Say My Name

by DropTheBeet

Summary

Spider-man and Deadpool have been... Associates for a while now. But as personal pressures cause Spidey to spiral into chaos, he finds himself growing closer to the mercenary who has a weird obsession with him calling him by name.

This fic may change rating in later chapters, but I will try to tag each chapter so you can skip it if you want. It's not in any particular universe, I just pick and choose what bits of lore I wanna add. In the immortal words of Katya and Trixie Mattel, "Because it's our show. And not yours."

Notes

Spidey is a mess. But it's totally not noticeable.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Peter was on the floor with some random bad guy’s knee crushing his larynx when Deadpool showed up. More precisely, when his two katana appeared, through the guy’s chest, and hoisted him off Peter’s throat.

Peter scowled reflexively, being sure to squint his eyes for maximum impact through the mask.

Deadpool looked delighted. “Oh Em Gee! If it isn’t lil’ Spidey!” He jerked the now limp body off his katana and onto the floor in a grim splat of blood.

Peter winced. He wondered if the guy had any family.

Deadpool sauntered to him, holding out a hand to where Peter lay sprawled on the floor.

Peter deliberately ignored the offer, choosing to flip to his feet with ease before dusting himself off.

“You missed a spot.” He pointed unhelpfully at Peter’s behind, smirk filtering through his voice. “Just helping out a Buddy.”

Peter huffed, shaking his head. It had been a long night. Actually, a long week. A long life.

He heard Deadpool skipping behind him, skidding slightly on the gravelled roof to stay in pace beside him. “You know it must be jelly, ‘coz jam don’t jiggle like that”, he sing-songed with a swing to his arms.

Peter sniffed, using the last dregs of willpower in his body to ignore the taller man as he knelt by the edge of the roof. He even managed to ignore the wolf whistle as he ripped his backpack off the side
of the building where he had webbed it in place earlier. He unzipped his pack in search of refills for his webbing.

Deadpool threw himself down next to him, unaware of how much Peter had to resist pushing him off the building. Just because he would come back to life, doesn’t make killing him okay.

“So, Spidey, Webs, oh Love of my Life, you got any hot goss for Daddy Deadpool?”

Peter felt a muscle in his neck twitch at the nicknames, still focusing on twisting out his empties. “Cut to the chase. What do you want?”

Deadpool whined, “C’mon, Webs! Nothing!” He wiggled like a schoolgirl, looking stupid in his hulking body if you asked Peter. “Why are you so mad at me? The fuck did I do this time?”

“What do you mean? I’m fine.” Peter continued packing away the empty canisters.

Deadpool threw himself forward in an exaggerated flop, Peter jolting forward to catch him as his mass teetered near the edge, other hand still firmly on his pack.

Deadpool allowed Peter to pull him back up, looking pleased. “So you do care! Aww, Webs.”

Peter let go of him with a huff, turning back to get a refill for his shooter. “I told you, I’m not mad. I’m just… Tired.”

Deadpool hummed, swinging his feet across the empty space. “Well, I’d sure be more inclined to believe you, except you’ve been like this for over a month now.”

“Ever thought maybe it’s you I’m tired of?” Peter shot back.

Deadpool scoffed, “Unlikely. I’m a fucking delight.” He brought his hand up to squeeze his chin, body fully turned to Peter. “Hm, not mad. Can’t possibly be me.” He snapped his fingers, “The girlfriend giving you trouble?”
Peter rolled his eyes. “Don’t have a girlfriend, ‘Pool.”

“Thought you and Stark were…” Deadpool made a loop with one hand, sticking his fist through.

Peter grimaced, almost dropping the canister. “Oh my God, ‘Pool. That’s disgusting.”

“Not even a-?” He switched to a finger, tickling around the edges of the hole.

Peter shoved him away, Deadpool shooting a couple inches across the gravel.

Deadpool bounced back, settling closer than before. “Hm. So… No trouble in paradise for the Amazing Spider-Man?”

Peter sighed. “Apart from the usual criminal activity, I’d say Queens is doing pretty well.”

Wade cheered, slapping Peter on the back, causing the contents of his pack to clank together. “There’s that wit from your Grindr profile.”

Peter squinted, wracking his brain. That wasn’t on his profile, right? Wait. How would Deadpool even know that was his profile?

Deadpool continued, oblivious to Peter’s musings. “Well. It was on your cosplayer’s Grindr profile. Never underestimate my ability to identify dat ass.”

Peter nodded internally. Right. He wouldn’t know his profile from any other stranger’s.

“So does that mean your profile is-” he waved his hand at the suited man “-this.”

“Well I can show you Baby Boy!” Deadpool shuffled closed, un-wedging his phone from a tight leather pouch on his thigh. “This’ll be sure to bring back the Spidey the fangirls clicked on the fic for. Here, look”, he leant closer before suddenly cradling his phone to himself and jerking back. “You’re old enough for Grindr, right?”
Peter frowned, “I’m 32, ‘Pool.” He twisted further back to consider the other man. “Wait, you were flirting even though you weren’t sure I was legal?”

Deadpool scoffed, “I mean. I was pretty damn sure you were legal. But Grindr is a dark place when you’re still all youthful innocence.”

“You kill people in front of me. All. The. Time.”

Deadpool scoffed, “I only slightly un-alive some bad guys. Anyway, so here’s me.”

Peter leant back in. Typical headless shot but wearing skin tight clothes and the leather gloves from his Deadpool costume. He scrolled to the next picture, a shot of a bunch of toys, gags, a selection of whips. Only one more picture and it was of a figure bent over in leather pants so tight Peter was surprised he couldn’t make out the asshole. The description just said “IF YOU HAVE A WEAK STOMACH IM NOT FOR YOU.” The name just said Wade, 35. A lot less My Little Pony and body horror than he was expecting.

Peter snorted, “No way are you 35.”

Deadpool took his phone back. “Hell yeah I am.”

Peter just stared at him silently.

“Well, I mean technically I’m maybe 50- But I don’t age!”

Peter poked Deadpool in the gut. “Haha, you’re old!”

Deadpool jabbed him back. “As if you’re so young, Baby Boy. 32?”

Peter stood up, stretching backwards until his hair would have brushed the ground. “30 is the new 20, ‘Pool. But you’re just old.”
“You love that science shit, you do whatever nerds do to age shit and you’ll see I’m forever 35.”

Peter kept twisting side to side, enjoying feeling his muscles tense and release as he stated drily, “What cut you in half and count the rings?”

“If that’s what it takes! I’ll grow back eventually. I’ll even let you keep my bottom half. It’s where the party’s at anyways.”

Peter straightened up, looping his backpack over his shoulders. “I’m good, Wade.”

The other man froze a second. “Hey, say that again.”

Peter paused, looking down where the other man sat. “Say what again?”

“My name.” Deadpool cocked his head. “Sounds nice when you say it.”

Peter turned away awkwardly. “Don’t make it weird, ‘Pool.”

“But Webs!” He whinged from behind Peter, “I’ve been such a good Deadpool this year.”

Peter turned back at where the other man now lay sprawled across the ground. Peter nudged his ribs with his foot.

“If you stopped killing people, I’d be more likely to agree with you.” Although, he pondered, it was true he had seen Deadpool on the wrong side of the fight less and less.

Deadpool shot back up, looking like an excited masked puppy. “So if I cut back on un-aliving people, you’ll use my name more?”

Peter paused. It didn’t really matter to him, but if it saved some lives… But equally, they were never truly in private. Someone could always be listening.
“What about your secret identity?”

Deadpool turned back to the city with a shrug. “It’s not really a secret. Seeing as I can’t die and all. No one really cares to know.”

Peter paused as Deadpool looked out at the view laid out in front of him. He wandered over and ruffled the top of the mercenary’s mask.

“It’s a deal, Wade.”

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Peter came home to an empty apartment.

He dragged off his mask, throwing it onto a pile of laundry on the floor as he flipped the light switch. Nothing happened.

He groaned, seeing if the lamp switched on. The TV. The microwave.

Nada.

Fuck. They’d switched off his electric. Again.

He flopped down on his bed, defeated. He glared at the ceiling.

When it wasn’t lack of funds, it was disorganisation. And he just didn’t have the energy in him to call the energy company to see which.

Things had fallen apart quickly since MJ had left. And that was over a month ago now if his Facebook memories were anything to go by. He should just delete the damn thing.
He went to pick up his phone where he’d left it plugged in on his bedside table, but of course it was dead. He resisted the urge to throw it across the room, instead letting it clatter back on the table. At least he felt slightly more justified in not calling the energy company.

His stomach rumbled, pulling him towards his tiny kitchenette. He knew better than to open the fridge, something had been growing in there and at this point he was too afraid to ever look inside again. That was the growth’s domain now.

He banged through his few cupboards, finally finding two cans. He squinted in the poor light filtering through the window, trying to angle the labels into the thin orange glow. He hummed, shaking them. Well, one *sounded* like canned fruit, or unidentified liquid with chunk. The other… Pass.

He shrugged, sliding the second can back in the cupboard and fishing out his can opener.

Hmm, but he knew there had been no clean forks for about two weeks now. He tapped the top of the can absent-mindedly.

But! He’d had chinese take-out yesterday or last week or some kind of close time ago.

He nudged at the pile of trash in the corner before he heard the rustle of paper bags. He carefully felt around sticky boxes before he felt them.

He cheered, chopsticks in hand. Ah, sweet victory.

He turned on the kitchen tap, ignoring its pained juddering, to quickly rinse the sticks.

Moving back to the can, he started cranking that baby open. Or, that was the plan, but while it was making the metallic noise, it was damn stiff and it didn’t seem to be cutting anything.

He growled at the can opener, calling it a traitor as he flung it at the trash pile.

Not even wincing at the sound of his carefully constructed trash pile toppling, he gripped the edge of the tin and tapped into his super-strength to rip it open with a nasty screech.
He picked up the sticks, licking up the can juice as it leaked down his arm before shuddering.

It was ‘fruit’... It was pineapple.

"Why are you even here?" Peter hissed. The can neglected to answer.

Resigned, he stood in the middle of the floor and stabbed into the offending fruit, eating it dutifully.

He was almost done when the lights came on with a low hum.

Ah. It wasn’t his fault. A power cut.

It was then he realised two points.

One; the can had a ring pull.

Two; He’d been trying to use a garlic press as a can opener, which now lay in a twist of metal among spilled noodles and microwave containers.

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

TW/ Homophobic language briefly used, threat of sexual violence, actual graphic violence, hint of racism. All addressed.

Chapter Notes

This one is Wade's POV, and he makes a friend.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wade hadn’t got tingles like that since ASMR still worked for him. He let the shudder fully roll down his spine with a pleased faux-squeal, watching Spidey’s ass as it swung away.

He found himself wondering yet again what was up with the guy.

_Probably wasn’t joking about being sick of you. I’m sick of you._

_What if it’s something else though?_

_Well, unlike us, Baby Boy has plenty of friends._

Wade scowled, “Hey! I have friends!”

_Both the boxes snorted. Enough to count on more than one hand?_

_Who’re you trying to kid?_

Wade pouted. Rude. It’s true, but still.
He got up, stretching out his shoulders and remembering fondly how far he’d just watched Spidey bend.

*Could do a lot with that flexibility,* Yellow pointed out.

Wade shook the resulting thoughts away, the night was still young and he didn’t wanna get side tracked into another sub-par triast with whoever would have him.

He briefly considered jumping off the building, maybe Spidey was still close enough to catch him. But the thought of how long he’d be offline if he died made him turn to the stairs. And he never knew what mood he’d be re-alived to.

As it was, he met a pair of cute asian lesbians who took a bunch of selfies with him on the elevator down. So a win on not jumping off the building.

As he skipped through the streets towards Sister Margaret’s, he wondered why it always seemed to be the asian girls that asked for pics.

*I’ve also noticed there are a lot of fanfics of you from those countries,* White mused.

*Yeah, but aren’t there a lot more monster fuckers in Japan and shit?*

*Racist, Yellow.*

*“Yeah Yellow, a little bit of cultural sensitivity. We’re shaping young minds here!”*

A businessman crossed the street to go around Wade, just as he heard a scream to his left.

The businessman clutched his suitcase to him as Wade sprinted past to launch himself into an alleyway.

He could see a dressed up- Stripper? Cosplayer? Drag queen!- being held to the wall by her throat, trying to kick out at her attackers.
The attackers didn’t seem to notice as Wade marched towards them, so sure that no one would come to help their victim.

Ohh, if that didn’t light up Wade’s little bloodlust fire into a raging inferno.

“Fucking fag, stop fucking moving”, One jeered, trying to catch her kicking legs as his buddy shoved a knee between them.

“Why? You only interested in dead fish, you fucking cuck?” She spat, managing to jab her heel into his crotch.

Before they could reply, Wade cheered, drawing his katana. “Nice kick, gorgeous! But can I have a go now, oh please oh please?”

Even with her makeup smudged and her lip bleeding her smile was beautiful. “Go ahead, honey.”

Wade whooped, remembering his promise to Spider-Man last second and choosing to only slice through the guy’s arm, watching as it fell away from the Queen’s throat with glee.

The man yelled, falling back and clutching his severed arm, as his pal tugged out a gun from behind his jeans.

Wade tsked, “Don’t you know-” he ignored the blooming pain as he was shot to the gut, continuing in his cheerful tone “-not to bring a gun to a knife fight?”

He laughed at the look of horror on the guy’s face, kept laughing as he cut clean through his hamstrings when he tried to run away.

When he was sobbing on the floor, pleading for mercy, while his buddy had passed out against the wall, Wade stopped. He took a deep breath. Think of Spidey’s ass. Focus on the clinking as the bullets are pushed out your body. Ignore the boxes screaming to finish them. Happy place, happy place, happy place.
A hand on his shoulder. The Queen had gentle eyes, mouth quirked. “You want me to call the police, baby?”

Wade hummed, “Up to you, I’m on my best behaviour.”

The Queen glanced down her nose at the two men on the floor. She pursed her lips, shrugging. “They might get found. Eventually.” She linked arms with Wade. “I don’t trust the police anyway.”

Wade grinned, allowing himself to be led out the alley. If they bled to death, that wasn’t necessarily his fault.

“So, you looking for an escort home m’lady?” Wade side eyed the Queen, noting the small tremble in her hands.

The Queen huffed, flipping her hair over one shoulder. “I still have to go to work. Girl’s gotta eat. But…” She paused, bit her lip. Her voice was quieter, “Could you make sure I get home from work? I don’t wanna be alone tonight.”

Wade shrugged easily, “Hell, I’ll stay for your shift. You performing? I’m expecting VIP treatment.”

The Queen smiled, just as dazzling as the first time, as she tugged him further down the street. “Oh yeah, honey. I’m performing.”

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She was the headliner at a little club not far from one of Wade’s favourite safehouses. That was where he kept his bazooka, because his baby only deserved the best.

He had only been half joking about the VIP treatment, but after Jazmine told the staff what Wade had done for her the alcohol kept flowing and the bill was never mentioned.

Wade reckoned he could use a night off, but his restless leg insisted on an outlet for all the energy balling up at the base of his spine.
The quick fuck option was looking more and more appealing. He briefly pondered if Jazmine would be interested, but thought she’d had enough sleazy ugly guys hitting on her for one night.

As the bar filled up, he felt more and more like a wolf in the sheep pen. Jazmine must be good, as he even spotted straight people settling in for the show. He wondered briefly if he was in a predatory enough mood to turn a straight guy gay for the night, then remembered he hadn’t attempted that since The Face.

As he was lost in his thoughts, a pretty little twink leaned into his space. “Is this seat taken?”

Wade glanced around, all the seats had already been taken from his little corner table- before he noticed the twink pointing to Wade’s lap.

He felt his grin turn sharp, “Not yet”, he sat back in his chair, waving his hands in invitation.

The twink spun into his lap, wiggling back against his chest with a giggle.

Wade rest a hand in his hip, God Damn this kid was small. He nuzzled up behind the kid’s ear, “How old are you, sweetness?”

“23.” No hesitation.

Wade squinted, grip going a little mean. “Tell Daddy the truth, little lamb.”

He felt the kid’s breathing hitch, a shiver running down his body. “19”, he breathed, barely loud enough to be heard.

Wade huffed, annoyed, as he pushed the kid out of his lap.

The kid squawked, indignant, and turned to pout at Wade.
“But Daddy”, he whined, trying to sidle closer as Wade held him away with one hand. “I’m legal.”

Wade rolled his eyes. Barely legal. “You must be at least yea high-” he held his arm up “-to board this ride.” He collared a bar staff as he ran by, pointing at the kid. “That one shouldn’t be drinking, he’s driving.”

The staff nodded, continuing back to the bar as the kid squinted at him. “Why’d you tell them that?”

Wade shrugged, “I’m not ruining your fun, just making sure you don’t get white girl wasted.” He motioned him away, “Now fuck off, kid. I wanna watch this.”

The kid kept glancing back over his shoulder at Wade as he settled back in a booth, chattering with his friends. Obviously all under 21. Wade shook his head, turning to the stage. Fucking youth.

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The show was spectacular, Jazmine brimming with charisma. The audience absolutely ate her up.

You wouldn’t have known anything had happened earlier that night.

Wade stayed after the show, sat at his table. He didn’t end up picking anyone up. Felt too much like a shark surrounded by a school of fish. No one stood out enough to take a bite.

Jazmine soon found him, now out of drag. Still pretty as a boy, with a flop of curls on his head, but you could better notice the strong jaw, the lean muscle across his chest and shoulders, it was unfair. Pretty in both genders.

His smile was still dazzling out of makeup as he walked towards Wade. “Aren’t you getting sweaty behind that mask?”

Wade stood up to meet him, “Trust me. There’s far worse under this mask. Better to keep it on.”

Jazmine looked sceptical, “If you say so, honey. What’s your name, if you don’t mind me asking?”

Jazmine smiled. “Well, just Wade”, he held out a hand, “I’m Francis.”

Wade suppressed a shudder as he took Francis’ hand.

Fuck. Can we ask to only ever call him Jazmine?

No way in hell are we fucking calling them Francis. How do we complain to the author?

Wade ignored the boxes as best he could, offering his arm. “Shall we?”

Francis - We said we aren’t accepting this! - The man took his arm with a grin, leading the way out the bar and though the streets while chattering away about various dramas and gossip amongst the club scene.

Wade really appreciated how well the other man drowned out the noise of the boxes.

When they reached his apartment, Wade noted it was only two blocks from his safe house. It also wasn’t the greatest area, but New York was fucking expensive, so it wasn’t terrible.

“Come in, I’ll give you a tour!” Wade noted the slightest hint of desperation in the other man’s gaze and nodded easily.

“Sure, you got any coffee in there?”

Francis- NO- The smaller man led him up to his apartment, a loud thump coming from next door as he pulled out his key.

Wade cocked his head at the noise.
The other man sighed as he opened his door, “I know. I don’t hear a peep from anyone else, but I
swear he’s constantly banging and crashing in there. It’s a good thing I work nights so it doesn’t
bother me.”

He shut the door behind Wade, squeezing past the hallway while still chattering about how the
neighbour was cute and he’s pretty sure had just split up with that hot redhead but he wasn’t sure if
he wanted to risk a relationship when finding a nice apartment was a nightmare. He flicked the light
switch, to which nothing happened.

The man started muttering in, was that Filipino? Been a while since he was stationed out there, so
couldn’t be sure.

“Having trouble cupcake?”

The other man flapped his arms, “Power’s out.”

Wade hummed, “There goes my promised coffee.”

The other guy shifted closer to Wade. Very close.

*Hit on twice in one night? What are the odds?*

*Pretty high in a fic I reckon.*

“Well”, the smaller man purred, moving his arms around Wade’s shoulders, “I could make it for you
in the morning?”

Wade hummed, “Tempting.” He gently removed the man’s arms, “But, I think I’ll pass.” He had
been through enough.

*And he’s called fuckin’ Francis.*
Francis shrugged easily, “Fair enough.” He pulled out a drawer, taking out a card and offering it to Wade. “But feel free to hit me up. I feel like even just being friends with you would be worth it, Wade.”

The lights flickered back on with a hum. Wade took the card, sliding it into a pocket on his belt. “Sure. Just one request.”

The other man cocked a hip, eyebrow quirked and smile playful. “Which is?”

“I really hate the name Francis. Please pick anything else”, Wade pleaded, tempted to drop to his knees.

The other man laughed loud, caught off guard.

“Sure thing, Wade.” He pat Wade on his shoulder, “My friends all call me Frankie anyway.”

“And I’m a friend now?” Wade smiled.

“Well”, Frankie teased, stepping back to the coffee maker, “If you buy me dinner first.”

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Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, any comments however simple are super welcome and feed my ability to write more like gamer girl pee
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

TW this chapter contains suicide, explicit violence, and explicit sexual themes. I've marked the start and end of each, so you can read around them if you need to. Stay safe bbies <3

Chapter Notes

Wait, they were neighbours?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter wasn’t sure what time he woke up. He hadn’t reset his digital clock after the power outage, and he also hadn’t plugged his phone back in to charge. He briefly considered calling in sick, before the thought of having to call made his anxiety tingle up his arms.

He tugged on some sweats and a shirt with stains he could hide by tucking it in, his hoodie should cover the rest anyhow. He briefly frowned at the mess on the floor from last night, before shrugging on his backpack and leaving the apartment.

As he locked the door behind him, his neighbour’s door opened and a familiar voice filtered out.

“Well, if you need me to crush any more kneecaps, you got my number buttercup.”

Peter froze, keys still in hand. “Wade? The fuck are you doing here?”

Deadpool swung round before slapping a hand over his masked eyes, “Oh fuck, Webs! Your mask, your mask!”

Deadpool twisted away, swearing as he stubbed his toe on the skirting board.

“The hell are you doing in my building?”
“Your building? I was just looking after a friend last night.”

“Ugh, I don’t wanna know.”

“Not like that! Although… Would that make you jealous?”

Peter groaned, rubbing a hand down his face. It was way too early for this.

“Just… Promise not to tell anyone about me. And stop calling me Webs, you’ll give me away.”

Deadpool nodded, accidentally hitting his head into the wall. “Ow, fuck, sorry Baby Boy, I can just stab myself in the head? That should make me forget.”

Peter lunged forward to catch Deadpool’s arm as it went to his utility belt. “No! Fuck… No. You don’t need to. Ugh, fuck it. You can look.”

Deadpool hunched his shoulders, hands still frozen. “I’d rather this was your choice, Baby Boy.”

Peter sighed, scrubbing a hand through his hair. “I… Really don’t care at this point. Weirdly, I believe you when you say you won’t tell anyone.”

As the suited man cautiously lowered his hand, turning to look at him, Peter held out his own hand.

“Peter.” The larger man was still frozen. Peter nodded to his hand. “My name. It’s Peter.” Still nothing.

“Are you OK, Wade?”

Deadpool let out a punched out wheeze, “Just peachy. Fuck, you’re pretty.”
Peter stared deadpan, “As you tell me every time I see you.”

Deadpool took Peter’s hand in his own gloved one, clasping it with the other. “Peter.” His masked face didn’t hide his glee. “Cute.”

“Yeah, thanks, listen. I gotta go, I’m late for work.”

Deadpool jolted, releasing his hand and stepping aside. “Sure! Sure. Places to go… You want me to-?”

Peter rolled his eyes, “We both need to leave the building, but I’m not taking some six foot two leather-bound dude with a mask to work. My boss would have a fit and probably fire me.”

Deadpool followed him, still staring at his face. It would have been disconcerting, had Peter the energy to care. “And then I’d kill him for you.” Deadpool caught himself, “Or! Gently… Persuade him to take you back?”

Peter shook his head, “Sure, ‘Pool. I’m sure that would go just super.” He opened the door to the stairwell, Deadpool groaning behind him.

“Stairs? Petey?”

Peter’s mouth quirked as he looked over his shoulder. “Feel free to take the elevator.”

“No!” Deadpool ran ahead, skipping down two steps at a time. “Beat you to the bottom!” He sing-songed, voice echoing back up to Peter.

Peter cocked his head. Well, as there was no one else in the stairwell… He jumped straight down, catching at the railings here and there to slow the descent.

At the bottom, he looked up to see Deadpool’s head peeking down at him.

“Cheater! I can’t believe you cheated!”
Peter snorted, “See ya, ‘Pool”, and left the building.

*MARKED-EXPLICIT SEXUAL THEMES*

So. Spiderman was hot under that mask. In a run-down-Dad-who-gets-no-sleep kinda way.

As soon as he’d called his name by the door, Wade knew by the shivers and the familiar voice it could only be one person. And fuck, seeing Spidey out the suit was a treat.

*I wanna eat him whole.*

*Or eat his hole, whichever.*

He’d looked messy, tousled, had a good stubble going on. Wade bet that’d feel great on his face if he kissed him, give him a delicious burn.

Wade groaned, adjusting himself in the suit. He wasn’t far from that safehouse, and he wanted to get out the suit and breath for a bit anyway. He bit his cheek, grinning as he ran down the last few flights of stairs to exit into the autumn sunshine.

The streets were busy, and he got a few looks but wasn’t given any reason to stop or slow down on his way back to his safehouse. Which was good as the fantasies of taking Spider-man, Peter he remembered with a shiver, apart with his tongue weren’t stopping any time soon.

He probably should have tried harder to get laid last night.

He climbed up the fire escape, letting himself into the safehouse through the window and disabling the safety system with his pin code, trying hard to ignore the scenarios the boxes were throwing at him of Peter on his back, on the table, plowing into Wade using his super-strength.

It took three tries to input the code correctly, which is good as any more and his security system likely would have killed him. And that was a pretty effective mood killer.
He ripped off the mask, letting it fall to the floor as he fumbled with the buckles on his suit. He should really rethink the design for ease of access, although it only seemed to be him needing the access.

Wade pushed that thought to one side. Self-loathing later, wanking now.

He finally built enough space to push the bottom half of the suit down just enough to free his dick and ass, deciding he wanted to settle into that fantasy about Petey plowing him like harvest day in a starving village.

_Don’t think that’s how farming works._

“Shut up”, Wade whined through his teeth, going to grab his cock and changing his mind, gripping into his thighs with his blunt nails and hissing.

What if Peter was mean about it, wouldn’t let him touch.

Wade whimpered, “Fuck, shit.”

He scrambled into his pockets bunched around his knees, pulling out a packet of lube. He left the gloves on, knowing he wouldn’t be able to feel through them, smoothing the lube across his fingers.

He reached back, groaned as he wondered if Peter would realise he could be cruel with Wade. Wade would just heal through it. He shuddered, arching a little as he shoved in two fingers as hard as he could.

His other hand flew to the wall, cock jerking out a pearl of precum. He gasped, adding a third as soon as he managed to get it past that ring of muscle.

It was a shit angle, but the thought that this was about Peter taking what he wanted from Wade, that it wasn’t about Wade’s pleasure.
“Oh God”, he gasped, other hand flying to his cock, cheek pressed into the wall.

His body kept humping forward and back, and he deliriously wondered if Peter would hold him still while he fucked him, or if he was the type to let him try to move to meet his thrusts.

Wade came in a tight curl against the wall, ass clenching tight around his fingers as he jerkily kept thrusting them.

He blinked lazily, still panting as he withdrew his fingers. The ache in his ass already fading away to nothing. He hummed, stumbling back a little and watching his cum slip lazily down the wall.

/SEXUAL THEMES- MARKED EXPLICIT SUICIDE, GORE

“I want pancakes.”

He wiggled out his suit, shedding it along the hall as he went to his kitchen. He stood fully naked in front of the fridge, cock softening as he squinted at the eggs. When did he buy those?

He filled up a glass of water, dropping them in to watch them sink as he hummed cheerily to himself.

He’d never do those things to us though.

White sounded morose, He’d take one look at our face and we’d never see him again. He deserves way better than us anyway,

Wade scowled, fishing out the eggs and grabbing a mixing bowl.

We’re stupid. Worthless.

Don’t forget ugly.

Why would he ever look twice at us?
We don’t deserve to be happy.

Wade grit his teeth, knuckles white as he gripped the edge of the kitchen counter. He muttered to himself, muscles bunched, kicking at the floor. “Shut up, shut up, shut up. Make it stop. Make it stop.”

Why? You deserve to be sad.

We shouldn’t be happy.

Tears stung at Wades eyes as he shook his head, watching the eggs grow wavy. “No. Not now. No no no no-”

Stop denying it. We’re terrible and the world is better off without us. We don’t deserve to live.

It should be someone else who gets to never die. Someone better.

Wade fell to the floor, clutching his head. “I know! Don’t you think I know that?”

We should just die.

No, we deserve to suffer.

“Fuck”, Wade whined, stumbling to his feet. He ripped through his pockets, pulling out a knife and desperately digging into his wrists, watching in despair as they repeatedly healed over even as he worked in a new notch.

You know that won’t work, Wade.

Can’t even do this right.
He dropped the blade, yanking open the cupboard in the hallway. He pulled out a gun, shakily loading it.

*Wade, don't do it. You need to suffer with us.*

Wade shoved the barrel in his mouth, swallowing reflexively as the tears kept flowing.

*We deserve this Wade, never forget we deserve this.*

He pulled the trigger.

Chapter End Notes

Yet again, comments are greatly appreciated, I read and reply to every single one. Even the keyboard smashes. Ily
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

TWs for this chapter: Emetophobia and Gore, both marked so you can skip them if you want.

Chapter Notes

Don’t eat it, Alice.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wade woke up to a massive headache and the room spinning. He sat up slowly, clutching his head as he leaned against the wall.

He tried to remember how he got here. Completely naked, nice. Also covered in blood. Less nice, most the time.

He got up shakily, pain shooting through his head, as he looked around blearily.

Ah. Right.

Blood and brain matter were splattered across his hallway.

“God damn it.” He picked his way through the mess with a sigh. He had hoped that next time wouldn’t be so messy. Stupid Depression Wade.

He vaguely wondered if this would count towards his un-aliving score with Spidey as he padded back towards the kitchen with a jaunty whistle. He did like the silence after a quick break from living.
He breathed deep, letting out the air in a gush before leaning down to get out some cleaning products.

The pain in his head was down to a dull ache by the time he had filled a bucket with hot bleach water. He pursed his lips as he considered his options for scraping away the clumpy bits, and settled on an old spatula.

He stuck on some tunes as he scraped away the worst of it, not too worried about some stains here and there he just didn’t want it to smell like an old slaughterhouse in here. It was his best safehouse, and he kind of wanted to keep the location now he had two people he liked nearby.

He grinned, that brings number of friends up to his second hand. Suck it, boxes.

He dumped the dirty water and gore down the toilet, flushing it away.

/GORE END

Now that was out of the way… He cranked the shower on. Another reason this was a great place. Strong water pressure and heat.

He shivered in the spray, letting the water wash away the worst of the mess before soaping himself down with an old Lush bar of soap.

After ensuring he spelt sufficiently like a little girl’s birthday party, he stepped out the shower and dripped down the hall to get a towel out his bedroom.

Deciding he was going to make those pancakes, he threw on some sweats and hung the towel around his neck.

Just because he would heal, didn't mean hot oil to the dick didn't hurt.

It wasn’t long before he was sat at the breakfast bar, stack of pancakes drowned in maple syrup in front of him, scrolling through his feed on his phone.
He even had a message. A video message of Frankie, huge sunglasses on at the park, coffee in hand, sneakily filming a guy practising tai chi behind him. The caption read “Feelin thirsty at the park.”

