watch Wade who frowned deeply.

“Some jokes aren’t funny baby boy.”

“M’not joking. Why am I here?” Peter couldn’t understand. Sure, he was a male Omega, but they hadn’t tried to sell him or rape him. Nothing, and Peter had felt zero ill intention otherwise.

“You’re safe here. Weasel found out about what went down in New York. We can talk about that when you’re feeling better. Go back to sleep, you need to rest.”

Wade stood, hands pulling at Peter’s blankets. The Omega mumbled in confusion until he realized what Wade was doing. The Alpha was putting a shirt over Peter’s chest, one that smelled of a very specific man.

Peter couldn’t stop the sound of contentedness that came out of him. “That’ll help.” Was all Wade said, brushing Peter’s hair back from his forehead and making the boy shiver.
“Sleep.” It wasn’t commanded, but it might as well have been. Peter slipped back under, feeling warm and safe and more comfortable than he’d ever been.

The second time he woke up, it wasn’t Wade who was next to him but another boy who looked his age.

“Ah, hey, good morning. Or well, it’s 1 right now. How are you feeling? Any pain?” The boy, a Beta, rambled, catching Peter off guard.

“W-Who?” Peter did feel little slivers of pain, but it was more ache than anything.

“Oh sorry about that, I’m Ned! I’m a trainee by the way, though I don’t have any awesome powers or mutations like your Alpha does. I’m more of a computer geek-“

“My Alpha?” Peter ignored the flash of something inside him.

“Ya. You know, Deadpool?” Peter only got more confused. “Wade Wilson? I thought he was your Alpha. You guys don’t have Marks, but he stayed by your bed the whole time. Only left because one of the Chairs is here. He asked me to keep you company.”

Peter was speechless, his mind trying to catch up. What the hell was a Deadpool? What did it matter that a chair was here? And had Wade really stayed with Peter while he slept?

The last point made the odd feeling inside him get stronger. He didn’t ask any of those questions though. Instead, what came out of his mouth was, “How long was I out?” Wow, brilliant Peter. A+ priorities.

“About three days. Did the intruder get you? Did you see who it was?” This guy could have been speaking another language for all that Peter understood him.

“Intruder?”

“Yeah, the alarms,” Ned pointed his finger up at the ceiling, like it meant something. “Haven’t had one since I’ve been here. Probably from the cartel, they’ve been real pissed at us. But anyway, they kept you sedated most of the time because you needed to heal. That and all of the trainees are wondering what the hell happened. Everyone is excited to get a new recruit.”

Again, different language, but Peter was able to gather that there was A. other people living in the house who were “trainees,” B. they thought he was a new trainee, and C. that Peter’s escape attempt had been labeled an intruder disturbance.

“Dude, you didn’t get hit on the head, did you?” Ned asked at Peter’s dumbfounded expression.

“Uh-“

“Baby boy is awake?” Wade walked in wearing a black shirt, gray sweatpants, with a shoulder gun holster. He looked…obscene, and Peter did NOT blush.

“Hey Deadpool! I think your mate might have brain damage.” Ned looked concerned and everything about the situation had well and truly perplexed the Omega.

Peter started sputtering something about Wade not being his mate, but the Alpha just smiled widely and sat on the edge of the bed, far too close to Peter. “Nah, Petey is just feelin’ a lil’ disoriented, that’s all.”
“If you say so, he looks like he has no idea what’s going on.” Peter looked back and forth between Wade and Ned because, uh, he didn’t.

“Thanks for sticking around Ned, I got it from here. Tell the other little shits to stay out of here though. And send Weasel in.”

Ned two finger saluted Wade before waving to Peter and leaving the room.

“Wha-“ Peter was about to ask when a hand came up to his forehead. The Omega couldn’t stop his irises from flashing gold, the Alpha’s shading red for a second in return.

Peter closed his eyes, willing his heartbeat to calm down because he could hear it, and he was sure Wade could too.

Wade hummed, apparently satisfied. The sound made Peter’s lids pop back open just as the big hand slid sideways down the boy’s face, cupping him at the chin.

Wade’s look was clinical again, his thumb and forefinger turning Peter’s head from side to side, as if checking his complexion.

A thumb smoothed over Peter’s bottom lip and he gasped. This time, when their eyes lit, they stayed that way. “W-Wade?”

“Never run from me again baby boy.” The Alpha’s warning was clear, and it made Peter swallow nervously.

“You said you wouldn’t hurt me.”

“And I won’t. You were the one putting yourself in danger, I don’t like that.” Wade’s thumb dug in just a bit, but Peter didn’t feel threatened. Instead, he felt wet.

His eyes blew wide. Other than during his heat, he never got slick. It just didn’t happen.

He read online that it wasn’t unusual for male Omegas to produce less lubricant then females, but that daily discharge was normal, and certainly upon arousal.

But that was just it, even when Peter chased his own orgasms with toys, his body never naturally produced slick.

But now, the clear fluid was coating his insides, leaking past his rim, and he could feel his body shifting to accommodate something, someone, inside.

The smell was unmistakable, and it made Wade’s own lips drop open, his fangs elongating. Peter started breathing harder, the pain in his ribs flaring a little.

Wade’s growl rolled into his words. “You like that baby boy? Like when I get a little mean?” He pulled Peter’s lip down further, exposing the Omega’s fangs.

More slick trickled out and soaked into his clothes. Peter had no idea how to handle this situation, he’d been attracted to people before, but this was on a whole other level.

Before he had time to think, Peter acted on impulse, swiping his tongue out to lick along Wade’s thumb. He whimpered at the feel of the distorted flesh, wanting the digit to slip inside.

Wade hissed, eyes glowing and body tense. “You’re gonna kill me Petey.”
“Put your dicks away before I walk in.” A muffled voice came from outside. Peter snapped back, wincing at the pain. Wade stayed there, eyes never leaving Peter’s as he pulled his thumb to his mouth to lick right where Peter did. The Omega was mortified at the gush of slick that came out of him in response.

Wade growled at the door, “Don’t come in,” before going to get a warm wash rag that was damp on one end with water, handing it to Peter and having the decency to turn away so Peter could clean himself.

When he was done, a man with frizzy blonde hair and a patchy beard walked in just as Wade whirled around, grabbed the cloth from Peter, rolled it up, and shoved in his sweats pocket.

Peter could have chocked when Wade winked at him and put a finger to his lips.

“Petey, this is Weasel, our wannabe homeless tech nerd. Weasel, this is Petey, our friendly neighborhood jailbait twink.”

Peter sputtered some more, throwing one of the small pillows next to him at Wade. “I’m 18!” His cheeks were flaming, his body not forgetting his earlier arousal in the slightest.

“Ooooh a barley legal twink.” Wade waggled his non-existent eyebrows at him and Peter just shook his head. Was this guy real?

Weasel rolled his eyes, apparently used to the Alpha’s nonsense. “If you’re done, you should know that Stark wants to talk to him.”

Wade sobered at that. “I spoke to him, he’s given Petey the clear.” Peter squinted his eyes, the name Stark sounding all too familiar.

“Yeah well, that was before he heard the rumors about you being mates going around. Which is your fault by the way, you’re acting like a horny fucking teenager.”

“He’s the horny fucking teenager,” Wade pointed to Peter, “I’m just a people pleaser.”

“Ha. Bullshit. And tell that to Miles, you know, your-“

Wade growled, low and deep. His eyes flashed red and his posture changed in the blink of an eye. “Keep your fucking mouth shut Weasel.”

The Beta put his hands up, looking exasperated. “That’s what I’m fucking talking about you regurgitated nutsack.”

“Can someone please tell me what the hell is going on?” Peter shouted, tired of the conversation he couldn’t follow and the strange throb in his chest. Who was Miles?

The two spun towards Peter and he had half a mind to call them bobble heads, but he was actually desperate for answers.

“1. What is this place? There’s a wall almost three times my height surrounding it and apparently you train people here. For what? 2. Why does everyone keep talking about chairs? 3. Why does someone want to talk to me? 4. What is Deadpool? 5. Am I going to be killed? 6. Will you let me go? 7. If you’re not letting me go, what is going to happen to me?” Peter barley resisted the urge to ask about Miles.

“There’s probably a ton of other things but someone needs to tell me something before I really freak
out and try to hurt myself to get out again.” He pointedly looked at Wade who raised a non-eyebrow and flashed his fangs in challenge.

“Can’t do much if you’re tied down baby boy. I’ll make it worth your while though.”

“Wade!” The Alpha raised his hands, going to sit on the bed, right next to Peter, his legs stretched out and his hands behind his head like he was at some sort of spa.

Peter was under the blanket, having been changed into another nightshirt and underwear. He had a feeling Wade had something to do with it but wasn’t about to ask.

That meant that several layers of cloth separated their touching legs, but Peter’s heart leapt like they were skin to skin.

“Weasel, take it away.” The Beta scowled at the other man and sighed, pulling up a chair and sinking down into it.

“Look kid, I don’t wanna bring up bad shit, but we know what happened to your aunt.”

Peter’s eyes widened, the atmosphere in the room changing and his hands started shaking. No, he didn’t want to talk about this. He didn’t want people to acknowledge it out loud, it was too much.

A hand came down on Peter’s neck, warm and comforting. He took a deep breath, letting Wade’s Alpha help calm him. It didn’t stop the grief from surging forward, but it made him feel grounded.

The hand started to slowly massage to top of his spine as Wade nodded to Weasel to continue. “It wasn’t a random hit. From what we know, your aunt was dating someone in the cartel, a man named Manuel.”

Peter shook his head. “My aunt doesn’t…didn’t date.” The sting of the correction hit Peter, but Wade’s hand was there to chase away the burn.

“Since my uncle died, she’s never been with anyone.” It was true, and even if she had dated, she would have told Peter if it was serious.

“She ever mention a Manuel to you? What about a Manny?” Weasel asked, and realization dawned on Peter.

“She told me about her friend Manny from work. She’s a social worker, was a social worker, and she worked part-time at the homeless shelter. She knew tons of people.”

“One of them was Manuel Vargas.”

“Okay, so she knew someone from the cartel. But why’d they…why would they…why?” Peter struggled, the words not coming out. “She wasn’t their enemy, she wouldn’t have gotten involved in whatever the hell cartels do.”

“No, you’re right, she didn’t. What she did was have a male Omega for a nephew.” Peter blanched, chest clenching in panic as his scent went haywire.

Wade flashed his eyes in anger at Weasel, using his other hand to cup Peter’s chin to bring their gazes together. “This isn’t your fault. Don’t even think it. Those cocksuckers use anything in their means to get their way. They’ve been snooping around our organization and when we decided to flex some muscle, they got you and offered you in exchange for peace.”
“Yeah and then you killed all of them like a fucking lunatic and now they’re out for blood.” Wade didn’t respond to the Beta.

“If it wasn’t you, it would have been someone or something else. This. Isn’t. Your. Fault. You understand me Petey?” Wade’s eyes were so intense, boring into Peter’s and willing him to believe what he was saying.

Peter didn’t, couldn’t. But he found himself nodding anyway, not wanting to disappoint Wade but somehow, lying to him was even worse and the way his scent changed with it made Peter feel sick.

Wade sighed, letting it go for now. He released Peter’s chin and let his other arm drop to hold onto Peter’s shoulder. He gently pulled the Omega into his side, starting that low rumble Peter seemed to like.

It took him several deep breaths to continue. “W-What do you mean they’re out for blood? Whose blood? You still haven’t explained what organization you work for.”

Weasel gave Wade a look. “That’s what Stark wants to talk to you about. He’s a Chair, we have ten of them at the High Table. Think of them like a board of directors.”

“Stark?”

“Tony Stark.” Weasel replied, seemingly unbothered by the fact that he just named one of the wealthiest men in the world.

“Tony Stark, as in, the guy who was a huge weapons manufacturer and now works in clean energy? That guy? He’s one of your bosses?” Peter wanted to sound sarcastic, because it was ridiculous, but with everything else that had happened, he couldn’t afford to be a skeptic.

“The one and only.” Weasel had left the door slightly ajar, so the voice was clear as the wood swung open. Peter, like anyone, knew who Tony Stark was, had seen him in various news articles and all over TV.

He never expected to see the man in person, standing right in front of him.

“Peter Parker, correct? We have some things to discuss.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter we get some answers! But look at that, Wade is Deadpool! We’ll get more into that later but let me know what you think!

Until next week fluffies! <3
Weasel got up, shooting Peter a “good luck” look before heading out of the room. Wade stayed perfectly still. Tony Stark is an Alpha, so the two had a stare down that was really starting to make Peter uncomfortable.

“Wade. I need to talk to the kid alone.” Peter was still trying to catch up with the fact that Tony Stark was here, right now, and wanted to speak to him.

“Tough shit money bags, I’m not going anywhere.” The arm around Peter tightened and the Omega would go to his grave before admitting it made him feel better.

Tony Stark or not, if Wade was refusing to leave Peter alone with someone, then he rather have the Alpha stay as well.

“You better be glad I like you more than Rodgers does.” Tony finally relented, going to sit where Weasel had been.

“Yeah well, I liked both of you better in the movies anyway.” Wade was ignored as Tony assessed Peter whose Omega was completely unaffected which, up until meeting Wade, was how he usually reacted to Alphas.

“Disclaimer, you already know you aren’t allowed to leave. That’s half because Wilson here doesn’t want you to, and half because you’re a witness. That being said, we’ve looked into you. You don’t have anywhere to go back to and no one that is going to track you down. I know that makes me sound like an asshole, but it means I can give you the answers you want so long as you understand, they aren’t the kind that can be spread around without consequences. Got it?”

“You’re saying I can’t ever leave?”

“The deal is, you’re here for the foreseeable future. But, you haven’t seen anything we couldn’t make you keep quiet about. If you want to talk about the details, that’s different. A no going back situation. I can’t guarantee what will happen to you, but being a normal high school kid would be off the list. So, two choices: I can tell you what you want to know, maybe offer you something. Or, I and everyone else can keep their flaps shut, you stay here, blissfully ignorant, until we take care of things and can send you home.”
Peter stayed quiet. And he thought. It wasn’t hard to understand his position. Peter knew that whatever they were doing here was secret, the kind of secret that never got passed someone’s mouth before a bullet went in.

He was curious by nature, and everything he’d seen and heard had piqued an interest in him he hadn’t expected. But, if he fed that intrigue, he would be throwing himself off the cliff and hoping whatever was below would catch him.

If he didn’t though, then he’d have to endure being a prisoner in an environment he would know nothing about, only to be returned to a life he didn’t want to live anymore. His aunt was dead, gone with every other member of his family.

Peter had no friends, no attachments, no life. Even when he’d been trying to escape the mansion, he’d only done it because it seemed like the natural thing to do, and he felt like he owed it to May. She probably wouldn’t condone a life like this, but she’d also hate how his life would be back home.

Maybe it was indulgent to think she would want him to jump off the cliff. But for once, Peter had nothing holding him back from doing something different, from being someone different.

“One question: do you guys murder innocent people?” That was a line Peter could never cross.

“No kid, we don’t. While our methods might not be the cleanest,” Tony shot Wade a look that Peter didn’t miss, “we aren’t the cartels. You’re an Omega, you know we aren’t like that, you can feel it. So, what’s it gonna be?”

Peter took a deep breath…and jumped. “Tell me.”

~ ~ ~

Peter’s head was whirling. People generally accepted that secret societies existed, especially among the wealthy elite. But this wasn’t some Freemason Illuminati business.

Peter had just let Tony talk, let Wade pull him closer into himself whenever Peter’s heartbeat rose, or his anxiety spiked.

Their organization was called the Order. It was ludicrous enough to not draw any attention. Put not so simply, they weren’t allied with any government or country, but had ties to all of them.

The Chairs, the leaders, had different agendas. Some wanted peace, others power, but all of them agreed on one thing: balance.

“Society evolves with time, we just work to keeps things on track.”

They were, at their core, contractors. They took contracts for people if it made sense for the organization. So, killing targets who were starting terrorist militias, changing the stock market so it never completely tipped in favor of one corporation or the other, and hacking into databases to leak the right information to the right people, among other endeavors.

Their clients didn’t actually know about the Order, thinking they were hiring small hitmen or intelligence groups which were all secretly attached to the organization.

Its founder was unknown, its origins stretching back further in time than most were aware, even the Chairs themselves. But that was the point. As the world changed, the goals of the Order did as well.
To achieve these, trainees were brought in and taught various pursuits, be it hacking, killing, or simple espionage. Some of them would become business owners, operating shops around the world where members were welcome, supported, and given necessary supplies for missions.

*That*, was what Tony was offering to Peter. “The people who come to us have no ties, no attachments to people outside. They come off the streets and we give them something to work and live for. If you want, we can get you set up the same way. You can take time to find and hone your talents, and we’ll use those in whatever way will work best.”

Peter was speechless, and Tony gave him a small smile. “I don’t need an answer now. You’ll stay here obviously, I don’t care if you want to be a bed warmer for Wilson.”

“Watch it Stark. My Petey is a pure boy.”

“You’re safe here regardless. But I’ve seen your school record. The Order could use you, so give it some thought. Alright?”

“Okay.” Was all Peter could say. Tony turned his attention toward Wade.

“Fury isn’t going to be happy. He likes you because of your mutation and the Order needs you but you’re breaking a promise.”

Peter furrowed his brows and looked up at Wade who was staring at Tony, emotionless. When he caught Peter looking at him, the Alpha dropped his eyes down and they softened.

“Mutation?” *What promise?*

“He doesn’t know?” Tony asked.

“Hasn’t seen it.” Wade muttered, still looking down at the Omega.

“Explain to him about the mutant program then. And Wade, the Fall gathering is in a few weeks. Miles will be there. Figure your shit out.”

There it was again, that name: *Miles.*

“Good to meet you Peter. I’ll be around for the next two days, I’ll be back.” With that, Tony left, leaving Peter with a deadline and a lot of questions.

