## Winning Peter

**Rating:** Mature

**Archive Warning:** Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Category:** M/M

**Fandom:** Deadpool - All Media Types, Spider-Man - All Media Types

**Relationship:** Peter Parker/Wade Wilson, Peter Parker & Wade Wilson

**Character:** Peter Parker, Wade Wilson

**Additional Tags:** Spideypool - Freeform, Slow Build, Deadpool - Freeform, Spider-Man - Freeform, Avengers - Freeform, Deadpool thinks Peter is cute, Peter doesn't know what to think, Friends to Lovers, Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Hurt/Comfort

**Stats:** Published: 2014-06-04 Updated: 2017-01-29 Chapters: 25/? Words: 50438

---

**Winning Peter**

by iamtheyellowbox

### Summary

When Wade comes across Peter for the first time, his interest is piqued. And Peter...Peter isn't sure what to think.

### Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Petey

Chapter 1:

“Who’s that?”

Peter looked up from the beaker and saw Tony Stark, Wolverine, and the infamous Deadpool standing outside the glass doors to the lab. It was obviously Deadpool who had spoken. Obvious not just because Tony and Logan knew Peter already, but because Deadpool was making no attempt to hide his interest. He had paused mid stride, one foot still comically in the air, with his head turned toward the lab and his masked gaze focused right on Peter.

“No one.” Tony answered, at the same time that Logan growled a warning, “Wade…”

Peter rolled his eyes. The biggest problem with working at Stark Tower while keeping his...other job a secret was that when the Avengers came by, they all tended to treat Peter like glass.

“Hey, that’s my name, too! I better go meet him, being name-mates and all!” Deadpool dodged both the claws that Logan swung at him and the arm Tony put up in his way and slipped through the door, locking it behind him.

“Hi!”

Peter had to laugh at the scene. Deadpool standing in front of the locked door, leaning slightly to the left and waving at Peter while completely ignoring the various death threats and mumbling of the two men on the other side of the glass.

“My name isn’t really Wade,” Peter clarified. You never knew just when Deadpool was joking and when he actually believed some of the stupidity that came out of his mouth.

“No, that’s MY name. You don’t look at all like a Wade. Too pretty.” Deadpool stuck a blade through the door’s locking mechanism, then crossed the room to perch on the edge of the table where Peter was set up today.

“Thanks. I think.” Peter shook his head before looking down at the beaker in his hands again and measuring out a small amount, determined to ignore the other man.

“So...who ARE you?” Deadpool tilted his head back into Peter’s line of sight.

“Peter.”

It was probably easier to just answer than to attempt to ignore him. Spiderman had come across Deadpool before, and ignoring him was never possible for long. Of course, Peter had never thought Deadpool would plague the Peter Parker side of his life. Deadpool was strictly in the Spiderman column, and Peter wasn’t sure he appreciated the other man’s attempt to cross that line...even if Deadpool didn’t know there was a line there to cross.

“Peter, huh? That’s a much better name for you. Still kinda boring though. Can I call you Petey? I’m gonna call you Petey. I like Petey. It’s cute, like you.”
Peter looked up at the other man, wondering, as always, at his ability to sound childish and innocent despite the deep voice and the fact that he killed people for a living.

“I’m…”

“WADE!”

Peter glanced at the door, where Logan was still shouting and Tony was working with JARVIS to open the vandalised door.

“That IS my name! Thanks, buddy!” Deadpool stuck his hand out towards Peter, “I’m Wa-ade!” This was said in a slightly sing-song voice.

Not quite sure if it was a stupid move or not, Peter took Deadpool’s hand in a quick shake. Firm and manly, in a ‘hey, I’m not a superhero (as far as you know), but I’m still not intimidated by you either’ kind of way.

“They really don’t want you in here alone with me, huh?”

“Nah. They probably think I’m about to kill you.”

As nonchalantly as possible, Peter rearranged the chemicals at his workstation so that the more corrosive ones were within easy reach before asking, “Are you planning on it?”

“No killing,” Tony shouted it almost absentmindedly as his attention remained focused on the door.

“And,” Deadpool continued, throwing a glare at the door, “I’m convincing the Avengers to let me join their super not-so-secret team by dialing back on the killing. I’m practically a hero now!”

“So, let me get this straight. You, Mr. Merc with a Mouth, will do anything for money, Deadpool...YOU are turning over a new leaf?” Was that even possible? Weren’t there standards in the hero book? Wasn’t there a certain level of crazy that automatically marked you as excluded?

“Awe, you’ve heard of me!” Hands interlocked behind his back, Deadpool rolled on his heels like a damsels in a cheesy cartoon who was just presented with a bouquet of flowers.

“You’re not exactly low profile. Besides, I do work in the Stark Tower lab somewhat regularly.”

“And you eavesdrop!”

“NO!” Peter shook his head, glancing at the door and trying to look as innocent as possible in the face of the look Tony and Logan were suddenly giving him. “It’s just...voices carry. And when people talk about you, they tend to carry loudly.”

“It’s okay, baby boy, I don’t judge you!” Deadpool sideled close to Peter, hunching slightly so he could blink up at the younger man as though he were looking through his eyelashes at him instead of through the white eyes of his mask.

“Are you hitting on me?” Peter’s eyebrow raised.

Deadpool tilted over the table to stare, “Cute butt.”

“Hey, no oggling of the butt!” Peter quickly turned to hide said butt against the counter. When Deadpool’s leer only grew at the new view provided, Peter’s hands shot forward to cover himself, face bright red.

“Alright, Wade, that’s enough. Leave the poor kid alone.”

Tony’s attempt to glare through his amusement as JARVIS was finally able to open the door did nothing to reduce Peter’s embarrassment.

“I hate my life.” Peter turned again and smacked his head against his workstation, ignoring Deadpools whisper of “Mmm, butt again.”

“Come on. Out.” Peter could hear the grin in Logan’s voice, “Let the kid get back to...whatever he’s doing,”

When the room remained silent a moment, Peter turned his head on the desk to peer at the merc. Deadpool was stubbornly shaking his head, arms crossed across his chest. Logan’s grin turned to a growl and he crossed the room to grab the other man by the scruff of his neck and physically drag him out of the room.

“Ah, but Mom, I don’t wanna!” Deadpool whined as the three of them left the lab, Deadpool’s heels dragging across the floor as the merc refused to support his own weight or assist in the leaving process.

“I swear my life couldn’t get any weirder,” Peter murmured to himself, turning back to his work and seeing a business card on the table with the Deadpool logo on one side and “Call Me, hot stuff” scrawled across the other.

---

[He was cute] If a box could smirk, Yellow Box would be doing it right now.

{Kinda boring, though} White Box added.

“Can we keep him?” Deadpool chimed in.

“No,” Logan growled at the same time Tony said, “I need him, get your own.”

At Logan’s raised eyebrow, Tony sighed, “Not like THAT! I just need his brain. He’s got an interesting point of view on projects.”

“Brain, right.”

Tony rolled his eyes and continued down the hall, visibly refusing to degrade himself by continuing that line of the conversation. Which, naturally, meant Deadpool would continue it for him.
“You can have his brain if I can have the rest of him!” It was a generous offer, if Deadpool did say so himself. Which he did. Say so. Cause, obviously.

[Yeah, we aren’t selfish…]

{Yes, we are} White interrupted.

[Okay, we are. But this time, we just want the important bits.]

“Like that butt.”

The other two, the two that weren’t solely in his head, turned to stare at Deadpool.

“No.” Logan repeated, this time giving Deadpool a little shake for emphasis.

Deadpool pouted, “But…”

“No.” This time it was Tony who said it.

“Can we get back to focusing on the mission now?” Logan was getting grumpy. He must really be itching to get his claws in something.

{Or he just needs to get laid.} White smirked. Do boxes smirk?

[WE need to get laid.] Yellow complained.

“Does focusing on the mission mean I get to kill something?” Deadpool let his face light up with the childish delight that the thought invoked.

“NO!” Both men yelled, frustrated.

“I hate my life.” The pout was back.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 2:

This meeting was boring. Boring boring BORING!

Haha. Did you ever notice that when you say a word too many times in a row, it doesn’t sound like a real word anymore. Boring.

Deadpool snickered.

[Bah-bah-bah-boring!] Yellow practically sang it out.

{Shouldn’t at least one of us be paying attention to the meeting? What if an important plot point is discussed?}

White could be so BORING!

“Sometimes I wish I were Sherlock Holmes. He gets to shoot his walls when he’s bored.”

All eyes in the room suddenly turned to Deadpool.

[Who says we can’t?]

“Oh, right!” Just as he was reaching for his gun, Logan grabbed his hand and slammed it back on the table.

“No guns, bub. Not til we’re out of here, at least.”

“Awe, if you wanted to hold hands…” Deadpool smiled, letting his shoulders curl into the other man, who reacted by squeezing his hand hard enough to break bone.

[Ouchie!]

“Ouchie! Mean!” Deadpool turned his eyes to Tony, “Isn’t this against the nice-guy’s handbook?!”

{I don’t think double punctuation is really necessary at this point. I mean, it didn’t actually hurt.}

[Except our feelings. It hurts our feelings!]

‘You don’t even have a body, White. How do you know if it hurts?’

Have you ever attempted to glare at your own head? It’s an interesting experiment, but it doesn’t really work. Actually, it kind of makes you go cross eyed and gives you a headache. Try it! No, really!

“Hello! Are you in there, Wade?” Tony’s voice finally made it through the other voices in his brain and Deadpool turned his glare attempt back into a pout, this time aimed at Tony.
“He’s touching me!” ‘Hm, I wonder if it would be possible to get Logan to have a slapping contest.’

“Logan, stop touching Deadpool. Wade, stop being...you.” Tony sighed the put upon sigh of every mother everywhere.

“But, MOM!”

“That’s it! We don’t need this. Whatever is going on in that head of his, he obviously isn’t focusing today. We can run this one by ourselves!” Logan grabbed the file in front of Wade and made to walk away with it.

{Uh oh. Fix this. We need the pay!}

[Think of the tacos!]

“I’ll be good, I’ll be good!”

Logan and Tony exchanged a glance.

“No, really! I will! For the tacos.” Deadpool put on his most earnest expression. He called it Wade 2.124. Big eyes, a bit of a pout, chin tilted in slightly, and back slouched to make him look as small as possible.

“Oh, just go on with the meeting.” Tony’s sighs were getting truly epic. “Otherwise, he’ll just show up tomorrow and cause more trouble than it’s worth.”

“Wait! Tomorrow? Why are we waiting until tomorrow?”

[Great, and now we are stuck in here instead of off having fun. Why’d you listen to us?]

{Yeah, you never listen to us!}

Being in a team sucked.

---

Peter glanced up at the building as he left at the end of the day. It was rare to leave the lab without at least coming across Tony on the way out and, after this morning, Peter had more than half expected to cross paths with Deadpool. Instead, he had met no one in the halls but a few random assistants and lab techs which, while not disappointing, per se, was also somewhat anti-climatic.

The older man was something of an enigma. Even as Spiderman, Peter had rarely gotten close to him. Everything he knew, he had found out through third parties and gossip. He knew he was insane, of course. That bit of information was the first thing shared by any Avenger, criminal, or bystander who had come across the man.

And Peter knew he was scarred. That was the second most common topic that came up when discussion turned to Deadpool. But the extent of the scarring was a mystery. The gossip had been spread so far and wide that it varied depending on who was doing the telling. Some described the scarring as something ugly and sore looking, angry reds that criss-crossed his skin; others that his whole body was covered in not just scars, but bumps and pitmarks like the Elephant Man who was
studied in London back in the 1800s. Peter had also heard the more malicious gossipers telling tells of how Deadpool was covered head to toe in festering wounds, leaking pus and never fulling scabbing over. Nobody really knew the truth.

Not that it really mattered. None of it really mattered. Deadpool wasn’t the kind of man you pitied. He was the kind of man that would cut your face off if you so much as mentioned it.

Peter really needed something else to think about now.

The problem was, Peter didn’t really have anything else to occupy his mind. Or, rather, he had too much going on to have anything socially interesting going on upstairs.

Three months ago, he had just completed his first semester at the university when he was awarded the Stark Scholarship for Technical Sciences. He’d been blown away at the time. He hadn’t even known the scholarship existed, but one of his professors had submitted him for it and he’d been chosen out of the hundred or so applicants.

It was an amazing accomplishment and had come just in the nick of time as he’d already been wondering how he was going to make it between bills, tuition, books, and his extra curricular projects (read: webshooters, costume tailoring, etc). Being Spiderman made it difficult to find a job and selling photos only covered so much.

Meeting Tony officially had been interesting, to say the least. Peter had been sure that at any moment the man would recognize the voice of Spiderman and out him to the world. But Tony hadn’t recognized anything in Peter but his love of science and instead of the outting that Peter had dreaded, he had been presented with the scholarship and the added bonus of a job in Tony’s lab.

Now, Peter’s days were filled with school and science and his nights were filled with criminals and psychopaths.

Maybe that’s why he was having a hard time getting the meeting with Deadpool out of his head. He was used to filling his empty time anticipating the next move of villainous types.

“PETEY, wait for ME-EY” The sing-song shout came from behind and Peter sighed. This is what happens when you spend too much time thinking of weirdos. They show up.

Slowing his steps, Peter did a quick mental calculation. They were about 2 miles from his apartment. Which meant as long as he was able to shake Deadpool in the next mile, Peter wouldn’t feel obliged to change his destination. He didn’t want the other man knowing where he lived, but he also really didn’t want to delay getting home if he didn’t have to.

Maybe he’d grab food on the way home. It would be decidedly out of the way but...food. That would be worth the trip.

“Aren’t you supposed to be in some super-secret hero-type meeting?” Peter asked as the other man caught up to him.

“It’s over. FINALLY!” Deadpool’s whole body slumped, knuckles almost touching the ground before he popped back up. “It went way too long. And long in a bad way, which is just ridiculous and shouldn’t be allowed. Long should always be a good thing! Don’t you think?”

Coughing, Peter decided it was better just to ignore that. “Then shouldn’t you be out
doing...whatever. Avenger-y things?"

“I wish! I hate waiting. But no, Logan’s all ‘We have a plan, now let’s wait til tomorrow to do anything about it because my balls may be made of adamantium, but they still don’t add up to the amount of testosterone found in a little girl’s pigtails!’” Deadpool lowered his voice and squared his shoulders, doing an impression so spot-on to Logan’s mannerisms that Peter burst out laughing.

“I really want to be there if you ever say that to his face.”

“I’ll tell him right now!” Deadpool beamed, grabbing Peter’s arm and attempting to pull him back the way they came.

“No way! Food before tomfoolery!” As soon as Peter said it, he found himself blushing.

Head tilted to the side, Deadpool stopped pulling on Peter’s arm long enough to stare at him. “Tomfoolery? Who says tomfoolery?”

“My aunt,” Peter mumbled, willing his blush away. If the heat he still felt in his cheeks was any indication, it wasn’t working.

Deadpool was silent for a moment before, “He really is, isn’t he?”

“What?”

“Cute. Yellow agrees. You are just adorable.”

“Yellow? Who’s Yellow?” With the names of some of the various heroes and villains Peter had come across, Yellow really wasn’t that far out there, but he would have thought anyone Deadpool teamed up with would be well known enough for Peter to at least recognize the name.

“Can I have a kiss?”

Well, that was a change of subject if Peter ever heard one. Not exactly a welcome one, either.

“Nope.” Peter shook his head, turned back around, and headed in the direction of the Thai place a few blocks over from his apartment.

“Ah, come one!” Deadpool caught up to Peter and linked arms with Peter.

“Nope,” if he went on repeat long enough, maybe Deadpool would take the hint. Peter pulled his arm away from the other man to emphasise the point.

“But...Oh, good idea!”

Peter glanced at Deadpool, curious despite himself.

“But I could DIE on my mission tomorrow! You wouldn’t deny me my last request, would you?”

“Don’t you just...regenerate or something?” Isn’t that what everyone said? The man couldn’t be killed. He had the same healing mutation that Logan had, or one pretty similar.

Of course, if the man just healed, why the scars? Did he get them before his mutation manifested?
Did he heal super fast, but not completely, leaving the scars of his various injuries evidenced on his skin?

Great, now Peter wanted to lock the other man in a lab and play doctor on him.


“I heal. I don’t regenerate. I’m not The Doctor.”

For one mad moment, Peter thought Deadpool had somehow read his thoughts. Then the reference clicked into place.

“You’re a Whovian,” and that just won Deadpool at least a few points. No Whovian could be all bad.

“What’s the point in being grown up if you can’t be childish sometimes,” Deadpool quoted with a smirk. A well earned smirk, that quote pretty much summed up the other man as far as Peter’s experience with him so far went. “So, who’s your favorite?”

“Doctor? Doesn’t matter,” Peter shook his head, “They’re all the same man.”

“Not completely though!” Deadpool was bouncing on each step he took now, “Each version is slightly different. Grumpy or sassy or sad. And they all look different, too.”

“Who cares what they look like? He’s always The Doctor. He’s always brave and mischievous and…”

Before Peter got a chance to finish his thought, Deadpool had stopped them both in his tracks, grabbed either side of Peter’s face, and planted a mask-covered kiss on his hair.

“Uh…”

What does someone say to a forehead kiss from a nearly-complete stranger? Not that Peter was going to have time to find out, as the other man was already walking backwards and waving.

“Gotta go. Danger calls and I must answer that sweet temptation. Never fear, Deadpool here!” It was all said in a rush before Deadpool, loudly humming the Batman theme, turned and sped his way through the street.

“That man is definitely insane.”

Chapter End Notes

Loving the comments. Keep them coming!

Also, if anyone is interested, you can find me on Tumblr here:
http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/
Chapter 3:

Three days. It had been three days on a mission that should only have taken an afternoon! What. The. Serious. F@$%?!?

[Dude, chill!]

{Do we say “dude” now? Really?}

"That awkward moment when the voices in your head are the best company available."

A quiet growl came from beside him and Deadpool grinned. Tormenting the Wolverine was the most fun he'd had on this trip.

The last few days had been spent in hiding with Ironman working on his laptop doing something he referred to as a virtual attack. They had to get rid of all the digital information on blah blah who cares before they could go in and actually shut the group down because of some long and boring reason about the group sending the info into Iraq and soldiers dying and it all just amounted to Deadpool and Wolverine twiddling their thumbs in boredom while Ironman played on his computer.

{But not anymore} White reminded.

It was true. Ironman had finished whatever computer-mojo he had working and released the Kraken! Or, rather, had let Deadpool and Wolverine out to fight.

[Today is FIGHTING DAY!]

Yellow started singing "At Last" in the background of Deadpool's thoughts.

[At last ~ My love has come along ~ My lonely days are over ~ And life is like a song]

'Alright, theme music!'

Theme music meant action time, right? Deadpool was voting yes on this one.

Ignoring the growled protests of the man he was rapidly leaving to eat his DUST, Deadpool took off in the direction of the compound.

Maybe it wasn’t technically in the plan. They were supposed to be doing recon on the compound where the weapons and the stolen tech was kept. But who needed recon when you couldn’t die?

[The skies above are blue ~ My heart was wrapped up in clover ~ The night I looked at you ~ I found a dream, that I could speak to ~ A dream that I can call my own I~ found a thrill to press my cheek to ~ A thrill that I have never known]
The door to the compound was just ahead, guarded by two measly men in cheap black turtlenecks that all villains seemed to buy in bulk. Deadpool grinned and unsheathed his katanas.

{Now, that love bit, we are talking about the maiming, right. Not Bambi?}

[I don’t think his name was actually Bambi.] Yellow interrupted his own singing to point out.

‘I don’t remember what his name was.’ Deadpool paused just long enough for a bullet to pierce his shoulder. The pain jarred him back into action and he quickly separated the hand that shot him from the body that was it’s previous owner.

Wolverine, who had caught up to him, was doing the violent tango with the other guard, so Deadpool pushed his way through the door, muttering “Let’s see what’s behind door number one!” as he went.

Hm. That was probably bad. People liked it when you remembered their name.

{I don’t care what his name was,} White stopped for Deadpool to do a quick sliding duck and take out the Achilles heel of another guard, {He had big, doe-y brown eyes. Hence, Bambi.}

You did notice that you wanted the love song to be about maiming, right? Maiming, not killing. That should get a little more notice. It should get, like, a bullet point. Or be highlighted. Maybe have those weird heart-shaped emotey things on either side of it.

*~MAIMING!!!~*

That was better.

Deadpool was being so careful. He was doing so well!

He was almost to an elevator now. That had to go down to the basement and the basement is where all good villains kept their best toys. And, looky, a few more guards came out to play.

The guards, who had just come running out of a side hallway, were all heavily armed and seemed stunned to see just one man surrounded by the moaning bodies of their wounded cohorts. Apparently, there was an alarm going off somewhere. How’d he miss that?

“No killing. No killing. Nope, nope, nope!” Deadpool spun around to the sound of more singing from Yellow, firing at ankles, hands, kneecaps....

[Oh yeah yeah ~ You smiled, you smiled ~ Oh and then the spell was cast ~ And here we are in heaven for you are mine... At Last]

Oops, he was pretty sure that one was a gut shot. Gut shots were murderous, right? Nah, he’d be fine.

“Walk it off.” Deadpool advised, straightening the guy and leaving him leaning against the wall as the merc continued down the hallway.

“Leave some for me,” came the a gruff voice as Wolverine pushed past him and took on the last guy. Ouch, that had to hurt, Deadpool gave an exaggerated wince as the guy went down, hands cupped protectively around his groin.
“How many brownie points does it take before you get an actual brownie?”

The annoyed groan from next to him was the first clue that Deadpool had said that aloud. “Just shuttup and stay sane for another hour, bub. Or I’ll be cutting you into bits and leaving you here with this lot.”

With the perfect timing that only ever seemed to happen when someone else was getting the last word, the elevator doors opened and Wolverine burst through, claws high as the guards started firing. Deadpool sheathed the blades and pulled his guns, returning the fire and “accidentally” catching Wolverine in the shoulder as repayment for his stupid perfect timing.

{What is the fascination with the kid, anyway? We don’t even really know him.} Always the voice of reason.

[We know he laughs at our jokes.]

‘And he’s a Whovian.’

{Neither of which really amount to knowing anything about him. And just because he sees the man behind the many faces of The Doctor, doesn’t mean he’d see the man behind the beast face of ours.}

Damn, why did his insecurities have to rise up now? He was fighting! Fighting equals fun equals happy Deadpool. No where in his contract did it say anything about self-reflection during combat.

“Guys, the room ahead and three doors down is where the tech is being kept. Get it and get out. SHIELD is on their way with the helicopter to extract us once the tech is in hand.”

Good. Time to get this done, get his pay (provided the Avengers actually did pay him this time) and get the H*%#% out of Dodge. Self-reflection never led anywhere bright and fluffy.

---

Spiderman swung his legs, kicking his heels rhythmically against the rooftop where he was currently sitting. The last few days had been boring. One mugging, one loser who thought he was being clever by screaming help to try and suckerpunch ‘The Spiderman’ when he showed up, and a basic case of too much Grand Theft Auto.

If he was being honest with himself, he had to admit that he was a bit sore about not being invited on the mission with Tony, Logan, and Deadpool. He had thought Spiderman and Ironman got along...
pretty well. At least well enough that he’d rank a call before a mercenary did.

From what he’d been able to gather from Steve though, Tony had kept this one pretty close to the chest. Apparently, whatever technology Tony used to make it possible to call his suits to him had been stolen and hacked. The hack was impressive too. The lab rats of this particular branch of club villain had designed a weapon that could train onto an individual from just over 3 miles away. All they would need to target it was a sample of the individual’s DNA. Hair, blood, spit...almost anything would do it.

Peter understood why that had to be stopped, and why you’d want only the best along for the job. He even understood calling Deadpool over Spiderman. This mission needed someone who wasn’t afraid to enter the moral grey zone if it became necessary. The possibilities with a weapon like that were truly terrifying. Stand a few blocks from the White House and fire a gun with a bullet that wouldn’t stop until it buried itself in the President.

But understanding wasn’t quite enough to stop Peter from sitting on a rooftop moping like a kid who got picked last in gym.

‘Jeesh, I am turning into a girl.’ Crap, sexist. Sorry, girls.

Time to pull himself together. So there hadn’t been much activity lately? So what. He’d get a little more sleep tonight than usual, head to his classes tomorrow, and maybe flirt with his lab partner. Maybe he’d even get a date.

Actually, he should ignore the sleep part and take some Spiderman shots to sell to The Daily Bugle so he’d have money to afford the potential date.

Nodding to himself, Peter jumped to his feet and swung off the roof, shooting his web out as he fell. Home, then camera, then photos. It was more of a plan than he’d had this morning, and he couldn’t help smiling at the thought.

If all went well, maybe he’d even head over to visit Aunt May this weekend and tell her about it!

Chapter End Notes

You can find me on Tumblr here: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

I didn't get quite as far as I wanted to this chapter, mostly because every time I start writing Wade he takes over and fills the pages with way more fun and way less plot than I intend. I’d say "Bad, Wade," but, let's be honest, we are all more interested in his thoughts than the plot anyway, right? ;)


Chapter 4:

Do you know the best part of any good plan? That moment when it actually became reality. Peter had sold his newest Spiderman pictures this morning and was determined not to think about what headline would get paired with them today, about whether he’d be friend or foe in the eyes of the public. No, today was a day for optimism.

He had sold the photos, which meant he had money in his pocket, and he’d walked into class with a spring in his step that had immediately been noticed by Cari, his cutie of a lab partner, which had given him the “in” he had needed to open up the floor for flirtations. With what he hoped was a cheeky grin to cover the cheesiness of the line, he had answered her enquiry about his good mood as just being happy to see such a beautiful woman.

She had laughed and looked around comically for the woman who’d put that smile on his face, all the while blushing and he had been smitten. They had spent the rest of class laughing and joking and now Peter was in line at the frozen yogurt joint closest to the school paying for yogurt for two.

Sell photos to get money. Check. Get a date. Check.

Peter collected his change, dropping some into the tip jar before he picked up the yogurt and returned to where Cari was waiting for him.

“That’s strange. I ordered one frozen yogurt and they gave me two. You don’t happen to like frozen yogurt, do you?” Peter smiled, placing one in front of his date and sitting down.

Cari blinked, “Um…”


Cari laughed and took a bite of her treat, smiling up at Peter through her bangs. “What movie,” she asked, once she swallowed.

“Doctor Horrible’s Sing Along Blog. I know, I know,” Peter gestured widely with his spoon, “Horrible name, pardon the pun, but the movie is really incredible! It’s about an anti-hero who is trying to get into the Evil League of Evil, but is thwarted at every turn by the so-called hero, Captain Hammer!

“Only Captain Hammer isn’t really much of a hero, and Dr. Horrible isn’t really much of a villain.” Peter’s voice sped up as he got rolling, “The characters are flawed and perfect and you really empathise with Horrible as Captain Hammer keeps getting everything that Horrible really wants: the recognition, the love of the public, even the girl that Horrible is in love with. Hammer takes it all away, and Horrible slowly spirals more and more into the Dark Side of the Force, but somehow, the writer is able to keep it light and funny through it all.
Peter looked around as he finally noticed that everyone was staring at him. “...and it’s a musical...” At least Cari was giggling adorably. She didn’t seem too concerned about the stares. “I did mention I’m a nerd, right?”

“And, apparently, a fanboy. I don’t think I’ve heard anyone talk that fast or that long without taking a breath since high school,” the smile she gave him took the sting out of her words.

“Yeah, I’m a bit of a Whedon nut,” Peter shoved some yogurt into his mouth to shut himself up, then tried to wince in a masculine way at the brain freeze that was his reward.

Cari smiled and stirred her spoon through her treat, taking her time and eating slowly like a normal, intelligent person who knew the perils of frozen foods. At least she wasn’t in a hurry to leave after his fanboy moment.

“So is this a Star Trek thing?” At Peter’s wince, she continued, confused, “You said Force…”

“Um, Star Wars is the one with the Force.” Great going, correct her. Chicks love that.

“Oh, I actually knew that!” She lit up the way she sometimes did when she got an answer right in class. “Star Trek is the one with Spock.”

“Yup,” Peter smiled, “Got it in two.”

“So Doctor Horrible is a Star Wars thing then?”

“No, actually,” Peter shook his head. Man, he really should stop mixing his references. Now he was just confusing the general public, “The Dark Side of the Force thing is just a saying. I just meant he was going bad. The two shows have nothing to do with each other, other than being equally awesome.”

As dates went, he’d had worse. At least she hadn’t rolled her eyes or gotten frustrated with him. Instead, she was nodding intently and he could practically see the mental notes she was taking.

“Right, Doctor Horrible is a musical,” She swept a bit of hair out of her eyes and finished off her yogurt before continuing, “Star Trek has Spock, and Star Wars has the Force. Do they have anything in common, other than the obvious name similarities between Trek and Wars, that is?”

“Not really. They're all geek gold, but Doctor Horrible is set in present day and is a comedy about the lives of three characters. Star Trek and Star Wars are both set in the future, about numerous characters and even politics, but they take very different outlooks on what the future would be like. One is utopian, while the other is, well, war.”

“Star Wars,” Cari nodded in understanding.

“Right.”

The silence stretched out for an awkward moment before Cari turned her eyes toward the window, as if naturally distracted by the people outside and the awkwardless lives they must be leading. Peter looked over too.

Why had he thought this was a good idea again? ‘Okay, she’s cute and she didn’t seem scared off by
your nerdiness, so just find something else to talk about.’

He could do that, couldn’t he?

“So, I’m also a photographer…” Peter winced. He should have asked her something about herself. Why was he monopolizing the conversation?

“Really? That’s interesting.” At least she turned back to look at him. “What kind of photography?”

“Mostly stuff I can sell to the newspapers and things.”

Time to change the topic quick before she asked what he took photos of and the conversation turned to Spiderman. He really did not need any more awkwardness in this conversation.

“So, what kind of hobbies do you have?”

Twenty minutes later, when they left the shop, Cari didn’t offer him her number and Peter didn’t ask for it.

----

“Why so glum, kid?” Tony asked.

Deadpool looked up and around, finally spotting Peter on one of the screens Tony had opened on his desk.

[Petey!] Yellow was practically vibrating.

[No Petey. We discussed this.] White reminded and Deadpool mentally winced at the memory of that depressing discussion.

[You’re a dick.] Yellow did not enjoy being denied. Neither did Deadpool, but that was beside the point.

Deadpool shook his head. Maybe, if he shook hard enough, he’d be able to shake the stupid boxes right out of his ears.

