### See No Evil, Speak No Evil

**Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at [http://archiveofourown.org/works/17291966](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17291966).**

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**See No Evil, Speak No Evil**

by *Alexandria_Allen*

**Summary**

Wade makes a new unexpected friend.
Chapter 1

Right before the bomb had gone off, someone had pounced on Wade from behind, knocking them both to the ground and conveniently behind some heavy industrial barrels. The cover helped keep the debris from seriously wounding them though since the ceiling was made up mostly of skylights, the real threat was the glass that was now raining down on them. Some of them rather big and pointy.

Wade scowled under his mask flipping around under the figure as fast as he could and rolling them both to the side so that Wade was on top. Since he didn't need to worry about being shredded to bits it seemed only right to spare the other figure who had misguidedly tried to help him. Luckily the other fellow was somewhat smaller than Wade. Nearly the same height but with a much leaner build.

Wade couldn't help but grope the guy just a little and to his satisfaction and delight he found the stranger was not only deliciously lean but all muscle. Frankly, it reminded him a lot of Spiderman. But Wade could tell this guy wasn't him. He was a hair too tall and his body shape wasn't right. Still if he had to be spread eagle atop of someone he supposed this stranger wasn't a bad runner up.

Consumed with the pleasant thought Wade nearly forgot to brace as a bunch of glass embedded itself in his back. Twas only flesh wounds mostly. Except for a particularly large and narrow shard that, thanks to the high ceiling, had fallen with enough momentum to pierce right through his suit and shoulder like some kind of guillotine. To wade's disappointment the shard was long enough that not even his impressive bulk could prevent it from not just cutting through him but the figure he was trying to protect.

The fellow underneath him shrieked as the shard caught him right through his own shoulder but to his credit even as he groaned, the figure didn't lose consciousness.

“Hey little man, hang in there. I bet it's not nearly as bad as it feels.” Wade tried to reassure him.

“Yeah right. Speak for yourself. You must have one hell of a healing factor for you to be conversing with me right now.” the man croaked through gritted teeth.

“Hold up. Healing factor? Are you a super?” wade asked excitedly as his blood slowly drained saturating his new friends shirt. Or was that the other guy's blood? Really it was hard to tell.

“I'm a analyst.” The stranger muttered groggily. “I'm also maybe bleeding out? It's hard to tell…”

The guys voice was gravely. Mostly because Wade was laying almost all of his body weight into the man.

“Hot.” Wade muttered. “Oh and your, like...probably not dying? I mean, unless you have a blood condition. It's more likely just shock.”

“Yeah...Shock and a Super pressing into my spleen...I think I'll pass out now. Sorry for the inconvenience.” The stranger muttered right before his body went slack under Wade.

“Oh no! Baby bird...” Wade said in an alarmed breathy manner before he growled and hoisted himself off the limp man effectively dislodging the large shard that would have likely severed the other man's arm had he not intervened. Instead it had only wounded him and badly maiming Wade. So much for playing human shield.

“I'll nurse you back to health. Maybe mom will even let me keep you.” Wade muttered after glancing down at the man and tilting his head as the voices counseled him.
Wade rolled onto his back, once he'd broken the glass off and laid there for a what felt like a long time. He was almost sure his new friend wasn't in mortal medical danger, but then again he had been unresponsive for awhile.

Eventually wade got up. Apparently the bomb that had accidentally been set off in the warehouse had done his work for him. Everyone was dead and accounted for. Russian smugglers posing as business men and not the classy kind. Kill, kill, kill, double kill, maim, kill.

Wade ignored the glass still digging into his back and stretched his mangled arm. The muscle fibers had knitted together enough for him to numbly move his fingers by now.

Kneeling down he checked the stranger’s pulse and found it to be strong and clear with his better hand. And that's when he noticed the guys shades. It was night time and now the warehouse was practically black with the exception of various spots still on fire. More out of childlike curiosity Wade pulled the shades off and slipped them into his suit breast.

In the dim light of the piles of flames he could make out scarring that swiped across the man's face like an eye mask. Well that explained the shades. The guy was blind. Probably from some kind of injury to his face. Acid maybe or some other kind of chemical burn.

“Damn, baby bird. This is a total hurt/comfort fantasy waiting to happen.” Since the other man's wound was damaging but not life threatening Wade felt comfortable moving him.

Then again, Wade began to argue the smarts of dragging the man home with him. Generally speaking the argument was laid out as follows.

Con: So technically the guy lied. Strike one. He was def something other than a normy. Maybe the guy was a mutant, maybe he was a rogue science experiment, or even an alien. In any case, he wasn't just a run of the mill analyst.

Con: There was no obvious reason for a blind analyst to be roaming about a shipping warehouse in the middle of the night wearing business casual. Considering how much fun fire had been exchanged any reasonable civilian would have fled the scene. Yet this guy had stuck around AND managed to sneak up on Wade. Not that the latter part was that hard. Wade wasn't like Spiderman who got all tingly when something unexpected was coming at him. Still, strike two. Or so the voices insisted.

Finally, the guy claimed he wasn't a super and yet he had used key words usually associated with supers and their various handlers. Healing factor. Was this dude a agent of some kind? Or maybe a vigilante posing as a civilian? It was even possible he was one of the bad guys only feigning about giving a shit about Wade's life. Strike three. Did that mean shoot him? Maybe it was better to shoot him and ask questions later the voices insisted.

“Yeah. But he’s also funny, and vulnerable, and God damn fucking adorable. I mean, come on. You want me to waste that?” wade gestured to the ground where the stranger was still laying. “How about we just handcuff him to the bed and see what he does?”

Wade heard one voice agree imploringly and another slap the idea down and begin reprimanding both for their lusty ulterior motives. What ensued after that was a heated argument between his voices that Wade was mostly left out of.

Oh well. At least that bought Wade some time. Badie or not, wade was bringing him home. He'd figure out the rest later.
The next thing anyone knew Wade had whisked the guy back to his place instead of dumping him at the nearest hospital. Once they were in better lighting Wade noticed subtle signs of healing around the guy’s wound. It wasn't remotely as fast as his, but Wade guesstimated that he'd still fully heal in a few days or so if he was tended to carefully and made to rest. Regeneration of his blood would come first and that typically required rest, good hydration, and when possible nourishment. Few people talked about the needs of super people in the comic books or on TV. But even with intense healing factors like Wade’s or Logan’s, it was still important to help the body along as much as possible. Hell Wade personally put away at least three dozen tacos a day. Constant regeneration took alot of fuel to achieve seamlessly.

Wade put the stranger in his bed and per the voices orders found a pair of kinky red padded handcuffs he didn’t have the keys to anymore, slapping one on the guy’s wrist and the other to his steel military bed frame. By now the feeling was starting to come back in his bad hand which would come in handy when it was time for Wade to set the guy’s shoulder and stitch up his flesh wound. Disappearing briefly to gather his supplies, Wade returned perching himself on the side of the bed as he supported the other man and tried to bring him through with a light face slap or two.

“Hey, wake up, baby bird. We’ve got some work to do and I need you responsive while we do it.” To wade’s satisfaction the stranger eventually stirred, whimpering slightly as new pain broke into his awareness.

“There you go. Now drink this. I’m mostly sure it’s still good and if not the mold will probably help more than hurt you.” Wade quipped, as he stuck a half gone wheatgrass smoothie in the guys face.

Frowning the stranger eventually took the straw and obediently sucked its contents down.

“There you go. Let's get at that shoulder. You're probably going to want to lay flat for this.” Wade encouraged him.

The man grimaced but carefully scooted down on the mattress. Wade had handcuffed his good right wrist and for whatever reason had handcuffed the other end to the middle of the bed. This meant that as the guy scooted down he had no choice but to lift his handcuffed wrist over his head.

“Guh. Thanks for using a padded set.” the guy muttered.

“Ooo. The man speaks from seeming experience. I like that.” wade muttered.

“If you're planning to harvest my organs at some point tonight, I should probably point out that my blood type is rare. So don't down sell that shit. These organs are quality.” The man muttered tilting his head to the side.

“Witty. I'll keep that in mind. Lucky for you I'm just trying to set your shoulder and patch you up, baby bird. Before I do, want to tell me what you were doing loitering in a warehouse in the middle of the night during a shootout?” Wade muttered, ripping open the sleeve of the man’s shirt and tearing it at the seam.

“I was trying to sleep. Those cheapskates felt putting me in the warehouse office was more cost effective then giving me a proper office downtown.” The man said bluntly.

A likely story.

“Your an analyst. That usually turns over good cash, why not sleep in your own place?” wade asked.

I'm non-24 and I have a disruptive sister who lives with me. Need I say more?” he muttered.
Wade nodded. So the guy had an abnormal sleep rhythm which meant he probably slept whenever the urge struck him. In this case it had been in the middle of the night in the warehouse office.

Without really any warning Wade stuck his fingers into the guys wound and pressed abruptly pushing his shoulder back into joint.

To Wade's amusement the stranger managed to muffle another shriek, and instead there was only a huff of air and a high pitched whimper. Fuck. This man made pretty sounds.

“OK well looks like all you need now is for me to stitch you up and you'll be good.” Wade muttered. “Want me to do it neat or would you rather have a sexy trophy scar to impress all the l...aid...ies?”

Despite being blind the stranger made the equivalent expression of rolling his non-existent eyes. “Captors choice.”

“Cool. I’m going to make it look rugged. You seem to have kind of a healing factor so no matter what I do it’ll probably heal mostly clean eventually. So...Back to that question about being a Super?” Wade was naturally curious.

“Why don’t we start with names. That is, if I’m allowed to know yours. You know...Seeing has you have me handcuffed to a bed right now.” He pointed out.

“I’m Wade and I promise I’ll undo those cuffs once I know where you and I stand.” Wade explained.

“I’m Reid Wallace. There’s a business card in my wallet if you want to facebook stalk me. I think you’ll find I’m nobody special.” The man now identified as Reid muttered.

“Oh, baby bird. Don’t say that about yourself? Everyone’s special. Mr. Rogers said so.” Wade retorted manically as he finished sewing Reid up and took avid advantage of being given permission to pad him down the rest of the way and locate his wallet.

“Left pocket...LEFT. Guh...Nevermind. Look while you go cross check my references I’m going to try and sleep.” Reid muttered.

Wade could hear traces of stress and vulnerability in the other man’s voice. Maybe he’d gone a tad too far? No doubt despite the mouthy sarcasm the man was wounded and badly shaken and Wade hadn’t exactly made a point to reassure him that he wasn’t some weirdo out to do bad things to him. 

Although...

“I believe you’re on the Level, baby bird.” Wade remarked honestly, though it wouldn’t stop him from running a full background check and google search on him once he left the room. “I’m not interested in hurting you, I just want to make sure you’re not being targeted by anyone before I cut you loose and send you packing. You are technically a witness now to some major shit and while I don’t care that you can place me at the scene, it may be important that no one else can place you there. In the meantime mi casa es tu casa.”

~@~

After that Wade left him alone. Reid hadn't seemed to be interested in speaking further and Wade did love cyber stalking people. It was like his fourth or fifth favorite thing on a very exhaustive list of things Wade Wilson enjoyed doing in his limited free time.

Wade spent the next few hours scouring the net. A mixture of looking at distracting YouTube
videos, running various database checks, occasionally browsing for porn and generally Google searching for information on Reid.

Surprisingly there was very little information to be had. The guy didn't seem to frequent social media or have much of a traceable footprint at all, but he was easily able to find proof that he did have a sister of whom there was even less information about, and confirmation that Reid was an information analyst for a small time rinkadink firm. The Russian mob had probably hired the firm in order to seem more legit. Pathetic.

Reid had a communication and technology degree from a small but respectable college out west. He was twenty eight. His sister just two years younger than him with much more sophisticated credentials.

The guy was on the level. Just an average single lower middle class fellow. As far as he could tell Wade had taken out everyone worrisome so he doubted the guy would be in any further danger. Though on the other hand Wade had just put him out of his work.

Oh well.

After a little more searching Wade was able to find Reid’s Facebook page but like everything else it was unremarkable with the minimalist of information.

Either Reid was really that boring or he simply was very good at hiding his personal life.

Wade sighed. He supposed this meant he was going to have to let the guy go now.

_But he’s so handsome and young and barely freaked out when we kidnapped him. That sounds like boyfriend material to us._

Wade tried to ignore the boxes. It was stuff like this that made people afraid of him.

“We're letting him go as soon as he wakes up. I’m crazy, not a monster.” Wade muttered.

_Sure about that one are you? You certainly look pretty fucking scary. Like 1960’s monster movie scary. Like Mike Myers weirdo scary. Like Phantom of the opera meets Repo the Genetic Opera scary…_

“Hey! I like those movies.” Wade mumbled weakly.

Closing his laptop Wade listened for sounds of life coming from the bedroom. If nothing else Reid would have to go to the bathroom eventually and Wade probably owed him at least a change of clothes and a hot meal. Pizza sounded amazing just then. Not shitty delivery pizza, although Wade was more than guilty of sustaining for weeks off of the stuff for himself.

Wade did like to cook for other people though and usually always kept enough ingredients to at least make pancakes, cookies, and pizza when the mood struck him.

_Why'd you even bring him here, dumb ass? Feeling a little desperate? Like you think playing doctor and cooking for him makes up for kidnapping and assault?_

“I haven't assaulted him.” Wade protested, mildly.

_No you just handcuffed him to a bed. Without consent._

“It was better then your fucking idea. You guys were the ones who wanted me to waste him.
Remember?” Wade reminded his boxes.

_Huh. Only one of us wanted you to waste him. I thought we should make sweet sweet lo…_

“oh Jesus, shut the fuck up. Both of you. Nobody is getting wasted or fucked tonight in this house.” Wade yelled in a hushed manner hoping to hell he didn't wake up his guest.