“So, mutant program? I thought mutants were myths.” They weren’t like the Loch Ness Monster or Big Foot, theories which were always a bit far-fetched.

Mutants were like aliens, some believed, some didn’t, but there was some hidden evidence to suggest *something* about the stories was real.

Wade didn’t answer, he just kept looking at Peter. “Wade?” Peter asked, a little unsure but he kept their eyes locked. He couldn’t really look away.

Slowly, like Wade was testing something, the Alphas eyes lit up red. Peter couldn’t stop his from doing the same even if he tried.

Wade inhaled strongly through his nose before leaning down, mouth to Peter’s neck, as the man ran his fangs along the Omegas throat, barely brushing his scent gland.

Peter gasped, hands trying to fly to Wade’s shoulders, but they were sideways and he couldn’t reach. His ribs ached a little in protest. Before Peter could say or do anything, Wade had pulled back,
something unbidden in his eyes as they faded.

He pulled away from Peter who shivered at the unexpected chill that followed. The Alpha reached a hand up, pulling a knife from a hidden pocket in one of the holsters.

Peter was surprised he didn’t immediately feel afraid or even alert. Wade smiled toothily before bringing the knife up, and stabbing it through his other hand.

Peter screamed. “Wade! Oh my god!” He tried crawling across the bed to the other, but the pain shooting up his spine and out his hand had him frozen to the bed.

“Don’t worry baby boy, watch.” Wade pulled the knife from his hand, making Peter pale at the sight of blood spatter.

Wade lifted his hand so the palm faced Peter who watched with horrified attention as the muscle, skin, and tendons all knit back together.

“Great party trick isn’t it?” The pain slowly receded as Peter went back to his original position, mouth slightly agape and eyes unbelieving.

Wade watched him carefully as Peter slowly broke into a grin. “That was awesome.” The Alpha looked mildly surprised at that.

“Yeah? You should see when I cut a limb off.”

“Wait, is all of you regenerative? What about your brain?” Peter was fascinated and felt like he was maybe hallucinating on the pain meds because that shouldn’t be possible.

“Brain, heart, dick, all the good stuff.” Peter blushed, trying not to think about the sizable bulge below Wade’s waist.

“D-Doesn’t it hurt?”

“Yep.” Wade popped the ‘p.’ “Like a bitch, but my pain tolerance is higher than Cheech and Chong plus a whole truck load of crack so it isn’t so bad.”

Peter’s smile dropped, his eyebrows curving in toward his nose in concern. “Then why’d you do it?!” Wade tilted his head.

“You asked me about the mutant program.”

Peter scoffed. “You could have just, you know, used your mouth?” The Omega knew that was the wrong thing to say when Wade’s eyes glittered.

“What a great idea Petey, we should try that next. I bet my mouth can make your mouth sing if I wanted it to. Why don’t we bet on it?”

Peter threw another pillow at Wade.

~ ~ ~

Peter was given dinner in bed which made things a lot easier on him. The pain was being managed, but even getting up to use the bathroom was a strain.

His whole escape adventure had made his injury a lot worse. His body was doing well, but the doctor they had come in said he should take it easy for a few days before moving around the
mansion.

What all the bed rest did do, was give Peter a lot of time to think. After Wade had finished sexually harassing him, he properly explained the mutant program.

Basically, one thing the Order had always done was protect mutants, whether they were members or not. If they were found out, people would use them against their enemies and the power balance would shift too dramatically.

So they gave them employment at the organization, but some of the members also owned mutant orphanages, ran mutant friendly schools, and some worked in the FBI and CIA to keep their intelligence from finding out too much about them.

There were ten Chairs total: Steve Rodgers, Theodore Odinson (people called him Thor), Locke Laufeyson (aka Loki), T’Challa, Wanda Maximoff, Bruce Banner, Tony Stark, Nick Fury, Clint Barton, and Natalia Romanova. All except the last four were mutants themselves.

They all had factions of Order members underneath them, based on the members personal beliefs and talents.

Wade had been recruited on the basis of his own mutant abilities. Peter had tried to dig a little into that backstory, but the Alpha dodged it easily.

Peter asked Wade about what he did for the organization, but again, the man countered with other information. What he did tell Peter was that he was the only member that didn’t answer to any single Chair. He worked for all of them and none of them.

It didn’t take a genius to guess Wade was a hitman of the freelance variety.

Peter wondered why that didn’t bother him all that much, but decided not to think about Wade more than he already did.

Especially not with the man right next to him, completely immersed in *Golden Girls* reruns, his mouth going on and on with different commentaries.

He was eating his own food and Peter had felt an overwhelmed surge in his chest when he first realized Wade was going to keep him company.

The excessive talking, as annoying as it might seem, was actually really nice. His apartment back home was always so quiet, especially with May working long hours. Even if Peter didn’t catch everything the Alpha said, he enjoyed the buzz of conversation anyway.

Every so often, Peter would make a comment of his own, and Wade would smile at him in a way that made Peter feel things.

Truthfully, he’d already decided to stay, had decided the moment he told Tony to tell him the truth. He wanted to start a new life, and from what Peter had heard about the Order, there was literally hundreds of places for him to fit in. There were good things he could be a part of.

It didn’t escape Peter that maybe it was naïve, believing people who operated outside the law and were clearly dangerous enough to have beef with cartels. But Peter trusted his instincts. He had felt nothing but safe here, his Omega detecting no negative intentions toward him. So, he couldn’t help but want to stay.

And with that decision, the last barrier had dropped, letting Peter actually enjoy Wade’s presence
without pause or hesitance.

Which left the fact that not only did Peter enjoy it, he preferred it. He felt off whenever the Alpha wasn’t near him. It was terrifying, and Peter refused to think about it past the fact itself.

Wade made him feel more Omega than he ever had in his life. Peter had done such a good job repressing himself that he was only now experiencing normal Omega inclinations.

Peter felt…needy. Sure, he’d always liked hugs from May, but he never needed affection, had fought against it whenever the urge came up.

But now, Peter caught himself trying to inch closer to Wade, lean in whenever the man’s hands strayed over Peter’s body. Thank god the Alpha hadn’t noticed but it made him all the more self-aware.

He’d gotten wet for the man out of heat. His fangs extended in ways other than to express aggression, also something that had never happened before.

And, he’d nested. The bed was one of those that was highly decorative with far too many throw pillows, but Peter had used them all.

He made it so the mattress was covered in plush cushions and blankets, made to cradle the bodies on it. The Omega in him had gone crazy making it perfect. His ribs hadn’t liked the activity, but the morphine drip did its job.

Wade, for his part, didn’t say a word about anything. Peter was a little grateful, feeling like he was going through a second puberty. But his Omega sure as hell wanted the Alpha to notice, tell him what a good job he’d done, what a good Omega he-

Peter slammed thoughts like those down, hating the way they made his skin flush and face heat. Wade being around didn’t help, but he also liked it, so he endured.

“Tomorrow, can I meet Ned and Michelle? They’re trainees, right?” Peter asked during a commercial.

Wade nodded, pulling one last forkful of spaghetti into his mouth before setting his and Peter’s bowls on the nightstand. “I can bring them. They’d be good for you to meet.”

“So, uh, are you a teacher here? A trainer?” Peter asked quietly, and Wade started laughing. Peter went to hit the man on the shoulder, but the Alpha turned, lightening fast, to catch his wrist.

Peter gasped at the initial tightness, his Omega whining, before Wade let up and gently smoothed over the underside with his thumb.

“Baby boy, I’m flattered.” Wade’s other hand flew to his chest because he was a drama queen and when he committed, he committed.

“But no. This is face is not meant for teaching. This is actually the first time I’ve been back since I was a trainee.”

Peter was surprised at that. “Why don’t you come back?”

“Nothing here for me. I don’t belong.” Peter stifled a retort at that, but Wade carried on, shrugging. “No hard feelings. It’s always been that way.”
Peter wanted to say something, to cheer Wade up. But the fact was, he’d been here a few days, he didn’t actually know how Wade fit into any of this. The man wouldn’t tell him either. So, saying something that wasn’t true would be worse than silence itself.

“Why haven’t you left yet then?” Peter asked, and Wade turned to look at him, really look at him. The Alphas grip tightened, not enough to hurt, but it burned all the same and Peter sucked in a breath.

“Because a certain wayward little Omega has been distracting me.”

Peter wasn’t really thinking when he replied. Wade made him relaxed and cheeky, so he felt a little mischievous when he turned to Wade and said, “And what’re you gonna do about that?”

Wade inhaled through his nose, hand squeezing and eyes flaring, and Peter knew he stepped over a line. There was a long pause of silence where Peter just stared at Wade.

“Be careful baby boy, I’m not known for my restraint.” Wade finally replied in a dark tone that made Peter shiver.

“W-What are you known for?” Peter was caught between trying to defuse the tension but unable to pull away from it.

Wade chuckled in the same tone. His eyes slowly lit red again, calling for the same in Peter’s. The man lifted a hand to cup Peter’s chin as he leaned forward, inch by inch, making his intentions very clear.

Peter was frozen, blind sided by his desire for Wade to not stop but knowing this was probably wrong, in a lot of ways.

Wade tilted his head just so, lips a centimeter away from Peter’s whose mouth dropped open just enough because he couldn’t breathe. When he finally did, the air from his lungs mixed with Wade’s, heating up their faces.

Their eyes were open, locked with each other’s as they literally breathed the other in. “Don’t test me little Omega.” Wade whispered, and Peter’s lips quivered.

They stayed there, Peter a hundred football fields outside his comfort zone and Wade unrelenting. Peter wanted to reach up, his hands itching to touch. But he knew he couldn’t that, it would be crossing another line. One he couldn’t easily step back from.

Whatever weird connection they shared was pushing it already, Wade’s tendency toward sexual innuendos and general handsy-ness only made it worse.

So, Peter stayed silent, and Wade slowly dipped his head down, running his large fangs against Peter’s throat. It was slow, deliberate, and the Omega was helpless against the gush of slick that came out of him.

Peter clenched his fists, his body involuntarily leaning into the Alpha so he was nearly on his lap. “W-Wade.” Peter gasped, his voice embarrassingly breathy.

A wet pressure ran over his scent gland and Peter realized Wade was licking him. He couldn’t stop the whimper or the way his hands flew to Wade’s shoulders, fingers digging into the flesh and mind fuzzy at the sheer width of him. So much for not stepping over that line.

Wade licked him one more time, dragging his nose up the line of Peter’s neck as he inhaled deeply,
before pulling back.

Peter snatched his hands back, ribs hurting from the haggard state of his breathing. “W-Why did you do that?”

Wade was breathing hard too, and Peter’s eyes were latched onto the way the man’s fangs showed through the gap of his lips.

“You’re dangerous baby boy.” Wade pushed himself from the bed, bringing their empty bowls with him as he went to leave the room.

Peter was shaking, nerves askew and instincts shot. Wade stopped right before he walked through the doorway.

“I’ll be back later. You should go to sleep first.”

Peter just nodded, though Wade was already gone.

Chapter End Notes

World building craziness! I hope you guys like it! <3 Let me know what you think and as always, THANK YOU. °˖✧◝(⁰▿⁰)◜✧°
Peter didn’t go to sleep. He tossed and turned, nearly pulling out his IV in frustration. Whatever was happening with Wade couldn’t happen.

He’d known the Alpha for all of five seconds and three of those included the knowledge that he was a killer in a group of sketchy people, of which Peter was now a part of.

The other two had been full of their weird and inappropriate connection which knocked him on his ass and made him feel like a thirteen-year-old.

His Omega was torn between curling in pleasure at the attention he’d gotten from Wade, but also feeling jittery because what was happening between them was unstable and uncertain.

Not to mention it was dangerous, if Wade’s job was anything to consider, but Peter’s inner self wasn’t too concerned with that.

This was exactly why Peter had swept his Omega nature under the rug of his mind. Not that he’d ever been affected by an Alpha like this.

In fact, before now, Peter could have been considered a Beta, if not for his heats, fangs, and eyes. Well, that and his body. Peter was slender but there was an unmistakable wide curve to his hips and cushion to his chest. His nipples were large for a male, his sexual response completely different. Still, none of that had changed his behavior.

And he couldn’t tell if it was Wade who was causing his Omega to rip out from the back of his mind, or the whole situation itself.

Either way, Peter couldn’t allow what was happening to continue. He was supposed to be starting a new life, and he had no idea what that meant or what would become of him.

But…Wade was a part of this new life. Sure, Peter didn’t know much about him, but he could find out? The possibilities circled in Peter’s head and they all unnerved him. He was losing reasons to push Wade away.

The part of Peter that itched for adventure, for something wild and untamed and alive was banging
around inside of him. He knew it was more than that though.

Wade made him feel things he never thought he was capable of and it was a constant struggle trying to keep up with it all. Still…Peter didn’t dislike it.

He shook his head. The consequences of his thoughts slammed to a halt when the bedroom door opened and the scent of Alpha wafted in.

Wade was eerily quiet, to the point that Peter couldn’t actually hear his feet. If Peter hadn’t been hyper aware of the man, he wouldn’t have any idea where he was in the room.

Peter kept his eyes shut, his body facing toward the other side of the bed, which dipped down a millimeter at a time.

It took forever for Wade to actually get onto the bed and under the covers but when he did, Peter’s heart rate picked up.

The heat from the Alpha was already seeping into the sheets and making Peter’s nest all the cozier. It felt perfect and Peter chuffed quietly.

Wade tsked. “I thought I told you to go to sleep Petey.”

Peter was too caught up in his own comfort to pay too much attention to what Wade was saying. So, he chuffed again, snuggling further into the cushions, mere inches away from the other man.

Wade’s eyes lit up red, but he kept his lids closed, not wanting to alarm Peter but those sounds he was making were getting to the Alpha liked nothing else could.

They meant that Peter felt safe, warm, protected. Chuffs were the most contended sound an Omega could make, and it made Wade’s body tighten up with the effort of not pulling Peter into him, so he could purr the little thing to sleep.

Peter was only half awake when he pushed his body forward, just enough for his forehead to bump into the Alphas lower chest.

Wade rumbled softly, an approving sound, and Peter was swept from any lingering thoughts, falling into the deepest sleep he’d ever had.

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“So, you joining up?” Michelle asked, legs kicked up on the bed like it was a footstool, her upper body slouched on the chair she dragged over.

“Huh, I thought he already was?” Ned asked, looking confused in the other chair. Michelle just shook her head at him.

“Uh…yeah? Yeah, I think so. I don’t have anything to go back to so, why not?” Peter could write speeches with his eloquence.

Michelle nodded. “That’s how it is with the rest of us. No need to explain or anything. Don’t ask, don’t tell. Your past is yours. Anyway, why’d you want to see us?”

“Because we’re awesome, obviously.”

Peter smiled at Ned. He liked the guy’s simple nature. He was funny, uncomplicated, and Peter wondered what exactly happened to him to land him here.
Michelle, on the other hand, was a dual type. He’d seen how she acted with Vanessa, so it was clear this whole ‘too cool’ routine was just that.

But she did seem genuinely laid back which Peter liked. “I still have till tomorrow to officially decide but, well, I wanted to know your guys’ take on the Order. Maybe explain how I play into all of this and what training would be like?”

Peter absentmindedly rubbed the left side of his chest. His ribs were slowly healing but the pain was going to take a while to chill out.

“Oh dude, it’s great. I learn more here than I ever would have in school. Plus, we have places all over the world. Anywhere you go, you have people on your side who will help you. I haven’t done an abroad trip yet, but Michelle has. She can tell you.”

“They take care of you.” The female Omega said. “They give us all a second chance. Most of us are throw aways or runaways. The Order gave us all a life again. Not all factions are ‘good’” she air-quoted, “but they’re all fair. You get to choose your own life and honestly, I think that’s better than what any for us would have gotten on the outside.”

Peter’s old life flashed through his mind. His aunt and uncle dancing in the kitchen while cooking chocolate chip waffles on Saturday morning.

He wasn’t like the other trainees. He hadn’t been thrown away and he would have never run away from his life willingly. It had never been that bad. Peter hadn’t been dealt a bad hand, but the cards were snatched from him anyway.

The unfairness and his unfelt grief stabbed at him, but Peter desperately bit them back. He didn’t know Michelle’s or Ned’s stories but if it was true what she was saying, then the goodness of Peter’s past may have been short lived, but it was more than the two in front of him had probably ever gotten.

It would be good to remember that. Ben and May were gone, but he would take the few years he had with them along with the pain any day.

“So, how does that all work? Do you choose a faction now or…?”

“No, only when you’re released. But most of us know who we’re going with before then and train toward it. And you can change factions at any time. The Chairs gotta approve it but so long as you show your value, they aren’t strict.” Michelle said while Ned finger drummed on his thighs.

“Speaking of the Chairs, the break down works like this:

1. Tony Stark (A): non-mutant, Equipment and Tech Faction

“He supplies all the new gear and weapons to members and keeps the communication networks up and running, among other things but you get the gist.”

2. Steve Rodgers (A): mutant, Guard Faction

“He’s closest to being the ‘good guy.’ His group keeps everyone safe, makes sure the eyes and ears of outsiders are off of us and sends people in on rescue missions, etc. etc.”
3. Natalia Romanova (B): non-mutant, Espionage Faction

“She’s a badass. Her faction runs the entire spy organization: intelligence, surveillance, infiltration, all that.”

4. Clint Barton (B): non-mutant, Medical Faction

“Clint is also a nice guy but he’s got killer aim with any weapon and has tons of hits on his record. So, it’s ironic that he’s in charge of the med facilities.”

5. Theodore Odinson (B): mutant, Military Faction

“Thor is a sweet guy. His members are all in the military, in all branches, of every rank. They work with the Espionage Faction to take down targets or shift military focus.”

6. Locke Laufeyson (B): mutant, Corporate Faction

“Definitely the least trustworthy of the bunch, but he’s pretty clever. His people are the ones in charge of the big conglomerates and the ones who run wall street.”