“It’s nothing,” Peter’s voice sounded so small coming from the computer and Deadpool took a moment to imagine a pocket sized version of the younger man that he could carry around in one of his pouches and feed little taco crumbs to. “Dating sucks, is all.”

He’s dating? All three of the personas in the mercs head popped up at that. Even White sounded somewhat betrayed.

“Welcome to life after high school, where every girl you meet wants a commitment,” Tony laughed, “Take my advice, kid, don’t be tied down! Live it up a bit, play the field.”

“That was so sexist. I think I’m in love!” Deadpool made kissy faces at Tony, who just ignored him and turned his focus to another screen, words of wisdom dolled out.

“I think I’m telling Pepper,” Peter laughed in his tiny pocket-Petey voice.
Deadpool definitely wanted a pocket-Petey now!

“Besides, that isn’t exactly my problem. I don’t seem to be able to even get a second date…”

The date was a failure. Alright! But poor Petey thought he was unwanted. That just wouldn't do.

Deadpool stood from the table where he was supposed to be finishing up the paperwork from the mission, but where he had really been doodling unflattering images of Fury in various compromising positions, and sped from the room in a way only a ninja could.

Please ignore the slam into the glass door. Seriously, who had glass that F*$&^ing clean anyway? It was….sacrilegious!

{I do not think that means what you think it means.}

Hehe. Princess Bride.

[We would look so fabulous in Buttercup’s wardrobe!]

Sliding to a halt, Deadpool wrapped his arms around the younger man.

“Oh, Petey! I would go on a date with you! And second date!” He ignored the way the other man was tensed under his hands and snuggled closer, “How many dates does it take to get to the center of the lollypop?”

{I thought we agreed that this crush was a bad idea? Hopeless, remember?}

‘We agreed. Then we saw his butt again. You cannot deny that butt!’

Rather than pushing himself violently away, the response that Deadpool had come to expect to his rather unique advances, Peter reached up and awkwardly patted the arms that were banded across his chest. “Um, thanks. No thanks, but thanks.”

Confused by the response and the lack of violence, Deadpool removed his arms and stepped back.

He opened his mouth, then closed it again. Even the boxes were silent. Hello? Earth to boxes? Someone help us out here?

“I think you broke him.” Tony’s voice came over the intercom.

“What’d I do?” Peter sounded contrite, which only heightened Deadpool’s growing sense of unease.

“I don’t know, but can you teach me when you figure it out? That would come in handy!”

[Ass wipe.]

Oh, thank the maker! Yellow was back online.
“Please, you are no where near pretty enough to pull it off,” Deadpool flipped a bird in the general direction of the camera, then hopped up on the table next to the laptop Petey had been typing on before Deadpool interrupted.

“And he’s back. Damn.” There was a click that indicated Tony had muted his end of the line as Mr. Billionaire Playboy Philanthropist presumably went back his work.

“While he’s distracted, wanna play hicky?”

“What?” Peter squeeked.

{Hookie. You meant hookie!} White was back, awesome.

“I meant hookie!” Deadpool held up his hands in the international gesture of innocence.

Peter clicked a few buttons on the computer in front of him, saving his work before turning to Deadpool. “You know I’m not gay, right?” It was said with absolute sincerity.

No, he didn’t. Not that it mattered. Even if Petey had been gay, it wasn’t like someone like Deadpool had a real chance with him. Not with that pretty brown hair and those pretty brown eyes. Not with Petey’s soft features and strong jaw, or with his tiny waist and tight butt. Mmmm.

[We SO have a chance! He’s been nice to us! And his last date sucked, so all we have to do is be better!]

{His last date was with a GIRL! Probably a gorgeous one.}

‘Yeah, a gorgeous idiot, turning down our Petey.’

{Oh, I give up. You two are hopeless.}

“I’m talking about getting tacos, Petey. Mexican tacos of deliciousness! Not ass sex.”

A light blush crept up Peter’s cheeks, and Deadpool did his best not to stare. He also determinedly ignored Yellow’s order to lick it.

Get a date. He could do that. Just a date for some tacos. Everyone liked tacos, right?

“Tacos,” Peter confirmed. Deadpool nodded. “Just tacos, nothing...additional.”

It was so cute how he avoided words like “weird,” “creepy,” “disgusting.”

“Just tacos.”

“And you promise to stop hitting on me?” Peter crossed his arms. He was wavering. Deadpool was winning him over!

“Nope,” Deadpool nodded again.

Against the odds, Peter laughed. “I guess I can’t expect miracles.”

[YES! That is a yes! Touchdown! Goal! Score!]
Deadpool jumped off the desk and pumped his fist into the air. “YES!” He did the dance of joy and reveled in the sound of Petey laughter, adding a few extra booty shakes just to drag the moment out longer.

“Allright, tacos. But,” Peter held up one finger and Deadpool dutifully stopped and paid attention, “this isn’t a date. This is just two guys, going out for Mexican, right?”

“Not a date,” Deadpool parroted back.

[We are SO going on a date with Petey!]

‘Yup!’

White could be heard sighing in the recesses of Deadpool’s mind, but the merc and his Yellow box just ignored the doubter. They had a date with Petey!

Chapter End Notes

You can find me on Tumblr here: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Thank you for the love so far! Keep it coming!
Chapter 5:

Dinner with Deadpool was an experience. Not only did the man order enough tacos to feed a small country, but he somehow managed to get through half of them when Peter wasn’t looking. One moment he’d be looking at the other man, laughing and talking, and the next thing Peter knew, Deadpool’s mouth would be full to bursting and the mask still in place.

At first, Peter found it fascinating; like watching a magic trick. He tried to catch Deadpool at it. Peter tried to catch those moments when he would look at his own food, or when Deadpool would subtly redirect his attention elsewhere. Once he realized when it was happening, he tried to deny those moments, to catch the other man in the act, as it were. It was like trying to see the string holding up The Enterprise in The Original Series: a bit of fun that added to the plot of the show, or in this case a bit of fun that only added to what was a surprisingly enjoyable meal.

The only problem was, the more Peter tried to catch Deadpool in the act of taking an actual bite, the slower the other man started eating. Eventually, it got to the point where they were both just talking, neither taking a bite and the tacos getting cold.

That’s when it occurred to Peter that Deadpool wasn’t joking around. He was hiding.

That’s when Peter remembered about the rumors of Deadpool’s scars.

“I’m sorry,” Peter interrupted the debate they had been having on modern dessert modifications. Currently, Deadpool was on a diatribe about the unholy addition of strawberry ice cream to the ice cream sandwich family. Peter, personally, was in favor of that adaptation.

“Sorry about what, Petey?” Deadpool’s head tilted to the side the way a puppy’s does when you say something he couldn’t quite process.

“It didn’t…I didn’t mean…” Peter sighed. He really stunk at apologies. More so when he wasn’t really sure what he was apologizing for. After all, the other man hadn’t said or done anything to indicate he’d even noticed Peter’s game of see-him-eat. He had continued flirting and joking as if nothing was amiss. The only hint that anything was wrong was the fact that he had stopped eating.

‘Maybe he’s just full…or….’ Peter’s mind scrambled for another answer. Something that made sense in a way that didn’t fill Peter with guilt and sympathy. ‘Okay, take a breath and start again. This time, assume you know nothing. Shouldn’t be too hard, as it’s the truth.’

Deadpool was waiting patiently, head still tilted to the side and staring at Peter in a way that suggested he could sit there and stare all night. It would have been endearing if it wasn’t so utterly creepy.


What he didn’t anticipate was that this fact would cause Deadpool to freeze in a way that sent a tingle along Peter’s Spidey-senses.
“And…well…I thought,” Peter stumbled along, “Maybe it was because of me.”

“What would make you think that?”

It was said in a voice so different than the one that Peter had been listening to all night that Peter would have thought it was a different man if he hadn’t been staring right at Deadpool. This was NOT going well.

“I was trying to catch you eat.”

“Why’s that?” The voice was even colder now, and Deadpool had sat up in his seat. Peter’s Spidey-sense was going through the roof and he was suddenly reminded that the man in front of him wasn’t a friend. He wasn’t just some flirt who Peter picked up on the street and grabbed some grub with. This man was a mercenary, a killer.

Peter took a breath and debated how to answer. There would be no way to fight Deadpool without exposing the fact that Peter was Spiderman. The man was too well trained and too intent. Even as Spiderman, Peter wasn’t entirely sure that he would be able to walk away from that fight unharmed.

Beyond that, he didn’t WANT to fight the other man. They had been having a good time. When they left Stark Tower earlier, Peter had been weary. He had expected Deadpool to be aggressively physical and crude in his attention to Peter. Instead, the merc had made him think of a teen with his first crush. His jokes and flirting had been crude, yes, but once he found out how to make Peter laugh, he had focused on doing it over and over until Peter was clutching his stomach and begging for mercy.

Physically, he had been attentive, but not aggressive. He had bumped Peter’s shoulder as they walked, knocked legs with him under the table, even tried to convince Peter that the taco in Deadpool’s hand was, in fact, better than the one in Peter’s hands but would lose all its magical power unless Peter allowed the other man to feed it to him. Peter had denied the advances, pushing Deadpool away jokingly, kicking him under the table, or swearing that Deadpool had put magic mushrooms in the tacos and refusing to eat anything offered by the merc on sheer principle. They had kept it light though, never getting serious and Deadpool took every denial like a challenge to meet rather than an insult. Overall, it had been fun and amusing and Peter didn’t want the night to end on a negative note.

“It was a joke at first,” Peter hurried to continue before that was misunderstood, “because I thought YOU were joking around too. It didn’t occur to me that there might be a reason you were hiding even your chin from me. I mean, I can’t exactly ID your secret identity by a chin.”

Deadpool’s shoulders relaxed minutely. “Maybe my chin is sexily distinguished. The Ben Afflick of chins. Recognizable from 300 feet!”

Peter smiled, kicking Deadpool in the shin lightly and allowing the other man his way out. “Did you just put Ben Afflick and sexy in the same analogy? Cause that is wrong on so many levels.”

“Hey, I’ll have you know that man has the jaw of a true hero!”

Dodging the bit of taco that was thrown at him, Peter retaliated with a soggy piece of lettuce, which managed to stick across the nose of Deadpool’s mask. “He has the face of a brick!”

“No way!”
Laughing, Peter glanced at the tacos. “So, you wanna finish these and I’ll promise to behave and not try and see that Afflick chin of yours, or would you rather a food fight?”

The last answer he would have ever expected was for Deadpool to jump up on the booth bench, scream “FOOD FIGHT!” and start pelting tacos. In hindsight, though, maybe that should have been the first answer he expected.

---

“Well, that’s one Taco Bell I’ll never be allowed into again.” Peter was picking bits of lettuce and cheese out of his hair as they walked down the street.

[Mmm, taco-Petey. That’s even better than pocket-Petey. We could EAT this one!]

Deadpool allowed himself a moment to imagine licking hot sauce out of the younger man’s belly button before he shook his head and came back to reality. Or, at least, as close to reality as Deadpool ever came.

“Nah,” shoulder bump, “The great thing about fast food is that it has a revolving door of employees. Give it a month, tops, and anyone who was there today and might recognize us will be gone and it will be HELLO TACOS again!”

{One of these days they’ll get smart and hang a sign.}

[Like those Wanted signs back in the Old West!]

‘That would be AWESOME!’

“Yeah, unless they hang a sign up, Western style.” Petey finally gave up on pulling bits of food from his hair one by one and bent double on the pavement and just shook his head like a dog, running his hands through it and gaining the disgruntled stairs of passersby.

“I think you’re my soul mate,” Deadpool swooned dramatically.

On second thought, swooning dramatically and clutching someone who’s bent off balance already was probably a bad idea.

Both men crashed to the ground in a tangle of limbs.

On third thought…this was an excellent idea!

[Grab his ass!]

Deadpool grabbed Petey’s ass.
Who said the man couldn’t take orders? He took orders just fine with the right incentive!

“No touching of the butt!” Peter scrambled to his feet, already a bright red that just got brighter as he noticed how many pedestrians stopped and stared or outright laughed at that.

“Awe, but it’s such a nice butt!” Deadpool said, not bothering to move from his position lounging on the pavement.
{Hm, I wonder how many shades of red that kid can go?}

That sounded like a great experiment.

“No, that is NOT a great experiment. No more embarrassing me!” Peter nudged Deadpool lightly on the hip. “Get up.”

“Said that out loud, did I?” In the sexiest way he could manage, Deadpool shifted his hips away from Petey’s cute little toes. “And I’m comfy.”

“Fine, stay there,” Peter turned and started walking away.

“Hey!” Deadpool scrambled to his feet, almost slipping on a bit of taco that had slipped off one of them and onto the pavement, “Wait for me!”

Catching up to the other man, Deadpool linked their arms, then smiled as Peter laughingly batted him away. He couldn’t help but smile every time Peter denied him so gently.

{It’s pathetic when we are happy to be denied just because the denial isn’t coming with a punch.}

[Or kick.]

{Or bullet.}

Deadpool ignored the stupid boxes. It wasn’t pathetic. Well...maybe it was a bit pathetic, but the way Petey did it made him smile and who cared why he was smiling, so long as he was happy, right?

{Isn’t that what you tell yourself when you are laughing maniacally about maiming?}

“Haha, maiming.”

“Uh…” Peter sidled a little further away from the other man, who merely smiled and pulled him back flush against his side with an arm around the waist. “No maiming!” Peter emphasised this with a light shove against Deadpool’s chest, dislodging himself from the older man.

“How about mating then? Can there be mating? They sound about the same!”

“No mating either,” Peter shook his head.

“You are just no fun!”

“Trust me, I’m a ton of fun. Just no fun for you. Not gay.” Peter winked before turning a corner.

Deadpool stood still a moment with a leer.

[Oh, he’s going to be such fun to win over.]

{IF we can win him over.}

Peter’s face popped back around the corner, “You coming?”
“Any time you’d like, Petey,”

{Hm, I’m sure that’s at least the 7th shade of red we’ve seen.}

“Where we headed, anyway?”

They started walking again, Deadpool following, as he’d been doing for the last few miles. He didn’t really care where they were going. Honestly, he’d follow that ass anywhere it wanted to lead him.

“There’s an old arcade another two blocks down,” Peter shrugged and something about the way he said it made Deadpool think that may not have been the original destination on his mind.

[Oh. My. God. He was taking us home!]

{Says who?}

[Me! Where else would he be taking us?]

‘Mental institution?’ That’s where Deadpool would take himself if he ever met himself. Well, if he wasn’t insane already, that is. Cause he had met himself, or different versions of himself, and he’d never taken any version of himself there.

[He was taking us home to love us and keep us and kiss us and sex us up!]

{I really don’t think that was his intent.}

SMACK

Deadpool rubbed his head and looked around. Peter was standing next to him, both hands over his mouth, laughing silently as his whole body shook. In front of Deadpool was….

A closed glass door.

Not again!

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Sorry for the delay in this chapter. I ended up out of town for the weekend. But IIIIIII’mmmmmm baaaaaackk!
Chapter 6:

It was two days after the failed date with Cari and dinner with Deadpool when Peter was finally able to make it out to Aunt May’s house. Two days and Peter finally had things in his life to talk about again. The last several visits, it seemed like all Peter could say was “school’s good,” because everything else in his life revolved around Spiderman and had to be kept secret.

“Are you seeing anyone?” Aunt May asked, dishing some mashed potatoes onto Peter’s plate.

“Awe, you know you’re the only girl for me, Aunt May,” Peter smiled charmingly, sneaking another roll.

May smacked his shoulder, smiling and blushing. “Don’t give me that, Peter Parker. A boy your age should have a lot more than just an old aunt to care about in his life.”

“I do, but you’ll always be my number one.” When the sadness didn’t leave Aunt May’s eyes, Peter continued. “I promise, I’m alright. I’m loving the work I do with Mr. Stark and...I don’t know, I think we’re friends, of sorts. And my classes are going great!”

“But do you have any friends, Peter? Not a boss that you enjoy, but a friend.”

She hadn’t stopped worrying about him since he moved out, and she had never forgotten what the loss of Gwen had done to him.

Peter gave his best smile, looking up at Aunt May through the fringe of his hair, “I went on a date this week.”

“A date! How was it? Oh, what’s she like?” May’s fork and knife were set down on the plate as she focused her full attention on him.

“But not the one.” Peter laughed.

“Oh!” May flicked her napkin at him. “How could you possibly tell that after one date! Your Uncle Ben and I knew each other for ages before I knew he was the one.”

He could still hear the catch in her voice when she said Uncle Ben’s name, and Peter once again swore to himself that he would visit her more often. Every other week may be easier on his wallet, but it wasn’t enough when all they had left was each other.

Every time Peter came to visit, he swore to himself that he’d find a way to come over more, but between his classes, work, and his duties as Spiderman, it was hard to find the time. But nothing was more important than her. He’d have to find a way.

“Maybe it takes a while to realize when someone is the one, but sometimes you can tell right away when they’re not,” he thought back to the polite smile Cari had given him at the end of their date, “She just...didn’t...couldn’t...she wasn’t right.”
He hated when he couldn’t explain how he was feeling. How was it that Aunt May and Uncle Ben had always been so great at saying the right thing, but he was so lousy at it?

“Not every young woman can be Gwen. Not one can even compete.”

Gwen.

Peter pushed his potatoes around on his plate. He really didn’t want to even go there now. He was learning to live with what happened, but that didn’t make it easier.

“Peter, how do you know? How could you possibly know this girl isn’t the one for you when you don’t even really know her?”

It took a few moments of silence before Peter was able to put his thoughts into words, and he was grateful again for his aunt’s patience with him.

“I hung out with two people this week. One was my date, Cari. The other was this guy Mr. Stark knows.” It felt too personal calling the merc by name, and ‘Deadpool’ would only cause more questions. “With Cari, everything was awkward. She didn’t really understand anything I talked about and I didn’t really understand what she was interested in. She laughed at all the wrong times and it just felt...forced.

“But when I hung out with Mr. Stark’s friend, it wasn’t. I don’t even really remember what all we talked about. It was stupid, mostly,” Peter laughed and glanced at Aunt May to see a serious expression on her face, “desserts and video games and stuff. But it never felt forced. I’d only met him one other time, really, but it felt like I’d known him forever cause it was just...we clicked, I guess.”

In fact, the whole night had felt so natural that Peter had forgotten for a moment that he was hanging out with someone he didn’t really know. He had forgotten it to the point that he almost led Deadpool back to his place after their food fight to get cleaned up and maybe veg out in front of the TV for a bit.

If Deadpool hadn’t asked where they were going, and reminded Peter with that question that he didn’t really know the other man, they would have ended up there. Peter still isn’t sure what to think about that. It was difficult, navigating this grey zone he’d found himself in with the other man.

Deadpool knew him as Peter Parker, so part of Peter had no problem with Deadpool knowing things like where he lived and what he did during his day-time hours. On the other hand, though, Deadpool was very clearly part of the crime and fighting world, the world Peter had always thought of as Spiderman’s. Letting Deadpool get close to Peter Parker had a certain amount of risk. Not just from the man himself, as he had shown during the mask conversation the other night that he was a risk. But also because anyone who was out to get Deadpool could track him to Peter if they became friends and, while Peter wasn’t concerned for himself, that put everyone Peter cared about in danger.

“Did you ever think that maybe there was just too much pressure on your date? You didn’t expect anything from your friend, but a date is different. Maybe you should try again as friends?”

It took Peter a moment to collect his thoughts and get back into the conversation.

“Maybe.”
He said it mostly to please his aunt, and she knew it. He could tell in the way her eyes saddened, just a bit. But she let him have the white lie and changed the subject.

The rest of the evening was spent discussing the work Peter was currently doing for Tony Stark and what classes Peter would take next semester. It ended, as always, with Peter sneaking some money into the coffee container where Aunt May hid her cash.

When Peter was young, Uncle Ben had explained to him that the bank is where you kept the money to pay the bills. The coffee can was where you kept the fun money, the stuff you spent on birthday parties or a night out at a movie. It had taken almost a year after he died before Peter realized that the coffee can was almost always empty now, Aunt May dipping into it again and again to pay the bills that she could no longer afford. Peter had tried then to get a job and help out, but May had refused.

He was supposed to focus on his schooling, she would take care of him.

When Peter started selling photos of Spiderman to The Bugle, they had come to a silent understanding. Peter could help, but only if Aunt May didn’t catch him doing it.

Now that Peter earned a decent wage at Stark Tower, Peter was even able to keep the can full enough that Aunt May had a little leftover to treat herself now and again. That, more than any invention he’d helped create or any grade he’d gotten, was his proudest achievement out of costume.

---

Deadpool twirled in the beat up bar stool that he had dragged away from the bar that separated his kitchen and living room. He had dragged it there for the sole purpose of spinning morosely on it. Because, if you have to be morose, you should at least do it while spinning!

The last two days had been torture. Not the ‘rip your fingernails off one by one’ kind of torture either. That, Deadpool was used to; both as the torturer and tortured.

This had been the kind of torture that only confusing social situations could ignite. This had been the kind of torture that involved asking himself, over and over again: How much time did you wait to call between dates?

He didn’t want to come across as desperate…[Which we are.]…or easy…[Which we also are.].….and he didn’t want to scare the kid away…[Definitely not.]…but he also didn’t want to leave Petey alone too long.

{Give him enough time to think, he’ll realize just how crazy an association with us is.}

Exactly.

[Exactly.]  

So, what was a merc to do?

[We gave him our card.]  

‘When did we do that?’

[Back in Chapter 1. So let him call us!]
{Um, aren’t you forgetting something?}

[What?]

{On the off chance that Bambi actually kept the card, we aren’t exactly snatch-him-up-before-someone-else-does material. Why would he call us?}

Why indeed?

They’d had fun, hadn’t they? Sure, Petey had turned down all the flirting, but he’d been so NICE about it. It was almost like they were friends.

They could be friends, couldn’t they? Even if Deadpool wanted to tap that. He wanted to tap a lot of people. That didn’t stop the whole friend possibility, did it? It’s not like Petey’d seen his face, so he couldn’t even be too disgusted by the possibility. After all, with his suit in place, Deadpool was built.

[We’re sexy and we know it!] Yellow was singing again. How did a box manage to have an off-key voice. Like that even made SENSE!

{Bambi may not have seen our face, but he’s made it clear he’s not into guys.}

Not exactly, though. Petey had said he wasn’t gay. That didn’t exclude the other possibilities; and there were many: Bisexual. Bicurious. Pansexual. Omnisexual [Hey, that’s us!]. Polysexual. Asexual. Autosexual. Mechanophilic.

[I think we are all rooting that Bambi’s not sexually attracted to mechanical objects.]

Yeah, hopefully that one could be crossed off the list. Along with about a billion others that basically amounted to “not us.”

Anyway, that was all off-track. They were trying to decide when to call Petey and ask him out again.

[I vote now!]

‘Do we have his number? He didn’t leave us with a card. Rude.’

{We have a phone book and his name.}

Right!

An hour and a destroyed house later, Deadpool sat in front of his phone with the phone book he had finally found in the cupboard above the fridge. Did you know that cupboard wasn’t just decorative? Seriously, who kept anything in such a stupid spot?

[Shh! It’s ringing!]


“I must have forgotten to charge my phone again, because this is my voicemail. Leave a message.”

DAMN.
“Petey! Deadpool. Me. This is Deadpool and you’re Petey, but you already knew that last bit.”

{Very smooth.}

‘Shut up, I’m trying to THINK!’

“I’m thinking, you’re not immortal, which means you gotta eat and we ate last time so maybe that’s boring. Ignore that, let me start again…”

Beep.

Wah?

{Out of time. You rambled too long.}

Double damn.

No problem. No problem. He’d just call again.

Twenty-seven voicemails later, this message was finally left:

“Hey, Petey, it’s Deadpool. Just calling you up to see if you wanna hang. Chill. Chillax. Do people still stay chillax? I’ve got a box set of Golden Girls and a couple dozen boxes of popcorn just waiting for word from you. Call me!”

Smooth. Oh, yeah!

{You realize he’ll still get the other messages first, right?}

Triple Damn!

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on tumblr: iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com

I really have nothing to say this chapter. I was tired. I love you. Give me gold fishy crackers now.
Chapter 7:

When Peter got to Stark Tower the next day, he had barely gone through the door before JARVIS announced:

"Peter Parker, Mr. Stark would like to see you in his lab."

If he would have been in school, he would have expected those in the room to let out an ominous "ooohhh!" Instead, every lab assistant and technician was suddenly too busy to look up from their work.

Great, what a way to start the day.

Peter headed off to Tony’s personal lab. When Peter had come to the tower the first time, Tony’s equipment had spread across the whole tower, including the offices and occasionally the rooms “Super Guest” rooms Tony had built specifically for the use of various Avengers when they needed a place in New York to crash. It had gone on that way for nearly six months before Pepper had informed Tony that Steve was staying in cheap hotels rather than his rooms in the Tower because of fear of electrocuting, burning, or disintegrating himself on any of the partially finished projects Tony left lying around.

After that, Tony had allowed Pepper to confine all of his experiments onto the bottom three floors of the Tower’s basement. Though, according to Pepper, the other man refused to be so confined at home and she had found more science paraphernalia in their bed than she would ever be able to explain.

Peter walked into the room that JARVIS indicated and smiled at the familiar sight of Tony lying on the floor under a piece of suspended machinery while Pepper stood above him reciting his schedule for some upcoming event off of her tablet.

“Hey, JARVIS said you needed me?”

Please let them need his brain for something. He absolutely loved those days when Tony would call on him to get a fresh set of eyes and another opinion on a new experiment.

“Oh, good, you’re here….Uh, can you give me 5 minutes? An hour, tops!” Tony’s voice echoed strangely from where he was half hidden, light sparks shooting out to either side of the machine as he ground down a cup-link to fit it into place.

“This was important, remember,” Pepper lowered her tablet and shot Peter an apologetic smile.

“I know it’s important, but so is this. I can’t just pause creative genius, you know!”

Once the grinding stopped, Peter knelt down so he could glance at what the older man was doing. “Can I help at all?”
“Ye…”

“Actually, that’s not why we asked you down here.” Pepper interrupted.

Peter looked up at her from his kneeling position, “Right. Did I do something wrong?”

“Not at all!”

“Incredibly.”

Pepper and Tony had spoken at the same and now Peter was more confused and worried than ever. It must have shown on his face, because Pepper nudged her high heeled foot against Tony’s thigh, just closely enough to be a threat. “Would you come out from under there and talk to Peter, please?”

Peter swallowed. Normally, he loved watching the interactions between Pepper and Tony, but right now he’d really rather be in his lab fiddling with his own work than anywhere in the vicinity of these two.

“What’d I do?”

“You went on a date with Deadpool.” Tony slid out, grabbing a rag and wiping off his hands and forearms as he stood up.

“That wasn’t a date,” Peter denied. He’d been clear about that every time the merc had crossed a little too close to that line. As much fun as he’d had with Deadpool, and as flattering as the flirting was, he didn’t want to give the man unrealistic expectations or lead him on.

“Whatsoever you want to call it, you still hung out, voluntarily, with a mercenary.” Tony’s face was as serious as Peter had ever seen it, and he wasn’t sure how to respond.

“The truth is, Peter,” Pepper cut in, “you’re a sweetheart and not the kind of guy who’d reject anyone without cause…”

“But with Deadpool, there is plenty of cause. He’s dangerous and unbalanced.”

That was true, but also seemed a tad unfair. Deadpool was certainly dangerous. But unbalanced? He took a childlike delight in little things and he heard voices and...okay, maybe unbalanced was fair too, but it cost Peter something to admit it. He wasn’t going to exam too closely why that was. They weren’t even really friends yet, but Peter felt like he needed to defend the merc. He’d certainly be the only one coming to the man’s defense.

“You work with him. The Avengers all work with him.”

“With quite a bit of caution and awareness, yes.” Pepper looked over at Tony.

“That’s a polite way of saying that we know how crazy he is and we are always fully prepared for him to flip and stab us in the back at any moment.”

Peter frowned. That was harsh coming from a man who most people saw as just out for himself.

“Are you seriously telling me to stay away from him?”
Pepper opened her mouth to respond, probably with something more diplomatic, but Tony cut her off. “Yes. Trust me, kid, you don’t want a friend like him.”

Peter thought back to last night. When he’d finally gotten home from dinner with Aunt May and plugged his phone in, it had dinged and announced 28 new voicemails. Peter had listened to them all with a growing sense of hilarity until he was laughing so hard he could barely hear the messages.

Deadpool had spent who knows how long calling him and attempting to construct the perfect invitation to another night in the other man’s company. That said a lot both about the merc’s desire for Peter’s company and about how lonely the man’s life must be. Yet he faced it with a smile on his face and a sense of humor that made Peter admire him.

“I can admit that I don’t really know him,” Peter said carefully. He liked Tony and Pepper and didn’t want to offend them. “But what I’ve seen so far, I’ve liked. I think we could be friends and I don’t see a reason not to be just because…”

“He kills people for money? He is an immortal lunatic with an arsenal big enough to take down a small country?” Tony raised an eyebrow.

“…Uh, yeah. That.” Put like that, it did sound insane. “But I honestly don’t think he wants to hurt me.”

“No, he just wants to f@#% you.”

“TONY!” Pepper looked somewhat scandalised and Peter wondered whether it was the cussing, the thought of a man wanting to have sex with him, or the thought of Deadpool wanting to have sex him that caused the reaction.

“He hasn’t exactly been hiding it,” Tony folded his arms across his chest looked at Peter with a bit of a challenge in his eyes as if daring him to deny it.

“He hasn’t,” Peter sighed, “but, and I can’t believe I’m saying this, he’s been sorta gentlemanly about it.” Tony’s eyebrows reached his hairline. “If you ignore the lewd jokes and teasing, that is. The point is, he’s not once gotten out of line about it.”

Tony shook his head in disbelief, “Are you sure about this, kid? Even being friends with Deadpool is dangerous. And not just because Wade is bat sh*t crazy, either. Every person with a vendetta against him will target you the second they realize you’re a possible chink in his armor.”

It was hard hearing his own worries voiced from a man he admired. Peter knew the risks, both to himself and the people in his life. He had thought about it almost non-stop last night after listening to Deadpool’s messages.

The truth was, the people Peter cared about would always be in danger. There was always the risk of someone finding out who Spiderman really was. But there was danger everywhere. Anyone could die at any time and all Peter could do was do his best to protect them. Maybe being friends with Deadpool would mean there was one more person to help do that.

Besides that, anyone who came after Peter Parker to get to Deadpool would find themselves face to face with Spiderman. The element of surprise was on his side.