Wade smirked. Although the guy wasn’t his type (flat ass) the girl beside him was cute. All curly red hair and dimples. They were wearing matching workout clothes.

Wade sent back “taken isn’t my type ;P” with several eggplant emojis, before returning to his pancakes.

His phone buzzed almost instantly. “A girl can dream, Wade!”

He huffed a laugh around his mouthful, checking the time. Seven in the PM already. And he probably didn't have much peacetime left.

He left his empty plate, striding over to his closet to pull out a fresh suit and mask. He bounced a little at the thought that he might see Peter tonight.

“Ooh, butterflies”, he shivered, pulling the suit on.

**

Peter came home to an empty apartment again. He couldn’t wait for that to get old.

He had ended up being three hours late, but no one even noticed. Which somehow felt worse, actually.

He grunted, letting his backpack fall to the floor. At least the lights turned on this time, but not before he stepped in some floor noodles. Right, his trash pile. Good thing he’d left his shoes on.

He scraped the excess off the bottom of his sneaker using a take out box, managing not to gag at the smell. He’d adjust to it.
Kicking the sneakers toward the front door, he flicked on his radio to see if there was anywhere he needed to be.

He frowned in the cupboards. Only one can of spam he was fairly sure came with the apartment. He checked his bank balance, flicking through his phone to the low burble of police activity.

Well, he couldn’t afford take out.

He eyed the spam. Gauged his hunger. He hadn’t eaten since last night, and if he was needed as Spider-man…

He sighed, took the spam. It didn’t really ever go off, right? He opened up the can with the ring pull this time, trying to ignore how it smelt like dog food.

After trying to inhale his meal without letting it touch his tongue, he pulled on the suit and stepped out the window. Nothing on the scanners yet, but trouble usually found him.

**

Wade was about knee deep in a gang squabble trying to rustle up the members when a web shot out and stuck the guy he’d been trying to choke out against the wall.

“Spidey!” Wade squealed, spinning round to watch his Baby Boy swing into the parking lot.

“Deadpool”, Spidey landed with a sweet flip beside the merc, “making a mess as always.”

Wade pouted, hunching a little as he twisted towards the shorter man, “But Spideyyyy, they’re still alive! See-” He stamped on a random hand, the form jerking away with a pained groan.

Peter’s blank mask stared back. “Barely alive doesn’t count as a good thing.” He webbed a guys hand to the wall behind him as he raised a gun, not even glancing his way.

“Did you forget our deal already, Baby Boy?”
Peter cocked his head, “Deal?”

Wade threw a knife over Peter’s shoulder, catching a guy in the shoulder as he peeked over the back of a car.

“A reward for my good behaviour?”

Peter suddenly bolted upright, yanking Wade to one side as he shot another web, blinding a man that looked to be almost seven foot as he charged towards the pair.

Peter webbed away, swinging round to kick at the man’s head just as Wade shot off his kneecap. The man fell down with a roar of pain, his buddies spotting a lost battle and running away.

“Guys, you don’t wanna join the fiesta?” Deadpool skipped towards them, drawing out his throwing knives. “At least don’t leave without your party favors!”

The knives caught two in the legs, the last going awry and grazing the guy who staggered but kept running.

Peter swung in, landing on the final man’s shoulders, causing him to fall flat to the asphalt. He webbed him to the floor, patting him absently as he stepped away from the groaning man.

“Aw, gift wrapped”, Wade grinned, prodding the prone forms as he stepped towards Peter. “You didn’t have to do that.”

Peter snorted, “This gift is for the police, no touching.” He wandered about, ensuring each perp was secured in a neat pile for the police pickup.

Wade sat on the hood of a car, watching that ass work.

“You not gonna help, then?” Peter asked, dumping three bodies on the pile and webbing them in place.
“I don’t wanna get in the way… And this… This is a nice reward for not killing people.” He shivered a little as Peter lifted the huge dude with one arm.

Peter hummed, used to Wade’s antics. “Severe need for medical attention-”

“Doesn’t count! Have you seen how Cap leaves people? Can tell he got in alley fights in Brooklyn.”

Peter hand flew to where his mouth would be.

“What you didn’t know? He was such a scrapper in his day-”

Peter hunched over, ripping his mask up over his nose.

“… Spidey, you OK?”

**TW EMETOPHOBIA**

Peter hurled across the floor.

**

Peter groaned, the world starting to spin. Oh God, he hated throwing up. If there was one bodily function he could opt out of- Oh here we go again.

He hunched over, trying not to see the horrible pink goop in his sick. Failing, and throwing up so hard he could feel the acid in the back of his nose.

Deadpool was next to him, patting his back awkwardly.
“Oh fuck, Spidey. Jesus.”

Peter hurled again, his sick now thinner and hurt so much more.

“Why are you out if you’re sick, Baby Boy? Fuck. Do you… Want me to touch, do you prefer not to or?”

Peter groaned, spitting out the nasty residual bits in his mouth. “Don’t care”, he doubled over, clutching his stomach. “Oh God, just make it stop.”

/EMETOPHIBIA END

Deadpool paused, muttering something that sounded like ‘deja vu’ before starting to rub firmly at the top of his spine. The warmth of his palm was a welcome relief as he started shivering from the cold.

He groaned, flopping back to stand up, causing Deadpool’s hand to leave. Peter shivered, head rolling around to look at Deadpool’s mask.

“S’cold.”

“Huh? What?” Deadpool looked him up and down, “I mean, you always wear the bodysuit and nothing else, which I ain’t complainin’ Spidey, but do you need more layers?”

Peter squinted, focussing in on the feeling. Shaking his head. “S’cold.”

“Oh, jeez. Okay.” Deadpool took his arm, guiding him away and looking around to see if there were any bystanders, before turning back to where Peter was letting his head loll back to look at the stars.

He pouted, where were the stars.

Wait, wait. Deadpool was talking.
“You was talkin’.”

Deadpool nodded, hands gentle at Peter’s elbow. And still so warm. “S’nice.”

“Peter”, Peter looked up at Deadpool, “I need you to listen to me, Baby Boy. You need me to take you home?”

Peter’s lip wobbled, suddenly finding the ground real interesting.

“Petey?” Deadpool’s voice sounded so gentle. Peter started crying, sniffing loudly. “Peter?” Deadpool had stopped walking, sounding panicked.

“I don’t have a home ‘nymore, ‘Pool”, Peter’s voice shook as he turned to the other man. “She’s really gone ‘Pool?”

“What? Spidey, you’ve lost me. I saw you’re place, remember?”

“Tha’s not home!” Peter cried, Deadpool shushing him, head swivelling to check the lot. Peter was quieter, slurring round each word. “I hate that place... Without her there.”

“OK Baby Boy, I’m gonna take you somewhere safe. Just Jesus, please stop crying”, Deadpool patted at the parts of his face he could reach with a tissue. Peter blankly wondered where it had come from. “They’re gonna think I kidnapped you.”

Peter sniffed, “‘M Spider-mans. I’d beat you in a fight.”

“You have beat me in a fight, Petey. Plenty of times.” Deadpool pulled down Peter’s mask fully. “There you go, Baby Boy. Cry all you want. Now climb on.”

He knelt down in front of Peter, who felt so addled and confused he didn’t even question it has he wrapped his arms and legs around the merc.

“Thanks Wade”, Peter mumbled into his neck, settling his cheek there as the tears kept coming.
Deadpool didn’t make a sound to show he’d heard as he rose to his feet, walking through the back streets of New York with a quietly sniffling Spider-Man on his back.

**

Wade took Peter back to his nicer safehouse. It was closer to Petey’s place, and hey, if he wanted to show off his nicer apartment… Who would notice?

Us.

And the people reading this fic?

Right, apart from them. He got Peter into his bed-

Not the way we thought that sentence would be said.

—and put his mixing bowl next to it. Peter barely moved, just occasionally mumbling incoherently to himself.

Wade removed the mask from Peter. It smelt like sick and was damp with tears and, actually maybe sick. Who knew. He avoided looking at him out of habit, throwing a blanket on him and getting the fuck out of there.

He eyed the slight red tinge to his skirting boards, and sighed. Went back to get his bucket of hot bleach water and an old brush.

Stupid Depression Wade, making Today Wade clean. Fucking douche.

That’s… You. You know that, right?

Wade ignored them, scrubbing at the edges of his corridor. Couldn’t afford Depression Wade to come out while Petey was here. No Sir.
After scrubbing the last traces of that morning, Wade looked around biting his chapped lips. He briefly considered making another batch of pancakes, but Petey had the only mixing bowl. Couldn’t really watch TV, as he wanted to hear if he woke up.

His eyes fell on his Switch. Manic Wade had bought it on impulse and he’d never sat still long enough to use it.

He shrugged, booting up the handheld system and settling on the sofa.

**

Chapter End Notes

Your comments have been so lovely they have been feeding me. Making me grow Big and Stronk. And motivated me to actually write every day. Hearing your opinions and thoughts matter to me ;w;
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

What's that? No chapter warnings? It's more likely than you think

Chapter Notes

I'm treating our boys right this chapter, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter woke up to sunlight shining on the unfamiliar bed he found himself in.

He felt sticky with dried sweat and grimaced when he realised the suit was still on.

He sat up slow, feeling tender, his feet finding nice wooden floors. He frowned down at them, looking up to see a fitted wardrobe. He could see a good portion of the city laid outside the window. He twisted to see an open door to a hallway.

Who the fuck did he know with a bedroom in a skyrise?

He got up, keeping to the balls of his feet as he turned down the hall. He could see a kitchen, is that fucking marble? Around the corner, a sofa with a distinctive suited legs sprawled across it.

“Deadpool?”

The man’s head popped over the back of the sofa and Peter got the first good look at his face. Burnt and scarred to hell, a strong jaw, sharp cheekbones, he found himself stuck on how blue the other man’s eyes looked as he grinned back it him.

“Mornin’ Sleeping Beauty!” He vaulted over the back of the sofa, throwing a Switch behind him.
Peter gasped.

The other man’s eyes went wide, hand flying to his face. “Oh. Fuck. Shit sorry.” He stumbled backwards, reaching blindly across the sofa. “Didn’t mean to make you hurl again-”

Peter cut him off, “You have a Switch?”

Wade froze, one hand still buried down the back of the sofa. He peeked through his fingers. “I mean, yeah?”

“And you throw it around like that?” Peter’s hands went to his hips, a mirror of Aunt May when she’s mad. “That’s fucking expensive equipment, you treat it with some respect.”

Wade’s laugh was a little high pitched as his hand flopped down. “Sure, Baby Boy. I could buy ten of those a day for months and still have enough change to buy a new apartment, plus I can’t do the stupid fuckin’ puzzle so Nintendo is dead to me.”

Peter frowned at him. Damn rich people.

“Why am I here? Is this your place?”

“Shocking, I know. It’s pretty new. And you got real fuckin’ sick there Baby Boy, wouldn’t let me take you home.”

Peter groaned, flinging his arms over his face. Some of the evening was coming back to him now. He flopped down on the sofa.

“Betrayed by the Spam.”

“Spam?” Peter could hear the laughter in Wade’s voice.

Peter groaned, “Don’t laugh at me! I didn’t think it went out of date.” He could remember being sick, vaguely recalled Deadpool carrying him through the streets.
He felt the other man's weight shift the cushions slightly. “What was the date on them?”

Peter huffed, his arms falling away to allow him to frown at the ceiling. “I dunno. A decade ago? Maybe?”

The other man full on laughed at him, Peter aiming a kick at him not slowing him down. Peter glared.

“Oh, Petey, do you like Spam that much? Coz if so, you’re in luck. I know a a guy that looks just like one that's been put through a blender.” He pointed to himself.

Peter snorted, “What a catch.” He flopped back down.

Wade chuckled, “I look more like bait than a catch.”

Peter looked at him with one eye, not getting up from his new lounging position. Damn this sofa was comfy. “Eh. I’ve seen worse.”

“Oh, Petey”, Wade wiggled a little closer, “You sure know how to woo a girl.” He wiggled where his eyebrows would be.

Peter pushed him back, “Shut the hell up, Wade.”

He could feel Wade’s shiver through the palm on his shoulder. Peter sat back and shook his head, “You’re so weird.”

“Don’t you kinkshame me, Webs.” Wade accused, nudging Peter’s ribs with his foot.

“Kinkshaming is my kink.”

Wade’s grin near split his face, “Spider-man. In my house. Quoting memes at me. We really need to
Peter sighed, sinking back further into the cushions. “I probably should go home.”

Wade’s smile froze in place, deliberately leaning back, letting his feet go back on the floor.

“Sure. You’ve got a busy weekend. I get that.”

Peter sighed, contemplating going back to his empty apartment. Again. He missed having Ned in the city. Missed Aunt May.

He picked up the Switch from the coffee table. “What games you got?”

Wade blinked at him, slowly unfreezing.

“Uh. That Zelda one that came with it? And... I think that’s it?”

Peter nodded, booting it up. He wiggled into the cushions, shoving his feet in the other man’s lap so he could stretch out fully.

“You’re stuck on that puzzle? Lemme see.”

**

Wade couldn’t say how long he ended up watching Peter playing Zelda with the other man’s feet in his lap.

Peter laughing at how he was stuck on the very first puzzle was like a gift. The small crease between his eyebrows when he focused was a delight. He had pretty much memorised the shadows under his eyes, the messy splay of his hair, how nice it was to see all his muscles relax into Wade’s sofa.
He looked so comfortable in Wade’s space. More comfortable than Wade was in Wade’s space.

He didn’t want to break the spell, but he could feel himself getting distracted and antsy.

*We should do something.*

*This is the first guest we’ve had in years, how do you deal with guest?*

*Offer him a drink or something.*

*He did just hurl up what seemed like his entire lower intestine.*

*He’s probably hungry.*

*Ask him-*

*Ask him what he wants-*

*-order food-*

*-cook something-*

“You hungry?” Wade’s voice sounded loud in the silence that had fallen over them.

Peter paused, frowning. “I mean. I could probably eat.”

“You probably *should*, I don’t think there’s anything left in there.”

Peter averted his eyes, staring down at the gaming system. “So I should probably go then-”
“You don’t have to, I can get food.”

Peter was still mumbling, “-don’t have my wallet or any of my stuff-”

“I can cook.”

Peter looked at Wade, “You cook?”

Wade smiled, trying his best not to babble. “I mean, sure, I’ve never had any complaints. And the boxes are big complainers, so I must be some good-”

“You inviting me to dinner, Wade?”

Wade shivered under Peter’s gaze. “I mean. If you wanna eat it, Baby Boy.”

Peter considered him for a moment, Wade trying his best to look innocent.

Don’t scare him away already, Big Boy.

“Sure”, Peter shrugged, turning back the game. “Don’t have any plans anyways.”

Wade tried his absolute best to contain his excitement, getting up from the sofa after Peter graciously lifted his legs off him.

He allowed himself a small fist pump on the way to the kitchen.

**

God, it was nice to be somewhere else. On a comfortable sofa with the new Zelda game he never
quite managed to save up for.

And Wade wasn’t being completely unbearable. He didn’t mention what a mess Peter was last night, not even a snarky comment. His preoccupation with insulting himself was a little grating, but overall. It was kind of… nice.

And now he could smell frying onions and spices, if he closed his eyes it felt a little like when he’d visit Aunt May and hear her cooking. He felt his heart give a brief stab and decided to leave that thought alone, choosing to concentrate on navigating Link across the Wildlands.

He was climbing Hateno Tower for what felt like the billionth time when he felt a presence over his shoulder.

Link gasped and fell to his doom.

“‘You know, he’s not Spider-Man. Keep an eye on his stamina gauge.’”

Peter huffed, “Well you played the tutorial, how was I meant to know?”

Wade laughed. “‘C’mon pretty boy, foods up.”

Peter put the Switch on the coffee table, standing up with a groan and satisfying pop as he stretched his spine.

“Stop with the porn star noises and contortionism. Have mercy, please.”

Peter strolled over to the breakfast bar. “Pervert.”

Wade pulled out a stool for him. “‘No! Well, most the time, but not this time! Appreciative, maybe. But I, unlike you, am merely human.’”

“Immortal.” Peter took a seat, staring wide eyed at the spread. Tacos had never looked so beautiful.
He turned to the other man as he sat beside him. “I don’t know what surprises me more. That you can cook, or that you keep real food in your place.”

Wade grinned as he shrugged, picking up a taco. “May have ordered in some groceries while you slept.”

“In the suit?”

Wade snorted, rolling his eyes at Peter. “What are they gonna do? Kill me?”

“Well, they can make it hurt.”

Wade’s nose wrinkled. He flapped a hand. “Whatever. Stop looking at me and eat your food, or my face’ll make you puke again.”

Peter punched him in the arm, “Quit that self-pitying shit around me.”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“Shithead”, Peter mumbled, taking a bite of his food. Fuck it was so good. So good.

“What did I just say about pornographic noises?” Wade’s grin was wide, eyes sparkling.

“This is fucking good, what the fuck?” Peter groaned around another bite, taking a sip of water.

“Not the context I wanted to hear that, but I'll take it.”

Peter licked the sauce running down his hand towards his suit, shoving in the last bite of the taco.
“Oh my God. Were you a chef?”

Wade laughed, “No.”

“Owned a food truck?”

“Wow, could you imagine that Alternate Timeline, no.”

Peter bit into the next one, eyes rolling back. He really couldn’t help the noise he made in the back of his throat. “Maybe you should.”

“I can picture it. Could source my own meat.”

Peter pointed at him with a sticky finger. “I would visit you everyday… Well, when I could afford it.”

“Well... No food truck. But I can still cook for you whenever, Petey, and I won’t even charge.”

Peter looked at Wade, who was sat, chin in hand, watching Peter eat with a big smile on his face.

Peter swallowed his mouthful, wiping sauce off his cheek. “I mean, if you’re offering. We could hang out. Outside of… Superhero stuff. Sure.”

Wade squealed, Peter holding up a palm. “Please. Don’t make it weird.”

Wade sighed dreamily, “Finally, the Spideypool romance I’ve always written about in my Dream Diary.”

“Don’t make me regret this already”, Peter grumbled before taking another bite. Ooh but those spices. He hadn’t been able to afford good Mexican in so long.
He eyed where Wade hummed to himself, finally starting to eat his own meal.

He hadn’t tried anything weird while Peter was sick, and he’d been pretty chill with him being here longer than strictly necessary.

He was hard to get a read on most the time, but his pleasure at feeding Peter was pretty obvious.

Wade quietly slid his last taco onto Peter’s plate.

Yeah, he wasn’t the worst.

**

Chapter End Notes

All your comments have been lovely ;w; I read and reply to every single one, and they feed the fire to write more. Keep me up to date on the thoughts and the feels, helps me decide where to direct the next chapters
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Apparently right now I am making an angst sandwich, with that delicious domestic fluff bredd. No chapter warnings I can think of, but if you see it, say it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Peter got home to his apartment after insisting to Wade that no, he didn’t need an escort, picking up his carefully hand laundered mask (“I wasn’t sure it’d be machine washable”), and webbing his way home in the dim evening light.

When he got in, he went straight to the shower, leaving the mask on the kitchen counter. It was only as he entered the bathroom he wrinkled his nose. How had he not noticed how fucking dirty it had gotten? There was soap scum down the tiling, black mould collecting around the taps.

His skin crawled. He couldn’t get clean in that.

But where else could he go? His gym membership ran out a while back, Ned didn’t even have an apartment in New York. Peter scowled. Even Deadpool probably had a nicer bathroom than him.

He was sure he had some kind of spray cleaner somewhere. After pulling out hundreds of plastic bags from his cleaning cabinet, he only found rubber gloves, bin bags, an oven cleaner, some kinda wishy washy multi surface cleaner and some sponges.

He looked in all the typical places before finding it wedged behind the toilet. Because that made so much sense. He sprayed anywhere that looked dirty and walked out to let it sit in all its chemical magical cleaning goodness.

When he walked back into the living room, he stared at the mess he’d made across the floor. Well, he’d found the bin bags. He didn’t really have an excuse for trash mountain any more.

He used the hundreds of plastic bags to grab the gross stuff off the floor like when he had that stint as a dog walker, dumping them into a bin bag. After making a pretty neat pile of bin bags, he
contemplated how many would be humanly possible to lift.

He settled on three per hand. That seemed about right. He had a brief wrestle with the door, made much easier when he gave up on using his chin and just dropped some bags to use his hand.

In the corridor, a glamorous woman was leaving next door’s apartment. Right, where Wade had come out.

“Uh, Hey?”

Shit, he must have been staring. “Oh, uh. Yeah, hi. You look nice.”

She smiled bright, “Thanks. I’m on my way to work.” She looked down at his bags. “You need help with those?”

Peter blinked down at his arms, was it too many bags for one normal person?

“Uuh. They’re not as heavy as they look.”

She shrugged, “Okay, honey. I’m stronger than I look too.”

She winked at him. Oh no, was this flirting? He wasn’t ready for flirting. He was barely ready for being human. He could feel a flush rushing up his face.

She giggled. “I’m Francis, Jazmine in drag.” She cocked a hip, flipping her hair. “You can call me Frankie, sugar.”

“Oh, uh. Peter.” He shifted from foot to foot under her gaze. “That’s me. Yep.”

“Okay, Peter”, she hummed. “I’ll see you around.”
“Sure.” Peter definitely didn’t squeak.

He let out a breath he couldn’t remember holding as she disappeared from view, turning towards the garbage chute.

Definitely too soon for flirty people. He thought briefly of Wade. But he wasn’t being serious, so he didn’t count. Definitely too soon.

He shove the bags down the chute, turning back to get the last few from his apartment.

**

By Monday, his apartment was the cleanest it had been since MJ left. Well, it still smelled musty and sweaty, but you could see the floor. He was also hungry again.

He briefly considered texting Wade on the number the other man had excitedly input himself, but he didn’t have the energy. He didn’t cross paths with the merc on the couple patrols he managed over the weekend, either.

The hunger pangs woke him up early Monday morning, so he was early into work. For him, anyway. Still definitely not the first one in. He was fairly sure some of them slept here.

He almost cried when he ate a donut from the selection someone brought in every Monday to “cheer up the office”. And in his search through the shared kitchen he found one unclaimed granola bar, so a pretty stellar start to the week for Peter.

He was editing a couple shots of Spider-Man when Mr Jameson called him in his office.

Peter hastily shoved on his sweater to cover the stains on his shirt, thankful he’d found actual jeans to wear today. He was already sweating in the few strides it took to reach the office.

He shouldn’t have worried, Jameson didn’t even glance his way.
“Hey kid, Joel is off sick. Caught some kind of swine flu.”

“Oh... Is he OK?”

Jameson flapped his hand, “How should I know? He was meant to be taking photos for Irene’s piece on that girl’s school or whatever. You can get the details from her.”

He waved his hand again, Peters signal to leave.

Peter dawdled back to his desk. He really wasn’t in the mood for field work today. He snagged the last donut on his way past, shoving the whole thing in his mouth.

He emailed across to Irene, who responded too fast for him to do any more of his actual work. Peter grumbled, backing up his shit to make his way to Sister Margaret’s.

But of course, there was maintenance going on the subway line he needed. He got as close to where he needed to be as he could, but there seemed to be an issue around most of the area.

It was as he was walking to the bus stop, contemplating how he needed to re-superglue his sneakers when he saw her. Giggling at a table outside her favourite cafe. Fuck, he should have known better than to walk this way.

His feet felt cemented to the ground. She looked gorgeous. She looked… His way. Oh no.

His muscles had seized up too much to even think of moving as she started walking towards him, her beautiful smile getting closer by the second.

“Peter!” She stopped in front of him. She looked so pleased to see him. “How have you been? I haven’t heard from you.”

He couldn’t keep his eyes from drinking in every aspect of her. Pretty red curls, flushed cheeks, he hadn’t seen that dress before. “You look great, MJ” He croaked, forcing words past his lockjaw.
Her smile softened, eyebrows drawing together. “I wish I could say the same for you. Are you remembering to eat?”

“Yes”, not technically a lie. He remembered… Just… Didn’t mean he actually ate.

She hummed, fingers soft against his face. He kept the sigh from bubbling past his lips.

“You look tired, Peter.”

“I am”, he looked into her eyes, leaning a little into her hand even as she pulled away.

She was frowning now, “Have you called Ned?”

Peter’s jaw flexed as he looked away. “Not yet, been busy.”

“Peter-” She sounded reproachful.

“You seem to be doing well”, He finally looked past her at where she’d been sat. There was a guy that looked like he must have played quarterback at some point sat at the table on his phone. He had blonde curls, a thick beard.

He looked nothing like Peter.

MJ crossed her arms. “It’s been a year, Peter.”

“Not since you left.”

“Since we haven’t been together.” Her face softened as she sighed. “If you’re finding it hard… I’m still here for you. You’re my best friend-”

“No thanks”, Peter cut her off.
“I miss you.” Her eyes were glittering green.

Peter screwed his arms shut, couldn’t help how broken he sounded. “Then take me back.”

“Peter. You know I can’t do that.”

“Why not?”

“Peter… I told you, we can still be friends, I just… I don’t love you like that any more.”

Peter clenched his fists, swallowing hard around the lump in his throat. “I can’t deal with this right now. I’m on a job.”

She reached for his arm, Peter ripping away like her touch hurt him.

“Peter, please. I want us to talk again.”

Peter glared at her. “Maybe it’s better for me if we make this clean cut. Stay out of my life, MJ.”

He turned, walking away blindly. He ignored her voice calling his name. Blinked away the pain and hurt until it solidified into something more palpable. More manageable. Rage.

**

Peter didn’t know where he was. He couldn’t remember how he got there. He was just… Logged out, then suddenly he was ripped back to reality by a pair of arms holding him up off the ground from behind, locking their hands behind his head.

He was panting. His hands were covered in blood, and they hurt.
“That’s it Petey, just keep breathing buddy.”

Peter took in big gulps of air, feeling drunk on it. He noticed like an afterthought that he was trembling all over.

“There’s a good boy”, the voice rumbled, soothing all his raw nerves back down. He looked around, then noticed the body on the floor. It’s face a bloodied smudge against the floor.

The arms that had been going lax tensed again, holding him firmly against the body behind him.

“What? Who? Did I?” Peter couldn’t get out a full sentence, could feel the world spinning beneath him.

“Shh, shh, baby boy. It’s okay. He’s okay. You didn’t use your full strength.”

Peter shook, letting out a the air in his body. “Fuck.”

“It’s alright, I’ve got you.” The arms loosened again, “You okay now, baby boy?”

Peter’s nod was shaky, his whole body wracked with sporadic shivers. When he was let go, he felt like all of him was made of jelly. He turned to the voice.

“Wade?”

“Yeah, baby boy?” Wade still had a hand on his shoulder, ready to grab Peter if need be.

“Why’re you here?”

“Well, I mean, this is my neck of the woods.” Wade smiled at him. “Why are you here?”

Peter frowned. “Where’s here?”
“Here? You’re outside a bar, Sister Margaret’s”

Peter squinted at him, “The girl’s school?”

Wade laughed softly, “School for Wayward Girls. I guess it was, once. My buddy Weasel owns it.”

Peter nodded, “I had a job here.” He glanced back at the body, which now he wasn’t so emotional he could see was breathing. “Who’s…?”

Wade followed his gaze and snorted. “Don’t worry about him. He’s a regular here, and he’s a complete douchebag. You probably saw him steal from a sweet old lady or some shit. Pretty sure I’ve seen him literally steal candy from a baby.” Wade nodded, “Yeah, and as Yellow says, he’s just a background character. No worries. Head wounds just bleed a lot.”

Peter felt woozy thinking about it, and he felt Wade catch him as he wobbled. “Woah, lookin’ a little pale there, Petey boy.” He looked back to the mouth of the alley before leading him the other way. “I’ve got a place nearby. We’ll take a shortcut.”

Peter pushed weakly at his arm, “I’m fine. I gotta take these pictures.”

Wade paused, looking him in the eye. Peter frowned back. Wade sighed, “Look, I’ll bring you back. I just think you’re in shock maybe. Have you ever disassociated or had anything like that happen before?”

Peter pointed back up the alley, paused, shook his head. No, nothing like that without some villain brain fog interference.

“Well, I think I know more about this shit than you. So shut up, and let me look after you.”

Peter pouted, considering. He felt like absolute shit, and he remembered how Wade really did him a solid last time. He shut his eyes, counted back from ten.
“Fine, whatever. It’s probably low blood sugar.”

“Low blood sugar made you beat a guy into a fine mulch?”

“No”, Peter knew he sounded petulant, but he didn’t have the energy to correct his tone, “Why I feel like shit right now. I’ve had two donuts and a granola bar since I ate with you.”

Wade frowned at him. “Why?”

“None of your business, shithead.”

“Don’t be a child, Petey.”

“Fuck you.”

Wade sighed. “I will drag you the whole way there. And it will hurt. Me. It will hurt me. Don’t make me do it.”

Peter scowled at him. Finally bowing overly low. “After you, sire.”

Wade rolled his eyes. “So you get hangry. Good to know.” He continued walking down the alley, Peter following behind while grumbling to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, comments feed me. Nourish me. Allow me to go on. And ty to all the gorgeous bbies who have commented thus far, ur doing amazing sweetie
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

TW Vanessa makes a really bad joke so skip the section at the end she's in if you find dark humour often upsets you. There's no shame if it does! I just wanted to keep close to how she was in the original DP movie coz I love her.

Chapter Notes

I did write most of this yesterday but needed to re read it as I was sleep deprived. Still unsure it makes any sense ENJOY

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When they walked in Peter frowned at Wade-

He really has no right looking that cute when he’s all confused.

Like a bewildered puppy, but with more sleep deprivation.

“How many places do you have?”

Wade shrugged, thankful to have an excuse not to listen to the boxes wax poetic. “Enough for the plot to keep movin’, baby boy. Why, you want one?”

“What?” Peter squeaked, freezing in place.

Wade tried to wrestle his wide grin into a more acceptable smile. “You mentioned you don’t like your place”, he walked past where Peter stood in the way of the kitchen, throwing his keycard on the counter.

Clearly not as nice as the last place.
Not as nasty as where we usually stay.

But we’re nasty.

Never let Spidey know how we live.

Wade tried to buff away some dirt marks from the wall with his sleeve.

Smooth.

“Are you serious right now?”

Wade turned back to where Peter’s eyes looked like they were about to pop out and take a tour of the place.

“As Barnes at his own funeral. Actually, he’d be more confused there, let me try that again-”

“How much are we talking here?”


“Rent, what do you charge?”

“Oh. I dunno, never had anyone stay.”

Or want to stay.

“And I bought most of em in cash.” He shrugged, “I don’t need money either-”
“I’m paying rent if I’m staying at your place.”

“Why?” Wade begun unpacking the bag of food they’d picked up on the way here. “I’m just helping out a buddy. Plus you’d be cheaper than my security systems. You’d be doing me a favour.”

Peter snorted, crossing his arms. “Nice try, but I don’t want charity.”

“Well shit, Webs. It’s not charity. It’s… Redistribution of wealth.” Wade shut the drawer with his hip, starting to crack some eggs into a bowl. “I thought you were into loving giving hippie shit?”

Wade looked up, mixing through cheese and ham. “Come on, Petey. Don’t pout at me.”

“I’m not pouting!”

“Look, just think about it.”

Peter huffed, slouching onto the sofa.