Suddenly from the bedroom there was a scuffing sound followed by a half full glass of water being knocked over before rolling to the floor. Thankfully the glass didn’t shatter. Wade still had enough glass digging into his back through his suit that he didn't feel like dealing with more.

“Hey, baby bird. You OK in there?” Wade asked making his way back to the bedroom to check on Reid.

Reid responded with a groan.

Growing concerned Wade burst into the room. He found Reid trying his best to sit up fully which proved difficult with the way he was handcuffed and the lack of support on his bad side. Presently Wade found him in a crab like position crouched nearly atop the pillow. It seemed as if in an effort to reposition himself he'd lost his balance and his foot had grazed the side table.

“Whoa there, Cowboy. Let me help you before you break your wrist going about it like that.” Wade insisted, catching him by his good shoulder. “Here slip your elbow around my neck and hold still for a sec while I pick the lock on those cuffs.”

“You cuff me without keys?” Reid asked.

“Yeah...Sorry, all my good complete sets are being cleaned.” Even if the remark wasn't true Wade figured it was close enough to being true that it wouldn't matter.

Reaching into one of his many pockets, Wade found one of his tools and in record time popped the lock.

“There you go. Fly free pretty blue bird.” Wade muttered.

“Yeah...Maybe I'll just throw up first if you don't mind. Sorry in advance.” Reid fell into Wade and promptly threw up over the side of his left bicep.

“Oop. Yeup. Let it all out little man. God knows these floors have seen a lot worse.” Wade held Reid twisting side to side as he slowly patted his back. “Um...Just out of curiosity, your not allergic to say morphine or any other hospital grade pharmaceuticals?”

“No…” Reid gurgled. “Why? Wade, did you drug me? What the fuck?”

“Just a little. I swear. You know, for the pain. To take the edge off.” Wade promised.


“OoO. You're not mad. Sexy.” wade coo’d.

“I'm too sick to be mad right now. Thanks for undoing the cuffs. You can put me down...oh no. On second thought don't put me down. Is it hot in here?” A wash of dizziness over took Reid causing him to cling to Wade.

Wrong choice of words. Things were definitely sizzling for Wade just about then as he imagined all sorts of dirty scenarios involving the phrase. Luckily his interest in playing nurse was temporarily
stronger than his... Desire to play nurse? God he really was a sick fuck sometimes.

“Look baby bird... Maybe I actually should take you to the hospital. After all, your healing factor isn’t as powerful as mine. Maybe you're more fucked up then we know?” It was rare that Wade got to be the voice of reason in any situation.

“Fucking no. Sorry, but I don't do hospitals. If anything is really that bad, I let Lorel deal with it privately. “ Reid muttered.

“OK. OK. Cool your tits. It was just a suggestion.” Wade could practically feel the strength of the younger man's fear. It was close to hysterical. “Come on. Let's at least get you back into bed and get some fluids in you. Fuck.”

Reid nodded and let Wade lift him properly and ease him back down. Wade then threw a dirty towel over the puddle of vomit on the floor and picked up the spilt glass disappearing back into the kitchen to refill it. When he returned he dutifully helped Reid drink down its contents.

After a few minutes of silence the mood was threatening to become uncomfortable when Reid suddenly spoke up again.

“You can take off that hero suit if you want to you know. It isn’t as if you have to be worried about jeopardizing your precious anonymity with me.” Reid muttered, quietly.

“Yeah... Well I’m kinda used to it actually.” Wade admitted leaning his shoulder into the closest wall.

“OK. Still all that glass that fell on you can’t be very comfortable even with your superhuman healing abilities.” Reid pointed out.

“True. Though I’m curious to know how it is you know what my healing factor actually is, Mr. Know-it-all.” Wade taunted.

Reid sighed and did his best to angle himself away from Wade. “It doesn’t matter.”

“Oh contraire, quein no sabe. It very much does matter to me. What’s your deal, kid? You’re record is too squeaky clean to be real and I still don’t understand how you managed to sneak up on me while in the center of a disorganized warehouse.” Wade demanded.

“I can sense mutants and sometimes read their abilities. Although I wouldn’t really call you a mutant per se. In fact, I don’t quite understand what you are. Nevertheless, there you go. As for tackling you to the ground, I wasn’t exactly trying to do you any favors. Like you said, I’m blind and I tripped. I didn’t even know there was a bomb until it went off.” Reid admitted.

“Well aren’t I a lucky ducky. Sorry playing human shield still got you hurt. I did my best. Want me to call anyone for you or anything?” Wade offered producing his phone.

“Hm. Lorel probably has a APB out on me already. She can be a bit over protective. But you can have my digits anyway if you want them. I feel like I owe you dinner or something for saving me from burning to death.” Reid muttered.

Holy fuck did he just ask us out? What?!? Are we sure he isn't a plant? This has got to be a set up. Or Candid Camera. We love that show! <3 <3 <3

“Naw. You not dying in my bed is reward enough, baby bird. Lets just call everything even.” Wade heard himself say to both his and his boxes astonishment.
FUCK. For once wade agreed with his boxes. Why the fuck was he playing things so coy? Wade's gaydar was deafening just then but he also knew how much his wishful thinking could get the best of him.

“Wanna do me a favor Wade and keep talking to me. Sorry, but I feel really freaked out right now.” Reid admitted.

Wade tilted his head in consideration. It was kind of endearing how Reid seemed to constantly apologize for his weaknesses. Sorry to inconvenience you. Sorry in advance. Either Reid had a lot of experience in phone related customer service or he really was just that polite. No way was he from New York. Minnesota, Maybe?

Hello my border brother from the same mother monarchy, Wade internally rejoiced.

Wait...was that too obscure? Everyone gets that we're referencing how Wade is Canadian and how there's a lot of adjacent correlation between Canada and the north western United states, right?...Both having broken away from the British and...And nobody cares. Right. We were just checking. Please continue.

“Sure. I can talk. I'm super great at talking. It's kind of my thing. That and like...Unliving people and not being able to die?” He rattled.

“Say what now?” Reid inquired not sure he'd caught all that right.


He was mostly trying to figure out how overprotective Reid's sister was and whether he was to expect any future unexpected visits. Wade wanted to be prepared, in case, because if Lorel turned out to be a problem for him, Wade didn't want to accidentally kill her in self defense.

“Lorel? She's smart. Sweet. Sorta a Ashley Judd meets Alicia Silverstone type.” Reid muttered.

“So...Flinty with a girl next door kinda vibe? Ooo. Killer. Is she as interesting as you are?” Wade fished, rocking on his heels.

“Yeah. You could say that. Lorel is great. But she's kind of a homebody. I think you’ll be OK.” Reid assured him. “Me on the other hand? My ass is grass. She never wanted me to take this job. Didn't like the people involved. I guess she was justified.” Reid said, pressing the eyelids he couldn't open down harder as his stress mounted.

“Hey, whoa. It’s OK, baby bird. Your safe here. Those fuckers are ash by now and you only got hurt a little. Could have happened to anybody. Plus you were a total badass. At least that's how I plan to tell the story. Totally my hero.” Wade chattered.

“It’s going to be a pain in the ass replacing some of my adaptive equipment that was up in the office. It's going to take weeks to calibrate some of it on a new system. But I guess, I'll have the time now. Fuck. What a nightmare.” Reid huffed.

“You build and program your own gear?” Wade inquired. His respect for the younger man deepening as well as his personal interest.
“I'm no scientist, but yes. I like my shit set up a certain way and it's always better to just...do it myself.” Reid muttered.

“True that.” Wade agreed. “Look, Reid. If I actually do step out to get out of this suit, are you going to be cool? I mean I can stay around if you want. Fuck my comfort.”

Reid had started to slip into a doze, but startled again when he sensed Wade’s concern.

“I'm good. Really. Go on.” Reid insisted.

Wade wasn’t super convinced just then see how Reid’s body still trembled occasionally.

“I swear I can make it fast.” Wade insisted.

“You don't have to baby me. It's just shock, remember?” Reid frowned.

“Baby bird, I don…” Wade was promptly interrupted.

“Maybe just handcuff me back to the bed for awhile. Until I fall asleep? Lorel can come get me off your hands in the morning, if that's OK.” Reid muttered hazily.

For once Wade wasn’t sure what to say. This was a weird situation for him to deal with.

“Sure, baby bird. Whatever makes you feel safe. I guess…” This time When Wade approached he pulled up his mask to expose his lips and pulled his gloves off expertly with his teeth. “I'm going to keep them loose this time though.”

Doing his best to have zero contact with any part of Reid's skin, this time Wade secured his good hand to the side of the headboard so he could lay comfortably on his side if he wanted.

Reid sighed and did tentatively turn gripping at the handcuffs as he settled. Obviously more at peace for whatever reason.

“Thanks, Wade. I'm sorry to be a bother to you.” Reid murmured.

“No worries, Reid. You're no bother at all.” Wade remarked in a raspy tone as he promptly walked out of the room heading straight for the bathroom. Wade's mouth had gone completely dry and for both their sakes he knew it was best that he got the hell out of there while Reid slept.

“What the actual fuck am I doing?” Wade muttered as he avoided his reflection in the mirror. Not fucking much, you pussy.

We both know what you'd like to be doing right now, you fucking perv. You should go back in there. He’s a willing captive audience now. You really ARE a pussy if you let this golden opportunity slide.

“Pppffft. Let's just focus on not committing any further felonies tonight, shall we?” Wade was tired of arguing for one night.

He just wanted to pull all the glass out of his back piece by piece and then bludgeon himself quietly to death with the toilet cover. Yeah, that sounded like a perfect plan. He could do it quietly, he was sure.

God you're a loser. We resent being a party to shit like this.

“Well fuck you very much too. See everyone in the morning.” Wade muttered as he began to strip
off his suit.

As it happened it actually was possible to bludgeon oneself to death silently. Wade was dying proof.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Wade and Reid eat breakfast and make plans

Thanks in part to the drugs Wade had crushed into the wheatgrass smoothie Reid had been given, Reid slept for several more hours awakened only by the sound of pans clanking and the fatty rich smell of bacon cooking. By now Reid's shoulder stitches had knitted into a angry four inch curved line. It would probably be wise in the near future to get a tetanus shot and do a round of antibiotics just to ensure Reid didn't get himself sick.

Frowning and rolling back onto his back carefully because his body now ached everywhere from being caught in the explosion, Reid rubbed his now free wrist against his slacks. Wade must have taken them off him again at some point. Reid knew he should force himself to get up, but at the moment he felt weak and strung out. His clothes were a mess and his body was soiled with dried blood, sweat, and crud from the warehouse. He didn't even want to imagine how he must have looked. Lorel would freak if she caught him like this. On an upvote the bed felt good. Reid had been mostly sleeping upright in a subpar rolling chair the last two weeks, so being in a proper bed felt like a luxury.

Rolling back on to his side Reid nuzzled his face into the pillow and committed its rough texture to his memory. The bed had an unusual scent. It was a mixture of sex and musk with undertones of gun oil, gun powder, leather, and...Reid inhaled even deeper. Was that a hint of Mexican food and...sugar cookies? The complex scent mix told Reid alot about the man who had saved/abducted him. He had to be some kind of mercenary. A lonely one. Sensitive but impulsive. Probably a little unhinged, but then...Who wasn't these days? If Wade had wanted to hurt or harm him he would have done so by now.

Reid felt around in his pocket for his cell phone. Surprisingly, it was still where he'd left it.

Flicking its face open Reid pressed the corner button which dialed his sister. Lorel would answer no matter what time of the day or night or was.

“Talk fast.” A female voice on the other side of the line said.

“Hey, L. I just wanted you to know I'm alright. I ran into a friend from work last night and he invited me over to his place.” Reid lied through his teeth.
“I presume you heard your work place got blown to smithereens. Convenient that this new friend came along when he did. Look Reid if you want to lie to me about stuff then fine. I'm not mad. Really. But we need to talk about you not coming home at night. This one was a close call.” There was a sniffing sound on the other side of the line.

“I know, sis. Look, I'll call you back a little later. I promise that I'm fine.” Reid consoled her.

“Whatever. Try not to stay out too long. We need to figure stuff out. Are you going to need me to come get you?” Lorel asked.

“No. I'll get home on my own. I love you, L.” Reid muttered softly.

“Love you too.” She had said after a long pause before promptly hanging up the phone.

Reid hung up the phone and slipped it back into his pocket. He then pressed a button on his watch and listened to it tell him the time. It was nearly ten o'clock in the morning. Guh. Reid would have been late for work but now there was a serious question of what he was supposed to do. The firm of Locken & Stokes was small and poorly run. Reid would have to call into the main office later unless work called him first.

He supposed he had to get up. The smell of caked blood was making him feel nauseous. Slowly Reid slipped out of the bed. Walking felt unsteady and to help himself along he pulled off his socks so that he could feel the floor better. Reid managed to make it to the doorway without incident and hovered there. Unsure of where to try and move next. To his left he could hear and smell food being prepared and to his right he heard the faint sound of cartoons playing on a TV.

“Morning, baby bird.” Wade greeted him.

Wade was wearing sweatpants and a matching hoodie with the hood up. For once he wasn't in his super suit or even wearing his mask. Though he still felt subconscious enough to keep his hood tied and a pair of cooking mitts on his hands.

“'I'm making brunch. There's a chair at about ten o'clock. The sofa is three o'clock.” Wade said explaining the key locations of the major furniture in the space which was thankfully minimally decorated.
Reid scoffed. Anybody else he knew outside of his sister would have made a big fuss about guiding him to either spot like a child.

“Sweetheart, you shouldn't have.” Reid mused, tilting his head.