“I know,” Peter finally answered, “But I’m not going to hide from something just because it could
bite me in the butt.”

Tony’s arms fell to his side and his serious expression vanished. “Good. In that case, help me get this going.”

The man picked up his socket wrench and moved to climb back under his project when Pepper let out an exasperated, “Tony!”

“What? Peter’s an adult,” brown eyes gave him a quick once-over, “sort of. He can make his own choices. Besides, what’s life without a little danger?” That last was said with a smile and a wink that had Pepper throwing up her hands and walking out of the room with a mumbled, “MEN!”

Peter spent the rest of his morning helping out Tony and, on his lunch break, called Deadpool to see if he was still invited for movie night tonight.

“Wait, say again? I’m pretty sure I hallucinated there for a sec,” the merc’s voice on the other end of the line sounded stunned.

“I wanted to know if you were still up for movies tonight?” Peter stuffed a bite of sandwich in his mouth, chewed and swallowed. When there was still no response, he clarified, “Movie night as friends. This is still not a date and, as it’s not a date, there will be no cuddling, kissing, groping…”

“We’re friends?” Now he sounded so excited that Peter could clearly envision the merc bouncing on the balls of his feet. Possibly even spinning.

“We’re getting there,” Peter teased.

“Did you hear that?!” There was a small commotion on Deadpool’s side, followed by, “Right?!”

“Uh, is this a bad time? Is someone there?” Peter hesitated. Maybe he’d gotten it wrong and the other man wasn’t as lonely as he’d thought.

“Nope, just me, baby boy,” Deadpool crooned.

A full grown man actually crooned at him. That was embarrassing.

“Who were you talking to then?”

“The boxes. No worries, they like you. Mostly. So,” Deadpool barrelled over the question Peter tried to get out, “Tonight! My place. I’ll pick you up at the Tower?”

“Not a date,” Peter reminded.

“Right. Not a date. I will pick you up in the strictly platonic way of a manly man who is picking up his equally manly (though far cuter) man friend to show him over to his house, which the second man doesn’t know the location of!”

Peter laughed. “Right, sounds good. I think.”

Somehow, they ended up spending the rest of Peter’s lunch break chatting and Peter couldn’t shake the smile for the rest of the day.
Follow me on Tumblr: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

This chapter was all Petey, cause I'm going to start alternating POVs by chapter rather than showing both in one. That gives me a little more time in each of their heads, which is just a fun place to be!
Chapter 8:

Deadpool took a step back and surveyed his living room. He had spent the last hour cleaning, but it didn’t appear to have made much of a difference. The carpet was still stained, the couch was full of holes and had exposed stuffing in several places, and the walls were cracked and drawn on in several places. It was a dump, pure and simple.

{Maybe if you had stopped getting distracted by every shiny thing you found, it would have gone better.}

[But we found the first Metal Gear Solid under the coffee table! We’ve been looking for that for AGES!]

Hm, maybe “cleaning” for an hour was a stretch. More like, he spent the first 10 minutes cleaning, followed by 30 minutes of video games, a few minutes of cleaning, then some time polishing the knife that had been buried into the back of the couch cushions.

‘It’s better, though, right? Petey won’t wanna leave as soon as he sees it?’

[Maybe we should do something about the smell.]

---

“Petey? Petey Petey Petey!”

Where was he? Deadpool wandered through the various labs of the Tower, but he couldn’t find the brunette in any of them.

{Ask JARVIS.}

[We don’t like JARVIS.]

‘I talk to enough disembodied voices without adding a computerized goon.’

{If you don’t ask, it could be hours before you find Bambi.}
Gulp. White was right, this place was huge. That would be hours of potential Petey-time missed. Deadpool cleared his throat.

“JAR-“

“There you are!” Peter came around a corner with Tony. Tony was rolling his eyes, but Petey was smiling and Deadpool grinned and bounced a little. He had found Petey and hadn’t had to talk to JARVIS. Double score! “Are you wearing a tie?”

[I told you he’d notice! We look nice!]

“Yup! I got dressed up!”

Deadpool smoothed the black silk tie that he had tied on over his suit.

“Why?” Tony glanced at Peter, “I thought you said it wasn’t a date.”

“It’s not a date,” Peter looked to Deadpool for confirmation, so he nodded in agreement, face falling a little. “The tie is nice though,” Peter allowed.

Deadpool’s face lit up again and he couldn’t help linking his hands behind his back as he thanked the younger man. The tie was a great decision.

[SO a date!]

[Danger, Will Robinson, Danger.] White’s voice was sarcastic, but the box brought Deadpool’s eyes to Tony, who was looking back and forth from the smile on Peter’s face to Deadpool in a way that clearly said “I’m not happy, Bob. Not. Happy.”

[He’s going to say something to ruin this! Let’s get out of here.]

“Time to go!” Deadpool grabbed Peter by the wrist and ran at full speed toward the elevator, dragging the younger man along with him.

“We will be having a chat, Wade!” Tony called out. Deadpool flipped him the bird as the elevator doors closed.

[What a tool.]

The walk back to Deadpool’s apartment was filled with nervous chatter from the merc and amused laughter from Petey. He supposed he could live with acting like a 5 year old girl as long as it got the brunette to laugh like that.
When they finally reached the place, Deadpool paused outside the door and glanced at the other man.

{This is it. Moment of truth.}

The door slid open and Deadpool stepped aside, making a grand sweeping gesture and bowing low as Peter walked past him and into the merc’s home. [The place is too crappy to call a home.] House. [Can we even really call it that, if we’re honest?] Pad. [Can someone say Maxi?] Crib. [Not a baby.]

{Shit tank} White supplied.

‘Hey, how come you get to actually swear when the rest of us are stuck using stupid characters?’

{Just lucky, I guess.}

“Um, Deadpool?”

The merc peaked around the corner timidly.

“You don’t wanna leave already, do you?”

The look of confusion that had been on Peter’s face vanished and he took a deep breath, only to start coughing violently. Deadpool hurried into the room and patted him on the back.

“N-no,” Petey hacked, “but can we open a window?”

{I told you that there actually is such a thing as overkill, and 117 bags of potpourri falls into that category!}

“You’re right! Sorry!” Deadpool ran to the window and slammed it open, then started grabbing the potpourri bags and tossing them out, ignoring the shouts of indignation as they apparently pelted the pedestrians on the street below.

“Hey, it’s fine. It’s fine!” Peter grabbed Deadpool’s arm as he went to toss another bag. “A bit strong, but the window helps.”

[He’s smiling again! See, not overkill. It set the mood!]

Deadpool ignored the boxes that were now fighting in the background and turned to Petey, “Sorry. Had to do something to kill the sweaty man smell and I, uh, got a little carried away?”

Hm, he hadn’t meant that last to be a question. Oops.

“Tell you what, I’ll forgive you if you make me some of that popcorn you promised in message 8, or was it 20?”

He would have taken offense, or even just outright killed the kid for teasing him, but something about the way Peter smiled told Deadpool this was a joke he was sharing with the merc, not at the merc’s expense.

Nodding, Deadpool moved into the kitchen, trying to figure out why everything had gone white and
fuzzy in his head again. And why that kept seeming to happen when Peter caught him off guard.

Luckily, a bit of autopilot got the popcorn made to perfect buttery deliciousness and he dug out some chocolate chips to mix into the bowl. Mmm, salty sweet!

“So, when you said Golden Girls in your message, you actually meant Golden Girls.”

Deadpool came around the corner to see Peter knelt in front of the milk crate college he had rigged up as an entertainment center. Stacked proudly in the honorary middle section was the merc’s box set collection of the full series run of the show.

“Don’t tell me you have something against Bea Arthur?”

[Oh, and he was so PERFECT! No, don’t do this to us, Baby Boy!]

“It’s not that,” Peter turned a box over to read the back, “I just didn’t really picture a mercenary as a fan of a show starring four little old ladies. I don’t honestly think I’ve ever seen an episode all the way through.”

[Ignorance. We can work with that.]

“Well then hold on to your pants, Baby Boy, or, you know, don’t,” Peter raised an eyebrow and Deadpool rushed on, “cause you are in for a treat!”

He directed his guest to the couch, which he had managed to cover with a mostly clean sheet, set the popcorn on the coffee table and placed the first disk in his PS2. That accomplished, he moved to the seat directly next to the other man and slid his arm around his waist, cuddling close.

“What were the rules of tonight?” Peter asked, turning his face to peer up at him. This close, Deadpool could see tiny freckles across Petey’s nose.

[Kiss him! Kiss him, kiss him, KISS HIM!]

{Do you want him to stay?}

“This is not a date, which means no cuddling, kissing, groping, or basically doing any of my favorite things.” Deadpool recited it in the lowest voice he could manage, leaning down just slightly to decrease the space between them.

A light flush spread across Peter’s cheeks, but his voice was steady when he asked, “And what are you doing now?”

“Can I convince you that Golden Girls is actually a horror show and I’m sitting close to protect you in case you get scared?”

“Nope,” Peter shook his head, but the smile that had been tugging at his cheeks finally won out.

“Then I’m moving away to a manly distance,” Deadpool slid over to his own cushion.

{Good boy.} White was mocking him. Bastard.

Hey, look, he could say bastard without it being bleeped out!
“Thank you.” Peter nudged his arm a bit to get his attention again. “One more request?”

“Anything for you, Petey.”

{I wonder if he realizes yet just how true that is.}

[We’d even not kill for him. At least for a while. ‘Til a really good job comes up. Or ‘til he abandons us.]

“Can I call you Wade?” Everything in Deadpool’s head froze at the question and Peter flushed again. “I know Tony and Logan do, but it seemed rude to do it without your permission. But ‘Deadpool’ seems kind of formal for friends.”

He had a friend. A real, honest to God friend. One that was asking his permission to use his name, not just shouting it in annoyance or using it as a way to highlight just how alone the merc was.

{Oh, no. We are going to f^#* this up, aren’t we?}

No. He couldn’t f^#* this up now. He absolutely couldn’t.

“I-I…”

“It’s alright to say no,” Peter rubbed the back of his head with his hand, fluffing his hair up even more than it had been before. “I just thought…”

“Yes.”

Now he only hoped his heart could handle the sound of Petey saying his name.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on Tumblr: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Sleep is calling to me. Zzzzz.
Chapter 9:

A sharpened boomerang flew past his head and Spiderman ducked, then ducked again as it came flying back.

“But, no, seriously,” And he dodged again. He really needed to get that weapon, “I know we are fighting to the death here…well, second death for you, but can we pause long enough for me to get your autograph?”

His opponent screamed and came at him again, hands forward and clawing like an animal.

“It’s just that, I’ve never actually met a zombie,” Spiderman fell to the ground and rolled, grunting and attempting to push the dead man off him, “Aren’t you guys supposed to be a bit slower and weaker, anyway? Or is that a stereotype?”

This guy was a lot stronger than he seemed. Despite withered muscle and skeleton arms, he was a match for Spiderman’s super-strength and he was quickly gaining the upper hand. That is, he was. Until a set of adamantium claws took his head clean off. Ew.

“Maybe dial back the witty repertoires and actually take a few of these guys out, huh?” Wolverine helped him to his feet.

“Sorry,” Spiderman sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck, “It’s just…zombies in the subway!”

Wolverine rolled his eyes and took off in the direction of Captain America and the two zombies he was facing and Spiderman looked around. Other than a few stragglers, all of which were currently engaged by one Avenger or another, the zombies were mostly cleaned up at this point. This particular Subway station was destroyed beyond repair, but, as far as Spiderman was aware, there had been no fatalities.

Other than to the zombies, who were already dead and so didn’t count.

Spiderman smiled. He didn’t have to feel bad about being so excited for zombies when there were no fatalities. He loved days like today, when he could just revel in being Spiderman with no guilt to eat him up inside. He couldn’t wait to tell Wade about…

Crap.

No telling Wade. Just like everyone else in his life, the man didn’t know Peter Parker had an alter ego.

That was easy to remember with Tony, Logan, and the gang. Peter was rarely around them when they were suited up unless he was too. But with Wade…It was like there wasn’t an alter ego. He’d never seen the other man out of his suit, whether he was around the merc as Spiderman or Peter.
And, lately, he had been around the merc more and more often. His nights out with Wade had become a regular occurrence over the last month; Wade dubbing them Movie Monday and Taco Tuesday. The man showed up like clockwork as soon as Peter was finished up at the Tower twice a week to pick Petey up and take him out. Despite the names the merc used, they didn’t always do movies or tacos, either. Sometimes, they went back to that arcade that they had visited on their first night out. Sometimes, they got Thai or Italian, though Mexican seemed to be the most frequent. Once, they had even had an epic Nurf war in the park.

Spiderman had even run across Deadpool on one fateful mission this month. It was rare that their paths crossed, and on the few occasions that it had before Wade and Peter became friends, Spiderman had been weary around the merc. He had a hard time viewing the man as an enemy, but he had never seen him as a colleague either. But when Spiderman had seen Deadpool come barrelling in during a fight with the Green Goblin, he had almost called out the man’s actual name.

Luckily, Green Goblin had gotten a particularly nasty shot to Spiderman’s stomach the moment he had been distracted, and Spiderman hadn’t had enough air left in his lungs to make a sound. Then Deadpool had come to his rescue, slicing into Green Goblin’s glider and doing enough damage to send the fiend raging off with his metaphorical tail between his legs.

Spiderman hadn’t known how to react to the other man when not facing him as Peter. He’d held out a hand and offered a formal “Thank you.” Clearly, it had stunned the merc, who had quickly shaken his hand and then run off yelling over his shoulder “Sorry, Spidey. Already got a boyfriend.”

Peter had been trying valiantly not to think too hard about that comment.

“Alright, I think we’re done here,” Captain America called across the station. “Let’s head back to the Tower and debrief. If that’s alright with you, Iron Man?”

“Try not to destroy anything when you land the helicopter this time.” Iron Man flipped his mask back into place and took off for his solo flight home.

Spiderman looked around at who was present today: Captain America, Wolverine, the Human Torch. All great guys, but no one he particularly trusted behind the joystick of a helicopter.

“Yeah, I’ll, uh,” Spiderman backed up to the stairs Iron Man had just flown up, then quickly shot a web at the top and let it pull him away, “see you there!”

Deadpool had probably just felt his awkwardness and wanted an easy out, Spiderman thought as he swung through the city. He probably wasn’t even thinking about Peter when he said it. After all, Peter had been very clear, repeatedly, that they were not dating. He’d explained it to Deadpool, to Tony, Pepper, Steve, even Logan. They were not dating.

Spiderman shook his head as he landed on the Tower’s roof.

He’d been clear and Deadpool had agreed. There was no confusion, which meant no hearts would get broken in this. He liked the other man too much to risk misconceptions.

With that in mind, though, maybe he better have another talk with Wade, just in case.

“Have you seen Petey?”

Spiderman turned to the rooftop doorway where he could see Wade walking into the room and
addressing Tony.

Crap, it was Movie Monday.

“Nope. I gave everyone the afternoon off in light of zombie infested subways,” Tony took a sip of the scotch he had just poured for himself. “But while we are on the subject, do I need to be asking what your intentions are with the kid?”

Spiderman cleared his throat to let the other two know he was there as he walked into the room. Eavesdropping was a nasty habit, which he only participated in when there wasn’t a helicopter full of Avengers about to set down on the landing pad and catch him at it.

“Hey, can I have one of those?” Spiderman pointed to Tony’s scotch jokingly.

“Unless you have ID proving your legal, not a chance.”

“Little late, aren’t you Bub?” Logan pulled his mask off as he walked into the room, followed by Steve and Johnny.

“Not like you to miss the party, what gives?” Johnny grabbed his own scotch, ignoring Tony’s glare.

“Didn’t know there was one to miss,” Wade shrugged. “Besides, I was busy.”

“Getting ready for your not-date with Peter?” Tony raised an eyebrow. He clearly hadn’t forgotten where the conversation was heading before everyone else had walked in.

“Who’s apparently not here, so I’m just gonna…” Wade pointed to the door, then turned and did a mock sneak toward it. Logan got there first and blocked the exit.

“Nope. We’ve been meaning to have a nice sit-down with you about that.”

Spiderman shifted on his feet. This really uncomfortable. He definitely should not be here.

“Ah, come on! I’ve been good!” Wade whined. “I haven’t killed anybody in ages and I even helped a little old lady across a street for free!”

He could practically see Wade’s pout under the mask and Spiderman had to bite back a chuckle. Whatever old lady Wade had ‘helped’ was probably traumatized for life after the experience.

“Look, we know you are trying, Wade,” Steve chipped in, “But you have to understand that you don’t have the best track record. We’re just worried that getting a kid like Peter involved in your life could be unhealthy for him.”

“And by that we mean we’re worried he’ll end up with a literal knife in his back.”

Geeze, even Johnny was in on this? Did none of them have any trust in Peter’s sense of character?

“I’m not gonna hurt him,” Wade almost growled it.

“We know you think that now…” Steve started.
Spiderman couldn’t take it any more, he wasn’t going to sit there and let these four gang up on his friend. “From what Peter’s told me, Wade’s been decent to him.”

Every eye in the room turned to him and Wade smiled, “You know Petey too?”

“He takes picture of me for The Bugle,” this was risky. He hated outright lying, and he’d rather avoid it if at all possible. “He’s said that you guys have all already talked to him and that he told each of you that he wanted to be friends with Deadpool.”

“He’s just a kid,” Logan shrugged off any concern over the thought of what Peter might want. “And he clearly has bad judgement if he wants this freak as a friend.”

“Hey!” Deadpool reached for his gun, “You have a problem you wanna settle?”

Logan’s claws came out, “Anytime.”

“Enough!” Steve walked in between the two. “We’re all just…”

“Concerned that the monster will gobble up the innocent babe, got it,” Deadpool glared. “Let me make this clear: I’m. Not. Going. To. Hurt. Him!” With that, the mercenary stormed past Logan and out the door.

Spiderman was frozen to the spot. Every part of him wanted to follow the other man, but Spiderman and Deadpool weren’t friends. Spiderman had no reason to follow him.

The debriefing was torture. All Spiderman could think of through the whole thing was Wade out there looking for Peter and not being able to find him. The second he was able, he left the Tower and swung at full speed to the hiding spot where he had stored a bag of pedestrian clothing. He changed quickly and ran the rest of the way to Wade’s.

As he burst through the door, he had a lie ready on the tip of his tongue, only to freeze when he saw Wade sitting on the nasty sofa with his head in his hands.

“Wade?”

He’d never seen the man let this much of guard down. Normally, when Wade was upset in any way, he overcompensated with humor. Now, the man didn’t even glance up as Peter crossed the room to sit beside him.

“You should go.” The voice was little more than a mumble.

“What?” No, he couldn’t be losing his friend now!

“They’re right. They’re all f$%#ing right! Even White!”

“Wade.” Peter reached up and placed a hand on the merc’s shoulder. He had learned pretty early in their friendship that initiating any gently touch to the other man was a guaranteed way to shut his brain down temporarily. “What’s wrong?”

“I’m a freak.”

Wade finally pulled his face out of his hands and Peter gasped. The man’s mask was pulled up to his
forehead, revealing a face that was scarred more thoroughly than Peter had ever seriously contemplated it could be. It looked like someone had set the man on fire. Every inch of his face was red and white and etched through with what Peter could only describe as pain.

Before he thought about it, Peter jerked his hand away from the other man and Wade visibly flinched before reaching up to pull the mask back down. Peter lifted a hand to stop him, but hesitated before he touched him.

“Not what you imagined, huh?” Wade’s voice was bitter.

Peter couldn’t make his brain work. There was too much going on inside him to work out. Too many emotions to tell one from another. But the most important thing was, “Do they hurt?”

When the other man didn’t answer right away, Peter asked again, more insistent this time, “Do they hurt? When I touch you...I thought...I thought you froze when I touched you because you weren’t used to people touching you. I thought...Please,” Peter slid off the couch and to his knees in front of the other man, “Please tell me I haven’t been hurting you.”

The silence stretched and Peter suddenly felt like he was going to be sick. All those times he had touched the man without knowing. The times he had thrown his feet up into the man’s lap while they watched TV, or the times they’d shoved at each other during video game tournaments, all the times they’d bumped shoulders while walking. All the times Peter had touched his arm or shoulder or his leg in order to cut through the other man’s thoughts and grab his attention. Oh, God.

“They hurt all the time,” Wade whispered, “Every second of every day. I’ve gotten so used to it that it’s like static in the background that never leaves. Except when you are touching me. That’s the only time it’s ever quiet.”

Peter looked up from the floor and watched as Wade lifted his mask again. This time, Peter knew exactly what he was feeling: protective. This man faced every day with a body filled with pain every moment, and he did it with a smile on his face. He did it while laughing and joking. Peter would take every moment of pain away from the older man if he knew how.

“Wade.” Peter reached up and cupped the side of his neck, “I need you to promise me something.”

“Anything.” It was said without hesitation. Without the slightest indication that Wade would want to know what he was promising before he agreed, and Peter smiled sadly.

“I need you to promise me that if I ever hurt you, in any way, you will tell me. Immediately.” Peter stared into the blue eyes of the merc and wouldn’t let him look away. “Immediately. I couldn’t stand to be the one causing you more pain.”

“You could never hurt me, Peter.”

Peter thought that was the first time Wade had called him by his actual name.

“And you would never hurt me,” Peter smiled. It wasn’t a question. No matter what the Avengers thought they knew. Peter would never doubt the sincerity on the face before him as Wade promised, “Never.”

Chapter End Notes
Shameless self-promotion: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

I apologize for the angst in this chapter. I blame it on the fact that I'm sick and miserable. But at least the ending was fluffy.
Chapter 10:

Deadpool glanced to the other side of the couch again. Peter was still there, eating popcorn and laughing at the episode that was currently playing. He couldn’t believe the younger man had stayed.

{He did more than stay. He accepted us.} White sounded as surprised as a box was capable of sounding.

He couldn’t understand what had driven Peter to accept him. To look at his face, as ugly as it was, and not just accept it, but worry about him. It hadn’t been pity that he’d seen in that look either. It had been legitimate worry that Peter had caused any additional pain in Wade’s life. He’s been worried about his friend.

[We’re friends.] Yellow hummed in pleasure.

It wasn’t just something they were saying. It wasn’t just Peter looking for something to do or looking for something dangerous to spice up his life. They were actually friends.

Peter glanced over at Wade, who quickly looked away. He watched through his peripheral vision as the younger man smiled, rolled his eyes, and turned back to the TV. As soon as he was looking away, Wade turned to stare at him again. It took another minute or so, but Peter finally glanced back at him and Wade quickly turned away to the TV. Peter’s face scrunched in thought as he looked away again, then quickly glanced back as Wade turned to stare again. Peter laughed, which caused Wade’s smile to stretch across his face.

“You aren’t exactly subtle, you know,” Peter threw a handful of popcorn.

“Please, who needs subtle? Subtle is for wimps!” Wade flexed his muscles to emphasize the not-a-wimp point.

“Right, Mr. Macho. I must have forgotten with all the theatrics over Bea Author.”

Wade let his jaw drop and his eyes widen, “I do NOT put on theatrics,” hand to the chest, “You wound me, sir!”

{He never really stops smiling around us, does he?} White sounded amazed.

[We told you he was a good choice.]
“Can I ask you a question?” The smile was still there, but it had gone somewhat timid.

“I have cancer,” Wade answered, unasked. He was surprised it had taken this long to come up, honestly.

Peter tilted his head and looked concerned again, “Um, really out of nowhere, but now my question can wait while you explain.”

“The scars,” Wade gestured to his face.

Another handful of popcorn hit Wade in the chest. “That wasn’t what I was going to ask,” Peter’s smile was a bit sad now, “I want to know. I want to know what happened and if you’re alright, but I wouldn’t ask. I know you’ll tell me when you’re ready.”

[Is this kid even real? How…]

“I have cancer,” Wade looked away. He hated telling the story, but Peter, of all people, deserved to know. “The docs diagnosed me with terminal brain cancer. Inoperable. I was dying.”

Everything inside Wade was clenched tight. Even the voices going silent as Wade continued, “I wasn’t ready to die, though, and it’s not in me to give up. Too stubborn. So I volunteered for the Weapon X program.”

“The one Logan…” Peter’s eyes were wide, frightened, as Wade nodded. Even this kid knew what a dumb idea that had been. [It saved us though].

“I’m not a mutant. I didn’t have any powers before I went there. But what they did...” Wade took a breath, “Long story short, I got a healing factor and two new friends in my head, but lost my good looks.”

He was still staring at his hands when he felt Peter’s arm slide around his shoulders and he was pulled into a loose, side-ways hug. “The friends in your head?” Peter’s voice was quiet, an encouragement to continue without being a demand.

“White and Yellow,” Wade felt Peter’s nod. It wasn’t the first time Wade had mentioned them, just the first time he’d offered an explanation, “They were there when I woke up. Little boxes that float in my brain and provide a running dialogue on what’s going on. They’re pretty great, most the time. Yellow is, at least. He knows how to party. Though if it was up to just him, we’d have you pinned to the couch right now making out rather than having these chick-flick moments.”

Peter laughed, “You’d try, you mean. I’m pretty spry. No way you’d get me pinned.”
“White is a bit of a bastard. He was also the last one your charm worked on,” Wade looked up into Peter’s eyes. They were so close right now, with Peter’s arms around him, “I think you’re winning him over though.”

“White’s the one who thought I’d ditch you for the scars, isn’t he?” There was no animosity in the younger man’s voice.

“We all did. White just didn’t get distracted from the thought by the sight of your sexy butt.”

Peter shook his head and poked Wade in the chest, “Leave my butt out of this.”

“I can’t! I wants it! It’s my precious!” Wade pounced, pinning Peter beneath him and grabbing said butt.

“Oh, God. No touching of the butt!” Peter was laughing too hard to push him off, which really made it his own fault when his laughter gave Wade the idea to move from groping to tickling. “God, I can’t breathe!”

After a few moments, the merc eased his assault and just lay on top of the younger man, arms folded across his chest as Peter caught his breath. “You know, I love having you squirming beneath me and calling out for God.”

That gave Peter the energy to tip Wade off him and onto the floor. The couch couldn’t hide the blush that was covering the young man’s face, neck, and ears though.

[Deadpool: 1, Peter: 527]

“So, what was your question, then?” Wade asked if from the floor, one arm up and bent behind his head.

“Hm? Oh, I have a big test on Wednesday, so I was wondering if tomorrow…”

“We can cancel?” Wade’s smile dropped.

“Man, you gotta start letting me finish my questions!” Peter looked over the edge of the couch, “I was wondering if tomorrow you wanted to hang out at my place. Maybe watch something while I study. I’ll even pay for dinner, since you never let me pay when I’m here.”
[He wants us to go to his place! Boo-ya!]

[Boo-ya? Seriously? Did we just go back in time to the 1990’s?]

“Yeah! I’m completely okay with that! *I getta see Petey’s house.*” He said the end in a sing-song voice.

Ooh, we’ll get to see his shower, where he gets all naked and wet. And his bed! And his sock drawer! Boys keep all the best bits of naughty in their sock drawers!

Wade wiggled on the floor, letting the happiness consume him. Today was a good day. “Can we get tacos??”

“We had tacos tonight!” Peter sighed melodramatically, but Wade could see the smile pulling on his lips.

“Pllllleeeaaassse?” Wade gave his best pout: bottom lip out, eyes wide, non-existent eyelashes batting.

“Nope, those baby blues don’t work on me.” Peter’s head shook stubbornly and Wade sat up and let his eyes widen even more. He was at his most pathetic here, come on! “Doesn’t work.” Peter looked away, “I’m thinking Indian.”

“Only if you want me gassy all night.”

“Yeah, cause you smell so rosey fresh after 25 tacos.”

{He’s got a point.}

“Tell you what,” Peter continued. “You actually let me study tomorrow and order what I want for dinner, and I’ll get you choco-tacos for desert.”

Wade sat up so fast that he nearly headbutted Peter in the face. “*What is a choco-taco and why have I never had one?”*

---

Wade lay in bed after Peter left and thought about the meeting with the Avengers. As much as he’d rather just put a bullet in any one opposed to his and Petey’s friendship, he knew that would only drive the younger man away.

[We need to make them like us.] Yellow sighed, annoyed at how much work that would involve.

{Or, at the least, make them trust us with Bambi. They’re his family.}

Wade nodded to himself. Peter needed them. They could protect him when Deadpool wasn’t around
and they could support him in those emotional ways that Wade was just no good at. He would find a way. He just needed a plan.

Chapter End Notes

Self-promotion: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/
Chapter 11:

Peter walked up to the Tower after classes the next day and wondered how he could face the Avengers today. The idea of facing Logan, especially, was daunting. He was used to how the team treated him, both as Spiderman and as Peter. He was used to being babied as the youngest or as the boy genius who needed protecting. Yesterday, he had seen a different side of that protection and he didn’t really like it.

It was true that it could have gone much worse. Steve and Tony had tried to be understanding, even if they failed as far as Peter was concerned. At least they’d tried. But Logan….all Peter could think about was the way the word “freak” had effected Wade. The way the man had gone defensive in front of the team, and then had shown Peter such a powerless side of himself.

Peter was glad he had gotten to know that side of Wade. He was glad that the man had removed his mask and lowered his shields enough to talk to Peter and to let Peter, hopefully, smooth over some of those jagged edges that seemed to be tormenting the merc’s mind. But just because it ended well, didn’t mean that Peter would be able to forget the look of despair and hopelessness that Logan’s choice of words had put there.

The man had known just what Wade looked like under the mask. He had to. They’d known each other for more years than Peter had realized. How could he say something like that to him?

Peter shook his head as he came to the door of the Tony’s labs. He could see Tony in there talking to Steve, though, thankfully, Logan was no where in sight.

“Can I talk to you?” Peter stuck his head through the door and hoped he wasn’t interrupting anything too important.

“Of course. Any time you need,” Steve relaxed back against one of the tables in the room and Tony looked up from the display he had been using to show the layout of some location to the Captain.

“It’s about Wade,” Peter didn’t get much further before Steve stiffened and Tony sighed.

“What’d he do?”

Peter’s face hardened, “Nothing. Actually, it’s more about what you guys did.”

The faces of both older men turned from resigned annoyance to confusion fast enough to irritate Peter even further.

“I have a vague idea of the discussion you guys had yesterday and I’m…I thought you understood,” Peter ran a hand across the hair at the back of his head, “I told you he’s my friend and you all gained up on him!”

“He’s not a child, Peter,” Steve shook his head, “We didn’t ‘gang up’ on him or say anything
untrue.”