“If it needed something fixed, we can go halves.”

_or 30/70._

_What does Spidey even earn? He dresses like a hobo._

_A fucking sexy hobo._

Wade didn’t look up as he poured the mixture into the pan. “If you did decide you wanted to, I’ll keep the Switch with you.”

Wade grinned at the little gasp.
Gotta.

But we don’t even use it, he can have it.

Don’t scare him away, he just said he doesn’t like gifts.

Charity. He said he doesn’t like charity.

“No”, Wade muttered, “He doesn’t like being treated like a charity case. Big difference.”

**

Peter was sat with his feet up on the sofa while Wade muttered to himself in the kitchen.

He was contemplating the offer, more specifically how he could make it work for him. He knew the Switch was a dirty trick to get him to agree, but Nintendo was one of his weaknesses.

He could pick a place in an area he could kid himself he could afford if he was better with his money. Wade seemed the type not to notice if Peter took over paying all the bills. He would have to keep on top of keeping the place tidy, if the last couple of places of Wade’s he’d seen were any indication.

Which could be an issue if he wasn’t careful.

But also the thought of going back to the place he’d picked out with MJ filled him with dread.

He huffed, rolling onto his belly. This sofa was a worn brown leather corner sofa, and he found himself vaguely wondering if Wade had picked out any of his furniture.

“Grub’s up, baby boy!”
Peter got up with a grunt, walking over to the kitchen.

“Sorry, I dunno what happened with the table situation in this place.” Wade looked a little sheepish, pushing an omelette across the counter towards Peter.

He shrugged, catching the plate. “I’ve not had a dining table since I lived at home. Thanks for feeding me. Again.”

“Of course, baby boy”, Wade grinned, pointing a loaded fork at him, “Gotta make sure our friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man is kept in fighting shape.”

Peter huffed, taking a bite. “Ooh, ow, fuck”, he hastily panted, trying to cool the scalding hot bundle in his mouth.

Wade laughed at him, pouring out a glass of water and sliding it across. Peter swallowed his mouthful, gulping down the water.

“Careful, baby boy. You want me to cut up your food for you?”

Peter stuck his middle finger up at him, causing Wade’s giggles to renew themselves, and walked to the fridge to pour out a glass of milk into his empty cup.

“Aww”, Peter glanced back to see Wade clutching his heart, “You’re already making yourself at home.”

Peter rolled his eyes, closing the fridge. “So, I’ve decided.” He took a gulp of milk, ignoring how Wade danced on the spot. “I’ll use one of your places-”

Wade whooped.

“-but only until I find somewhere else.”
“Sure, however long you need, Spidey.” Wade’s chin dropped into his hands like a schoolgirl as he took in Peter with a wild smile. “Where you thinking?”

“Well”, Peter carefully blew on his next bite, continuing around his mouthful, “Where abouts you got?”

“I told you Petey”, He stood up, taking out his phone and sliding over a map of the city. “As many as is convenient. Just point where you want, I’ll get you as close as possible.”

Peter frowned, chewing as he stared at the map. Where would be good for him, but not so expensive he felt guilty when he stepped in?

He pointed, close to his work but not so close the real estate was astronomical. “Somewhere around there?”

Wade looked over his shoulder, zooming in on the spot. He grinned.

“What a coincidence, I got a place exactly there.”

**

Of course Wade had nowhere anywhere near where Petey wanted. But if baby boy wanted to live there, he could make it happen. Double D owed him a favour and for all the blind fucker complained that it wasn’t his area of law, he still got all the legal shit out the way and done within 48 hours, all ready for Petey to move in whenever he wanted.

He debated letting Peter pick out his furniture, but he felt like it might have given the game away, so he just got Vanessa to do it like usual.

“Why don’t you just suck his dick and get it over with?” Vanessa asked, sipping from her flask.

She has a point.
Wade pointed at himself like it was obvious.

She snorted, unimpressed as she yelled at the workmen to move the sofa further to the left. “You’re not that ugly, babe. You need to get rid of that complex, it’s gotten real boring.”

“Oh, I’m sorry my cancer bores you.”

“I’m sorry too. Get one of those sexy new diseases. I hear polio is making a comeback thanks to those anti vaxxers.”

“Oh, so polio is sexy now? How about I just get menopause like you?”

She turned to him, sliding her sunglasses down her nose. “Only I can make menopause this sexy, Wade. And you don’t get it”, She turned back to the workmen. “You hit it like a sexually repressed politician in a kiddy porn ring.”

Oof

“I think that might be too dark for this fic, puddin’”

It’s funny though.

That’s problematic. You enjoying that is problematic. I’m reporting you all to Tumblr.

She shrugged, waving over the men by the door. “Anyway, here’s your requested piece, where do you want it?”

Wade lit up, pointing to the middle of the space.

She grunted in disgust, “Never mind, you can’t be trusted. Over here, boys.”
Let me know if I messed up anywhere my brain is scrambled eggs. Also all you commenters out there, you are vital to my life force and ily
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Howdy chicks, no chapter warnings this chapter. Enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

Don't worry, Frankie will be back. They just got rid of their noisy neighbour.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took Peter two months to sort out his old place, hand in his notice, vaguely try to pack all his crap, and throw away what had once been “ours”. It was draining, and he had Wade almost constantly badgering him with offers to help or just videos of funny animals.

He managed to decline all the way until moving day. Well, he did decline, yet there Wade stood on his doorstep.

“Happy moving day baby boy!” Wade lowered his face mask and grinned, shouldering past into the apartment.

Wade whistled low, “Someone’s not getting back their deposit. Did you even pack?”

Peter sighed, closed the door. “Yes, I just don’t need most of it. Figure I’ll put it on freecycle- What’re you even doing here?”

“Documenting!” Wade threw an arm around Peter, snapping a selfie. He inspected the results, “Well, that’s okay. I can fix it in post.”

“Documenting?”

“Yeah, I’ll add it to our friendship scrapbook later.” Wade glanced back at Peter, “We’re on volume two.”
Peter frowned, “If you’re just going to get in my way-”

“No no, Petey. I’m here to help! I can lift boxes…” He glanced around him. “Or bin bags.”

“Couldn’t afford any boxes, plus they’re harder to carry through the subway.”

“Subway?” Wade gripped his shoulders, “Petey, Please tell me you hired a van or something to move your stuff.”

Peter avoided Wade’s gaze. “It’ll probably be faster-”

“It’s not about faster! It’s about it not being your problem!” Wade finally released him, tapping at his phone. “It’s lucky I did come to help.”

Peter started after him. “Please don’t bring anyone, I can’t afford-”

Wade flapped his hand, bringing his phone to his ear. “Yeah, Dopinder? I need you to steal your cousin’s van, I got some valuables to transport.” He turned away from where Peter was furiously miming at him to hang up. “Uh huh. Yeah, that’s cool. I’ll text you the address. Ah ba bye.”

“I just said I didn’t want you to-”

“Okay, fucking chill out Petey. He’s a friend, free of charge. He’ll be a while, he’s just gotta finish fucking his wife.”

Peter frowned, “Finish?”

“Yeah, don’t worry. Not that long, you eaten yet?” Wade wandered into the kitchen, making to open the fridge before Peter tackled him.

Wade grunted as the air was knocked out of him before grinning and wiggling where his eyebrows
would be. “Ooh, Petey. The thought of Dopinder fucking his wife getting you going?”

“No.” Peter rolled off the other man and to his feet, offering Wade a hand.

“Yeah, let’s be real. It’s probably him getting pegged.” Wade took his hand, leaning heavily on him as he got up. “But if that gets you going, we got some time.”

Peter shook his head, holding up a hand in Wade’s grinning face. “I don’t wanna hear about your friend’s sex life. Just… Don’t touch the fridge.”

Wade hummed, looking back to the fridge. His smile grew. “Oh, come on, Spidey. You know telling me I can’t do something makes sure I’m gonna do it. What’s in there? Is it dangerous?” Wade gasped, holding his hands to his face in a mock-scandalised pose. “Is it a body?”

“No, God. It’s just… Gross. It needs to be thrown out.”

Wade looked between him and the fridge. “The thing in the fridge?”

“The whole fridge.”

He could see Wade’s fingers twitching.

“Wade. Please.”

Wade stopped, and shivered. “Okay”, His voice sounded rough, “For you.”

Peter’s shoulders sagged, relieved he wouldn’t have to ever look in there again.

Wade moved further into the room, “So, what’s trash?”

**
The whole process was a lot faster with Wade and Dopinder, who turned out to be a mild mannered guy with a cheerful disposition.

Dopinder and Wade had gone to unload Peter’s stuff at the new place while he tried his best to clean up there.

He wasn’t too sure why he bothered, he wasn’t getting that deposit with the fridge how it was. But also, his landlord had let him pay his rent late so many times… He wanted to show a little respect for the place.

He was laid out on the bare mattress, sweaty and exhausted, when Wade walked back in.

“Nice job, Petey.” His voice echoed a little in the empty space, “You ready to blow this popsicle stand?”

Peter groaned, heaved himself upright. This place was pretty much his relationship with MJ. They had moved in fresh out of college. He’d proposed here. She’d asked for their divorce here.

“Yeah. Let’s go.”

**

The place was nice. Way nicer than he could afford, but he pushed that thought to one side. Open plan, one bed, a closet, a shower that looked new. The top floor of the building, so easy to get in and out for patrols.

Peter gaped as he walked around the space, a soft suede sofa, was that real marble countertops? And an actual dining table with chairs and everything.

He even found fresh food in the fridge freezer. He spun around to see Wade spinning on one of the bar stools. He paused, catching Peter’s eye.
“This okay, baby boy?”

Peter waved his arm at the room, letting it fall back heavy to his side with a slap. “I cannot stay here for free.”

“Well, you have nowhere else to go, Petey.” Wade smiled, head dropping into his palms.

Dopinder emerged from the bathroom, “You’re not leaving already? After I carried all that luggage here? Mr Parker, my cousin will notice the van is missing, I cannot afford another trip or as Mr Pool would say, my balls will be busted.”

“Well, I’m usually a little more creative, but gold star for trying.”

“You need to let me pay something.” Peter crossed his arms, glaring down Wade.

Wade sighed, getting up from the stool. “I told you, you’re doing me a favor.” His hands slapped down on Peter’s shoulders, and he really resented him those couple inches of height. “You’re great extra security and I know you won’t touch the stuff I leave here.”

Wade released his grip, motioning wide. “And... It’ll be useful, knowing where to find you if I need help... Or just, you know, some company.”

Peter’s frown deepened.

“I get lonely, okay? And we really need to rev up this bromance, right Dopinder?”

“I don’t know, you have never offered to lodge me.”

“Yeah because I know you rarely get paid”, Wade muttered, turning back to Peter. “Look. If it doesn’t work out, you can move on whenever. And you can pay a larger percentage on the maintenance.”

Peter squinted, “All of it.”
“Well, Petey, I’m not sure you realise the cost—”

“All of it, Wade.”

Wade huffed, holding out a hand.

Peter took it, Wade tugging him closer. “But you tell me if you need help.”

“Deal.” Peter agreed.

Never in a million years, he thought.

**

In the end, Peter signed up to pay all the bills without telling Wade. Although he paid a “maintenance fee”, Wade would only accept $100 of it while the other $100 would be hidden somewhere in the apartment. He made sure whenever he bumped into him as Deadpool, he’d put the missing cash into one of his numerous pockets or pouches.

Wade also always dropped around unannounced every Tuesday, to the point that it was part of Peter’s routine. He claimed it was to check on the place, but he always brought food and most of the time he cooked.

With everything, Peter was saving so much money with each paycheck he finally managed to make those improvements on the webshooters that he planned years ago. He fixed up his other spare suit with the warm lining in it for winter. So he was still pretty broke, but he was fed and had neat new stuff.

Wade never asked to take back the games console either, and after Peter mentioned he had completed Zelda he brought round a bundle of games for it he claimed he found.

It was a few months in and he was making his rounds around the city, listening to police scanners
through one ear where he’d managed to invest in some bluetooth earphones. But it was quiet when he noticed the telltale red figure on top of a building a couple blocks over.

Deadpool’s wolf whistle floated over him as he landed with a flip.

“He’s style, he’s grace-” Deadpool sang, holding an arm out to where Peter was wandering over.

“He will punch you in the face.”

He could see the smile through Deadpool’s mask. “And I’d thank him for it, how’s the night going Webs?”

He chucked Peter a can of soda as they both settled on the roof ledge.

“Pretty quiet, was getting bored.”

Deadpool shouldered him, opening his own can with a hiss. “Well, when you’re this efficient it’s gonna be quiet, baby boy.” He drew his mask up to his nose as he spoke, “You’ve been out more often lately.”

Peter nodded, edging up his own mask to take a sip. “Yeah, guess I have been.”

“Burnin’ off excess energy?” Wade grinned against his can.

Peter squinted at him, “Being a good person? Looking after my city?”

“Hmm, right. Morals.” Wade pouted.

Peter frowned, tilting to get a better look at the bits of Wade’s face on show. “Hey, you’re skin’s looking inflamed again.”
“What, than usual?” Wade joked, reaching up to rub at his chin.

“Yes, than usual. Is it healing?”

“Yeah, it heals same as usual. It’s probably just as it’s getting colder.” Wade shrugged.

“You should keep an eye on that.”

“What, in case I get more ugly?” Deadpool smirked at his own joke, bringing his can back up.

Peter punched him in the arm, Wade yelping as his can went flying across the roof. He threw his hands up. “Damn it, Spidey!”

Peter pointed in his face. “You know that annoys me, stop the self pitying BS. Your skin looks like it must hurt.”

“Uh, yeah”, Wade nodded, sarcastic, “All the time.”

“So try and do something about it.”

They frowned at each other through the masks before Wade snatched the can from Peter’s hands.

“Hey!”

But Wade was already backing away, chugging the whole thing in three gulps.

“Really, Wade?”

Wade grinned and belched. “Love it when you say my name, baby boy. Love it better if it was into my mattress.”
Peter scowled, turning away, every line in his body tense. “Not today, Wade.”

He heard scuffling before the other man was sat beside him again. His hands hovered around Peter, fluttering uselessly. “Hey, I’m sorry, it’s not bothered you before but- Shit. If you’d said, I wouldn’t have… Look, I’ll look after myself, I’ll fuckin’ rub oil all over me like some kind of lubed McNugget-”

Peter sighed, his body sagging. “No, I just can’t deal with stupid flirting or people or shit today I-” He groaned, gripping his head, before letting go with a sigh. He half mumbled to himself, “today would have been our anniversary.”

“Oh.”

“I don’t know why I’m telling you this, I should-”

Wade’s hand on his shoulder stopped him from continuing. “It’s okay. Sometimes it’s easier to talk to someone on… The outside.”

He sounded pained at the latter part and Peter’s mouth twisted up. “I just… I still miss her. It’s like she’s died, only I know she’s just chosen not to be with me. But it’s like… That version of her, my version, she’s just gone.”

Wade nodded, patting his shoulder in silence. They both stared blankly down at the streets below.

Peter stared up at where the moon shone through the New York smog. He swallowed. “I mean, was it even real?”

“Uhh, probably? I mean, I wouldn’t know. But if it wasn’t, they’re insane. Just look at you.” Wade waved his hand over Peter’s crouched form. “Perfection in Spandex.”

Peter huffed, letting out a shuddering sigh.
Wade took his arm back, fidgeting with a buckle on his suit. “You, uh… Want me to take you home?”

Peter blinked at him and snorted. “I think I can get myself there.” He hauled himself to his feet, dusting himself off. He sniffed, “Hey, thanks ‘Pool.”

“I wasn’t really any help, but… If you need me to bring over some alcohol or whatever just text, yeah?”

Peter stopped, stood with his toes pressed to the edge of the building. He turned and nodded, “Actually, yeah. That would be nice. Can I see you in thirty?”

The mask’s eyes widened, Deadpool scrambling to his feet. “Oh, yeah, sure. No problem, baby boy.”

Peter finger gunned, stepping backwards off the building and webbing home.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve been writing every day since I first posted this fic and I wholly blame the commenters for feeding me <3
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

TW: Recreational drug use (marijuana), heavy drinking, vomiting (again, but not as descriptive this time) It's pretty much this whole chapter, so skip it if you need to <3

Chapter Notes

Just guys being dudes. Dudes being guys.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Holy shit he invited us.

He wants us there, Wade.

“Don’t get too excited, he just needs a shoulder to cry on.” Wade muttered, glancing before running across the street to Peter’s building.

Our shoulder, though.

I can’t believe we’re finally getting some delicious Spider-Man backstory.

Eh, does it really count as backstory without someone dying?

I mean we just got cancer.

Died plenty since then.

Wade mostly ignored the boxes’ twittering as he tapped his foot, willing the elevator to move faster. Y’know, just in case Peter changes his mind in the time it takes him to get to the top floor.
He has to kick the door in a semblance of a knock, shifting the crate on his shoulder.

Peter’s eyes widen as he opens the door. “Holy shit, you bring the whole bar?”

“Nah, just a borrowed a small portion from Weasel’s storeroom. Now out the way, this bag might sever my fingers and I’d rather not wait for them to regrow.”

Peter swivelled out the way, allowing Wade entry. The place had a few things on the tabletops, but was pretty pristine as usual. He was starting to think the state of Peter’s old apartment was a fever dream on his end.

He heaved the crate on the kitchen worktop, letting the bag in his hand down to the floor with the disturbing clank and rattle of metal on glass. He opened the freezer and shoved in a few beers, taking note of the frozen meals for one. He should address that at some point.

The rest of what he could fit went in the fridge, Peter passing him bottles and cans.

“Why the hell have you brought so much? There are easier ways to kill me.”

Wade barely glanced at him, “Not sure how your abilities affected your ability to get white girl wasted. Figured I’d have us covered and you can keep what you want.”

“Yeah, well, it doesn’t really. So, this is way too much.”

Wade smirked, closing the fridge. “You underestimate me.” He nodded to the TV. “You wanna binge watch something?”

Peter walked over, switching it on. “What you thinking?”

Wade shrugged, pulling out a couple of glasses, and (after careful inspection) two egg cups. “Ladies’ choice.”
Wade poured out some liquor, digging out lemons from his cargo pants pockets. He flipped a knife out a drawer, through his fingers, before slicing up the lemon.

“You always such a show off, or am I paying for this show?”

Wade glanced up to where Peter now sat on a bar stool, watching him work, with a beer in hand. He smiled, “I don’t charge, but I accept tips.” He threw the knife, catching it blade first, flipping it again to catch it by the handle.

“When did you learn to do that?”

He threw the knife in the sink. “Surprisingly, before the healing thing, while I was still in the Army. But I throw it a lot higher now.” He slid one of the shots to Peter, offering over some lemon and salt.

“Well.” Wade lifted his own shot. “To questionable decisions.”

“And the consequences.”

They both downed the shot, Peter shuddering as Wade whooped. Peter gulped his beer, chasing away the acidic burn.

**

“Hey Petey, wanna see something gross?”

Peter let his head roll away from where Abbi had ruined a dildo in a dishwasher, over the sofa to where Wade sat with another shot.

Peter groaned, shutting his eyes and twisting away. “No more. No more shots.”

“It’s not for you, baby boy, don’t worry. But check this out.” Wade grinned, making sure he had Peter’s full attention.
Satisfied with Peter’s bloodshot eyes on him, he snorted the salt. Ignored Peter’s cry of horror, downed the shot and squeezed the lemon in his eyes.

Wade curled on himself, “Ah FUCK!” He beat the cushions by his knees, feet stamping into the ground.

Peter giggled helplessly, “What the fuck? Why would you do that?”

Wade looked up with a gasp, carefully blinking his eyes open. His face was wet as he grinned at Peter. “To make you laugh.”

Peter, a little breathless from the laughter, swung a weak arm at him. “Stupid.”

**

Peter’s face was smushed into Wade’s shoulder, both their legs kicking into the empty space off the edge of his roof.

“I just. Was so sure she’s the one.” Peter slurred.

Wade grunted, focused in on his task of rolling a spliff.

“When I first saw her, she was the most beautiful thing I’d ever seen. And so sharp, real witty. She was dating this douchebag.”

“Uh huh”, Wade licked across the edge before rolling it together with deft movements.

“And now”, Peter’s voice wobbled, tears spilling out. “I’m the douchebag ex.”

“No you’re not, baby boy. She just isn’t the right fit for you anymore.” His voice grew more muffled as he held the joint in his mouth, searching his pockets. “People grow up, or so I hear.”
Peter’s chin wobbled. “I’m never gonna find anyone like her. I’m gonna die alone.” He dissolved into tears, not noticing as he unconsciously wiped his face on Wade’s shirt.

“Not if I have anything to do with it.” Wade lit the joint, breathing deep and holding it as he held it to Peter’s lips. “Here, this’ll help.” He exhaled.

Peter breathed out shakily with him, opening his mouth to take a long drag.

**

They were in the living room, leaning on each other and swaying on the spot to old power ballads.

Wade, surprisingly, kept his fingers to Peter’s back and shoulders, occasionally tangling in his hair to press gentle circles into his scalp.

Peter was wearing Wade’s shirt and couldn’t remember why, leaving Wade shirtless. He wasn’t sure where his own was. Peter’s eyes were half asleep, hands wandering mindlessly over the scars mottling Wade’s shoulders.

“Hey Wade?”

Peter saw the goosebumps travel all the way up the other man’s neck, who simply hummed in response.

“You ever notice how your skin kinda looks like a kaleidoscope?”

Wade hummed again, “Can’t say it’s ever come up, baby boy.”

“Yeah, I just noticed too. It’s pretty cool.”

“Mm, thanks Petey.”
His voice sounded clear, but Peter noticed the slight stumble to his steps, the over exaggerated care in his enunciation.

Peter giggled, “You’re drunk.”

Wade leaned back, “Hey, says you.”

Wade’s smile was playful, his face close. Peter hummed, tilting his head as he considered Wade’s eyes. They were really striking.

He didn’t really notice as their swaying stalled, Wade staring right back at Peter.

“Wade?”

“Yeah, Petey?” Wade breathed.

Peter smiled, patting Wade directly on the face a little too hard. “You’re a good friend. I’m gon’ go puke now.”

He turned, stumbling to the bathroom.

Wade’s voice was a quiet wheeze. “Sure Petey.”

**

Wade was rubbing Peter’s back in circles while he heaved into the toilet. He offered him a glass of water as he re-emerged from the bowl.

Peter groaned, taking a sip as Wade tilted the glass, patting his leg to indicate he’d had enough.
“What’s that you’re humming?” Peter slurred as Wade pushed the sweaty hair off Peter’s forehead.

“How?” He’d been humming?

*The Spider-Man theme.*

Wade nodded, “Right, the Spider-Man theme.”

Peter’s face screwed up where it rested against the toilet seat, “You made me a theme song?”

Wade chuckled, “No, I didn’t. The boxes showed it to me. It’s pretty catchy.”

Peter attempted to nod, Wade catching his head before it rolled off the seat. “You talk about boxes a lot.”

Wade cocked his head, “I not explain the boxes to you, baby boy?”

“Nn-nn”, Peter’s eyes went wide, shuddering over the bowl before collapsing back once more. His eyes closed as Wade started to massage his scalp.

“The boxes are like… I think maybe now they were narrators? Now they just seem to exist to commentate on my life.”

*Only ‘coz you’re the only one who can hear us.*

*Yeah, don’t go getting any ideas about you being important.*

Wade rolled his eyes at them.

“Was that the boxes?” Peter asked, eyes slitted at Wade.
“Oh, yeah. It was.”

“What’d they say?”

Wade blinked. “Uhh, White said they only comment on my life as I’m the only one who can hear them, and Yellow just told me not to go thinking I was important.”

“The fuck”, Peter scowled, wobbly hand pointing at Wade’s head. “You shut up, stupid boxes. What do you know?”

Wade laughed as the boxes bubbled up into a cacophony, offended.

“Yeah, what’d they say to that?” Peter looked overly smug.

Wade listened for a second before turning back out, “A load of shit about how you don’t have to live with me. They’re just salty.”

Peter giggled, “Like boxes of crackers.”

“Sure, baby boy.” Wade smiled, continuing to scratch over the back of Peter’s head.

He closed his eyes again, a soft smile on his face. “S’nice.”

After he started snoring, Wade decided to scoop him up off the floor and take him to bed. A lot easier this time round, without him clinging on like a spider-koala. He tucked him up, smiling as Peter grumbled and burrowed in deeper. He snored like a rhino with congestion. He was so cute.

He quietly closed the door, starting to tidy the mess they’d made through the apartment. His hangover had already self-healed, and after checking through everything he was right about there not being much alcohol left. He threw out Peter’s ripped shirt, grinning at the memory of Peter proving that actually, he could flex out of it.
He still felt buzzed, all soft around the edges.

*That’s just Spidey’s effect.*

*Coz you’re in love~*

Wade sighed, “Calm down, we were firmly friend-zoned.”

*Closer than the colleague-zone we were in before.*

*And the enemy-zone before that.*

“You know, some would argue that we’re just fuck-zoning him.”

*We resent that.*

Yeah, we’d be quite happy just cuddling for the rest of his life if it turns out he’s ace.

“Either way, onus is on us. Heh, catch that word play?”

Both boxes groaned as he threw himself down on the sofa, turning the volume on the TV way down. He glanced at his arms, trying to retrace the patterns Peter had seen in his skin.

The boxes were right about one thing, though. Whatever zone this was, it was a pretty nice place to be.

Chapter End Notes

*ty for all the comments ily'all*
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

TW mentions of suicide.

Chapter Notes

Pancakes and depression. It's a pattern.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter woke up sprawled across his bed, sunlight bright in his eyes, and drool pooled under the side of his face.

He grunted, grabbing the glass of water and downing it. He had a look at his phone. 9AM, and several notifications from Ned. Of course, his friend knew what day it was yesterday, had pestered him most the day, but Peter knew he’d be reporting back to MJ if he was a mess. He dropped his phone back, getting up and stretching.

He wandered into the living room, the TV a low burble of a shopping channel and Wade passed out on the sofa. He briefly wondered where his shirt had gone, noted slightly surprised that the man still had nipples, then noticed he had his head tipped back and mouth wide open. Peter smirked, tiptoeing to the kitchen.

He opened a packet of M&Ms painfully slow, wary of each crackle of the packaging in the quiet. He lined up his shot, cheering as it landed in Wade’s waiting mouth.

The other man shot up, hands flailing as Peter laughed. Wade’s arms flapped and he made a high gurgling noise.

“Oh, shit!” Peter vaulted over the kitchen island, scooping Wade up and pressing hard under his diaphragm.

A blue M&M pinged off the wall, clattering across the floor. Wade taking in a shuddering breath and begun coughing as Peter released him. Peter patted him on the back.
“Oh my god, I’m so sorry. Are you okay?”

“Just peachy”, Wade rasped.

Peter ran back to the kitchen, pouring a glass of water to return to Wade.

Wade took a big gulp, hitting his chest. “Whew. That was a close one. Morning sunshine!” Wade grinned.

Peter shuffled uncomfortably, “I’m really so sorry. I didn’t think… I should have been more careful.”

Wade snorted, “Nah, don’t worry about me. It’ll all heal. How’re you after last night, baby boy?” He considered Peter over the glass as he took another sip.

Peter flushed a little, “Yeah, I’m okay, guess I drank a lot. Hope I didn’t do anything too embarrassing.”

Wade shrugged, smirking. ,”I’ll take it to the grave. Whenever that is.”

Peter frowned, “I’m actually shocked I feel okay today.”

“Well, I was making sure you drank water as well, and I got you to take some painkillers. You’re lucky they worked, think you threw up most of everything else.”

Peter winced, “I threw up?”

Wade shrugged, walking to the kitchen. “Only the second time you’ve done that in front of me.” He turned, half smiling. “You’re sure my face doesn’t bother you?”

Peter punched his arm, “Only your personality.”
“Ooh, ouch. You like pancakes?”

Peter raised an eyebrow, “What, you gonna make some?”

“Of course”, Wade took ingredients from the bags he’d brought. “I even got chocolate chips.” He shook the bag.

Peter sat on a bar stool, suddenly acutely feeling just how empty his stomach was. “If ever I turn down pancakes, assume I’m an intruder.”

Wade grinned, “Noted.”

Wade begun mixing the ingredients in a jug, humming to himself.

Peter snapped his fingers, pointing, “My theme song, right?”

Wade looked up, pausing for a second before smiling. “Oh yeah, sorry. Didn’t notice.”

“No, no, it’s fine. Surprised I remember.” Peter scratched through his stubble, “Although. Why did your boxes come up with a theme song for me?”

“Oh, they didn’t”, Wade continued mixing, “That’s just from the alternate universe that wrote this one.”

Peter froze, “Wait. Hold up. A universe that- Wade.”

Wade shivered, putting down the jug and whisk to brace himself against the counter.

Peter continued, ignoring him, “You think someone wrote-” He flung his hand around, “All this? That’s fucked up.”
Wade shrugged, “Well, several people. Big props to Stan Lee, mostly.” Wade kissed two fingers, “May he rest in peace.”

“A dead guy wrote this?” Peter’s voice rose.

“Hey, show some respect to a legend.” Wade poked him in the chest. “And not this. I think this is… Some young adult fanfic author.”

“You think we have fanfic?” Peter sounded a little hysterical at this point, but it was a lot to wrap your head around at 9AM.

“Oh, I know we do. I keep the good stuff under my mattress for my alone time.” Wade winked at him, picking up the jug again. “Look, try not to think about it. But I find it kind of comforting, makes me feel like most the time there’s gotta be a happy ending.” He paused, “Apart from when we find ourselves in angst fics… But, I’m making pancakes. We should be safe.”

“So… You did that, to like… Influence the plot?”

“Who knows, either they’re writing me, or I’m possessing them to write what I’m doing. Either way, here I am, and I’m not too worried about it.” Wade looked up at Peter’s slightly panicked face. “You know, you don’t have to believe anything the boxes say, baby boy.”

Peter shook his head, “I’m not, necessarily. I’m just trying to understand how you’re seeing things, and I gotta say it’s pretty terrifying.” He looked up at Wade’s face as he set the mixture down to settle. “How are you so normal about this.”

Wade snorted, “I’d hardly call myself a well-adjusted individual, Petey.” He sat down on the stool next to Peter, leaning on one elbow. “It used to bother me more, but I got bigger problems, I delegate. Depression Wade deals with that shit now.”

“You see the part of you who feels sad as a different identity?”

Wade patted Peter’s shoulder, “Let’s not psychoanalyse so early in the morning. Especially not all this”, He indicated to himself.
Peter shook his head, “Well. If you need someone to talk to when you are feeling that way, you’ve been there for me so.”

“No way. He is way too much for you to handle, baby boy.”

Peter scowled, “I’m a superhero. I can handle myself.”

Wade lifted his hands, “Yeah! Yeah, I know. He just. Tends to make a mess, you know. I don’t wanna leave you with all that.”

“I can deal with a little mess.”

“This isn’t a little mess. This is like… Brain splattered against the wall mess, you feel?”

Peter’s hand found its way to Wade’s shoulder. “Wade, have you killed yourself?”

Goosebumps travelled up Wade’s arm even as he froze. He spoke carefully, “Well… Only a little.”

Peter frowned, hand gripping on tight. “If this happens again. Next time you feel even a little bit that way, you call me.”

“Well, Petey I-”

“Promise me.”