Wade's shoulders arched like a startled cat at the teasing tone and flirty implication of Reid's choice of words. Luckily he didn't have to worry about Reid seeing it.


“Wade...Thanks for all of this. I...its nice of you.” Reid's tone had sobered.

“Hey, no problem kid. You had a rough night. A good meal always makes me feel better.” That or a bullet to the temple, but apples and oranges.

Wade finished dishing up their plates and brought them to the counter.

“Ready to eat?” wade asked brightly.

“Like this? Maybe I should borrow a shirt or something. I admit I feel disgusting and you probably see enough blood and gore in your line of work.” Reid said hinting that he had a pretty good idea what Wade did for a living.

“Yeah. I guess. I mean you'd be amazed at what a person can get used to.” Wade muttered, in a deemphasizing manner.

“Yeah. Amazed. I'm sure you're right.” Reid agreed politely.

Wade was right of course. A person could adapt to almost anything if they didn't have a choice. This was something Reid was intimately familiar with and the thought made him self conscious as he suddenly wondered where his glasses were.
Carefully walking in the direction of the island counter, Reid stopped short of sitting down.

Wade took the opportunity to rifle through his laundry basket. Most of it was clean. And found a colorful Steven Universe shirt and an extra pair of green sweats. Anything else would have been too big on Reid. He then walked over and put them in Reid's hands.

“Bathroom is twelve o’clock from around the edge of the counter. Shower handle is easy. It's just a lever turn and there's body soap in the left corner. There's also a towel sitting in the sink.” Wade had thought about all this earlier that morning when he'd woken up from the head injury he’d given himself.

He hadn't been gone very long. Just a blissful hour or two without the voices and his overactive libido. After he'd come back Wade had spent the early morning scrubbing parts of the house down with cleaner and bleach, picking up the loads of trip hazards and shoving them in his various closets haphazardly, and cooking. The truth was although he often lived like a slob, Wade was actually very domestic and capable of keeping his place presentable for guests. That and since Reid was blind it wasn't like he was going to see all the questionable stains everywhere or the various damage to the walls.

“Thanks.” Reid said before he carefully found his way to the bathroom. With only one good arm it would be a little tricky to wash up but Reid wasn't about to ask a stranger for help in this situation.

In the meantime Wade set there plates in the oven on low to keep them warm.

When Reid returned, his nostrils tingling from the noxious residual bleach from the bathroom he heard Wade gasp abruptly.

“Baby bird, you look tasty.” Wade muttered before he practically skipped to the stove to retrieve their plates.

“Thanks.” Reid muttered tugging at the edge of the shirt which road up. Reid wondered if it barely fit on him what use Wade possibly had for it, but he didn't ask.

“So, how do you feel this morning?” Wade asked settling on the other side of the island as to intentionally put a barrier between them.
“Like I got hit by a train. But. Huh, I've been worse, I suppose.” Reid admitted.

“Yeah that's too bad.” Wade figured Reid was referring to whatever had happened to his face and he noticed the way Reid kept his chin tucked and his face angled slightly away from Wade's voice.

So the kid was self conscious. Something fluttered in Wade's chest, this was something he understood yet comparatively it hurt Wade's heart to see Reid shrinking where he sat. He really was quite lovely.

Reid Wallace was a looker as far as Wade was concerned. Reid was about 5’10 with curly dirty blonde hair kept well maintained along the sides and back. He had a thin soft mouth, small straight rounded nose and a apple of a round chin that Wade just wanted to put his mouth all over. He was lean as had already been established and very tight bodied. Like a gymnast. His hands were small but long fingered as were his feet. Wade could only imagine what his fine tight ass looked like. The sweats did him no justice. In other words Reid was gorgeous. And it was a kill worthy crime that any one or thing had maimed the other man. Wade noted that his healing factor must not have been entirely regenerative in nature.

Not all were. Some mutants couldn't actually regenerate destroyed cells like Wade could. In his case, making things like losing a limb or a eye purely temporary. Some though just had heightened restorative abilities that made the body’s natural healing processes more efficient so if they had a severe injury they were more or less shit out of luck.

“Your staring.” Reid remarked has he focused on eating, though he wasn't particularly hungry he knew he had to eat and that he didn't want to make Wade feel like he didn't appreciate his effort.

“Damn straight I'm staring. You're beautiful.” Wade proclaimed seeing no reason to deny the truth.

“Aw. That's nice of you to say.” Reid smiled and picked at his food.

“You know, baby bird? I swear you're sending crazy strong signals and I just want you to know that I read them loud and clear.” Wade gushed.

“Really? Do I scream gay or is it more like a subtlety? I've always wanted to know.” Reid asked intellectually wagering his fork in Wade's direction.
Wade wasn't sure what to make of that reply. Was Reid confirming his sexual orientation or making light of Wade's assumption about it? It was totally hard to tell.

*Oh he's definitely into us.*

*Is he? Are you sure? I haven't been paying attention.*

“Well assuming you were anything other than straight, I'd certainly line up for a taste of your ice cream.” Wade said shamelessly.

*Ooo. Smoooth.*

*faceplam- I can't believe that just came out of your mouth. Gross.*

“Shut up. I'm just trying to establish that I'd be down. OK?” Wade muttered quietly to his boxes.

Reid could tell the last remarks weren't meant for him. It appeared his new friend liked to talk to himself. Sure. Why not.

“For the record, I'm not straight.” Reid muttered through a mouthful of egg and pancake.

“Ooo. Tell me more.” Wade cooed nearly shoving his plate off the edge of the counter so he could practically lay over the island's surface with this head propped up on one fist.

Reid shrugged. “It's not like I have any hard data to back that. But I'm not straight. If anything I would say I'm open to suggestions.”

“A sexier phrase has never been spoken.” Wade muttered in adoration. “Do you have a suggestion box somewhere? Cause I, like, have a whole stack of suggestions I'd like to submit.”

Reid couldn't help but chuckle and blush. “I'll send you a link to the google form.”
“Yes!” Wade celebrated settling back on his side of the counter.

Reid quieted and finished his plate. “Thank you for breakfast. If you won't let me take you out for food, you should at least let me cook for you sometime.”

“Any day, every day. Baby bird. Did you get ahold of your sister?” Wade inquired.

“Yeah. She was worried but she didn't press. Lorel, is good like that. I probably shouldn't keep her waiting too long. While I'm glad to not be working for criminals anymore, losing the account is going to hurt. The company I work for is holding on by a thread as it is. This could be the death blow and while I like to think I'm pretty good, there's not a lot of options for someone like me professionally. Lorel works and she's got a lot of promise. But having to help me the way she does along with other things has held her back some.” Reid admitted.

Wade could hear the vulnerability creeping back into Reid’s tone and as well as the stress. The guy was so tightly strung, maybe even depressed. Shit, pot calling kettle. Hello.

“Hey. Hey. Maybe it won't be that bad.” Wade tried to reassure him though he knew he had no right to reassure Reid about anything.

“Hey. Do you think you could do me a favor and call me a cab? I have no idea where this place is after all.” Reid asked.

“Sure.” Wade agreed, though he was mentally trying to beat his disappointment into submission over the idea of Reid leaving.

“Thanks. So if I ask, what's your handle as a super?” Reid inquired.

Usually Wade loved to tell people who he was. It was no great secret anyway. But in spite of how rampete the superhero business had become, Deadpool was still largely an unknown. Hil-fucking-larious when one considered he put down more baddies in a month sometimes than the Avengers put down collectively in a year. But who was keeping track? Wade didn't need acclaim. It usually was a liability in his line of work. As for being shy all of a sudden about who his super alter ego was, Wade was kind of enjoying just being...Well, Wade.

With Reid it didn't really matter if he was Deadpool or not since the guy couldn't really appreciate the
visual shift between Wade's identities. It sort of made their dynamic kind of special.

“They call me DP. Among other things. You know, baby bird. I could take you home if you wanted. I have wheels.” Actually it was more likely that Wade would just steal the nearest vehicle and hot wire it to run, but that was purely a matter of convenience since he was historically hard on gear.

“I'm not sure we're at the stage in the story where I take you home to the Rents. Maybe another time, Wade. A cab is fine.” Reid assured him.

*Whoa. Did he just break the fourth wall or whatever by implying he knows this is a story someone is writing about us?*

*Hold up. This is a story? What the actual fuck?*

“I think it's just a coincidence.” Wade muttered under his breath evenly before sliding a wide smile on his face and looking back up at Reid like he hadn't just been talking to his boxes.

Even though Reid couldn't see his expression, Wade's personality was so powerful that he almost didn't have to be able to see him to get an idea of what he was doing. An amused tired smile spread out on Reid’s own face.

This delighted Wade. As he distractedly reached into his pocket for his cell phone flicking it open and punching a number.

“Hey, Dopinder. Can you swing by my place and give a friend of mine a ride home. Thanks buddy. Yeah put the fee on my tab. The usual gratuity. Cool Yep, bye.” Wade flipped the phone closed and put it back in his pocket. “Your chariot should arrive in about fifteen minutes. My treat. Dopinder's a personal friend of mine so I guarantee you'll get home safe.”

“As if I had any doubts. Thank you.” Reid said.

Both of them sat in silence for a few minutes which was almost unheard of for Wade.

“So...About those digi - “ Wade mentioned abruptly only to be just as abruptly cut off by Reid
muttering a swift apology before rattling off his number.

“Awesome.” Wade said excitedly squealing like a school girl.

“So when do you wan-” It was Reid’s turn to be promptly cut off.


“Only if we do it with meat sauce and spicy sausage.” Reid muttered.

“Aw, baby bird. As if there's any other way to do it.” Wade quipped with an almost deadly sounding slyness.

“Seven?” Reid negotiated.

“Six. And I get to pick dessert.” Wade insisted utterly disregarding the fact that he'd technically picked dinner already.

“Mood?” Wade inquired. Here was the test.

“Grateful, shy, and awkward.” Reid replied though it was technically hard to tell if he was simply referring to himself in the now or actually forecasting the tone of their date.

“I own. I can work with that.” Wade conceded. “Oh and I'll buy the ingredients. Daddy don’t do sauce from a can.”

Reid scoffed and nodded. But before he could reply, a car horn hawked twice outside.

“I guess that's my cue.” Reid muttered. “Do me a kindness and pass me my shoes. I have no idea what happened to them after the warehouse.”
Wade dutifully retrieved them for him along with his socks which Reid didn't even bother putting back on. Instead he just stuffed them absently into his pocket.

“Well, Wade. This has been a really bizarre experience. But in spite of that it's also been...Well, I don’t really know how to describe it. Maybe when we meet again things will be clearer. Thank you for saving my life and playing nurse. Sorry again for throwing up on your floor.” Reid said sincerely.

“No problem, baby bird. Happens more than you’d think.” Wade waited patiently for Reid to slip on his shoes. “When your ready I'll walk you down stairs.”

Eventually Reid did let Wade guide him out of the apartment but seeing as there wasn't a working elevator and there were quite a lot of stairs Wade soon had them stop.

“How would you like to do this?” Wade inquired.

“Huh, well...How many flights are we dealing with?” Reid asked.

“Five.” Wade confirmed.

“I see. That seems like alot. Fireman's carry?” Reid offered, quirking his brow bone.

“Oh fuck yes.” Naturally a bolt of pleasure shot directly to Wade's cock at the idea which was strong enough to make him forget that doing so would force him under the circumstances to lift Reid over his shoulders with his bare hands. “Try to brace your arm. The position might hurt a little but I'll try to get you through it as fast as possible.”

“Yeah, that's what he said.” Reid muttered seamlessly. 

“Jesus, I think I love you.” Wade muttered under his breath in a gushy manner. “OK. Ready for this, baby bird? Here we go. Up and easy now.”

Wade tugged Reid intimately close to his chest doing double time to ignore how seductively close his mouth actually now was to Reid’s freshly washed skin. The shower was definitely going to be Wade's prefered spanking zone, not that it wasn't part of his common masturbatory rotation
anyway too soon for his liking though Wade growled in the back of his throat and continued the intended maneuver by placing Ried's good arm across the back of his neck, bending at the knees before he hoisted Reid over his shoulders balanced and then nearly effortlessly began to descend the stairs.

For Ried's parts he did his best to put on a strong face even though it did hurt to have his injured shoulder repeatedly bounce against Wade's muscular back. For good measure and because it pleases them both privately, Ried gripped Wade's wrist inhaling sharply in an erotic manner when his fingers and palm came in contact with the scared and pocked texture of Wade's skin. This tiny bit of stimulus was enough to send Reid's senses into a frenzy and had he not been concerned that it might have sent Wade the wrong message just then, Reid would have been consumed with the desire to feel exactly how far the textures went and explore the complexities of their haphazard pattern. The feel of Wade's skin would haunt Reid for a long while. He already knew.

The final trip to the ground floor ultimately left both men wanting though neither said anything.

“Don't ask.” Wade warned when he saw the astonished look on Dopinder's face from the driver's seat of his cab.

Pulling upen the back door Wade carefully set Reid back down and waited for him to guide himself into the back seat. “Set?”

“Set.” Reid confirmed.

Wade abruptly shut the door not daring to look at Reid any further. He was at serious risk of yanking him right back out of the car to make black and white classic movie style love against the trunk of Dopinder’s.

“Get him home safe, Dopinder. No speeding and I mean it!” Wade swiftly stuck his head and practically his entire torso through the front passenger door window catching his friend by the front of the shirt.

“Call me asap after and tell me where he lives. I want major details.” Wade's voice was low a conspiratorial

“Yeah just to let you know I totally heard that. I'm blind, not deaf.” Reid muttered sardonically from the back.
Both Wade and Dopinder looked back at Reid before looking at each other again.

“You have my solemn vow, DP. The gentleman will reach his home alive.”