7. T’Challa (A): mutant, International Relations Faction

“He’s responsible for ground networks, making sure our members have the right connections whether that’s in rural Africa or the homeless community in Shanghai.”

8. Bruce Banner (B): mutant, Training Faction

“He’s been out but you’ll meet him soon. He teaches a lot of the science lessons and all of the trainees love him. His mutation is pretty crazy though, so he hides out here most of the time.”

9. Wanda Maximoff (O): mutant, Mutant Affairs Faction

“She’s going to be my Chair. Wanda runs the entire mutant program, making sure mutants are protected and keeping tabs on the mutants in each faction to make sure everyone’s good. I want to work in the orphanages myself.”

10. Nick Fury (B): non-mutant, Mercenary Faction

“He’s cool, but also pretty creepy. His members are mercs, they take on hits for the Order. Sometimes that means low level thugs, other times its big-name warlords. The people who the Military Faction can’t touch.”
“So, Wade’s Chair is Nick Fury?” Of all the questions Peter could have asked, of course his first one would be about Wade. He wanted to punch himself. “He said he didn’t answer to a Chair.”

“He doesn’t and he’s the one and only. Fury is the closest thing to a boss he has but Wade does things for just about every Chair and he doesn’t always take on hits for Fury or anyone else.”

Ned nodded his head vigorously. “Deadpool does what he wants.”

“Deadpool?”

Michelle shrugged. “That’s his alias. Not that it means anything because everyone knows who the guy is. They don’t know he’s in the Order of course but they know what he does. He’s pretty infamous.”

Peter nodded, taking in the information. “Why is he the only one who’s not tied to a faction?”

“Mm, you know about his mutant abilities?” Michelle asked, and Peter nodded. “He’s indestructible. Which means no one can enforce him. Wade plays by the rules but if he wanted to, he could take everyone out. He’s super soldier strong and has combat skills he learned before he was even in the Order. So, he has the capacity to take out a hit on any one of the Chairs and because he can’t die, what’re they going to do about it?”

“Let him have his way.” Peter replied.

“Exactly. Like I said. Infamous.”

Silence followed as Peter’s brain tried to keep up with everything. Was Wade really that dangerous?

“So…uh…Ned, what are you into?” He fumbled the transition, trying to get away from the topic of the Alpha because that wasn’t something he could process with company.

Peter hadn’t seen him all day as it was. He’d woken up alone, much to the chagrin of his Omega, though he shook off the sadness as soon as it came, not that it worked all that well.

Wade had better things to do than babysit the injured captive, he was sure. But the Alpha hadn’t shown up once since then. Michelle and Ned had wandered in a bit after lunch, which had been brought by Vanessa.

Peter had been tempted to ask about Wade, but he couldn’t bring himself to be so transparent. He was obviously failing if the knowing glint in Michelle’s eyes had anything to say about it.

“Computers! Which means I could be in virtually any faction but I’m leaning toward Espionage. They have whole compounds of people on computers running Stark programs to help their spys. I’ve always wanted to do that.”

Peter nodded, feeling like Alice except his Wonderland was a John Wick movie mixed with comic book insanity. How had espionage and mutants become common conversation topics?

“Any idea what you’d be into?” Michelle asked but Peter just stared at her with wide eyes until she bust out laughing and her other side showed.

“It’s a lot I know. When you start training, you’ll see what your good at and what you like. You can go from there.”
“We’ll help you!” Ned cheered, and the Omega smiled gratefully at him. There was a knock at the door and Peter’s heart started jack hammering, but quickly slowed when Vanessa walked in.

Wade wasn’t a knocker any way, and Peter was not disappointed.

“Hey baby,” She greeted Michelle who honest to god blushed and Peter stifled a laugh. Michelle just glared back at him before standing to give the Beta a kiss.

When they pulled back Vanessa looked to Peter. “Time for a little PT!” Peter might have been going stir crazy in the room, but the thought of moving had him scowling at her.

The Beta rolled her eyes and put her hands on her hips. “You guys wanna help?”

Michelle and Ned were on him before Peter could protest.

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Peter was in an especially bad mood. All physical therapy had meant was walking around the first floor of the mansion, or at least the part he had access to.

There were double doors at the back which were hand print locked. Michelle had explained they led to the trainee portion of the mansion. The front part was more for show and security than anything. That explained the emptiness.

But that wasn’t what got to Peter. He was just…irritable. The ache in his chest had gotten worse and his IV was useless against it. Peter hadn’t stopped to think about how little sense that made because his mood was shot to hell. In the back of his mind was Wade, as always, because where was he?

Vanessa was escorting him on his walk to make sure he didn’t fall but even she kept her distance. Peter was shuffling his way back to the front door when they suddenly swung open and a suit clad person stepped inside.

The Omega froze, confusion sweeping him. It was a tactical suit and the weapons littering the man’s body attested to that.

It was mostly red with black along the edges, gloves, and around the eyes. The actual eyes were white and when they caught onto Peter they squinted slightly, the head tilting to the side and mask shifting into what looked like a smile.

It would have completely unnerved Peter if not for the scent that hit him like a wave. Breath rushed into his lungs as he gasped and when he exhaled, the irritation that had been building up all day, vanished.

“Wade?”

“Petey!” Wade called, sauntering over to him. “I’ve missed you. How’s my bruised baby boy doing?”

Peter was shaking his head, still thrown off guard despite the relief flowing through him, which on its own didn’t make much sense either. Wade had also used the word ‘my,’ but he was ignoring that part.

“W-Why the…?” Peter gestured to his own body and then Wades.

“Getting out blood is tedious Petey pie, I don’t care how much lemon and seltzer water you got on
“Not the color!” Peter stammered, overwhelmed by the proximity and how tall Wade was, how much space his shoulders took up. “Why are you wearing a suit at all?”

“You’ve seen this skin baby boy.” Wade answered like that was supposed to mean something. “Now, how are them ribs doing?”

Suddenly, gloved hands were tugging up the hem of Peter’s shirt and before the Omega could react, the cloth was pushed between his teeth, nearly making him choke.

“Oh oh, hold that up like a good boy.” Peter blinked, his entire face imitating a tomato. His teeth clamped down and Wade smiled through the mask. “Just like that.”

The Alpha bent his knees into a low squat, hands sliding up Peter’s hips and belly before assessing the bruises. He hummed quietly, and Peter nearly had an aneurysm.

There he’d been, worrying over Wade because he was afraid the Alpha was mad at him, then worrying over the fact that he cared at all.

Turns out Wade had been out doing whatever mercenaries did (eh-hem, killing) because that was his, you know, job. Peter felt slightly humiliated.

Wade pressed into a bruise a touch too hard and Peter whimpered. “Shh,” Wade shushed, ghosting over the area with lighter caresses. “They’re looking better, the other cuts too.”

The man stood up to his full height and Peter just stared at the other, doe-eyed and still bright red. Slowly, Wade’s fingers came up to tug on the shirt still stuck in Peter’s mouth, pulling it free.

“So obedient.” Wade whispered, and Peter stepped back, horrified with himself. Jesus, he didn’t even grab the stupid cloth with his hands after Wade told him to keep it between his teeth.

“I am not!” Peter snapped, darting away as fast as he could with bruised ribs and an IV pole. He tried to be angry when he heard Wade chuckling lowly behind him, he really did.

Peter had been so distracted by the Alpha, he hadn’t noticed the ache in his chest disappear.

Chapter End Notes

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I just adore those two. I hope you all liked that! Now, I am off to play Kingdom Hearts 3 until I fall into a coma. <3
“Peter Parker meet Bruce Banner,” Tony said, waving his hand nonchalantly as he and another man entered the room. Peter jumped when they walked in, quickly turning the TV off.

“Uh-hi.” He said, lifting his hand in an awkward wave and inwardly wishing he had any amount of social tact.

“Hello Peter, it’s nice to finally meet you.” The other man, a Beta, was dressed in a simple blue button down with dress pants. His brown hair had a slight curl and his face was worn and a tad tired.

“Right, ah, nice to meet you to Dr. Banner.”

“Call me Bruce.” The man smiled at him and Peter nodded, feeling oddly nervous as both pulled up chairs to sit.

“So, you’re in?” Tony suddenly asked, taking Peter off guard though he found himself nodding anyway. The man’s lips curved a millimeter and Peter couldn’t tell if that he was happy or smug. Maybe both.

“The doctor cleared you to attend lessons, but no exercise so physical training will have to wait.”

“What, ah, what kind of classes do I take? Is there a schedule all trainees have to follow?”

Tony looked to Bruce who nodded, face thoughtful. “Trainees come to us at all ages, so training is staggered and based on experience. You’ve got all your basic education and then some. So, no need for that. Most start with Order History and Education so you can learn up on the organization. They’ll go over the different Factions in more depth and when it’s time, you’ll pick an area of focus and you’ll take classes that are more specialized.

Peter listened attentively. It was daunting but exhilaration rode his veins and the buzz of it was something entirely unfamiliar.

He always liked challenges, and he’d been excited to go to college. But this was a new life. His past didn’t matter to anyone, and neither did his being a male Omega.

Peter was guaranteed a life connected to a bigger community. It might be one he didn’t know much about yet, but it was more than he ever had before. That was something May and Ben had always wanted for him.
So, he let himself feel the giddiness and it showed with a goofy smile. Tony’s eyes glittered in amusement as Bruce continued.

“We get new trainees at all different times of year so intro classes are lesson based and they last one month. There aren’t many of those and once your done, you’ll pick a specialization and begin the more intensive training. So, until January, focus on your first lessons and give your ribs a rest. Come the new year and you’ll be ready to start your concentration. Sound good?”

Peter nodded as Tony spoke up. “The other Chairs know about you because of the unique situation but they’re busy with their own work so don’t worry about them. We’ve got the Fall Gathering coming up in three weeks and the trainees are allowed to come. It would be a good way to expose yourself to the community we have. So think about going.”

The two stood up but Tony’s expression lingered on him, looking more serious than usual. “One more thing. Be careful about Wilson.” Bruce looked at Tony in confusion as the Omega froze.

“What do you mean?”

“He’s as good as his past lets him be. And he has other shit going on you don’t know about. Just… watch it.” Tony left before Peter could process the words much less reply. The name ‘Miles’ floated in the back of his mind though.

“I’ll be around if you need me Peter, and don’t let Tony get to you. He means well.” After that, he left too. Peter sat on his bed, contemplating how drastically his life had changed, with Wade floating in the back of his thoughts, as he always did.

~ ~ ~

“What is this?” Peter asked as he stared at into the space that was several sizes too big for a single person.

“Your room, duh.” Wade Karen Smithed before prancing forward and throwing himself on the bed. “Ooooh, now that’s some cushion. Petey’s gonna sleep like the baby boy he is.”

Peter was too busy gaping to respond to Wade. The room was luxurious. A four-poster king size bed sat in the middle, with a black canopy that was hooked up but could easily drape further down.

It was covered in pillows of various shapes and sizes, and Peter could tell they were extra soft, the way he liked them. The sheets looked to be satin, the color a deep red with a black duvet.

The walls were a simple white but with a red and black accent wall behind the bed. The room was complete with a polished desk, computer, flat screen TV, several ornate chairs, a big recliner, a thick but soft rug covering most of the floor, black lamps on the end tables, a large vanity dresser, and what looked to be a walk-in closet plus bathroom.

“This…is my room?” Peter asked, hands coming up to his sides to squeeze at his arms. He wasn’t used to the wealth on display at the mansion as it was, there was no way this could be his.

Wade glanced at Peter before sitting up. “You don’t like it?” Peter shook his head immediately.

“No. I do. It’s just…a lot. It’s too nice. I’m just a trainee.” The tension in the Alpha’s shoulder relaxed and he leaned back on his hands.

“The Order has a lot of money to through around. All trainees get their own room like this, unless they want to bunk with someone else. I just spruced yours up a bit.”
“You mean, I spruced it up a bit.” Vanessa strode in, hands on her hips. “Michelle did the painting.” She told Peter who nodded, overwhelmed by the gesture. He didn’t think Michelle even liked him that much.

“Right, uh, thank you!” She waved him off.

“Trainees are allowed to do whatever to their rooms, so feel free to change things up. Let us know if you want anything specific. The closet is already stocked with clothing and the bathroom has anything you’ll need. I should mention, we have several heat rooms on the top and basement floors. Let us know when you’re getting close and we can arrange it for you.”

Peter tried not to blush at the way Wade stared at him. “I, um, I had my last one a little more than four months ago so I’m due in November.”

Vanessa nodded, logging the info in her mind. “We want you to be comfortable here Peter. So really, let us know if we can do anything.”

Peter just stood with his mouth slightly open, clearly uncomfortable. It wasn’t a big deal to them, as apparently the other trainees received the same thing.

But to be given a room this nice, to himself, with him in mind, wasn’t something Peter was used to. He was stuck between being gracious and telling them a cot on the first floor would suffice.

“Thank you.” He whispered, figuring it was the best and only thing to say. Vanessa smiled softly at him.

“I’m going to head down to help with dinner. Come down when you’re ready.” She turned and left while Peter avoided looking at Wade.

He was still very unsettled about their relationship and the Alpha’s effect on him. That’s when something occurred to him and Peter’s head snapped up to address the man.

“Wait. So you won’t be sleeping with me anymore?” Peter shouldn’t have asked the question in the first place, but he could have at least sounded less needy. My god. His mortification showed on his face, which only got worse when Wade grinned.

“I’ll sleep wherever you want me to baby boy. Just say the word.” Peter nearly hissed at him but simply crossed his arms and walked over to the window.

The red curtains were open, the window panels ajar to let in a cool breeze. Peter breathed in the air, closing his eyes and dimly hearing the whoosh of the wind.

Wade, as usual, was silent as he approached Peter, two hands reaching out to press on either side of the Omega’s fingers.

Peter inhaled sharply, bucking back into the hard chest which didn’t so much as twitch. His heart started jack hammering, his legs feeling shaky as the warmth that was Wade seeped into his back.

The Alpha leaned forward, chin resting atop Peter’s head as he kicked up a soft rumble. Neither of them said anything for a long time, unwilling to break the moment but not knowing how much further it could go.

They kept doing this, whether it was the ghost of fingers along skin or the too-close conversations. Wade always initiated things, but Peter never stopped him, never stepped away.
Maybe it was cruel, to string Wade along, but he didn’t feel that way. If anything, Peter felt like he
was the one being dragged out to sea.

Turns out he liked the waves more than he would have thought and heading back to shore didn’t
look so appealing.

Peter looked down at their hands, getting lost in the size difference and contrast of skin texture. He
held his breath, trying to gain some sort of courage.

Afraid Wade would pull back before he got to do anything, Peter gently lifted his right pinky finger
and placed it over the Alpha’s thumb.

It was such a small movement, but by the Wade’s body tensed and his breath shot out with a growl,
Peter knew it was a big deal. It was the first time he’d ever reciprocated, initiating something intimate
between the two of them.

A thrill shot through him when Wade’s thumb slid further under and Peter’s pinky curled over it.
Suddenly, the Alpha pressed his body fully into Peter, the thin line of air between them disappearing.

The Omega closed his eyes, feeling every hard muscle that made Wade up, especially where he was
pressed up against Peter’s ass. The hardness he felt pushing against him was definitely not in his
head.

He’d grown accustomed to the dampness he always felt when Wade was around, but the full-on
gush of slick that came out of him had Peter feeling over exposed despite the layers of clothing
between them.

Wade’s head slipped down into the crook of Peter’s neck, the man’s breath gusting besides his ear,
making goose bumps bloom over his skin as shivers racked his body.

They held that position for even longer, both of their bodies tight against the urge to do more. Peter’s
pinky pressed into Wade’s thumb more and more, the thick body leaning into the smaller one as hard
as it could without causing both to be thrown off balance.

The silence of the room was filled with the sound of their haggard breathing and soft wind entering
through the window.

“Dinner is ready!” Vanessa yelled from downstairs, interrupting the moment but neither pulled away.
Peter had to go meet the other trainees, now that he’d moved into the main compound.

Wade turned his face, nuzzling in into Peter’s neck before slowly stepping back. Peter felt it like an
electric shock, thrown by how wrong he suddenly felt.

He turned, his feet shuffling because his legs were too jittery. Wade stared down a him, face a mask
but his chest still rose and fell unevenly, giving away how the Alpha was really feeling.

Not to mention the bulge going on below his hips which Peter didn’t actually look at. Instead, he
stared up into the red eyes, knowing his own were gold.

A whimper was stuck in his throat, one so whiny it would beg Wade’s Alpha to do something to
comfort him. Peter swallowed reflexively, repressing the sound as best he could.

“Time to go say hi to your new classmates Petey.” The rough edge and deepened tone of Wade’s
voice didn’t help, the tension between them ready to snap.
“Where are you going to sleep?” Peter finally got out, his Omega needing some sort of reassurance.

“Right next door. You really thought I’d let you be far away from me?” Wade raised a non-eyebrow and something in Peter settled.

“O-Okay.” He nodded, feet feeling more stable so he could slowly walk forward, following alongside Wade as they headed downstairs.

~ ~ ~

Peter had underestimated how big the mansion was. From the front it was pretty huge, but it extended so far back that it had room to house the hundred plus people currently swarming the dining hall.

“We have a lot of underground space,” Vanessa had explained at his dumbfounded expression. “Some of the Omegas especially prefer the lower rooms.”

Which made sense. Omegas liked to feel enclosed, especially during heats. Peter preferred windows and views, hence why he ended up on the fourth corner floor.

They’d introduced Peter to everyone when he walked in and, to his relief, everyone seemed normal about it.

They were excited, sure, some people coming up to say hello and welcome him, but they weren’t staring or asking him any probing questions. Don’t ask don’t tell indeed. Even Bruce had waved at him from across the room.

The dining hall itself was multi-leveled, with tables and booths scattered about, a large sky light coming all the way from the top that would cast natural light around the room during the day. Now, little lamps hung from the ceilings to give everything a warm glow.