Wade’s voice was small, “Sure. Yeah, I promise.”

Peter squeezed his shoulder before letting go. “You don’t have to be alone anymore. I’m here when you need me.” He smiled crooked, “Your friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man.”
Wade barked out a laugh, “Sure, now give me back my shirt, I gotta cook this.”

Peter looked down, “Wait. This isn’t my shirt.”

“No, someone ripped off their shirt in an impressive display of strength”, Peter groaned, covering his face as Wade continued, “Yeah, it was pretty hot.”

Peter pulled off the shirt, throwing it at Wade as he felt the flush riding up his chest to settle on his face. Wade whistled as Peter retreated to get his own.

“I’m just gonna make a call.”

“Sure, Petey. Take your time.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm posting another chapter after this one as the two bits I've written just don't fit together. So you're welcome.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

No chapter warnings :) 

Chapter Notes

this chapter is all about the wingmen getting wingmen for their wingman... Wait I think I've lost track.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After that night there was a big shift in their friendship that Wade documented in the scrapbook. Petey not only replied to his texts now, but he sent back memes. He got through the whole scrapbook by printing each one and sticking them in.

“You know, I think my neighbour moved out.”

Wade looked up from where he was sprawled across the floor watching Lord of The Rings. Well, daydreaming, but he caught some snippets.

*We were watching it.*

“It’s been way too quiet.” Frankie frowned, “I hope not. I was so close to getting his number.”

Wade unstuck his jaw, “You mean Petey?”

Frankie’s eyes narrowed. “How’d you know that?”

“Uh, bumped into him. Knew him from work, you wanted his number?”

*Nice deflect.*
Frankie sighed, “Well I did, you know where he’s been?”

Wade’s eyes darted away, pretending to be engrossed in the film.

*Ooh, Aragorn though.*

“Yeah, he’s moved place. But I could re introduce you.”

*Wait, what are you doing?*

“Really?” Frankie squealed, excited.

*Don’t do this, Wade.*

“Because that would be amazing-” Frankie kept babbling, the boxes drowning her out with screeching.

“Yeah, uh, I’m seeing him Tuesday anyway. I’ll bring it up.”

*You’ve gone insane.*

*Officially.*

Frankie landed on top of him, hugging him tight. “Thank you! You’re the best, babe.”

“I know.” Wade smiled, heart straining as the boxes kept battering him with abuse. But, Frankie was great. They’d been through so much… They’d be good for Petey. Great for him.

They’d be a good match.
Peter wasn’t sure what made Wade decide to invite someone to his place on Tuesday. He’d said some excuse about the meet-cute, but he didn’t really follow. But when he opened the door, he hadn’t expected to see-

“Frankie, right?” He pointed, face screwed up.

“Yes! Aw, you remember me!” Frankie bat at his arm, wrinkling his nose as he smiled.

Wade waved a hand between the two, “Everyone knows everyone, let me in.” He shouldered past Peter who frowned at his back.

He looked back at Frankie, “Who ate his breakfast?”

Frankie shrugged, also coming into the apartment. “He just gets in his moods sometimes, I okay to keep my shoes on?”

“Oh, sure. Make yourself comfortable.” Peter nodded, following after Wade. He elbowed the larger man where he was unloading his ingredients. He leaned in to mutter, “Why are you being so grumpy? It’s weird.”

“ Weird? I’m always weird. You’re being weird.” Wade took out his favourite knife, pointing it at Peter. “Don’t ignore your guest.”

Peter squinted, “You mean your guest.”

“You’re home.”

Peter huffed, turning to where Frankie was studying them both with a small smirk. “Sorry. Did you want something to drink?”
Frankie’s eyes glittered as they flicked from Wade’s back over to Peter. “Sure, what you packin’?”

Peter walked over to the fridge, listing off. “Uh, got some juice. Couple beers. Soda—”

“Beer would be great, honey.”

“Okay, cool. Beer it is.” He took out a bottle, frowning at the last one. He shrugged, removing both and handing one to Wade and the other to Frankie. He didn’t wince as Wade bit off the top, spitting it into the sink.

“So, Frankie.” He leant against the counter, “How is it you know the dingus?”

Frankie sighed dramatically, “Well, he was my knight in shining armour. Or tight red spandex.” He wiggled his eyebrows.

“It makes my ass look better.”

“And the rest of your merchandise.”

Wade chuckled from behind Peter.

Peter frowned, turning back to where Wade was slicing up some chicken. “So Frankie knows you as—”

“Deadpool, yeah.” He slid the chicken in the pan with the onion and garlic. “I told you, it’s not a secret.”

“Well, it’s only fair we know each other’s stage names”, Frankie smiled as Peter turned back.

“Stage?”
Frankie held out a hand, “I also go by Jazmine. I host Arabian Nights down at Club 96.”

Peter nodded, still lost as he shook Frankie’s hand.

“I do drag, honey”, Frankie laughed, spotting the confusion.

Peter gasped, “Right! Oh, cool. I’ve never actually been to a show.”

Frankie’s mouth quirked, “Maybe Wade could take you to one of my shows sometime?”

“Yeah, that could be cool. Right, Wade?”

“Sure”, Wade’s voice cracked a little before he coughed. He muttered something about spices.

Peter and Frankie chatted while Wade prepared the food surprisingly quietly. Frankie was lovely, charming, sharp, Peter was a little upset they hadn’t known each other as neighbours.

“I don’t know what you were doing in there, but I couldn’t hear a single peep from anyone else. But you? If I wasn’t already awake, you’d keep me up, honey.” Frankie laughed, hand on Peter’s arm.

He flushed, “I dunno. Just loud, I guess. And clumsy.”

Two plates slid in front of them, Peter instantly turning towards the food.

Frankie full-on gasps. “What the hell? You never told me you could cook?”

Wade shrugged, dragging a seat round to face Frankie and Peter where he’d sat next to him. He spoke around a mouthful, “A lotta things you don’t know about me, sweetness.”

Frankie pouted before taking a bite. His eyes grew round, “This is good. What the hell? This is really good.”
Peter smirked at Wade, “I said pretty much the same when I tried his food.”

Frankie nodded, “You have a gift.”

Wade’s mouth ticked up into a small smile before he took another bite.

It stayed quiet as they ate, or in Wade and Peter’s case devoured, their food.

“Ughh, that was so good.” Frankie groaned, leaning back.

Peter nodded, taking the plates. “Yeah, great job man.”

Wade grunted, “Give me those. Sit down.”

“What? No. These are my plates. You sit down.”

Wade frowned, Peter squinting his eyes and finding himself yet again begrudging that small gap between their heights.

“Oh my god, you’re both pretty. Just leave the plates.” Frankie sighed, flouncing over to the sofa.

The other two huffed, slowly placing the plates in their hands into the sink, watching in case the other made a move to start cleaning them. They turned to the living room, Frankie having claimed a spot in the armchair with every throw cushion off the sofa. He was already flicking through Netflix.

Peter collapsed on the sofa, deliberately leaving the space closest to Frankie. He figured that they seemed to get on well. Frankie and Wade. Wade could probably do with getting laid, if the increase in innuendos were anything to go by.

Wade was hesitating in the middle of the room.
Peter stared at him. “What?”

Wade seemed to jolt, “Nothing. You’re weird.” He sat down next to Peter. The sofa not quite big enough for two guys as built as them, so they were pressed snugly from knee to shoulder. Wade wriggled in discomfort.

Peter rolled his eyes, “Jeez, sorry for taking up so much space.” He leant back, throwing his arms over the back of the sofa so only their legs were really touching. “Better?”

**

Wade was staring wide eyed at Frankie, having a silent conversation. Frankie motioned deliberately at Peter. Wade frowned, motioning between Peter and Frankie. Frankie shrugged, motioning between Wade and Peter and flashing a thumbs up. Wade squinted at him. Frankie squinted right back.

Wade sighed, flopping back against Peter before wiggling himself further into the sofa.

“Now I’m comfy. What we watchin’?”

Chapter End Notes

so many comments on the last chapter, thank you bbies <3
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

TWs mention of a wank before the first set of stars, but nothing explicit, and the very last paragraph has mention of violence but I didn't describe it :)

Chapter Notes

Oops I did it again. I made two chapters instead of one.

Wade was mid-wank when Peter called. He briefly considered carrying on and answering, but for all the debate around it he was actually pretty into consent. So he let go of his dick and took the call.

“Petey, oh Love of my Life, to what do I owe this pleasure?” He wiped his hand on the bedsheets.

“Hey Wade, I have a big favour to ask. Do you have a minute?”

Wade sat up properly at Peter’s harassed tone, “Always and forever, baby boy. Shoot.”

“Well, I need you more as Deadpool. I’ve stumbled across this case…”

Peter explained how he had been helping out a young teenager in the community, stumbled on him being groomed by a right wing extremist.

“But the further I’ve looked into it, the harder it is for me to step up to it. They’ve taken in all the waifs and strays, good kids with no family waiting for them. But they also run a charity, act as pillars of the community. If I confront them as Spider-Man-”

“That won’t fly with the people. I get you, baby boy. Just point me where to go and I’ll bust em like they’re a move in 1989.”
“No killing.”

Wade stroked over his gun selection, contemplating what to bring. “I can’t really guarantee there won’t be a couple accidental un-alivings.” He picked up his baby glock and cooed.

“We don’t know how many are brainwashed. Wade, promise me. No killing.”

Wade felt his cock give an interested twitch.

Oh, well this is 100% a kink now.

“Okay, Petey. I promise. Scouts’ Honour.”

**

The place wasn’t hard to find. They’d become brazen, likely due to how many of their views were now loudly supported.

Where did all the anti fascist punks go?

Maybe they’re all vegans now.

Wade walked in the front door to see a woman looking wary at the front desk.

That pink lipstick is not the right colour for her.

He leant against the desk, striking up a friendly conversation. “Well, hey there girlfriend. It would be, like, so super awesome if you could take me to who’s in charge. Mm’kay?”

She looked down at the gun in his hand, unimpressed. “I’ll call. Take a seat.”
“Thanks, doll.” He winked, skipping over to a seat and pulling out a magazine from his pocket.

He didn’t hear her say anything, but soon the doors behind her opened and several men crowded him, lifting him from the seat.

“Well, howdy fellas. Any of you the head of this gangbang?” None of them answered his cheery questioning. He turned as one of them picked up the magazine he’d dropped, the others manhandling him through the doors. “Hey, careful. I need to keep those recipes bookmarked for later.”

He was eventually thrown in a room with a masked man sat at a small table. “Hey, nice mask. But if you’re looking for a better fit, I know a guy.” The other men left the room, slamming the door.

Wade pouted, “Aww, I thought we were all in this together. Y’know. Two sticks one hoop.”

“Why are you here?” The man growled.

Wade shrugged, leaning back in his chair. “Thought it might be a fun day out for the whole family.”

“Look.” The man leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. “We don’t mind people being interested. We welcome it. But you come in and threaten the receptionist, it doesn’t send a good signal.”

Wade gasped, bringing his hand to his mouth. “You know, that it a great point. I wondered why the bank called the police.” He snapped his fingers, “I should have been clear. I’m here to find your leader, explain that if he continues to train children to kill muslims then I will be forced to snap every bone in his body one by one, and then disband this little boygroup. Is that better?”

The other man’s jaw set. “Well. We tried to be reasonable.”

“A silly decision, considering you don’t know what colour I am under my mask.”

The man bared his teeth in a harsh version of a smile before leaving the room. Wade pouted,
considered following, but thought he might as well try to be smart if he wanted to avoid accidentally unaliving anyone.

Maybe he could talk his way into some handy information.

*You can’t trust anything they tell you. Only pain and fear bring the truth.*

“Debatable”, Wade muttered, tapping out a pattern with his feet.

He was sat twiddling his thumbs and whistling that song from Kill Bill-

*Main song from Twisted Nerve.*

-when a big guy walked through the door. Wade cocked his head at the tattoo peeking out of his sleeve.

“Oddly specific tattoo you got there.”

The guy froze, spinning round to stare at Wade. Wade grinned, standing up at the sight of the man’s face.

“Santago?”

“Wilson?”

They met in the middle in a tight hug, both slapping each other’s backs a touch too hard.

“The fuck you doing here, Wilson?”

Wade let go and shrugged, “Just the same thing as you, I’m guessing. On a job. How you doing? I just assumed you’d died years ago.”
“Same with you, I thought you died after a burning building collapsed on you?”

Wade smiled, incredulous. “You heard about that?”

“Well I heard you on the list of casualties when they found a lot of your blood, how the fuck you pull that off?” Santago took a seat at the table, Wade sat in the other.

“Ah, I just died for real. No biggie.”

Santago laughed, rubbing his goatee. “See you haven’t changed, Wilson.”

Wade paused, usually he’d just knock the guy out and move on to avoid the mess. But he might be able to help him out here.

*Santago is cool.*

*And good at what he does.*

Wade nodded, biting the inside of his cheek absently. He leant forward over the table, “Look, I’d love a catch up after this but you could actually be useful here. How much are they paying you? I can pay double.”

“No, Wilson”, Santago held up his palms.

“Okay, you drive a hard bargain. Triple.”

Santago chuckled, waving his hand at him. “No, no. I’m not doing this for any money, Wilson.”

Wade froze, face falling. “What?”
“Hey, look. I don’t know who sent you here, but I’m glad they did. These people are good people, they understand us. Hell, they’re trying to be like us. I’m in charge of training the new recruits.”

_A place with people like us?_

_Where we fit in?_

“You’re training them?”

“Yes. Look, not only are we accepted here. We’re valued assets. This is a place we _belong_, Wilson.”

_A place we belong…_

Wade nodded, “A place where we belong…” He glared at Santiago, “Sounds like Hell.”

He threw a pair of knives, Santiago screaming as they buried themselves in his eyes. Wade walked around the table to where the other man had fallen to the floor. “You’d always been good, Santiago. But we both know I’m better, so.” He shoved a booted foot onto Santiago’s sternum, his voice gaining a gleeful edge. “Tell me where the kiddies are, or you know what can happen.”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

TW depiction of strong self-hate etc from a depressive spiral before the first set of stars, but the rest is fluff so

Chapter Notes

lucky 13, boiz

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade turned up on Peter’s doorstep with a coat poorly covering his suit. Peter hastily stepped aside to let him in.

“You promised you wouldn’t use the front door in the suit, Pool.” He hissed, “It may not matter to you, but I’m trying to keep under the- What’s wrong?”

Peter noted the uncharacteristic silence, Wade’s face screwed up into something resembling a scowl.

Peter’s voice softened, “Wade?”

The other man trembled, tears welling up. “I ain’t in a good way, Spidey.”

Peter rushed forward, “What, are you hurt? I can do basic first aid-”

Wade wrapped his arms tight around Peter, body shuddering. Peter hesitantly patted at Wade’s back.

“Hey, seriously. You’re kinda freaking me out.”

“Don’t worry, it’s just my head”, Wade croaked.
Peter frowned, “A head injury?”

Wade shook his head, clinging tighter. “In my head. You said to tell you if Depression Wade comes back, and right now he’s making his stage debut.”

“Oh.” Peter’s eyes widened, “Oh.” He tightened his own arms around Wade who seemed to shrink into himself. “Hey, it’s gonna be okay. Just talk through it, air it out.”

“I really don’t think-”

“Wade.”

Wade shivered again. “Just…” He hesitated, heaving in a breath. “This place I went to reminded me what a piece of garbage I really am. Like, I see people just like me and they are fucking terrible and I’m like oh yeah, coz I’m terrible.”

Peter pushed at Wade’s shoulders, studying his screwed up face. “Hey, you’re not terrible, you really think that about yourself?”

“I know that, Petey.” Wade turned to glare at the floor. “I’m a shit excuse for a person and I shouldn’t be here. I should be just... You know what, you don’t deserve this. I’m going.”

Peter had to tap into his super strength to hold Wade still before he lunged for the door. “Hey! Stop it! I’m choosing to be here, okay? I want to be there for you. You’re one of my best friends. Wade, please.”

Tears spilled over Wade’s cheeks as he screwed his eyes shut. “You just don’t know the real me.”

“I’ve watched you killing people and laughing. You’ve also cooked for me every week since I moved into your place. You’re always there for me. I’m incredibly grateful to have you in my life.”

Wade gasped in a breath, a sob rocking him.
Peter drew him back in, hooking his head over Wade’s shoulder. “People aren’t good or bad, but as actions go. You do a lot of good shit, Wade.”

Wade trembled in his arms and Peter drew him in closer. “It’s okay, buddy. It’ll pass. Let’s order in some pizza and watch some garbage TV, yeah?”

Wade didn’t even respond as Peter guided him to the sofa. Peter briefly disappeared, returning with his comforter and wrapping Wade in it.

“I’ll make it dirty”, Wade rasped, heaving in a shaky breath.

“I’m aware of your talent to make anything dirty, ‘Pool.”

Wade’s laugh was watery as Peter sat next to him. Peter rolling his eyes as Wade shrank into the corner.

“Oh my god, come here.” Peter tapped his chest, opening his arms.

Wade approached carefully, settling his head into the crook of Peter’s shoulder. He sighed quietly as Peter started gently stroking his head.

“You don’t have to, Petey. I know it’s gross.”

Peter flicked his forehead, “It’s just skin, Wade. Skin that helps keep you alive. Stop being so mean.”

Wade slowly sank his weight into Peter as he stuck on a fluffy sitcom, eventually Peter heard Wade’s breathing even and his sniffing stop. He let out a breath.

That had been pretty intense, but more worrying was that Wade usually suffered this alone. He frowned at the TV, unseeing as his hand easily traced across the smooth skin and rough scarring of Wade’s scalp.
He let him sleep, deciding at about seven that it was probably time to order food. He nudged Wade gently. “Hey,” He whispered, Wade grumbling and slinging his arm across Peter’s middle like a body pillow. “What do you want on your pizza? Wade?”

Wade groaned, squinting blearily up at Peter. “Mm pineapple.” His head dropped back down.

Peter screwed his eyes shut, reminding himself to be there for his friend. Now was not the time to bring up the travesty he had just ordered.

Not right now. Be strong.

He ordered the damned pizza along with his own regular one on the app, not moving from his position beneath Wade who’d started softly snoring.

**

“Wade… Please don’t make me carry you to the door, I don’t wanna scare the pizza guy.”

Wade screwed up his face, groaning and turning away.

He was just drifting off again when he bolted upright, “Wait, carry me.”

He spun round to see Peter closing the front door, pizza boxes in hand. He grinned at Wade, shaking the boxes. “Just in time”, He walked over to Wade, collapsing next to him. He handed him a box, “Here’s your sad excuse for a pizza. Now before you complain, you asked for the topping.”

Wade opened the box. Just a regular hawaiian pizza. He looked back at Peter, “What’s wrong with it?”

“You put pineapple on it”, Peter pointed out around a mouthful of pepperoni.

Wade smiled, “You a non-believer, Petey?”
Peter swallowed his mouthful, gesturing with pizza in hand. “Don’t even try it. I hate pineapple in all forms, that one is just the most heinous because it destroys something sacred.”

Wade snorted, taking a bite and letting out an over-exaggerated moan. Peter wrinkled his nose in disgust, kicking at Wade’s legs.

“Disgusting.”

Wade made a kissy face, Peter elbowing him away. “You keep you pineapple away from me!”

Wade chuckled around his mouthful, chewing happily in the quiet.

Wait.

He paused, looking around.

“Hey, what’s up? You okay?”

“Yeah”, Wade said slowly, turning back to Peter. “Just, the boxes aren’t saying anything. Which is super fucking weird.”

Peter nodded, taking another bite of pizza. He swallowed, “Well. Might as well enjoy it, right?”

Wade sat back carefully, eyes shifting. “Yeah. Huh. Sweet.” He bit into his own pizza and settled in next to Peter, the taste of pineapple bursting across his tongue.

He watched Peter fish distractedly for the end of a stringy piece of cheese with his tongue, eyes glued to the television.

He felt warmth tingling out from his chest, the hollow feeling pushed down beneath the bubbles.
Yeah, pretty sweet.

**

Peter came back from the bathroom to Wade putting his shoes back on. Peter crossed his arms, “What do you think you’re doing?”

Wade froze, eyes round. He pointed awkwardly towards the door from where he was hunched over a shoe. “Going… Home?”

“After what just happened? No way.”

Wade unfroze, scoffing, “Ah, don’t worry about me Petey. I’m all peachy now, Depression Wade is back in his corner thinking about what he’s done.”

“Wade”, Peter’s voice lowered and Wade shivered.

“No fair”, Wade whined.

“You are not going anywhere tonight. You’re staying right here. I don’t trust you not to do anything.”

Wade scowled and pouted at his shoes.

“Don’t make me tie you up.”

Wade’s eyes sparked as his head shot up to look at Peter. “You can tie me up any time.”

Peter walked over, bat the shoes from Wade’s hands before pointing in his face, “Watch it, or your sleeping on the sofa.”
Wade grinned, cocked his head, while removing the other shoe. “Yeah, I’m sleepin’ there anyway.”

“Actually, I was thinking you bunk with me tonight.” He knew how sneaky Wade could be, and he didn’t want to take any chances.

Wade’s smile froze and Peter saw the panic in his eyes.

Peter snorted, “Don’t be such a baby, I won’t bite.”

He turned away, walking towards the bedroom while Wade muttered something that sounded a lot like “it’s not you I’m worried about.”

Peter dug through his clothes, finding his baggiest top and longest sweats to throw at where Wade stood in the doorway. “Try those on, best I got at short notice.”

Wade caught the clothes in a bundle against his suit. “Next time I’ll be sure to RSVP.”

“We’ll schedule in your next breakdown. I was thinking early August, spice up my birthday.” Peter smirked, shoving his remaining clothes back in the drawers and forcing them closed.

Wade walked into the bathroom, flashing a smile and the middle finger before shutting the door.

He re-emerged in the sweats stretched across his thighs, swinging around his ankles, with the shirt stuck just under his armpits.

Peter leaned back, appraising. “You know. It’s a Look.”

Wade blinked at him slow. “That comment is just proof I can pull anything off. And on that note, help me get the damn shirt off.”

Peter carefully controlled his smile, “You mean you don’t wanna keep it on?”
“Petey, please. My tiddies are gonna fall off. Don’t make the fangirls cry.”

Peter cracked, the laughter self-feeding and breathless.

Wade rolled his eyes, going to cross his arms when he heard a rip and froze. “Oh shit.”

Peter stopped, suddenly serious. “Wade. Did you just rip my shirt?”

Wade’s eyes were wide, he flung his arms forward in a placating gesture only to hear another ripping noise.

Peter doubled over, holding his stomach. He was gasping for breath while Wade sadly removed the scraps of the shirt off his back.

“If I knew physical humour tickled you this much, I’d have done it sooner.” Wade half smiled, raising where his brow would be at Peter.

Peter wiped at his wet face, heaving in deep breaths. “It doesn’t usually. Just your face was really funny.” Peter broke into chuckles again at the reminder.

Wade shook his head, laughing at Peter. “Well. That one’s a bust. Got anything else?”

Peter shrugged, “Nope, that was the best bet I had, big boy.” He slapped his shoulder, “Hope you don’t get cold.”

Wade looked down at his bare chest, back to the bed. “You want me to wear the suit? I don’t mind-”

Peter recoiled, “Not in my bed. You’ve already got whatever you were carrying in that suit on my comforter, at least let my bed keep its sanctity.”

“You’re the one that put the comforter on me”, Wade pointed out.
“Either way, no suit. You ok without a shirt?”

“I mean, sure.”

“Then it’s no problem.” He started to move out of the room, “Feel free to sleep whenever, I got a couple things to sort out on my PC. May wanna come in before I fall asleep though, been told I’m a blanket hog.” He waved a hand, “Sticky fingers.”

**

Wade nodded at Peter’s back, looking around where he’d been left in Peter’s room. There was a bit of a floordrobe going on, a dying plant by the window, an empty bowl just under the bed. Clearly not as well maintained as the main living space.

He swung around, seeing Peter was out of sight. He threw himself into the bed, burrowing into the blankets and taking in the citrus smell of Petey’s soap, the flowery scent of his detergent, the musky smell of his sweat.

He sighed.

_Oooh, this is nice, Wadey._

Wade frowned, “Oh. You’re back.”

_Don’t sound so excited to hear from us. You’ll hurt our feelings._

_We didn’t go, anyway. We were just chilling out._

_Mm, Spidey’s got them magic hands._

_“Magic hands?”_
Rubbed us up real nice.

*Not even in a sexy way, but it was daaaaaamn good.*

“Huh”, Wade flopped back against the pillow, hearing a rustle. He gasped, “Oh, porn?”

He rooted around, pulling out-

An article?

*On particle communication and interaction in- The fuck is this?*

*Wow. He had this under his pillow. Think he jacked off to particles? Coz that’d be pretty hot.*

“No”, Wade smoothed out the article, smiling. “He’s just a fucking nerd.” He grasped the article to his chest and kicked his legs out. He covered his face and huffed a small laugh.

“He’s too fucking cute.”

Chapter End Notes

Yet again, thank you so much for all the comments. They've been putting a fire under my ass, but it meant I wrote 10 pages in one day ahaha death
Chapter Summary

No chapter warnings! All fluff and good times in this chapter

Chapter Notes

Can't resist a good cameo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sleeping next to Peter had to be the sweetest torture. Wade found himself far too excited to be in the position he had found himself in, especially with his truly excellent nap earlier, to be able to sleep well. Each time he woke up he’d find more and more of the blanket monopolised until Peter had somehow managed to tuck most of it underneath him, so it wasn’t even like he was using them.

Now and the Wade would wake up to Peter cuddling up to him and he’d have to go through all the worst things he had seen in reverse order to calm down. Weasel naked. Trump. His own brain dangling from his nose after a weird re-aliving.

Once he wasn’t sporting a raging boner, the feeling of Peter’s warm arm wrapped around Wade’s waist, or the weight of legs tangling with his own actually lulled him to sleep pretty well.

Eventually, when Wade could see sunlight trying to get through Peter’s curtains, he stopped trying to get back to sleep and carefully slid out of bed.

He padded into the kitchen barefoot, looking around for anything he could turn into breakfast. But it appeared unless Wade brought it himself, Peter wasn’t the type to have fresh food. He gave up, deciding he could at least make some good coffee as he heated up a pan.

*We should start ordering him food.*

*I think Petey’s pride wouldn’t allow that.*
Or cook more stuff in bulk? Bring round dishes, say they’re leftovers?

_like a fucking PTA Mom, are you crazy? And why would we cook that much?_

The boxes continued bickering, Wade stirring the coffee and humming to himself. As the smell begun to get richer, Peter appeared with his hair sticking up in several directions.

*Have our babies.*

*This fic doesn't have Mpreg, right?*

“Coffee?” Peter yawned, making grabby hands.

“It’s nearly ready, take a seat.”

Peter nodded, sitting on the stool and instantly letting his hair drop to the counter.

“You didn’t have to get up, you know. I would have brought it through.” Wade took the pan off the heat, bringing over a couple of mugs.

Peter hummed, smiling without opening his eyes. “S’good service.”

Wade glanced over, “You wanting sugar today, sweetness?”

Peter shook his head, an awkward feat with his head still resting on the surface.

“Oh, baby boy. Here you go.” He slid over a mug with milk mixed through, Peter sitting up to accept it. Wade brought up his own mug, blowing on it. “I would have made breakfast, but you have nothing here.”

Peter cracked an eye open to look at Wade. “I don’t cook. Didn’t know you were coming.” He took
a sip, spitting it out, “Ah! Hot!”

“You just saw me make it, baby boy.” Wade chuckled, pouring out a glass of water. Peter waved it away.

“I’m okay. Hotter than I thought.”

“I am pretty dashing behind the chewed up lizard skin.” Wade threw his head like he was flipping ghostly hair.

Peter smiled sleepy, blowing on his mug. “I’m choosing to ignore that. Before I forget, I got somewhere to be in a while.”

“Oh”, Wade lowered his mug, eyes flicking over to where his clothes had been. “I can go. No problem.”

Peter frowned, waving his hand. “No, no. I want you to come with me. There are some people I’d like you to meet.”

Wade blinked. “You not sick of me yet, Petey?”

Peter’s smile was crooked, “Surprisingly, no. You in?”

Wade nodded, “Hell yeah.”

“Sweet, we can stop off at wherever you keep spare clothes for yourself before we go. I’m off to shower, you need the bathroom?”

Wade shook his head, Peter taking his mug with him.

Wade glanced around the apartment as the soft hum indicated the shower starting. It was chock full of Peter’s presence, but he also knew every hiding place for his cache of supplies, the smell of fresh coffee was hanging in the air, and he could just about hear Peter singing off-key in the echoey
bathroom.

He realised with a faint twinge in his chest that it kind of felt like home.

**

Wade didn’t stop questioning Peter the whole way to Aunt May’s old neighbourhood, but Peter insisted it be a surprise.

Wade had dressed in an old Golden Girls shirt with a hoodie, hood drawn up. Peter had insisted he didn’t need to wear a mask.

As they walked up to the rec centre, Wade’s guessing grew more wild. “A painting class! Wait, am I the model? I am not great at holding still, and you should know that by now.”

Peter turned towards the basketball courts, hailing over the kids playing there.

Is this the family special?

“Hey, Mr Parker!”

“I told you a thousand times, Alfie. Peter is just fine, I’m not your teacher.”

Alfie sniffed, his grin showing off a gap tooth. The other boys jostled up, “Hey, who’s your friend?”

“The fuck is up with your face, homie?”

One of them punched the frizzy-haired kid who’d said that. “Don’t you remember my sister’s friend’s face after the acid attack? It’s obviously loads of acid.”

“No way”, The taller one yelled over him, “That looks like when my cousin tried to set off a
firework on his back, and now his back is all fucked up.”

Peter waved his hands, trying to calm their squabbling, “Maybe he doesn’t want to discuss it, guys.”

“Nah, Slim back there was closest. A burning building fell on me.”

The group all gasped. “Wow, that’s so cool.”

Wade’s mouth quirked, “It was actually pretty hot.”

The group groaned, pushing at Wade. “Lame. Get outta here with your dad jokes.”

What else do we have without innuendo?

Nothing that’s not R rated.

“So, guys, this is Wade.”

“Oh, your landlord.”

“Got it in one, Billie.”

Wade looked back at Peter from where he was surrounded, “You mentioned me before?”

Peter smiled back at him, “Yeah, of course.”

Alfie elbowed Wade, “He tells us everything.” The kid rolled his eyes, although the boast was evident in his face.
“So!” Peter clapped his hands together, “We ready to go.”

The group sighed and muttered, gathering up their stuff. Wade turned to Peter, hands in pockets and smile stretching his face. “What we doing, Petey?”

Peter grabbed his elbow, directing him into the building. “A little community service.”

“What?” Wade yelped, he dug his heels in a little. “Can I opt into jail time instead?”

Peter continued, “This is by choice!” His voice dropped, breath tickling at Wade’s neck, “Set a good example.”

Lick him.

Wade grumbled, starting to trudge in step with Peter.

“Hey so, Mr Wade”, The pale ginger kid ran up, “You here to help? Don’t you have anything better to do? Don’t got a girl?”

“Slow down there, Casper.”

The kid frowned, “My name is Felix.”

Wade waved a hand, “Ah, it was a ghost reference, but anyway what’s it to you if I got a girl?”