“You called him a FREAK!”

“Like Cap said, we didn’t say anything untrue,” Tony laughed, trying to turn the conversation into a joke, but Peter went deadly still and both men seemed to catch on to their mistake.

“We’re just concerned about you,” Steve was backtracking now, trying to make this about Peter.

“This isn’t about me,” Peter sliced his hand through the air to negate the thought, “This is about a group of heroes cornering a man who looks up to them, calling him names, and implying he’s not good enough for the one friend he’s made!”

It was true, too. Over the last month, Peter had learned just how much Wade did look up to the members of the Avengers. He almost hero-worshiped them, putting them all on a pedestal that they used to beat the man’s self-esteem to oblivion. Wade wanted nothing more than to be a part of their group. To have the respect of the men and women that he had idolized for what was probably most of his life.

“The man’s a mercenary. He’s not some delicate flower who needs his boyfriend to save him.” Tony looked disgusted by even the idea of Deadpool needing someone like Peter to defend him.

“He’s not delicate, no,” Peter lied. He wouldn’t let these men who didn’t even like Wade know just how fragile the merc really was, “But he’s human. He has thoughts and feelings and friendships that matter just as much as anyone else’s. You all seem to ignore that fact.”

“I think you are in denial about just who you are dealing with, Peter,” Steve sighed and stood taller. “Your friend kills people and he enjoys it. He enjoys causing them pain, and one day he may decide that harming you would be more fun than being friends. What happens then?”

“He hasn’t killed anyone in…”

“Two months. That’s not exactly a ringing endorsement,” Tony interrupted him.

Peter closed his eyes and took a breath. What they were saying made sense. Deadpool was a killer who enjoyed his job a little too much. Peter had no doubt that the merc would never turn on him, but what about the rest of the world? What about those people that Deadpool had already killed?

When it came down to it though, Deadpool was the killer. Wade was Peter’s friend. Maybe the distinction was stupid and unfair, but Peter couldn’t look at Wade and see a killer any more.

“I trust him,” Peter’s eyes opened and he met the eyes of both men, one at a time. “I trust him and I want you to trust me. I’m not saying he’s an innocent. I’m not even asking you to trust him. Do what you need to make sure everyone is safe.

“What I am asking, is that you wait for reason before attacking my friend again. And, if the day comes when you need to confront him, you keep it about the jobs that he does. Leave the personal crap out of it. And remember that I make my own choices and you should respect them, even if you can’t respect Wade.”

Tony opened his mouth to reply, but Steve held up a hand to stop him. He looked at Peter intensely for a few moments, before giving a curt nod.
“You’re an adult and until we have cause to doubt your reasoning, we’ll respect your choice of friend.”

Tony shook his head and let out a sigh, “Just don’t fall in love with the guy, okay? That won’t end well and I’ve got no use for broken-hearted scientists.”

Peter smiled, “Thank you.”

---

“What the f*#&?"

Standing on the other side of Peter’s open door stood Wade. It was the first time Peter had ever seen the other man out of his suit, but standing before him was a man very much not dressed for a fight. Wade was wearing a purple and black fluffy dress with white lace and more ruffles than Peter had ever seen on a dress. It had a low cut, square neckline, showing off quite a bit of scarred skin on the merc’s chest and had a high skirt line that left Wade’s legs uncovered from the upper thigh to the knee high socks the man was wearing. Paired with all of this was Wade’s typical black boots and mask.

“It’s called Lolita.” Wade was smiling big enough to be seen under the mask and Peter shook his head.

“You named your dress?”

“No,” Wade giggled and touched a white gloved hand to his chest delicately, “Lolita is the style of dress. Of course, I made some modifications of my own. Took up the skirts to show off a bit more leg.”

With that, Wade stuck one leg out and pulled the skirt up dangerously high.

“W-why,” Peter cleared his throat and started again, “Why are you wearing a dress?”

“I’ve never seen your place before. A special occasion calls for a special outfit!” Wade pouted, “Don’t you like it?” He did a bit of a twirl that finally brought Peter out of his shock and set off his laugh.

“You’re deranged.” Despite his best attempt, more than a little affection rang in Peter’s voice and Wade stopped spinning to curtsy at him. “Seriously, how are you a world class mercenary?”

Wade was such a strange combination of insecure and completely self-confident.

“Crazy makes for better killing. Aren’t I invited in?” Wade pouted.

“Despite the first part of your statement,” Peter stepped aside and allowed the other man to flounce past him. “Welcome to my humble abode.”

As Wade stopped in Peter’s living room and looked around, Peter couldn’t help the burst of pride in the place. After Tony had hired him at the Tower, Peter had been able to move into a nicer apartment and, while it may not be anything fancy, he was ridiculously pleased with it. The apartment had a small kitchen and dining room just off of the living room, one bedroom in the back, and a bathroom.
It was small, but what Peter had fallen in love with was the sheer size and number of windows along the outer wall of the apartment. They lit up the apartment during the day, and gave Spiderman an easy way in and out during the night.

“It’s so shiny!” Wade laughed, wiping his white glove along the edge of a bookshelf. “And full of books.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “Pick a movie, ma’am.”

Wade chose a movie from the selection and got it started as Peter ordered their dinner and pulled out the books he’d need tonight. Dinner arrived a few minutes into the movie, and Peter quickly got up to pay before Wade could beat him to the punch again. This was his house and his treat for once.

The food was delicious, and Peter ate bites of it as he read, occasionally stealing glances at Wade, who had pulled his mask up to his forehead to eat today. No more ninja moves and sneaking bites beneath the mask without Peter seeing. Tonight, Wade was flashing more scarred skin than Peter would have ever thought the merc was comfortable with given his normal habit of hiding.

Despite the fact that Wade had chosen a movie Peter had seen a dozen times, Peter was having a hard time concentrating on his studies. Even after they finished eating, Wade had left his mask up and Peter couldn’t resist glancing at the man every few minutes to make sure nothing had changed. To make sure that Wade was still sitting there confidently in a crazy dress and knee-high socks and white gloves with bows at the wrist.

It wasn’t even the dress that he was fascinated by, or the scarred texture of the skin. It was the duplicity of the man who wore both. This was a man who laughed at everything, who was a killer, who was a friend. This was a man who wore a suit to cover every inch of his skin around strangers and was now sitting beside Peter showing off his shoulders, chest, arms, thighs, neck, and face.

“I’m being good,” Wade whispered theatrically, “If you can’t study, you can’t blame me. I’m doing my part and being quiet, even with you staring at me all sexy-like. So there better be choco-tacos in my immediate future.”

Peter laughed.

This was a man who made him laugh.

This was a man, and Peter’s heart had better remember that and stop with the warm, mushy feelings right now!

“Oh. Desert. Tacos of chocolate. I-I’ll just grab those!” Peter dropped his book on the coffee table and rushed into the kitchen. ‘Shake it off,’ Peter thought to himself. ‘This is your friend and you care about him. Caring is good.’

Right, caring was good. Wade had had a troubling couple of days and Peter cared about his friend. That’s all this was. He was invested in his friend’s emotions, so of course he’d feel warm and happy seeing Wade so happy and confident after yesterday's disaster. Any friend would feel the same, right? Right.

Chapter End Notes
Self-promotion: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Poor Petey's not really sure what is going on in his heart.
What's in a Job?

Chapter Summary

Trigger warning: This chapter has mentions of a rapist. There is nothing explicit, but please be aware in case this is a trigger for you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 12:

Wade listened to the voicemail again. Whoever it was, he was offering $50k for doing in one little soldier. An evil, rapist soldier who had gone after the wrong bit of tail and was now a wanted man.

[Don’t do it.] White warned again. He’d been repeating that every time Wade replayed the message for the last 20 minutes.

[But…$50K!]

It wasn’t like anyone would have to find out. It was Wednesday today, so he could be gone and back before his next night out with Petey. The Avengers certainly wouldn’t miss him. They’d made it more than clear that they didn’t like or trust him. Since he’d started not-dating Petey, they didn’t want him around at all. He hadn’t been asked to team up with them in a month or so now. Time was weird.

{We have enough in savings to get buy for a few years if we’re careful. That’s plenty of time to win them over and find a paying gig that doesn’t involve killing d*ck heads.}

Wade nodded to himself. They did have a pretty nice bank account at the moment. He didn’t exactly need the money. But two months of just the occasional fight had left him antsy. His last real battle had been the day he and Wolverine had stormed that compound for the bit of tech stolen from Tony. Nothing since had been any fun at all.

{Think of the pretty things we could buy for Petey with that money! No tiptoeing around the bank account. Just tacos every night and Petey prezzies every day!}

Hm. He would love to buy his Petey some pretties. He’d seen the way the younger man coveted his Play Station [I think there’s a™ in there somewhere. We don’t wanna be sued, please.] and his tv definitely left something to be desired.

{Bambi will care if we kill someone. He won’t care if we don’t buy him a tv. Is it worth the risk of losing him?}

Wade sighed and thought about look on Petey’s face last night. The trip to the younger man’s house had been a chore. He had called Petey earlier in the day to tell him that he wouldn’t be able to meet
him at the Tower and Petey had given him his home address so Wade could meet him there. He had wanted the dress to be a surprise, and he’d succeeded there. It had taken an impressive amount of skill to both get to Petey’s house and back to his own at the end of the night without being seen [The dress was for Petey. His eyes only!] but it had been worth it. Good thing he had ninja-like mercenary skills!

The younger man had looked at Wade like Wade was just any other friend in a dress. It was amusing in that way Petey found anything amusing: like he was sharing the joke with Wade and thanking him for making it all at once.

Petey hadn’t reacted to the scars on Wade’s body.

{Which is why you wore it. He did so well with your face that you had to see how he’d react to the rest of you.}

[He thought we were hot!}

Petey had acted like he was crazy for wearing a dress, not for showing his scars. Not for having boxes in his head that talked to him.

{And this is the friendship you are risking if you take the job.}

Right, the job. He’d gone off on a tangent there.

But this was a bad man, right? The message said rapist. Rapists deserved death! Yellow was nodding in the background as White tried again to reason to them.

Wade grabbed the laptop he had appropriated from a snot nosed kid at Starbucks [™ again? Or the c thing with the circle around it?] the other day in retribution for the kid making an inappropriate comment about the relationship between Captain America and his shield. With a quick bit of hacking that he’d picked up as a necessary trick of the trade, Wade was in the military personnel files and doing a search on Ronald Reyes. Stupid name, anyway.

Five accusations of assault and battery. Three accusations of sexual harassment. Two accusations of rape.

Not one of the accusations had gone to trial or even resulted in disciplinary action. This guy must have connections pretty high up on the food chain to get out of all that.

He was a very bad man. A guy like that needed someone to stop him permanently.

{Trust the system. Isn’t that what all those cop shows say? Justice will prevail or some such?}

Yeah, cause the government was always so trustworthy.

Even White couldn’t argue with that one.

That’s it, we’re taking this one. This guy is not hurting someone else. That’s what being a hero is about, saving people! We’re saving the world from suffering this jerk’s existence any more!

Deadpool closed the laptop and began packing for a four day trip. He didn’t think it’d take longer than that.
[Oh, bring the glock! That’s my favorite!]

{You just like that it sounds like ‘cock.’} White was resigned. Wade could feel his disappointment and tried his best to tune it out as he locked up and headed out.

No one needed to know.

That didn’t go exactly to plan due to unexpectedly getting caught up by Wolverine on his way out of town. It probably didn’t help that he had to sneak into the Tower to borrow a bike from Tony. The man had at least 7 of them, he could afford to loan one out for a good cause!

“You got a job.” It wasn’t a question. Wolverine could see the bag of weapons Deadpool was securing to the back of the bike. And, really, why else would he be stealing it?

“He’s a bad, bad man,” Deadpool reasoned. {Cause that’s gonna work!}

Wolverine didn’t look angry though. Deadpool wasn’t sure what he looked. Whatever it was, he’d never seen that expression on the hero’s face before.

“I’m disappointed,” oh. Ouch. “Not surprised though. We all knew you’d be back to it as soon as this thing with Peter lost it’s shine.”

“I’m being a hero. Petey would be proud!” {Then why don’t you want him to know?}

Didn’t matter. Those were just confusing emotions. He had to do this! Someone had to, and Deadpool was the someone that had the skills to get it done.

“Heroes don’t kill. Trust me on this one. That’s a lesson I’ve struggled with, but Charles was always right.” Wolverine shook his head and growled a little, “He’s always f*cking right.”

Deadpool turned away, but Wolverine stopped him with a hand on his shoulder, “You’ve got something good here, Wade. I’ve never seen you with something this good. Don’t throw it away because some f*ck heads tortured their madness into you back in the day.”

Deadpool looked over his shoulder at Wolverine and remembered that this man had volunteered for Weapon X too. This was where Deadpool’s own healing factor originated, which made them connected, in a way. Wolverine had been tortured and tormented too, he even had his own supply of mental scars. Weapon X had haunted Wolverine for decades, sending the man into a bitter and confused existence that lead to violence and loss more often than not.

Yet Wolverine had gotten off lucky, despite it all. He may have been tormented by the memories, but Weapon X hadn’t broken him. They had broken Wade though, and the man they were left with had laughed as he killed them. He’d laugh as he killed any @$#hole who got off on harming others.

Deadpool shrugged off Wolverine’s hand, “I’m going to go be a hero. You stay here and play with your Avengers. You’ll get the glory, but I’ll save the day.”

He straddled the bike and revved the engine, backing it up alongside Wolverine, who had to get one last dig in, “Peter won’t be waiting for you when you get back. He’ll probably be begging us to lock you up.”
{Don’t do this.}

“He’ll understand.”

Wade really hoped he’d understand.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me! You know you want to. All the cool kids are doing it.
http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Dun. Dun. DUN. Poor Wade, and poor Peter. Sorry about this, folks. Honestly, no Deadpool story is complete without expressing his moral ambiguity though. I feel like leaving it out would be denying a major facet of his character.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

**Chapter 13:**

Spiderman sat at the back of the room and listened to Wolverine rant about Deadpool. The voices were flowing over him without touching him though. The only thing that had made it through to Spiderman’s brain was the very first sentence of the meeting: “Deadpool took a new job and some soldier somewhere is about the ax.”

He kept hearing the phrase over and over, coupled with Peter’s own disbelief that Wade was killing again.

He’d trusted the older man. He’d defended to Tony and Steve, his **IDOLS** just the other day. He’d thought Wade was changing, that he was done being a villain. He’d thought their friendship meant something to Wade, enough for Wade to at least come to him to talk a decision like this through.

Apparently, he’d been wrong. About everything.

Now Wade was on his way to kill a **soldier** and Peter had...Peter had lost the best friend he’d had in a long time.

Why’d he ever think he could be friends with a mercenary in the first place?

“Spiderman!” Spiderman looked up and realized everyone was staring at him, including Steve, who looked like he’d said Spiderman’s name more than once, “Welcome back. Do you need me to repeat your assignment?”

“Um…”

Steve sighed, “I want you to check out Deadpool’s apartment, see if you can find anything about who he’s going after. I’ll text you the address en route.”

Spiderman nodded and left through the Tower window. He didn’t need the address. He’d spent so much time at Wade’s that the place felt like an extension of his own home.

It took almost twice the normal time to get to Wade’s this trip. Spiderman swung slowly and let his mind wander. He didn’t want to do this. He didn’t want to be part of the team pulled together to figure out where Wade was and stop him. He didn’t want to reach Wade’s house and find the man and his weapons gone and have to face the realization that he’d lost his friend.

Wade had made no attempt to cover his tracks though, and as soon as Spiderman entered he found Wade’s computer open to a screen displaying the colorful history of the soldier who must be his mark.

*At least he’s a bad guy.* Spiderman thought. It didn’t really give him any solace, especially when combined with the answering message promising $50 thousand if Wade killed the man.
Was the life that Wade had been trying to build here really worth so little?

---

Peter went through the rest of the day in a haze. He’d taken the information he found in Wade’s apartment to the Tower, but he hadn’t stuck around to find out their plan of action. Instead, he’d gone home and drank the half-bottle of rum that he’d stolen from Deadpool’s house. He figured the least the merc could do after destroying their friendship was donate the last of his rum to help Peter forget about for a few hours.

Thursday morning was rough. Peter was a light weight and the rum and heartache made him give in and skip his classes for more sleep. He couldn’t skip work though. Tony and the team would want to talk to Peter about Wade again, and this time he owed it to them to listen, no matter how much it killed him.

It didn’t take more than five minutes after Peter arrived to the Tower for Steve and Tony to walk into the lab Peter was working in. Peter closed the laptop he hadn’t really been working on anyway and tried to smile as if he didn’t know what was going on.

“Hey guys, what’s up?” The look on the two older men’s faces brought Peter a flashback to the night Uncle Ben had died. The police who had taken him home and explained to Aunt May that her husband was dead had looked just like this. Two men who knew that their news were about to break someone’s heart and who were trying to find the words to say it as kindly as possible. Peter’s voice broke as he forced himself to ask, “I-is everything alright?”

“Not in the strictest sense,” Tony shook his head.

“No one’s hurt,” Steve rushed to explain, but Tony’s “Yet.” had Peter’s heart beating faster. He didn’t want to hear this again. It was bad enough hearing it from Logan in the meeting. Hearing it from these two was worse. Peter stood half out of his chair, indecisive and wanting to escape.

“Peter,” Steve plowed on, “We need to tell you-” He didn’t seem to know how to continue.

“Wade’s taken a job,” Tony picked up a screwdriver and fiddled with it, “he’s back to being a mercenary and he’s taken a job to kill someone.”

Peter sat back down heavily. “Oh.” He couldn’t muster up more than that, but it seemed to be enough. Apparently, his face said he understood, even if his words didn’t.

“The man he’s going to kill is one of the bad ones, but…”

“He’s still a man,” Peter whispered, “And Wade’s still being paid to kill him.”

“Yeah,” Tony nodded.

“What are you going to do?” He couldn’t look up as he asked. He couldn’t face them while they said they were going to lock the other man up. Wade had survived the Weapon X program, but Peter wasn’t sure that the merc’s mind could survive being locked up again. He was already fragile.

Peter hated himself a little for caring what would happen to Wade.

“We wanted to leave that up to you,” Steve’s words brought Peter’s face up. “We can’t catch him.
He’s gone off the radar, same as his mark. So we have no way of stopping him. We only have three options when he returns.”

“We could lock him up,” Peter visibly flinched at Tony’s statement, “We could tell him to leave New York and make sure he stays away.”

“Or, we could try again,” Steve put his hand on Peter’s shoulder. “We can start back where we left off and try again to teach him that killing is wrong.”

“It probably won’t work,” Tony added, “But we’re willing to try if that’s what you want.”

Peter was stunned. He didn’t understand why they’d give him the choice. He didn’t even understand why they’d bother with Wade again. They’d been right all along. Peter had been the blind fool and now someone else was going to die because of it.

But Peter still couldn’t bring himself to tell them to send Wade away. He couldn’t face the thought of never seeing his friend again.

“Please don’t make me decide,” Peter begged, meeting both men’s eyes.

“Alright,” Steve nodded. “We’ll make the call. But if you decide you want a say at any point, just come find us, alright?”

Peter nodded.

---

Over the next week, Peter tried and failed to forget about Wade. He’d dodged Aunt May’s questions about his mood and about Wade at dinner. He’d been friends with Wade long enough that Aunt May had heard more than a little about the older man, but Peter hadn’t quite gotten around to passing on Aunt May’s invitation to join them for one of their now-weekly dinners. He’d been meaning to though, and he’d honestly been excited to see what the two made of each other.

On Friday, he’d allowed Cari to give him the number of one of her friends, Melissa, and he’d even spent some time over the weekend texting her. When she’d asked him out Monday, he’d explained without thought that he was busy both Monday and Tuesday. When he’d realized what he said and that Movie Monday’s and Taco Tuesdays had probably been indefinitely cancelled, Peter had tossed his phone against the wall and moped for the rest of the weekend.

He’d spent Monday and Tuesday after work at his computer, researching every piece of information he could find on any job Deadpool had even been rumored to have taken.

On Wednesday, if a fit of spite, he fixed his phone and texted Melissa and asked her out for Friday night.

On Thursday, Deadpool returned.

Chapter End Notes
Follow me: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

This is a shorter chapter, but Chapter 14 should come later tonight as well. :)
Chapter 14:

“He’s dead then?” Steve didn’t look up from the files he was sorting.

Deadpool had just gotten back from his mission, which had taken four days longer than he’d anticipated and he’d missed both his weekly nights with Petey. On Yellow’s suggestion, he’d come to the Tower to debrief. It was a hero’s mission, heroes debriefed. He’d seen enough of the inner workings of the Avengers to know that much.

{We aren’t a hero.}

“Course he is! When I go after someone, they die a deadly death of death!” Wade hopped up on the table in front of the good o’ My Cap-y-TAN.

Steve looked up, finally, and Deadpool froze. The other man’s face was the picture of disappointment.

“You shouldn’t have killed him,” Steve shook his head, “but I guess it’s too late to teach an old dog new tricks.” He sounded resigned, and Deadpool got the impression that Steve had given up on him all over again. [As if he gave us so much of a chance to start with.]

Still, it hurt seeing that look on Captain America’s face. Deadpool had stopped a man from hurting people, hadn’t he? Wasn’t that good?

[Not good enough for them. It never is, is it?]

{They don’t want us to kill. We knew that before we left.} White tried to reason, but Deadpool pushed the box away, as he’d been doing the whole trip.

“I don’t know why I’m bothering. You certainly don’t deserve it. But Peter should have all the facts before he decides whether he wants to stay friends with you,” Steve picked up the folders. “So, here. Everything I could get on Ronald Reyes. I doubt it will help, but it’s the best chance you have.”

Deadpool looked from the folders to Steve, then back to the folders, “What’s happening here?”

{He’s helping us with Petey, just take the d#$% folders!}

“You think what you did was right, was justified.” Steve started.

“It was!” Why did he have to explain this? He took out the bad guy! That’s what the Avengers did every day.

“This will show Peter why you think that. It’s up to him whether to forgive you from there.”

Deadpool was on the verge of saying again that he didn’t need forgiveness, that Petey would understand that, but White interrupted with {Don’t bet your friendship on it. Take the folders. Bambi is worth the hit to your pride, isn’t he?}

“You don’t think he’ll forgive this?”
The question was meant for White, but Steve answered, “Peter has spent the last few months defending you. I think you betrayed his trust in you. That’s a hard thing to forgive.”

Steve turned and walked out of the room, leaving Wade behind.

---

The whole way to Petey’s house, Wade thought about the mission. He didn’t understand what he’d done wrong, but, as White pointed out, that was the whole problem. He didn’t think anyone else had to try so hard to be a hero. When he was with the Avengers, it looked like it came naturally to them. Even in the middle of a battle, they knew what to do and who to save and how to fight. They understood things like when to kill.

No matter how long Deadpool thought about it before hand, he always seemed to make the wrong choice.

No one gave Logan any crap for the people he killed {That you’ve seen, anyway. Maybe they do…}. Actually, come to think of it, no one gave WADE any crap for the Weapon X people he had killed either. Was that it? Were you allowed to kill people to help yourself, just not to help others? That didn’t make any sense.

[Maybe it’s cause we got paid?]

Should he not have accepted the money? But how did heroes eat if they never got paid?

Wade looked up at Petey’s door. Maybe Petey would explain it. {Don’t count on it.} He knocked.

Waiting for Petey to answer the door was uncomfortable, but White told him that, under no circumstance was Wade to go in uninvited. Wade listened. He had enough moral questions to deal with without adding personal boundaries to the list. [Even if Petey likes us and probably wouldn’t care.]

"Your back," Peter's voice was flat as he opened the door, but he stepped back and allowed Wade to enter. "Are you okay? All wounds regenerated or whatever?"

{At least he still cares enough to ask.}

"Yeah, I'm fine. Here," Wade thrust the files at Peter's chest, unsure in the face of the younger man's luke-warm greeting.

Peter opened the first file and took a look, "This is a file on the man you killed," Wade nodded, even though Peter didn't look up to see, "Why would I want this?"

"Cap said you'd want to know why I killed him," Wasn't that right? Captain America understood people better than Wade.

"Steve gave you this for me?" Peter looked back at the files, flipping a few pages.

"Yes."

The younger man only gave the files his attention for a moment, before he shut them and placed them on the bar between his kitchen and living room. Something in Wade's heart broke at that. Had his decision been so bad that Peter wouldn't even give him a chance?
"I'd rather hear it from you." Peter's arms were folded and his whole frame said DANGER, BE CAUTIOUS but he was ecstatic to get any chance.

"He was-

"Wait," Peter interrupted. Whatever he was going to say, Wade could see his mental shift as he tried to turn his words into something polite, "Will you take off your mask. I want to see…I want to know you're telling the truth. I can't tell anything with your mask on."

Wade pulled his mask off. "I've never lied to you, Petey."

"Maybe not, but right now I don't know if I can trust you."

The words hurt more than Wade expected, and White and Yellow arguing in the background over who was in the right didn't help at all, so Wade's explanation after he removed the mask came out more defensive than he had intended. "He was hurting people! Assault, sexual harassment at first, but he was getting worse. He raped a girl. Someone had to stop him."

"And that had to be you? You had to kill him?" Peter's arms were still cross, his voice still cold. What had happened to his Petey? Petey was supposed to understand him. [It goes both ways. We're supposed to understand him too.]

Shut it!

"YES! He'd been through court! That didn't work. He has too many connections. I had to make sure he could never hurt anyone again."

Something in that had been right, because Peter's arms fell to his side and his face lost a little of the coolness. The new look of disappointment wasn't exactly an improvement, but he'd take what he could get.

"He had gotten away with it once. He raped a girl. She'll think about every second. It's a shadow over her shoulder now and it will never go away. She's scared in here," Wade tapped his forehead. "I know how that feels. I needed to take him out of this world. I needed to make sure no more girls were scarred by him. I was a hero."

He wasn't nearly as confident about that statement in the face of Peter's disappointment. [We did everything right! We protected. We shielded. That's what Avengers do.]

"You don't have any idea why that's not true, do you?" Peter sighed.

"Because of the money?" Wade guessed, "I should have done it for free. I can return it!" [Don't return the money!]

"No, not just because of the money," Peter ran his hand through his hair, then moved to the couch to sit and indicated Wade could sit at the bar. He didn't want them to share a couch yet. He didn't want to be close, and Wade mourned the loss. "You did this to help the girl?"

"And anyone else who would have been hurt." That was important too.

"Did you dispose of the body? Will it be found?"

"Nope," Wade sat up straighter. He was good at what he did. "No one will ever find it."
Peter smiled sadly, "Then let me tell you what you've done. You killed that man for all the right reasons, but killing someone is the easy out. He's gone and you only had to put a week into it. No big deal for you, right?"

Wade tilted his head, confused. Killing wasn't easy. Not always, anyway. And tracking that guy had been a b*tch.

"But you didn't think it through. That girl will never know her rapist is dead. For the rest of her life, she'll be looking over her shoulder worried that she might see him at the grocery store or movies. And," Peter emphasized that to stop Wade's interruption, "If she did find out he was dead somehow, she still doesn't have justice. She doesn't know he was punished for what he did. As far as she knows, he got off free and was killed by a mugger."

Wade was frozen. Even his boxes were frozen. White hadn't wanted to do the job, but that was because he didn't want Petey mad. None of them had thought doing the job would hurt the girl more. "I hurt her?"

The look on Peter's face was understanding, "You didn't hurt her, but you didn't save her. The real problem is what if he'd done this to more than one girl? She was the only one who came forward, but what if there were others? They may not have talked because he was so connected that they didn't think they'd have a chance. A trial would have given them the chance to tell their story and find justice for themselves too.

"And, even worse," [God, there's more? What have we done?] "What about every other creep out there who saw him get away from every accusation. They don't know that he was punished, they think he got away with all of it. What if they decide that if Ronald Reyes could do it and get away with it, they can too? What if they hurt someone now?"

{We didn't help. We caused more pain.} White was shaking.

[We aren't a hero at all. We're just a crazy merc who can't do anything right.]

Wade slid off his chair and onto the floor, burying his face in his hands. He stayed there for a few minutes, silent and breathing deep, feeling every part of his mind shatter and reform around Peter's words. He'd hurt when he meant to help. Why couldn't he ever do it right? Why couldn't-

Peter's hand cupped his shoulder, then gently pulled Wade's head up so he could meet the younger man's eyes, "You didn't know. You tried, and that means a lot. You just need to find another way."

"What should I have done?" His voice was desperate, a plea for a solution. [Help us!]

"I know you don't trust the system. It's failed you," Peter's finger traced one of the scars on Wade's cheek, "But you have to give it a chance."

"It had a chance. They couldn't convict."

"Then you find new evidence. You have skills that a regular lawyer can't use. You follow him, you hack the databases he's in. You do whatever needs to be done to provide a case that won't fail. Then you bring him in."

"Where? To some cop station? They'll let him out on a technicality. Not mirandized or mishandling of evidence." He didn't hide his contempt.

"No, you bring him in to SHEILD. They'll make sure it's handled right, and they won't let him walk," Peter's voice was strong. Confident. He believed that.
"Okay," Wade said. He desperately wanted to ask how to fix what he'd broken. How to help make sure the girl who'd been raped was okay and to make sure no one else was hurt. But he'd hurt them, he needed to fix it. If it could be fixed. "Do you want me to leave now?"

Peter looked at Wade for a moment before he sighed, "I really should, but no, I really don't."

Wade smiled and for a moment the two sat on the floor and stared at each other. Peter was still touching Wade's face and Wade tried to ignore Yellow's shouts of [KISS HIM!]. He wasn't going to ruin things again.

Peter pulled back and gestured to the couch, "Why don't you tell me how you tracked your guy down?"

Wade nodded, smiling at the younger man's blush. He spent the next two hours taking Peter through the epic cat-and-mouse chase he had been on with his mark. At one point, he even grabbed some paper and cut out two stick figure like dolls, one of which was complete with guns for hands, and used them to illustrate the main points of the chase. By the end, he had Peter laughing again.

Follow me: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Two chapters in one night, due to me writing them out of order cause I couldn't stop thinking of the Wade/Peter conversation that needed to happen. I promise next chapter will be happier.
Chapter 15

Peter frowned at his reflection in the mirror. Two days ago, asking Melissa on a date had seemed like a great idea. It had been spite, sure. Away to forget about Wade and the pain and confusion that Peter had faced over the last week. Even knowing that, knowing that he was using her to some extent, it had still seemed like a good idea.

After all, who was to say that she wasn’t his soul mate? People had found their partners under weirder circumstances.