Wade had led Peter to a corner table with one hand on the small of his back. Michelle, Ned, Vanessa, and even Weasel joined them.

“Stay away from Flash, he’s a real idiot.” Ned pointed out a kid with inky black hair that was swept over his head.

Peter nodded along to Ned’s monologue, laughing at the occasional joke. They were eating hamburgers, a veggie burger, in Peter’s case, with roasted veggies and french fries. It was delicious.

Having Wade’s thigh pressed up against his own didn’t hurt either.

“Wilson! I hear you’ve been here for days and you didn’t even come to say hi.” A woman with a huge and well-maintained afro walked over to them.

She had a spot of vitiligo over her left eye and wore a tight black V-neck tank top over running pants. Her scent was that of a Beta.

Wade made a show of avoiding the woman as he stuffed fries into his mouth. “Domino!” Vanessa greeted as the Beta came down to sit next to Wade.

She clapped him on the back hard and Wade sputtered. “Long time no see. Fury’s been asking me where you are.”

“And you told him you have no idea where lil’ ol me is.”
“Yes and now you owe me. But we can talk about that later. Now, introduce me.” Domino gestured to Peter who was ignoring the bitter feeling in his stomach at the two’s casualness. She seemed nice, what was wrong with him?

“My name is Peter Parker.” He smiled, nodding his head in greeting.

“His name is Petey.” Wade turned to look at the Omega like he was making a point. Peter just stared back because he wasn’t.

“He starts lessons next week!” Ned announced. “He’ll be in your intro class this month.” Domino grinned at that.

“Really? Awesome. I’m Domino by the way, I work with Wade every now and then, but my main thing is mutant orphanages.”

“Really? Cool! I’d like to learn more about that actually. It’s nice to meet you Domino.” She gave him a thumbs up before snatching a handful of Wade’s fries, much to the Alpha’s horror.

“You know, thieves go to the 8th circle of hell.” Wade squinted his eyes at Domino who just flipped him off.

Peter settled in, nibbling his food and letting the presence of his newly found acquaintances warm the void in his chest.

He was still unsure in a lot of ways, about a lot of things. But he felt like he made a good choice, and he wasn’t looking back.

~ ~ ~

Peter couldn’t sleep. This had never been a problem for him. He was a healthy eighteen-year-old boy and sleep was his pride and joy.

But he was tossing and turning like he didn’t even know what sleep was or how to do it. After escaping to his room after dinner, he went to town making his bed nice and cozy.

He’d never realized how nice building a nest was, and now he had a proper bed and room to do it in. Peter was sure it had been unintentional, but the red and black of his walls and bedding put him in mind of Wade’s suit and it calmed him.

He still needed to talk to the Alpha about the whole Deadpool persona, but he’d been caught so off guard by his reaction the first time he saw it that he hadn’t been able to.

Now he was laid up in a bed so big and soft, pillows formed perfectly around his body, and yet he was wide awake. The sheets were too cold, the mattress too large, and there was a small but noticeable ache in his chest.

Peter was off the morphine drip, but he wondered if high strength ibuprofen was enough for the job. Then he thought about how good he slept with Wade. Better than he ever had at home.

Which, of course he did. Wade was an Alpha and as disturbing as his inner Omega acting out lately was, it made sense that he would find an Alpha’s company reassuring, especially after everything that happened to him.

He’d just gotten too dependent on that comfort, that was all. That was what Peter told himself anyway as he slid out of bed and tiptoed out of his room.
Wade had showed him his own room before dinner and it was literally right next door. Peter could hear talking going on downstairs and he was hoping everyone was still awake.

He probably looked like an idiot padding over to the Alpha’s room, leaning his ear against the wood and waiting for god knows how long.

Wade could be utterly silent when he wanted to, so the fact that no sound came didn’t exactly mean anything. Still, Peter needed to get some sleep and he had one idea of how to make that happen.

He slowed opened the door, making up an excuse about mistaking the room for a bathroom should Wade be inside.

Thankfully, he wasn’t, and Peter quickly walked in. The room was…dismal. A bed, dusty dresser, empty desk, and TV the only things decorating it.

Peter ignored the shiver that rode up his nerves at the subtle scent of Wade that was in the air. The Alpha didn’t usually stay here, which explained why the scent wasn’t stronger and the space was mostly un-lived in.

The curtains were open, providing the only light which Peter used to make his way to the dresser. He opened a drawer and his eyes caught onto a very familiar cloth, which looked more crumpled and used than the last time he saw it.

Peter’s face flamed and he slammed the drawer a little too loud, wincing and looking toward the door wearily.

His hands slid down to the next one, pulling it open and letting his shoulder relax when he saw one of Wade’s hoodies, the black one he’d worn when they first took Peter.

It was probably the wrong item to take. Wade would be less likely to notice a missing shirt, but Peter liked the size and thickness of the jacket. It felt big, substantial, like Wade.

Peter pulled it from the drawer, closing it quietly and bolting from the room as fast as his tip toes could take him.

He shut the door just as the sound of voices, one particularly deep and rumbly, were coming up the stairs.

Peter nearly sprinted, making it to his bed with the door closed before he could even breathe again. He pulled the hoodie up, stuffing his face in the material and letting Wade’s scent wash over him, his heartbeat slowing and his body warming.

The bed was still too big, but with the smell of wildness in his nose, and that voice right outside his door, it was enough to send Peter to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Ooooonoo get ready. This chapter was a slow one but things are gonna start ramping up! Thank you everyone. This is the one bright spot in my world when things aren't going to smoothly. So, I appreciate all the kind words and encouragement.

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Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

SMUT. That is all. Also a bombshell at the end. ( *〇□〇 ) …… !

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You okay Peter?” Domino asked, looking concerned. The Omega was…tired, and he looked it. His eyes were sunken in, the skin below a touch dark, and his movements sluggish.

He hadn’t been paying too much attention during lessons like he had the past week. That was because Peter wasn’t sleeping.

It had been about two weeks and Wade’s hoodie had lost the man’s scent. It also didn’t help that Wade had been gone the past three days on an assignment.

He’d literally hugged Peter before he left, which nearly made the boy pass out with how fast his heart had been beating.

Wade had also gotten a handful of Petey ass before the Omega yelped and tried to slap him. Wade simply caught his hand and smiled down at him.

When Peter tried to go back to get another piece of clothing, they were all gone. Considering Wade wore the same shirts and pants all the time, he’d probably packed them all. That left Peter with the man’s used sheets, which had been washed the day after the Alpha left.

And Peter was not okay. He couldn’t sleep, his body (especially his chest) ached, and he hadn’t really eaten. The lessons had started the week before when things were fine, and Peter loved them.

He was a learner by nature and understanding the ins and outs of the organization was thrilling, especially when he thought of which Faction he’d be a part of.

But now, he was utterly useless. “M’fine.” He mumbled, falling down into a chair in one of the mansions classrooms. Peter was the only new recruit this month, so the room was among their smaller ones, enough for just him and Domino.

“You don’t look fine.” The Beta pointed out. “You know, Wade comes back today.” She watched Peter’s eyes shoot up, body tightening up and feet tapping on the floor.

“O-Oh?” Domino smiled a bit at his reply. She’d seen the connection between Peter and Wade the second she walked up to them in the dining hall.

The way Wade had blocked Peter with his body, and how their eyes constantly found each other. The entire past week had been full of affectionate touches that were hidden behind Wade’s usual flirtatious ways.
But Domino hadn’t missed the way Peter blushed and leaned in to the touches. She’d watched their eyes flash at each other, something Wade literally never did for as long as she’d known him.

Everyone else noticed it too, their eyes following the two like they were magnets. Domino had asked Vanessa about it, but the other female knew just as much as she did.

Wade was surprisingly private about certain things. If he didn’t want someone to know something, they had a better shot of being hit by lightning than ever finding out.

The two felt something for each other, obviously. Something that went far deeper than was probably considered normal. But then there was Miles. Domino didn’t think Wade had told Peter about him, and if the Beta did, Wade’s reaction would be beyond anything she could imagine.

The Alpha had bypassed death all together, she had a feeling he would find a way around luck if she, or anyone else, ever hurt Peter. Telling him about the Miles situation would do just that.

“Why don’t we take a day off?” She asked, closing her own notebook filled with her lesson plans. “The Fall Gathering is tomorrow. I haven’t had time to go shopping for an outfit and I’m guessing you don’t have anything.”

Peter looked startled at that. “I’m not going. I’m just a trainee.”

“Trainees are welcomed too. It’s important that you expose yourself to others in the Order. I’m sure Ned and Michelle want you to come.”

Peter had been getting close to them, bonding with Ned over video games while Michelle read obscure novels and occasionally commented.

It had been…fun. The most fun he’d had in a really long time, aside from his memories with May and Ben, which he tried not to think about too often.

“They have stores in here?” Peter hadn’t toured the mansion, half because it was huge but also because his ribs still didn’t like excessive activity. The bruising was a lot better, but it would probably take another two weeks till he was fully back to normal.

He wouldn’t be surprised if they had a whole mall in here. He’d believe pretty much anything at this point. Domino just laughed at him.

“No. They have Order controlled shops in the next town we can go to. Most people already went but it’s well stocked. Want to go?”

“I can leave?” Peter asked, legitimately shocked. Domino laughed at him again but really, he hadn’t even thought about leaving. Which in hindsight, was stupid. “Yes! I wanna go.”

“Alright then. Come on.”

~ ~ ~

Turns out the “Order controlled shops” meant “Order controlled town.” It was like a military base. Domino explained that the town served as protection for the training compound.

Anyone who stumbled that far outside civilization would be turned back, though that rarely happened.

Trainees were also welcomed to go down for whatever recreational things they wanted: movies,
restaurants, even arcades.

Peter had been too busy with lessons and healing to even hear about it, much less go. Seeing it now was exciting, waking him up from his sleep-deprived stupor, even if the body aches stayed.

“Hey B!” Domino yelled when they walked into the little shop. Racks of dresses and suits decorated almost every inch of the store.

The floor was carpeted in crimson red, the walls a cascade of colors. It was on the far side of alternative, but it made Peter smile.

A huge man strolled through a back room, wearing an honest to god purple sequenced suit. Peter had no idea how it fit, the fabric stretched over giant arms and shoulders.

“Dom, you finally came down!” The man, another Beta, had the whitest teeth that contrasted with his skin so much they nearly hurt Peter’s eyes.

“I know, I’m a bit late to the party but me and Peter here need outfits for the Gathering. You got anything?”

“Ha! Of course. We never sell out here at B-Shac.” The man was so comedic, it reminded him slightly of Wade. A pang throbbed in his chest, but he tried to shake it off.

“Peter, this is Jesse. His alias is Bedlam so everyone calls him B. This is Peter, our newest recruit.” Bedlam snatched Peter’s hand and shook it with more force than should be allowed for one person.

“Nice to meet ya. So, what’re we looking for?”

“I want a pantsuit, black, no frills.” Domino answered before they both looked at Peter who just stared back.

“I uh…”

“Don’t worry Peter, we’ll find you something.”

An hour later and Peter was staring at himself in the gaudiest patterned suit he’d ever seen. “I don’t think so.” He mumbled while Domino stifled a laugh with a hand over her mouth.

The Beta was dressed in a silky black pantsuit, just like she wanted. It had a deep neck line and halter straps. She looked gorgeous and powerful. Peter looked like a quilt.

“Hm. Why don’t you look around and tell me what catches your eye?” Bedlam said, putting needles into Domino's suit where he’d tailor it later.

Peter just nodded and wondered the store, gazing at glittery gowns and zoot suits. A flash of red had him halting and his head swinging to look at it.

He walked over, fingers reaching out to soothe along the scarlet fabric. It was a satin shirt, buttonless, with a shallow but wide v-neck that would show off his collarbones.

Attached to it was a simple pair of black slacks. Peter snatched them and rushed to the dressing room while Bedlam and Domino finished their altering.

Once it was on, Peter knew it was the one he wanted. The red was vivid, it didn’t show excessive skin, but the material was thin enough to be a touch on the side of sexy.
The pants fit his hips well but the waist would need a little tightening. Aside from that, it looked great and Peter was smiling dopily to himself. He wondered if Wade would like it.

A blush the color of his shirt rode down his neck, but Peter didn’t fight the thought like he usually did. He liked Wade, a lot. And it really seemed like Wade liked him back.

He had no experience with crushes, much less relationships. But he new things between them were going slow, probably because Wade knew how clueless Peter was in this.

Maybe this outfit could be a way to nudge Wade a little more. When he walked out of the dressing room and both Domino and Bedlam gave their full approval, Peter felt better than he had in days.

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The bed was comfortable, the room was dark, and the window was cracked just enough to let in a thin stream of cool air: everything Peter needed to fall asleep, and yet he was wide awake and miserable.

His body was so tired, his eyes heavy enough to feel bruised. He wanted to sleep but he just couldn’t. They’d gotten home from B-Shac, ate dinner, hung out with everyone in the indoor theater where they played movies on a huge screen.

Peter had been distracted the whole night and to make matters worse, Wade didn’t come home. He didn’t ask about it, afraid to be too obvious about his new feelings for the Alpha, but going by the sympathetic looks thrown his away, he wasn’t doing the best job at it.

Peter was so stuck in his own thoughts that he didn’t hear the very subtle sound of a door opening. What he did notice was the slow dip in the bed, which startled him enough to sit up and flip around, gasping for breath.

“Hey hey, it’s just me.” Wade’s voice was a whisper, his face hidden in the shadows of the room, but the scent was unmistakable.

Peter couldn’t help himself, a surge of elation rushed through him and he threw his body at the Alpha, wrapping his arms around the man’s neck and pressing his own face under Wade’s jaw, realizing that the man was shirtless and nearly moaning against the bare skin.

Big hands slowly wrapped around a tiny waist, pulling their chests together. That’s when it was Wade’s turn to notice something.

“Baby boy, are you wearing my hoodie?” Peter froze.

“…”

“…”

“No.”

“I think you are.”

“I’m not.”

“You definitely are.”

Peter could die. He wanted to let go and burrow under his blankets where he could pretend he didn’t exist. Except he didn’t’ because he was currently inhaling lung fulls of Wade’s scent and he didn’t
think he could make his body move if he wanted to.

“You were gone.” Peter said by way of explanation, nuzzling into Wade because he was so happy the man was back.

“I’m sorry baby.” Wade’s voice was rough, and Peter muffled a whimper against the scarred skin. “I missed you too.”

Wade leaned back, forcing Peter to do the same. Their eyes met and while it was too dark to actually see much else, the red and gold glow lit up each other’s faces.

Peter squeezed Wade’s shoulders, thinking about his new outfit and how he wanted something to happen between them. With the tiniest pressure, Peter pulled.

It was barely noticeable, but Wade noticed everyone about Peter. That was all it took. Wade leaned in and pressed their lips together.

Peter first kiss was everything and nothing like he’d imagined. His usual self hadn’t bothered with daydreams of romance.

But secretly, when he was in his room back at their dilapidated little apartment, he’d close his eyes and imagined the fireworks that romance novels waxed about. The type of thing that wasn’t actually real, but a lot people liked to dream of anyway.

Kissing Wade was more than anything any mind could make up. Electric currents ran through every nerve and when Peter gasped at the intensity, Wade devoured him.

The Alpha anticipated Peter’s inexperience, leading every movement. Wade nipped at the Omega’s lips, rolling their tongues together and, careful of Peter’s left side, he pulled the smaller body into him so hard the other could barely breathe.

Peter felt a hand slide down, over the hem of the jacket and down toward his ass. Wade grabbed a handful, pulling up and in as he slid a thigh in between Peter’s legs.

The Omega broke free, gasping for air. The two were kneeling on the bed, with Peter clinging to Wade’s shoulders as the man literally held him against his body.

“W-Wade.” Peter breathed heavily, “I-I” He didn’t know what he was trying to say, completely overwhelmed by the thick hardness pressing against his leg. Not to mention his own reaction, pushing into Wade’s belly and his wetness meeting the Alpha’s hand which had now dipped down into the cleft, right over his hole.

“Shh, baby boy. Trust me.” Wade pulled Peter a tick higher, lifting his full weight with ease, before he started moving.

Like waves, Wade had Peter’s body rocking into his, his cock pressed against Peter’s leg with the Omega’s on his hip.

Most people had never been with a male Omega, Wade included, so he didn’t have any experience with slick, but he loved it.

Peter’s smell was more potent than anyone he had before and anal sex was a bitch to deal with. Peter on the other hand was made for this, for him.

It was also a rumor that male Omegas got more pleasure from their holes than their dicks. Wade was
going to test that out.

“Take off that hoodie for me baby boy.” Wade liked seeing Peter in his clothes, maybe a little too much, but he wanted full access right now.

Peter jumped to obey because truthfully, Wade could tell him to stand on his head and whistle Dixie right now and he would, but the growl underlining his voice didn’t hurt his motivation either.

So, the material was over his head and thrown across the room in seconds. That was when self-conscious Peter reared his ugly head. Chest to chest, skin to skin, Peter didn’t need to see the differences because he could feel them.

Wade was big, but he was also cut, the textured skin stretched tightly over chiseled muscle. Peter was skinny, maybe lean on a good day.

But the cushion of his hips and little pooch on his tummy were a far cry from the physique of the man in front of him.

“Hey,” Wade pecked him on the lips, bringing back his attention. “Talk to me Petey, what’s going on in that little head of yours?”

“N-Nothing.” Peter tried to lean back in, not wanting to focus on his insecurities.

“No no no, my baby boy went cold. Tell me what’s wrong.” Peter, frustrated at Wade’s persistence and his own inability to stay in the moment, surged forward.

With a roll of his hips, he let out a needy whimper, and Wade was lost. Alphas can’t deny Omegas when it came right down to it. Peter just needed to heat them back up.