The kid shrugged, skipping a little to keep up. “Figured with it being Valentines and all you’d have a hot date.”

“Well, Petey here is probably the hottest date to have anyway.”

The boy squinted, twisting back to look at Peter. “You’re gay?”
“Bisexual.” Peter corrected, “And not on a date.” He pushed open the doors, letting the rest of them file in first before following.

Felix snorted and punched at Wade’s thigh. “So much for your hot date.”

“Yeah well, I don’t see your date either.” Wade sniped, pretending to rub at his leg.

“What you talking about? Billie’s my date.” He pointed over his shoulder at Billie, who waved at them.

Wade twisted round before looking back and offering a fist, “Nice job, kid.”

He grinned, punching Wade’s fist.

“Oh, there’s my boy. Catch you later, Mr Wade.” Felix jogged forward into what appeared to be the rec hall, doing a complicated handshake with an old Hispanic guy.

Wade glanced around. The place was filled with old people. He groaned, turning to Peter as the kids fanned out and greeted various old timers.

“Don’t make a face”, Peter chuckled, swivelling the other man back towards the hall bubbling with activity. “There’s someone I want you to meet. Hey, Stan!”

*No way.*

Wade’s eyes widened, head whipping round to see a white haired man in sunglasses sat at a table playing chess. Wade gasped.

The man smiled wide, “Peter! Always good to see ya.”

Isn’t he meant to be dead?

Apparently that won’t stop the cameos.

The man laughed, looking around Wade at Peter. “You brought me a fan?”

Peter held his hands up, “I had no idea he knew you.”

Wade took Stan’s hand in a shake, his skin thin and wrinkled but warm and alive. So alive. “Yeah, big fan. Huge fan. You made me the man I am today.”

Stan smiled up at him, motioning to the other chair. “Get outta the chair, not often I get a fan.”

The other man grumbled, getting to his feet and being escorted away by Peter. Wade took the offer, watching starry-eyed as Stan started re-ordering the chess pieces.

“So, you read my work. Guessing the book that got turned into some glitzy Hollywood movie caught your eye?”

“Well…” Wade hesitated, unsure how best to proceed. “A wide selection.”

Stan nodded, “So it’s your lucky day. Got anything to ask me?” Stan pushed a pawn forward.

Nothing relevant to this reality.

“No… I think I’d rather not question it.”

Stan’s eyes crinkled. “A unique point of view, but okay.”
Peter walked past with an old lady on his arm, laughing at something she’d said.

Stan followed his gaze before turning back to Wade. “Either you got a thing for older women, or you’re into our Peter.”

Wade’s eyes flicked back. “Both can be true.”

Stan laughed and nodded, “I guess so. Check.”

“Wait, what?” Wade looked down at the pieces. He was right.

He moved his knight in the way. “Sneaky old man.”

Stan grinned, taking his knight. “Check.”

“What?” Wade spluttered, frowning at the board. He moved his king.

Stan moved his Queen. “Check.” Laughter filled his voice.

Wade sat back, crossing his arms. “Enough! I know when I’m beat. This game is all about memorising moves anyway.”

Stan laughed at him. “A sore loser. You wanna play something you’re more used to, so I can kick your butt at that too?”

Wade’s eyes flashed. “You got any playing cards?”

Chapter End Notes

The comments on this fic have been overwhelmingly lovely and I love y’all for it <3
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

no chapter warnings!

Chapter Notes

date date date

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade came with Peter every time he visited the rec centre, and every time he got beaten by Stan at poker. Or Go Fish. Or Bridge.

“That man can read me like he wrote me, Petey. With ease.”

Peter snorted from where he was laid out on his sofa scrolling through social media.

“He has to be cheating.”

Peter glanced up to where Wade stood in the kitchen, tossing salad. “Are you sure you’re not just a sore loser?”

“Oh, I definitely am”, Wade gesticulated with a spatula, a lettuce leaf flinging off the end. “But I know he’s cheating because I’m cheating. There should be no way he can win.”

Peter shrugged. “So he also beats you at cheating.” He paused his feed at a suggested event nearby. “Huh”, He looked up at Wade, turning his phone. “We still haven’t gone to Frankie’s show, when were you thinking?”

Wade glanced at him, slicing through some steak. He blinked before a crooked smile grew on his face. “Didn’t know you wanted me to be your chaperone, baby boy.”
Peter pouted, turning the phone back to him. “I just thought, as Frankie said… Never mind, I can go by myself.”

“No, no. I’ve already picked out your corsage.” Wade tapped the side of the salad bowl, “Order up.”

Peter rolled off the couch, shoving his phone in his pocket. “The menu today, good sir?”

“For starters, we have a well aged and lovingly slaughtered cow”, Wade pulled out a seat for Peter. “The main is the same cow, and dessert is probably beer if there’s any left after eating.”

Peter nodded as Wade pushed in his seat for him, “A masterpiece, as always.”

“Really living up to my Yelp reviews.”

Peter groaned around a mouthful, “Oh yeah.”

Wade paused with his eyes closed, gripping his heart. He took a deep breath through his nose. “Peter, please. The noises. My delicate little heart cannot take the strain. And my d-”

Peter waved, “Yeah, yeah. I get it. Sorry.”

Wade smiled, continuing to cut into his food. “So, you wanna see Frankie’s show, baby boy?”

Peter glanced back up, shoving salad leaves into his mouth. He hummed, nodding his head.

Wade pushed his piece of steak around the plate. “Coz Jazmine is performing this Friday… If you’re free?”

Peter looked up, calculating. He felt like there was something he was meant to be doing, but he couldn’t think of anything. Well, if it was important he would have remembered. Probably.
“Yeah, sweet. What time we thinking?”

Wade grinned down at his plate, “She’s not on for a while, but I can pick you up around 8? Have a couple drinks before.”

“Cool, sounds good.” Peter shoved more steak in his mouth, savouring the peppery flavour. “Wait, do I need to wear something special?”

“Well, there’s no dress code, but I think you’d look great in a ball gown.” Wade shoved in his own mouthful, before gesturing with his fork. “And go with blue, it’ll work with the corsage I got planned.”

Peter swallowed, “No, but really though. Are you meant to dress a certain way for these things?”

Wade lips stretched into a smile, “What, drag shows?”

“Yeah”, Peter frowned at Wade’s gleeful face. “What? I’ve never been. I don’t wanna embarrass Frankie, or Jazmine. Which name am I meant to use?”

“She prefers Jazmine when she’s in drag. And I wasn’t lying when I said there’s no dress code, Webs. You can wear whatever you’d usually wear on a night out with the girls.”

“Well, it’s been a while”, Peter muttered into his food.

“Peter. Petey. Baby boy, what was that?” Wade put down his fork, leaning forward. “How long’s it been? Will this be your first night out?”

Peter frowned, pushing Wade’s face out of his space. “Okay, yeah, it’s been a while. But I’m busy, you know. Saving the world, and then being with MJ, then not being with MJ.”

Wade gasped, “I’m taking Spidey out for his first night off in months?”

Peter groaned, “Don’t make this a big deal.”
Wade leant back, joy still evident in his face even as he held his hands up in surrender. “Of course. I’ll be good. Promise.”

Peter eyeballed him, “Hm. Believe it when I see it.” He ate the last mouthful off his plate.

**

Friday arrived and Wade turned up in a limo.

Peter covered his face, wide eyes glued to the pavement as he tried his best to pretend not to know the man leaning out the roof of a limo as it crawled along the curb next to him.

“Petey. Is it too much? It’s too much, isn’t it? Petey pie, talk to me.” Wade kept pleading, gaining more and more looks as he kept following Peter. Some pretending to look away as they caught sight of Wade’s skin.

Peter finally cracked, spinning to face Wade. “Can you please stop yelling?”

Wade lit up, leaning his chin in his hands. “You look nice, Petey. Get in the car.”

“I’m not getting in a limo.”

Wade scoffed, “It’s just a pretentious stretched car, Petey. I borrowed it off a friend.” He started whining, throwing his arms flat across the roof towards Peter. “C’mon… Dopinder is missing his sex night for this.”

“I will be enduring many punishments later”, Dopinder’s overly cheerful voice filtered from the front window.

Peter huffed, opening the door to Wade’s cheer. He slid in the car as fast as possible, slamming the door shut behind him. Wade bounced back down into the seat next to Peter, producing a champagne flute.
“Would the lady like some wine?”

Peter rolled his eyes, accepting the glass. “Sure. What friend do you have that owns a limousine?”

“Ah, don’t worry about it.” He poured some champagne into Peter’s glass.

Peter took a sip, “Don’t you think this is all a bit overkill? Are you always so…” Peter waved a hand.


Peter’s phone started playing SEAGULLS! (Stop It Now). He frowned, “Just a sec, I gotta take this.”

Wade shrugged, continuing to drink straight from the bottle as he shuffled to the partition to talk to Dopinder.

Peter answered the phone, “Ned, what’s up?”

“What do you mean, what’s up? Where are you?”


“You forgot” Ned deadpanned.

“Oh no, I’m so sorry. I’ll go back.”

“Wait, you’re out on a Friday night. Are you okay?”
Peter sighed, “Yeah, I was just going to a friend’s drag show.”

“You have friends? Like, other than me and MJ?” Ned sounded pleased, and Peter had to try hard not to get prickly at the questioning.

“Yeah, I have other friends. But I can come back, it’s no problem—”

“No way, dude! You haven’t gone out for a fuckin’ age! I’m coming to you, where we going?”

Peter frowned, “Uh. I’m not sure, one sec. Wade?”

Wade rolled his shoulders in an exaggerated wiggle, looking back at Peter. “Yes, Petey?”

“Yeah, I forgot my friend was coming up to visit. He wants to meet us, where are we going?”

Wade grinned wide, “Baby boy’s friends? I’m at the level where I get to meet them? Wait. You’re not gonna hide me in a bathroom?”

Peter sighed, “No. Why would I even-? Back to the point. Where should he meet us?”

“Well, we can go get him—”

“No!” Peter leaned forwards, hearing Ned questioning down the phone. “No, don’t worry Ned. I’m fine.” He covered the phone. “I am not inviting questions by picking up Ned in a fucking limo, Pool. Where are we going.”


“Thank you”, Peter sighed, bringing the phone back to his ear. “Club 96. It’s—”
“Oh! No, I know it. No worries. I’ll see you in 10.” Ned hung up.

Peter stared for a second at his phone. Ned knew it? He hadn't pegged him as the type to… You know what. He didn’t assume to know his whole life.

“So. Ned?”

Peter looked up to where Wade was casually leaning against the other side of the limo. He shook himself from his thoughts. “Yeah, an old buddy from high school. Great guy, huge nerd.”

Wade smirked, “Can see why you get on then. You bond over your boners for Princess Leia?”

Peter choked a laugh, “Yeah, something like that.” Ned had been the first one he’d spoken to when he realised he also had a thing for Han Solo, telling him he didn’t blame him. He’d been there for him through a lot of shit, it was an adjustment when he moved away.

Dopinder opened the partition a crack. “Mr Pool, we are at your destination.”

Wade glanced back. “Yeah, thanks Siri.” He opened the door, stepping into the street and offering an arm to Peter.

Peter took the offer, standing up to check his surroundings. Downtown, two blocks from the pizza place that mispriced their mozzarella sticks. A little east from that minor explosion he’d stopped a few months back.

Satisfied he knew where he was, he followed Wade towards the club. Wade walked straight past the line, greeting the bouncer like he knew them.

“Agnes! Always a pleasure. Is that a new fragrance?”

Agnes smiled down at Wade, even without makeup her eyes were bright in the street lights. “Wade, good to see you back again. You wanna swap places?”
“Usually I would, but I got someone with me.”

Peter waved awkwardly, smile tight.

She whistled appreciatively. “Damn, Wade. You punchin’”

“Sure am”, Wade grinned. “It’s his first show.”

Agnes’ smile softened as she looked at Peter. “Don’t worry, we’ll look after you. Just keep an eye on that one.” She poked at Wade, who widened his eyes in mock surprise.

“I have no idea what you’re referring to, Agnes.”

“Mmhmm”, her eyes narrowed, “Just stay away from the alcopops this time. Makes him handsy.”

“More than usual?” Peter stated drily, causing her to laugh and slap his back. He wheezed a little at the force.

“I see you can look after yourself. Have fun tonight.” She motioned them inside. Peter hesitated, bringing out his phone.

He showed her a picture of Ned. “This is my friend, I don’t know if you need to know, but-”

She waved a hand, winking. “Don’t you worry. I will keep an eye out for your friend.”

He sighed and nodded, “Thanks.”

Wade was waiting for him at the door, bouncing on the spot. “C’mon, Petey. Let’s go!”

Peter shook his head and smiled, walking through the door.
this one was harder to squeeze out coz ima sleepy how who keeps forgetting to take her vitimin d
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

TW light consumption of alcohol

Chapter Notes

Ooh, gurl. That burn is startin to get spicy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter was midway through his beer when Ned walked up to their table.

Peter stood up, pulling Ned into a hug. “Ned! It’s been forever, dude!” He took a step back, “I missed you, man.”

Ned grinned back, “Yeah, I missed you too. Am I gonna have to play catch-up here? You’re not usually a big hugger.”

Peter flushed a little, “Yeah, well. People change, I guess.” He hastily waved him forward, “But take a seat, uh, this is my friend Wade. Wade, this is Ned.”

Wade crossed his legs, not getting up from where he sat as he took Ned’s hand. “Nice to meet ya buddy, heard a lot about you.”

Ned nodded, sliding into the booth next to Peter, “Yeah, wish I could say the same. Apparently Peter’s keeping you a secret.”

“Aw”, Wade held his hand to his chest as he spun to look at Peter, “I’m your dirty little secret?”

“No”, Peter shoved at Wade, “You’re just a friend.” He turned to Ned, “He’s just a friend.”
Wade pouted, “C’mon Petey, don’t trample on a guy’s dreams.”

Peter rolled his eyes, turning to Ned. “So, how did you know about this place? I didn’t know you were into all this stuff.”

Ned shrugged off his jacket, “Don’t you remember Jacqueline? She came here a lot.”

Peter frowned, “Oh. I didn’t really pin it as her kind of scene either.”

“Well, I mean she was trans so she just liked to be in a non-judgemental environment sometimes-”

“Wait, what?” Peter gasped, choking a little on his beer. “She was? What? Why didn’t I know?”

Ned sniggered, “Well, you’re not the most perceptive.”

“Sure I am! I notice things!”

“It’s not your strongest suit, baby boy.” Wade joined in, sighing dreamily, “But it’s so cute when you don’t notice shit.”

“What? Name one time!”

“Well, Jacqueline.” Ned started before Peter cut him off.

“Not counting that!”

“Well, once you walked in on me having some time with lil’ Wade and didn’t even notice.”

Peter spun in his seat. “What?”
“You know. Buffing the banana. Tootin’ your horn. Spanking the monkey. Beating the meat.”

“I know what you meant! I meant when- You know what”, Peter held up a hand. “I have a feeling, I’d rather not know.”

Ned was shaking with laughter next to him before punching Peter in the arm. “I told you, man. Unless you’re looking for it, absolutely zero awareness.”

Peter grumbled as Wade moved to stand up, “Hey, you guys want a drink?”

Peter shook his head, indicating his beer as Ned nodded. “Yeah, just any light beer. How much you need?”

Wade waved him away as he reached for his wallet, “No worries, it’s on me. Just any light beer?”

Ned nodded, settling back down. “Yeah, thanks dude. I’ll get the next one.”

Wade waved him away, already turning towards the bar.

Ned leaned into Peter’s space, elbowing him as he watched Wade walk away. “Hey, so, you guys… Y’know. Crossing streams?”

Peter recoiled, “What? No. Why would you think that? I literally just said we’re just friends.”

Ned held his hands up in surrender, “Hey, I’m just saying. He seems your type. Bit lone wolf in a funny way, like Han Solo.”

Peter snorted, “He is nothing like Han Solo.”

Ned shrugged, “Okay, that’s fine. Don’t gotta get so defensive. Just sayin’, you guys seem good for each other is all.” Ned nabbed Peter’s beer, finishing it off.
Peter rolled his eyes, letting him. “Yeah, well. Either way, I’ve not looked at anyone since the divorce.”

Ned frowned at him, putting the empty bottle down. “Hey, you can’t keep nursing that. MJ was right, you guys were stagnating. I think this has already been good for you, look where you are. You hadn’t really gone out without MJ forcing you since before you started dating.”

“Yeah, yeah”, Peter grumbled, nudging at a wet ring on the wooden surface. “I’m not nursing. I am doing better. It’s just hard, you know. We were together so long, it still feels a little wrong. Like I’m cheating, looking at anyone like that.”

Ned hummed, bumping shoulders. “I still think you’re a little bit ace, if I’m honest.”

Peter wrinkled his nose, “But, I like sex.”

“Peter”, Ned sighed, “Ace people can like sex. It’s a spectrum. And you seem more into emotional connection.”

“Yeah, like a decent human being.”

“I’m just saying. Dude, you have never had a one night stand.”

Peter pouted at him, “Just never found anyone that it felt right doing that kind of thing.”

“Exactly. Dude, Google it. It should come up as demi. I’m learning a lot from this girl I’m seeing. You’d like her.”

“Oh, am I gonna meet her?”

“Well, we’re still early days. But soon.” Ned grinned at the table and shrugged, “I hope so.”

Peter jostled Ned and grinned back, “Ooh, you like her.”
“I do! I don’t wanna mess it up.”

Peter’s mouth softened just as Wade returned to the table, tray of drinks in hand. “Now, I know you said you were fine but I got you another beer and a soda.” Wade put two glasses in front of Peter as Ned raised his eyebrows at him.

Peter sighed, “That is… So unnecessary.”

“He means thank you, because he was raised right. Right Peter?” Ned elbowed him in the ribs.

Peter winced, rubbing his side. “Yeah, of course thanks. You didn’t have to do that, though.”

Wade sat down in his chair, picking up his own beer. “Wanted to. You can’t tell me what to do.” His throat worked as he chugged his beer. He gasped, putting the bottle back down. “So, Ned. Tell me about yourself. The interesting parts, so I don’t get distracted.”

“Oh. Well, I’ve known Peter since he was a nerd at high school-”

Wade snorted, “Heh. Was.”

“Oh, ha ha.” Peter squinted at them both as they laughed at him.

The bar grew more crowded quickly, the three having to lean closer to be able to hear each other. When the place seemed to have squeezed well past its capacity the lights dimmed and the spotlight came on.

“Are y’all ready for some entertainment?”

The crowd screamed, Wade’s wolf whistle piercing.

“Oh, stop. You’ll only excite me.” Jazmine stepped into the light, sparkling and stunning in a dress
“Holy shit”, Peter smiled to himself, hand covering his face. Frankie was an artist, and this was the art. As the music started and Jazmine started dancing across the stage, doing flips and keeping perfectly in sync with the beat Peter was impressed.

He could see the sweat glittering across Jazmine’s skin, but everything stayed perfectly in place. She was great at what she did and it was clear why she was the headliner.

She flirted with the audience, involving them in the show. She was quick with her humour, free with her appreciation, and she had the audience in the palm of her hand. Peter caught occasional glances at Wade, who’s pride was a clear searing brand on his face.

When the lights finally came back on Jazmine started to mingle with people, greeting, welcoming, and taking photos with the crowd near the stage. Wade grinned at them.

“So, she’s pretty fuckin’ great, right?”

Ned nodded, “For sure, even just the stamina of staying on that long is incredible.”

Wade waggled where his brows would be, “I’m sure Petey knows all about being able to go all night.”

Ned looked between the two of them, confused. “Am I missing something?”

“No!” Peter kicked Wade sharply, “He just thinks he’s funny.”

“Because I am funny, Petey.” Wade’s smile amped up in wattage, opening his arms. “Here’s our girl, great job tonight, as always.”

Jazmine collapsed into his lap with a huff. “Thanks babe, my feet are killing me. But beauty hurts.”

She grabbed the beer from Wade’s hand, taking a slug. Ned leaned into Peter, whispering hoarse in
his ear. “Oh, I get it. He’s taken. That sucks, dude.”

Peter’s face wrinkled up, half turning to Ned. “What? No I’m not—”

Then it clicked. They were together. It made so much sense. Whenever Wade wasn’t with Peter or on a job he was usually with Frankie. He watched at how Wade’s arms looped easily around Jazmine’s waist, their heads close together as they chatted. Well, that was great. They were good for each other.

He felt the breath whoosh out of him more than he consciously sighed.

“Hey, Peter. You okay?” Ned poked him in the shoulder. “You wanna leave?”

Peter blinked. He realised he was feeling really tired. “Um, yeah. Sure. You staying with me this time?”

“I’m staying with Mom this time, but I can stay with you if you need.”

“What, no. Why would I? I’m just tired.”

Ned hummed as Wade called over to them, “What are you two whispering about? Is it a secret? Ooh, can I know?”

“Nothing secret, just saying we gotta get going.” Peter slid out of the booth, standing up. “But Jazmine, that was an awesome show. Seriously, amazing work.”

She pouted at him, “I know. But do you really need to leave?”

“Unfortunately”, Ned stepped forward, “But hopefully we will get properly introduced soon.”

She smiled, the glitter on her cheeks catching the light as she looked him up and down. “Ooh, I hope so.”
Peter held up a hand in an awkward wave. “Well, see you guys.”

Wade’s eyes darted between them, “You sure you’re okay, baby boy?”

“I’m just fine. Got some sleep to catch up on.” His smile was thin.

“Okay… Well. If you need me, I’ll have my phone on me.”

Peter waved him off, turning towards the door. “No need. Have a good night guys.”

Wade called after them, voice already getting lost in the crowd. “Stay safe! Don’t get in the van unless the candy’s really good!”

Chapter End Notes

i woke up to over 20 comments to reply to and i just want yall to know i love and appreciate ya <3
Wade collapsed back in his chair. He couldn’t help feeling like he’d failed somehow.

*Obviously we did. First night out and he leaves early.*

*And did you see his face? He looked more upset than when he accidentally ate your food and it had pineapple in.*

“Aww, don’t pout. You’ll get wrinkles.”

“Yes, I must preserve the masterpiece that is my face.”

Jazmine jabbed him in the ribs with her fake nails, causing him to jolt. “It could get worse! Under all that scarring, you could be cute. If you stopped moping so much.”

He sat back up to stare her down, “I don’t mope, I am a fucking delight and you know that.”

“Mnhmm. Well you’re not being so delightful right now. You deflate like a fucking boner in a retirement home whenever Peter leaves.”

“Are you kidding? There’s so much viagra in those places if you sit too close it improves your
posture."

She scowled at him, “Stay on subject. You can’t distract me.”

He huffed, looking away and jiggling a leg. “I dunno, he just seemed off. Didn’t he? I’m worried I fucked up with his friend-”

“Honey, I can’t be dealing with your restless leg syndrome, I got a tucking situation to maintain.”

“Sorry.” He consciously stilled his leg. “I just thought the night had been going so well. I thought I was getting on with his nerdy high school pal…”

Yeah. We liked Ned, too.

“We’ve just started getting closer.” Wade finished on a whiny note.

“So you’ve mentioned.” She raised a perfectly drawn brow at his sigh. “Look, you need to just be honest and ask him. Tell it to him straight. The boy ain’t that bright with these things, you need to spell it out.”

Maybe in rose petals?

Or bodies? That bit was a hit in the movies.

“I have been telling him”, Wade whinged.

Jazmine tutted, “I’m not talking about your dumb flirting and Schrödinger’s jokes.”

“Schrödinger?”

“Only joking if they seem offended.” She explained before pushing forward out of his lap. She
turned and leaned back into his face, a manicured nail poking him in the chest. “Stop being a coward, Wade. Ask. Him. Out. No jokes.”

Wade frowned, eyes skirting away from the face in front of him. “I don’t want to ruin what we have. It’s… It’s not worth it.”

She threw her hands up, “Then do whatever. But make a decision and stop moping about it. Enjoy him being your friend, or push for more. Stop fuck zoning him, it’ll get creepy real fast.”

*She has a point.*

Wade sighed and groaned, scrubbing a hand over his head. “Fine. You’re right.”

“So you’ll ask him out?” Her eyes sparkled.

“No. The other one. I’m lucky to have him as a friend. It’s not worth the incredibly slim chance that he might consider dating me.”

She backed out of his space with a groan, “You’re selling yourself short, Wade.”

He pointed at his face, “There ain’t no sale cheap enough for what I’m selling.”

She rolled her eyes and kicked him.

**

Peter felt restless when he get home. Despite the exhaustion he felt the need to do something tugging at his bones. After picking up and dropping his editing work, his research, video games, and TV he finally sat on the sofa tapping his feet. He scoured his thoughts for what could have happened to make him feel this way.

He tugged his laptop over, opening up the browser and looking up what Ned had mentioned. He was pretty sure it didn’t apply, but maybe that was what was keeping him up. But the further he
looked into it, the more he was finding stuff that resonated with him. Like he had a sex drive, but he hadn’t really ever had a crush. It was more like he got interested in people, and as he got to know them and grew comfortable they would mention romantic feelings and it would just progress from there. He always just figured he wasn’t the type to make the first move, but maybe Ned was onto something. For once.

He wasn’t too sure what was more surprising. That he did relate to some of the stuff he was reading, or that it wasn’t as normal as he thought. He just figured that all the guys were just posturing when they said all the sexually suggestive stuff. He had just picked whoever seemed prettiest, but really he liked fictional characters way more. He felt like he knew them.

“Well, fuck.” He leaned away from the screen, staring at the ceiling and scratching through his stubble. So wait, if not everyone was like this, when people used sexual innuendo with him did that mean?

But that couldn’t be right, Wade was taken and he was always making suggestive comments at Peter. Peter felt a hollow feeling shoot through him, like a punch to the gut. Energy zipped through his limbs again, the restlessness back.

He carefully folded the laptop, placing it on the coffee table with shaking hands. Was he really that narcissistic that he was upset Wade was really joking? He had always been fine with it before… Well, he hadn’t really thought about it before. He groaned, tugging at his hair and bending into a little ball on the couch.

So what would he do if he wasn’t joking, anyway? It was selfish to just want him there to pump up his ego… But if he wasn’t joking. He felt tension bleed into his joints, like when he was prepping for a big fight. Like before a big test. Like he felt before he opened his letter telling him if he got into the college of his dreams.

He shot up with a gasp. “No way.” He slapped himself in the face, wincing. “No, no, no. Peter. You didn’t.”

But he had. He’d gone and gotten used to Wade, started enjoying his presence in his life. Even invited him in, grown comfortable in their banter. And now he was with Frankie.

He groaned, “Peter, you stupid fuck.”

He liked Wade.
I had a comment on how I included my HC of Petey being a lil ace just for Ned to seem woke. It isn't that, it's just my partner is ace and I'm demi. So it's gonna be portrayed how we experience it, because it's not a universal experience and that's what I know. I'm not including it to pander to anyone, I'm including it because I want it to be there. If it comes off as anything else, I've tried my best.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

TWs canon typical violence, but not really described, just mentioned.

Chapter Notes

A double update! I provide for my bbies <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade was knee deep in thoughts of how good Petey had looked in those skinny jeans at the club when Spider-Man swung past his window. He frowned, looking at the time. 2AM. So Petey hadn’t just woken up early.

Maybe he just didn’t wanna hang out with your ugly ass.

“He wouldn’t bail on Frankie if it was that”, Wade dismissed, “Too much of a Boy Scout.”

That may be so, but why is he out swinging around New York if it’s not that?

Wade pouted, sliding his hand out his pants to check the news on his phone. No urgent breaking reports. He sighed, tapping his phone against his thigh. Well, there was a good way to check.

He got up and picked his suit off the floor. He sniffed it and recoiled. After glancing around he spotted some body spray. Holding the suit at arm length, he sprayed the entire thing. It’d do.

I want to make it clear I do not agree that this is fine.

Wade ignored White’s complaints, pulling on the suit and whistling to himself. He was still a little buzzed from the shots Jazmine had pushed on him before he left, and now he got to maybe go out and hurt people. He was pretty jazzed about it.
After suiting up and leaving the apartment, he managed to use his Spidey-Senses-

*Get it? It’s how we find Spidey. Like a gaydar but for a tight ass in spandex.*

-And found Spider-Man in the middle of a fight with a mugger while the victim ran, bumping into Wade as he made his escape.

“Well, maybe you should hang around and find out?” Spidey quipped as he hung the guy from the fire escape.

“Aw, man. I bet in context that was such a zinger”, Wade lamented as he stepped further into the alley.


Wade cocked his head, “Like a rash you can’t quite shake, baby boy. Looking tight in that spandex tonight.”

Peter went a little ridged.

*Oh, look. You’re making him uncomfortable.*

*Doesn’t usually make him uncomfortable.*

*I told you guys we fucked up somehow!*

“Am I making you uncomfortable, baby boy?”

“What? No? Why would you be?” Peter was giving out some clear vibes, and Wade didn’t like it.

He narrowed his eyes at him, “You doin’ okay? Did something happen?”
“No”, Peter squeaked before clearing his throat. He deliberately loosened his limbs, almost missing when he went to lean against the wall. “No, what makes you think that?”

“You’re acting more shifty than politicians around tax season. Weren’t you tired?”

“Oh, I am.” Peter shifted away from the wall, crossing his arms.

*Nice biceps. Would look great wrapped around our-*

“Was just feeling antsy. Can’t sleep.” Peter shrugged.

“Okay”, Wade said slowly. “Well”, He continued, more chipper as he threw an arm around Peter’s tight shoulders, “If you’ve got nothing specific to do I know a guy who can find us something.”

Peter followed as Wade pulled them both forward.

“You remember those photos you were gonna get at Sister Margaret’s?”

“Yeah, before they pulled the story.”

“Well, you know I mentioned my buddy Weasel before? He’s got his fingers in a lotta pies, the most action the guy gets to be honest. He’ll think of something for us to do.”

The Spider-Man mask squinted up at him, but he still hadn’t ducked under Wade’s arm across his shoulders.

*His muscles feel damn good.*

*We need to get laid.*
“This better not be illegal.” Peter grumbled.

“Nah, Weasel knows I’m a good boy now. Gotta keep on the good side our friendly neighbourhood Spider-Man.” Wade grinned, continuing to lead the way.

It was nice, having Peter under his arm. People glancing at the two masked men occasionally. He could fool himself a little that their feelings were the same. That the affection was welcomed rather than tolerated. It was nice.

*Now if we could just inch that hand a bit lower...*

They arrived at Sister Margaret’s a little too fast for Wade’s fantasy, Wade finally lifting his arm and opening the door for Peter.

He bowed with a flourish. “Webs.”

Peter snorted and shook his head as he went inside. Wade followed close behind, hands itching to touch the ass so close in front of him when Peter froze.

“This isn’t a Girl’s School.”

Several of the patrons turned to glare as they walked in. Wade linked arms with Peter, skipping towards the bar.

Wade knocked on the counter, singing loud. “Oh, girls! Daddy’s home!”

Weasel shuffled out of the back room, staring deadpan at Wade through his thick glasses. “Wade, see you brought your superhero boyfriend. Not the smartest choice.”

Wade cracked up, “As if he couldn’t take everyone in this room, including me.”

*We’d at least slow him down.*
“Exactly! He’s gonna mess up the Dead Pool.”

“What? I’m going to mess you up?” Peter looked between them, confused.