Now that Wade was back and, more importantly, now that they’d talked and Wade had actually listened, this date felt like a betrayal. Peter was trying really hard not to think too deeply about why exactly it felt that way.

Peter adjusted his shirt. He figured going in the same outfit he’d worn to school that day, a blue fitted tshirt with khakis and a striped hat, was the best way to go. He looked decent without looking like he’d put too much effort into it. That conveyed an air of “I am casually interested but not looking for anything major.” Right?

He really needed a female friend who could help him with this stuff. Or a gay one. Queer eye for the straight guy.

The memory of Wade’s face as they sat on the floor last night popped into Peter’s mind. They had been so close and Peter’s hand had been unconsciously caressing a scarred cheek as he stared into Wade’s watery blue eyes. In that moment, Peter had wanted to wrap his arms around the other man and keep him there forever; to protect Wade from any pain that could ever touch him.

Which was ridiculous. Not only was Wade essentially indestructible, but, as he’d proven over the last week, Wade was far more dangerous to the world than the world was to him.

Yet the look in the merc’s eyes….

Peter shook his head. This was getting so messed up. Wade didn’t need or want Peter’s protection and he definitely didn’t need Peter’s confusion. What he did need was Peter’s friendship, and Peter wouldn’t f*#( that up because his heart was confusing friendship with something else.

It wasn’t anything else. Peter just hadn’t had a friend this close since Gwen and she had been more, which was what was confusing his emotions now. Peter wasn’t attracted to men. There was nothing wrong with being attracted to someone of the same gender, it just wasn’t something that Peter felt. He was attracted to women, to curves and soft skin and thick eyelashes and hair he could bury his hands in.

Which was exactly why he needed this date. It’d been too long since he’d connected with someone romantically and that was going to ruin his friendship with Wade if he let it.
Peter couldn’t let anything do that.

Peter grabbed his keys and his phone off the desk and left his apartment, locking it up behind him. He chose to walk the six blocks to the restaurant where he was meeting Melissa rather than take a cab. Since he and Melissa had never met, they had decided on a nice, public venue. The restaurant was more upscale than Peter would normally choose for a first date, but it was also very popular and sure to be busy on a Friday night.

Walking into the restaurant, Peter automatically looked around and tried to spot any woman who was there alone. He didn’t know what Melissa looked like, which was awkward, but the need to make a reservation would at least help them find each other.

“May I help you, sir?” The waiter’s tone was slightly stilted, as though he didn’t think Peter belonged there. Neither did Peter, for that matter.

“Yes, I-I have a reservation for two?” The sentence came out as a question and Peter winced. Way to go at fitting in.

“Name?”

“Parker,” Peter added a little more confidence to his voice this time, straightening his spine and reminding himself that he was Spiderman and he wasn’t scared of some waiter.

After checking the list and verifying that there was, indeed, a reservation for two under the name Parker, the waiter smiled in a slightly strained manner and led him to a table. “Your guest has not arrived yet. Would you care to see the wine menu while you wait?”

Peter nodded and made a mental note to never come here again. It took only a moment for him to order the wine. He hadn’t learned nearly as much from Gwen as he wished he could claim, but at least she’d taught him which wines to choose that would go well with any dish.

Melissa arrived just as the wine was being served, and Peter stood and pulled out her chair for her, “Great timing."

“Thanks,” she smiled and sat, “aren’t you a gentleman?”

Peter blushed, “All credit goes to my uncle. He had some pretty firm beliefs in how a woman should be treated.”

“Well I wish him my thanks, then, on behalf of all women,” Melissa laughed.

Peter nodded and quickly picked up his menu to avoid saying more. He didn’t want to start off with his date pitying him over what had happened to his uncle.

Having already decided on his meal for the night, Peter used the menu as cover to take a moment to study his date. She had dark skin and hair that was curly and full of body. Her lips were full and painted a flattering red and her eyes had just enough shadow to make them stand out without looking overdone. She dressed well too, wearing a dark red turtleneck thing that left her shoulders bare and went nicely with her skin tone.

He didn’t know much about clothes and appearances as a whole generally were beyond him, but he knew she had outdone him by a long shot. She easily fit in at this restaurant and she could probably
get any guy here to take her home with very little effort.

Peter shifted in his seat and looked back at his menu.

“Are you ready to order, or would you like another moment?”

Peter looked up at the waiter, who had clearly directed the question to Melissa. Melissa smiled and looked at Peter, “What do you think? Ready to order?”

“If you are,” he smiled and hoped he had nothing in his teeth.

Melissa nodded and placed her order, some type of fish cooked in a seasoning that Peter couldn’t pronounce. The waiter nodded and looked to Peter, who hesitated a moment before he realized that the other man wasn’t going to write down the order.

“Um, I’ll have the shrimp scampi,” At least he had recognized that on the menu and knew he wouldn’t mutilate the name.

The waiter nodded again and left and Peter wondered if he’d run back to the kitchen to write down their orders before he forgot or if he really was that good at remembering them.

“This place is a bit intimidating, isn’t it?” Melissa laughed, watching the waiter walk away.

“I’m betting they had a to have a rock-paper-scissors-lizard-spock war to decide who got stuck waiting on me tonight,” Peter smiled at his date, “Poor guy must have felt like he’d got the short end of the stick til he caught sight of you.”

“Oh, chivalry, flattery, and a BBT fan. You really are the perfect date,” Melissa laughed and took a sip of her wine.

“You like Big Bang?” Peter perked up. Maybe this night wouldn’t be such a disaster after all.

“Love it! It’s like Winnie the Pooh for our generation.”

Peter laughed, “How do you figure?”

“Oh, they don’t all fit, I’ll give you that. But think about it, you’ve got a group of friends who are socially awkward and have to learn lessons about the world and friendship every episode. Raj is basically Pooh, innocent and cuddly. Leonard is Owl, the one they all turn to when they need advice. Sheldon is Rabbit, very OCD and sure he’s smarter than everyone. Howard is Tigger, crazy and energetic. Stewart is Eeyore, always moping and depressed.” Melissa’s speech trailed off before she said, “I can never quite come up with roles for the girls to complete the comparison.”

Peter smiled, “That’s amazing anyway. I’d never really thought of it like that. Oh! Maybe the girls are heffalumps! Something they are always hunting, kind of afraid of, and never really understand.”

Melissa laughed, “Oh, that’s too perfect! I approve.”

Conversation after that was easy. They spent most of dinner discussing their favorite BBT episodes, which led easily into a discussion on Dr Who, something Melissa had never seen, and Firefly, something they both agreed ended way too soon despite the comic continuations.
“I have got to introduce you to Wade,” Peter shook his head as Melissa finished her rant on the Shepherd’s Tale comic and how she didn’t feel like it followed the story that Joss Whedon had been lining up for the character.

“Okay, that is the fourth time you’ve mentioned him, should I be jealous? Or are you trying to pawn me off already?” Melissa laughed.

“He’s a friend of mine. He’d adore you. Probably hit on you too, so maybe I’ll axe the introductions,” Peter shook his head ruefully, “Well, he’d hit on you or he’d hound you about where you got the dress. It’s gorgeous, by the way.”

“Your friend is a cross dresser?” Melissa looked really interested now, and Peter was suddenly regretting bringing Wade up at all. He hadn’t meant to. Somehow, Wade just kept slipping into the conversation. Peter was probably just worried about the other man after the devastation of his reality check yesterday.

“Um, I’m not sure, actually. I’ve only seen him in a dress once, but he seemed pretty comfortable,” Peter decided not to bring up how many times he had heard Wade compliment Bea Author’s wardrobe or how often he’d stopped to ask women on the street where they’d gotten one accessory or another. Peter had never really connected the dots and come up with ‘cross dresser,’ but he wouldn’t rule it out either. Nothing could ever be ruled out where Wade was concerned.

“But you’ve seen him in a dress? That sounds like there’s a story there,” Melissa leaned her elbows on the table and put her head in her hands.

Peter shook his head, “There is, but it’s…” He paused and struggled with how to explain.

“Private. I can appreciate that,” Melissa leaned back, “Sometimes the best stories are the ones we can’t share.”

“Exactly,” Peter nodded, thankful that Melissa wasn’t going to push the issue. “Thanks.”

The waiter arrived with their check and Peter handed his card over, hoping he hadn’t blanched visibly at the total. He’d known what this place would cost and, honestly, his job at Stark Tower meant the occasional splurge of this sort wouldn’t break the bank. Peter still remembered scraping by though and he didn’t think he’d ever get comfortable spending this kind of money on a meal.

The company was definitely worth it, in this case though.

When his card and receipt were returned, Peter and Melissa walked out of the restaurant and he hailed his date a cab.

“Thank you for tonight, Peter,” Melissa turned so she was standing close to him, “I had a really amazing time.”

“Me too,” Peter admitted, “I want to say ‘I’ll call you,’ but it sounds so cliche that I couldn’t forgive myself.”

Melissa laughed and touched Peter’s arm. Peter inwardly smiled. A woman touching you first at the end of a date was the international sign that a goodnight kiss would be welcome. “I’ll allow it, this time. Next time, I expect better lines though.”
Peter leaned in, “I promise. Next time, no cliches.”

Their lips met warmly and Peter pulled Melissa against his chest gently. She was surprisingly small under his hands and Peter kept the kiss gentle and slow in deference to the fragility he felt in her. She was warm though, and the scrape of her teeth against his bottom lip told him that she didn’t need to be coddled.

Peter took a step back and smiled into her brown eyes, “‘Til next time, then?”

“Now *that* was clichéd.” Melissa smacked his arm lightly before stepping back and climbing into the waiting cab.

Peter watched the cab drive off before turning and beginning the walk home. He had started today dreading this date (something that his first impression of the restaurant only solidified), but Melissa had been incredible. She was sexy and soft and enjoyed a variety of geek culture. Plus, she was a hell of a kisser. She was exactly what Peter had been looking for in a girlfriend and he was already planning what to say when he texted her next.

“...identified the body as Ronald Reyes, a military man…”

As the words penetrated Peter’s kiss-fogged brain, he back tracked to the TV displayed in the shop window where the news story was being broadcast.

“...had gone missing after allegations of rape had been filed and dismissed. The anonymous message which was left at the station late last night appears to be from a vigilante. He had this to say:”

Blue filled the screen and, as a mechanical voice began speaking, the words of the message typed themselves across the screen.

“Reyes was guilty of a lot of crimes. Probably more than he was ever accused of. He kept hurting people because he never thought he’d be punished. He probably would have been right, too. The system had given him a get out of jail free card. The system had failed his victims. I failed them too. I failed them by taking down just the one man, when there are so many others still out there who could hurt them. I won’t let the mistake stand though. This message is for every piece of scumbag who ever helped or looked up to Reyes. You cannot get away with it. You are not safe. Reyes may not have lived to meet justice, but I promise, you will.”

The message stopped and the reporter was suddenly back on air, explaining that the message had been delivered to the news station along with a map to the body and a file containing a paper trail that connected 6 high level military officials with Reyes’s cases.

All evidence from the package had clearly been reviewed in depth before it was turned over to the police. There was no way any of the 6 men involved were going to get away without a blemish this time. Even if the system somehow failed to convict the men, public opinion would have their careers destroyed within the week.

It took Peter a moment to remember where he was and realize that watching a live feed of a mutilated body being dug up while smiling proudly was probably a bad idea.

Peter turned and started walking again, this time in a different direction. It took him almost an hour to get to Wade’s house on foot. By the time he did, it was late and he almost felt guilty about knocking. Still, this couldn’t wait.
Wade answered the door, and Peter had to stand and take in the sight for a moment. The mercenary was wearing baby blue footie pajamas with his standard mask and gloves. There was even a teddy bear sticking out of the pocket on the merc’s left hip.

Before he could over-think it, Peter stepped forward and wrapped his arms around the older man’s waist, pulling them flush together and hugging him tightly.

“I’m so proud of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Follow me at: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

I apologize for how late this chapter is. I promise I haven’t abandoned the story. Life just got in the way these last two weeks. I'm back at it though and should be posting regularly again moving forward.
Chapter 16

Wade stood frozen in Peter’s arms. He didn’t know what to do or how to react. Over the last few months, he’d slowly gotten used to the casual touches that Petey bestowed on him. {Liar. You still freeze up every time.} He’d even slowly started to accept the way that Petey would tease and bat him away without once resorting to violence when Wade got a little handsy. [Liar, liar, pants on fire.] But this….

Peter was hugging him. Not just one of those awkward, slap on the back, manly and hetero type of hugs, either. Peter was pressed against his chest, their entire torsos aligned, and the younger man’s arms wrapped tight around his waist.

[Our cock is pressed against his tummy.]

It had the potential to be extremely intimate and Peter wasn’t stepping back. Instead, he had just mumbled against Wade’s chest that he was proud of Wade. What. The. Hell.

“What’s all this, Baby Boy?” Wade slowly let his arms come up and wrap themselves tentatively around Peter’s shoulders. He kept them lose, so that Peter could pull away whenever he finally came to his senses.

Peter tilted his head up and met the eyes of Wade’s mask, but otherwise remained where he was, “I saw the news report about Reyes. You found a way to help those girls after all.”

That’s why he was getting Petey hugs? But, he hadn’t done it for Petey. [Shut up and take what you can get! It’s not like people are lining up to touch us! Especially not people as pretty as Petey.]

{No more secrets. We agreed. Tell him.}

“Um...no offense, and I really hope this doesn’t end our cuddle session early, but why do I get hugs for that? I messed it up. I hurt the girl and just wanted to fix it.” Wade took a deep breath and then said the most important thing, “Not that I’d say no if you offered, but I really didn’t do this to get in your pants.”

Peter buried his face in Wade’s chest and Wade could feel his shoulders shaking in amusement. The younger man squeezed him tighter for a moment before stepping away and Wade let his arms drop, already missing Petey’s warmth.

The younger man pushed gently past Wade and into the living room, “I know, Wade. You did this for them. For all Reyes’ victims. That’s why I’m proud.”

[But we killed Reyes for his victims too, and that was wrong.]

Wade shut the door and moved to the couch, pulling his teddy bear out of his pocket and cuddling it since Petey seemed done with the hugging for now. “I did it right, this time?” he asked, just to be
Peter’s face softened even more and he moved to sit on the couch next to Wade, placing a hand on his leg, “You did it right.”

[He’s proud of us. He said he was proud.]

Wade couldn’t get past that. He’d done it right. He’d been the hero he had been trying to be all along on this mission, and he hadn’t even meant to be this time!

{Maybe that’s the way to be a hero. Doing things to help, not doing them to be a hero.}

Did that even make sense?

“Do you think…Will Captain America be proud too?” Wade hated the memory of the other man’s disappointment. Out of all the Avengers, Captain America was Wade’s biggest idol and he’d definitely prefer the man was happy with him.

“I would bet on it,” Peter smiled.

[Wow! We should go see him now. Maybe tell him how we stayed up all night getting all the information together on Reyes’ partners so that the police would have a solid case! Or how we haven’t done anything else all night or all day today. We didn’t even stop to eat! We’re really heroes!]

{I think the point is that we don’t brag about it. That’s how they get proud of us.}

White had a point. After all, that seemed to have worked with Petey. Wait…

“How you think he’ll hug me too?” Wade panicked. He liked Petey hugs, but he didn’t think he wanted the other man invading his space like that. Petey touching him was right. Steve, on the other hand, was not.

Peter laughed, “I think you’re safe. Cap doesn’t strike me as the hugging type.”

---

Peter had left shortly after that, taking the time to again tell Wade how proud he was. Wade was thankful for the mask in those moments, as it hid the fact that he was blushing to the non-existent roots of his non-existent hair.

Now, he was feeling amazing. He had made Petey proud, without even trying. He felt like he could take on the world.

[Let’s find something to not-kill for Petey!]

Good idea. They needed a bit of stress relief. Patrol sounded like an awesome plan! A gold star plan! A Petey-hug-earning plan!

{Stop naming the plan and change out of your PJs so we can get to it.}

Another good plan!
He was on a roll tonight. Nothing could stand in his way!

---

Maybe he thought too soon, Deadpool decided as he came face to face with Spiderman an hour later. Spiderman had never been the d#ck to him that the other Avengers were, but he hadn’t been a friend, either. The junior Avenger was more in the grey category, and Deadpool hated shades of grey.

[Unless it’s 50 Shades of Grey. Those books were hot.]

“Uh, hey there, Spidey!” Deadpool waved. “Seen any good bad guys tonight?” Spiderman considered Deadpool for a moment, staring long enough that Deadpool started feeling awkward. “I mean…other than me, that is. Because I don’t know what the Avengers have been saying lately, but I’m actually in the good guy category right now. I mean, maybe yesterday I was in the bad guy category, but I fixed it! Petey said I did, and Petey doesn’t lie! You like Petey, he takes nice pictures of you, so you know he has good judgement. And I’ve been doing really good today and I just wanted to do more, so I’m looking for a bad guy and I’m totally not even going to kill him! Look!”

Deadpool reached into one of his pouches and pulled out the fuzzy handcuffs he’s stored in there earlier, “I brought a way to trap them that’s way nicer than the cuffs the police use! I’m a better good guy than them today! I won’t even be hurting bad guy wrists!”

“I so am not going to ask about those,” Spiderman facepalmed, “but I’m glad to hear you aren’t planning to kill anyone.”

[Even Spidey is happy with us today! This is officially the best day ever!]

“Really?” Deadpool bounced, “Then do you know where there are bad guys? Maybe we can fight them together? We could totally make our own team. What do you think about Team Red as a name? Oh, or Team Deadman! No, that sounds kill-y. How about Team Spideypool!”

{I swear I’ve heard that name somewhere before…}

“How about we team up for the night and see how it goes before we start picking out names?”

{[Did he just agree to team up with us?] Yellow and White spoke in unison, shocked.

Deadpool’s eyes grew huge behind his mask. “Really? You are gonna team up with us?…Er, I mean me. I meant to say me. I’m alone in here. Not crazy.”

Spiderman shook his head, “I’m starting to think I’m the crazy one, but yeah, let’s see what trouble we can find.”

“This is so cool! So, do I get to ride you like a horsey while you swing us through the city? Can I sing Aladdin songs while we go? *I can show you the world*…” {What is with you and Aladdin tonight?}

Spiderman moved forward and covered Deadpool’s mouth. “No! No singing.”

“mhi mmmhm mmph?” Deadpool asked, exaggerating with his hands to emphasise his point.
Spiderman tilted his head and moved his hands, “Yes, I suppose you on my back is the best way to get around tonight.”

“You understood that?” Deadpool beamed.

“Not even close, just a lucky guess,” The web-head shook his head and laughed.

[We made Spidey laugh! Bonus!]

“Okay, now this is officially the best night ever. I’m going to get it notarized and legalized and everything. We’ll make it a holiday! The day Deadpool was Awesome!”

“Doesn’t that kinda make it sound like you normally suck?” Spiderman asked, turning around and letting the merc climb onto his back.

[We just mounted Spidey!]

{I thought we had a thing for Bambi? Don’t go crushing on Spiderman too now. I hate love triangles.}

“Where have you been? I always suck. And not just in the mmm-baby kind of way, either.” Deadpool pretended to shriek in fear as Spiderman lifted them into the air and started propelling them through the city. He pulled himself closer to the other man and buried his face in Spiderman’s neck.

It wasn’t the same as the Petey hug from earlier, but it was nice. It felt good to have his arms around someone who wasn’t cringing away or lashing out.

“For what it’s worth,” Spiderman spoke over his shoulder, “I’ve really admired the way you’ve been trying lately. You’ve hit some bumps, but you keep trying. That’s what matters.”

Deadpool pressed his face further into Spidey’s neck and counted to ten, then to one hundred. He still couldn’t think of a response when he was done. He couldn’t think of anything, really, but how much he could hear Peter’s voice in every compliment, no matter who that compliment came from.

Wade had never done well with people. Even before Weapon X broke his brain, he had been socially unacceptable. Even his own parents hadn’t been able to stand him.

Meeting Peter had changed something though. It felt like people were willing to give him a chance because Peter was. Like maybe some of Peter’s goodness had rubbed off on him and people were starting to see it.

First, Wolverine had tried to talk him out of going on the Reyes mission by telling him not to mess up what he had with Petey, rather than just killing him and locking him up before he regenerated. Then Captain America had given him the files for Petey so he could try and explain to Petey why he’d killed the man. Now Spiderman was teaming up with him and telling him that he admired what Deadpool was doing.

Everything that was good in his life right now came back to Peter Parker, and Wade felt his heart warm at the thought.

“Here!” Spiderman swung into an alleyway and let Wade off his back, “One alley over, something’s going down.”
“Did you hear something?” Deadpool asked, pulling out his gun and frowning at it.

“Spidey-senses,” Spiderman explained, as if that explained anything. “You ready?”

“Um…” Deadpool looked up from his gun. He could use a gun and not kill. He’d done it before. He just had to be careful. {Aim for the limbs. Knees are the best.} “Ready.”

“Alright. Go on, then,” Spiderman gestured to the end of the ally.

“Aren’t you coming?” Deadpool questioned, confused. Didn’t ‘team’ mean they did it together. There’s no I in team and all that.

[But there is an M and an E.]

“You got this,” Spiderman encouraged, “Go get your bad guy. I’ll be here if you need me.”

Deadpool nodded and headed around the corner of the ally. He didn’t understand why Spidey was sending him alone. Maybe it was a test. Maybe he wanted to make sure that Wade really take down a baddy without killing.

[Then let’s show him what we can do!]

“Freeze!” Deadpool yelled in his best police voice as he spotted the mugger who was currently demanding the wallet and jewelry off a nice couple. The couple were pressing together close and trying to shield their son behind them, and Deadpool’s anger grew as he spotted the kid’s teary face.

The mugger froze, hands going up as he turned. When he realized it wasn’t a cop at the end of the ally, he let his hands fall and the gun point at Deadpool. “Who are you supposed to be? Some Spiderman rip-off?”

“Hey! My suit is way cooler than Spidey’s!” Deadpool protested. {Not the point!} “I’m here to save the day. Night. Thing! So hands in the air!”

[We watch way too many cop shows.]

“Yeah, right. Get lost!” The mugger turned back to the couple, who were trapped with him between them and Deadpool.

“You don’t want to turn your back on a guy with a gun,” Deadpool said, annoyed. He waved his gun a bit for emphasis.

“I said get lost!” the guy turned again, this time firing the gun at Deadpool. The bullet lodged in his shoulder and shot pain through his arm, but Deadpool ignored it. He was used to pain, and it had been a lot of years since a mere bullet could slow him down. Still, he allowed himself to fall to his knees just long enough for the mugger to let his guard down, before springing up and tackling the other man.

The two rolled on the ground, and Deadpool was able to knock the mugger’s gun out of his hand. Seeing the gun go flying, the family-in-distress took their chance and ran out of the alley and away. Deadpool smiled under the mask and forced the mugger beneath him, hands behind his back. He pulled out the fuzzy handcuffs and cuffed the man’s hands together, before hog-tying his hands to his
feet using the silk rope from another pouch.

Once that was finished, Deadpool stood and admired his work.

[Petey would have looked much prettier tied up in silk. I can’t believe you raided our toy chest for this.]

“Great job!” Spiderman dropped down from the roof where he’d apparently been watching the whole thing.

Deadpool beamed, “Did you see? I got the whole family out of here and never even used my gun! I think may have just destroyed Batman’s origin story, but who’s to say he can’t still be Batman without losing his parents?”

Spiderman laughed and Deadpool’s beam turned up a notch. “You did amazing. How’s the shoulder?”

Deadpool shrugged, “It’ll heal. Give it five minutes.”

“Can I take a look?” Spiderman seemed uncharacteristically worried about it, so Deadpool nodded. His clothes were barely damaged, so there was no way Spidey would see his skin beyond the bullet hole that was already healing.

Spiderman stepped forward and reached a hand up, pulling the suit away just enough to examine the wound. “Does it hurt?”

“Great, first I get taken down by some Spiderman fanboy, and now I get to watch the two of you fawning over each other. This your boyfriend, Spidey? He bend over real good for you? Or is it the other way around?”

Deadpool rolled his eyes, then let out a cheer as Spidey shot a web at the man’s face, effectively gagging him.

“You know, Spidey, that web of yours would be pretty fun in the bedroom,” he said it to Spidey, but kept his eyes on the mugger just to watch the look of disgust on his face.

“Oh, trust me, they are.”

[Okay, we like him!]

“Let’s get out of here,” Spiderman continued. “It’s late and we still gotta drop this idiot off.”

“Um...drop him off?” Deadpool tilted his head, confused. How were they supposed to take him anywhere when Deadpool was already riding Spidey’s back? Or did Spidey want Deadpool to walk home now that the team up was apparently done for the night?

“Yeah, we just need to drag his butt out of the alley and down two streets, then call the cops and tell them where they can pick up the garbage.” Spiderman leaned over and hoisted the man up to his knees, then looked at Deadpool expectantly for help.

Deadpool grabbed the man’s feet and, rather than letting Spidey take some of the weight, he flipped the man over his shoulder caveman style and lifted him up. “Why down two streets?”
“It’s one of my drop off points,” Spidey shrugged. I picked out a bunch of spots around the city that are easy to explain and always dump the bad guys there. It’s easier when I call them in than saying down the alley half way between street A and B, behind the dumpster.”

Deadpool nodded politely, not really understanding what difference it made, but not wanting to say anything since Spiderman was apparently *not* planning to just leave him to make his own way home.

Once they’d dropped the mugger off, Deadpool climbed back onto Spiderman [hehe] and they headed off. Deadpool didn’t say anything, figuring Spiderman would drop him off where they’d found each other earlier. He just cuddled against the other man and enjoyed the physical contact. He let his mind wander as the two of them swung through the city, imagining what it’d be like to have, every day, the kind of contact he’d had today. He knew other people got touched this much, but he honestly couldn’t imagine how anyone got used to it.

Did they take it for granted? Did it ever get to the point where every touch wasn’t noticed and catalogued?

Or did everyone always feel every touch, like he did, and just not comment on it?

“Hey,” Deadpool looked around as they came to a stop on a rooftop, “This is my place. How’d you know where I live?”

Spiderman hesitated as Deadpool crawled off his back and they moved to face each other, “I’ve been here before.”

[That sounds ominous.]

“Are you spying on me, Spidey?” Deadpool teased. He figured the answer was yes. After all, the Avengers probably needed someone to keep an eye on him. They didn’t quite trust him, and leaving him unsupervised was probably out of the question.

“Listen, Wade,” Spiderman fidgeted, “Can we go inside? I...I have somthing I want to tell you. You’ve more than earned the truth.”

Chapter End Notes

Follow Me: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Sorry for the sudden end to this chapter. It's my version of a clify, I guess. *Hides*
Chapter 17

Spiderman paced in Wade's living room and debated how he should do this. There was no debate about if he should do this. Wade had told Peter about Weapon X, and about the boxes. He'd told Peter about his scars!

And tonight, Wade had proven that Spiderman could trust him with this secret.

Peter wasn't stupid. He didn't think Wade had suddenly turned his life around and would never mess up again. Actually, Peter would bet good money that Wade would mess up again, probably sooner rather than later. Wade had been through more in his life than any 10 people combined, and it had taken a tole on his psyche. The other man would never be like everyone else, but more and more Peter was realizing that he preferred it that way.

The mercenary was the kind of man who was larger than life, and everything that he did rang truer and fiercer because of it. He suffered more than most, so his laughter rang purer. He struggled with morals, which made every act of good worth more.

And he cared.

Peter had seen how much Wade really cared about the people around him. He'd seen the way that the Avengers words effected the man. He'd seen the way the thought of causing damage to a victim ripped Wade apart.

Scariest of all, Peter had seen how much Wade cared about him. It was confusing and difficult for Peter, because it made him reach out and touch the man in ways he would have never imagined doing with another man. The hug. The way he'd carried Wade on his back earlier. The way he'd stroked Wade's cheek last night.

Peter never would have done those things with Logan, or Johnny, or even Steve. Hell, Peter didn't think he would have done those things with Harry, back when they had been close.

But something about Wade called out to him, and Peter found himself unable to resist regardless of the confusion it caused inside him.

"Is this a bad talk? Cause if it is, can we postpone it for tomorrow, cause today is a no-bad-allowed kind of day."

Spiderman stopped pacing and turned to where Wade was curled up on the couch, once again clutching the teddy bear that he'd had earlier.

"No, Wade, this isn't a bad talk," at least, Peter hoped it wouldn't be. "I want to tell you something about myself. Something that no one else alive knows."

"Oh! I can keep secrets! I'm good at secrets!" Wade bounced and the teddybear fell off his lap and on to the floor. "Do you want to play Truth or Dare? I'll even start, if you want. Ask me anything."

Spiderman slid onto the couch next to Wade and picked up the bear, fiddling with it awkwardly and
smiling when he realized that Wade had painted glasses around it's eyes.

"You already started," Spiderman brushed his thumb against the painted square of one frame and got an idea. "It's my turn." He ignored Wade's muttering of 'when did I go?'

"Once upon a time, there was a geeky high school kid. He wasn't particularly interesting. He was shy and slow and bullied by most the other kids. He was smart though, which was about all he had going for him."

Wade turned sideways on the couch and folded his legs, giving Spiderman his full attention. He was smiling, slightly, under the mask as if he was indulging the story until something better caught his attention.

"But one day, the geek was bitten by a spider."

"OH! Origin story!"

Spiderman threw the bear at him. "You wanna hear this, or not?"

Wade clasped his hands over his mouth and mumbled, "Sorry, go on. Go on!"

"Right. So, obviously, you know a bit of the rest. The geek woke up the next morning with all sorts of fun skills. He could climb walls. He could do acrobatics that he would have never been able to do before."

"And Spidey-sense!" Wade shouted, "And web-shooters!"

"I didn't get those right away. I had to make them," Spiderman corrected. "But yeah, you get the picture. I suddenly had all sorts of tricks up my sleeve. I wasn't just a little bullied pushover anymore. I knew it too, and I pushed back in ways that I'm not proud of at first."

Wade nodded, "Revenge of the nerd."

"You have no idea," Spiderman took a breath and debated how to continue. He needed to tell the whole of it. He wanted Wade to understand. "Cause, something happened after I got my powers. Someone was rude to me right before they needed help and I decided not to help them. I decided it wasn't life or death, and they didn't deserve anything from me. But I-I didn't think about how not helping them meant that I let a bad man get away."

Unexpectedly, Spiderman felt a hand on his shoulder. It was light and barely noticeable, except that Peter knew it was Wade trying to offer comfort.