“Don’t think I’m going to forget that.” Wade said before leaning down, forcing Peter to arch his back so he was at the perfect angle for the man to take one of his nipples into his mouth and suck.

Peter let out a high pitch cry, eyes squeezing shut because oh, he’d hadn’t felt that before. The fingers pressing on his hole ground down harder and Peter undulated uncontrollably.

“Wade!” He yelped, taken off guard. The Alpha started humming, the vibrations sending chills down his nipple and through his chest.

“And who said rumors can’t be true?” He mumbled, slipping a hand under Peter’s boxer briefs until his fingers could tease along the other’s bare rim.

Peter could have blacked out. He’d never felt like this, never thought anyone could. Wade hadn’t stopped the slow and steady move of their bodies, but his tongue was still rolling his nipple in circles, his fingers tantalizing against his hole. It was driving him crazy. Peter didn’t get crazy. His orgasms were functional at best, but now, he felt like a freight train was about to hit him head on.

“I n-need…” Peter knew what he needed, but he just went from zero to sixty in terms of experience and his head was about to pop off from the embarrassment.

“Tell me Petey. Good boys ask for what they want.” Wade was back at full height staring down at Peter with crimson eyes, his fingers still feathering the Omega’s hole, coating themselves in slick.

“I-I don’t know-“

“Ah ah ahh, that’s not what I wanna hear.” Peter snapped his lips shut, his eyes going wide and
Omega whining from inside him. There was no disappointment in his voice, but Peter felt it all the same.

“You can be a bad boy another time, when it’s bright outside and I can make your ass red.” He growled the last part, feeling a responding gush of slick slide onto his fingers. Good, Petey liked that idea. Wade locked that in the back of his mind for later.

“But right now, I want you to be good.” Wade nearly cooed and Peter’s head went dizzy.

“I want you t-to…” He fell silent, feeling oddly sad at his own nervousness but Wade started kissing him again and the thoughts vanished.

“It’s okay baby boy, just you and me right now yeah? Try again.” Peter nodded, leaning in to nuzzle Wade’s jaw.

“I want your f-fingers…” He paused, “I-I-Inside of me.” Peter whispered the last part, but he felt a bloom of relief when he looked to see Wade grinning, his fangs elongated and catching the golden glow.

“My good boy.” Wade growled before sinking a finger into Peter, as deep a it would go. Like his first kiss, something in Peter shifted, making his chest expand with some foreign feeling and his body bowed upward in an arch.

Wade groaned, finger pushing and pulling inside of the Omega, obsessed with the slick heat. Peter was tight but the wetness made slipping another finger in too easy for Wade to wait.

Peter’s whine let him know it was the right thing to do. The Alpha alternated between thrusting their bodies together, using the movement to roll his fingers against Peter’s sweet spot, while also sucking at every bit of skin he could get to.

Peter was clinging tightly to Wade, face rubbing along the man’s while he gasped and moaned. It could have been five minutes or thirty, as Wade was setting the pace, and Peter was completely out of it.

Either way, when Wade started moving more insistently, Peter knew. With measured curls of his fingers and the right angle, Wade started snapping his hips.

The Alphas thigh rode against Peter’s cock, but it was his fingers nailing his prostrate with every slide that had his vision swarming and breath punching through his chest.

“W-Wade.” He whined for the hundredth time and the man kicked up a deep rumble, rolling his own dick against the Omega’s leg, his knot swelling larger than he was used to.

Of course, it did. This was Peter. Only Peter could make him like this. And looking at the other’s flushed face, teary gold eyes, and broken cries muffled against bitten lips, Wade knew only he could make Peter like this too.

“Come for me baby boy, only for me.” Wade growled into Peter’s ear at the same time he used his fingers to pull up, pressing right where the Omega needed it, trapping their cocks between their bodies.

Seeing Peter fall apart was all Wade needed to follow him, his teeth biting down hard against each other because the urge to Mark the other was nearly beyond control.

Peter tucked his face against Wade’s scent gland, body going tight and vision going white with heat
as the waves of pleasure crashed into and rode through him.

He was sobbing out endless moans, feeling like his mind had flown off but Wade was there the ground him. When he came down, Wade’s rumbling was so loud it passed right through him, calming him down like nothing else could.

The Alpha was careful to nip lightly at Peter’s neck when he pulled his fingers free, knowing the emptiness could hurt.

Peter’s body was languid, allowing Wade to shift him enough to get his soaked underwear off before laying him under the covers.

He pulled back for just a second, stripping off his sweats and chuckling lightly at Peter’s whimper at the distance.

Wade got in next to him, pulling their bodies flush together and Peter murmured contentedly. Wade wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.

Especially when the Omega chuffed quietly, falling asleep to the Alpha’s rumble. Wade hadn’t expected Peter to feel anything for him, not with his disfigurement and job and general fucked up- edness.

But seeing him that day, in the abandoned house with the cartel holding him hostage, had shifted his world’s axis. It had done the same to Peter’s, so that their lives were inexplicably aligned.

When Peter chose to stay, he tied himself to Wade without even knowing it. Because now, there was no way the Alpha would let him go.

Not again.

Chapter End Notes

Well well well. Thoughts? Theories?
Also, whose excited for the Gathering???
Thanks for all the love! See you Bunnies next week. <3
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I am sorry I skipped last week! Depression and midterms are one hell of a toxic mix. Anyway, this chapter is on the short side. It was originally going to be long but I was sacrificing quality and I really wanted to update. So, here we were! Either way, I hope you like it.

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter woke up to his body surrounded by cushion, warmth, and a very hot wall. His chest was pressed right up against it and, half asleep, he made a small noise of confusion.

Hands, those were definitely hands, shifted on his lower back, rubbing into his sides and spine, before soothing back down again.

His body was relaxed, like it could do nothing else and be no other way. Peter’s awareness snapped into him like a slap across the face and everything came into focus.

Wade’s chest was a solid weight underneath him, his thigh gently cocked up to separated Peter’s who had one arm down and the other pressed against the other’s pec.

They were completely naked, insulated by the thick downy blankets and deep crevices of Peter’s nest. He wanted to freak out, because this was new and terrifying, and they’d done things last night that would make St. Theresa’s head spin.

But all Peter could feel was a deep-rooted happiness, stemming from the very core of him and radiating out so that he truly felt like he was in the best place in the world.

His inner Omega felt closer to his own mind than ever, the two intermingling in a way he didn’t know possible.

Not wanting the moment to end, Peter snuggled closer, nuzzling his face beneath the curve of Wade’s chin. He chuffed happily when the Alphas low rumble increased to a purr.

They didn’t say anything, didn’t have to. Wade was holding Peter like he was precious, and Peter was seeking to be closer to Wade, scars be damned.

A knock at the door broke the revere and Wade actually growled, rolling Peter over so he’d be further from the door and deeper in the sheets, the big body physically shielding him.

“Wade!? Is that you?” Domino yelled, throwing open the door and stepping inside, hand over eyes because the room smelled of mate musk and it was pungent, even to her Beta nose. She did not need to be traumatized right now.

Peter peeked out from under the blankets to see Wade literally throw a knife off the bedside table,
aimed directly toward the female.

Peter shouted but Domino simply dropped her hand, looking entirely bored as a large gust of wind blew open the window and whooshed inside, hitting the knife just so to make it miss its target by a centimeter.

The blade buried itself into the door behind her. “You gonna explain why you’re making my student miss his lessons?” She said without missing a beat.

Peter’s face went from mortifyingly red to pasty blanched, his circulation getting one hell of a workout.

“Luck of the Irish my ass. And who the fuck asked you to come in?”

Peter’s coloring reversed once again when Wade reached a hand back to squeeze at his hip.

“It’s 2 o’clock dipshit. Peter didn’t show up for our morning lesson or lunch and I got worried.”

“I’m sorry!” the Omega squeaked from behind broad shoulders. Domino just shook her head, arms crossed and foot tapping.

“It’s clear that we won’t be getting anything done today. Which is just as well because it’s almost time to leave.”

Wade rolled his eyes, falling onto his back and literally dragging Peter’s body over to cover his again. “You couldn’t pay me to go to that shit, don’t even think about it.”

“No, but Peter’s going, he even got this cute little outfit and everything. I’m sure he’ll get more than enough attention to forget about you while you sit here doing nothing. So, let’s go Peter!” Domino jabbed a thumb backwards over her shoulder. “We gotta drive down to town where the plane is and it leaves at three. Pack for the whole weekend.”

With that she left, and Peter was feeling a whole lot of things. He turned to look at Wade who had a dangerous look in his eye.

“An outfit, huh?”

Peter nodded, still flushed and embarrassed and still very naked. Wade breathed in through his nose before huffing.

“Well that’s that then.”

“That’s what?”

“I’m going. Can’t let my baby boy show off that ass unless I’m there to exterminate any pests.” Peter blinked at the Alpha as the other lifted them both up to sitting.

Peter had been so lost in the fluff and chaos that he’d neglected to notice Wade’s very hard cock until it was pressed right into his belly.

Shocked, he looked down and nearly combusted. Wade was huge, and while Peter wasn’t a porn person, he knew that the man could easily take on any Alpha he’d ever seen in a video.

It wasn’t just the size but the indentations of the scars which made it looked uniquely ribbed, the veins still visible amongst them.
Peter, as an Omega, didn’t have the influx of hormones to cause morning wood, but his eyeful of Wade made his own dick fill with interest until the two were pressed against each other.

It was almost laughable, the size difference, but it made Peter feel hot and wet and small. It didn’t help when Wade wrapped a very large hand around the two and pumped.

Peter squealed, jerking his body because they were now in broad daylight, his insecurities on display and their relationship still unclear. But Wade didn’t let up.

Instead, he curled a hand behind Peter and pushed two fingers into him, causing the other to arch and shout. It was a stretch, but slick was forming fast to ease the burn.

Wade latched onto one of his nipples, his other hand slowly dragging their cocks together. Peter’s eyes watered, the amount of stimulation overwhelming and whimpers fell from his lips uncontrollably.

His body was entirely Wade’s and the trust in that scared him, because he so easily gave it. Suddenly, the Alpha’s fingers disappeared from inside him and Peter gasped, feeling very unsettled and not knowing why.

He looked down at the man who was lazily stroking them, his own face pulled back to grin up at Peter…waiting.

“D-Don’t take…them out.” He whispered, realizing his hands were squeezing Wade’s shoulders hard, nails digging in. He released them and Wade growled, pushing Peter down over the covers so he was on his back.

Light streamed past the semi-opened curtains to rest on his body. Peter’s hands flew to his belly and chest, his legs trying to squeeze together.

Wade loomed above him, eyes red and hooded. “Don’t hide yourself from me.” He pulled Peter’s legs so they were spread, thighs resting right besides the Alpha’s hips as he was completely open to him.

Peter couldn’t help it as his hand shot down to cover himself, but Wade caught his wrist, grabbing the other and dragging them up so they were pinned above his head.

Embarrassment washed over him as he bit his lip. With Wade over him like this, it was even harder not to compare.

Peter didn’t want to be big like him, truthfully, he liked being smaller. He liked knowing Wade could easily overpower him but trusting it would only happen in the best way.

But he just seemed so…average next to Wade. “Okay, talking time. You wanna tell me what’s on your mind baby boy?”

“No.” Peter whispered, fighting the urge to just straight up close his eyes because there was no way he was wiggling out of this one.

“Do you not like being with me like this?”

Peter’s lids could have hit his hairline. “What? No! That’s not it.”

“Then what’s going on?” Wade stared down at him and Peter tried to stay silent, but the pressure was too much.
“Because look at me! And then look at you!” Peter didn’t realize how that sounded until the flash of hurt crossed the Alphas face. “No no no no no, that’s not what I meant. I mean…you’re…you know…good looking, and I’m…not.” Peter finished lamely, wishing he could put it in a better way.

Wade just looked gobsmacked, and the Omega was worried he offended him, so he tried again. “You’re muscular and tall and fit and your face is…you know, nice. And I’m skinny and pale and boring-“

Wade clamped a hand over Peter’s mouth, still looking utterly thrown. “Did you…did you just say I was attractive and you’re not?!”

The Omega kept his mouth shut, his body flexing under the other’ gaze, twitching back when a flash of anger passed over Wade’s face, his hand lifting off.

“Did someone make you feel like that? Like your perfect fucking body was worse than the garbage disposal slab of meat I carry around?” He was genuinely mad, but Peter matched it, eyes blazing gold.

“Don’t say that! You don’t look like that! I like your scars!” Wade dropped his head down into Peter’s neck, muffling an unbelieving laugh.

“He looks at this skin and gets insecure about his body. Jesus fuck.” Wade turned his mouth in and honest to god bit Peter.

His fangs were protruding, so he kept it shallow, only just enough to pierce but Peter nearly screamed, legs parting involuntarily and the scent of slick thick in the air.

“Never talk about yourself like that again.” The Alpha pulled back, leaning on Peter’s hands, a signal to keep them there, before releasing them and dragging his palms down.

Long fingers pressed in hard to soft flesh, massing each muscle and flicking both nipples as they descended.

“You’re beautiful Peter.” The Omega’s eyes widened, his blush spreading further down his body. “I should have stayed away from you. I tried. But you’re too goddamn beautiful and I’ll make good on my promise to make this ass red,” he said while grabbing two fistfuls, “if I ever hear you say anything bad about this body. Not even you get to make my baby boy feel bad about himself. If I find out anyone else is or did, Bea and Arthur will give them a little visit. You understand?”

Peter was speechless, his skin hot and dick twitching against his belly at Wade’s display. The man was utterly serious, his voice gentle but cutting.

He, Wade Wilson, thought Peter was beautiful. He’d never been called that in his entire life. “Y-Yes.”

“Good boy. Now, no more covering yourself. This,” Red eyes went from Peter’s head, racked down his body, down to his toes, “is mine. I want all of it.”

Wade ended his point with two fingers settling on Peter’s rim right before thrusting inside. The Omega craned up, hands going down to grab something but at Wade’s warning growl, flew right back up above his head.

Wade’s other hand went to wrap around his own cock, stripping it aggressively. Peter let Wade take him apart with just his fingers, hips jerking and thighs quivering with every peak.
The feeling of Peter’s hole flexing, attempting to draw more of Wade inside, sent the Alpha over the edge and he painted the pale chest in front of him, marking him with his scent.

Peter may or may not know, but the smell would linger on him for days. Their combined scents were already mixing, coating the both of them but it was still too subtle.

If Wade was going to make a show tonight, he needed everyone at that party to know exactly who Peter belonged to. Even if the Omega himself didn’t know it yet.

“Wade.” Peter’s face was flushed, his eyes glossy and chest just barely going back to a normal rise and fall.

“Yeah?”

“You can’t talk about yourself like that again either.” Wade stayed silent.

Peter grabbed the man’s hand where it rested on his own hip. “Promise?”

“…I promise.”

~ ~ ~

An hour of very rushed packing, traveling everyone down by bus to the border town, and boarding a plane Peter didn’t even know existed, and they were on their way.

The Omega was currently on Wade’s lap, sitting in one of the chairs. There was more than enough room. It was a Boeing 737, remodeled to have less seats, more room, and more luxury.

It wasn’t on a private jet level, but it was cozier than most plane’s Peter had seen on movies. Not every trainee had come, so there was plenty of empty seats. But Peter hadn’t argued when the Alpha physically picked him up and tucked him into his chest, even with the staring of everyone else on board.

He knew he had to talk to Wade at some point, Peter needed to know what the heck they were, and what they were doing.

The man meant more to him than he had words to describe it, and his Omega was desperate to feel some sort of security.

He also needed to learn more about Wade because when it came right down too it, Peter knew next to nothing about him. Hell, he hadn’t even been able to talk to him about the things he did know.

“Where is the Gathering anyway?” Peter had assumed it would be at the training compound but thinking of the Order’s wealth and tendency toward indulgence, that was probably a dumb assumption.

Wade looked down at him, thumbs stroking along his body where his hands held him. “New York City.” Peter stopped breathing, shaking his head and feeling dizzy.

“No no wait, I can’t go back there yet. It hasn’t even been that long since-since…” Wade grabbed the base of his neck and brought Peter’s face to his neck and the Omega clung to his shirt.

“Settle down baby boy, we aren’t going anywhere near your old place. It’s outside the city.” Peter took deep breaths, sucking in Wade’s scent and nuzzling further into him.

The Alpha has planted them at the far back of the plane so the were as alone as they could be. Still
Peter felt self-conscious, but he was with Wade, and that made most of the pain in his chest recede as his breath slowed.

“Hey,” Wade tugged on his chin until Peter was looking at him. “You’ll go back when you’re ready. And if you want, I’ll come with you.”

Peter nodded, their foreheads pressed together.

“Okay ladies, gents, and others! We are gonna land soon and we need to go over some ground rules.” Vanessa called from the front, clapping to get everyone’s attention.

Peter shifted off Wade enough to stare at the Beta through the other seats and tried not to laugh when the Alpha rolled his eyes.

“For those who haven’t been, we’ll be arriving at a private hotel owned by Loki. It isn’t Order controlled, but it’s been cleared out for the Gathering. They have room accommodations for all of us so when we land, we’ll go to our rooms, get ready, and dinner is held at 5. Don’t be too worried about meeting anyone, just be respectful of the Chairs. Not all of them should be there but you never know.” Vanessa looked up at Wade for a split second before flicking her gaze elsewhere.

“Don’t worry about your bags, they’ll be delivered to your rooms. I’ll be giving you your rooms keys which has its designated room number and floor on it when you exit the plane. Everyone is to meet in the main lobby and foyer at 5:30. You’ll all be busy getting ready but just in case, no wondering around. Got it?”

A chorus of ‘yes’ followed. Peter hadn’t brought anything with him on the plane and neither had Wade. Trainees weren’t given phones for security reasons, though apparently you could earn an ipad.

When they finally touched down, the Alpha set him down in the isle, walking close behind him as they made their way out and down the stairs.

Vanessa went to hand him his room card, but Wade snatched it out of her hand and pushed them both forward.