“No, his namesake. The Dead Pool.” Weasel pointed above the bar, drawing Peter’s attention to the bettings. “Who’s gonna die next.”

Peter screwed his face up as Wade teased, “Yeah, and you chose the worst one.”

“I didn’t know you were gonna become immortal like some asshole!”

We did die next, in fairness.

Just couldn’t keep us down.

“Oh yeah, a real dick move.” Wade leaned across the bar towards some bottles.

Weasel slapped him away, “Yeah, really living up to your brand. What’re you guys doing here, apart from to clearly annoy me?”

“Aw, don’t be that way.” Wade pouted, leaning on the bar.

Peter cut across him, “Pool said you might know of some trouble we can take care of?”

Weasel’s eyes flicked over to study him, “Yeah, sure. I know about all sorts of trouble. How much you thinking?”

Wade rolled his mask up, throwing some cherries into his mouth. “Spidey is more about the doing good part of the show, rather than the paycheck.”
“Well, duh, I don’t live under a rock”, Weasel rolled his eyes, dragging the bowl of cherries away from Wade. “I’ve got wind of a new human trafficking ring, don’t know if that’s your kind of gig. No one will take the job coz the pay’s shit.”

Peter leaned forward and Wade had to cover his smile at how excited he looked. “Where?”

**

Of course he had to see the very person causing all this turmoil while he was trying to burn off his frustrations. He was eternally thankful for the mask covering how bright he’d flushed at Wade’s innocent flirting, hated how much he enjoyed just simply having the other man’s arm around him. He hadn’t felt this stupidly interested since High School when he’d been in his first relationship with no idea what to do with himself.

He’d never really thought of anyone in that way without prompting, and of course Wade was a heavy prompter. But as he kept reminding himself, he was like that with everyone, Peter was just stupid enough to have taken it seriously.

So saying he felt relieved by the job Weasel had given them made him feel a little guilty for the circumstances, but he desperately needed the distraction. It just would have been easier if Wade wasn’t there.

He couldn’t help the way his eyes started to be drawn to how well Wade’s suit hugged every muscle. How clean cut and professional every movement was when he was fighting. Wade was showing off to no-one apparently, just talking to thin air about how he could beat them all with three bullets.

Peter really shouldn’t have been surprised when he reacted to his Spidey-Sense too late and found himself on the ground with a boot fast approaching his face. He really shouldn’t have gotten so distracted by Deadpool sliding out of cover to shoot at two people’s kneecaps at once. He grit his teeth, preparing for the kick to hit-

“Sorry I’m late, honey bunch.” And then the guy was on the ground, Deadpool stood over him with his handgun pointed unwavering at his head.

Peter’s eyes widened, hands thrown forward, “Wait-!”
Wade shot twice before shouting to himself. “Damn it! My record!” He shot a third time.

Peter scrambled up, punching Wade’s arm. “What the hell are you doing? You didn’t have to kill him!”

Wade rocked slightly under the force of the blow, sliding his gun back in place. “Can’t let him get away with touching you like that. Besides, these are the scum of the scum. Hell won’t even let them in. They’d be reincarnated as a mouldy cupcake, no wait that’s mean to mould—”

Peter felt his stomach screw up as he gritted out, “You still can’t go around killing people!”

“But Spidey”, Wade whinged, sidling up to him, “I’m trying my best. Look, I only un-alived one person. Just one, that’s not so bad.”

Peter scowled. It was true, everyone else was incapacitated. He webbed one that started to stir, causing them to groan.

Wade followed the movement, distractedly humming to himself. “I bet you could do some real kinky stuff with that webbing.”

“What?” Peter stumbled back.

Wade stepped away, studying a guy webbed to the wall with his chin in hand as he twisted to get a better look. “I mean, you’ve webbed me a few times, and it’s got a real nice hold. Wait. No, I should save that thought for the wank bank.”

Peter eyed the webbing. Hadn’t really thought of using it for that before.

Wade groaned, leaning against the wall. “Don’t say that, Webs, I’m trying to calm down.”

Peter felt the blood rush to his face, “Oh. Didn’t mean to say anything out loud. Sorry.”

“Uh huh”, Wade wheezed, holding out a thumbs up, head still hanging next to where his other arm
was braced against the wall.

“You do need to be more careful about killing people”, Peter stated weakly as Wade nodded.

Wade finally straightened up, rolling his shoulders. “I’m doing my best, Webs. Just saw red for a second. And blue.”

“You don’t need to worry about me, I can take care of myself.”

Wade hummed, “Usually, I’m inclined to believe you. But I think you’re more tired than you’re letting on. That guy should never had got the drop on you.”

Peter looked away, thankful for the excuse for his poor performance. “Yeah, must be. Think I should probably pack it in for tonight. You should probably go soon, too. The police should be here before long.”

“Hmm, maybe.” Wade placed his hand on Peter’s shoulder, ducking his head a little. “You sure there’s nothing you wanna tell me, baby boy?”

Peter did his best to suppress a shiver. “I’m sure.” He turned away, the warmth of Wade’s hand falling away. “You don’t need to worry about me, Wade.”

Wade hummed behind him as Peter went to web away.

“I’ll be round on Tuesday, yeah?”

Peter paused. Alone with Wade didn’t sound like a great idea, but he had three nights to come up with an excuse or get over this awkwardness.

“Yeah, of course.” He pulled up, starting to fwap away.

Wade’s voice carried after him even as the sirens started to grow closer. “Hate to see you go, love to watch you leave!”
Chapter End Notes

Ty for all ur comments ily'all
Peter was distracted and frustrated all weekend. He did a couple patrols but there didn’t seem to be much going on. He ended up on the floor of Ned’s childhood bedroom while Ned carefully put together a lego set at his desk.

“So… You do like him?”

“Well, I didn’t know I did! And then you point out he’s with Frankie-”

“Did I? What made me think that?”

“And now I can’t stop finding everything he does endearing. He’s over six foot and I’m pretty sure he’s got muscles in places I can’t imagine, yet I keep on thinking goddamn he’s cute.”

“I’d say with all the scarring he looks more dangerous than cute, but that’s love I guess.”

Peter spluttered, face going red as he twisted upright. “What? No! It’s just a stupid crush, I’ll get over it.”

“Why though?” Ned didn’t even look up as he snapped a piece in place. “You don’t know for sure he’s dating Frankie.”
“What do you mean?” Peter flapped, “You’re the one that said that!”

Ned drew his brows together, “Yeah, I really don’t remember that. Are you sure it was me?”

“Come on, dude. You didn’t even drink that much!”

“Untrue, Wade bought me some shots when you went to the bathroom.” Ned grinned, “I like him. I didn’t pay for one drink all night.”

“Oh, that’s all it takes? Just buy you loads of shit and you’re in the good books?”

Ned waved a lego brick at him. “Exactly.”

Peter sighed, flopping back to the floor. “I wish i could just go back to how it was.”

“Really? Because it sounds more like you’re upset it can’t move forward.”

Peter grunted.

“It’s kind of nice though.” Ned mused, spinning his model. “Seeing you look at someone different like this.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re having fun.”

Ned threw a lego brick at him, Peter catching it before it hit him in the eye.

“Lighten up, Peter. Enjoy having these feelings. It’s exciting.”

“Yeah, sure.” Peter rolled his eyes. It was not exciting. It was nerve racking, anxiety inducing, distracting, and highly unnecessary.
He felt like he’d just gotten his life back in stride only to be thrown off course by a hammer to the gut. And now whenever he thought about Wade it felt like someone had his heart in a stranglehold. He felt catapulted back to that awkward nerd he was before the spider bit him, asthma and all. And when he had actually seen Wade. He winced, the embarrassment flooding back.

He threw his arm over his face. “I’d at least like to be able to talk to him normally when I see him. You know, without making an ass of myself.”

“But that’s such a central part of your character.”

Peter got up to his elbows just to glare at Ned.

“Ah, you’re overthinking it Peter. Just talk about whatever comes to mind, he seems like an accepting guy. You should be fine.”

Peter scrubbed a hand through his hair. “He is. I just don’t wanna ruin this friendship. You’re so far away… He’s the best friend I’ve got here.”

Peter felt a little raw under Ned’s gaze, shrinking into himself a little. “You’re not losing anyone else, Peter. It’s not going to come to that. And you know I’m always here for you.”

“I know, that wasn’t fair of me to say-”

“It’s okay to say how you feel. And I understand, I miss you all the time.” Ned scooted his chair closer. “Really. If you needed me, I’d get a plane here in a second.”

Peter twisted his mouth into something close to a smile. “I couldn’t ask you to do that.”

“Yeah, well. I kinda wish you would.”

Silence settled over the both of them, Ned’s comment sinking into Peter, before Ned broke it. “You wanna watch some Star Trek?”
“Yeah”, Peter’s voice cracked.

Ned moved over to his tiny old TV, fishing out a DVD.

Peter coughed. “Thanks, Ned.”

Ned looked up and grinned, “Sure, dude. It’s just like high school. Only you’re hopelessly in love and I’m the one doing lego.”

Peter huffed out a laugh, “Yeah, guess we’re even.”

**

Wade walked in without knocking, as usual, with his groceries in hand to Peter stood frozen by the kitchen island.

Wade frowned, closing the door slow. “Did I walk in on something here? You need a minute to put your dick away, baby boy?”

Peter flushed-

*Oh, if pink ain’t a pretty colour on him. Love to spank it into that tight little-

“Down boy”, Wade muttered, throwing his keys on the counter and grabbing food from the bag. “I was thinking some tapas for dinner, you ever eaten Greek? I ate out a Greek woman before, but I thought I’d go for something new and try the food.”

Peter seemed to unfreeze, eyes still wide. “You’re early.”

Wade glanced up from where he was unwrapping the flatbreads. “I mean, we didn’t really have a set time for my calendar. Are you okay? You’re acting all…” He waved a hand in Peter’s general
direction. “Skittish.”

“No. I’m normal. Regular. Boring, even.” Peter’s elbow slid on the worktop and he barely saved his face from hitting it.

*Cute.*

Wade smirked, ripping off a ream of foil. “I don’t think I’d ever call you boring, baby boy. Can’t say much about your bathroom habits, good to hear you’re regular.”

Peter turned away, rubbing his neck with an awkward cough. Wade noticed how even the tips of his ears went pink.

*Fucking adorable.*

“Something is definitely off, Petey. And you best believe I’ll figure it out. You can’t keep secrets from Daddy Deadpool.” He finished laying out the meats he’d picked up on his way over, shoving as much lamb kofta as he could into his mouth.

He groaned, “Fuck! That’s good, put that im your mouth.” He turned to put the flatbreads into the oven to warm back up.

“I’m just gonna…” He turned to see Peter speed walking to the bathroom, calling over his shoulder, “Gimme a minute.”

Wade snorted, checking out his ass as he left. Talk about regular.

*Well, he doesn’t seem angry with us any more.*

*Maybe we just interrupted his shitting time.*

Wade snapped his fingers, for once the boxes actually made sense. Spidey could be a little weird about some stuff, maybe this is one of them. Cute that he’d care if Wade was there.
He shrugged to himself, scrolling through some cat videos.

*NSFW*

Peter had a problem. He was stood with his back pressed against the bathroom door, heart squeezing his chest like he was about to be hunted down. Stuff he hadn’t taken notice of for ages were now… Well.

He looked down at the bulge in his pants, willing it to go down. He had never noticed how sinful Wade’s voice could be. He was just moaning about food, and it was a mistake watching him bend over to put stuff in the oven.

None of this was helping. Peter helplessly glanced round the bathroom, looking for anything that might help. He let his head tip back to rest against the door.

He knew the most efficient solution. He grit his teeth, hissing as pleasure shot up his spine at the simple act of him grabbing himself through his jeans. But he needed results.

He unzipped himself, licking his palm for lubricant and looking to do this hard and fast to let it be over. His toes curled against the tiles at the sudden assault, shoulders curling in.

He tried his best to not think of anything, he really did. The situation was bad enough as it was, but little things kept sneaking past. Wade smirking, canine looking sharp as it caught his lip. How ripped he looked shirtless, and fuck does that mean Peter had been paying attention?

His mind didn’t so much start to wander as it sprinted full force into wondering what if Wade noticed he was gone. What if he came looking for him. Saw him like this with his dick in a death grip.

Sweat tickled as it dripped down his neck, he was so close. How would Wade react? Disgust seemed unlikely. Would he watch? Peter shivered and his cock jerked in his hand at the thought. What if he saw him and made one of his jokes? What if-

Then he heard Wade’s rich laughter rumble through the door and Peter was thrown off the edge. His eyes screwed shut, mouth open as he saw stars.
He opened his eyes, gaze still blotchy as he reached for the toilet roll to wipe himself off. He caught sight of his flushed face in the mirror as he tucked himself away.

“You. Are disgusting.” He muttered, flushing the toilet.

*/NSFW*

Wade waved over Peter as soon as he emerged from the bathroom.

“Hey, Petey. Look at this fucking idiot.” Wade glanced up as Peter came over and did a double take.

Is it just us or does he look more delicious than usual?

Oh god, please don’t tell me you guys have a fucking scat kink now.

I mean… No promises, but he just looks damn good. Who looks good after a shit?

Wade swallowed, forcing a smile on his face as Peter leaned over to look at the cat video he’d found. The way his whole face lit up as he smiled felt real similar to that time someone rearranged Wade’s guts.

Literally. Not a fun time.

Wade jolted as the alarm went off. “My flatbreads!”

He spun, turning off the oven and taking a moment to recentre himself. He put the flatbreads on the counter and tried his best not to stare at the grease on the bottom of Peter’s lip as he chewed.

He cracked open some hummus. “So, you forgot to pick up your payment off Weasel.” He reached into his pocket, fishing out the wad of bills and throwing them across the counter.
Peter’s eyes widened and he started coughing. And kept coughing. Wade slapped him on the back until it lessened to spluttering. “You alright there, baby boy?”

“That’s a lot of money, Wade.”

Wade took his hand back, allowing the ripple of pleasure to roll through him before wandering back round in front of Peter.

He heaped some hummus onto a piece of flatbread. “It’s way below average for a gig that size, and I’ve already taken my share.”

“This is half?” Peter squeaked, still staring at the cash.

Sure, half. All of it. Who can say.

“Yup, that’s your share.” He shoved the food in his mouth, watching Peter’s changing expressions. Baby boy was having a full journey play out on his face.

Surprise, shock, disbelief, worry, was that guilt hidden in there? Before finally Peter looked up at Wade. “So this is how you’re so rich.”

Wade grinned, “I don’t do much for free, that’s for sure Petey pie.”

And we’ve never had much to spend it on.

Wade shoved a handful of olives in his face as Peter tentatively picked up the cash.

“I don’t think I’ve ever touched this much money without instantly giving it away to pay rent.”

We should give him all our money in cash.
Just tell him to be careful rolling around in it naked. Paper cuts.

Wade swallowed his mouthful, reaching for more lamb. “I can get us a couple more jobs like that if it’d be helpful.” He corrected himself as Peter glanced over, “Strictly the moral stuff. But if you’d be doing it anyway, why not get paid?”

Peter frowned, pointing at Wade. “Make sure the money is coming from a good place.”

“Well, I mean, that’s gonna be hard-” Peter raised his eyebrows. “-But I can get Weasel to look into it. Anything for you, baby boy.”

_Literally anything._

Peter huffed, looking away. Unsure, he threw the cash in the empty fruit bowl.

“Not sure that’s the best security solution there, Petey.”

Peter shook his head, focusing on his food. “I’ll take it to the bank, obviously.”

Wade wrinkled his nose.

_To those crooks? Is he crazy?_

_Oh, coz we’re so sane keeping it in easily flammable places like under floorboards._

_I would rather it set on fire than those greasy sons of bitches get their disgusting little baby hands on it._

“You okay? You look ready to fight the lamb. You know it’s dead, right?”
Wade glanced up to where Peter was smirking at him. He deliberately smoothed out his face. “Just peachy! Thinking about banks does that to me.”

Peter’s smile grew, “You one of those tin hat paranoid guys who hates banks?”

Wade pointed a skewer at him, “Completely justified paranoia! They ain’t gambling with my money.”

Peter sniggered, “You also think the Earth is flat?”

“What, like it isn’t?”

Peter’s face fell. “Please tell me you’re joking.”

“Well if it’s not flat, how come I can see the edges?”

Wade suppressed his smile as Peter groaned.

“That’s so stupid, please tell me I’m not friends with an idiot.”

“No, I’m super smart. I don’t listen to fake round Earth news.”

Wade’s facade cracked at how crestfallen Peter looked.

*Got him.*

*His face!*

“I’m sorry, I can’t do it.” He gasped, “You looked like a kicked puppy.”
“So you don’t believe the Earth is flat?” Peter asked with the whisper of a smile. “I kind of need to hear you say it.”

Wade settled down. “I don’t think the Earth is flat, baby boy.”

Peter deflated, face in his hands. “Thank god.”

Wade chuckled, feeling warm. It was nice to know his opinion mattered to Peter. Even a little bit.

Chapter End Notes

tell me how u feel
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

no tws?? I think?? Let me know if I'm missing something ;w;

Chapter Notes

More of our boys being stupid and that mutual pining gold
Also we're on chapter 20 and page 110 of my google docs biiiiiiies less gooooddo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So Peter had a poor handle on... Whatever this was with Wade. The only thing that seemed to help was ensuring he masturbated before Wade arrived. So when his front door was booted in on a Friday evening, he was far from prepared.

“Petey, holy fuck!” Both Wade’s arms were weighed down with bags, with sunglasses for his eyes and the eyes printed on his Mickey Mouse hat. He dumped the tray of drinks from Starbucks on the kitchen counter.

Peter jolted as hot cheese fell on his lap from the pizza that had been held frozen in front of his gaping face. He scooped off the cheese, putting the whole mess back in the box as he got up to where Wade was unloading bags in the kitchen.

He felt like he was approaching a stray mutt, unsure if it would bite or run. “Wade, are you okay?”

Wade looked up and sniffed, eyes wide. “Yeah, why’d you ask?” He turned back to his bags, rooting around. “I been down on a job in Florida, not slept for maybe three days. I dunno, what day is it?”

He didn’t give Peter a chance to answer as he started piling clothes in his arms. Peter looked down in confusion at the array of clothes being thrown at him.

“Either way, was this nice little job no one wanted. Some kingpin that should have retired working
the illegal drug trade, selling all the elderlies fake addictive shit. Y’know, typical stuff. Thought I’d do some sight seeing, and figured as Disney bought us out I’d go check them out. That was super fun.”

He finally straightened up, grinning at Peter who was now almost buried under the array of clothes. “Thought I’d get you a new wardrobe!”

Peter frowned, peering around at Wade. “Wait. This is all for me?”

“Yeah.” Wade nodded, over eager.

“Well, I mean. I noticed your sweatpants had a hole in them and then I just got on a roll and-” He waved his hand.

Peter put the clothes on the counter, frowning at Wade. He seemed… More erratic than usual. Intense.

“Ooh, love when you say my name.”

Peter stubbornly ignored the blush building up the back of his neck. “This is excessive, even for you.”

Wade sniffed again. “Well, I mean. I noticed your sweatpants had a hole in them and then I just got on a roll and-” He waved his hand.

Peter put the clothes on the counter, frowning at Wade. He seemed… More erratic than usual. Intense.

“You said you’ve not slept?”

Wade blinked hard, smile growing back on his face now he wasn’t being told off. “Yeah, not needed to. Had shit to do. Places to be, people to un-alive. Or, just hurt a lot.”

Peter squinted at him. “When was the last time you ate?”

Wade paused, looking up as if counting. “I think it was… Maybe… But. No, I don’t know. Recently? I think?”
“Okay”, Peter said slowly. “Well, you think you can come sit down and eat something?”

“Oh, I’m not hungry.” Wade shook his head before his grin grew sharp, “Actually, yeah Yellow. We could always go for eating ass when it’s that fine. Daaaamm.”

“Oh”, Peter took Wade by the arm, directing him to the sofa. “Let’s get you sat down.”

“Wait, really?” Wade’s face lit up.

Peter sat down beside him on the sofa, handing him a slice of pizza. “Here we go, you just eat that buddy.”

Wade blinked, biting into the slice automatically before his eyes widened. “Oh shit, this is the best. Who made this, that fucking rat puppet?”

Peter eyed him as he wolfed down his slice, reaching for a second already. It was just standard cheap pizza. Something was clearly up. He felt vaguely reminded of when Wade had turned up a few months back when he’d been exceedingly depressed. It was a similar kind of intensity, just the opposite way.

He ignored the way his chest tightened and his face heateden at the sight of Wade licking sauce off his fingers. He sat back into the cushions.

“Hey, come here.”

Wade turned, finger still in his mouth. His eyes flickered down to where Peter patted his chest.

“Wade. Get over here.”

Wade shuddered and scrambled over, kicking his boots off and shoving his head in Peter’s lap. Peter screwed his mouth up, grabbing a cushion.
“Just a sec, lift your head.”

Wade obeyed, wiggling like an excitable puppy as Peter slid the cushion under his head. He hummed as Peter started stroking his head, trying his best to mask the slight tremble in his hands. This wasn’t about him, he kept reminding his fluttering pulse, Wade near-purring as his eyes fell closed.

“Mm, s’nice”, Wade slurred, snuggling closer to Peter’s stomach, wrapping his arms around him. “Magic hands.”

Peter exhaled slow through his nose at the feeling of Wade’s arms looped around his waist, focusing instead on the feeling of the skin beneath his fingers. Trying his best to not remember whose skin he was touching. Absolutely not feeling how warm and soft it felt, how interesting and satisfying the bumps and patterns what, definitely not wondering if all his skin felt that way.

Finally, Wade’s breathing evened out into a gentle snore, his body a dead weight against him. But Peter kept his hands where they were, exploring each bit of scar tissue across Wade’s scalp. Watching how his face relaxed completely in sleep.

He traced over his cheekbone, his jawline, watching his eyes flutter beneath the lids. His thumb traced under his lip, slightly chapped, and Wade let out a deep sigh. Peter’s hand jolted back, heart pounding in his ears.

What the fuck did he think he was doing? To his friend? While he slept?

He clenched his fists, zeroing in on the feeling of his nails biting into his skin. He screwed his eyes shut, taking a deep breath. The feeling of the sofas cushions. The dryness of the air. The warm bit of sunlight hitting his neck.

He consciously unclenched each of his muscles.

He was fine. He could do this.

Wade mumbled in his sleep, turning further into the warm body beneath him, his shoulder starting to press into Peter. “No I can’t do that today, he needs a haircut.”
Peter’s heart clenched and he pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes. He was so fucking cute. This was so unfair.

He exhaled shakily, looking for a distraction.

He could just about reach the remote with his foot, carefully toeing the buttons to get it turned on. Wade didn’t even move.

Peter rubbed at his stubble, getting absorbed into his Netflix show. Not even noticing when his free hand came down to rub absently at Wade’s neck.

***

Wade woke up from the best nap he’d had… Maybe ever. He blinked sleepily, nuzzling further into the warm body in front of him. Wait.

He moved cautiously, looking around before spotting Peter’s face, fallen to rest on the back of the sofa as he slept. Something scratched as the back of his neck, and he realised hazily that Peter’s hand was resting there, twitching in his sleep.

Wade resisted the urge to coo as a small line of drool rolled out of Peter’s open mouth.

_Only baby things and Peter can make drool look cute._

“Agreed”, Wade murmured. He smacked his lips, his mouth was dry. He couldn’t remember when he last drank anything.

He pouted, considering getting up.

_You really gonna give up this chance?_
We finally have Spidey in our arms. Without resistance.

That was a good point.

Peter whimpered, legs twitching as his face screwed up. Wade stroked his hands up Peter’s back from where they rested.

He rumbled softly, “Shh, baby boy. It’s okay.”

Peter shivered beneath his palms, a soft moan rolling out his throat.

Oh. So even Webs has wet dreams.

Wonder what he’s dreaming about?

Wade clenched his eyes shut. Reminding himself over and over, consent is something he valued. He wanted to look after Petey. He took a deep breath, carefully extracting his arms and sitting up.

Peter whined, turning to hold onto the cushion.

Wade’s eyes widened, turning away sharply.

Ooh, boy. We’ve found ourselves a grower not a shower.

Who knew he was hiding that in his skintight suit?

Wade stood, wobbling on his feet. “Really not helping, guys.” He grumbled, staggering to the kitchen. He poured himself the quietest glass of water of his life, doing his level best to ignore the whimpers from the sofa.

He was debating if it was worth waking the guy up, it felt like he was intruding over the line Petey
“Wait, Wade?”

Wade jumped, spinning to see Peter sat up rubbing his eyes.

He raised his hand, willing the excited jolt to recede back the fuck down his spine where it had come from. “All present and accounted for. You, uh, want a glass of water?”

Peter hummed, stretching. Wade deliberately turned away, draining his glass.

He heard a small gasp from behind him. “Um”, Peter’s voice cut through the quiet. “Sorry. Did I… Wake you?”

Wade swallowed, sighing loud and letting the glass clatter in the sink. “Nope.” He over-enunciated the ‘p’.

He almost missed Peter’s sigh. “That’s good. Are you okay? You seemed a little… All over the place earlier.”

More than usual?

Wade glanced at the pile of clothes, the bags on the floor. He laughed awkwardly, finally allowing himself to look over at Peter, who had a cushion firmly in his lap. “Yeah. Sorry about that. Guess you’ve met Manic Wade now.”

Peter nodded slow, “So… He’s gone now?”

Wade checked briefly before nodding. “Yeah, your magic hands strike again.”
Peter huffed, “They’re not magic… But I’m glad I could help. Y’know, at least a little.”

“Yeah, thanks for that Petey”, Wade scratched his face. “I should, uh.” He pointed over his shoulder. “Probably make like a tree and split.”

“I mean”, Peter stopped him, hand instantly slapping back down to his side. “It’s late. You can stay. If you want.”

Wade smiled, “Thanks Petey, but you don’t have to. I’m a big boy. Toilet trained and everything.”

Debatable.

“Well, it would make me feel better.”

Wade felt like he’d been punched to the gut, barely managing to wheeze out an “okay.”

“Good. Well, I’m gonna go to bed. There are blankets… Well, you know where all my shit is.” Peter stood up, finally releasing the cushion like an afterthought. “I’ll be, uh. Yeah. In bed, as I said.”

He waved, turning to leave.

Wade sighed. He hoped him seeing Petey’s boner wasn’t gonna be awkward for too long.

*We will treasure this memory forever.*

Wade picked up the cushion, throwing himself onto the sofa as he buried his face in it and inhaled.

His eyelids fluttered, “Oh yeah, that’s the stuff.”

Chapter End Notes
another update? Tbf, the one this morning was written last night. I'm just really into that mutual pining
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

TW canon-typical violence for Deadpool up until the first set of stars. And even then...
Stay safe kiddos.

Chapter Notes

A Deadpool fight scene! Y’all are welcome

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Petey had stumbled on some information in his travels that there was going to be a supply drop for one of the major gangs looking to expand out of Hell’s Kitchen. And if that wouldn’t make a fantastic Fall Out Boy song title. Despite the lingering awkwardness that seemed to shadow their every interaction now, he had still asked that Wade be there.

And doesn’t that just warm your giblets?

“It sure does, Yellow.” Wade responded from his spot in the scaffolding next to the docks, applying the final glitter glue touches to his latest update to the Bromantical Adventures scrapbook volume 3.

He spotted Peter fwipping silently between shipping containers to his agreed spot.

Wade sighed dreamily, head in palms. Surely getting glitter on his mask.

Spider-Man was still a work of art in movement. He resisted the urge to wave and reveal his position as a new blacked out car pulled up.

A guy rushed out, pulling the passenger door open as a woman stepped out.

Ooh, breaking gender stereotypes.
Or just noticing the severe lack of pussy thus far.

Wade nodded, “It has been a bit of a sausage fest.”

He ducked down as the women’s head darted around, checking the perimeter.

He peeked back to watch her stroll up to the men waiting for her. He couldn’t really hear what they were saying from here, but it usually went something like:

‘Oh hey there, thinly veiled comment to point out how powerful I am’

‘Snivelling butt kissing response to be treated like dirt’

“That reminds me, I should call my mom. Oh wait. She’s dead.”

They get the idea.

Wade stood, backing up. “Time to go.”

He hurled himself forward, grabbing onto a dangling chain and swinging through the air.

“Is it a bird? Is it a plane?”

He dropped in the middle of the group, “Is it Spider-Man’s new sidekick?”

“What the f-” Wade cut him off before the guy drew his gun. Roughly around the elbow.

He used the momentum to kick out the legs of the guy behind him, causing his bullets to shoot into the night sky.
“Nu-uh! Only I get to touch the toys.” He punched someone in the throat, grabbing him by the neck to throw another off balance. “And Daddy doesn’t like sharing.”

*Behind you.*

He slid down, grabbing the knife from his boot as the shots from behind him caused the head originally in front of him to explode.

“Mm. That fatality doesn’t count to my score.” He threw the knife, catching the assailant in the wrist causing her to scream and drop the weapon.

Ol’ One Arm and Headache were back up and looking ready for a Bad Time.

*You ask, we provide.*

One Arm went for a left hook, with little other options to fall back on. Pitifully predictable. Wade ducked under, rushing forward and twisting up to flip him over.

*Duck.*

He ducked down, a fist flying over his head. He punched at the guy’s ribs, following up to the solar plexus, and a satisfying crunch as his fist landed in his face.

With a pirouette, he planted his foot in Ol’ One Arm, who went lax as he passed out.

“And that’s lights out, children.”

*Three o’clock.*

He spun to see Token Lady had her gun in her shaking hand, face a grimace. “I don’t know what the fuck you did to my backup. And I don’t give a shit. I’ll finish this myself.”
Evil speech?

I’m really not in the mood. I get enough of that on Fox News.

Wade sighed, taking a step forward. “Listen, lady-”

She emptied the entire chamber into his chest, his body jerking under the force of each round. She smirked as his hand came up to his chest, but her face quickly fell as each hole healed over. He looked back at her.

“Firstly, rude.” Wade marched over, Token Lady scrambling backwards. He grabbed her by the hair. “Secondly. Ow?” He slammed her face into the concrete.

Wade focus.

He heard a roar behind him before he was tackled to the ground. Ah, Headache’s helmet was off. He looked kind of familiar though?

His fist slammed into Wade’s face, his jaw cracking out of place.

Wade gasped, jaw realigning already. “Oh my god!”

He headbutted Headache, surging up to take him by the throat.

“You Shaggy looking motherfucker.” He slammed a fist into his face. “Where the fuck is Velma?”

The guy’s eyes rolled back in his head. Wade shook his limp body before shrugging and letting it slump to the ground.

So much for all-powerful.
We barely even used 1% of our maximum effort.

Wade cuffed the bodies, swiftly growing bored. He looked at his severe lack of watch.

“Where is Spidey? I gotta get back to wash my hair.” Wade pouted, tapping a foot.

Fuck it. He was checking on him.

“I’m sure he’s doing just great. Having fun without ol’ Deadpool stinking up the place.” Wade grunted as he scrambled up the roping on the side of the ship. “And after I invited him to my tea party, he stands me up like this.”

The sounds of the fight were getting louder.

Pole.

“What like, Polish people? Now they know how to party”, He pulled himself over the edge.

No. Pole.

And then everything went sideways.

**

Peter finished webbing the final guy in place, glancing around to double check no one was left. His Spidey senses were still itching, but he had to admit maybe he was just being paranoid.