"The man that I let escape ended up killing my uncle," Spiderman looked up into Wade's masked face. He hated talking about this, but if anyone could understand how he felt, it was Wade.

"Oh, Spidey. I'm sorry."

Spiderman nodded his thanks, "It nearly destroyed me. My parents had died when I was a kid, and my aunt and uncle were the only family I had left."

"Like Petey," Wade whispered.

"Yeah," Peter took a breath, "Like Peter."

The air was thick with tension, neither of them moving. When Wade spoke, his voice came out challenging. "Why are you telling me this, Spidey?"
Peter ignored the question and continued his story, "After my uncle died, I made a bad situation worse. I went on a revenge hunt, trying to track down the man who had killed him. At that point, it had nothing to do with being a hero. That wasn't even in the cards. I just wanted to find hurt the man who'd destroyed my family. I may have even killed him, if I had come across him then."

"You wouldn't have," Wade denied. "I know killers. I am a killer. Trust me, it's not in you."

"It might have been," Spiderman sighed. "I was lucky though. I had people who helped me figure it out. People who showed me that I could be more than a vigilante out for revenge. I could actually help people."

Silence stretched again and Peter debated whether this was the moment to take off his mask, or if he should say more. He'd dropped hints about his identity, and Wade wasn't stupid. Would he know by now?

He should have planned this, planned how to tell Wade the truth. But he'd never honestly thought that he would. He still hadn't even told Aunt May! He never planned to tell the story, but he just hadn't been able to hold back any more. Not when Wade wasn't holding anything back from him.

"Am I part of that, then? Just one of the masses you plan to help?" Wade had pulled away again so he was as far from Spiderman as he was able to get on the couch, "Is that what all this has been?"

"No!" Spiderman shook his head and moved over, grabbing Wade's shoulders, "No, Wade! You aren't just anything. You are…"

"I'm what?" Wade pulled back, shaking off Spiderman's hands.

Peter couldn't do this. He couldn't find a way to say everything that he needed to. So, instead, he decided to act, "You are the only person alive who I've trusted enough to do this," Spiderman reached up and removed his mask.

Wade didn't gasp, didn't faint. He didn't jump up or go violent. He didn't do any of the things that Peter would have expected after all the big reveal moments he'd seen in comics and on TV. Instead, he simply reached up and pulled off his own mask.

"Was tonight a test?" Wade said it with a blank face, staring straight at Peter's eyes. There was no emotion in his voice at all, and it was breaking Peter's heart.

"Never."

"Then…" Wade frowned, "Why'd you send me in that ally alone? If you weren't testing to make sure I didn't kill…"

"It was your night," Peter reached out again, but didn't dare touch Wade right now. He didn't have the right until Wade showed that they were okay. "You said it was the best day ever. I just wanted it to stay that way. I wanted you to have the chance to save the day."

"I-I don't understand, Petey. Why are you showing me…What does this mean?" Wade's eyes were intense, and Peter could feel the confusion and frustration coming off the older man.

"I just, I wanted you to know," he didn't know how to explain it, how to relay the need to share who he was with his friend. "You've told me so much about yourself, and I didn't want to hide anything from you."

"And you wanted me to know that you understood. You understood with Reyes because you'd
messed up too." It was said as a statement, without the trace of a question, but Peter nodded anyway. "You can't do stuff like this to me."

"What?" Now he was confused. What had he done?

Wade shook his head, refusing to answer. Then, without warning, his whole face lit up, "This means I was riding you all night!"

The grin could have split Wade's face in half, and Peter couldn't help matching it, even with the feeling that Wade wasn't telling him something. "Maybe we'd better find another way to word that."

"Nope. I like my wording just fine!" Wade leaned forward and wrapped his arms around Peter, "I'm best friends with Spiderman!"

Peter laughed and wrapped his arms around Wade in return, glad that the serious mood had lifted.

"Wait…" Wade pulled back enough to look Peter in the eye, "I have to know. Have you really used the web shooters in the bedroom?"

---

It wasn't until the following Wednesday that Peter remembered that he had intended to call Melissa and set up another date. By then, he wasn't sure he wanted to any more.

Chapter End Notes

Self promotion: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

Here it is! The REVEAL! I hope it's everything that you wanted!
Wade lay on his side on the couch, watching Peter, who was sitting on the floor and using the couch as a backrest. They were supposed to be watching TV, but he couldn't take his eyes off the younger man. Wade wasn't sure what to think about the fact that Peter had become more watch-worthy even than The Golden Girls. [Blasphemy! ...Though Petey makes a good idol.]

It was hard [hehe] not to stare at the other man, though. Last Friday had been a revelation that Wade wasn't sure he had been ready for. Or would ever be ready for. Or wanted. Or deserved.

Over the weekend, he'd tried to forget about it. He'd tried to bury the revelation deep enough in his psyche that even the boxes couldn't dig it out. But, the second he'd opened the door to Peter on Monday, everything had come rushing back.

{We're in love with Bambi. It's not the end of the world.}

Wade was pretty sure it might be. 'Deadpool in love' had to be one of the signs of the appending apocalypse. Maybe he should call the Winchesters, just in case. Were they listed?

{He likes us. We could have fallen for worse.}

'No, we couldn't have. He likes us. He's actually our friend. How can we ruin that?'

The boxes had no answer for that.

It was really Petey's fault though. If the kid hadn't been so amazing, Wade wouldn't be in this situation. But no, first he laughs with Wade, then becomes friends. Then, as Spidey, he defends Wade even when he could have let the other Avengers say whatever they wanted and Wade would have never held it against him...wouldn't have even known it was him.

Then Petey doesn't just not-hate hate him when Wade messes everything up with Reyes. No, Petey is too good to just forgive Wade. Instead, he explains and he lets Wade find a way to correct it.

And then Friday…

The hug. Spidey teaming up with Deadpool. Letting Deadpool save the day. Understanding him. Telling Wade all his secrets.

How could Wade not fall in love with Peter?

[He touches us all the time. He never cringes away, or shudders. Maybe he loves us too. They say love is blind…]  

Love would have to be more than blind for him to catch a guy like Petey. It'd have to be dumb and deaf too.

"The staring is starting to freak me out a little. What's going on?" Peter turned his head to look at Wade, who quickly turned back to the TV.

"Shhh….don't interrupt Bea Arthur!"
Peter shook his head and turned back to the TV. Wade successfully managed to watch the show for five minutes before he found himself staring at Petey again.

[Maybe if we just kiss him?]

Right, cause a kiss from an ugly mug like Wade's was sure to have Petey swearing off women forever and hopping into bed with the merc.

Still, Wade shifted on the couch until his leg was just touching the back of Petey's head. Everything inside him sparked and soared when Peter leaned his head back to rest against the leg.

Maybe Peter **wouldn't** be opposed-

No! No, he couldn't think like that. This was bad. This was so, so, SO bad. He couldn't even be in the same room with Peter for a night without wanting to do things to the younger man that would have Peter pushing him away.

Peter was a great kid. Wade knew that the younger man wouldn't mean to hurt him. He'd probably let Wade down easy. Say again how he just wasn't gay. Gently move out of arms reach. But every Movie Monday and Taco Tuesday would be strained after that. Peter would probably find reasons to cancel. Eventually, they'd stop seeing each other at all outside of Avenger business.

Wade couldn't do that. He couldn't lose his friend.

{Even for the chance at something more with Bambi?}

Not even for that.

{Damn. This really is love.}

"Okay, come on! Spill!" Peter jumped up on the couch and sat on Wade's feet, "Do I have something on my face?"

"Oh yeah, Baby Boy. It's called sexy, and you have it all over you!" Wade teased, wiggling his feet against the Petey ass.

[Sure, you can't tell him you love him, but you can hit on him with cheesy lines.]

"Har har," Peter glared ineffectually. Ineffective mostly because of the smile that was pulling at the corner of his lips. "Seriously, what is wrong? You've been acting off since Friday. Is this because of what I told you? Are you mad at me for not spilling sooner?"

Wade sat up and spoke in his best game-show-host voice, "Bzzz, wrong answer. But for your participation, you win a shiny new keychain!"

"Come on, Wade. I know how you act when you're uncomfortable. This is it."

Stop it, Petey. Stop caring. Stop **knowing**. Don't you see how it's destroying me?

"I'm fine. No problems here. Well, no more than usual, anyway." Wade gave his best smile.

"Not buying it."

[Smile fail.]

Damn.
"I'm just...I was wondering," Wade interrupted White. "Was Friday a one time thing?"

Peter frowned, "What do you mean?"

"Will Team Red ever reunite?" Wade hurried to continue before Peter could answer, "Cause I know you let me do all the fighting last time, so it wasn't really a team up. And I think audiences everywhere would prefer a real team up!"

"That's it? You just want to team up with Spiderman again?" [Does he sound disappointed to anyone else?]

"Um...yes?"

He wasn't sure whose question he was answering, Peter's or Yellow's. But the answer was wishful thinking either way.

Peter's expression softened and his eyes got warm in a way that sent Wade's heart pounding.

"Anytime you want."

Man, how he wished that Peter was saying that under different circumstances. [Like in the bedroom!] {Possibly right after we ask him out.}

It had been quite a while since Wade had felt the need to shut the boxes up, but this was turning into one of those times. It was difficult enough to deny what you want more than anything. When you had two other voices in your head that felt the same as you did, denial turned nearly impossible.

"Really? That's great! Let's go now?" He needed to get them out. Put them in a situation where Wade didn't have to think any more.

"Now? But - " Peter made a vague gesture towards the TV. "It's movie night."

"Movie night can wait. There are bad guys afoot!"

Fighting. Fighting sounded fantastic right now.

---

Okay, a Spidey team up had been a stupid idea. 'Why didn't either of you idiots remind me that we'd have to ride on Spidey's back to find the bad guys?'

[I wanted to ride Spidey again.]

{...I'm pleading the 5th.}

Great, now the boxes were teaming up against him. Could this night get any worse?

Spiderman swung them to the rooftop and looked around. "It seems pretty quiet tonight. Are you sure you don't want to do this another night?"

"Ashamed to be seen with me?" Deadpool snapped the comment, annoyed with the boxes and the disappointment and the pain of unrequited love.
"What? No! Never!" Spiderman turned to face Deadpool, hands in the air in the international signal of innocence, "How could you say that?"

"You didn't seem like you wanted to even come out here with me in the first place. What am I supposed to think?" Deadpool paced, fingerling the weapons at his side. {Stop this. Pushing someone away is just as painful as getting rejected?}

How would we even know that? It's not like we've ever even bothered to push someone away. All Wade knew was rejection.

{So we are going to start with Bambi?}

'Yes! No!...I don't know!' He just didn't like this. He hated feeling like this. Why couldn't it just go back? Why did he have to fall for someone so perfect and so unobtainable?

"I didn't want to come out here tonight because I wanted to spend the night hanging out with you, not scouring the city for crime!" Spiderman stepped forward, "Our nights are...they're the highlight of my week, W-Deadpool. I didn't want to give one of them up."

Deadpool closed his eyes and tried to fight back the guilt and fear. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"What am I doing?"

With his eyes closed, Deadpool could see Petey's face in his mind. It was so much easier to be angry when he was looking at Spiderman's mask and could pretend it wasn't Petey underneath it. He didn't love Spiderman. Not really. He hadn't been around Spiderman enough to really connect the two in his mind yet, so it was easy to vent his anger on the hero.

Deadpool opened his eyes and looked at the other man. He opened his mouth to snap again, but Yellow spoke first. [Don't hurt Petey. If we have to lose him, don't let him be the one hurting. We can take the pain. We're used to it.]

Deadpool bit his lip, then turned away from Spiderman and whispered, "You've made me fall in love with you."

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry. Please don't kill me.
Who Am I?

Chapter Summary

This chapter marks the start of why this story is rated as mature. Not safe for work.
Please proceed with caution.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Spiderman stood, frozen to the spot and staring at Deadpool's back. Every instinct inside him was split between two actions: flee, or reach out and wrap the other man in his arms. The split decision was tearing him apart and he couldn't move.

"I know. You aren't gay. And even if you were, the idea of you falling for a mug like mine is pretty ridiculous." Deadpool's shoulders were hunched, his voice small, and Peter had never in his life felt such a need to comfort someone.

"Wade, I..."

He just couldn't find the words. What do you say when your best friend tells you he's in love with you. Peter didn't know what he felt. Things with Wade had been confusing him for weeks. His feelings were more than any friendship he'd ever known, sure, but did that mean that he was interested in a relationship? Could he really be in a relationship with a man?

"Hey," Deadpool straightened his shoulders, turned, and took on that joking quality of voice that hadn't been able to fool Peter from the beginning, "Don't worry about it. I know the drill, Spidey. I'm not looking for anything. You asked, I told. Simple as that. Can we just forget it now? Or do you want to punch me first? You can punch me if you want. Sometimes that helps."

"No!" That got Spiderman moving. He stepped forward and put his hands on Wade's shoulders, "I don't want to punch you. I don't want to just ignore this, either. It's just..." Spiderman dropped his head, unable to meet Deadpool's eyes, even through the mask.

"You aren't attracted to me." Deadpool supplied, nodding, "No worries. Hey, this level of sexy just ain't for everyone!"

Deadpool struck a pose and it was so inauthentic that Spiderman had to laugh. It was that or he had to cry, and laughing was what Wade wanted right now.

"You are in a league all your own," Spiderman smiled, "I think...I think that's what has me so lost. Wade, you are the best friend I've had in so long. Can that...Can we just leave it at that for a little while?"

Deadpool nodded. "Anything you want."

The rest of their patrol had been awkward. Deadpool had joked around and laughed more than was normal even for him, but he'd also held on to Spiderman's back as loosely as possible as they swung through the city. There were no more snuggles into his neck and casual touching while they were on the ground had disappeared.
They stopped two muggings and a bank robbery before calling it a night, yet it still felt like the night had been a failure.

Peter climbed through his window after dropping Wade off and moved straight to his desk and sat at his computer. When all else failed, research. He had to get himself figured out. Being lost somewhere between friend and more would only destroy what he and Wade had, and Peter wouldn't allow that to happen.

A search on Sexual Orientations and Their Meanings brought up a whole new set of questions. Human sexuality, he found, was no where near as simple as he'd always imagined. He'd known that it was complex, but hadn't realized there were so many variations to sexuality. Peter searched through multiple websites, quickly clicking out of the ones that suggested that heterosexuality was the only "normal" sexuality and all others were deviant sexualities.

He may be confused and lost, but he wasn't ignorant. He knew that sexuality was different for everyone and there was nothing wrong with that. What had him so lost wasn't the thought that he might be gay. It wasn't shame or denial. It was the fact that he was attracted to women and Wade was clearly a man (despite the dresses). It was the fact that he wasn't even really sure he was attracted to Wade. He hadn't ever looked at the other man and felt an overwhelming desire to kiss him or touch him sexually. But he had looked at the man and felt a need to hug him, to touch his cheek, to show him how amazing he really was, to whisper all his secrets to the man.

Would that even be considered being attracted? Maybe it was more like friendship-plus.

How Does a Person Know Their Sexual Orientation? For many people, their sexual orientation becomes evident to them during adolescence or young adulthood, and in many cases without any sexual experience.

Great, that was helpful. Everything in his life to this point said heterosexual.

Can a Person's Sexual Orientation Be Changed? Most experts agree that sexual orientation is not a choice and, therefore, cannot be changed.

He'd always heard that as well. That was really the root of his problem. He honestly believed he was born heterosexual.

What did this mean for him though? What did it mean about his relationship with Wade? Was he wrong about how he thought of himself? Was he bisexual and just denying it?

If this had been any other situation, Peter would follow the process of scientific discovery. He'd dont the research, the next stage would be experimentation. But this wasn't any other situation. This was him and Wade, and Peter would never stoop so low as to use Wade to figure out his own confusion.

Maybe another form of experimentation would work instead.

Peter bit his lip and looked around. He lived alone. There was zero chance that someone would walk in on him. Still, he couldn't help standing up and locking the door, then closing his curtains.

Typing in his next search, Peter took a deep breath before clicking on a link.

A new tab opened and Peter almost clicked right out of it again in shock. He was a healthy young adult who had seen his fair share of straight porn, so he'd thought that gay porn wouldn't hold a lot of surprises. He was wrong. Straight porn may show the penis, but the main focus was always the vagina. Gay porn didn't just show a penis. It worshipped the thing.
A man on screen pumped his cock a few times, before holding it steady and sliding slickly into the man kneeling before him. Peter mentally prayed that preparation had taken place off-screen, because that thing was huge and Peter wasn’t innocent enough to think that the human body could just take that with no effort. The larger man waited a moment after burying himself to the hilt, running his hands lovingly along his partner’s sides. After what didn’t seem remotely a long enough adjustment time, the man took hold of his partner’s hips and slid out slowly, showing nearly every inch of his cock to the camera before burying himself again.

Peter tried to focus on the sight. He tried to imagine it was him in either position. He tried to imagine how it’d feel to have a man behind him, moaning into his ear as he thrust slowly, teasingly in and out of him. He imagined a hard body pressing against his own, muscles flexing against his back and balls rubbing against his own at the crest of each thrust.

Peter shifted uncomfortably and looked down at his lap. Nothing. Maybe he needed more than visual stimulation. He stood and pulled his clothes off, then sat and gently took himself in his hand. Turning the video back on, Peter began caressing himself in time with the movements on screen, once again trying to place himself in the picture.

When the video ended, Peter frowned down at himself again. The physical stimulation had gotten him half hard, but it had been an uphill battle just getting there. Mentally, he wasn’t even half aroused.

Maybe the slow and gentle style of this video just wasn’t his thing? He’d always been more playful than romantic in bed with women. Maybe it was the same with men?

Peter jumped from video to video, going from loving, to playful, to kinky, to just disturbing. By the end of it all, the only conclusion he could come to is that he simply wasn’t attracted to men. Gay: out. Bi: out.

Where did this leave him?

Peter knew he cared for Wade...more than he could really put into words. But was he attracted to the other man? The memory of the videos he’d been watching flashed in Peter’s mind.

Did he really want Wade like that? Watching those guys had left him pretty cold, but maybe that was just because he didn’t care about them. Maybe he had to have a connection to feel something? Demisexual was the label.

Of course, he’d never needed that when watching heterosexual porn. Just seeing a woman there, naked and smiling seductively got him going every time.

Peter ran both hands through his hair, ruffling it up and growled under his breath. How had things gotten so confused? Couldn’t he and Wade just be friends? Friends was so much simpler. He understood friendship.

"Gah!" Peter stood and started pacing. He liked women. That was simple, that was fact. No confusion, no question. But Wade...

Peter moved to his window and pulled the curtains back, blinking in surprise at the light outside the window. Crap, it was tomorrow. That made it Taco Tuesday. How was he supposed to face Wade again without an answer? He couldn’t just let Wade think that Peter didn’t care, but he didn’t want Wade to think Peter cared more than he did either. How did people deal with these situations? How did they figure this out?
It turned out that Peter shouldn't have worried about facing Wade, as the other man cancelled their plans because "Logan called, all needy and whiny. Said I just have to help him with this mission. I'll be back tonight, but it will probably be to late to meet up so...I'll see you next week." Wade had said the whole thing in one breath, then hung up before Peter got more than a few words out. The whole thing rang excuse to Peter, but since he was stressing for his own reasons, he couldn't really call the merc out on it.

Peter called in sick and spent the rest of the day in a manic depressant swing of ranting and pacing, and pouting and watching Golden Girls just to spite Wade.

When Wednesday morning came around, Peter's thoughts had made it back to the date he'd had on Friday and the kiss that he'd enjoyed so much. The whole thing just added another level of confusion on an already volatile situation, but Peter took out his phone anyway and stared at the name "Melissa" in his contacts.

Calling her would end the confusion. He'd honestly enjoyed her company, and he thought she'd enjoyed his. And that kiss...There was no doubting the attraction there. She'd felt soft and warm against him in a way that got his heart pumping and his body tingling. Hours of gay porn hadn't achieved as much as a single kiss with Melissa.

At the same time, calling her would feel like a betrayal. He wasn't dating Wade. They were just friends. Finding a girlfriend shouldn't feel like a betrayal because it wasn't one.

Was it?

Peter clicked on her contact and listened to the phone ring. He just wanted something simple. He didn't want to be confused. He didn't want to have to change everything he was for the chance to be with someone.

"I don't know whether I should hang up on you for waiting almost a week to call me, or applaud your nerve," Melissa's voice rang with laughter and before Peter realized what he was saying, the words "I think I might be gay" popped out of his mouth. Great.

The other end of the line went silent for a moment before, "This is definitely not a conversation I'm having over the phone. Meet me at the Starbucks near the college in 20."

Peter nodded and hung up.

---

Nearly an hour later, Peter had explained his situation to a first annoyed, then amused Melissa.

"Have you ever heard of romantic orientation?" Melissa took a sip of her drink, a soft smile pulling at her lips.

"That's a thing?" That hadn't been on any of the sexuality lists that Peter had been researching.

"Yes, it's a thing. Well, maybe it's more of a theory. I'm not a psychologist or anything, I don't know!" Melissa laughed. "The way I understand it, people have two types of orientation: sexual and romantic. For most of us, the two are in equilibrium. A heterosexual man will be romantically inclined toward women. A homosexual man will be romantically inclined toward men."

Peter bit his lip and tried not the blush at Melissa's frankness. This was so much easier to read about than it was to talk about.
"But sometimes the two are off-kilter. A heterosexual man, for instance," She looked at Peter pointedly, "Maybe panromantic: romantically attracted to all genders. Just because you are capable of having a relationship with a man, doesn't change the sexual orientation that you identify with. Being in love with a man doesn't mean you are gay or bi or even demisexual. Maybe you are completely straight, but you the person you fell in love with just happens to be a man."

Everything inside Peter was strung tight as he considered that. "But…but would that mean that if I got in a relationship with a man, it'd be an asexual one?"

Melissa shook her head. "People put way too much emphasis on defining sexuality. It's not that simple. It's not just two or even ten possibilities. There are a whole spectrum of possibilities." As she explained, Melissa started gesturing with her hands. The subject was clearly one that she had thought about a lot, and one that she was pretty passionate about. "There are thousands of options. Being straight and being in love with a man doesn't mean you have to force yourself into an orientation you don't identify with. You don't have to force yourself to be celibate or to identify as gay."

"Then what would that make me?" Peter sighed. How could he be both and neither at the same time. Straight, but in a gay relationship. Gay, but only attracted to women. It wasn't bi, or even demi. He wasn't attracted to both genders, and he didn't disregard gender for the person. He was attracted to women.

"Sometimes, your attraction for a person overrides your attraction for a body. Sexually speaking, maybe you are only attracted to women. But romantically, you are clearly attracted to at least one man. That doesn't change your sexuality. It just means that your heart is winning the battle over your body, at least right now. Whether you want sex to be a part of your relationship or not doesn't change who you are or what your sexuality is. It's just a decision based on your relationship and what you both agree on."

Peter frowned down at the table. Was that it? He didn't think he'd ever heard anything that was as complex and as simple all at once. But if romantic orientation really was separate from sexual orientation…maybe he wasn't as lost as he felt. Maybe he didn't have to redefine everything he thought he knew about himself.

Maybe he could just love, without question or reservation. Maybe all the rest was just…details.

Chapter End Notes

Self Promotion: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

If you are ever confused about sexuality, gender identity, and romantic orientation, I recommend watching this video on the subject: http://youtu.be/xXAoG8vAyzI

It is less than 4 minutes long and worth every second. It may not answer all of your questions, but it outlines the possibilities and helps get your mind thinking outside of the boxes and labels that society insists upon.
Chapter 20:

Wade stared at the wall across from him. The paint was peeling, leaving cracks in the surface that were unpredictable. Some were long and jagged, with smaller cracks shooting off of them. Some were short and wide, as if someone had ripped chunks of the plaster straight off the wall. Wade kind of liked them. They felt familiar and depressing. They reminded him of looking in the mirror.

"Hello?"

He wondered if Peter would like the place better if he repainted. Maybe fixed the ceiling fan and replaced the missing cupboard doors in the kitchen.

"Earth to Wade. Come in Wade."

Maybe he'd feel more at home here, if the place was a little prettier. He could even…

"WADE?!!"

"Oh! Right! Sorry!" Wade laughed a bit manically and pulled the phone closer to his ear again. "I started hallucinating somewhere in the middle there. Can you repeat that?"

{Had to be a hallucination. Otherwise, Petey really did ask us…}

"I was asking if you wanted to go out with me tomorrow. Dinner, maybe a movie," It was quiet on the other end of the line for a second and, when Wade didn't answer, Peter clarified, "A date. Us. On a date. Together."

{This can't be right. Either this is a hallucination, or we're missing something vital.}

[Can't be a hallucination. We could come up with a much better one than this. Like Petey actually BEING HERE for one. Preferably naked. On his knees.]

"You mean like a double? You meet a pretty piece of tail with a friend?" Wade let the leer sound in his voice, "I'm game, but I get the one with the biggest…" He made a gesture in front of his chest with his hands, but Peter interrupted before he could finish speaking.

"Not a double date. A single date," There was a deep breath from the other end of the line, "I want to take you on a date, Wade."

Wade wasn't sure what to think. On the one hand, date with Petey! But on the other, why would someone as good and perfect as Petey want someone as...cracked as him?

{Are you really going to say no just because it's probably pity?}

[Don't say no! Just...it's a chance. That's all we need and we'll win him over with charm and sexiness!]

"Dinner," Wade repeated, "A date. Right. Um....should I pick you up?" He could steal a car from Tony if needed. It would be going to a good cause. Tony couldn't really mind that, right?
"Nope. I asked you, so I'll be doing the picking up," It sounded like Peter was smiling, which made Wade's lips twitch in return.

"Okay. I'll dress extra pretty for you! You'll be so proud to have me on your arm!" Wade hung up before Peter could say anything else or change his mind.

[He SO wants us.]

Wade spent the rest of the day watching every romantic comedy he could find, in preparation for the date.

---

Wade stood in front of the mirror and twisted his body this way and that, trying to see it from all angles. Covered head to toe as he was, even he would think about doing him. Doing himself. If he was someone else. Otherwise it was just masturbation.

[We could do that too. Actually, we should. Clean the pipes before Petey arrives. Nudge nudge, wink wink.]

Wade mentally glared at Yellow Box. 'Did you actually just say "nudge nudge, wink wink"?"

[No body, no nudging. I make do.]

Wade shook his head, trying to give the Box a concussion so he'd shut up for a bit. It wouldn't work. It never did. But it was always fun to imagine.

How did normal people date, anyway? He'd had the occasional thing with people {Read: people who tolerated us briefly for the sake of pity sex.} but never anything that meant anything.

Did Petey think this meant nothing? What if he…

Bad brain.

Of course this meant something to Petey, cause it meant something to Wade and Petey cared about Wade. That's how it worked. Right?

[Don't know.]

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

He knocked four times. Doesn't he know that's how Doctors die?!

Wade took one more look at his reflection before walking to the door. When he opened it, Peter stared.

"What?" Wade asked, looking down at himself. When Peter just blinked, Wade turned and pulled his jacket up slightly, "I thought it made my butt look nice."

Peter blushed, "You're wearing a suit."

Wade cocked his head and dropped the jacket, turning back to face the younger man. Wade had vetoed the dress he had first put on and decided on a black suit with a red button up shirt and black tie. The Deadpool logo was engraved on his belt and cufflinks. Along without he suit, he wore his usual mask, gloves, and boots. "Not good?"
Clearing his throat, Peter answered, "I've just never seen you in anything but your Deadpool suit and that dress. You look good," the blush got darker. "I feel really under dressed now."

Wade let his eyes travel over Peter, lingering and appreciating the view. [He basically asked us to check him out with that comment.] The younger man was wearing dark grey slacks with a fitted blue long-sleeve shirt. He looked yummy.

{Really, you're going with "yummy?" We kill people for a living. Can't we sound a bit more mature than that?}

"You look yummy," Wade said, just to spite White. Peter ducked his head and Wade smiled.

He reached up and pulled the tie off his own neck, before sliding it over Peter's head and tightening it when the brunette looked up in question. The black skinny tie completed the outfit nicely. "Perfect."

He stubbornly ignored Yellow's complaint that he should be taking clothes off of Petey, not putting more on him. Despite Yellow's comment, Wade thought that the vision of Peter in something that Wade owned was a whole new type of sexy.

{Possessive and wanting to mark him already. This is going to be a train wreck.}

"Thanks," Peter smiled shyly. "But I really don't think you're supposed to wear a tie without a collared shirt."

"It's sexier that way," Wade tilted his head and gave Peter another once-over, "Or that could just be cause it's on you."

Over the last few months of knowing Petey, Wade had memorized an assortment of the younger man's blushing arsenal. Peter had a tendency to blush over just about everything. He blushed with pride when talking about his work. He blushed with embarrassment when he lost at Portal. He blushed with innocence when Wade hit on him….

Or, at least, he used to blush with innocence when Wade hit on him. Tonight, he seemed to be blushing with something else. Two parts pleasure, one part embarrassment, and three parts flirting shyness.

Hm…Wade could get used to this particular blush.

"So, where you taking me, Mr. Date? Mr. Sexy and Mine. Mr…"

"Stop!" Peter laughed, and Wade beamed. He loved his Petey's laugh. "I thought…movie first? There's a new Planet of the Apes out."

Wade stepped into the hallway, wrapped both his arms around one of Peter's, and pulled the door closed behind them with his foot. "Lead the way, gorgeous."

---

Sitting beside Peter in a dark movie theater and knowing that the two of them were on a DATE was torture. Sure, it was the good kind [Like silk ropes and a feather], but it was still torture.

The movie had barely gotten past the trailers when Peter shifted in his seat, leaning against the arm of the chair between them in a way that put him just on the boarder of encroaching into Wade's space. What was worse was that Wade had been using that arm rest before Peter moved and now their arms were pressed together snugly. Wade had frozen the second he felt Peter's arm against his, debating
whether to pull his own arm back politely or to take Peter's hand in his.

[We are anything but polite. Grab the Petey hand! I bet it's warm. I bet his fingers are stronger than they look. He climbs the sides of buildings with those hands. Imagine what they could do to us.]

Wade shifted in his seat uncomfortably. He didn't want to imagine things like that. Didn't want to think about how Peter could use those strong fingers against Wade's cock. How they'd feel stroking in and out of him.

Damn, it was too hot in here. Peter was too close.