“Wade you forgot yours!” She shouted after them. The man lifted a hand, waving it like he was shooing her away.

“There’s no I in room.” He called and Peter couldn’t help but bark a laugh, trudging his way toward the buses which were waiting to give them a ride to the hotel.

“There’s no us in room either.” He pointed out.

“No, but there are two oo’s, which I know from experience is a great sound my baby boy likes to make when he’s feeling good. Can’t do that in separate rooms Petey.”

Peter blushed, ignoring the dark chuckle that sounded at his ear as they boarded the bus. It was going to be quite the evening.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: The Gathering! Sorry if this felt like a filler chapter but it was needed. See
you next time fluffies <3
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I'm a little early because I'm pretty damn excited about this chapter, though y'all might kill me. x) We'll see. Well then, let's get to it!

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter stood in the hotel bathroom, his hands a little shaky. Hell, his whole body was a little shaky. He’d jumped into the shower when they got to the room, insisting on getting ready entirely in the bathroom so Wade wouldn’t be tempted to distract him. The Alpha had been unimpressed.

He’d admittedly taken too long scrubbing his body down, until his skin was tinged slightly red. Peter wished he had more time to mess with his hair, or you know, learn how to do it in the first place. As it was, it was still a floppy, slightly curled mess. It had some sort of shape, but that was mostly out of its own natural positioning.

Bedlam had tailored his outfit in record time, giving it to Domino who had thankfully packed it in his bags, careful not to wrinkle it.

Peter smoothed his fingers down the fabric. He would have been more comfortable with an undershirt, but Bedlam insisted it wasn’t meant to go with one.

That meant Peter’s nipples would be on display should a gust of cold air touch him. It felt…exciting, if a bit unnerving.

The pants fit him just right. They were pocketless so the material hugged him smoothly, he had even forgone underwear, secretly excited for Wade to find out that little detail tonight. His shoes were sleek and black, his shirt tucked in loosely and opened at the top to show off a bit of his skin.

Peter looked good, and he rarely thought that. His awkward face didn’t exactly suit the rest of him, but he felt a surge of confidence, biting his lip at the thought of Wade seeing him like this.

So, when he stepped back into the room, which was pretty over the top itself, he wasn’t expecting to see Deadpool standing in the middle of it. Wade yes, Deadpool no.

“Uh-“

Wade rumbled low and deep, head tilting and big body lurching forward. Peter jumped but was quickly dragged into the man.

“Baby boy you look delicious.” Peter held onto what felt like a spandex leather material covering Wade’s biceps, his gaze locked onto the bright white eye coverings of the mask.

“Why are you wearing your suit?”
“I never go to Order events, but when I do, I’m suited up. Most people have never seen my face and I want to keep it that way.”

“But at the compound…”

“Didn’t want to hide my face from you Petey.” Wade shrugged. “You’re special to me.” Peter blushed, smiling despite himself.

Big hands wondered over him, eyes assessing the clothes. Peter could feel Wade appreciating his body, fingers squeezing down his ribs, over his hips, to curl around his ass.

With a hard pull, Wade lifted Peter who opened his legs and hooked them behind the other’s back. He let go with one hand, reaching back to pull something out his utility belt. He lifted it up to Peter’s face and with a flick of his wrist, a tied unraveled.

Peter broke out laughing, rolling his eyes at the same time. Wade shrugged, “They said this was a black-tie event. Wouldn’t want to break any rules.”

“You? No, never.” Peter giggled, grabbing the tie and doing it up for Wade just like Uncle Ben had taught him.

After he was done, the Alpha leaned down to drag his nose down to Peter’s neck, scenting him.

“Stay close to me tonight, okay?”

Peter hummed, shivering at the feeling of his nipples moving across the rough material of the suit. “Okay.”

~ ~ ~

The main ballroom was huge, the ceiling two stories high but the room completely open. Dozens of tables littered the floor, covered with pure white table cloths with identical and elaborate set-ups.

It was a circular room, with ten balconies overlooking the main floor, full length windows sat between them, showing off the lights of New York City. In the center of the ceiling was the biggest chandelier Peter had ever seen, thousands of tiny crystals dancing above them.

Hundreds of people were already inside, some sitting down, others standing, but all conversing as if they weren’t all in a secret society. It was bizarre but the atmosphere made a pleasant buzz start in Peter’s chest.

All of the trainees and teachers walked in together, Wade’s hand guiding Peter by the small of his back. He might have looked strange in his suit, but Peter realized he really didn’t care how Wade looked outwardly. Whether he was showing off his scars or covered in red and black, Peter just wanted to be near him.

But the people in the room noticed, though not how Peter expected. As they passed tables, he could see the widening of eyes and tensing of shoulders.

They looked…on edge, almost afraid. Which was absurd when you considered the fact that some of them were probably mercenaries themselves.

Wade paid them no mind, following Vanessa who led everyone to several tables on the edge of the circle.
Peter sat with Ned who wore an orange suit, Michelle who was wearing a flowy black dress with matching choker, Vanessa in a purple cocktail dress, Domino in her pantsuit, and Weasel who wore jeans with an untucked white dress shirt plus tie.

“Amazing right?” Ned elbowed Peter with a big grin.

“It’s crazy.”

“It’s indulgent,” Michelle muttered, sipping from the wine glass filled with ice water.

“What Chairs are gonna show up?” Ned looked over at Domino and Vanessa.

“Tony, Bruce, Clint, Wanda, Loki…. and I think Fury?” Vanessa responded, lifting her fingers as she counted.

“Ahh no way, Fury? He never comes to anything.”

“He only comes to things when he wants to stick his nose where it doesn’t belong.” Weasel yawned, kicking back in his chair.

“I heard his son is coming too.” Domino said as an afterthought, but her eyes were trained on Wade who tilted his head but said nothing.

The lights suddenly dimmed to a more comfortable glow just as the doors to the balconies opened and people stepped through.

Everyone’s eyes went upward, and Peter stared at the people who emerged. His eyes caught onto Tony wearing a black suit and red tie. Bruce on the balcony over wore a purple button down with no tie and gray blazer. He had that tired look as always, but he smiled down on everyone.

Next to him was a woman with long copper hair and a red dress, corseted up the middle. She also had a gentle look on her face, but something else lingered behind her eyes.

Next up was a man with short, muddy blonde hair wearing a classic black and white suit, complete with a bow tie. His eyes were sharp, scanning the room which contrasted with his otherwise kind features.

A man with an eyepatch, black turtle neck and trench coat was the next ledge over. There looked to be someone behind him but the arch over the balcony shrouded them. The man didn’t smile, instead he looked downright angry, and he was looking directly at Peter.

The Omega felt the urge to shrink into himself, maybe dive under the table. He felt Wade’s hand slip onto his thigh, squeezing it gently. So, he simply looked, refusing to seem affected. He didn’t know who the man was but based on what he knew of the Chairs, this must be Fury, leader of the mercenaries.

On the opposite side of the ballroom, on a slightly more decorated balcony, a door opened to reveal a showy man in an elaborate green and gold suit.

His eyes could only be described as snake-like, even his smile dipped down slightly unnaturally. It made Peter feel uneasy but surprisingly, he wasn’t afraid or overly alert, not like he was with Fury who was still staring at the back of Peter’s head.

“Hello everyone, we are glad so many of you were able to make it.” The man in gold said. Wade had explained that while this was a gathering of the Order, only a handful could actually attend. The
Order was made up of thousands of people of which lived in countries throughout the world.

So, while big, this was more a formality, a way for members to gather to maintain some sort of cohesion. They had similar events in different countries for the same reason.

“Dinner will be served shortly, do feel free to roam around and talk, it’s been quite a while since some of us have seen each other. And welcome the trainees, we have some unfamiliar faces among us. Enjoy.” The man swept his arm, signaling the waiters to start serving.

Peter listened to Domino as she explained who each of the Chairs were and just as he’d expected, the one with the eyepatch was Fury.

He still felt eyes on him but once he was given a plate of salad, his hunger took over. Other than some pretzels on the plane, he hadn’t eaten all day.

So, he dug in, chuckling at the banter being thrown around the table. Wade pulled his mask half way up to eat and Peter tried not to be distracted at the sight of his skin. It made him want to touch the man, feel the individual grooves brush under his fingertips.

Wade caught the side looks and curled his lip to flash a fang and knock his leg into Peter’s. Thinking about those teeth at his throat had Peter feeling some type of way, fidgeting in his seat.

“I’m trying to eat, not be party to a porno.” Weasel eyed them but Wade just flipped him off without looking.

“So, you gonna Mark each other any time soon?” Domino asked, jaw resting on her hand as she chewed some lettuce. Peter nearly choked on his.

“You got something to say Weas?”

“We uh, we barley met.” Peter replied because it was true, even if it didn’t feel like it was.

“I’m courting Petey like a gentleman.” Wade waved his fork in the air. Weasel just snorted. “You got something to say Weas?”

“I prefer to keep my balls attached to my body, so no.” They served steak out next and Peter was surprised when a plate of pasta and veggies landed in front of him.

“I made sure they knew we had a vegetarian with us.” Vanessa said, smiling. “Though Wade was the one who reminded me.”

Peter mouthed a thank you to her, bumping his head on Wade’s shoulder to show his gratitude. He felt…happy, really happy. It made him think of his aunt and uncle.

This wasn’t the life they, must less himself, would have imagined for Peter. But in so many ways, it was better. They had probably been more optimistic than him about his future, but he hadn’t known how much he was missing.

He had purpose now, an exciting opportunity to help people in any way he could imagine. He had friends, ones who didn’t care about who he had been. They liked Peter for the person he was now, and he was rapidly discovering that he was more himself now than he’d ever been.

That was all thanks to Wade. He’d thrown Peter for a loop, busting into his world and making instincts he didn’t even know he had flare up.
Wade made Peter acknowledge the Omega inside him he had desperately avoided. He made him feel small, protected, even submissive in a way that made him no less equal, while seeing his intelligence and kindness. Peter knew that Wade respected him, would do anything in his power for him.

They really hadn’t known each other for long, but with the way the Alpha looked at him, it hardly mattered.

So, while he’d never be able to ask them, much less introduce them to Wade, Peter knew they were happy for him. That they were finally together again somewhere, smiling down on him.

It made his eyes a little watery, and he couldn’t help looking up at Wade who was gesturing wildly at Domino who was rolling her eyes at him.

He wanted to do something for him, to thank him for everything. Peter thought about the comments about his skin, the suit he still wore in front of all these people, and he knew what he could do.

So, Peter folded one leg under him, pushing his knee into the chair cushion to push himself up. At the same time, he grabbed the sides of Wade’s face, turning it toward his own.

Then, when he could feel the Alpha’s eyes on his own, he flashed his irises gold, knowing the others would light up red in return.

Then, he pulled his face in and brought their lips together. Wade’s body was frozen, his lips barley reacting for a beat.

Then, large arms were curled around Peter’s waist and he was pulled into the other’s lap and crushed to Wade’s chest, the seat turning sideways away from the table. The Alpha held him so hard it nearly hurt, their lips moving against each other’s with deliberate intent.

It meant something to Wade, just like Peter hoped it would. And now, it meant something to everyone else in the room, people who feared Wade, who the man hid his skin from.

Peter was straddling Wade’s hips, one hand clutching the side of his face, the other hooked around broad shoulders. When they finally pulled apart, both were breathing heavy.

He wished he could see his eyes, but somehow, Peter could still feel the intensity behind the whites of the mask. He knew the Alpha’s heart was beating as fast as his own and for what could have been entire minutes, it was like they were alone.

Suddenly, the double door entrance to the ballroom opened with a loud whoosh, breaking everyone out of the moment. Peter and Wade both turned to look at the person who walked in.

It was a boy who looked to be Peter’s age, but he was gorgeous. His black hair was cut close to his head, two small gold hoops piercing his ears that the chandelier light glinted off of.

He wore high waisted slacks, two rows of gold buttons adorning the front side of it and material like a second skin. The shirt looked like silk, buttery and pure white, nearly see through. Like Peter’s, it was collarless, but its neckline was a deep V, showing off a lithe but toned chest.

It was tucked into the pants so every clean line of the boy’s body was on display, elegant but sexy, nearly erotic.

Delicate gold chains hung from his neck, and gold bangles were wrapped around his wrists. His face was angular, his eyes big and the brown a deep shade, matching his skin perfectly.
His lips were plump, and Peter could tell there was a light coating of gloss over them. Everyone in the room was staring, their eyes nearly forced to take in the beauty.

Even Wade, whose body had gone noticeably tense, was staring. It was then that the scent finally reached Peter. It was so sweet it nearly stung, the smell strongly floral and Peter wrinkled his nose against it.

There was no mistaking it though. The smell was coming from the boy, whose gaze scanned around the room to stop on them.

A small smile graced his lips and he began walking their way, his hips subtly swaying from side to side. This boy was an Omega, and as he got closer, Peter could tell he was looking right at Wade.

The Alpha, without taking his eyes off the other Omega, pulled Peter in closer to his body, plastering the two of them together. The boy’s lips twitched but otherwise his face was carefully composed.

Peter knew something was happening but was clueless as to what. The other Omega slowly slid into the last open seat at their table, directly across from Wade.

“Wade, I’m glad you came.” Jesus, even his voice was smooth and light. “Domino, Vanessa, Weasel, glad to see you all again. And these are…?” He gestured to the trainees.

“I’m uh, Ned.” Even the Beta was blushing.

“Michelle.”

“Oh right! You’re Vanessa’s partner. And you?” He looked expectantly to Peter who was silent for a few seconds, feeling an undeniable tension swirl in the air like a poisonous gas about to be released.

“I’m Peter.”

“Ah, I’ve heard about you. It’s nice to finally meet you. I’m Miles, Wade’s fiancé.”

Chapter End Notes

^.^ I do love to write cliffhangers, I must say. Some of you may have seen this coming, but it’s canon now. Anyway, thoughts? Miles is obviously SUPER OOC. The backstory is pretty involved but we’ll get there. Stay tuned bun buns. <3
A pin could have dropped and sounded like a drum it was so quiet. Not just their table but the entire ballroom went silent, every ear in the room trained on the exchange of the two male Omegas.

Peter felt exactly nothing. He stared at the boy, Miles, and even his Omega had no reaction. Hell, he didn’t even blink.

“No, Miles. You’re not.” Wade. That was Wade’s voice, sounding icier than Peter had ever heard it, the tone eerily calm and level, completely out of character for the Alpha.

Peter turned to look at Wade, feeling the lack of emotion in his own features. Something was wrong with him, but he couldn’t feel enough to know or even care.

“Yes, we are.” Miles replied cheerfully, drawing Peter’s attention back to him. “We’ve been engaged, what, three years? Since you joined the Order.”

Something inside Peter twitched, starting up an irritating buzz inside his chest. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you about that actually. See, I wanted to go see you in New York to discuss a date for the wedding. But then, my dad calls and mentions you’re at the training compound. I thought that couldn’t possibly make sense, since you never go there. I said as much and he told me you were there with another Omega, a male Omega of all things, training for the Order after being offered to us by the cartel.”

The buzz bloomed into a hole, a blackness starting to take hold. Everyone swung their heads to look at Peter, the knowledge of his past a hush in the air.

“Now, that couldn’t be true. Not you. So, I came here, assuming you would have come if you really were at the compound. And I see this.” Miles gestured back and forth between Wade and Peter, the smile falling from his face, his eyes turning sharp and serious. “Do explain.”

Peter didn’t understand what happened next but suddenly his hand grabbed his water glass. His arm lifted it up, elbow bent in, then it shot out, splashing the water right in Miles’ face, just as Peter’s lips peeled back and he hissed.
Several gasps, from just about everyone in the room, interrupted the silence. Miles, after rearing back, wincing as his face pulled in tight, opened his eyes wide.

Water dripped from his skin, the white of his shirt now transparent. His mouth opened in shock, staring at Peter whose fangs were still elongated, flashing in a very real threat.

Several things happened then. Fury walked through the door, trench coat flaring behind him, his face drawn forward in aggression.

Wade lifted Peter up, growling darkly and angling their bodies so Peter was further away from everyone. Miles shot to his feet, expression stunned, hands clenched into fists by his side.

“Wilson,” Fury’s voice was deep and angry but calm, his body stopping next to Miles’. The resemblance was obvious to Peter. Miles was Fury’s son. “If you do this, you’re breaking a Marker.”

Wade growled again, loud and furious. His fangs were flashing now too, thick and sharp. Vanessa, Domino, and Weasel all stood, their bodies oriented in defense, facing Fury.

“You can’t break a Marker without consequences.” Peter looked at Wade, anger still like a thunderstorm inside him. But behind it was hurt, mind numbing hurt.

And that was because what Miles said was true. Peter knew it, he had seen it in every face at that table. Miles was Wade’s fiancé, and the hole it tore open in Peter’s chest was vicious and bleeding.

And yet his body was still clinging to the Alpha, the trust he’d built up in the man unshakable despite the facts staring at Peter in the face. But he was missing something about the situation, something that had everyone acting like a bomb was seconds from going off.

Wade snarled, body bending into position like he was welcoming a fight, his hands tightening around Peter in a vice.

Wade was about to snap when the glass windows around the ballroom shattered, the sound of gunshots rippling by right after.

Everyone, Wade and Peter included, dropped to the floor. The Alpha kept his body curled over Peter’s his legs shuffling them under the table.

He pulled the Omega off of him and Peter was too alarmed to know how to react. “Stay here Peter.” Wade never called him Peter, never spoke with a voice so utterly serious and downright dangerous.

Peter could only nod, shock still getting out of his system as Wade ripped off his tie, pulled back, and slipped past the table cloth to disappear seconds after.

The gunshots were followed by screams and Peter’s mind went back to that night with May. The panic came back to him in full force, the image of May’s smiling face and last breath knocking the air out of his lungs.