“M’Kay. Promise not to creep stalk me at my house once he tells you where it is.” Reid muttered.

“And...I can in no way legitimately promise that will not happen. Bye pookie.” Wade pulled himself out of the window and waved enthusiastically as the cab began to move.

A few minutes later after Reid had relayed his address, a nervous Dopinder spoke up. “You know, he’s totally going to creep stalk your address now. In fact, he’s probably already trying to find us on Google Earth as we drive.”

“Yeah. I know.” Reid replied in a dreamy wistful tone. “That would be so like him.”
Chapter Three

Contrary to popular assumptions, Wade didn't actually make any further moves regarding Reid Wallace. Not directly anyway. The reality was that Wade was still trying to process what the fuck had happened to him in the last twenty-four hours. How had a simple pump job turned into a weird kind of blind date? Pun totally intended.

Actually there was some debate between Wade and his boxes about what to actually call last night. White seemed to be on Wade's side and was adamant that this morning had been a date. At least from the point Reid had woken up and taken brunch with Wade. It wasn't as if he hadn't known at that point that Wade had drugged him. Most rational people would have fled at that point or tried to call the authorities. Instead, Reid had promptly thrown up and then politely asked Wade to cuddle with him.

He didn't ask you to cuddle with him, you fucktard. He was sick from the morphine you forced on him and asked you to hold onto him for like five second. It's not remotely the same thing.

But he stayed. That means he's either just as crazy or desperate for a good time as we are or he stayed because he liked us. Either way. Win/win. Am-I-Right?

“It doesn't matter what he did.” Wade muttered as he paced manically around his apartment, stepping his cleaning regime up by shoving bits of trash into an actual trash bag. “What matters is he wants to do it again. Like, that happened. didn't it? He did say he wanted to come back and cook with us?”

Oh he said that. But did he mean it? People say alot of weird shit under duress and we did technically kidnap him and handcuff him to our bed.

“I let him go.” Wade protested.

He thought you were going to harvest him for his kidneys.
“Naw. I'm pretty sure he was making a joke. Everyone knows you wake up in a ice bath when someone hijacks your innards. Not a fucking bed. Beds are for stealing wallets and people's dignity.” Wade argued flatly.

Oh, right. Says the man with enough personal experience with both scenarios to know.

“Everyone want to just shut the fuck up for five minutes? I'm trying to think.” Wade muttered tying off the third jumbo garbage bag of the day and tossing it near the front door.

An idea was forming in Wade's mind. Or maybe not so much an idea as it was a kind of gesture. Reid did seem to be receptive to Wade's personal interest in him. The last time meeting a potential partner had been this easy, it had been with Vanessa. Shit. That was a mistake, thinking about her just then.

“Fuck.” Wade spat sharply.

Now he definitely needed to get out of the apartment before he undid all his domestic handiwork by busting up the place. Wade needed to talk to someone other than himself and right now there was only one person he could think to turn to that would be conveniently available this time of day and who could tolerate his moods when they were heading into black.

~ @ ~

Peter Parker had come along way in ten years. Now nearly thirty he was head of his own small but respectable technologies company, an LLC that was well known for frequently partnering with Stark Industries on certain projects. Now that he was no longer a protege of Tony Stark and more of a collaborating equal, Peter spent most of his days living his life like any successful civilian.

Peter was still Spiderman too. But now that he wasn't a bright eyed young adult anymore flying by the seat of his pants, his priorities had shifted a little. He'd pulled back for instance on his crime fighting, and when he did don the Spiderman mantel he always reminded himself that he had a fiance to think about now among other things.

It had taken nearly fifteen years for Peter to nail Mary Jane down. Had Gwen never died, things might have been different but in the end she had and MJ had been there for him after it all. Now a days there weren't any secrets between them. MJ even occasionally went out on patrol with Peter as Spider Woman. But all too often her presence had served as a distraction to him and so despite being
pretty decent at fighting crime together, MJ more often than not stayed home.

It was the middle of the day at Parker Technologies, Peter had just finished sending over some diagrams for a new piece of equipment he and Stark's lackies were working on when someone forcefully kicked open the large double doors leading into the open concept workspace.

“Was up, motherfucker.” Wade bellowed in a choppy high pitched kung fu movie kind of tone.

Wade was back in his Deadpool suit. With matching katanas strapped to his back an his to favorite guns holstered on his hips.

By now the office staff was used to periodic interruptions like this seeing as Peter and Wade were the best of friends. So whenever Wade burst in on them like he was doing now, everyone in attendance went on an extended lunch break and swiftly cleared the room.

“You know DP I do work here. Break my doors again and I’m billing you for replacements.” Peter warned him before a fond smile slid onto his features as he stepped out of his clear glass office cubicle to meet his friend in the center of the room.”Everything OK, buddy?”

“Oh Petey-pie, iz bad. And fucking amazing. And fucking terrible. Help me, Obiwan. You’re my only hope.” Wade crooned swapping between voices and movie quotes at rapid speed.

Peter had seen the beginning of one of Wade’s emotional meltdowns plenty of times before. By now he knew just about every trigger Wade had and how to distinguish between which ones were gumming up Wade’s already compromised mental works. This one though was both an oldie and...something new?

“OK. How about we reconvene this conference on the roof. Say, five minutes? Until then? Come on, man. Bring it in. Let's hug this one out.” Peter opened his arms wide and waved his finger tips in encouragement.

“Aw, you. You say all the right things.” Wade cooed, before he threw his entire weight at Peter locking them in a death hold.

Peter usually couldn't breath when Wade did this, but over the years he'd developed an amazing ability to hold his breath. He and Wade at some point had incorporated a tap out trigger that would
signal to Wade that he needed to let go or at least loosen his grip.

“OK. OK. This is becoming workplace inappropriate, Wade.” Peter wheezed when he felt Wade's hands deliberately drift down to his ass as he continued to crush Peter to him.

Peter let Wade grope him a few seconds more purely out of long standing habit, before he wrapped his fingers three times on Wade’s shoulder. Their safety signal for Wade to back off Peter.

Wade instantly broke there embrace and stepped back rubbing the back of his masked head reproachfully.

“Sorry, my bad.” Wade said quietly.

“It’s OK, buddy. We'll talk about it on the roof. Hey. Who's my bestest friend ever?” Peter asked peacefully.

“Huh. Duh. It's Mary Jane obviously since Princess-pie gets to suck your. .” Wade muttered crossing his arms across his chest.

“OK, DP.” Peter abruptly interjected. “Who's my bestest friend that doesn’t get to blow me every morning and sometimes on my lunch breaks in the back seat of their BMW?”

Wade scoffed and rolled his eyes under his mask but slowly raised his hand replying in a dejected tone. “Me.”

“Damn straight. I'll see you in five.” Peter muttered in satisfaction tilting his head.

“Right. Five.” Wade agreed as he stared at Peter through his mask, a bunch off different parts of him aching now for a bunch of different reasons.

But, fuck.

_Ha. Buttfuck. We wish._
Wade sighed as a measure of self control and lucidity helped him to calm down. Peter had developed that effect on Wade over the years but his real magic came in the simple things like the tilt of his face or the sudden laser precise attention to a seeming detail anyone else would have overlooked or disregarded.

Peter's subtle mannerism when he was being perceptive or curious was maybe Wade's favorite thing about his cherished and aptly objectified friend.

Time and again no matter how much Peter's life changed, his perceptiveness and curiosity was the lenses of which Wade recognized and would always remember him by. Sure he still lusted after Peter, but deep down Wade knew it was mostly for sport and even if he had once entertained fantasies of calling Peter his own, or more likely Peter calling Wade his; Peter's moon pie devotion to MJ was the deal breaker. And so after several years of chasing the fantasy of Spideypool Wade had moved on to other more obtainable love interests.

Enter, Vannesa.

*Oh God yes, please.*

*Shudup...This is some serious shit we're about to dive into.*

*Yes, Mother.*

After letting his staff know he was taking the rest of the day off, Peter headed out of of the office and after pulling his Spiderman mask on, webbed his way up to the rooftop of the building just in time to catch Wade making a ticking sound and waving a finger at him.

“Jesus, Spidy. You're practically a whole minute and a half late. I think someone is losing his touch.” Wade muttered tapping at his diving watch.

“Yeah, yeah. Sue me. I'm not as young as I used to be.” Peter quipped.
“Funny.” Wade muttered half heartedly as he sat cross legged the floor of the pebbled roof.

Walking over to where Wade was Peter pulled off his mask and settled down beside him.

“OK. You have my undivided attention. Let's talk about it. What's going on with you man? My spidey senses are pinging all over the place.” Peter asked in a straightforward but soft manner. He'd pulled off his mask so that Wade could see the expression in his face which were easier for the merc to read when he was compromised or upset.

“Gah. Muh. Bah. Pfffftt.” Wade finished his explanation by sticking a finger gun to his temp, blowing his brains out then dropping from a high place and splattering on the ground in hand gestures.

Peter nodded gently. He'd know Wade long enough to be able to interpret his meaning when he started speaking in only sound effects and cartoonish pantomime. It was a bizarre phenomenon that Peter just accepted at this stage.

“So you're feeling overwhelmed and freaked out because something new and unexpected has happened and you feel conflicted over how to react to it. AND judging by that grope fest of a hug that I will now have to debrief both my staff and MJ about since you know she'll hear about it first...I take it something has triggered you to hyper focus on Vanessa all of a sudden. Did I get all that right?” Peter asked.

Wade simply let himself heavily faceplant into the gravel stretching out his arm and forming a thumbs up to the affirmative.

“Wade, you know better than most that it's totally OK for someone to have conflicting or equally strong feelings for more than one person at the same time. You also know that Vanessa herself has asked you to try and move on. It's a good sign that your feeling attracted to someone new. That's apart of you starting to heal.” Peter counseled him.

Wade murmured into the the roof floor indicating that he was actually intently listening to Peter and that he was absorbing what he was saying.

Peter scoffed and smiled fondly slowly extending out one foot to nudge Wade in the side of the head. “Wanna spill the mushy details about this new character who has come into your life?”
“Yeeees.” Wade squeaked flopping over onto his back. “He's this super tasty informations analyst who does contract work under Locken & Stokes. I met him on a job. It was a totally random kind of encounter. I mean he totally just appeared out of nowhere and tried to do me a solid by covering me during a boomer. I mean it's not like he knew I can't die. Anyway, he got hurt a little and I felt a little responsible.”

“Wade did you wound a civilian and then bring him home with you without getting him professional medical attention or his consent?” There was an edge of disapproval in Peter's tone of voice.

“Yes, I mean technically, and don't get judgy with me. I was a total gentleman about it and I was totally planning to send him packing the second he woke up…” Wade muttered glaring at Peter through his mask.

“Yeah buddy that's really not helping your case...But, please continue. Then what happened?” Peter encouraged him believing in Wade's good intentions.

“That's the thing. When he did wake up he didn't leave. Like he slept over and showered at my place like it was no big thang. Peter, he ate breakfast with me and THEN ASKED IF HE COULD COME OVER ANOTHER TIME AND COOK FOR ME OUT OF FUCKING GRATITUDE. GRATITUDE. AND THERE WAS ALL THIS WEIRD CUTE BANTER AND HE IS SOOOO POLITE AND YET TWISTED ENOUGH TO LET ME BLATANTLY HIT ON HIM WITHOUT GETTING OFFENDED. BUT LIKE...I FEEL LIKE I NEED TO PLAY THIS COOL. CAUSE HE'S SUPER COOL. AND HOT. AND YOUNG. AND...” Wade was caught up in a kind of panic, his volume steadily escalating.

Peter largely ignored these dramatics and eventually cut him off gently. “He sounds nice, Wade. When are you going to see him again?”

“What? Don't fucking encourage me, Peter. Your supposed to be taking me to task and telling me not to see him again.” Wade muttered argumentatively.

“But he asked you out. I mean, you want to see him again, don't you? And anyway you're doing a fine enough job talking yourself out of letting him. I see no reason to contribute to that.” Peter muttered sensibly. “What are you so afraid of, Wade?”

“Aw, Petey. Fuck my life. This kid has no idea who I am, the kind of person I am.”
“So he can learn. You can tell him and show him who you are. You said yourself that he stayed when he could have went.” Peter pointed out. “Furthermore your a great person. You're my favorite person. So your not perfect, and your brain is a little fucked up, and sometimes you let that shit get the better of you...That's part of being human and in your case alot of it isn't your fault or within your control. If this guy is worthy of your time and interest. He'll figure things out with you as you go.”

“Guh. This is driving me crazy. But, thanks Peter. It helps to talk it out.” Wade muttered, starting to calm down and gain back some stability.

“Want to talk about Vanessa now and get that problem out of the way?” Peter was about the only person allowed to bring up Wade's AWOL fiance.

“I just can't believe it's been three years, Pete. It doesn't feel real. When is any of it going to feel real to me?” Wade voice had shrunk down into a trembling gravely whisper.


When Wade remained stone still, Peter rolled his eyes and grabbed him by the shoulders using his enhanced strength to settle Wade’s head and shoulders into his lap to hold him securely.

“I don't know, Wade. I still have a hard time wrapping my head around it too. But the important thing is that Vanessa isn't gone she just cant be here with you the way she wants and you need her to be, and she knows that.” Peter comforted him.

“You know what eats at me the most? How sometimes I catch myself thinking about how, after knowing what I know now, I wish sometimes that I had just let her stay dead instead of fucking with the space time continuum and bringing her back. If I had known I was just going to lose her all over again I might have preferred a more straightforward kind of torment. Fucking fuck, I'm a terrible human being.” Wade muttered burying his face into the outside of Peter's hip trying to bury his shame.