{It was only a few days ago that Bambi was asking us to pretend we didn't love him. Pretend to just be friends. We can't go too fast here or we'll lose him.}

That was easier said than done though. For the last few months, Wade had kept everything about their friendship innocent. Sure, he'd joke and flirt, even occasionally grope. But it had all been pretty PG13. Now though….

Since Peter had asked him out, it was like he'd given Wade's mine permission and suddenly every fantasy that Wade had suppressed over the last months was shooting through his mind like a video on fast forward. Just sitting beside Peter had never affected him like this. It had never made him hard just to feel the other man's arm against his own.

Now though….

All bets were off. Wade wanted Peter with a ferocity that terrified him.

{If we mess this up, we lose him forever. There won't be another chance.}

Wade could barely believe he'd gotten this chance. He couldn't ruin things, not now.

In the dark, Peter turned to him and smiled. Wade felt his throat go dry, and he had to force himself not to glance down at those smiling lips.

"What'd you think?"

_Huh?_

[Movie's over. We missed our chance at cliche movie cuddles.]

Wade glanced at the screen just as the lights were coming back up. Credits were rolling across the screen and the people around them were standing to leave.

"It was good, but nothing can beat the originals." Wade thanked whatever fates looked after cancer-stricken merc's with bad attitudes for the fact that Peter had taking him to a reboot prequel. Those words could be applied to every one ever made.

[Except Star Wars. Those prequels sucked.]

Except Star Wars, Wade agreed.

Standing, Peter laughed as he grabbed his candy wrappers. Wade stood too, holding the empty popcorn bucket out for Peter to drop his trash in. "You're right. I about died the first time I saw George Taylor fall on the beach in front of the Statue of Liberty."

Wade nodded, "It was almost as traumatizing as Darth telling Luke he was his father."
They tossed their trash in the bin and left the theater.

"Where to now, Beautiful?" Wade asked, sliding his arm through Peter's again. This touch was good. Innocent enough for Wade to allow himself the act, while still being intimate enough to remind Wade every second that this was a date. This was *them* on a date. Not a hallucination, not a dream. It was real.

There was the blush again. Wade was considering naming this variation *Blush for Wade*.

"Well, I sorta…Okay, don't laugh, but I have a surprise setup for you at my house."

Biting his lip, Wade's brain fried as he tried desperately not to think. Don't go there. Don't let yourself think it.

*[Too late.]*

The images barreled through Wade's mind as bright and vivid as any hallucination he'd ever had. Himself, sitting on Peter's bed, legs spread wide enough for Peter to stand between them. In his mind, he was leaning back slightly, fingers undoing the buttons of the younger man's pants as Peter stared down at him, blushing that exquisite blush of his and biting his bottom lip, which was already wet and swollen from the kissing Wade imagined they'd been doing before getting to that point.

"Wade? Is something wrong?" It was only the concern in Peter's voice that broke through the desire pumping through Wade.

"No, no. Course not. Everything's shiny." Wade gave his best smile.

"You sure. We don't have to…"

Wade interrupted before Peter could complete that horrible thought, "No! I wanna see my surprise! I'm sorry, I drifted off. It's Yellow's fault!"

*[HEY!]*

*Sorry, buddy. We needed a scapegoat and you're it.*

*[Why is White never the scapegoat?]* Yellow pouted.

{Because I'm the reasonable one and you're always the one leading us into trouble.}

Tuning out the bickering, Wade gave his best mask-covered puppy eyes and Peter caved. "Alright, but listen…if you want to go or if the boxes do…"

"If nothing, I want to go to your house and see my surprise," Wade begged, mentally pleading that his ill-timed fantasy hadn't derailed the date before he'd had a chance to enjoy it.

Peter nodded and hailed a cab, sitting close in the back seat as they rode back to Peter's building.

When they arrived at Peter's apartment, the younger man unlocked the door and pushed it open for Wade, who walked in and stopped. The lights in the apartment were off, with just a few lamps on to provide mood lighting. The coffee table had been moved to the center of the living room, with a folded sheet draped over it and the pillows from the couch sitting on the floor on either side: a makeshift dinner table.

Wade turned to look at Peter, who had his head down and was looking up at the merc through his bangs. "I made reservations at a nice restaurant first, but…I wanted you to be able to take off your
mask and enjoy dinner, and I knew you wouldn't there. And I thought...you always seem comfortable here and you love Mexican and tacos are one of the few things that I can make so...Is this alright?"

Clenching his fists beside him to physically prevent himself from reaching out to pull the young man into a kiss, Wade nodded. "This is better than alright, Petey."

Peter wanted his mask off. He didn't just tolerate it, he'd actively thought about what situation would make Wade most comfortable so that he could take the mask off.

{Maybe we stand a real chance, after all.}

Chapter End Notes

Self Promo: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

For those who have been asking: no, this story is not done. I have several more chapters planned out. It's just a matter of finding the time to write lately. My posting every day was a bit ambitious, sadly. It worked for a while, but then life called and I had to answer. I promise I will keep posting as regularly as possible until the story is finished though. This will NOT be abandoned, and I have so much more I want to do with these lovely boys.
Chapter 21:

Peter stood in the kitchen after dishing up the tacos and took a deep breath. He was unusually nervous for a first date, especially for a first date with someone he knew as well as he knew Wade. This date had so many more hidden areas of confusion than any other. It was his first date with a man. How did one act on a date with a man? Was the romantic mood lighting too much? Emasculating? Should he have been more romantic? He'd dated girls who would have skinned him alive for considering Planet of the Apes and tacos a date, but this was Wade. Wade had never come across as needing that kind of romance.

But this was Wade and him on a date. He hadn't been in that situation before. And Wade was…Wade. He wore a tie the first time Peter agreed to hang out with him. He wore a dress the first time he saw Peter's apartment.

Maybe Peter should have gone all-out romantic.

That was the other thing, besides being just his first date with a guy, this was his first date with Wade. Peter couldn't take the chance of messing this up. Once he'd committed to it in his mind, once he'd worked through his confusion and his fear, it was obvious: he cared for Wade in a way that went way beyond friendship. Peter even suspected that he cared for Wade in a way that he'd never cared for any of his dates, even Gwen. There was something about the other man that drew him in, that managed to stroke every part of Peter's personality.


Peter took another deep breath, picking up the tray of tacos and crossing back into the living room. Wade was still standing where Peter had left him, mask still on, but gloves off and being twisted nervously in his hands. Even with the mask on, Peter could tell his expression was lost.

Crossing the room and placing the tray on the floor beside the coffee table, Peter stood back up and moved in front of Wade.

"You doing alright? Is this…” Peter cleared his throat, "Is this too much? Should I have kept the reservation?"

Peter reached out and gently placed his hands over Wade's, stopping the twisting motion and pulling the gloves free to toss on the couch.

"What is this, Petey?"

"Dinner. I thought…"
Wade interrupted before Peter could find a way to voice what he thought. "You can't just do stuff like this to us!" Wade threw his hands in the air and started pacing, the muscles under his suit moving stiffly and showing just how much Wade was holding his body under a tight control right now. "I told you I love you!"

"I know," Peter started, only to be interrupted again.

"I told you I love you because White and Yellow said we couldn't hurt you, couldn't push you away. But then you said you just wanted to be friends. And it's what we expected and it was okay. You aren't gay!" Wade turned back to Peter and glared, "You said you weren't."

"I'm not," Peter tried again, but again Wade didn't let him finish.

"Then what IS THIS?!" Wade turned and picked his gloves up off the couch before throwing them violently at Peter's chest. "You can't do this to us! We'll follow your lead and we'll be whatever you need, but you can't…you can't just…" Wade ran his scarred hands over his mask covered face, then pulled them back just far enough to stare at them.

Wherever his mind went in that moment, it seemed to take him to a calmer, if much sadder place. The violence and controlled strength from a moment ago seeped out of him as quickly as it had come and Wade seemed to crumple back onto the couch, still staring at his naked hands.

Peter took a tentative step forward, then another when Wade didn't react. His heart broke to see his friend like this, and Peter had to bite back the guilt of knowing that his own confusion, and his words during that confusion, had been part of the cause. He made his way slowly to the couch and sank down beside the older man, reaching out and interlocking his fingers with one of the hands that Wade was staring at so intently.

For a minute, they were both silent, just staring at the contrast of Peter's hand against Wade's. The scarring was only a part of that contrast, but Peter wondered if Wade saw anything past that. He wondered if Wade saw how strong and large his hands were compared to Peter's. If he saw how thick each of his fingers were compared to the thin artist-like ones on Peter's hands.

Peter tightened his hold on the hand in his as he started speaking. "I don't want you to just follow my lead or to be what you think I want. I want you to be you, and I want us to work whatever this is out together. I never want to stop being your friend, Wade. But I…I want more than that too."

"You aren't gay. You said." Wade whispered it, bringing his other hand up to stroke a pattern across Peter's wrist.

"I'm not," Peter agreed. "I wish I knew how to put what I feel into words, but I'm still figuring it all out myself. I'm not gay. I'm attracted to women…"

Wade dropped Peter's hands and sighed, "Then this is pity."

"NO!" Peter turned and knelt on the floor in front of Wade, staring up at his mask covered face, "Never that. This is…it's my feelings for you meaning more than anything else."

Wade lifted his head a little, meeting Peter's eyes under the mask, "But you're straight?" Peter nodded, "Then this…what does that mean for this?"
"I don't know," Peter admitted, "I just know I want it. I want you."

That seemed to be the right thing to say, because Wade reached up and pulled off the mask. Peter smiled into those blue eyes. "Whatever it means, we'll work it out together. Okay?"

Wade nodded, eyes roaming over Peter's face. Peter wondered if the other man was trying to gauge his sincerity, and he tried to let everything he felt show on his face. He didn't know if he succeeded or not when Wade's eyes drifted away and to the tray on the floor.

"The tacos! They're getting cold!"

Peter smiled again. "I can reheat them."

"No! They're never as good, reheated," Wade shook his head and looked back at Peter, "Let's eat. Save the tacos from a painful death of lukewarm meat, and limp lettuce."

He made a face that made Peter laugh as they moved to the table. The emotional talk seemingly forgotten. Peter wasn't naïve enough to believe they were past this. But whatever else dating a man might mean, dating Wade would mean facing explosive emotional talks that quickly got shoved under the rug once they were through. Peter could respect that. Emotions were difficult at the best of times, and for Wade, who was riddled with self-doubt, they must be doubly painful. It would be up to both of them to show each other how they felt after talks like these, and Peter would do everything he could to show the other man that he really did want this.

---

Dinner after that was an experience. It alternated unpredictably between a typical dinner with Wade where both of them were laughing and telling jokes, and first date awkwardness where one or both of them would remember that this was a date and would go silent, blushing or shooting shy glances at the other.

Yet, despite the awkwardness, it wasn't bad. Instead, every shy glance from Wade sent warmth through Peter's whole system. It brought a blush to his cheeks and had him biting his lips in a way that made Wade stare.

"I was thinking…" Wade trailed off for a moment, eyes still on Peter's mouth, "It's early, and you don't work tomorrow."

"Yeah…" Peter nodded, wondering if the blush was going to be a permanent part of his face around Wade from now on.

"Well…" Wade's eyes slid to the side and out of focus for a moment, and Peter knew he was talking to Yellow and White. It was somewhat eerie to watch, now that he knew what was going on. It felt like he was seeing something private, a glimpse at someone's diary or seeing their bedroom through an open window. It took a moment for Wade's eyes to refocus, and when they did he was bouncing with excitement. "Well, they are taking Battlestar Galactica off Netflix in a few days. We should totally have a marathon tonight!"

It wasn't what he expected the other man to say. In fact, Peter would bet good money that whatever conversation had taken place inside Wade just now, it had been an argument over just what Wade would say. It made Peter smile to think that, maybe, not just Wade, but White and Yellow also wanted to extend the evening. That they had thought up a way to do it without making it awkward.
"I am liking this plan," Peter laughed, standing up and grabbing the plates, "Why don't you put the pillows back on the couch and get it going. I'll grab desert."

Peter left the room briefly, sticking the dishes in the sink and grabbing the banana cream pie, which he had dumped a liberal amount of chocolate pudding on top of, out of the fridge and two forks from the silverware drawer before returning to the living room only to stop and smile at the sight. Wade was sitting directly in the center of the couch, using a knife to clean out from under his nails so nonchalantly that he may as well be screaming his plea for Peter to sit beside him.

Shaking his head, Peter moved to sit beside Wade. It was probably better not to comment. Any comment he made would likely just scare Wade off, and Peter wanted to sit next to him anyway.

"Desert," he said instead, taking his seat and offering one of the forks to Wade. The merc took it, glancing at the pie tin that Peter held between them and then up at Peter.

"We're sharing a plate?"

"Bad idea? Do you want…"

"No! This is good. This is great!" Wade stuck his fork in the pie and pulled out a bite, sticking it into his mouth as if to emphasize his point.

Peter smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Self Promotion: https://www.tumblr.com/blog/iamtheyellowbox

There was such a delay in this chapter and I can't apologize enough. I put the story on a temporary hold while I created my cosplay for my state ComicCon and had every intention of taking the story up again a few weeks ago when that was over. Unfortunately, I came home to a very sick cat who didn't make it. He was 14, old and blind and missing most his teeth, but I am still heartbroken. And adding insult to injury, the vet bills had me working extra hours to recover financially. It's been a roller coaster of a month, but I think I'm starting to do better now.

I hope this chapter and the awkward Petey/Wade date time is a good thank you for everyone who waited so patiently for this chapter. I should be posting at a more regular rate again now. I'm aiming for once a week (though the optimist in me is hoping for more than that).
Chapter 22:

Wade frowned down at the knot in his stitching. Annoyed, he let his heels hit the wall of the building he was sitting on a little harder than necessary.

[Hey, don't kill the feet when the fingers fail.]

Fingers are stupid...but I need them more than the feet at the moment.

He set the needles to the side, carefully sticking them into the ball of yarn to avoid them rolling off the roof, then set to work unraveling the miss-stitching. He had to get this right. It was a present for Petey and it had to be perfect.

[If you want it perfect, shouldn't you put the mask on it instead? It's not exactly....attractive, as it is.]

Wade frowned. Yellow was right. Maybe...he reached for the scissors, ready to once again cut the head off of the mini-Deadpool he was knitting.

{Bambi liked us without the mask. He wanted that.} White reminded.

Damn. Why was it all so confusing?

He put the scissors down and frowned at the doll.

He had been knitting it for the better part of two days and he had replaced the head and hands 14 times already. To mask, or not to mask, that was the question.

[The real question is why that crotch is so flat. Come on, give Petey something to really love down there!]

{He's straight, remember? Reminding him that his boyfriend has a penis isn't in our best interest.}

Boyfriend.

Wade smiled. He and Petey were boyfriends. Grant it, they had only been on one date, but it was a pretty successful one, if Wade did say so himself. Which he did.

After dinner, the two had sat on the couch and eaten their desert. Wade had made a point of not looking at the younger man as Petey had licked pudding and pie from his fork. In fact, he'd eaten more than his share just to end the delicious temptation sooner. Peter hadn't said anything about the pie-hogging though, just smiled and placed the tray and forks on the coffee table, then leaned back to watch BSG. When he sat back, though, the younger man had moved closer to Wade. The merc had spent the next three hours moving stealthily closer to the brunette, until their entire sides were pressed together and Peter was snuggled against Wade.
Of course, that had been when Wade noticed that the other man had fallen asleep.

Still, cuddles were cuddles. Wade had sat with his arm around the younger man, warm and happy, until the episode ended and he, reluctantly, snuck out from under Petey and laid him out on the couch. He had wanted to tuck Peter in, or, at the least, place a blanket over him, but he didn't want to go into Petey's room without an invite...no matter how tempting the chance to snoop might be. Instead, the merc removed his own jacket and covered Peter with it, placing a quick kiss to the brunette's forehead and praying that that wasn't wrong. That stealing a kiss on the forehead wasn't like stealing a kiss on the lips. It wasn't taking advantage. Right?

He'd grabbed his gloves and mask and snuck out through the window after that, forcing himself not to stay and stare at the sleeping man. Stalking wasn't sexy. If reading the torture that was the Twilight saga had taught him nothing else, it had taught him that.

Man, those kids were messed up.

{{PETEY ALLERT!}} White and Yellow yelled together.

Wade pulled himself out of his reverie and let his eyes focus on the street below him. Peter had just turned the corner onto the street and was making a straight line for Stark Tower.

[We can catch him! Or meet him inside. Give him his pressie and ask him out tonight!]

Nodding, Wade grabbed the doll and his needles and went to work quickly on completing the last of the stitching that connected the head to the already-completed body.

{He might not want us to meet him now. This is his work.} White pointed out.

Wade frowned. We always meet him here.

{As friends. But now...He might not want them to know.}

White had a point. If he were in Peter's shoes, he definitely wouldn't want anyone to know that he had a boyfriend as ugly as Wade. Then again, if he were as pretty as Petey, he wouldn't have a boyfriend as ugly as Wade to begin with.

{Petey likes us. He knows we're a sexy beast. He's not gonna...}

{But he hasn't called.}

Double damn.

It was true. The date was two days ago and Peter hadn't called. Wade let his fingers come to a stop, staring at the face of his doll.

The doll was about the size of a teddy bear, and Wade had painstakingly knitted every detail of his Deadpool suite, pouches, boots, and gloves. He had even made little cardboard guns and knives that he'd tucked into various harnesses at the doll's waist. But this version of the...the thing...had his face. No mask. The peach face and black eyes stared up at him, little pink patches and red lines across it forming Wade's scars. Wade had even unraveled some brown embroidery thread and tied it into the stitching at the head to represent the few hairs that Wade still had on his own head.
He had been going for honesty, as a thank you for Petey wanting him to take his mask off on their date. He had wanted to give Peter a part of him that was true. But now, looking at the thing...there was no denying it was ugly.

There was no denying he was ugly.

Wade reached for the scissors again. The masked head he had also knitted was still in the yarn bag. It would only be a few minutes to replace it again.

[He's straight. Maybe...maybe he's just still working it out.]

[Doesn't mean he doesn't want us. Right?]

Wade hesitated. Didn't normal people wait a few days between dates? Between even calling a date? Was this normal?

Why would anyone do this? Why would it be normal to make people wait and wonder and drive themselves crazy?

{Maybe he wants us to call him?}

That was possible. Wade hadn't thought of that. After all, it was Wade who snuck out the window at the end of the date.

[Maybe he doesn't think someone as sexy as us can want someone as nerdy as him?]

No!

Peter couldn't think he wasn't worthy. Wade couldn't let that happen. Peter was perfect!

All thoughts of not interrupting the young man at work vanished and Wade bounced to his feet, cutting the last of the threads on the doll and leaving the yarn bag on the roof. He'd come back for it.

Wade took off down the stairs, hugging the doll to his chest. By the time he made it to the street though, Peter was already inside the building. Wade picked up his pace, dodging past pedestrians and scientists alike, ignoring the yell to “SLOW DOWN” from the security guard at the entrance, and was just able to slide into the elevator with Petey before the door closed.

The younger man looked shocked by his abrupt appearance, but didn't look unhappy to see him, and Yellow silently cheered inside Wade's head, sure that they had done the right thing by showing up at his work.

“Petey, I missed...”

Rudely, JARVIS interrupted him before Wade could finish. Wade glared at the speaker where the computerized voice was coming from. [Shoot it! Kill him! It’s not murder to kill a machine!]

“I apologize for the interruption, but Mr. Stark has requested that you be rerouted to Conference Room Alfa.”

Peter and Wade looked at each other and gulped. Conference Room Alfa was the Avenger’s Board room. [I guess the Avengers weren’t as forgiving as Petey about killing a man.]
But he’d FIXED it! Petey said! It was what led to huggage and revelations and dating! Petey wouldn’t date him if it wasn’t fixed!

[They don’t like us. Petey does.] Yellow pointed out.

Wade felt his shoulders sag, just for a moment, before he shook his head and stood up straight again. He’d take whatever the Avengers thought was necessary for his punishment. He’d messed up. He’d tried to fix it, but maybe it wasn’t enough. {It’s never enough.}

The Avengers were heroes. They’d be fair. Whatever fair was. They’d be right.

Digging in one of his pouches, Wade pulled out the Deadpool plushy he’d been working on and quickly stuffed it into Petey’s hands.

“I missed you and I’m sorry I didn’t call and thank you thank you thank you for our date!”

Peter looked down at the doll in his hands, then looked up at Wade. A small smile tugged the corner of his mouth. “Wade...this is...” He paused for a moment and seemed to register something about Wade that made concern shine in his eyes. “I’m not going to let them do anything. They won’t send you away.”

{How can he read us like that? No one reads us like that.} White sounded awed.

The merc smiled down at Peter, wishing that Spiderman was actually Future-telling-man instead. [Horrible name.] Wishing that he really knew what the others would do.

[Kiss him. We might never get another chance!]

He was tempted. He was SOOO f*#%ing tempted. But Petey hadn’t said he wanted kisses. He wasn’t sure what he wanted yet.

[They’re gonna send us away and we’ll never see him again.]

Wade bit his lip, debating. But before he could decide if a hug, at least, would be okay the doors to the elevator opened and Tony’s voice was killing the moment.

“Just a moment. Knew you’d drop by eventually, so everyone’s been on stand-by for this. I’m just pulling the last of them up now.”

Peter and Wade walked into the room, side by side. The screen at the far end, which usually contained maps or other details of their missions, was now sectioned off into several small squares, each containing a different Avenger or SHIELD agent’s face.

[We are going to prison. They are locking us up and throwing away the key and we didn’t even get ONE Petey kiss first.]

Wade swallowed hard as he identified each of the faces on the screen: Captain America, Human Torch, Black Widow, Agent Coulson, and Agent Hill. And to top off that lovely execution squad, Wolverine and Iron Man stood at the end of room with them.

“Oh, everyone’s here. Is everything coming through clearly on your ends?”
There were various nods and “mmhmm’s” from the group. Wade looked up at the faces looming on the screen and shook his head.

“Nope. Sorry. All I’m getting is static. We better reschedule. Try next millennia.” Wade turned and tried to dash out the door, which shut in front of him with a quiet hiss.

He really hated JARVIS.

Peter reached out and laid a comforting hand on Wade’s arm. “It’ll be alright,” he said quietly, before turning and addressing the group. “Look, I know I said I didn’t want a say here…but I changed my mind. Wade messed up. We all know it. Even he knows it. But he tried to make it right…”

“He did. But we can’t overlook the fact that he killed a man. Again.” Captain America frowned down at Wade. All the disappointment that Wade had seen when he returned from his mission seemed overwhelming now in high-def, surround sound.

“I know. Like I said, he messed up. But he did it for the right reasons. Can any of you say that you’ve never done the wrong thing for the right reasons?” Peter pleaded, brown eyes big and puppy-like.

[How could anyone refuse that face?]

“We’ve never been paid to kill a man!” Ironman grumbled.

[Apparently he can refuse that face.]

“I have,” Black Widow chimed in. “I’m not proud of it, but you all know bits of my past. You all know what I was.”

“That’s why you’re here: to provide another perspective,” Agent Coulson chimed in. “Deadpool has had chance after chance and he’s fallen back into bad habits every time. None of us is saying he doesn’t deserve another chance,” he said quickly, overriding Peter’s objection, “but we can’t risk him falling off the bandwagon and killing again.”

{He’s got a point. What’s to stop of from making another bad decision?}

[Petey will be our conscience!]

“I’ll watch him!” Peter volunteered, “I’ll make sure…”

“No.”

Several voices rang out at once, but the only one that seemed to hold any weight to Peter was Wade’s.

“What?”

Wade swallowed, hating the look of sadness in Petey’s eyes. Hating that he had caused it.

“I don’t want you to babysit me,” try as he might, Wade couldn’t get his voice above a whisper. “It wouldn’t be fair.”
“I wouldn’t be babysitting you, Wade. I’d just be…”

“Taking responsibility for me. Making sure I don’t hurt anyone. But what if I do? You heard them,” He gestured angrily at their suddenly silent audience, “I always mess it up. I make the wrong choice. I enjoy killing. I’m good at it. And I don’t want you to carry the weight of it when I do.” He couldn’t stand the look of pain in Peter’s eyes right now.

[What are you doing?!

{Character development. I never thought we’d see the day.}

Wade pushed the boxes aside and turned his full attention to his judgement squad. “What are you going to do with me?”

~*~*~*~*~

Silence.

No one seemed to know what to say after Wade’s speech.

Even Peter didn’t know what to say. He felt raw, like someone had scooped out his insides with a spoon and replaced them with salt. Everything hurt. He could barely think. Could barely process.

Every piece of Peter wanted to argue with Wade. Wanted to tell him that he was wrong. That Peter could help him. That he would take care of the other man and protect him, even from himself. Everything that was in him hated this moment and hated that Wade was turning his help away.

And he had never been this proud of anyone before.

Wade wanted to take responsibility for himself. He wanted to accept the judgement of the heroes that he loved, whatever the cost. He was willing to face anything, to keep Peter from the possibility, the very real possibility, that he’d get hurt. That he’d have the blood of Wade’s next victim on his hands.

Everything hurt.

A part of him couldn’t accept it. Couldn’t accept that Wade would ever hurt anyone again.

But he knew the truth. He knew who Wade was and he had to accept all of him, even this worst part of him, if we was to care about the man at all. There was no cherry picking here. There was no turning a blind eye.

If he did, it would destroy Wade.

The merc wasn’t the type of man who could be half loved.

Oh, he’d accept it. Peter had no doubt about that. Wade was so starved for affection that he’d accept poison from the right hand.

But it’d destroy him. It’d break him in a way that even Weapon X hadn’t managed. Because under everything, Wade was human. None of us were designed to be less than who we are. We fake it and mask it and hide it, but underneath, no matter how hard we try, we just are; and we are all just
hoping for someone who will come along and accept every part of us. That one person who we can take down every barrier for.

Wade did that for him.

Peter looked at the other man, surprised and sad and elated. Wade accepted all that Peter was. Spiderman and geek and friend. Peter never had to put on airs around the other man. He never had to pretend. Wade would face a firing squad for Peter. He’d admit to every insecurity and face every rejection to save Peter from a moment’s worth of pain. Wade really did love him.

“Well...that was...unexpected.” Coulson cleared his throat and glanced significantly at the others.

“I told you. Sometimes, it just takes the right motivation,” Black Widow smiled at Peter in a way that made him feel like he was in on a secret. He just didn’t know what the secret was. “Maybe this is his moment. This is where he takes his stand.”

“Oh, sweetie, spoilers.”

Wade took a step back and spluttered. Peter felt about the same. Natasha Romanov was a Whovian?!

“I take it we’re all in agreement then?”

“Agreement?” Peter asked. “What exactly are you agreeing on?”

“I’m in.” Agent Hill sighed.

“You know where I stand.” Logan smirked.

The others simply nodded.

Wade and Peter looked at each other, confused.

“Okay then, Wade is staying in New York under three conditions.” Tony looked at Wade seriously and waited until he had his full attention before counting each condition off on a finger of his right hand, “One: You will have weekly sparring sessions with Logo to help release any...homicidal tendencies.”

Logan’s grin turned a little malicious, “And I have no intention of holding anything back.”

“Bring it, little man,” Wade was grinning under his mask, and Peter could practically feel the relief coming off him in waves. The Avengers were giving him another chance.

“Two: You will attend every Avengers meeting, whether or not you are a part of the mission.”

“We want you to see how we do things. Give you a different frame of reference for solving problems,” Black Widow chimed in.

Wade nodded enthusiastically.

“If you have a question about how to handle a situation,” Steve stared down at them, “you’ll call one of the Avengers or someone at SHIELD and you WILL take their recommendation or you will hand over whatever mission you are working on and WE will take care of it. Understood?”

“Understood, Mon Capitaine!” Wade smiled. “Beat up Logan, attend boring meetings, and no killing. I’ll be good. I promise.”

“We’ve heard that before,” Steve signed. “We don’t want your promises. Just...try. Try really hard, or you are out. No more chances.”

Peter smiled at Wade, “He can do it.”

He knew it wouldn’t be easy. But he’d take Deadpool out with him every time Spiderman patrolled if he had too. He’d find a way to make sure Wade had all the support he needed, without his taking responsibility for the other man. He’d find the balance. Because Wade deserved to be happy.

“Alright then. Class dismissed,” Tony clapped his hands and moved to turn off the screens.

“Wait, one more thing!” Coulson rushed out, freezing Tony in place. Everyone looked up at him. “Nice doll, Peter.”

Peter looked down at the doll that Wade had given him. He had forgotten all about it in the chaos of the meeting and had somehow ended up holding it tight against his chest for...well he wasn’t sure how long.

Peter blushed.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry. I am so, so sorry.

It has been FOREVER since my last update. I had some stuff come up and...blah. I'm not going to get into it, besides to say that I am so sorry! I want to thank everyone who has followed or found this story since I started it and everyone who has left such wonderful comments. They have meant the world to me. Your patience has meant the world to me.

I'm back now. I'm not going to promise how often I'll update, as I don't want to make myself into a liar. But I will say that I will continue this story to the end, however long it takes.

I hope you enjoyed the new chapter, and I hope it was worth waiting for. Sorry, haven't quite gotten to the x-rated stuff yet. I did mention this would be a slow burn! hahaha.

Don't hate me.
Peter left Conference Room Alfa, blushing harder than he had in a long time. He never would have imagined when he got out of bed this morning that, 20 minutes into his work day, he'd be seen and teased for clutching a doll.

Peter glanced down at the doll in his hands and smiled softly.

Of course, if he had to be tormented about something today, he had no problem with it being this.

The doll was obviously hand knitted, a skill which he never would have guessed Wade to have. More than that, though, was that Wade hadn't gone out of his way to make himself something he wasn't. He hadn't given the doll version of himself a great head of hair or flawless skin. He'd been real. The doll had just as many flaws and defects as the man himself.

Peter traced a finger down a "scar" on the doll's cheek and smiled wider. As much as he wished that he could take Wade's pain away, he would never wish the other man, or the doll, was different than he is. His pain, his scars, they only showcased just how strong the other man was.

"You really like him then?"

Peter looked up, blushing again, but didn't allow the smile to fall from his face. "I really do."

"Should I have waited to give him to you until you got off work?" Wade glanced guiltily at the conference room, then at the blush still staining the younger man's cheeks.

"Nope. Now Coulson's jealous of my amazing doll!" Peter laughed, "Actually, if you ever need to bribe him, you might want to consider making him a Captain America version."

"Really?" Wade tilted his head, smiling under his mask. "You think he'd like that? I totally could!"

“I seriously think you should. But I want to be there when you give it to him. I want to see the look on his face!” Peter laughed, getting into the elevator and pushing the button for his floor and hoping, practically praying, that JARVIS didn’t redirect them again.