“Wade!” Peter screamed, the image of him in the same position driving Peter forward, crawling out from under the table just as bullets busted into the chandelier, casting the ballroom into darkness as the shards fell to the ground like rain. The only light came from the candle lit center pieces.

Peter looked around desperately, seeing Michelle and Ned looking just as horrified as he was, their hands over their heads and bodies curled on the floor.

He swung back around, catching sight of people either on the ground, or carrying their own
The true chaos was hidden by the darkness, but the screams were piercing, tunneling into Peter’s ears and the horror inside him expanded. “Wade,” He cried out pathetically, pushing himself forward on hands and knees.

He reached the table in front of him, pushing up to clutch the edge as his eyes flicked back and forth. But they didn’t need to.

The light coming from the city made the room glow and Peter’s gaze caught onto the silhouette of a man in a red and black suit, guns in each hand snapping back as bullets fired.

Peter’s breath left him in one stunned exhale. He watched as Wade shot in quick succession, the bullets flying in and out of the heads of people who were clearly intruders, wearing tactical camouflage suits and black face coverings.

Bullets flew by, the Alpha, catching whatever light they could and if Peter hadn’t felt like his stomach was in his throat, he would have thought it was beautiful. Especially as Wade, out of ammo, dropped the gun and unsheathed his katanas.

Candle light reflected in the metal as the blades curled, slicing through throats and stabbing through organs. This was why everyone had looked at Wade the way they did.

It was just like Michelle said, Wade was dangerous. The recklessness with which he fought held nothing back. It was so dark and blood was going everywhere that it took Peter a while to notice the bullets were actually going through Wade’s body.

Terror raced through him, his legs trying to get him to stand up because he didn’t want this, to see Wade hurting and in danger.

A pair of hands caught onto Peter’s waist, pulling back and up. The Omega gasped, taken off guard as fear ran down his spine.

He whipped his body around, eyes catching onto the one’s belonging to the man that held him. The eyes went red and Peter felt the ground fall out from under him.

The Alpha was releasing pheromones, looking at Peter with disgusting intent and the Omega flashed his fangs, sounds of struggle flying from his mouth as he tried to buck out of his captors’ arms.

He heard a sickening growl right next to him and the immediate relief it brought was almost exhausting, his emotions jumbled and intense.

“Close your eyes baby boy.” Wade’s voice was commanding, chilling in its proximity. The other Alpha tried to run with Peter still in his arms, but Peter trusted Wade, doing as he was told and letting his lids drop to his cheeks.

He didn’t see it, but the sound of a blade going through skin and muscle wasn’t something you needed to see to understand.

The man’s arms dropped, and Peter fell back against spandex clad arms. He turned around, face looking up into Wade’s mask, arms clutching the Alpha like he couldn’t breathe.

The mask was fully down but Peter could see the smile. This meant he couldn’t see the bullet go in, but he could see it come out, right from between the man’s eyes, the spray of blood hitting Peter in the face.
Unbridled horror blasted Peter into what felt like a million pieces just as the most painful feeling burst into his own head. His knees buckled and both of them fell to the ground.

Peter screamed, Wade’s body limp atop his, the sound turning into cracked sobs and wheezes for breath.

The pain in his head was taking his breath away, his lungs slamming into his ribs. He tried to move his body, tears streaming down his face.

“W-Wade!” The Alpha didn’t answer, didn’t move. “WADE!” It was only a moment, but if anguish could fill and entire body, it would have been Peter’s.

For a second his world was gone, his body a black hole and his soul flayed open. He couldn’t even hear the sound of his own screams, his vision black and senses gone.

The only thing he could feel was the big body on top of his that wouldn’t move. “P-Please.” Peter sobbed, trying to shake the Alpha, trying to shake his Alpha.

Because that’s what Wade was, wasn’t he? “A-Alpha,” he stuttered wetly, face stuffed in the crook of the other’s neck. “Please wake up. D-Don’t leave me.” His breath shook, the throbbing in his head easing excruciatingly slowly, not that Peter noticed. “I just found you.” He whispered, screaming again into Wade’s chest as his hands clutched at the man’s body.

“I found you first.”

Peter barked out a sob, eyes flying wide and startled as Wade literally pushed his own body up. The movements were a little shaky, but he was moving, actually moving.

The Alpha looked down at Peter’s tear stained face, gold eyes rimmed in red, swollen and utterly agonized. He watched as the Omega’s chest started to rise and fall too fast to be normal, the exhales coming out shaken and wheezy.

Wade could hear the sounds of killing behind him, listening for a second to know the Order had things under control.

He scooped Peter up, his own chest burning at the feeling of the Omega’s hyperventilating. Peter clung to Wade helplessly, unable to catch his breath as his heart rate climbed.

The Alpha rushed them out the door, trusting the other mercenaries and security to cover his back, if only for the sake of him not taking out theirs as revenge if they didn’t. They’d seen Peter, would have smelled him on the way in.

Then Peter pulled that kiss that had left Wade dumbstruck. There was no question in anyone’s mind who Peter was to Wade, even if Fury wanted to deny that.

If they didn’t protect Peter, he’d kill them. Simple as that. But right now, his baby boy couldn’t breath and guilt was rotting in his stomach. Petey had seen him die, had held his body as it went cold between the time it took for the cells to tear apart and stitch back together again.

Jesus fucking Christ, Wade couldn’t believe he’d done that. His fault or not, that was a trauma Wade would never be able to take from Peter’s mind.

He rushed them out of the room, ignoring the screaming and chaos of running members who weren’t fighters.
Wade needed to get them somewhere safe, but he didn’t know which way the intruders were coming from so he settled for a supply closet hidden down one of the hallways behind the reception desk.

Once inside Wade settled his back against the wall, sliding down so they were both seated, Peter balanced in his lap in a straddle.

“Okay baby boy,” he pressed Peter’s face into his neck, over his pulse point and scent gland. “I need you to take deep breaths with me.”

Wade inhaled deeply, exhaling out of his mouth and rubbing his hands down Peter’s back which was shaking with the effort to breath.

“Come on Petey, you’ve gotta breathe. Try to follow me.” Commanding an Omega who was panicking was a last resort, and it wouldn’t help right now.

“I’m right here, I’m okay.” They breathed like that a while more, Peter’s lungs slowing down to match Wades after a few minutes.

But the Omega’s hands were clutching at Wade’s back and shoulders like claws, wet and shaky whimpers muffled against the neck of Wade’s mask.

“I’m sorry.” He hadn’t even gotten to explain about Miles, but he’d seen the hurt in Peter’s eyes before the attack. But the Omega just shook his head, pressing his body further in.

They stayed there for a long time, Wade keeping half his attention on Peter as he tried to soothe him, but the other half was on the door and whatever was going on outside.

He spent the time talking to Peter about everything that he didn’t know, everything that had happened. It was time he got the full picture.

Wade started with the cartel, who he knew were the intruders because only they would have enough intel to know the Gathering was happening tonight.

The situation with them was tricky. It started when the Order’s Mercenary Faction sent out several hits on the leaders of different cartels.

They were growing too far north, trying to gain territory from destroying smaller gangs in American cities. It should have been simple, but one merc had slipped up, leaving a witness alive who’d seen his face.

By the time the witness could be taken care of, one cartel, based in Juarez, had caught onto them. It had taken years for the cartel to get anything on the Order.

They still didn’t know all that much, but they knew a society existed, which was enough to pose a real threat. So, the Chairs started ordering more hits and counter measures.

It had been back and forth for a while, with the Order always having the upper hand. When the cartel realized this, they probably figured shoot outs in hidden alleys wouldn’t work.

Peter was their next move. It could have been any male Omega, it still wouldn’t have worked, not to gain any sort of peace. The Order didn’t make peace with people or groups that revealed themselves to be problematic, and the cartel had done their share of killing members.

But it hadn’t been any Omega, it had been Peter. Wade knew who he was the second he saw him, and he hadn’t been able to stop himself from shooting everyone in the room that conspired to hurt his
The plan had been for Vanessa and Wade to meet with them, see what peace offering they had, but ultimately capture them. The Order needed information and while Wade wasn’t a torture fanatic himself, he’d been bored enough to help with the abduction.

Killing them pissed off not only the Order, particularly Fury, but the cartel as well, who took it as a declaration of war.

The problem wasn’t that the Order couldn’t win. They could snub out the cartel within a week if they wanted. But they weren’t a militia or army.

They couldn’t risk that kind of press, from the public or underground networks alike. They needed to stay hidden, find a way of destroying the cartel without throwing off balance or alerting anyone to their presence.

So, Wade wasn’t actually worried about someone finding him and Peter right now, because he knew this place was rigged. The mercenaries in that ballroom would have already taken out whoever came inside and the security from Rodgers’ Faction would be quick to eliminate the rest.

They were lucky the land had been cleared for the Gathering. But it also meant they had a mole, or several, that needed to be found and killed.

Wade explained this all to Peter who he could tell was listening intently, still clinging to him and breathing slowly.

What he didn’t explain was who Miles was and why he was here tonight, when he was otherwise missing from every other Order event.

That was a conversation he’d have to have with Peter soon, but not now. Especially because he couldn’t tell him everything if Wade wanted him to be safe. He also needed time to think about his next move.

Fury had Wade’s Marker, and while he was fine with Wade dragging out the terms of it, him coming to the Gathering with his son was a clear message.

Fury had heard about Peter and wasn’t happy about it. There was only so much time left before Wade would have to make a public decision, one that could end up with Peter killed.

Tonight had been a warning. Wade would have to keep Peter in the dark if he wanted him safe. But the Omega’s heat was due soon, and if Wade was around him when that happened, everything would be ruined.

He pushed his own mask covered nose into Peter’s scent gland, inhaling deeply. Wade didn’t have much time or many options.

And now, for the first time since his mutation, he had a weakness.

Chapter End Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: Wade dies, via a shot to the head, and Peter sees the whole thing. Real angsty shit guys but I didn't go crazy graphic I don't think.
Now, y'all thought the last chapter was a step in the drama department, now we're going full throttle.
The next chapter is literally my favorite chapter I've written for this story so I AM VERY EXCITED FOR IT. It's real info/answer heavy so look forward to that.

Sorry about the angst Dx But I do know some of you guys enjoy it, and we've had a LOT of fluff. Either way, keep holding on!

See you all next time! ^-^
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

BONUS CHAPTER!! Okay, not really, it's a normal chapter. I just say that because I can't help but release it early. It really is my favorite chapter. AHHHH!! I am excited!!

So, this is a flashback chapter my friends, and boy, is it important. Without further ado!

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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Wade punched the brick wall, reveling in the feeling of his skin busting under the impact, blood pooling out from his knuckles.

Over and over again. The pain was an annoyance at most, the anger fueling him. Another fight lost, which means he didn’t get paid.

Homelessness wasn’t the problem, Wade slept under enough bridges to have a good relationship with the homeless community. They’d welcome him back with open arms and roughing it under dirty blankets wasn’t anything he wasn’t used to.

The problem was food. He hadn’t eaten anything other than dry Top Ramen for weeks, which meant his body was turning to shit.

The longer he went like this, the weaker he got, and the less likely it was that he would win a fight. Underground fighting rings only paid winners, and Wade was close to being thrown out of the rotation.

Fighting was the only thing he had, the only thing he’d ever been good at. Being an orphan who cycled in and out of foster homes meant he’d done a lot of it growing up.

Whether it was bullies who thought making fun of the foster kid was funny, or the twisted foster parents he sometimes ended up with, Wade learned where to hit people where it really hurt.

As he got older, his body matured, and it was probably natural that he ended up the way he did. His last foster parent, Blind Al, had been the only good thing in Wade’s life since he was born.

Even if she did foster for the money, she was the best parent figure someone like Wade could have had. He’d always have a home there too, but Wade took up resources and space, and now that he was eighteen, he couldn’t do that to her anymore.

So, he’d left the system and her home, and started doing the only skill his life had given him. But now, he was near starving, malnourished, and he smelled like shit.

So, he took everything out on the wall in some back alley in Queens. It was lunch time and the swell of people walking around to get real food was just pissing him off even more.
When his hands were dripping blood and the veins in his face had stopped twitching, Wade left. He walked down a sidewalk, not really looking or caring where it led him.

People avoided him, making way for the kid with the bruised-up face and blood dripping from his fingers. He probably looked deranged enough to break through the usual New York City apathy most people carried around.

He’d been walking, trying to cool off, when the scent of something pulled his attention. It was so subtle, it might not have even been there but something in Wade told him to stop and look.

He’d been passing by a fence and when his eyes focused on the building it enclosed, he realized it was an elementary school.

Wade was almost about to leave, thinking the impulse had been nothing, when his eyes drifted down and took in a little boy.

He looked small, maybe eight, playing by himself in a sand box. He had light brown hair and big eyes which looked far too empty for a child his age. His little fists were balled in the sand, picking up the grains only to watch them fall back down.

Looking more closely, Wade could see small bruises on the boy’s arms, too large and dark to have been an accident. Something in him flared up, the anger coming back like he hadn’t spent the last half hour beating it out of himself.

But then, the kid looked up, and the world stopped. Wade felt his eyes light red, taking him off guard, the brightness nearly painful.

The boy’s eyes went wide, and just like that, they glowed gold. In a split second, Wade knew.

Fated Pairs were bullshit, he, like most people, knew that.

But unlike most people, Wade didn’t spend time dreaming of it anyway. All that romantic nonsense about ‘just knowing’ when you saw them. Hell, he didn’t want a mate in the first place.

Omega’s calmed Alphas in a way they couldn’t do alone, but that didn’t mean you needed one to survive. Their influence over his behavior and instincts was why Wade kept his partners limited to Beta’s.

Which was also why it was pure lunacy that he felt this feeling like a blade to the chest. There was no mistaking this. This Omega, this male Omega, was his mate. His Fated Mate.

There was no denying it and for someone who had next to nothing, he’d just been thrown the biggest fucking bone anyone had ever gotten.

Wade turned fully, gripping the bars of the fence with his bloody hands so hard he felt like they could snap.

Instincts that had only felt like anger and aggression turned into an urge to protect and provide. Wade wanted to kill whoever put those bruises on this little Omega and make it so the emptiness in his eyes would never come back.

The boy’s mouth had dropped open at the sight of Wade, and he could see that he had no fangs. Which meant, he hadn’t presented, until now.

That would be why suddenly, the boy doubled over, clutching at his stomach and whimpering. The
sound had Wade nearly throwing himself over the fence, but reality hit him hard when the Omega stumbled out of the sandbox and toward the school.

The boy was young, nowhere near the normal age for presenting. That meant Wade’s presence had triggered his first heat and unless he wanted to murder someone in order to protect him, Wade needed to get out of there. Now.

So, he forced himself to turn the other way and run. He sprinted, going in whatever direction was easiest, until he could barely breathe.

But the fire in his gut hadn’t died down, if anything, it had only gotten stronger. His eyes were still red, his Alpha surfaced and demanding he turn around and go back, make sure his mate was okay.

Instead, he forced himself to sit down in some alley, head in his hands, and think.

He, of all fucking people, had a Fated Mate. Most people in the world were Betas, incapable of Marking their partners, therefore unable to have a bonded mate.

So, there goes 70% of the population. The other 30? Maybe a handful of individuals in the world would be a Fated Pair. There were stories of them, of ancient couples with white and black Marks rather than skin color, dying the second their mate died.

Every now and then a story would pop up of a Fated Pair, only to turn out to be fake because they didn’t fucking exist. Except they did, and now, Wade knew it.

8 billion people, and Wade was given a Fated Mate, who was a male Omega of all things. He was a middle school drop-out, with no home, and no money.

He had nothing to offer that doe-eyed Omega. Except now, Wade knew him. He would be drawn to the boy’s side. It happened with bonded mates as it was, and if the ridiculous stories Wade heard about Fated Pairs was true, there was little he could do to keep himself away from the boy.

His Alpha would go insane just trying. Who knew the effects it would have on his mate? He was so young he probably wouldn’t even remember the encounter, much less what was going on.

The idea of the boy suffering, whimpering like he’d done, because Wade was a fuck up, made shame slam into the Alpha like a bullet to the skull.

Wade was little more than a speck of dust on the floor of humanity, and yet he’d been given a Fated Mate. He was part of a Pair, so bonded that not even death could separate them.

Wade sat there for a long time, till the sun fell beyond the horizon and the stars beat down on him with expectation. Somewhere in the city, his mate was dealing with his first heat.

His parents were probably freaking out, having a male Omega for a son who presented so early. And his mate? The pain would be unbearable.

And here he was, sulking in a dirty alleyway wondering why the fuck fate decided to pick him. Wade hated a lot of things.

But now, he really hated himself. Maybe he always had. Seeing that hate reflected in those big, golden eyes, was the only thing he couldn’t let happen.

Wade didn’t know how, but he was going to find a way to give the world to his mate. To his Omega.
Nine months. For nine months Wade watched him. He kept his distance obviously, not wanting to trigger Peter in any way.

That was his name, his mate’s name. Peter Parker. Wade realized it was a little stalkery (or very stalkery) of him to be following the boy, to know his name.

But he couldn’t stop himself. He had nine months to keep an eye on his mate before he was gone for years, at least until Peter was of age.

He was ten right now, though he looked younger. Wade only wanted to protect him, make sure he was okay. Turns out those bruises were from bullies who liked to push Peter into walls.

It had taken a lot of restraint not to kill those little shits, but he forced the urge down. The most Wade could do was walk by and flash his fangs at them when he knew Peter wasn’t around. The fear in their eyes was a small consolation, but it would have to do. He knew the danger of risking closer contact.

There wasn’t a lot of information about Fated Pairs but from what he could find, Wade knew they could imprint on each other in a matter of hours.

If that happened, separation would be painful, fatal if drawn out for too long. Wade was already chancing it by being anywhere near him.

But so long as Peter didn’t see him, it should be fine. He just had to be careful he wasn’t around when Peter went into heat.