“That's grief talking. I remember when Gwen died and how much I tortured myself over it wondering what might have been if I would have just stayed out of her life. Sometimes I even found myself angry at her, angry that she had dared to love me. I sometimes resented all the good time we'd had. But after awhile with enough time and support things got better and I was able to put alot of those feelings away. You're going to get there too, Wade.” Peter coaxed. “Have you visited Vanessa, recently?”
“No.” Wade admitted.

“Maybe you should try. You know, ask for her blessing or something.” Petter suggested.

“Petey, if I go there and she is able touch and talk to me, I don’t think I’m going to have the willpower to leave.” Wade confessed.

“So? Don’t leave for awhile. Stay and let Vannessa just exist with you. It’d probably be cleansing for you both.” Peter encouraged him.

“Yeah. Maybe.” Wade adjusted in Peter’s arms flipping onto his back and crossing his legs at the ankles as he stared up at Peter. So? What's new with you.”

Peter chuckled pleased to see they'd been able to steer Wade away from the edge for now.

“Well, I do have some news. But Wade you gotta promise me that you'll dial back your reaction by like...30% of normal.”

“Oooo. It must be something juicy. And Petey-pie, you know better than to expect something like that of me. I promise you nothing.” Wade muttered ominously.

“Fine. MJ is pregnant. We just found out a few days ago.” Peter announced calmly though he braced himself on instinct.

“Say what now? You and MJ are preggers? And how long, may I ask, have you officially known about this?” Wade was too calm.

“Three days. They think she's about eight weeks along.” Peter muttered innocently.

“HOLY. FUCKING. SHITBALLS. ARE YOU SAYING YOU WAITED THREE FUCKING DAYS TO TELL ME, YOU MOTHERFUCKER? OH...SPIDY GOTTA PAY FOR THIS ONE...”
As Wade spoke the last sentence, his voice became Batman quality dark, I mean like Christian Bale dark.

And then he acted. With no warning Wade tried to swiftly grab Peter by the shoulders and roll him over the top of him and onto the roof.

Peter was already way ahead of him though and in one quick counter maneuver used his superior speed and respectable super strength to swiftly get the upper hand managing to wrestle Wade onto his back and put him in a restraining hold.

“MJ asked me to hold off. They’re worried about potential complications.” Peter grunted.

Even with Peter's early advantage, the trouble with trying to restrain Wade in a ground fight was that causing pain as an incentive to get him to submit during a fight never worked with him. Infact, Wade was just as likely to temporarily break his own bones in order to gain an advantage that would break an opponent's hold on him than he was to allow his opponent to break him.

“That excuse doesn't make it any better, Peter. In fact that's makes it even worse, you dick!” Wade did eventual break Peter's hold though it required him to break his arm and dislocate his own shoulder in the process.

They tussled for a few more minutes before Peter finally got tired enough to end their dispute by webbing Wade to the roofs floor. Secretly both men were delighted with each other just then.

“Fiiiine. You win. Petty-pie. I guess I can see where you and MJ are coming from.” after struggling a few seconds Wade eventually dug his knife from his boot and cut himself out of Peter's webbing before forcing his arm back into joint and popping as much of bones in is back as he could while he self healed.

Peter opened his arms offering another buddy hug. Which Wade took him up on, quickly pulling each other in and pounded on each others backs ritualistically and with mutual affection.

”Sorry, Buddy. As much as I love you, I'm afraid of Mary Jane's wrath more. I probably shouldn't have told you at all. It’s so early and…” Peter bargain as an edge of worry lined his words.
“Shut the fuck up right now. It's going to be OK, Petey. MJ's one of the toughest chicks I know. You guys are going to make it through just fine and that's all we're going to say about it.” Wade said through his mask while they hugged it out.

“Hot damn. Spiderman's going domestic and popping out a tiny Spidy kid. Time's are a changin my friend.” Wade muttered in with real awe.

“In light of everything, MJ wants to move up the wedding. I'd be happy to wait until we get through this experience but…” Peter hesitated.

“I get it, man. MJ's fine playing free and loose but she draws the line at doing the whole unwed mother shtick. Well you know you've both go my support. Tell me when and where and I'll be there.” Wade said encouraging.

“Thanks Wade. That means a lot to both of us. I know you and MJ haven't always seen eye to eye, but I want you to know that next to me she trusts you more than anyone else. If this pregnancy works out we'd like you to consider being our kid's God dad.” Peter mentioned.

“Me? Buddy...It would be a...oh fuck...I think I'm going to cry or some shit. Of course I'll be there for your kiddos, Spidy. All the fucking days of their lives. I promise.” Wade vowed.

“Thanks. You know I love you, man.” Peter muttered and they picked up their scattered stuff.


“Yeah...Thanks for making this moment extra special. Both I and my ass thank you. Come on. I'll buy you tacos. I took the rest of the day off.” Peter promised.

“Aw. Petey. You really do love me.” Wade cooed as he put his arm around Peter's shoulders and walked with him towards the edge of the roof.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Reid returns home to his sister and has some serious explaining to do.

Chapter Four

Reid and Dopinder drove in silence most of the way to Reid's family home in Warwick. It was just under forty five minutes from the apartment complex Wade owned and currently lived in the South Bronx.

Dopinder was a nervous but compassionate sort and repeatedly kept an eye on Reid whom through half the trip had curled up in the corner of the back seat in a knotted fashion that could only be accomplished by someone quite flexible sleeping. Dopinder figured he was probably cold as it was mid fall and he was without a jacket.

As the cab warmed up, Reid slowly uncurled himself and settled into a more relaxed position, stirring only when Dopinder hit a particular bad pothole which aggravated his wounded shoulder.

“Sorry! Sorry, Mr...Um. DP, never told me your name.” Dopinder remarked.

“Guh. It's Reid. Reid Wallace.” Reid replied, holding his shoulder. “And, please. Dont worry about it. I appreciate you taking me home.”

“Yeah, well being a cabby it's all in a days work. Have you known DP long?” Dopinder asked innocently.

“No. We're just newly acquainted. Hey, can I ask you something? What does DP stand for exactly?” Reid asked tilting his head and leaning forward.

“DP? So...You didn't know?” Dopinder was clearly surprised.
“No. I don't really follow popular hero culture much anymore..” Reid muttered.

Dopinder found this remark curious. Deadpool wasn't a hero by his own admission. At best he was an anti-hero and of course a mercenary for hire.

“DP, huh, stands for Deadpool.” Dopinder explained, unsure if he was betraying something.

“Deadpool?” Reid scoffed and began to chuckle. “Oh, I'm in so much trouble when I get home. Thank you. I guess your DP was shy about telling me. I suppose I can understand why he might feel that way.”

Reid was loosely familiar with the names of various supers that had made the news in recent years. When his life had been more normal Reid had followed alot of the super stories available for public consumption, but he mostly knew what he knew because of his sister Lorel who had spent a large chuck of her childhood being educated at the Xavier Institute of Higher Learning.

She might have still been there today, had she not come home for Reid’s sake.

Eventually, Dopinder pulled into the older neighborhood of Eine. Reid lived in a aged two story home. The building was a light blue with a quaint private garden and carriage house that sat on a double lot near a corner street. In another time the house would have been considered a small mansion. But now it was just another ancient throwback in a sleepy neighborhood that was quietly fading away.

The house was flanked with large trees and overgrown shrubbery. The lawn littered with fallen leaves. Both siblings had been born there as had three generations of children before them on their mothers side.

Upon arriving Reid had Dopinder drop him at the long front walkway which lead up a series of stairs flanked by rod iron railing.

Dopinder opened the cab door for Reid who thanked him kindly and took the extra time to input Dopinder's name and number to his cab service into his cell phone. No doubt they would likely meet again. As Dopinder was leaving the wind picked up causing a lonely rushing sound among the trees and the shrubbery. A paranoid chill ran up the man's back. It was so quiet and calm and the cabbie couldn't shake the superstitious feeling that they were being acutely observed by more than one set of eyes.
“Dopinder, tell Wade I'll catch him on Saturday oh and if he's going to snoop that my rooms are along the back of the house. Lorel really likes her privacy and if he disturbs her she may retaliate.” Reid advised.

“Sure thing, Mr. Wallace. It was nice to meet you. Goodbye sir.” After Dopinder made sure Reid would get in alright, he promptly left.

Reid gripped the rod Iron railing and paused deeply breathing in the crisp fall air and wet decay. Everything around him was alive here and Reid felt comforted by Lorel's botanical handiwork which she had personally designed and engineered to cater to his senses. Eventually he heard the high front door crack and creak partially open.

“Come on, handsome. It's freezing out there. I just pulled a fresh blanket out of the dryer for you and there's coffee on.” Lorel called to him from the shadows of their front door.

Reid smiled and nodded. It was good to be home.

The interior of the house was a mixture of mahogany and deep red grained woods. The ceilings, windows, entryways were all high and draped.

Built in storage was everywhere and original to the house. In the entryway there were several plants, many of them hanging or draped across planks that acted like catwalks for the creeping ivy that was visible in every room seemingly steaming from one mother plant. The air in the house was exceptionally clean and dry.

Lorelei Wallace had watched her brother arrive silently thanking the universe that he was back and well. Well...Actually the well part had yet to be seen. He was walking at least even though it appeared as if he was missing nearly all of his personal belongings including his glasses and his white guide came. All troublesome signs that there was more to what he'd told her. A lot more, probably.

“What are you wearing?” Lorel asked when he stepped into the house and shut the door waiting until the tinkling bells stopped their sound.

“Huh. I dunno. What AM I wearing?” Reid had guessed already that he likely looked ridiculous.
Inspite. Of the serious nature of the situation Lorel had to stifle a tear laced laugh.

“Let me put it this way. You look like a pop culture Twink. I'm pretty sure that's a kids shirt, Reid. Let's try to get you out of it. Yeah?” Lorel encouraged.

As she approached him and barely grazed his shoulders with her hands, Reid jumped and recoiled slightly. Causing her eyes to go wide with concern.

“Reid, tell me your not hurt. Let me it see right now.” Lorel demanded, though she didn't try to touch him again and stepped back.

Reid sighed. “Wait now. I just want to say first that it's probably going to look worse than it is. I promise it was a total accident and Wade did his level best to take care of me after the fact, so please don't be mad.”

It had been a hell of alot easier in part because he'd been medicated while getting the shirt on than it was now trying to get it off; but Reid was determined to do so without damaging it no matter how much it hurt to do so.

Lorel winced and clapped her hand over her mouth as she watched him struggle knowing better than to try and help him unless he asked.

“Oh...Sweetheart, how'd this happen to you?” Lorel couldn't keep her composure when she caught sight of Reid’s left shoulder which was now completely black and blue from his upper biceps nearly to his throat.

To make matters worse there was a long straight wound at an angle that had clearly come from some kind of sharp object piercing through it from behind. Someone had expertly stitched the wound closed and bandaged it but the bruising was so extensive that it was visible even through the bandages.

“It's OK, Lorel. Everything is going to be OK. I promise. Let's go into the kitchen and talk awhile and then I promise I'll do anything you want me to.” Reid reached out with his good arm and pulled her into a sidelong embrace. “I'm so sorry. Please forgive me.”
Lorel didn't say anything. She knew she didn't have to. The siblings had a natural understanding of each other that surpassed spoken words. Instead she nearly slipped an arm around his waist and walked him supportively into their long kitchen.

Once there Lorel sat Reid down at the large country table and, after letting the blanket tumble a few more minutes in the dryer to warm it again, she brought it back into the kitchen an wrapped Reid in it. She then slipped into Lorel mode. And for the next fifteen minutes Reid listened to her in silence as she ran around the kitchen digging through cabinets and the pantry looking for things.

The kitchen was filled with living herbs and planters, and of course there was a huge creeping ivy plant in the corner of the bay near the table, its foliage spilling over the tables edge with tendrils that snaked out along the high walls and disappeared into the other rooms.

“Hi Charlie.” Reid muttered, reaching out to one of the plant’s tendrils and stroking it with his fingers. Though it was subtle the entire plant seemed to respond to his contact. It’s leaves ever so slightly moving through its entirety.

In the meantime Lorel was swiftly grinding together a mixture of her home developed turmeric, dried garlic, and limestone powder which she then mixed into a bowl of organic honey and brought it to the table.

“Reid I'm telling you something right now after I look at this wound more closely I'm taking you to Dr. Scott’s. Your shoulder needs to be x-ray asap. I don't want any arguments. I'll sedate you if you want.” Disappearing momentarily into an adjacent room Lorel returned with a medical scissors and fresh bandages.

“I told you I'd do what you said, Lorel.” Reid reminded her.

“You were there weren't you, Reid? At the warehouse when it blew up. You lied to me.” Lorel sounded disappointed though that's all she said about it. “Whose handiwork is this? It's very good. Not as fine as I'd like, but it'll do.”

Lorel had cut away the bandages covering the bulk of his shoulder and gently began to clean the area. One she was assured the area was freshly disinfected she dipped her fingers into the bowl and gently began to apply the mixture directly to his wound and the surrounding area.

Reid was good for her and sat still through this procedure without complaint.
“His name is Wade and he saved my life. If it weren't for him I'd be complete mince meat. The glass skylights above us collapsed and he rolled on top of me to shield me from the falling shards.” Reid explained.

“Oh yeah? By what miracle was he able to avoid the same fate?” Lorel questioned, beginning to rewrap his wound.

“He's a kind of super, I think. His healing factor is off the charts as far as I could tell.” Reid remarked.

“Huh. Impressive. Is he anyone I would know?” Lorel asked.

“Huh, welll… About that, Lorel. At first I didn't catch his handle, but looking back he mentioned that some people call him DP. I didn't really think about it that much at first, but…”

“Oh. My. God. No, Reid. You are NOT trying to tell me you were saved from a warehouse explosion by DEADPOOL. What the hell kind of people were Loken & Stokes having you work with? The mob?” Lorel demanded in disbelief.