“I’m glad you like it.”

Peter glanced over at his companion, who suddenly sounded a lot more shy than normal.

“I’m sorry I didn’t call sooner. I should have,” Peter rubbed a hand over the back of his head, fluffing up his hair.

“No, it’s okay. You’re…”

“I had yesterday off and so stayed at Aunt May’s house,” Peter interrupted. He wasn’t sure he wanted to hear whatever reasoning Wade had come up with. “I didn’t get back until last night and I…” Hadn’t wanted to call that late, which was a lame excuse, considering the hours both of them
kept, but it was the truth. Even after all this time of their friendship, Peter wasn’t used to being around someone who kept the same hours as him. In the last few months, Peter and Wade met up regularly, but rarely called or texted. And it’s not like Peter had ever had cause to call any of the other heroes he knew.

“No, I get it, Baby Boy,” Wade held up his hands. “Besides, first date and all. You wouldn’t want to give away that you are desperate for my bod or anything!”

Peter laughed and shoved the other man, “Is that why you didn’t call me? Desperate for my bod?”

“Oh, you know it!” Wade wrapped an arm around Peter’s waist and pulled them so their bodies were flush along the one side. For Wade, this was actually pretty tame. He was used to Wade grabbing at his butt or snuggling into him, and it warmed Peter’s heart to know that he was holding back, just a little, out of respect for the younger man.

Not that Peter needed it.

Peter let himself relax into the hold, sliding his own arm around Wade’s waist in return. He felt Wade go complete still at the motion and held his breath to see what the merc would do. It was one thing to flirt with Peter, but was he really this affectionate when he was dating someone? Would he still want to be this tactile? Peter had always been pretty tactile with the girls in his life, but they were girls. Wade was a man and a mercenary. Peter would understand if he wanted to keep their touches light and joking, rather than this...softness.

“Peter…” Wade all but whispered it, “…I…”

The elevator doors opened and Wade jumped away from him.

Peter kept his sigh to himself. He guessed that answered that question. It was fine. It was all fine.

Peter stepped out of the elevator, but Wade stayed where he was, one foot in the door to hold it open. “I should be a good...a good friend and let you get back to work...or to work. Since you haven’t gotten to work at all today because of me.”

Peter nodded, “Yeah, I should…” he sighed, “I really love my job, but I really wish I had today off too.”

Wade tilted his head, giving Peter the confused puppy look that he sometimes got and Peter smiled, trying to push back the awkwardness that was suddenly hanging between them.

“I wish I could spend the day with you,” Peter looked down, glancing up through his hair. Guess even masked vigilantes and mercenaries weren’t able to avoid the awkward next-day conversations after a date.

“Really?” Wade grinned like a lunatic, “I could set the building on fire. Then they’d have to let you go!”

Peter laughed. “No setting anything on fire.” But he couldn’t help grinning right back at the other man.

“Maybe after work then? A d...hanging out. Not setting things on fire.” The merc was bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet now, using his shoulder to hold open the elevator.
“It’s a date,” Peter couldn’t stop grinning.

“A date,” Wade nodded, glancing around at the people in the hallway, none of which seemed to be paying them any attention. He stepped back into the elevator with a final, “Maybe one small fire?”

Peter laughed as he walked away, and couldn’t quite shake the feeling of impending smiles the rest of the day. He’d thought it would be different, dating a guy. He’d thought it would feel off to him, since he wasn’t really attracted to men. He thought it’d feel more like it did being friends with Wade: friendship plus. That he wouldn’t really enjoy touching him or that he’d want to keep his distance.

Actually, in hindsight maybe that was a stupid thought. So he wasn’t really attracted to me. Who cared. He’d been tactile with Wade from day one, even as he was dodging the other man’s advances. And touching him...that had never felt “off.” But it’d never aroused him either.

Peter wasn’t sure yet if it ever would. He cared for Wade, a lot. But his secret fear was what if he couldn’t be what Wade wanted.

Peter glanced at the doll again, at the scars and the sparse hair.

If Wade was willing to unmask himself and let Peter really see him, then Peter could do no less than return the favor. They’d figure it out together.

And that was one thing that’s no longer in doubt, he thought as he pictured the shy man he’d seen across the table from him on their date, I definitely want us to be in this together. I want it to be an “us.”

The rest of the day went smoothly, if slowly and, at lunch, Peter spent some time texting with Melissa, who hadn’t stopped hounding him about “his man” since their conversation about orientations.

He really enjoyed her company, and having someone to talk to about everything helped a lot. Even though things didn’t work out with Melissa, he was forever grateful that he’d met her.

‘Come on, give me something! You OWE me!’

Peter read the text and laughed as he replied, ‘I have no dirty details to spill. Sorry.’

‘What’d you guys do? Did he bring you flowers? Did you bring HIM flowers? And why, in the name of GOD, haven’t you kissed him yet?!’

That had Peter choking on his chocolate milk. ‘We did the normal: Movie and dinner. No on the flowers...though I somehow ended up with his tie. And...none of your business, nosey.’

‘His TIE?! Was there clothing removal? Have you been holding out on me?’

‘No...well, yes, clothing removal. As in he removed his tie and placed it around my neck.’

‘LOL. Ah, innocent love. Okay, serious question now. Was it what you wanted? Did it answer any of your questions?’

Peter put his phone down and took a bite as he considered the question and just how honest he
wanted to be. After all, this was really something that he should discuss with Wade first. But he did owe Melissa. Without her help, he didn’t know where things with Wade would have taken him.

‘Yes. It’s what I want. He’s who I want. It’s new and I don’t know if it’ll work because there are so many complications but...’ He paused again, and reread his text and thought of the meeting with the Avengers this morning and how Wade stepped up and took responsibility and was willing to face any justice they decided on. He remembered the feel of Wade’s hands in his on their date, and Wade’s panic about what this meant. ‘I can’t imagine this any other way. I still have so many questions. That wasn’t magically fixed. But he’s who I want.’

‘That’s the best start you can hope for then.’ Came the reply, followed quickly by: ‘Now get off your phone and get back to work so you can go see your man!’

Peter crammed the last bite of food in his mouth and decided to send one more text before going back to work. This one went to Wade: ‘I’m almost reconsidering the fire option...’

He got up, then glanced at his phone again and quickly typed, ‘But we better not’ before Wade got the wrong idea and he got them both into a world of trouble. He didn’t think Wade would take him seriously, but you never knew.

As he was tossing his trash away, he got a little skull emoticon symbol, followed by a poop emoticon and an L, then a heart and a spider.

Dead poo L <3 Spider

How could he NOT want this man?

Peter looked at the clock. 1 o’clock. 4 more hours left.

2:30. Two and a half hours.

2:45. Really? Only 15 minutes had passed? Really?

Peter glanced up, then down again quickly. He wasn’t going to do it. He wasn’t going to turn into one of those clock watchers. He loved his job. He had no problems working his full day, or even staying late most days. He wasn’t going....

3:07.

Damn.

4:02. Getting closer. Less than an hour. He could make it 58 more minutes. There was no reason he
He couldn’t remember the last time he was looking this forward to a second date.

*~*~*~*~*~*

4:23.

Knitpool stared at Peter forlornly from the corner of his desk, as if blaming Peter for the fact that the world seemed to be turning so slowly.

*~*~*~*~*~*

4:34.

“Oh, for the love of all that is holy, just GO!”

Peter glanced to the doorway of the lab, where Tony was suddenly standing and looking more exasperated than Peter had ever seen him.

Suddenly, all eyes in the lab were on him.

“Um…” Peter started.

“Don’t worry about it. You clearly can’t concentrate today and it’s not like I’ve never been worked up over a date. Just go. Have fun, come back tomorrow and hopefully you’ll be more use to everyone.” Tony laughed, shaking his head.

Peter didn’t need to be told a third time. He jumped up, grabbed Knitpool and his bag, and headed for the door. “I really will. I promise. I’ll work double time tomorrow. Even stay longer!”

When he reached the door, Tony turned and took a few steps out of the lab with Peter, before shutting the door behind him and stopping them both.

“I’m not worried about the time, Peter,” He said, meeting the younger man’s eyes. “I don’t know what you’re doing or what you see in him, and I definitely don’t think it’s smart, but…” He rubbed the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger. “Just be careful.”

“I am,” Peter said seriously.

Tony nodded, “Then it’s none of my business. Unless he hurts you. Then Pepper might kill him.”

Peter laughed, “Now THAT’S a threat that even Wade would be scared of. Your girlfriend is awesome.”

“Oh, I know it,” Tony smiled, but it didn’t quite reach his eyes.

Peter had never seen the other man this serious. A part of him actually feared it might be breaking something in the other man’s brain. But Peter knew what he was doing.

Kind of.
Anyway, he knew Wade would never hurt him, so Tony had no reason to fear there.

“Get out of here. Enjoy your date. I’d say don’t do anything I wouldn’t do, but…” Tony shook his head, “Just remember, if you can’t shield your rocket, leave it in your pocket.”

Oh. My. God.

“I can’t believe you just said that,” Peter might actually die of embarrassment.

“Same goes for him, if he’s doing the...launching.”

Yup. He was going to die of utter embarrassment.

Chapter End Notes

Credits: The name “knitpool” was introduced to me by the lovely rain1975. Thank you so much!

Comments: This chapter is a little shorter, but that's just cause that was the only way I'd get it out tonight and I wanted to give all you wonderful people a treat. I'm hoping to get a lot of time to write this weekend, but we'll have to see how it goes. I've learned not to make promises on this. I love you all.

Self Promotion: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/
Doubts and Reassurances

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nope.


Wade put his face in his hands. He wasn’t going to do it. He was NOT going to look again.

[You know we are.]

{No. We have SOME self control….}

[No we don’t!]

No, they really didn’t.

Wade stood halfway up, before White chimed in again.

{No, we don’t. But we already know what we look like. Do we really want to see that again?}

Wade sat back down.

Damn.

Hey, cool. He could think “Damn” without it bloopying out.

Damn. Damn. DAMN!

Hehehe.

[Focus. Mirror, now!]

{No mirror! We’ve already looked 24 times!}

[23! The 15th time didn’t count!]

{It DID!}

[Did not.]

{Did.}

[Nope. We were just trying to get a drink from the fridge. Not our fault that the microwave is reflective. Besides, we only saw our arm anyway before we chickened out.]

{We went to get a drink hoping we’d see ourself in the microwave. It does too count!}
Wade glanced to the bedside table where his gun sat.

{{NO SHOOTING OURSELF!}}

Wade signed. At least the boxes agreed on something tonight.

{We are dressed. We look as good as we are going to get. No getting brain matter all over the place. Bambi will be here soon.}

[Maybe we should check the mir….

“NO!” Wade shook his head. No more mirrors. He’d checked it enough. 23.25 times was more than enough!

[23.25? That’s what we’re going with?]

“Compromise is the key to any relationship,” Wade quoted from the first 2 minutes of the relationship guide tape he’d manage to make it through before getting too bored and deciding that listening to it probably wouldn’t make Petey like him any better anyway.

KNOCK KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

A smile pulled at Wade’s lips. Petey knocked in rhythm tonight. That meant he was happy to be there, right?

[I think it means he wants us to kiss him, finally.]

Wade shook his head and stood up, but couldn’t help glancing over as he passed the mirror. His reflection stared back at him and, for a second, Wade considering pulling on his mask after all. He was wearing jeans and a hoodie, with the hood pulled up over a baseball cap, which was pulled low on his face. His hands and face though, were bare to the world.

[It’s how Bambi wants us. Still not sure why but he does.]

Wade nodded, walking past the mirror and hoping that the sight of him didn’t change Petey’s mind. It hadn’t so far, but you never knew. Wade’s healing factor had his scars ever changing and, while today wasn’t a particularly bad day [It always gets worse.] there were no such things as good days, either.

{We have a date with Peter today.} White’s words were a barely there whisper across Wade’s mind.

Sighing, the merc straightened his shoulders ignored the familiar sensation of pain as his scars stretched and healed. I have a date with Petey. This time the thought rumbled through his mind like thunder, drowning out the pain and self-hate.

[Petey is waiting at the door.]

Wade continued to the door and opened it, smiling wide at the sight of the other man.
“He’s wearing our tie again!"

Petey’s eyes ran up and down Wade, quickly taking in his appearance as a smile spread across his face, “You look great.”

Wade preened.

“We told you he’d love us. And you kept checking the mirror. Dweeb.”

What?! Wade glared at his head.

“Tell Yellow to shut it and tell me what the plan is tonight,” Peter laughed.

“How’d you know it was Yellow?”

“Yeah! White is mean too! Don’t always blame me!”

“It’s always Yellow,” Peter snickered, awkwardly slipping his hands in his pockets and blushing. “Was I right?”

[NO!]

{Yes.}

“Yes.”

The confirmation brought the smile back to Petey’s face, “So, what is the plan for this fine evening, sir?”

Wade bowed low, sweeping his arm across his body in his best impression of an old fashioned gentleman, “If it pleases sir, the plans are a surprise.” He stepped through the door and pulled it shut behind him.

Peter’s eyes widened, obvious surprise in them, “We’re going out?”

Wade froze. Had he done the wrong thing? Should he have his mask on? Maybe Peter….

The younger man stepped forward and stopped Wade’s spiraling thoughts with a hand on his cheek. “I want to go out with you, exactly as you are. But only if you’re comfortable with it. I don’t mind the mask if you are more comfortable in it.”

A fierce debate raged for a moment inside Wade. Yellow insisted that they put the mask on, that Peter’s words meant he wanted it on and was too afraid to say. White insisted that Peter would prefer it off, but meant what he said: that he didn’t mind the mask if Wade wanted it.

Wade….well, Wade didn’t know what to think.

{When all else fails, ask.}

“Do you want me to put it on? I don’t mind…”
Peter shook his head, “I want you comfortable. You take the mask off for me in private. That’s more than I could have hoped for. I don’t mind if you want it on in public.”

“But do you want it on in public?” Wade tried again, hoping for a real answer this time.

Peter bit his lip, obviously thinking how to word his answer, and Wade reached for the mask in his pocket but Peter caught his hand before it made it there, “I prefer you like this. No mask, just you,” after a deep breath, the other man continued, “But I really do mean it when I say that I want you comfortable. The mask doesn’t bother me at all. It’s part of you too, and….I….” he ran a hand through his hair, “I really like you, Wade. However you want to dress.”

Peter looked really awkward now, like he wasn’t sure if he’d said the right thing or not, but he looked like he really meant exactly what he’d said.

“Then lets go,” Wade pulled his hand away from his pocket and laced his fingers with Petey’s for a moment. He didn’t hold it long. He didn’t want to make the other man uncomfortable.

{He wasn’t uncomfortable in the elevator when he leaned into us.}

Wade bit his lip, remembering the feeling of Peter leaning against him and the sudden panic that it caused. What if someone saw them? What if they teased Peter about it? What if they fired Peter because he was with a murderer? What if they….{What if they made Bambi change his mind?}

Exactly.

Peter bumped Wade’s shoulder with his own, “Wherever your thoughts have taken you, bring them back. I’m selfish. I don’t share on dates.”

“What if they find out?” Wade blurted in a rush. [Great, that sounded manly and brave. He’s sure to want kisses now.]

The younger man stopped and looked at Wade, before taking his hand and replying, “They’ve thought we were dating since the first time we hung out.”

“Thought. That’s different.” Wasn’t it?

“And between Knitpool and JARVIS, I’m pretty sure it was confirmed before you ever left the building. AND,” Peter continued, talking over Wade’s attempt to interrupt with panic babble, “I pretty much confirmed it to Tony when he let me head out early today.”

{[What?]}

{He admitted...to an Avenger...that he’s dating us?}

Wade didn’t know how to react. Everything in his brain felt broken. Frozen. Popped. Whatever a brain does when the little neurons weren’t firing anymore.

Do neurons fire? Should he shoot it? Would that get them going again?

{[No shooting!]}

Wade didn’t know how to react. Everything in his brain felt broken. Frozen. Popped. Whatever a brain does when the little neurons weren’t firing anymore.
“Is it okay that I told him?” Peter’s voice sounded uncertain, but even that couldn’t quite pull Wade out of the static his brain had entered. Actually, Wade was pretty sure it just sent him deeper into the fuzz.

“You’re asking ME?”

“Well, yeah.” Peter reached out and touched three fingers lightly to Wade’s shoulder. Each one felt like a branding iron. “Wade, I want this...this relationship to work. That means deciding things like this together. In fact I probably should have talked to you before...”

“I will never not be okay with you telling someone about us.” Wade stepped closer to Peter, intentionally pushing into the touch on his shoulder until the younger man’s entire hand was cupping the muscle there.

“Are you sure? I mean...” Peter bit his lip and seemed to take a breath for courage, “It’s not like they know I’m Spiderman. You’re just dating...me. That’s not exactly...”

Wade leaned in and pressed their lips together, cutting Peter off before the other man could continue. It was absolutely unacceptable for Peter to think that Wade could ever be ashamed of dating him!

[Um...we are kissing Petey.]

Wade jerked back.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Not without permission. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to!” Wade plastered himself against the wall on the far side of the hallway, hands up and keeping Peter, who had followed him in concern, at arm’s length.

“Shh, hey! It’s okay!” Peter stepped back, allowing Wade his space, but reached up and interlocked their hands. “It’s okay.” His voice was quiet and calm. Calming.

“No, it’s not okay!” Wade shook his head, pushing out the image of John Watson that was coming up at entirely the wrong time. “You aren’t gay. I can’t just kiss you!”

“Wade, listen to me,” Peter demanded, waiting until Wade was focused on him, “I know this is hard on you. I know it’s confusing. It’s confusing for me too. But I meant it when I said that we’d figure this out together. If you want to kiss me, I want you to. I don’t,” Peter growled lightly, frustrated with himself, “I don’t know what I’ll be okay with and what I won’t right now but I know that you touching me, especially like that...comforting me...that’s never NOT been okay. That’s always felt...right.”

{He’s blushing again. He’s being completely honest.} Once again, White sounded awed by Peter. Actually, Wade was pretty sure that every part of him was awed by Peter.

“You...you really didn’t mind?” Some of the tension left his body.

“Not even a little,” Peter stepped closer, reaching up and cupping Wade’s jaw, “Actually, as far as first kisses go, that was kind of...perfect.”

Yup, his brain was definitely dead now.
Not that Peter seemed to mind. In fact, he was leaning forward slightly.

Wade’s eyes moved down to Peter’s lips, which were gravitating closer to his own. His mouth suddenly felt dry and tense. He wasn’t sure that he’d ever been this aware of his own mouth before. He was pretty sure his tongue was suddenly too big to fit in it, and Wade let it out slightly to wet his lips.

Then, Peter’s lips were on his again.

It was gentle, questioning, and possibly the sweetest thing that Wade had ever experienced in his life.

He felt Peter come even closer, chests just barely brushing together as Peter’s head tilted and the kiss gained a little pressure.

Without his consent, a soft whimper came from somewhere in the back of Wade’s throat and Peter pulled back slightly and touched their foreheads together. He was smiling.

*He kissed me and he’s smiling.*

**Chapter End Notes**

*So...I'm not dead! Bet you are surprised!*

No, seriously, I'm really sorry that it's taking me so long on this story. My creativity has been a very on again off again experience since I started this and I've been enjoying it so much that I refuse to publish subpar chapters. It may take me a while, but I will get through this story! I have so much planned for these boys!

This chapter is a little short, mostly because I've kept you waiting so long already and wanted to make sure that I got something out tonight. I hope the kiss made the shortness worth it. ;)
Damn.

Peter lowered the hand that had once again gravitated to his lips. He glanced to his side. Wade was studiously not looking at him, but even in profile Peter couldn't miss the satisfied smile that was tugging at the corners of his mouth.

Damn.

Though, to be fair, Wade deserved to be self satisfied. That had been a hell of a kiss, especially for how chaste it had been.

The brunette bumped his shoulder into Wade's and smiled when the other man looked over at him. Wade slid his arm around Peter's shoulder, tentatively at first, but Peter felt the pressure increase when the arm wasn't shrugged off and Peter's smile widened.

He expected this to be awkward. He expected to be freaking out about having kissed a man for the first time.

To be honest, the arm around his shoulder was a bit awkward, but only because it made him change his natural stride a little to match up with Wade's. And maybe he would freak out about the kiss later. He couldn't say he wouldn't. But he was quickly coming to realize that, at least while he was in Wade's presence, everything between them felt natural. Perfect.

That kiss, when it was happening, wasn’t registering in his brain as his first kiss with a man. All that was registering was that he was kissing Wade.

Peter’s hand came up and touched his mouth again.

He had kissed Wade.

"We're here!" Wade's arm dropped off Peter's shoulders and he gestured proudly to the building they stood in front of.

Peter shook himself from his thoughts and looked around. "Oh, you are so going to regret this choice!" Peter smirked, "I am the KING of laser tag!"

They were standing in front of one of the many laser tag establishments in the city. This one was one of Peter's personal favorites. It had multiple levels, but was still small enough that you couldn't go an entire game without finding whoever you came here with. It was a small enough company that Peter always felt good about spending money here too, supporting local, small businesses and all that.

"Ppptth!" Wade stuck his tongue out, "I'm gonna make you eat those words!"

As they walked into the building, Peter forced his mind to focus on the air conditioning, the sounds, and the familiar smells that engulfed him. Anything but Wade and kissing and the two of them
kissing. He needed to focus if he was going to win this, and he had every intention of wiping the floor with the other man.

"Wow, what's wrong with his face?"

Well, that definitely killed the focus idea.

Peter’s swung around and glared at the young boy who was blatantly staring at Wade as his mother whispered furiously to him, obviously embarrassed.

"Your mom ever told you to stop making a face or it'll freeze that way? Listen to her." Wade nodded solemnly and the boy’s eyes got huge in his face before he nodded back.

"I will."

Peter’s glare melted into a smile as he turned to Wade.

“I’m just glad it only froze like this. It could have been MUCH worse!” Wade was making faces now as other kids were drawn to the scene.

“Who knew you were good with kids?” Peter couldn’t keep the smile off his face now.

Wade’s hand shot up into the air, “I did!”

Laughter rang out from the small audience of children that had gathered around the small boy and Peter gladly joined in, feeling his heart warm for this man who faced judgement and pain every day with a lighthearted smile. He knew that Wade had to be nervous and probably hurting over the comment, but instead of letting it weigh him down, he was choosing instead to laugh it off. More than that, he was choosing to make the child who was so unthinking laugh with him instead of at him.

Peter suddenly wanted to kiss the man again.

Pushing the feeling to the back of his mind, Peter asked loudly, “So, who wants to join me in destroying my friend here in a battle of laser tag?”

Hands went up all over the room as children were suddenly pleading with their parents.

“Oh, don’t let his pretty face sway you. You know you want to be on my team!”

General chaos ensued for several minutes while teams were decided on, parents convinced, and somehow Wade managed to pay for everyone and slip into the dark room to assemble his gear before anyone had sorted out that he had covered their fees.

Peter slipped into the dark “get ready” room and laughed. Wade had his gear on and was posing in front of a circus fun mirror with his gun, changing poses ever few seconds.

The sound of his laugh must have alerted the other man, because Wade turned and suddenly aimed his laser at Peter and shot.

“You realise it doesn’t count til we’re in there?” Peter gestured to the ready room.
“Nope. I shot you. I win!” The merc did a quick victory dance that had Peter reaching for his own weapon and shooting him in return.

“I shot you. We’re tied!”

“Oh, you’ll know it when you’re tied up,” Wade’s eyes widened as soon as the words left his mouth, “Uh….I mean…."

Peter blushed, but didn’t let the smile fall from his face. “I’m the web-head here. If anyone is going to be tied, it won’t be me.” He was pretty sure his blush was bright enough to see even in this dark room by now, but he didn’t care. He wanted this, the easy banter and flirting with Wade. They had accomplished it all through their friendship and Peter didn’t want to lose it now. He enjoyed flirting with Wade. Had enjoyed it for longer than he had been willing to admit.

Wade smiled, “I’m okay with that scenario.”

Peter bit his lip, wondering again just how comfortable he would be once their relationship progressed far enough to take them to the bedroom. The kissing had been nice. More than nice. Would he be able to…

His train of thought was cut off as children started streaming into the room, talking and laughing and grabbing weapons. Peter absolutely refused to consider any bedroom scene while surrounded by children.

After a few minutes of chaotically arranging vests, a bored employee came into the room and switched on a generic video going over the rules. Peter tuned it out, having heard it enough times to have it practically memorized. Instead, he turned his mind to memorizing the scene around him. Wade, smiling happily and playfully stage whispering advice to his team mates to go after Peter first, as the largest and most dangerous target.

Just as the video ended, Peter lifted his hand and pointed two fingers to his own eyes, before turning the hand and pointing straight at Wade in a classic Sokka “I’ve got my eyes on you” moment before turning and running into the darkened battle room.

Peter, Wade, and the children all scattered in every direction as they entered the room. Peter immediately heading for high ground, ducking around the various rocks and hide-aways provided as he went. There were a few moments where all that could be heard was the music of the room and the sound of pounding feet before the first digital shot sounds rang out and the room announced a point to Team Wildwing, the team name that Wade’s group had been assigned.

Peter cursed lightly and turned, peeking through holes in the rocks for the neon blue vest lights that indicated a Wildwing member.

There. Right between the rocks ahead.

Peter aimed and fired, smirking as the room announced a point, quickly followed by two more points, to Peter’s own Team Nosedive. That meant his group was getting in on the action.

Out of nowhere, his Spidey-senses tingled and Peter ducked and rolled across the floor and behind another rock just as he heard a shot ring out.

“Pretty sure special senses are cheating, Baby Boy!” Wade laughed.
Peter jumped up from his hiding place and shot as he ran across a bridge to another.

Point to Nosedive followed by a curse that the children’s parents probably wouldn’t approve of.

“Just using my natural gifts,” Peter could hear the taunt in his own voice.

“Natural my a$$!”


“He’d think cheating was worse than swearing!” Peter heard the sound of Wade’s gun just as he ducked, but the green of his own vest still went dark for a moment and the room announced another point to Wildwing.

Peter cursed.

“Language, Petey. What would Cap think?”

There was laughter in the older man’s voice and Peter couldn’t help laughing as well, even as he ran down a ramp and up across another on the opposite side of the room. He saw a Wildwing blue vest on a crouching child as he ran and aimed, but couldn’t bring himself to fire as the kid glanced up with fearful eyes. When his vest went dark again as he passed by, he had to shake his head at his own weakness and the kid’s cheek.

The next time he saw a flash of blue, he didn’t hesitate to fire. But as the battle raged on, Peter started noticing that fewer and fewer flashes of blue were appearing among the manufactured landscape. He just had time to wonder about that before he caught a glimpse of that missing blue, brighter than any he’d seen yet.

He stood and raised his gun, only to freeze at the site in front of him.

There stood Wade, with a child held up in one hand across his front and one hanging on to his back tightly, blocking both sides of his vest. All around him were more children, each with their backs pointed to Wade and their front’s protected with human shield’s of their own. Many of the human shield’s lights were out, but they were still protecting their teammates, who were firing off non-stop shots at green Nosedive members. Wade, as the tallest in the group, was shouting directions to his shorter cohorts and firing at any Nosedive member unlucky enough to grab his attention.

Unfortunately, before the shock of this strategy fully left Peter, he drew the attention of the megalomaniac and the green of his vest was once again off.

Peter was laughing too hard to hear when the announcer broadcasted Wildwing’s victory.

*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

“And you call me the cheater!” Peter roared, tears forming at the crunched up corners of his eyes.

“I don’t know what you mean,” Wade sniffed indignantly, “Human shields are not against any laser tag regulations. I’ve checked.”

That just had Peter laughing even harder. “Oh, I’ve no doubt that you have!”
“So, you admit it? I won fair and square!” Wade hooted, spinning around a light post before linking his arm back through one of Peter’s.

“I didn’t say that,” Peter snorted, “Just that only you would think of checking a rule book to make sure you could use children as human shields! Used this strategy a lot, have you?”

“Never had a laser tag opponent worth using it on, til now. You should be proud!” Wader tightened his arm as though giving Peter’s a slight hug.

Peter shook his head and didn’t respond. The truth was, he was proud. He was proud to be the one standing here beside Wade, making him smile and laugh. He was proud to be the one Wade trusted. He was proud to be the one who got Wade to take off his mask, not just in private, but even here on the street, where even he could see the many glances that Wade was getting: some curious, some disgusted, even one or two encouraging...but most just pitying.

Wade, though, just continued smiling and joking with Peter. Peter knew he was registering the looks. Knew it by the tightness of Wade’s shoulders and the strain underlying his voice. Yet, they were never acknowledged by either man.

“What’s the next part of this adventure, then?” Peter smiled at the other man.

“…” Before Wade could answer, an explosion rocked the street and sent crowds scattering in all directions.

Peter tried hard not to compare the previously staring masses to cockroaches.

Wade and Peter’s eyes met and they smiled as Peter realized that this would be the first date that he’d ever been on that he wouldn’t have to make an excuse to disappear and suit up. That whatever misadventure was about to take place didn’t even mean the end of his date. He and Wade would be in the thick of it, together.

This was gonna be fun.

Chapter End Notes

Follow me on Tumblr: http://iamtheyellowbox.tumblr.com/

I’m sorry it’s been so long since I’ve written. I haven’t had the energy or motivation for a while. To be honest, I don’t have it now. But I feel like I, and probably a lot of you, could use a little Spideypool therapy at the moment.

I don’t think that I’m alone in saying, that life has kinda been a douche recently. Between drama at work and the entire political state of my country, there has been a non-stop buzzing of fear and depression just under my skin. And if I’m feeling it, even in the semi-sheltered life that I live, I can’t imagine, dear reader, how much you are probably hurting. I don’t know what has happened to our world.

I’ve always tried to be an optimist and I’m trying still. I’m trying to see the mass amounts of protesters and pro-bono lawyers and all the people stepping up and
remember that the world is mostly a good place filled with good people….but the truth is, I’m having a really hard time convincing myself of that lately.

It seems like, for every person out there doing good there is 5 more out there filling the world with hate. I feel like I’m drowning in pain and fear and anger and I just don’t know how to heal myself, let alone heal the world I’m occupying.

So I am making a plea in the one place where I know my voice is heard…the one place I know people will see it: please be kind to each other. Please see the beauty in each other. Please help each other up when one of us falls. Please stop hating.

End Notes

I love critiques and comments make me want to continue writing, so drop me a line and give me your thoughts!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!