He was way too young for Wade to feel anything sexual, but the protective instincts in him were already extremely difficult to keep under wraps as it was.

At the end of the nine months, Wade would be shipped out to basic training. The day he met Peter had changed everything.

Wade hadn’t given a shit about himself but knowing he had a mate? One fated to be his? He needed to give a shit about that.

So, after spending the night in that alley, keeping his Alpha from breaking free to go track down his mate, he waited till the next morning and walked into a military recruiting office to enlist in the Army.

He’d spent all night thinking about things he could do to make himself worthy of his Omega. Working some shit entry level job wouldn’t cut it, no matter how high he could move up. And Wade wouldn’t be any good at that anyhow.

Since his only skill was what he could do with his fists, Wade figured the military would be happy to have him. It would also get Wade far enough away from Peter, so he didn’t risk ruining his mate’s development by showing up.

Wade might have plans for their future, but Peter deserved to have an adolescence that wasn’t defined by Wade trying to figure his shit out.

So, the Alpha soaked up every second he could watching over his little mate. It hurt to see him alone all the time, and the only reason he was able to hold back from intervening was Peter’s family.
His aunt and uncle were his guardians, and they adored him. Wade had dug up whatever he could on them, to make sure they weren’t the one’s leaving bruises on Peter, but there wasn’t much to find. They were a clean, healthy family.

Peter’s birth parents died a long time ago, and something in Wade had warmed when he realized they were both orphans. Though he was happy Peter had people who wanted to take him in. Good people.

He could leave knowing Peter was in a safe and loving place. Wade had debated introducing himself to May and Ben when Peter wasn’t’ around, but with the way he was now, he had no right to come into their lives like he had some right over Peter.

He’d have to let the Omega fall in love with him the right way, and only then, when Wade had made something of himself, would he be able to face them.

The last day Wade watched Peter was painful. He’d climbed onto a roof top across the street when his mate was at recess. Peter was wearing a puffy red and black jacket plus matching beanie, his little hands covered by mittens.

They were good colors, though maybe a bit dark for his mate. But red and blue? Now we’re talking. It was snowing, the flakes coming down lightly, and Peter was elated.

Seeing Peter so sad most of the day at school was hard. The only time he saw the Omega smile was when he was with his aunt and uncle, or the two times Wade was able to catch sight of him in class, raising a hand high into the air to answer a question.

But Wade had let that motivate him all the more. He would be the one to make sure Peter smiled all the time, he swore it.

Right now though, he just watched his mate giggle and run around the playground, head tilted up to gaze at the falling snow.

Tomorrow was the day. He’d be off to Fort Benning in Georgia for basic training. He was determined to rank up as fast as possible so he could qualify for Special Forces.

He had eight years until Peter was of age, that was a long time, but Wade needed to get a career under his belt, and this might be his only way to do it.

He stared down at his mate, wondering what an older Peter might look like, and if he would like what he’d see in Wade.

Despite the multiple broken noses, the Alpha was attractive enough. His Army recruiter had gotten him into some low-income housing, and they helped with food.

Wade threw himself into his physical training and he was starting to fill out. Maybe Peter would like that, and hopefully he’d like the man’s vulgar humor and general personality.

There was a lot of unknowns, but it made Wade feel better to imagine their reuniting. Peter suddenly turned around, still looking up, only to drop his head down a bit so he could stare at Wade.

The Alpha was far enough away for him to feel confident Peter couldn’t really see him. But it still made his anxiety spike.

It was almost time for Wade to leave anyway. A searing pain he wasn’t expecting settled deep in his chest and he couldn’t stop himself from flashing his eyes red at Peter.
The responding flash of gold made the pain ease at the same time as it made it a hundred times worse. Wade lifted up a hand, waving it at his little mate who tilted his head the way puppies do, lifting a mitten covered hand and shaking it in his direction.

Wade had lived a hard life, but this day, this one was the worst. It took everything inside of him to turn away from his Omega and leave, so that the both of them could have a better future.

He would do it for Peter, he would do everything, for Peter.

Chapter End Notes

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FINALLY! I got to release it and now you all know the truth! Please let me know what you think!!! I hope everyone is having a good weekend, and that you have a great week ahead!
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P.S. Because this chapter is early, it may throw off my schedule a bit (every Friday) so we'll see. Either way, I hope this was worth it!
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Here we are! But first, TRIGGER WARNING: mentions of suicide (the Wade kind) but it's nothing graphic I promise.

I swear I've proofread this multiple times but it's late and I'm paranoid it has more errors than usual because I keep changing things so if it does, please let me know!

I'm so happy everyone liked the last chapter, it was such a sweet one! So thank you! <3 Now, on to the next!

Enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wade watched Peter sleep with haunted eyes. After the attack, they had waited in the supply closet until he was sure it was safe to leave.

Peter had passed out in his lap and Wade had whispered a command for him to stay asleep. He didn’t know who had died, if anyone, but Peter didn’t need any more trauma to deal with right now.

After that, he’d taken the Omega back to the room. He contacted Vanessa, making sure everyone was okay. Only three people had been killed, none of them a trainee.

It would probably be safer to leave right now, but everyone was exhausted, and security screened everyone before sending them off to their rooms. It would have to do.

So, the plane would be here tomorrow morning but for now, everyone was to stay put and get some rest. But Wade couldn’t sleep.

He let the years play over his mind. The two years of infantry in the Army, the three in special forces. The cancer diagnosis and medical discharge. Weapon X.

Wade had been twenty-three when his body was tortured into mutation. Three years away from Peter turning eighteen.

It was a fucking nightmare. Wade had taken one look in the mirror, saw his disfigured appearance and unnatural abilities, and knew he could never be the Alpha that Peter deserved.

The rage inside him had been demonic, and Wade had tracked down that son of a bitch Francis to try and fix what he’d done, make him into someone who Peter could be with.

After realizing there was no fixing him, he’d given up on Peter completely, stumbling into the Sister Margret’s bar to drink alcohol, bottle after bottle, as if the stuff actually worked.

When that didn’t help, he’d gone home and killed himself over and over and over again. Then he’d go back to the bar and repeat, sometimes picking up merc jobs to support his endless cycle of self-
destruction. He met Weasel there and soon after, was recruited into the Order.

That’s when Wade sold his soul to make sure Weapon X and everyone involved was exterminated. He’d given Fury a Marker, a blood oath, to get the Mercenary Faction to help him.

In exchange, Wade would marry and mate Miles. Fury wanted power, and what could be better than having his son, a male Omega, mate one of the most dangerous Alpha’s alive? One that couldn’t die?

Fury thought he could control Wade through his son. And Miles? Wade had never cared enough to know why the boy went through with it.

The thing was, Wade knew a mating between them couldn’t happen. He’d met Peter, which meant his body didn’t even respond to other Omegas, much less be compatible to mate with them.

But they didn’t know that. They couldn’t know that. Less they track down Peter and kill him. If they ever found out, Fury would send a hit out for Peter, assuming Wade would survive even the death of his Fated Mate, especially as they weren’t bonded.

Wade didn’t know if that was possible, but every way he tried to kill himself hadn’t worked before, and he had tried countless times.

So, to risk Peter’s life by letting them find out their relationship was the last thing Wade would let happen.

So, he stayed quiet, let them believe he would mate Miles when the time came. Because the boy was underage himself, it bought Wade time, and it wasn’t long before Weapon X was no more than a puff of dust and Wade Wilson/Deadpool was a well-known name in the underworld.

But he never forgot Peter, even choosing his colors from the last thing he saw the Omega wear. But that was all he was supposed to be, a memory. He spent most of his time out of NYC, never taking on missions that would bring him to there. If he ever couldn’t fight the constant urge to go find Peter, which was often, he’d kill himself. It was a cycle. Wade suffered the pain of losing him so Peter could live a better life.

That was how everything was going. But then, in the abandoned house on the outskirts of New York City, Wade saw him.

His baby boy, his Omega, being held captive by the cartel. He’d scented the air and knew exactly who it belonged to.

Murdering everyone in the room that wasn’t Peter or Vanessa happened without question. Then, when he pulled Peter’s body around, looking down into those big golden eyes again, Wade knew he could never give Peter up again.

If the Omega was there, it meant he was in trouble, enough to be involved in Wade’s world. And that meant that the only person in the world who could protect him the most was the Alpha himself.

It was too much to ask that Wade abandon Peter again. He couldn’t. But Peter didn’t remember Wade, and because he’d already met him, the Omega didn’t have the ‘knowing’ moment that Fated Pairs had.

He had it when he was ten, right before it triggered his heat which had most likely overridden the seemingly meaningless memory of the Alpha walking by his playground.

It was pure luck. Peter would find out the extent of their bond when they Marked each other. But
Wade wanted the Omega to fall in love with him without knowing that.

He also needed time to figure out what to do about Fury and Miles. That time was running short though. And if Peter found out about the truth now, their instincts would override everything and once Peter went into heat, he would die without Wade’s Mark.

Everything he’d ever scrounged up about Fated Pairs said the same thing. But that was only if he found out. Peter’s body might know they were mates, but his mind didn’t, and it couldn’t until Wade made sure he’d be safe.

But the longer they went without a bond in place, the more dangerous, even if Peter didn’t know. They’d imprinted a long time ago and even the brief separations had been painful, an ache in both of their chests. If they bonded, Fury and Miles would find out that they were Fated Pairs because the Mark and pheromones were different than normal.

Having Peter killed would be first on their to-do list. Lying to him was like chewing lead but Wade didn’t have a choice.

So, he watched his mate sleep. It had taken nothing at all for Wade to fall in love with him. But it didn’t hurt that Peter was the best person he knew.

Not once, not even in the beginning, did he look at his scars with disgust or even discomfort. Hell, he touched Wade like he couldn’t get enough, like his skin only added to his desire.

Peter was every good thing in the world and if Wade thought he loved the Omega when he was dancing in the snow all those years ago, it was nothing compared to the raw devotion he felt for him now.

Wade didn’t know how, but he would protect Peter. It wasn’t the first time the Alpha had questioned what to do for his mate and their future.

But now, he had the skills and healing ability to truly do anything for Peter.

And that’s exactly what he planned to do.

~ ~ ~

Peter let the water from the shower head wash over him, as if it could take away everything that had happened.

He had woken up curled in Wade’s arms, and that was probably the only reason he didn’t have a panic attack. But the Alpha had been awake, so he knew the second Peter came to.

Surprisingly, he didn’t try to talk to him, just letting Peter do what he needed to. The Omega extracted himself from the bed, avoiding Wade’s eyes all together as he made his way into the bathroom.

He’d been in the shower for far too long, and had they not been in a hotel, the water would have gone cold a long time ago.

As it was, his skin was shriveled up and his eyes rimmed with red. He’d been crying the whole time, letting the water wash away the evidence.
Not that it would help, Peter had been holding himself and whimpering the whole time. Wade must know that he wanted to be alone, otherwise he probably would have come in.

Wade had died. No question about that, Peter had felt it. It a single second, he’d lost perhaps the most important person to him.

It had reminded him of Ben and May’s deaths, which didn’t help. But Peter realized that he could have had every member of his family alive, every reason to keep going, and Wade’s death would be the only reason he’d need not to.

The sheer agony of that moment replayed over and over in his mind, leaving Peter a mess on the shower floor. The real horror though, came with the knowledge that Wade couldn’t die.

That recklessness Peter had witnessed in his fighting came from his ability, true, but it also came from the fact that Wade knew he’d heal. He’d always come back.

And Peter just knew that Wade had done that probably hundreds of times. He died, because he knew he could. The thought of the Alpha suffering like that was enough to cripple Peter completely.

Then, to top it all off, Wade was engaged. Sure, Peter knew there had to be an explanation for that, one he intended to get when he was capable of normal functioning again.

He wasn’t about to be one of those shitty-at-communicating clichés. But, well, he was scared. Terrified actually. It hadn’t been that long since Peter met Wade, knowing something was between them immediately.

But it had been even less time that Peter knew he had very real feelings for the Alpha, one’s he liked having and wanted to pursue further.

For someone who’d been unresponsive to courting and matehood his entire life prior, that was a huge revelation. So, while Peter knew Wade wasn’t engaged to Miles out of love, the pain it caused in his chest was searing.

Then, as if all of that wasn’t enough, Fury clearly didn’t like Peter, probably because his son’s fiancé had been stolen by some strange Omega. And the cartel was still after them. Peter was in danger in more ways than one, and if he knew that, Wade knew it better.

Which made Peter imagine Wade trying to protect him only to get killed, repeatedly. It was a nightmare. And so, Peter cried. He let himself sob and weep and get everything out.

When the sounds of pain got the loudest was when Wade burst in. The hotel’s suites had large walk-in showers with glass walls so Peter could see the tormented expression on Wade’s face the second he ran in.

The Alpha, fully clothed, rushed into the shower and fell to his knees in front of Peter, reaching out to drag the Omega into him.

Peter got one whiff of Wade’s scent and the crying started back up, so he gave in, clutching at shoulders and shivering against the man who had quickly become his whole world.

The man that died in his arms just that night. He never wanted that to happen again. Images swirled in his mind: Wade dying because of Peter, Wade holding Miles instead of him, a Mark on his neck that wasn’t made by Peter’s fangs.

It was awful. The whole thing.
Peter and the other trainees arrived at the compound a little after noon to a buffet of food, apparently Vanessa called it in to try and cheer everyone up.

Those that weren’t actively training to be in the Mercenary or Military Factions were shaken up, having never encountered such violence.

Everyone was given pretty intense self-defense lessons but just because someone could spare effectively didn’t meant the were ready for bullets flying by their heads.

Peter was like a zombie himself, but it hadn’t been the risk to his life he cared about. The feeling for Wade’s blood on his face was still vivid in his mind.

After being shot in the head he’d gotten up and just walked, no questions asked. It was haunting to think that Wade had died before, enough to be used to it, to not bat an eyelash at a bullet shooting a path through his brain.

Then Peter felt a deep guilt because while he never wanted Wade to die again, he was so relived that he’d always come back. Nothing could happen to the Alpha that he wouldn’t heal from, that would take him away from Peter.

Then, there was Miles, who was surprisingly the least of their problems comparatively. Which was saying something because the mere thought of the other Omega had Peter’s chest on fire and his fangs lengthening in his mouth.

It hadn’t helped that he was avoiding Wade right now. He’d lagged behind while everyone had boarded the plane, noticing the Alpha was sitting in the back and deliberately choosing to sit up front.

The unsettled feeling between them was painful, and Peter had scurried off to his room the second he could, ignoring the food. He had no appetite as it was.

He’d felt Wade’s eyes on him the whole time. But he left his door unlocked and while he was nervous, he was thankful the man made his way inside soon after.

Peter sat in the middle of his bed, legs crisscrossed and hands fiddling in his lap. Wade sat on the edge of the mattress, eyes cast down. He no longer wore his suit and Peter had actually missed seeing his skin.

It wasn’t something he shared with others freely, and Peter liked that. Wade’s eyes were averted but he took a deep breath and Peter waited, feeling the tension roll off the man in waves.

“I wasn’t born a mutant.”

“What do you mean?” Peter rushed out, surprised. Some of the trainees had blue skin so it hadn’t occurred to Peter that Wade had ever looked different.

The man turned to look at Peter, and he told him (mostly) everything. He told him about growing up as an orphan and joining the military at eighteen. He told him about the cancer, about Francis and Weapon X. How the fucker hadn’t been able to fix what he did to him.

Wade explained how Weasel found him, while working as a freelance merc as he tracked down the people connected to his torture. And how none of them could fix him. That’s when agreed to join the Order.
He explained how Fury, Thor, Rodgers, and Loki all wanted them for their own Faction, his healing factor an asset they all wanted.

Wade didn’t take to authority well, not even in the military, so he wasn’t interested in any of their causes. But taking out Weapon X would take years on his own.

That’s when Fury made his offer. Freedom within the Order, and the Mercenary Faction’s help to destroy Weapon X, if he mated and married Miles.

Wade told Peter he had nothing to lose, no more that could be taken from him. So, if he could win his independence and kill the pieces of shit who ruined his life and killed countless others, then giving his Marker to Fury and mating Miles would be a small price.

Markers were the one true binding contract within the Order, named after bond Marks. It could not be broken unless the Holder or Marked died, so if the Marked refused whatever terms the Holder gave, they were excommunicated and killed.

Wade told him everything as he watched hurt invade Peter’s eyes and it was like a punch through his throat. “At that point, I never thought I’d mate someone. I didn’t care about anything anymore, so the terms didn’t matter. Even if I broke the Marker, who was going to kill me? So, I agreed.”

Wade left out the fact that he couldn’t mate Miles, that he didn’t give a fuck about the terms because he’d been too blinded by rage at being unable to show his face to Peter to think about anything else except murder.

He didn’t mention his regret, because Peter hadn’t thought twice about his mutation, and now he was in danger because of his choice.

“If I break the Marker, I get excommunicated, and I can’t trust Fury not to have you killed. I won’t be allowed on Order lands, I won’t be able to protect you until it’s too late. Revenge might be my bread and butter but if I lose you,” Wade flashed his eyes, lips curling back, “I’ll go insane.”

He hadn’t said that to emphasize anything, Peter could tell he meant it. Wade really believed that he would lose his sanity if anything happened to Peter.

The Omega, especially after last night, felt the same. He was still in pain, but this time it was because of everything that had happened to the Alpha. The suffering he’d been through.

There was also relief in his chest, because Peter knew Wade wasn’t engaged because he wanted to be. Hearing it confirmed made something lift off his shoulders.

“So, what do we do?” Wade smiled, thinking that only Peter could take everything he just said and wonder what they could both do to help. It made his next works feel like razor blades in his mouth.

“Baby boy, I’ve got to leave for a little while.”

Chapter End Notes

Peter is so weepy here! Ugh, my poor boy. But I’ve got some drama planned that I think you’ll all enjoy so that’s exciting. ^_^
Let me know what you thought! And have a good week fluffys! <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!