He webbed back down to the dock, seeing the pile of bodies but no trademark red and black.

He frowned, spinning on the spot before his eyes landed on a crumpled figure by the side of the ship.
“Pool?” His Spidey-sense scratched up his spine like steel wool, his stomach dropping. He started jogging towards the figure.

“Wade?” He skidded to his knees, checking over his body for any noticeable breaks or bleeding. It looked like he’d been shot a lot, but that was all healed.

He went to pick his head up from the awkward position by the railing and yelled as the pole came with it.

“Huh? Wha?” Wade looked around, the pole following where it was lodged through his head. “Oh, is Spidey. Hi”, He twiddled his fingers in a cutesy wave.

“Pool, don’t panic.” Peters hand fluttered around him, unsure if he should allow Wade to keep moving. “You... You’ve got a pole stuck in you.”

“Hmm? You’re gonna stick your pole in me? Tha’s more forward than I ‘xpected, but sure. Less go.” Wade lurched forward, Peter catching him.

“Woah there!” He manhandled him back down, blushing at the hands roaming his ass.

“I’s just as soft as I dreamed”, Wade whispered before falling back.

Peter clenched his jaw. “Come on. You’ve got a boyfriend, remember? Less of the handsy.”

Wade giggled a margin too hysterically.”You’re closest I got to that, Spidey. You know that.” He slapped at Peter’s chest before humming to himself and squeezing. “Tiddie.”

“No!” Peter gripped Wade’s hands a touch too tight, returning them to his sides. “You have Frankie, remember?”

Wade squinted at him. “Wha? You’re makin’ no sense. I never been with Frankie. Not once. Not even just the tip.”
Peter froze. “Oh.” Wade wasn’t with Frankie. Wasn’t with anyone. Peter blinked, realising Wade was guiding their linked hands around while making whooshing noises.

“Come on. Let’s sort this… Thing out.”

Wade frowned up at him. “Father Matthew, issat you?”

Peter yanked the pole out, Wade gasping and rocking forward.

He shook his head, hand flying up. He curled in on himself, Peter jumping back. “Oh, fucker! That feels so wrong every fucking time.”

He squinted up at Peter holding a bloody pole. “Oh, hey Webs. It all go smoothly, I assume?”

Peter looked at the pole, quickly looking away before the gore made him hurl. “I mean, apart from you somehow getting this stuck in your head. Yeah, pretty well.”

Wade nodded, starting to straighten up. “Makes sense. It’s a well used plot device with me. Guess the sick fuckers find it funny to write.”

Peter let the pole clatter to the ground, hands returning to hover around Wade.

“Are you okay to be walking?”

“Yeah, I mean. I’ll probably get a killer brain itch later and let me tell you, if you think an itchy foot is bad- Actually.” Wade froze, sidling up to Peter. “If I said I absolutely couldn’t walk, would you give me a ride?”

“To the hospital, yeah.”

“And, what would it need to be to just get a lift home? Hypothetically speaking.”
Peter looked at him, considering. But he was in a good mood, and the guy had just been stabbed in the head.

He rolled his eyes. “Yeah, okay. Climb on.”

Wade whooped, looping his arms over Peter’s shoulders and hopping on his back. Not feeling the accompanying guilt at the feeling of Wade’s thighs holding him in a tight grip causing pleasure to fizz down to his fingertips was… Really refreshing.

But as he started to thwip through New York, Wade hollering behind him, a feeling of dread crept over him. Because of course Peter couldn’t just enjoy anything.

As this meant that now there was no excuse not to tell Wade how he felt.

“Spidey do a flip!”

Chapter End Notes

This was hard to write but super fun. Tell me how I did.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

No TWs! Just all the good feels

Chapter Notes

It's taken 123 pages and 22 chapters.... But there ain't nowhere to hide. The boys gotta face they feelin's

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was the third Tuesday in a row that Peter had cancelled last minute, and Wade had gone way past worried and was tits deep in paranoia.

“Maybe he’s dead.”

Or captured.

“Or maybe he’s just as sick of you as we are.”

Wade flipped the bird from where he was lying across the dining room table in the X Men mansions.

Yukio piped up, “I like seeing Wade, I feel like he’s hardly here anymore.”

He leaned up to point at her, “Thank you, Pinkie Pie! Nice to get a little recognition.”

She giggled, flashing him a heart sign while her girlfriend fake-gagged.

“And frankly, I’m shocked and appalled at the immaturity presented by Ripley.”
“Fuck you, kettle.”

Nice one.

She’s getting better at nicknames. Not fast. But she’s getting there.

He gripped his chest, “Ouch.” And flopped back down.

Russell glanced over from his video game, “Look, mate. You just gotta be more aggressive in yer approach. Go big or go home.”

Hell yeah!

“If you’re not sure what you’ve done to upset him, just apologize and never do any of the things you did before.” Yukio chirped.

Do nothing ever again, noted.

Wade hummed, rubbing his chin. “Or... I could combine your two plans into one ultimate plan.” He rolled off the table, landing on his feet. “Get me some cards. Big ones. Luckily, I already have my crayons with me.”

Yukio rushed from the room, NTW left frowning at him. “Whatever you’re doing, I can tell you now it’s stupid.”

“As stupid as having teenage in your name in your thirties?”

She flashed him the finger, turning to follow her girlfriend.

Russell threw the controller across the room at the TV, missing and hitting the wall. “Fucking fuck you, mate!”
We need to work on his creative cursing.

What are they even teaching him here?

Wade nodded, “Insightful commentary.” He held out a palm, “Pay up.”

Russell grumbled, balling up a five and throwing it in Wade’s direction. Wade watched it float down by his feet, arm still in the air. He looked back up, “Good to see your baseball career is really taking off there, baby Hulk.”

Russell laughed sarcastically at him, “As great as your stand up routine, dickstain. What are you doing with all my Anger Cash anyway?”

Wade bent down, smoothing out the wrinkles in the bill as he straightened back up. “All going in your dowry, Chunky Nut Butter. Gotta reel in those big fish somehow.”

“Uh huh. Yo, pass me that controller.”

Wade looked across the room, turning back and pointing. “You mean the one you just threw there? Did you not want it lodged into the drywall?”

Nice arm though. Wonder how his hand to hand combat is coming along.

Russell groaned, “Don’t be a dick, man. Just pass it.”

Wade dislodged it, skipping back to hand the controller over. Wade hummed as Russell restarted his game. “They did a real good job if that’s still working.”

Russell smiled, “I helped them do the reinforcements this time.”

“Ooh, hey, nice job bud.” Wade slapped him on the back. “You got your two brain cells to communicate. I’m so proud.” Wade fake teared up, sniffing.
“Yeah yeah, get the fuck outta the way.”

Wade briefly considered sliding further in front of the TV, but Yukio was back with a pile of multicoloured cards, including some glitter cardstock.

*Oh wow that’s a lot of pink.*

*By golly, she really knows us.*

Wade gasped, rushing over. “Yukio. They’re perfect.”

Yukio bounced up and down. “I know! Now what are we doing?”


**

Peter took his head out of the fridge, frowning. Was that… The song from The Breakfast Club? Why the fuck was it so loud?

He closed the fridge, going to the door to see who was having a party on a Tuesday night only to see Wade stood outside.

“Is that a fucking boombox?”

Wade nodded, softly pressing a finger to Peter’s lips before getting on his knees. Peter felt his eyes widen, Wade picking up some sparkly pink cards. There were scribbled illustrations around the edges of little Deadpools riding unicorns and weeping. It just said ‘Petey’ on it, but as Peter looked up confused, Wade removed the first card to reveal another.

‘I don’t know what I’ve done.’
‘But I wrote a list of possibilities.’

‘I promise not to do any of them anymore.’

‘Please don’t marry my best friend and make me awkwardly film the whole thing.’

‘It would just be shots of your ass.’

‘I filmed porn once, what did you expect?’

Peter choked out a laugh, Wade’s mouth quirking.

‘I’m running out of pink card, so I’ll get to the point.’

‘The very juicy tip of it, is I’m sorry.’

‘For whatever I need to be sorry for.’

‘Please take me back.’

The next card was just a hand drawn picture of Deadpool and Spider-Man holding hands. The next of Spider-Man riding Deadpool over a rainbow. The next of their faces in a heart.

“Okay, okay. That’s enough.” Peter pushed the cards away, refusing to make eye contact.

“But we haven’t got to the R-rated stuff yet.”

“That’s okay!” Peter yelped, eyes shooting to where Wade was smiling softly at him. Oh fuck, there goes his heart again. He swallowed hard, glancing up the hall. “Just… Get out the hallway.”
“Alright, baby boy.” Wade grabbed the boombox, turning off the music as Peter tugged him up and inside.

Peter stood against the closed door, watching as Wade put his stuff down on the kitchen counter before turning to consider him. He was just in some pale blue jeans and a white shirt, his hoodie open and loose over his arms. But the blue brought out his eyes and the shirt was just the right side of tight-

“Does this mean you accept my apology? We good?”

Peter mentally shook himself. Focus. “What do you mean?” He peeled himself off the door, trying his best not to look like he was thinking as hard as he was on how to put one foot in front of the other. But now he needed to look like he was going somewhere. He perched on the edge of the sofa, hoping he didn’t look as insane as he felt.

“I’m totally fine. You’ve done nothing.”

Wade’s squinting face implied Peter had done the opposite of a good job in looking sane. Fuck. he clenched his jaw, unsure how normal eyes work. Was the air always this dry?

Wade pouted, sidling over to where Peter sat rigid on the sofa. He could feel each of his muscles locking up one by one.

“Petey”, He whined, “Baby boy, talk to me. Whatever it is maybe I can fix it?”

Peter swallowed dry, his voice a little cracked. “No, really. It’s my problem.”

Wade sat next to Peter, the heat of his body causing Peter to feel like his entire side was made of static. His chest squeezed. He took a shaky breath in, keeping as still as possible as Wade leant forward. His leg knocked against Peter’s, leaning his elbows on his knees. Peter stared hard over Wade’s shoulder.

“Seriously, Petey. You know I got your back. Doesn’t matter what it is.” Peter clenched hard when goosebumps rolled over his neck and shoulders as Wade tilted his face further in Peter’s space.
Wade’s voice rumbled low, “I can keep a secret. And it’s not like whatever it is can kill me.”

Peter pressed his lips together.

Wade shouldered him, “Come on, Petey. I just wanna help.” He paused, eyes flickering over Peter’s face. He raised where his eyebrow would be, “Or I’ll think it’s me for sure.”

Peter pushed the air out his lungs. “Blackmail”, he breathed.

Wade grinned, still up in Peter’s space. “You know I don’t play fair, baby boy.”

Peter bit at his lips, head dropping down to study where his hands were picking at the loose skin by his nails. “It’s stupid. Really.”

“If it’s bothering you this much, it’s not stupid.”

“Oh, it is.” Peter groaned, hands jumping to his hair to press into his skull. “Please don’t make me say it.”

“You’ll feel better if you do. C’mon. I’ve seen you spill your guts before, it can’t be as bad as it feels.”

Peter squeezed his eyes shut. He’d put this off for three weeks. It was time to be brave, but… He just couldn’t face it.

He jumped at the feeling of Wade’s broad hand on his spine, rubbing up to his shoulder. “Hey, you don’t have to really, Petey. It’s okay. Stop shaking baby.”

He didn’t realise he was. He brought his hands in front of his face to see he was trembling.

He laughed. “I can jump off of fucking buildings and I can’t do this.”
“Hey now”, Wade’s arm squeezed his shoulder, “Don’t be so hard on yourself. Whatever it is, it’ll be okay.”

“I know”, Peter groaned, “I’m just fucking scared.”

“You able to tell me what you’re scared of?”

Peter finally looked up at Wade, who just quirked a smile at him, face full of concern. Peter swallowed hard around the lump in his throat. “Yeah... I’ve just... I’ve been hurt before... With MJ. And... I don’t really know how to handle this.”

Wade’s face twitched, his voice devoid of emotion. “You like someone.”

“Yeah”, Peter admitted, softly.

Something like... Pain? Flicked across Wade’s face before he plastered a strained smile on. “Well, that’s great. That you’re in this place, y’know? You were worried you’d never find anyone, right?”

Peter studied Wade’s face. “Well, yeah, I still am. Like, what if they don’t feel the same?”

“Impossible.” Wade shook his head, “You’d have to be a fucking idiot not to want you, baby boy.”

Peter flicked between each of Wade’s eyes, the blue scorching like a too-hot flame. He balled up his courage. “It’s you”, he wheezed.

Wade froze, all the fight punched out of him. In any other situation, Peter would have laughed at how stunned he looked. As it was, it felt like his heart had been restarted and was trying to get in every beat it missed within the space of a second.

He ripped his eyes away, moving to get up. “I mean, I get if you don’t think of me that way, and I’m making this super awkward. I don’t expect anything, I want us to be able to-”

He was stopped by an iron grip on his wrist, Wade staring up at Peter in wonder.
“You?” Wade halted, tried again. “You... Me?” Wade flapped a hand between them, eyes wide.

Peter looked at the hand, looking back at Wade at a loss to what he was getting at.

“But, Me! I! You!” Wade whined like the air was leaking out of him. He blinked hard, his eyes suddenly watery.

“Oh my god”, Peter rushed forward, hands fluttering by Wade’s face, “Are you okay?”

Wade whined once more. All at once his arms were pulling Peter forward with his head buried in his stomach. Wade’s shoulders shook.

“Wade?” Peter asked loud, alarmed. The shaking just got worse. He could feel the damp leaking through his shirt. “Fuck, Wade, talk to me please I am freaking the fuck out.”

Wade looked up at him, face screwed up in a poor attempt to keep the tears back. “You like me?”

Peter blinked. “I mean… Yes?”

Wade gasped a sob again, pulling Peter back to him. Peter rubbed at his shoulders. Was this a good thing? He was frantically racking his thoughts about what could have caused such a reaction but his stunned mind was coming up blank.

Finally, Wade sniffed loud, turning his head to the side. “I’m sorry, Petey. That was just… Whew. Unexpected.”

“I’m really hoping that’s a good thing.”

“Of course it is!” Wade pushed him away to look up at Peter’s face. Wade’s was blotchy red and pale in places, making his scarring stand out in stark relief. But his eyes were almost electric blue as they glared up at him. “How could this be anything but one of my fucking dream journal entries come to life?”
Peter blurted out a surprised laugh. “It’s a good thing?”

“Fuck yes, baby boy! I’ve liked you since the first moment I saw that fine spandex-wearing ass.” Wade sounded a touch hysterical, “I bought you a fucking apartment, for fuck’s sake!”

Peter froze, eyes flying wide open. “You bought this-?”

“Wait”, Wade held up a finger. He turned away, muttering a curse before turning back to look at Peter. “That was meant to be a secret. I take it back.”

“No fucking way! Are you for real? You bought a fucking… Are you insane?”

“I mean, yes.” Wade stuck out his lip, “But I wanted you to be happy and safe and looked after.”

Peter blinked hard, shaking his head. Bought a whole fucking apartment for him. He blew out a breath, his body feeling like it was full of electricity. He couldn’t stop the smile stretching his face as he breathed out, “You like me.”

“Well, yeah.” Wade frowned, waving a hand at him. “What idiot wouldn’t like all this? Fuck.” Wade caught Peter’s hand. He stared at their interlacing fingers. “If this is a dream or a psychotic break I am gonna be so fucking pissed.”

Peter laughed, heart light and head a little dizzy as he squeezed Wade’s hand. “So… You going to stay for dinner?”

Wade looked up at him. “I didn’t bring anything.”

Peter shrugged, thumb rubbing against Wade’s skin. “You don’t have to be cooking to stay for dinner.”

Peter couldn’t stop smiling. “Great.”

Chapter End Notes

DON'T YOU BAH-BABA-BAH BAHBAH FORGET ABOUT MEEEENE~

Scream at me 😊
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Tw graphic sexual content. So if u were looking to skip to it, here we are ya filthy animals ;)

Chapter Notes

I'm coming down with something so didn't writed anything til the end of the day. Next update may take a couple days but ill try my best for u bbies

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade refused to let go of Peter while he ordered in some food, exploring his hand, his arm, his shoulder. Peter ended up sat between Wade’s spread legs, skin going a pretty pink at the attention. Wade couldn’t bear to take his eyes away.

“Quit looking at me like that.”

Wade looked up from where he’d been tracing over Peter’s bicep muscle. “Like what?”

Peter’s eyes danced away, face flushed. “I dunno. Like I’m something amazing.”

“You’re the amazing Spider-Man.”

“Not right now! Right now I’m just… Peter.”

*He’s a work of art.*

Wade hummed, “Nah, you can be both. And just Peter is still pretty damn amazing to me.”

Peter huffed, curling away a little. “Wow, if I knew you’d be such a sap-”
“Can I kiss you?”

“What?” Peter squeaked, jolting round to stare at Wade.

Wade continued, looking straight in Peter’s eyes as he drew his hand to his lips. “May I kiss you? Please?”

Peter let out a small broken sound, managing a quiet “yes”.

Wade watched him carefully, seeing how Peter’s eyes followed his mouth as he pressed a kiss to his knuckles. Flattened out his hand, pressed another to his palm. His wrist. Taking his time kissing up his arm, feeling the slight tremble under Peter’s skin. The jolt and intake of breath as he let his teeth skate up his shoulder to his neck.

Wade groaned, breathed out, “Can I-”

“Please.”

Wade opened his mouth, licking up Peter’s neck. Worrying at the soft skin by his jaw, behind his ear, sucking the lobe in his mouth with a dart of his tongue. Peter gasped, hands clinging to Wade’s head and shoulder, body rocking in Wade’s lap.

Peter turned his head, Wade looking in his eyes as he panted. Then the doorbell went.

Peter’s eyes widened, jerking back to stand. “Right, the food. I’ll get it, you, uh”, He seemed to stall at the sight of Wade’s lap, sat with his boner straining in his jeans. “Right. Be right back.”

Wade watched Peter disappear through the door and huffed, sitting back and re-adjusting himself in the constraining denim. He grunted, leaning back to wedge his dick in his waistband.

*Damn it. So close.*
He dug his palms into his eyes. Work through the worst things we’ve seen. Trump. Brains. Naked Weasel. Peter hot and ready, rocking against him-

“Fuck!”

“You okay?” Peter shut the door behind him, bag of chinese in his hand. Wade took his hands away, seeing how Peter still looked dishevelled, love bite starting to bloom on his neck.

Wade made grabby hands at him. “Get back over here, baby boy.”

The flush rushed back to Peter’s cheeks as he smiled, ducking his head and walking over. “We should eat. Move over.”

Wade stuck out his lip before moving over, letting Peter settle in next to him. Wade shuffled closer, Peter shoving a box of noodles into his chest. Wade caught the box, watching as the blush seemed to just steadily climb.

He grinned, opening up the box and stabbing in with his chopsticks. “You seem pretty nervous, baby boy.” He slurped his noodles.

“No!” Peter’s shoulders slackened. “Maybe.” He turned to look at Wade, “It’s been a long time since I’ve been in a relationship. Even longer since I’ve been in a new one—”

He’s getting a little hysterical.

Wade scratched up Peter’s back, causing him to jolt. “Hey, Petey. It’s okay. There’s no rush. We can take this as slow as you need to.”

Peter nodded. “Thanks, Wade.”

Wade shivered, hand pausing. His voice was strained, “Just… Careful with my name, there.”

Peter’s mouth quirked, shaking his head. “Sorry. Noted. Is it…” He hesitated. “Is it anyone saying
your name or?"


_Wonder what else on him is magic?_

“Wonder what else on me you find magic?”

Wade’s eyes widened. He pointed his chopsticks at him, “Was that an innuendo? A sex pun? Petey?”

Peter shrunk in on himself, looking away.

“Please let me hold you.”

He watched how Peter bit his lip before nodding, Wade shuffling forward to wrap his arms around him. He rested his chin on Peter’s shoulder.

“Can’t believe I get to hold you like this, Petey.” He tightened his arms around Peter’s waist, nuzzling in. “So lucky.”

“Please eat you food before I self combust”, Peter croaked, keeping his eyes firmly planted on the opposite wall.

“Anything you need, baby boy.” Wade backed off, settling against the arm of the sofa to watch as Peter sighed and picked up his chopsticks again. “You’re so beautiful.”


*He’s so cute.*
Wade hummed, stuffing his face and wiggling his feet closer to touch Peter’s thigh. Completely ignoring whatever Peter put on the TV, choosing instead to watch as his mouth fished for the end of a noodle. How he licked the sauce off his wrist, eyes still glued to the screen.

It was perfect.

**

It was torture. Feeling Wade’s eyes on him, making him sweat. He kept his eyes on the TV, trying his best to ignore Wade’s toes wiggling against his leg. The warmth of the body next to his.

He wasn’t even sure what he was nervous of, but it felt natural. Like he was a prey animal shoved into the lair of a predator. Waiting for the attack. His heart kept fluttering against his ribcage, hardly tasting anything as he ate.

Finally, he realised he’d ran out of food. Needing something to do with his hands, he started stacking the boxes. He got up to reach for the bag, Wade making a wounded noise.

“Where you going, Petey?”

“Just clearing this up.” Peter kept the nerves out of his voice.

Wade hummed, sitting forward. “You want some help?”

“No, I’m good. You done with that?”

Wade handed over the empty container.

Peter lifted the bag, “I’ll be right back.”
Wade nodded. “Okay, baby boy.”

Peter did his best not rush, feeling like he was fleeing. He took the bag out to the hallway garbage disposal, taking a minute.

He tried to unpack his tangle of feelings. He’d just been told Wade liked him back, and he already felt like he was messing it up. But Wade had been so understanding already. Asking permission every step of the way. Making it clear he would only go as far at Peter wanted him to.

Peter’s jaw worked. So what did he want?

Well… He wasn’t too sure. But he had a vague idea.

He steeled himself, walking back in. Wade looked over, grin spreading across his face like a rising sun.

“I’ve… Got a favour to ask.”

Wade spun to face him, face suddenly serious. “Anything.”

Peter did his best not to fidget. “Can you… Kiss me?” His face heated up. “Please?”

Wade blinked, smile growing slow. “Yes.”

He got up, striding over. “Yes.”

He took Peter’s face in his hands, fingers brushing over his cheekbones, his voice deep. “You ready?”

Peter swallowed hard, hands coming up to rest against Wade’s arms. He nodded.
Wade brought their lips together softly, one hand moving to cradle the back of Peter’s head. Peter heard the small noise of surprise before he realised he’d made it, already tilting his head and leaning in. Needing more.

He opened his mouth, licking across Wade’s lip and causing the other man to groan and crowd him against the door. Peter bit down on Wade’s lip, heart pounding in his ears, hands now pulling Wade’s head closer.

Wade moaned loud, mouth an open door for Peter’s tongue. Peter’s sounds mixing in their open mouths as Wade’s tongue met his. Clever and devious, tasting his, running over his palate, flicking against his lips.

Peter moaned at the suggestion of teeth on his bottom lip, Wade pulling away to grab his thighs and growl, “Jump.”

He hopped up, wrapping his legs around Wade as the other man’s hands firmly palmed at his ass. His mouth fell back on Peter’s, groaning as he was pinned between the door and the wall of muscle that was Wade.

They started moving together, Peter’s head falling back with a thunk against the door as pleasure sparked up and down his spine, pooling where his groin met the hard line in Wade’s jeans.

“Fuck. You keep making noises like that, baby boy, I’m not gonna last long”, Wade panted against his neck, biting down as his hips thrust up sharply.

Peter’s eyelids fluttered, unaware he was making any noise. He grit his teeth in an attempt to stop, the pressure maddening but Wade’s smart mouth against his neck so good.

Wade started babbling, thrusts growing more erratic. “Fuck, wanted this so long, Petey. You feel so good. Wanna see you laid out under me. Wanna make you shake apart. Wanna eat you out til you can’t stand.”

Peter thrust back, spine bowing against the door. Wade’s hand slammed next to his head to keep his balance. Wade whined, “Oh fuck, that’s it baby boy. Don’t be gentle. Don’t need to be with me.”

Peter gritted out a groan, thrusts barely in time with Wade but so good. He could feel the hot line of
Wade’s dick rubbing insistently at him and he blearily thought about Wade trying to fit it in him.

Peter shook, “Fuck, I can’t.”

Wade grinned at him, “Gonna come for me, baby boy?”

Peter couldn’t stop himself as he moaned loud, twitching against Wade. His body seized up, pleasure sparking through him. Wade sounded far away as he cursed, stilling against him.

Peter felt lightheaded, dazed as Wade carried him to the sofa like it was nothing. The larger man collapsing next to him.

“I’m sorry, Petey”, Wade’s voice rasped. Peter looked at him, confused. “Hope I didn’t take it too far.”

Peter shook his head, patting Wade’s leg. “It was fine. Great, even.” He sighed, flopping back against Wade. “Pretty awesome.”

Wade chuckled, arm wrapping around Peter’s chest. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. That’s why they call you merc with a mouth?”

Wade smirked, “Among other reasons. If you liked that, you’re gonna love what else it can do.”

Peter groaned and covered his face. “I can’t believe we just came in our pants like teenagers.”

“I can. It was fucking hot. And the way you can hold on with just your legs? Fuck me.”

Peter smirked, “Maybe next time.”

Wade stilled, holding Peter’s arm. “I mean this truly, from deep within my soul. You can fuck me
anytime. Please do. Any. Time.”

Peter smiled and patted lazily at Wade’s arm. “Okay, buddy.”

“Full homo.”

Peter laughed.

Chapter End Notes

The response to this fic has been overwhelming ty so much ;w;
Chapter Summary

TWs this is more smut. We had pure intentions, once. Now look where we are.

Chapter Notes

This is 5 pages of filth, y’all are welcome, lil gremlins.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter felt sad to see Wade go home, but way too nervous to ask him to stay. He got a lingering kiss by the doorway, his lips still tingling long after Wade had already gone.

He felt utterly elated, even as he peeled off the gross mess that had become of his sweats and stepped into the shower. He grinned to himself, remembering how shocked Wade had looked when he found out Peter liked him.

He huffed to himself, cheeks growing pink as he replayed the evening on repeat in his head. The water beating down his back doing little to erase the feeling of Wade’s mouth, hot and wet, sliding up his neck.

He scrubbed himself down, deliberately ignoring his insistent hard on in the hopes of it going away. He stepped out, turning off the water and whining at the feeling of the rough towel brushing a little too close to his groin.

He scowled at himself in the mirror.

“You literally just got off, what is wrong with you?”

His phone trilled, causing him to jump. Feeling a little sheepish at being so surprised, he checked his messages to see one from Wade.
Peter hopped from foot to foot, unsure if he was just joking around or if he was actually thinking of Peter that way. Peter's dick gave an interested twitch at the thought, a small bead of precum tearing up at the head.

He tore his eyes away, looking up at the mirror. It had been a while since he'd tried this. He ruffled the towel through his hair before looping it round his shoulders. He lifted his phone and bit his lip before taking a picture.

At the last second he chickened out and cropped out his dick before sending it.

He stood staring at his phone, the message showing as sent. Seen. Three dots appeared.

He fidgeted, biting at his thumbnail. The dots repeatedly disappearing only to come back. He nearly dropped his phone as it started to ring.

"Hello?" He yelped, hastily calming his voice. "Hi?"

"Holy shit, Petey." Wade's voice rasped down the phone, and Peter tried to ignore his dick giving another interested twitch at the sound.

"You're gonna kill me. Please tell me I'm allowed to use that photo for its intended use."

Peter saw his face flush red in the mirror, feeling a little light headed at the blood rush. He tried not to choke on his spit, "I mean, yeah. You didn't have to ask my permission."

Wade groaned, "But I wanted you to know what I was doing, baby boy."

Peter's mouth fell open, pleasure sparking through him. "Are you- Right now?"

"Uh huh", Wade whined a little down the phone.
Peter breathed out a curse, gripping the sink and screwing his eyes shut.

“Oh, you like that baby boy?” Wade rumbled, voice absolute sin in Peter’s ear. “You wanna hear what I’m thinking about?”

Peter whimpered, hand falling to grip hard at his cock as it gave a throb.

“I need a yes or no, Petey baby.”

“Fuck.” Peter breathed out, “Yeah, I wanna know.”

Wade hummed. “Good boy.”

Fuck, if that didn’t make pleasure zip through Peter’s body.

Wade groaned, “That’s it baby boy. Fuck, your noises drive me crazy. Was thinking how good you felt under me earlier. Wondering what other noises I could get you to make. How loud you’ll go with my mouth on you.”

Peter grit out a helpless noise, hand moving of its own accord and legs going weak.

Wade had started panting, voice hoarse down the phone. “God, you’re so responsive. Tell me how you’re touching yourself.”

Peter’s dick throbbed even as his flush deepened in embarrassment. His own voice sounded rough, “I’m just... Touching my dick... I just got out the shower.”

“You got any lube there?”

Peter hesitated, looking round. “No, it’s in my bedroom.”
“Go there.”

Peter blinked once, “Why-”

Wade growled, “Now be a good boy and do as Daddy says.”

Peter shivered, more precum spilling over his now loose fist. He opened the door, moving to his room to find the lube.

“You got it?”

Peter nodded before remembering himself. “Yeah.”

“Good boy.” Peter shivered. “Put me on loudspeaker, and cover your hand in lube. If you think it’s too much, add more.”

Peter frowned, following the instructions.

“Now I want you to touch yourself, but imagine it’s my mouth. I tend to get a bit messy. You can do that baby boy?”

Peter shivered, closing his eyes as he returned his hands, now slippery with lubricant.

“Fuck, Wade.”

Wade groaned. “I wish I was seeing this. Fuck, you’re so hot. Wish I was actually there, choking on your cock.”

Peter gasped, fingers twitching as fire licked up his spine. “Wade, I’m gonna-”
Wade let out a punched out whine. “Fuck, that’s it, Petey. Come to the thought of me. Fuck, please-”

Peter cried out, toes curling as his orgasm ripped through him, Wade still cursing filthy promises down the phone.

Peter flopped back, hand lazily skimming through the mess across his chest.

“Did you just finish?” Wade groaned down the phone, voice cracking.

Peter minimised the call, snapping a photo and sending it before he could second guess himself.

Wade gasped, voice breaking over a moan. “Ah, fuck. Shit. You’re so fucking beautiful.”

Peter hummed down the phone, taking it off loudspeaker. “This is your fault. I just showered.”

Wade groaned, “I would happily lick that off you, Petey.”

Peter shivered at the thought. “You gonna come for me now, Wade?”

Wade whined high in his throat, breath catching. “So close, Petey.”

“So come for me”, Peter deliberately lowered his voice, nail scratching over his nipple to cause a pleasing tingle through his afterglow. “Do it, Wade. I wanna hear it.”

Wade groaned, sounding wrecked, only managing a “Petey, gonna-” Before he went silent. A rough moan followed, along with a whispered curse.

Sated as he was, Peter’s cock still made a valiant effort to show its interest.

Wade finally broke through the relative quiet of his panting down the phone. “Well, fuck, Petey. I was not expecting that.”
Peter hummed, stretching out against his covers. “Me either. I’ve not had phone sex since… I don’t know, college maybe?”

Wade laughed, “Well, you’re really fucking good at it. I think I just saw God. Or some other old white dude with a beard. Gandalf, maybe.”