“Actually, yeah. That's accurate. Wade claimed it was the Russians. Not that any of that matters now. I still haven't heard anything from work.” Reid remarked.

“Well good cause your not going back to them anyway. I won't have it. And I'm also not particularly pleased that this Wade guy didn't think it was prudent to take you to a hospital instead of home with him like some lost puppy.” Lorel fumed.

“Please, Lorel. Wade took care of me when he didn't have to. He made me feel….safe.” Reid admitted.

“Oh, honey. OK. OK.” Lorel squeezed her brother's hand when she recognized the look on his face. The experience of last night had started to catch up to him and he was finally getting genuinely upset.

The problem was that Reid’s facial injuries had dramatically damaged the tearing system in his face. Reid had undergone numerous surgeries just to address this one issue and it had taken a newer
experimental surgery in more recent years to finally correct the problem and keep Reid from developing infections and painful irritation in his face because things weren't working properly anymore. Now he could still secrete tears, but his tearing system had been altered and the drainage system routed purely through his nasal cavity. The experience of crying could still be physically painful but at least now it wasn't life threatening.

Lorel grabbed a large wash cloth from the sink and passed it over to him rubbing his back and side hugging him as she felt the tension build in his body.

“I'm sorry, L. I feel so helpless sometimes and everytime I think I get a foothold it just all goes to Hell. I could have died last night. Maybe a part of me wants to sometimes and that's just fucking stupid. I'm sorry I fucked this up.” Read croaked rocking back and forth gently into the table.

“No. You didn’t fuck anything up, babe. You were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Even if you hadn't been there last night I would have still asked you to walk away today. We can do better than Locken & Stokes. Those assholes deserve to crash and burn. It's Ok. It's Ok. Breath. Breath with me. In and out. Good. Good, Reid.” Lorel rocked gently with her brother doing her best to swallow her own sense of helplessness and righteous indignation.

“Hey. Hey? Tell me about, Wade. What’s the infamous Merc with the Mouth really like. Hm?” Lorel was trying to divert Reid and they both knew it.

Reid choked a moment forcing himself to lean forward and clear his airway. It hurt to do so but it was a necessary evil.

“He's funny in a quirky chronically inappropriate kind of way. With a bigger than life kind of personality. He's impulsive and foul mouth, but he’s also weirdly considerate and charming. He’s also far more intelligent than he'd likely give himself credit for. Troubled. Unbalanced. Wreckless. But...Warm and well meaning.” Reid remembered how Wade had covered and held onto him in the warehouse.

He would have never told Lorel about it, how that simple physical contact had made him feel even though it had resulted in confusion and injury quickly after. Nevertheless, it had felt shockingly personal to have Wade sprawled on top of him when the glass had fallen above them. As personal as it had felt later when he had trusted Wade to carry him down stairs. It didn't help things that Wade had quipped and flirted with him the entire time back at the apartment. At moments, Reid had thought he might actually make a move and he'd found himself secretly disappointed when Wade hadn’t.
“Lorel I know it sound weird an stupid but...I'd like to get to know Wade better. I know his alter ego has a crazy reputation and he's reported to be one of the more unbalanced supers out there, but…” Reid swallowed, his mouth going dry now.

“Reid, Wade Wilson saved your life and he made sure you got back home to me. If you want to see him again you don't need my permission to do so.” Lorel said quietly, wiping at her face and pulling the blanket more fully over her brothers shoulder. “If you say he's good and trustworthy then I'll take your word for it.”

“Thanks, sis. I've already told him that if he ever crosses you, you'll ruin him.” Reid muttered. He hadn’t used those exact words but the intended message had been conveyed to both Wade and his friend Dopinder.

“Well...Just so long has he knows.” Lorel muttered, slowly standing to put her ingredients away before she encouraged Reid to take a sedative before she carted him off to one of the only mutant friendly doctors in the immediate area for proper evaluation.

Leaving the house was always a major ordeal for Lorelei Louise Wallace. Despite Reid’s garish facial scarring, he more or less looked unextraordinary and as such didn't have to worry about drawing too much attention in the world.

Lorel was less fortunate in this way than he was.

The nature of her birth born mutation even before her powers had manifested, had doom her to a life of obscurity outside of mutant friendly and mutant dominant communities. Unlike many other mutants in her position, Lorel's parents had raised their children with profound love and instilled in them a deep sense of personal dignity. So when Lorel had the opportunity to leave her parent safe but limiting household in favor of being raised in a place where she could develop herself and be openly known, she had jumped at the opportunity and been fully supported by her mother. Father, and Reid.

Now though Lorel had willingly returned to a life of hiding and obscurity in order to personally take care of Reid. Her education as a medical doctor and mutation therapist that had been so useful and promising while sequestered away at the Institute, was on indefinite hold.

Periodically, a mentor or old friend reached out to her and tried to convince Lorel that there were better ways to handle their situation. She was always welcome for example to return to the Institute and to bring her brother with her. But so far, Lorel had refused. She and Reid shared very particular feelings about being mutants. Namely that both simply wanted to live like any other civilian. Neither
sibling had any interest in being dragged into the politics of mutant culture, nor did they feel obligated to take on the problems of the world at large.

They weren't heroes and didn't want to be.

Still, in moments like this where it was important to be able to move more seamlessly in their society, Lorel was at a disadvantage. Going anywhere in public required careful preparation as to not draw attention because of her exotic appearance. At least this time of year no one questioned her long coats, wide brimmed hats and high boots and gloves. On a good day if she kept her collar up no one tended to notice her skin tone which was a vibrant parakeet green behind her large shades that took up most of her face.

It took her nearly forty five minutes to cover herself from head to toe, but she needed to take Reid to Dr. Scott and make sure he hadn't permanently damaged himself. Reid's blindness had already taken so much from him as it was.

One of the primary differences between the siblings was that while Lorel had no interest in superhero work, she had spent a considerable amount of time developing her powers.

Reid by comparison had always been unwilling to do the same even though Lorel suspected that doing so might have had a liberating effect on Reid. His ability to detect other mutants and identify their mutation was just the tip of the iceberg of what he was possibly capable of. Yet he was afraid of expanding upon his abilities for reasons that he had never been willing to explain.

Deep down Lorel understood that there current way of living wasn't sustainable long term, but she struggled to find acceptable alternative. Reid needed someone. He didn't deserve to be abandoned simply because Lorel wanted to have a life too.

But what were either of them to do? With their parents dead and gone and the house to maintain? Both she and Reid would sooner burn in Hell before they gave up their family home. Luckily the mortgage had been paid off years ago.

Originally Reid had been living in the house on his own. He was in line for a promising career in engineering which he'd been actively pursuing an education in at the time he'd been viciously assaulted and left for dead.

That had been nearly seven years ago. Reid had spent the first six months of his new life in a
medically induced coma. As the doctors had worked to save his face and minimize potential brain damage. Once he'd woken up he'd been put into a rehabilitation facility where he may have remained if Lorel hadn't put her foot down and pulled him out.

The whole thing had been a Hellish ordeal that Lorel had been forced to handle mostly on her own. She and Reid had been together ever since. Both trapped in cages partly of their own design.

In some ways, Lorel hoped this most recent crisis would act as a kind of turning point. It was partially why she wasn't fighting Reid's interest in Wade, at least not yet.

She was certainly willing to give the mercenary the benefit of doubt, she just hoped Wade Wilson understood what he was doing in befriending her brother.

Grabbing her purse from the side table in the hall, Lorel retrieved their father's jacket from the hall closet and helped Reid slip into it shirtless. Calmer now having taken the sedative she'd left out for him, Lorel still frowned at how defeated and withdrawn he looked.

“Please God. Somebody help me with him. I can't keep doing this alone.” Lorel muttered under her breath after disappearing one more time to fetch Reid one of his spare canes. “He deserves so much better than all of this.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Wade steals some stuff and hangs out with his best buddy.

CHAPTER FIVE

After being treated to a late taco and chimichangas ladened lunch Wade who was once again in a completely lucid and happy state went over his warehouse job with Peter and the details that had led up to the hit.

He also discussed the idea he’d been formulating before his headspace had started to drag him down.

“I'm thinking it's possible Reid’s stuff might still be OK. I haven't been over to the warehouse yet, but I'm hoping that the forensics team overlooked it.” Wade explained.

“I dunno Wade it seems like a long shot. I mean if the equipment isn't there it's either scrap or the police tagged it and took it. If they did leave it behind and it's mostly intact it still may not be functional. Smoke and heat are super bad for computers and electronics. Do you even know what you're looking for exactly?” Peter asked as they sat on the edge of a shop roof near the taco stand with their masks half up.

“I could make some educated guesses but Reid implied he builds his own equipment. So who knows? I mean he's blind so I would assume I'm looking for visual aid equipment. But I mostly just plan to grab anything that doesn't look like it belongs. That should be good.” Wade insisted enthusiastically as he kicked his legs like a kid.

“Well, tell you what. If you find anything bring it over to the home lab and I'll see what I can do to clean it up a bit.” Peter offered.

“Yeeees. Thanks, Petey.” Wade squealed hugging his arm like a five year old.

“As for Locken & Stoke that information technology firm is shit. I wouldn't be surprised if they set
their offices on fire last night for the insurance claim. Since the warehouse burned they could say it was part of the same hit.” Peter calculated.

“Oh really, well we'll just have to see about that now won't we?” Wade muttered in a sly tone that implied he was now incorporating a detour into his plans for the evening.

“Wade...Try not to unalive anyone this time. It's one thing to pump off violent criminals, but at worst these guys are just a little scummy. If losing his job is really going to hurt Reid and his family that much than there are other more practical things that can be done.” Peter reminded him.

“Don't worry, Spidy. Daddy got this.” Wade reassured him. “Hey let me know when MJ decides to come clean about being yo baby momma. I want to congratulate her personally. I can't wait to be an uncle!”

“Will do, buddy. I'll see you later. MJ gets home from work in an hour and I’ve got to turn the romance up before I try to explain why Peter Parker let Deadpool grab his ass before taking the rest of the day off.” Peter muttered.

“They'll never be able to deny us our love.” Wade cooed.

“Wade, don't make me push you off this building.” Peter deadpanned.

“Ooo. Feisty. I'd tell you to bring it web boy, but I gotta jet too.You know...Things to confiscate, people to hunt down. I'll update you later.” At that Wade stood up, kissed his fist and pumped it to his heart before flashing Peter a peace sign and then swan diving off the roof.

“Yeah. He's probably OK.” Peter muttered with a shrug before taking his own leave.

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Wade’s detour involved swinging by Locken & Stokes. Peter's hunch was right. In typical scummy fashion the small little office building was toast. A pipe bomb supposedly. Predictably linked to the mob that the company was in bed with.
Wade knew he'd promised not to unlive anyone that day, but in his own mind if his investigation proved they were more than just fraudulent little dick bags Wade wasn't sure if just shaking them down would be incentive enough.

Plus there was also Reid to consider. Wade found it impossible to imagine Reid knowingly working for criminals and so there was a question not only of Reid's professional compensation but of his personal safety. Depending on what Locken and Stokes had been doing, it was possible Reid was at risk of being turned into a patsy or treated like collateral damage.

Yeah no. Wade wasn't taking chances. It was a matter of principle.

Since he needed time to investigate Locken and Stokes Wade moved on to the warehouse. To his benefit the bomb that had gone off had been in the middle of the building and the employee offices were located to one end. The fire department had been able to contain the blaze though Wade could tell the Forensics team was still working on the building. Meh.

Sneaking past the hazard tape and breaking into the office was a piece of cake. No one was looking through that part of the building and so it was easy enough to just come in through the ventilation system and have his way with the room.

At first nothing remarkable was visible. Wade could tell someone had been recently in the office since there was a spot in the corner were someone had left a half eaten deli sandwich that was still mostly edible. Wade took his time poking through the room. He even rolled around in the chair just to sort of get a feel for what it might have been like to camp out there.

"God I fucking love rolly chairs." He muttered lusciously.

To Wade it was pretty obvious someone had been sleeping there. There were scuff marks on the desk from rubber soled shoes and a small utility blanket was scrunched up under the desk which Wade promptly sniff tested.

Roses and musk. Yep. That was, Reid.

It was nice to be able to confirm that Reid had in fact been sleeping there but it was also bothersome as well. Not only was it not particularly safe but Wade could feel how it wouldn't have been very comfortable nor particularly warm. That was just lovely.
After looking under the desk Wade found what he'd been looking for. There was a square latch box with a handle tucked out of the way. Wade knew it was Reid's because his initials were engraved into the edge and because there was an interesting custom style lock on it that utilized a kind of braille lettering system.

Luckily Wade knew how to read braille. One could learn anything over the internet these days. The case was a good sign. With any luck it had protected any sensitive equipment that was inside. Wade also found Reid's jacket folded neatly upon the desk. Reid had probably been using it on and off like a pillow. Yoink.

Now.

Where had Reid's cane gone to? That one proved a little harder to track down. Wade had eventually reconvened on the roof where he could walk along looking down through the blown out skylights. There was a good chance Reid's cane was close to where they'd hit the ground the other night. Sure enough after a few minutes of pretending to play Where's Waldo, Wade saw it.


Stealing a spare pair of covers from the forensics truck Wade opened his utility bag that he'd brought with him and pulled on some business casual attire that was CSI worthy then despite keeping his mask on waltzed right on in into the warehouse like he was sweeping for evidence and retrieved the cane from under some debris.

That about covered everything.

Wade didn't expect further problems at this point. At least now no one but himself could link Reid to the site and if the police came around asking questions Wade suspect Lorel, Reid's sister, would supply an alibi.

Escaping without any fuss, Wade headed over as promised to Peter and MJ's place. While in route, Dopinder had called him to relay information about the Wallace residence and the fact the Reid had arrived home safe.

Peter and Mary Jane lived in Brooklyn. Between Mary Jane's semi successful acting career and her more than successful modeling gigs, along with Peter's success; by this stage of their lives they were living quite comfortably out of a quaint brownstone. Peter personal R&D lab was next door.
encompassing a three car garage connected to the brownstone.

It might have seemed weird for Wade to walk up the front stoop and ringing a doorbell instead of just sneaking through a window somewhere, but ever since Peter had bought the residence with MJ, Wade had found it to be safer not to push his luck. As much as he and Peter were besties and as much as they'd been through, MJ trumped Wade in almost all things.

Not surprisingly, Mary Jane was the one to open the door.

_**Ooo. She looks pissed.**_

_Do you blame her? Didn't Vanessa once cut a bitch for grabbing at our junk in public?_

“You’ve got alot of nerve.” MJ muttered as she glared at Wade with her arms crossed in the doorway.

“Why, yes. Yes, I do. Thanks for noticing.” Wade muttered tilting his head innocently to the side, the void like eyes of his mask almost giving off a child like aura just then.

“You know, you caused a problem today.” MJ pointed out. “And you broke our agreement.”

“Yeah. Sorry, Princess-pie. It's been a weird kind of day.” Wade muttered flatly.

“Coming from you, that’s saying something.” MJ scoffed, some of her resting bitch face softening as she reached for a shelf near the door and retrieved a large plastic jar that read “IT Jar”.

This time it was her turn to tilt her head to the side. “Pay up, Buttercup.”

“As you wish.” Wade whispered on reflex.

Obediently enough, Wade produced a large roll of bills from one of his utility pockets and stuffed a wad of twenties and hundreds into the Inappropriate Touch jar.
“Kay. Toll paid. Now can Peter come out and play, Mom?” Wade begged.

MJ quirk a smile because at this point she couldn't really stay mad at the clown of a man. “Sure. Get in here you big idiot. Peter's in the lab. Try not to blow anything up together this time, please. I'll warm up some dinner for you.”

“Aw. You DO like me. Told you you would.” Wade muttered before stepping into the brown stone with his go bag over one shoulder and Reid's box dangling from his other hand.

“God help me.” MJ muttered, looking to the ceiling before she instinctively scanned the street before shutting the door once more.

“Well?” Peter asked when he saw Wade waltz into his lab throwing his gear haphazardly near the labs entrance. As expected Wade was all Deadpool at the moment.

“Total bail out. Looks like babybird going to be shit out of luck.” Wade muttered.

“What?” Peter inquired, when Wade used what Peter could only assume was Wade’s pet name for his new obsession.

“Hm? What?” Wade parroted. “I was saying how you were right on. Those jerks over at Locken and Stokes blew there office. No fucking way it was a retaliatory hit. For one it's too close together and for another I took out 95% of those fuckers personally last night. As for my other little errand…”

Wade pulled Reids box out from behind his back and dangled it in front of Peter. “Lookie what I found.”

Moments later both Wade and Peter were hovering over the latched and locked box with rapt interest. On first examination the box looked dirty but fully intact and at first Peter was hesitant to do anything with it.

“We should open it.” Wade insisted.
“Yeah...No. We're not opening it, DP.” Peter corrected.

“Well why the fuck not?” Wade rattled.

“Duh. It's locked. Do you know the code to get it open?” Peter doubted Wade could even offer a satisfactory guess.

“Pishhh. No. But there's more than one way to open a locked box.” Wade argued.

“No. We can't do that, DP. Maybe you should just return it to your friend as is.” Peter suggested.

“That's a big fat negative, Peteo. We gotta at least scan it or something.” Wade insisted. “You’re a big shot scientist now. Can't you just run it through some sort of nerdy piece of equipment or something?”

“I could. Why does it matter to you so much?” Peter was curious now.

Wade went silent for a long moment. Which was unusual in and of itself for the merc with a mouth who almost never seemed to shut up.

“I gotta make sure, Pete.” Wade suddenly said in a low quiet voice. “I gotta make sure this kid isn't playing me. It can't come down to only what I want to believe and what he said. Don’t get me wrong, I really do want to believe he really is just some nice vulnerable dude with some misguided sleeping habits in the wrong place at the wrong time and that in this box is just some adaptive gear for the blind that he designed and customized. But what I want to believe and what's true are two different things, maybe. Now, I could have just broke into it myself. Fuck it. That would be something I'd do. But I'm trying to be somewhat respectful here. One way or another though, I gotta know. We can do it my way or we can do it your way. Either way, its gotta be done.”

“You must really like this guy. Huh?” Peter asked gently already trying to plan out how best to proceed.

“Mmmm. Possibly. That really depends. Reid Wallace is one adorable dude. Almost as cute as you were when we first met, Petey-pie. But if it turns out he's a baddie then that's no bueno for me. I already feel like a conflicted asshole just for crushing on him at all...you know...because...reasons.” Wade mumbled.
“OK, Buddy. We'll figure something out. I'm pretty sure I have what I need here to get the job done without doing anything that'll damage property.” Peter assured him.

A little later, Peter was able to rule out the box containing any hazardous material almost right way using a few of his nifty lab toys. Getting an idea of what was actually in it was a little trickier mostly because Peter had to make sure everything was powered off before he ran it through his new scanner that was more detailed than average x ray. Basically, Peter was able to scan the box and create a 3D interactive rendering that would allow them to virtually open the box and examine its contents without actually touching anything.

“Huh. Well looks like your man crush was telling the truth.” Peter muttered as his laser like attention honed in on Reid’s Handiwork. Who did you say this belonged too again?”

“His name is Reid Wallace. Frankly. There isn't much out there on him that I could find and you know how good I am at virtual stalking. So level with me. How high tech is his gear?” Wade was genuinely curious. He could tell when Peter was impressed by something and the rapt concentration on his friend's face as he prodded at the 3D rendering said alot.

“He's definitely got talent. These are more or less prototypes. He probably doesn't have the means to flesh them out with fancier material, but the guts of this equipment is there. See this one? It looks like a data recorder and converter with a braille console. Which would allow him to code and also interpret information via touch and probably by voice dictation. Huh. I gotta admit I'd be interested to know exactly how it works. Looks like this other one is some kind of finger scanner possibly for text. I saw a prototype version once like seven or eight years ago at MIT but I mean...the tech never went beyond just visualization. This though looks like a version of the real deal. You think he's a super?” Peter was considering things in his mind.

“Yeah. I mean I didn't ask exactly. But, yeah.” Wade confirmed. “Admittedly I was kind of hoping his powers would be tied into his lack of sight, but I guess that'd be a little too convenient for the computer audience. But he apparently has some werd ability to hone in on ther mutants and identify their powers.”

Yeah. We're talking to you.

“So he's a mutant then.” This interested Peter even more.

“I think he would prefer to say that he's an analyst.” Wade muttered.
“Fair enough. This stuff looks like it mostly alright, DP. I’m calling it good. Wanna go find MJ and see if we can annoy her into admitting she's pregnant?” Peter asked as he shut down his equipment and grinned.

“Game on, Parker. Game on.” Wade muttered.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Wade makes a gesture.

CHAPTER SIX

Dr. Scott turned out to be a middle aged (in terms of his potential lifespan) mutant who essentially resembled a human sized iguana in a white lab coat and thick black spectacles. He was more gray then green and frequently joked it was a sign of his progressing age. Abraham Herold Scott was a good measured kind of man. The kind of sort who had seen much in his extended lifetime and done a great deal more than anyone suspected. He lived at the farthest point of Einde near where the stock yards started and the neighborhood’s water works ended. Dr. Scott owned quite a bit of land on that side of town where he had once planned to build an underground hospital. Now though he simply ran his own practice and enjoyed a quiet life of obscurity that suited his nature and his needs nicely.

Despite technically living in the same neighborhood, the Wallaces hadn’t been made aware of Scott until Lorel had shown a determined interest at the Institute to return to the area. At that time Scott had been working as a specialist and xonsultant and wasn’t doing regular doctoring much, however when Hank had contacted his old mentor to discuss Lorelei’s situation, Abraham had agreed to come formally out of retirement to become Lorel and Reid’s regular doctor.

“Well…” Abraham muttered as he settled back into his lounging platform which was a kind of long curved wood chase that was designed to hold the man’s lizard like body at a lounging angle since standing upright at this stage of his life was often uncomfortable for the man who had grown quite long and large. “It looks like everything is intact. The glass shard that impaled him missed his clavicle and coracoid piercing directly through the subscapularis muscle but luckily not through his scapula. He did dislocate his shoulder, but I suspect that was prior to the final incident. Whoever patched him up did a decent job, though I’m not very pleased that whoever it was allowed his arm to hang about. It should have been immobilized after it was set. Still…He’s very lucky and I think with some rest and some help he should make a full recovery. I’ve given him a cortisone injection to help this along and per his agreement I’ve sedated him for the time being. Under the circumstances I think it’s best he spend the night here, Lorelei. You’re both welcome of course to stay. I have more than enough room.”

“Thanks, Abe. I think I’ll take you up on that this time. Frankly, I could use the break.” Lorelei admitted.
“Have things been difficult with him lately?” Abraham asked compassionately.

Lorelei sighed. “He hasn’t been coming home at night. Half the time I never know where he’s going to end up. I am trying to be reasonable about it, but I mean...He’s still my brother. When he’s home he spends all his time in his rooms. He doesn’t have any friends anymore. I thought pulling him out of the hospital upstate was a good idea. He was even worse there and you know what I suspect was going on…”

Lorelei frowned.

“You did the right thing and believe it or not your brother has made excellent progress considering what happened to him. I know it’s hard to be patient but that’s what he needs right now is patience and freedom. Really if you want to get down to it the person I’m more worried about is you.” Abraham observed.

“Me? Why?” Lorel was indeed caught off guard by this remark.

“We live in precarious times. While mutation is more accepted than it once was there is still a great deal of expectation on us all. We are still constantly being measured and weighed. Good and evil is seemingly more important to classify in us than in others perhaps because we have been given greater gifts and responsibilities than some. Your brother, in spite if his untapped potential and his existing manifestations of ability can still pass easily in none mutant society. Despite his mared face and disability. But you do not have that luxury, my dear. People like you and I must either condemn ourselves to the shadows or reveal ourselves and find safe harbours to express our gifts and talents where we might. You’re a very gifted young doctor, Lorelei. The mutant community has need of your skills. But more importantly you need relief and room to grow as much as your brother does.” Abraham pointed out nonjudgmentally.

Lorel scoffed. “I have a job, Abe. I’ve kept up with my education and even if I wanted to consider certain opportunities...Reid isn’t ready to be on his own. I can’t leave him now.”

“Perhaps. Perhaps you’re right and perhaps not. Nevertheless I think your brother would support you making some kind of long term plan for yourselves. No one is asking you to return to where you have already been. I know you are not interested in going back to the institute though you were once very happy there. There are other options. You could for example come and work here with me. Things are very basic here and as such I have been thinking I would like to expand my practice. I ask only that you think about it.” Abraham said dismissively. “In the meantime, why don’t I give you a check up while your here. Maybe spend some time in the solar chamber with me.”
“Oh, God. Does it show that much?” Lorel muttered referring to her lackluster appearance.

“That you haven’t been getting enough sun? Yes. Remember the first rule of caregiving. You must take care of yourself before you take care of others.” The good doctor lectured. “Come along. Once you’ve been tended to I will put you up in a room near your brother. You both can return home in the morning better than you arrived.”

~@~

Much to his credit Wade actually waited until early the next day to scout out Reid’s neighborhood and family home. Einde was a sleepy forgotten kind of city block. In its glory days at the turn of the century it would have been a sophisticated place meant for old money to mosey away the hours like something out of an old film like The Good Old Summertime or Pollyanna. Now though the street was old and worn. The large houses mostly broken down. Wade was pretty sure that once the last old geezer bit the bucket on the block some real estate asshole would probably swoop in and level the whole place all in the name of progress. For now though the area seemed to hold itself up.

The house that Dompinder had described was easy enough to pick out. It was the only one that was blue and although all the houses had overgrown yards there was something about the Wallace place that made it seem extra wild and somehow more special than the other abodes near it.

After talking to Dopinder further the man had seemed to speak in a superstitious tone about the area. Wade noted it wasn't quite fear but rather a strange kind of reverence. Like the Wallace house somehow carried more importance than the others. Wade himself felt it first hand when he'd snuck about the outer yard.

There was a kind of psychological pushback to the property that encouraged one to be polite about breaking and entering. As if the house itself had a energy of it own and could make its displeasure known if someone didn't tread there with the utmost care.

Although Wade wasn't particularly superstitious, he was and had seen enough weird shit from aliens to sorcerers to know that sometimes it was best to error on the side of caution. After a cursory poke about the property lines Wade concluded that no one was actually home.

*He's probably in the hospital, genius.*

*We should have made him a card. Why didn't we make him a card?*
A get well card would have been a nice touch, Wade conceded. But he wasn't exactly unhappy with his actual gesture which included returning all Reid's shit to him. Wade had even remembered to put a big red bow on Reid's equipment box which had been wiped down but left intact. All of this was carefully laid out at the foot of the back patio door closest to where Reid had implied his personal rooms were. Wade figured it was better to put everything there where there was more privacy than at the front of the house where someone unwanted might have noticed.

Wade was tempted to linger after this and at the very least peak through the house's many windows but he heard his boxes rightly dissuade him from this.

*Your trying to be less of a weirdo with this guy remember?*

*Dont fuck this up for us. At least, not yet.*

Wade felt a wave of eroding insecurity grip him briefly. Was he reading the situation right? Or was he being creepy and over the top.

*He's tots into you.*

*You're being a total creeper.*

*OK but maybe he's into that.*

“Very comforting.” Wade muttered.

As he glanced back one more time at his handiwork before preparing to scale the garden wall and go home, Wade felt something graze his wrist through his gloves. By the time he looked back at the wall it was too late. The creeping ivy that covered the stone wall had engulfed his arms nearly up to his elbows.

“What in the shit?” Wade muttered in surprised confusion when the ivy suddenly tighten its hold on him and pulled him tautly into the wall. Before Wade had alot of time to react the ivy had nearly fully engulfed him tightly tangling and pinning him spread eagle to the wall.
Wade noted with interest at this strange predicament that though the ivy was immobilizing him shockingly well it wasn't actually trying to kill him via strangulation the way he might have thought it would have. He was also impressed by the fact that the ivy was legitimately strong and seemingly sentient making it impossible for Wade to pull himself free in spite of his enhanced strength. The more he wiggled the tighter the ivy got but as long as he remained calm and relaxed it seemed content to just trap him. “Well fuck.”

~ @ ~

Around the same time Wade found himself being held hostage by shrubbery, Lorelei had been startled awake in the stately surroundings of one of Dr. Scott’s guest room by an aspect of her superabilties.

Stumbling out of bed and frustrated that she was being bothered when she would have greatly liked to have slept in for once, Lorel quickly threw on her clothes and slipped into the other bedroom that Reid was recovering in.

“Reid. Reid, wake up. I need to leave. Someone is trespassing at the house. I can come back…” She began.

“What? Guh, oh.” Reid stirred rubbing at his face and feeling weak and hungover. It was earlier than it should have been for him to return to consciousness. “Honestly, it's probably Wade.”

“Wade? Reid…” Lorel’s tone was disapproving.

“I'm sure it's no big deal. But we should probably go home and rescue him sooner rather than later.” Though his tone was amused, there was a harshness in it that encouraged Lorel not to fight him about wanting to come along with her.

“Fine. But I'm telling you now. If he hurts my Ivy, Reid…” Lorel didn't need to specify the nature of her threat.

‘He won't. I know he won't. Come on. Help me and let's get out of here.” Reid insisted patiently.

After saying a hasty goodbye to the good doctor, the siblings headed home. Reid's arm had been put in an immobilizing sling for the time being and Lorel was given permission to keep up his wound.
“Reid…” Lorel began on their short ride home. “If you decide to foster this friendship with Deadpool, I'm asking permission to enact some house rules.”

“It's Wade…and I give you full permission to set whatever house rules you need.” Reid muttered. A thin smile creeping onto his face.

“Reid, this isn't funny. I'm serious. Wade Wilson is a mercenary. He's done some serious shit and while he may be invincible you and I, not to mention our house, is not.” She reminded.

“I know it's not funny. It's just…You sounded exactly like mom just then.” Reid mentioned gently.

“I did? Oh.” Lorel paused as her own smile of pleasure slid across her face. “I bet you're just saying that. I don't sound like mom.”

“Yeah. Yeah you do. My little girl is growing up.” Reid teased.

Lorelei glared sidelong at him pressing her tongue into the side of her cheek. “Fine.”

In spite of the fact they were only two years apart and that at this stage Lorel acted more like a grown up than Reid did; the fact, was that Reid had practically been like a parent to her after their parents had died while she was still a preteen. It had been him, not her parents that had the foresight to draw the attention of the Xavier Institute. Had he not, at the time of their parents death Lorelei might have been dumped into the foster care program or a mutant centered orphanage. Instead the Institute had been able to claim responsibility for her and later Reid was able to secure official guardianship.

Reid had gone out on his own a few year prior to their parents demise and had done well enough that his parents had proudly agreed to emancipate him at the age of fifteen when he'd shown himself more than capable of holding his own. When they had died, Reid had inherited the family house and used a large portion of his inheritance to ensure the house would be paid up for a good many years removing any need to do more than general upkeep and paying the taxes every year. His efforts had been more than wise considering where he'd ended up.

Of their many financial worries at this stage. Keeping a roof over their head was a non issue. Reid had made sure of it.
It often pained Lorelei to realize how little her brother might ever recover of the person he might have been. All her life he’d been one of the most driven and determined people she’d known and now? Now Reid was a ghost within his own life seemingly at constant risk of fading away. His spark was dimming. Or so it often felt like now.

“You want help dealing with this?” Reid asked his sister after they’d pulled up to the house. From their vantage point they couldn’t see where Wade was yet.

“No. You go into the house. I got this.” Lorel insisted.

Reid smiled fondly and shook his head. “Alright. If you say so.”

Getting carefully out of the car Reid followed the familiar course of the railing up into the house. Lorelel stayed in the car watching him until she saw him enter the code to the front door and go inside. Only then did she let out a deep breath. One she hadn’t realized she’d been holding.

“God…” Lorel muttered clicking her tongue and briefly pressing her forehead into the edge of the steering wheel.

Eventually, Lorel got out of the car and walked the long way around the back of the house to enter through the back garden. Thanks to certain factors she knew exactly where Wade was along the high stone wall.

“Hi there. Need some help?” She chirped, as she approached Wade stopping about three feet in front of him and tipping her head to the side.

Over the last hour the vines had shifted and slowly had lifted Wade off the ground until he was pinned upside down.

“Well hi there. I totally swear this is not what it looks like.” Wade muttered in a even manner as he stared up at the woman attempting to surmise who she was.

Lorel was wearing a long sleeved floral dress with a high lace neckline, full skirt and a very wide easter like hat. Her oversized sunglasses obscured most of her face. Though Wade could tell her
“Oh yeah? So you weren’t snooping around my back garden alarming my plants, trespassing, and contemplating how best to break and enter?” She inquired.

In spite of hanging upside down, Wade tilted his head at her in consideration. “OK. So maybe two out of three of those suggestions are accurate. Which ones? I’m sure neither of us will ever really know. Nice to meet you. Lorel, is it? Is Reid home by chance?”

“He is. You know, Wade? You don’t mind if we keep to a first name basis, do you?” Lorel asked rhetorically. “My brother is very important to me and while I am beyond grateful that you were nice enough to pull him out of the wreck of a warehouse he shouldn’t have been in last night, I really don’t appreciate the fact that he got hurt and that you failed to bring him home right away or take him to a hospital. Luckily for you, he’s mostly fine. But as his sister, who is very overprotective I might remind you; I would just like to know. Are we going to have a problem here? Cause, you know. If we are, tell me now. As a courtesy.”

At first Wade didn’t say anything and the duo simply stared at each other for a long time. Eventually though Wade began to gently twist his wrist indicating that he wanted the ivy to loosen its grip on it. Lorel caught this and somehow caused the plant to oblige him enough for Wade to hook his thumb under his mask and with some quick debate under his breath yanked it up to his forehead revealing his mared face.

Wade saw Lorel gasp inaudibly and bit down hard on the side of his tongue drawing blood as he willed himself to resist jerking the mask back down. As usual he assumed her reaction was because of the way he looked. Looking at her as near in the eyes as he could manage given her shades, Wade huffed. “I solemnly swear I am up to no good. I just came by to return the personal stuff your brother left behind at the warehouse. He’s safe now. I promise. Nothing bad is going to happen to him again on my watch, if I can possibly help it. Trust?”

“Damn. That was pretty good.” Lorel admitted, hearing both the apology and the future promise in his words.

“So we good, sister-woman?” Wade asked again, his tone gravely and edging vulnerable.

“Yep.” She replied briskly before coming up to the side of him and running her hand horizontally along the greenery just short of actually touching it. Moving away Lorel watched as the ivy began to move Wade again turning him back upright and setting him back down before slowly untangling itself. “At your leisure please come into the house. I’m sure my brother would enjoy thanking you
personally.”

A little later, Wade had found his way into the Wallace kitchen. His mask was completely off now and Wade had even gone a step further and shed his boots so as not to track dirt into the house.


“Don't go to any trouble on my part - Holy fuck where has this been all my life!” Wade began up until Lorel dropped a mug into his hands and he actually got a taste of something that had obviously been missing from his life.

A thin smile very similar to Reid's slipped across her features.

“So not to be forward or anything but, are you a super?” Wade asked.

“No. I'm a doctor.” Lorel said, parroting the same deadpan tone Reid had used when he'd called himself an analyst.

“Allow me to rephase.” Wade said briskly. “Are you in the heroing business? Cause you know technically I made a big no no if you or Reid are.”

“Oh. You must be referring to that hero code about revealing our real identities.” the way Lorel said it spoke volumes about how she felt about the topic.

“Neither I or my brother are caped crusaders. We don't have handles or fancy costumes. We're just plain Jane mutants. So your not betraying anything. While we're on the topic, I don't normally allow masks in the house but I suppose if it's important to you I can make an exception.” This was Lorel's way of saying that it occurred to her that Wade was less worried about breaking the hero code and more worried about feeling vulnerable just then.

Wade scoffed. “Tell you what. I'll keep mine off in the house if you take yours off too. It's only fair.”

Lorel's opened her mouth like she was going to say something and then thought better of it. It was
true that she had yet to take off her outside wear which Wade was right to see as her personal kind of mask or costume. This was his way of evening the playing field. Narrowing her eyes, Lorel began to tug off her driving gloves. She then removed her hat and set it on the table followed by her oversized sunglasses.

“Hol-y mother of God…” Wade muttered, his eyes going wide. “You really do look almost exactly like a young Ashley Judd. The resemblance is uncanny.”

“Told you.” A voice from behind them in the archway said gently. “We getting along in here, kids?”

“Like oil and vinegar.” Lorel muttered.

“Vinaigrettes are delicious.” Wade muttered automatically.

“OK, gentlemen. I’ll be back in a bit. I want to go check on my ivy.” Lorel said.

“What ever they say it's a lie or an exaggeration.” Wade insisted.

“It better be.” Lorel quipped.

“OK. Level with me. Is your sister, Poison Ivy?” Wade questioned when Lorel had left the room.

“Literally or Comiconically?” Reid replied right on beat coming further into the room and guiding himself into a chair.

“She's not secretly a DC super villain. I know. It's disappointing to me too.” Reid remarked.

“And, huh, the sentient plant thing?” Wade asked.

“Lorel's background is in medicine and psychology. Although she is very good at growing things, I admit. Her mutation does give her a unique relationship to the natural world. The ivy around the house and yard was developed from biological clippings literally from her. As such they retain a kind of biological, chemical and probably psychic sentiance connection to her. That's how we knew
someone was trespassing.” Reid explained.

“yeah. That's really weird.” Wade remarked. “So you could tell I got held against my will and molested by a plant extension of your sister?”

“In a manner of speaking, since Lorel told me about it...Um, why do I get the impression your not actually upset by this?” Reid asked.

“I dunno. I feel strangely conflicted. Like...On one hand it creeps me out, but on the other hand it kind of turns me on.” Wade admitted trying to reason it out.

“Yeah. More information than I needed. Thanks for that.” Reid joked.

The room eventually feel silent.

“Thanks for returning my things.” Reid said at length. “You didn't have to go out of your way like this.”

“Yeah, I did. And, you're welcome. It was better that you not leave that stuff for the Feds to find. Now it's like you were never there. Really it was no trouble. How are you doing by the way?” Wade had caught that Reid had likely gone in to the doctor at some point.

“Seems like I'll be alright. No permanent damage thanks to you. Though it was a close call.” Reid explained.

“Yeah...I probably should have taken you to the hospital.” Wade winced feeling guilty all of a sudden.

“That's not why it was a close call and I already told you how I feel about places like that.” For a moment there was a dark edginess in Reid tone that Wade hadn't heard before. “I meant that the glass would have damn near taken my arm off had you not rolled on top of me and took the brunt of it for both of us. You made things better, not worse than they might have been.”

“OK, babybird. I hear what your saying.” Wade's own tone was cautious all of a sudden.
So the hospital business really bothered him, Wade observed. It wasn't just about a deep seeded fear. There was rage there too. So very subtle. The most violent kind. Well that was a good detail to know. Wade really wanted to tease out more information on the subject but this wasn't the time, the place, or the right circumstances to go skipping down that particularly dark rabbit hole. Wade knew all about dark ominous holes.

“Anyway, I wanted you to know that Lorel and I know you weren't trying to stalk me or snoop. If you come by again you should have less of a problem now as long as your polite about it.” Reid mentioned.

“I notice you said there'd be less of a problem.” Wade pointed out.

Reid shrugged. “I can't guarantee the house’s defenses will alway accept everything you do here. All I can promise is as time goes on tolerance will continue to develop.”

“Oh, cool. That's super reassuring.” Wade remarked sarcastically.

“I'll make it easy for you. Just text me ahead of time. As long as we know your coming you'll likely be alright. Day or night. Fair?” Reid negotiated.

“Fine. You know you could have just said that from the beginning.” Wade pointed out. His pouting expression lost on Reid.

“Yeah, I could have. That's true.” Reid conceded. Though he didn't really seem that broken up over it.

“OoO. Babybird, got some claws.” Wade remarked, hinting that he was catching on to the fact that while Reid was genuinely polite and nice, there was a aspect of him tinged darker.

Reid scoffed.

“No no. That's alright. I get it. The nest is not without defenses and I can respect that.” Wade muttered.
Reid frowned slightly. “Still want me to come over saturday?”

*Fuck yes we do.*

*Why is he acting like he's scarier than we are?*

“Yeup. Do you, hum, still want to come over on saturday?” Wade parroted.

“Uh, yep. I'm sure I'll be better by then.” Reid estimated.

“Yeah. I'm sure you will.” Wade agreed.

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