Peter snorted, starting to laugh breathlessly.

Wade’s voice rumbled down the phone. “I know, I’m a comedic genius. You ok, baby boy?”

Peter settled down, grinning up at the ceiling. “Yeah. Happy.”

It was silent down the phone. “Wade?”

Wade wheezed down the phone, “… You are too fucking cute, baby boy.”

Peter smiled, surprised. “Been called a lot of stuff over the years. But not cute. At least not since, like, puberty.”

“Well, it’s a fact. You’re cute. The cutest, in fact. The kind of cute that really ignites your need for violence, for some reason.”

Peter snorted, “Cute aggression.”

“You think my aggression is cute? What like, when I hurt people, or-”

“No, it’s the name of the phenomena. Cute aggression is the need to like squeeze or bite something when it’s cute. It’s a real thing.”

“Wow… you’re such a fucking nerd.”
“A cute one, apparently.”

“A very cute, hot nerd. My very cute, hot nerd now.”

Peter’s toes curled as he grinned, butterflies bursting from his stomach through his limbs.

“Sorry”, Wade blurted out, “That was too far. It’s early days, I shouldn’t have assumed-”

“No.” Peter cut across him, fiddling with his bedspread. “I like that.” He continued quietly, “I’d like for us to be like that. For each other.”

Wade groaned, continuing brokenly. “You want me to be yours?”

“Yeah.”

“I got a lot of baggage.”

“I know.”

“I’m a lot to handle.”

“I know.”

Wade huffed down the phone. “I’d really like that, baby boy. Being yours.”

Peter grinned. “Good.”

“Good.” Wade paused. “I should let you have another shower or whatever it is you wanna do.”
“Yeah.” He chewed his lip. “I’ll see you soon?”

“Try to keep me away.”

Chapter End Notes

This fic is way longer than I planned so gj sticking with us
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

TWs: genital mutilation before the first stars and some feels followed by smut in the second half. It's all adult themes from here on out, it seems.

Chapter Notes

look at them. Communicating.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After that frankly delicious phone call from Petey.

And amazing wank bank material.

Pretty sure under “perfect sin” is that pic of Spidey covered in his own pleasure webbing if you catch my meaning.

You can say semen. Why wouldn’t you just say cum or something?

I’m a fucking poet, you peasant.

And finding out he was now Peter’s person. Wade wriggled happily. He was way too excited. He needed an outlet for all this.

So he did something he hadn't done in decades. He picked up an undercover job.

He got Frankie to work his magic with all kind of makeup and primers and whatever the fuck that goop was. While his entire head was on fire from all the shit settling into his flesh, damn did he look hot.
“Work first, booty call later.” Wade muttered, threading through the crowd. He just had a simple request from a politician’s wife after she’d heard about her loving hubby’s weekend habits from a newspaper.

Of course, nothing else became of it. We could always just kill him.

And not get paid?

“I think this should sufficiently ruin his life.” Wade stepped up to the bouncer at the VIP section, who simply nodded and held the rope back for him. Wifey had called ahead.

“Thanks babe”, Wade grinned, stepping round the rope. The bouncer’s mouth quirked. Oh yeah, he’d forgotten how reactions change when you’re hot.

He turned to his prey, sauntering up. The guy noticed him, but just plastered on a fake smile.

Aww, he thinks we might be important.

“Hey hot stuff, this seat taken?” Wade yanked the guy previously in the seat next to him.

Politician laughed, “Guess not.”

Hmm, definitely different reactions when you’re attractive. He took the seat, whispering hot in the guy’s ear.

“Now, there’s a reason I’m here with you.” He grabbed the guy out of his pants, who jerked.
He lifted his hands, completely soft, “Oh. Look, I’m flattered, but-”

“Can only get it up for under 5s?” Wade pouted, the man’s face draining all colour. He didn’t have time to react before Wade slid the knife out of his sleeve, cleanly slicing his dick off.

The man screamed, hands flying to the blood quickly pooling in his groin. Wade stepped back and grinned, saluting with the dick still in his hand. “Pleasure doing business.”

He turned, putting the dick in the lapel pocket of the bouncer.

*Sweet pocket square.*

Wade smiled, patting the dick in place. “You know who to deliver this to.”

The bouncer looked like they were going to hurl as Wade danced away to the dubstep blaring across the club.

**

Peter woke up at 5AM to Wade blowing up his phone with messages.

‘PETEY’

‘DON’T HAVE MY KEEEEEYES’

‘WAKE UP’

‘im at the door plz’

Peter groaned, rolling out of bed and padding to the door barefoot. An unfamiliar face greeted him at the door, although the grin had him doing a double take.
“Mornin’ baby boy!”

“Wade?” Peter’s eyes widened. But now he was looking, it was obvious. The bone structure, that jawline, the smile, the startling blue eyes. But his skin was-

“I look great, right?” Wade grinned. “Can I come in?”

Peter stepped to the side, watching the whole time as Wade sauntered past into the apartment. He shut the door in a daze, Wade throwing himself down on the sofa.

“I’m not hearing compliments raining down on my hot new look, Petey.”

“The fuck happened to your face?” Peter blurted out, still frozen by the doorway and staring at Wade.

Wade’s smile faltered. “Frankie did some makeup for me, for a quick job. Just made me look like me before I was medium well-done.”

Peter walked over, frowning. Wade looked generically hot, sure. But something was off. Making Peter uneasy. “I don’t like it.”

Wade looked stricken. “What?”

Peter hastened to correct himself, “No, you look good. In like, a traditional way, I guess. Just not like you. Closer to uncanny valley.”

“That’s… The harshest thing anyone has ever said to me. You hate my face that much?”

“What? No!” Peter stepped forward, drawing Wade’s face back up to look at him. He could feel the vague waxy almost stickiness of all the products Wade was wearing.
“You look great. Truly. I just… I like your face. Under all this stuff. It’s been done too perfect, and now I know it’s makeup I know how uncomfortable it must be.”

“Oh yeah, feels like my face is melting off.”

Peter huffed a sigh, shoulders sagging a little. “Can we take it off? Please?”

“You… Want to see my face under here?” Wade’s eyes were glittering, perfectly drawn brows screwed together.

Peter rubbed across his cheekbone with his thumb. “Please.”

Wade’s mouth tightened before he shoved it into Peter’s shirt, drawing the other man close to him. His laugh sounded watery. “No accounting for bad taste.”

Peter flicked him before wrapping him up in an embrace. “My taste is impeccable, you judgemental ass. I think I’ve got some baby wipes. Come on.”

Peter coaxed Wade to the bathroom, sitting him down on the toilet seat while he gently wiped away layers of makeup. Eventually using his face wash and a warm damp flannel when the layers proved too hardy.

Wade was quiet throughout the whole process, mouth a hard line and eyes constantly on the verge of overflowing. When Peter finally threw the dirty cloth into the sink, squatting in front of Wade a tear finally started rolling down his mottled cheek.

Peter caught it in a kiss, licking it away. Wade hiccuped, more tears flowing as Peter pressed kisses to his cheekbones, jaw, nose, temple. Wade begun trembling as Peter kissed below his right eye, evening it out on his left.

Peter gently held Wade’s face, resting their foreheads together. “That more comfortable?”

“Debatable”, Wade choked out.
“Are you in physical pain?”

“No.”

“Good”, Peter drew Wade forward, arms around his shoulder and cheek resting next to his wet one. “I like you just the way you are, Wade.”

Wade shuddered in his arms, grip tightening on Peter.

“Only you wouldn’t like the hot version of me”, Wade grumbled.

“So is this the cold version?” Peter grinned as Wade jabbed at him, laughing helplessly at the tickling.

“Bad joke. Bad joke, Petey. You’ll pay for this.”

Peter grabbed onto Wade as he lost his balance, both falling onto the bathmat in a fit of breathless laughter.

Peter hummed, eyes half lidded as he looked up at Wade. Wade’s breath caught as Peter’s fingers skated over his cheekbone.

Peter flicked his eyes down to Wade’s lips. “I think you’re pretty hot like this.” He smirked at the interested twitch in Wade’s pants, tilted his head. “Kiss me.”

Wade groaned, mouth falling on Peter’s. He still tasted salty from the tears, his face still a little tacky. But his tongue was hot in Peter’s mouth, causing him to groan low in his throat.

His hands found their way to Wade’s head, not letting him back away. Wade’s arms rippled next to where he held himself up by Peter’s head. He felt surrounded, caged in by Wade’s larger muscled body, bracketed by his arms.
He wrapped his legs around Wade, heady on the feeling as he drank in Wade’s needy sounds. He tangled his tongue with Wade’s, digging in his heels to grind up into the hard line inside Wade’s pants.

Wade growled, muscles bunching as he stood, taking Peter with him. Peter broke their kiss to curse, feeling dizzy at being lifted so easily, only for Wade to instantly attack his throat. Peter let loose a broken yell, catching sight of them in the mirror over Wade’s shoulder.

Peter looked wrecked, mouth open and gasping, Wade’s back muscles flexing as he hoisted Peter higher.

“Bedroom”, Peter groaned at the feeling of Wade’s slick tongue at his pulse point. He slapped Wade’s back, the other man grunting and marching them to the desired location.

Wade sat on the bed, Peter now in his lap. Wade pulled back as Peter ground down, gasping and staring up at him with his eyes hazy, mouth soft and open. Peter took the invite and leaned down, licking into Wade’s waiting mouth.

Wade shivered beneath him, hands dropping down to grope Peter’s ass. He pulled him in tighter with each thrust, Peter starting to reach a languid rhythm that set his nerves alight.

Wade pulled away from him just far enough to still be breathing his air. “I was kind of hoping we could be out of some clothes this time.” He groaned, hands twitching as Peter ground down particularly hard.

Peter grinned, “That can be arranged.”

He tugged off his old gym shirt, letting it drop to the floor. Wade’s hands on him instantly, rubbing across his ribs and up his spine.

“Let me get my mouth on you.”

Peter looked down at how Wade’s eyes were fixated on his nipples. He slowed the roll of his hips and breathed out shakily. “Sure.”
Wade flipped them, laying Peter back into bed and crawling over him. Peter put his hands behind his head, ignoring how his stomach twisted. “Show me what else that mouth can do.”

Wade’s eyes darkened, hands grabbing Peter’s hips to drag him to Wade’s mouth. Then his tongue was travelling up the valley of his hip line, teeth digging sharp into skin, leaving fire everywhere they touched. His hands kept exploring, smoothing over him as his chapped lips caught on the soft skin of his ribs, tongue pressing insistent at the small divots between his ribs.

Peter shivered, eyes fixed on Wade’s face as he focused on the feeling beneath his mouth. His tongue flicking out to catch at Peter’s nipple, causing him to squirm and gasp.

Wade smirked, eyes darting up to watch Peter’s face as he latched on to suck hard, his other hand going to pinch the other nipple meanly.

Peter didn’t quite recognise the broken noise he made, but he could feel the pleasure spark straight to his dick.

Wade’s breath was hot against the swiftly cooling saliva. “Oh, you like that, baby boy?” He smirked, “When I’m a little mean?” He dug his nail into Peter’s nipple, causing his back to bow and his dick to give a near painful throb.

Peter shook. “Fuck”, he gasped as Wade pinched.

“All of you this sensitive?” Wade questioned, letting his lips tease at Peter’s chest as he switched sides. “Or this just your Achilles Heel?” He slid his tongue soft and wet over Peter’s abuse nipple, rubbing a thumb placatingly over the other.

Peter whined, eyelids fluttering as he tried to form a sentence. “Never been… Quite this much. The way you do it-”

He grunted, thrusting into thin air as Wade bit him, teeth worrying at the nub. Wade hummed, the vibration warming Peter’s belly from his now over-sensitive flesh. He rolled a nipple under his thumb, grinning at Peter’s small gasp at he gave it a little pinch.

“Wonder if I could make you come like this?”
Peter’s eyes slid closed, hips jerking at the thought.

“Oh, you like that, baby boy? The thought of cumming untouched like a good boy turn you on?”

Peter slitted his eyes, nodding his head. “Yeah… That’s pretty fucking hot.”

He groaned as Wade pushed his palm into the hardness in Peter’s sweats. “Maybe another time, baby boy. You keep the lube in here?”

Peter nodded. “Second drawer- No, wait!”

He jerked up too late as Wade opened the drawer, grin widening. “Oh, baby boy.” His eyes lit up as he took out a dildo. He turned to Peter, “You use this?”

Peter flushed, “Not for a while. I got it after the whole…” He waved a hand, “Break up. Seeing as she took hers.”

Wade closed his eyes, letting the dildo drop. He breathed in deep through his nose, “I really shouldn’t be finding this so hot. She peg you?”

Peter tried to avoid Wade’s eyes as he nodded. Wade groaned, pulling Peter to him by the jaw. “Fuck thats hot.” He plunged his tongue into Peter’s mouth, hand going straight to Peter’s waistband.

He pulled back, “Can I?”

Peter nodded, pulling Wade back in and biting his lip, licking the flesh.

Wade groaned, fumbling with Peter’s sweats until he freed his cock, rough palm feeling like heaven. Peter reached for Wade, the other man capturing his wrist.

“It’s not pretty”, Wade’s voice was husky.
Peter shook his head, “Please.”

Wade groaned, bringing Peter’s hand where he wanted it before going back to his cock. Peter’s hands shook a little, Wade’s mouth sliding to his ear making working the button near impossible.

Peter shivered at Wade’s voice rumbling in his ear, “Allow me.”

He popped the button, the hand on Peter’s dick twisting expertly. Peter’s mouth fell wide, dick jerking at the sight of Wade’s scarred cock. It was wide, uncut, with the head peeking red and wet from the foreskin. His body jerked as Wade’s hand moved to his ass, dragging him into his lap. The air thrummed between them as Wade popped the cap off the lube, pouring it over Peter’s cock before bringing them together in his rough palm.

Peter let out a broken moan at the feeling of Wade’s scarred overheated skin against his own, bringing his own hand down to help create a tight tunnel for them to fuck into.

“Fuck, you look so beautiful when you fall apart for me”, Wade whined, hand on his ass encouraging Peter to chase his pleasure.

Peter had to concentrate to open his eyes, all his muscles drawn tight enough to snap. The look of wonder on Wade’s face, his blown pupils, the way the blue was scorching into him forced a shivery groan out of him.

“That’s it, Petey. Just keep your eyes on me.”

Peter’s eyebrows drew together, forcing his eyes to stay on Wade’s as the pleasure pooled tight in his middle. “Fuck, gonna-”

Wade growled, “Say my name when you cum, Petey.” His grip tightened, fingers on his ass brushing close over his hole. “Say it.”

Peter gasped, shaking apart. “Fuck, Wade.”
Peter watched as Wade tumbled over the edge with him, mouth open and face screwed up in acute overwhelming pleasure. Even as Peter’s hand grew lax, their seed mixing and squelching between them, Wade’s grip tightened, milking them both.

Peter shivered at the overstimulation, kind of enjoying the pleasure-pain zipping up his spine as he watched Wade’s eyes flutter.

“So pretty”, Peter breathed.

Wade froze, eyes flying open. He blinked twice. “What?”

Peter smiled softly, grinding a little into Wade’s hand even as he softened. “Like your face when you finish. It’s pretty.”

Wade huffed, shaking his head even as his mouth quirked up. “I must be the luckiest motherfucker in the world for you to think that.”

Peter hummed, gliding his hand up from Wade’s shoulder to brush his face. “I’m not your mother, Wade.” Wade barked a laugh as Peter frowned suddenly, looking at where blood was settled into his nail beds. His eyes shot to Wade’s shoulder, where there was dried blood where his hand had been.

“Shit, Wade are you okay?”

Wade chuckled, hand rubbing up from Peter’s ass to his back. “I’m doing great, baby boy.”

“I hurt you.”

Wade smiled dopily, “Yeah, it was pretty hot. You must have been really into it.”

“I mean, yeah. But I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Ah, don’t worry. Like I said, it made it hotter. Look, already healed. Anyway”, Peter winced as Wade’s messy hand landed on his ass. “Time to get clean, baby boy. Up we go.”
Peter yelped and tightened his grip on Wade as he stood up, walking them back to the bathroom. Wade placed him down on the edge of the bath, picking up the flannel from the sink to clean them up.

Peter squirmed, trying to take it off Wade, but the man was sneaky and elusive and ultimately got his way.

“You’re impossible”, Peter huffed, frowning at Wade as he cleaned off the flannel.

Wade grinned, glancing Peter’s way. “I’m many things. And I’ll be whichever one you want me to be.”

Peter rolled his eyes, standing up and deciding to find himself some clean clothes. He kicked off the sweats as he stepped from the bathroom.

“Now that’s not fair”, Wade growled, grabbing Peter by the waist as he tried to leave.

“Hey, I’m trying to get dressed”, Peter complained, but didn’t really try to break Wade’s hold on him, enjoying the feeling of Wade’s jeans against his bare skin.

Wade rumbled deep in his chest, hands wandering over Peter’s bare skin.

Well, Peter had time before he needed to be at work.

Chapter End Notes

Feel guilty af for being able to write when i couldn’t get into work coz (sings) im a piece of garbage~
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

TWs its smut. It's just smut.

Chapter Notes

Look, this has got some fanfic magic. Don't assume this will work at home, kids.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wade was living every dream he’d ever had, including the wet ones. He saw Peter often, and they spent most the time snuggled up doing their own thing with occasional make-out sessions that got out of hand.

Okay, often make-out sessions that got out of hand.

He was still adjusting to the fact that Peter apparently found him desirable, but Petey seemed determined to prove it to him constantly. To the point that there had been a few times where he felt a groping hand on his ass before spotting Spider-Man swinging away.

And it wasn’t just swing-by gropings, their in battle banter had reached a whole new level that left Wade grinning and his heart full. Not that he was allowed to fully let on that he was with Spider-Man, as he was so clearly and unapologetically with Peter. The two could not be connected.

So finding himself pushed up against the rooftop fire escape with mouth full of Spidey and hands full of spandex-ed ass was a rare and welcome treat that had his eyes swiftly rolling back into his skull.

Peter pulled back, heel of his hand grinding hard into Wade’s clothed hard on. Wade’s own hands tightening, kneading at the deliciously plush flesh of Spidey ass.

Peter groaned and shivered, mouth soft and open. And Wade really needed to explore how much having the blank white eyes of Spidey’s mask staring back at him was making him sweat so hard.
All thoughts flew from his head as Peter whined, causing Wade’s cock to jerk in its confines. “Fuck, need you.”

Peter’s mouth fell on his again, mostly teeth and tongue, messy and animalistic and so perfect for Wade.

_He tastes like lemonade._

Wade’s mouth watered at the thought of what he’d taste like down his throat, a grunt working past his lips. Peter’s hands shook as he pushed away, past where Wade’s mouth could follow.

Peter swallowed, “I’ll see you at my place? Twenty minutes.”

_Can’t we do it here?_

Wade wriggled, “I can make it five?”

“Twenty.”

Wade huffed, letting his head hit the bricks. “Sure, baby boy. I can do twenty.”

Peter smirked, planting a kiss too fast for Wade to follow before replacing his mask. “I’ll see ya soon!” He called out, already leaping off the roof.

Wade exhaled hard through his nose, adjusting himself in his suit.

**

Wade stood outside Peter’s door for ten minutes before going in. He had taken as long as he could to get here, but lil’ Wade was way too excited still.
So when Peter opened the door at exactly twenty minutes, face pink and hair ruffled, to pull him in by the shirt, Wade was caught a little off guard.

Peter threw him on the sofa, following to straddle him.

Was that a little super strength?

Fuck, that’s hot.

The flush was creeping higher on Peter’s neck, and Wade couldn’t resist following it with his lips and tongue, head spinning at how fast Peter could get him going again.

Peter shuddered in his arms, grinding his ass in Wade’s lap. “Fuck, I really shouldn’t tell you this.” Peter gasped, pace stuttering and Wade’s sharp teeth catching on his jugular.

“Tell me what, baby boy?” Wade growled, bucking up.

Peter bit his lip, pupils blown wide. “I love watching you work”, He gasped out like a secret, “The way your body moves is so hot.”

Peter cut himself off as Wade drew back, mouth falling open. Peter’s gaze skittered away. Wade tightened his jaw, pulling Peter’s hips back down as he thrust up. Peter’s eyebrows drew together as he let out a cut off yell.

“Yeah?” Wade questioned, heat pulsing through him at the thought of Peter watching him. Peter getting off on his brutality.

Watching us fight.

“You like watching me work, baby boy? Like seeing me overpower people like it’s easy?”

Peter moaned, nodding. Wade grinned a little feral, fingers digging in. “It make you think of what my body can do for you? Or you just like knowing I’m dangerous?”
Peter shook above him, the pleasure splayed across his face beautiful. Peter nodded, eyes slitted, and voice hoarse. “Want you to hold me down and you to fuck me.”

Wade grit his teeth and screwed his eyes shut. His dick gave a helpless pulse as he tried his level best not to come in his pants. He looked up at Peter, “You sure? I can bottom.”

Peter scowled, “I know what I want.” He continued at a mumble, shoulders pulling up to his ears. “And now I’m prepared.”

_Holy shit._

Wade choked a little, “You prepped? Can I see?”

Peter refused to look at him, body still tense even as he nodded.

Wade pushed his hands down the back of Peter’s sweats, groaning at the generous lube he found between his cheeks. Peter’s breath catching as Wade started to circle his hole, gathering the slick and rubbing it in.

Wade cursed, “You did this for me?”

Peter nodded, hips jerking. Wade groaned and watched as Peter’s face slackened, hips rocking back into Wade’s hand.

“This what you wanted, baby boy? This what you thought about?”

Peter huffed, eyes squinting down at Wade. “You had more fingers in me.”

_I like his like this. All confident._

_Cheeky._
Wade grinned. “Your wish”, He twisted in a finger, stroking to find the right angle. “Is my command.”

Peter let loose a shuddering moan, his hole briefly clenching around the intrusion in pulses.

Wade hummed, stroking at Peter’s insides and drinking in all of Peter’s noises. “Seem’s someone likes anal play. You’ve been holding out on me, Webs.”

And there it was, as Wade found that bundle of nerves Peter jerked back onto his searching finger making it all that easier to add a second. There was barely any resistance, either Peter had amazing control of his body, or he had done something earlier that caused him to be this buttery soft.

*Or he just fucking loves this.*

Wade balled up his willpower, Peter groaning as he removed his fingers, lifting them both. Wade smirked, “Trust me, baby boy. You’ll be thankful of a bed to collapse on when I’m done.”

Peter’s smile was dazed and his voice a little breathless. “Fighting talk.”

Wade dropped Peter on the bed, peeling back his clothes like a prize.

*Kinda is.*

Peter always looked great, running round in clothes or spandex. But like this, splayed out, panting and hard. Was almost ethereal, he was so gorgeous.

“You going to join me or just stand there?”

Wade jolted, unaware he’d stopped to stare. “I’ve got to appreciate a work of art when it’s in front of me.”
Peter’s eyes crinkled, “Pretty sure you told me you pissed on a Duchamp piece before. Now get naked and get over here.”

Wade saluted, hastily removing his clothes. Peter laughed as Wade literally fell out of his pants. Wade grinned, crawling up the bed and kissing the laughter off of Peter’s face.

When Peter was sufficiently breathless, Wade crept his hand down to thrust two fingers back in. Peter jolted, clinging to Wade’s arm.

“Too much?” Wade hesitated, moving to withdraw before Peter viciously shook his head.

He bucked back onto Wade’s hand, his hole spasming around Wade’s knuckles. Wade would happily ignore his own need and just finger Peter all night.

What was it Petey wanted us to do?

Yeah, didn’t he have a plan?

Wade forced his brain back online and ripped his focus away from how Peter’s hole kept gripping his fingers each time he pulled even slightly away.

Wade was well aware how wrecked he already sounded as he gentled his finger movement. “So you want me to pin you down, baby boy?”

Peter shuddered, flush deepening across his chest as he nodded.

“You going to use your words?”

Peter half laughed half moaned, “Fuck you, Wade.”

Wade smirked, deliberately jabbing at that little bundle of nerves inside Peter and watching as precum finally dribbled off Petey’s pretty cut cock onto his stomach.
Wade hummed, “Always forget how much you like it a little mean.”

Peter only managed a gurgling noise that went straight to Wade’s dick. Wade removed his fingers, smug at the noise of loss Peter made.

“Turn over.”

Peter blinked blearily at him. “Why?”

“We can do this easy, or do this hard baby boy. Turn over.”

Wade watched as another dribble of precum made a mess on Peter’s stomach. “Make me.”

Wade growled, dodging Peter’s feeble attempts at blocking him. Going for the extra flair to show off, he pressed at Peter’s pressure points to get him to flop easily in place. He pressed a hand between his shoulder blades, feeling Peter’s chest rumble around his groan.

He drew up Peter’s hips, kicking his legs further apart. Peter let out a weak moan, not even bothering to pretend to fight being manhandled. Wade watched how Peter twitched beneath him, palming his asscheeks apart to watch his hole clench in the cool air.

“That’s it, Petey.” Wade growled, picking up the lube from the bedside table. He frowned. “Fuck. Condom.”

Peter fumbled with the drawer from his awkward position, managing to throw back a line of them at Wade. He smirked, knowing Peter could easily break his hold but instead chose to keep his face shoved into the mattress.

Such a good boy.

All ours.
Wade bent down to bite into an asscheek as he rolled on the condom, Peter jerking and moaning loud. He straightened back up, hooking in his thumb to tug meanly at Peter’s hole.

“You ready, baby boy?”

Peter turned his face, still shoved into the sheets, and smirked. “Come on, big boy.”

Wade snarled, pushing forward. Fuck that’s tight. So soft, so good, fuck. Wade near bit his tongue off, chest heaving at the feeling of Peter fluttering around him, tensing mind-numbingly tight before relaxing in bursts.

As Wade bottomed out, Peter let loose a rough yell. Wade panted, trying his best to re-centre himself.

“That feel good, baby boy?”

Peter’s laugh sounded breathless before he said, “Ah.”

Wade screwed his face up, unable to stop his surprised bark of laughter. “You’re still quoting memes? At a time like this?” He shoved Peter down harder, other hand moving to grip Peter’s hip. “Must not be doing a good enough job.”

He grit his teeth, snapping his hips sharply. The smile quickly wiped off Peter’s face. He set a brutal pace, watching Peter for anything less than pure ecstasy. But Petey took it like a champ.

As with everything.

As Peter started to tighten up more and more, muscles flexing beneath Wade’s hands, he watched as Peter reached for his own dick to jerk in time with Wade’s thrusts.

Wade felt like he was tingling all over, watching Peter fall apart. Feeling Petey around him, desperately chasing the end. But Wade didn’t want it to end just yet. So as Peter yelled, pulsing tight as a vice, Wade buried his face behind Peter’s sweaty head.
Not yet, not yet, not yet.

Peter’s voice sounded soft and sated as much as it did full of sark. “You okay, ‘Pool?”

*Shit. Said it out loud.*

Wade shivered, recollecting himself. “Awesome”, He wheezed, tugging Peter to turn over.

Peter grunted as Wade refused to pull out. Looking down on Petey all dishevelled, red all over, spit drying on his cheek, spunk across his stomach.

*This is heaven.*

Wade grinned, pulling Peter’s ankles to rest on his shoulders and folding him in half to kiss him. Peter groaned weakly, but Wade felt the way he fluttered around him.

“My way this time”, Wade murmured against Peter’s mouth before starting to thrust slow and gentle into Petey.

It sounded like all the air got punched out of Peter as he whined, his limp dick twitching in the rapidly cooling pool of cum.

Wade kept going, rocking into him, feeling as Petey’s hole desperately tried to grip him with each rolling thrust. Knowing exactly how to angle to be rubbing into the right spot. Peter started shaking, sweat beading across his skin. Wade caressed what he could reach, softly kissing away the tears of overstimulation off Peter’s face.

“That’s it, Petey. So good for me. Just let go, focus on the feelings. Let them roll over you. That’s it. Such a good boy, my good boy.” Wade knew he was babbling but couldn’t stop as it felt like Peter’s body clenched down in rolling waves, sucking him in.

Wade licked at the drool trailing from Peter’s mouth, gently rubbing his tongue against Peter’s. He swallowed down Peter’s groans, pulling back as he started clenching down and not letting up.
Peter gasped, nailed scratching harsh down Wade’s back. “Can’t-” He cut himself off, body seizing up.

“That’s it. Fuck. So beautiful. So good, that’s it.”

“Wade-!”

And then he catapulted off the edge, shaking and seeing white as Peter near screamed, body still seizing up around Wade as his hips jerked.

Wade gasped, blinking away spots. Peter was near sobbing, body still writhing. Wade reached down to massage his balls, in awe as Peter’s dick continued to dribble pathetically against his abs.

Finally the tremors slowed down, Peter’s body going lax as Wade unfolded him. He pushed Wade’s hand away.

Peter coughed, head lolling to look at where Wade sat. “What the fuck was that?”

Wade smiled lazily, collapsing down next to Peter and snuggling close. “Anal orgasm.” He patted Peter, “Knew you had it in you, baby boy.”

Peter blinked, still looking dazed. “What the actual fuck?”

Wade hummed. “Glad to introduce new things into your life.”

Peter’s eyebrows flew up, hand shakily pushing through his tangled hair. “You weren’t kidding about needing the bed. That was wild.”

“Oh stop, my head’ll get too big to fit through the door.”

Peter laughed, holding Wade a little closer to his side. He yawned. “I’ll balance it out with insults
later.”

Chapter End Notes

So this is the scene I've had in my head forever. The whole reason for this fic. All for this filth. You are welcome.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

TWs it's p much all smut after the first set of stars sorryyyyyyyyy

Chapter Notes

sorry it's taken over a week to post, I got extremely ill. Just getting back on my feet again. We're nearly at the end!! And I'm bad at endings so brace urself

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Heh, Wade.”

Wade ignored the gooseflesh riding up his neck as he grinned over at Peter, tucked next to him on the sofa. “Yeah, baby boy?”

Peter shoved his phone in Wade’s face, “Look how dumb I was.”

Wade pushed the phone away so he could uncross his eyes and squealed. “Oh em gee, baby baby boy. Oh, he’s so cute.”

Peter twisted round to see the screen with Wade, arm looping easily over Wade’s curled up leg. “It’s my old Grindr profile. I remembered you showing me yours, and I’ve not looked at mine since I deleted the app.”

Wade wriggled in delight, tugging Peter closer to his chest and wrapping his arms around him. “Read me your profile then Webs.”

Pink bloomed across Peter’s ears and neck, his shoulders tensing. Wade chuckled, kissing him behind his overheated ear. “Okay, I’ll read it. ‘Peter, 32.’”

Peter yelped, trying to snatch the phone away. Wade locked his legs around him, poking him in the
ribs to get him to relinquish his prize. But even as he tugged the phone, it was stuck to Peter’s hand.

Wade pouted before going full throttle on the tickling, Peter already breathless with laughter. “Surrender the phone, Petey!”

“Never!” Peter spluttered, attempting to twist away.

*Rookie mistake, worrying about hurting us.*

Wade played dirty, sticking his tongue in Peter’s ear. Peter jerked away, trying to push at Wade’s face.

“No! No licking!”

Wade grinned behind the palm squishing his face.

“Shame. I thought you liked my licking.”

He peeked Peter’s flush deepening and angled his face up, swiping his tongue between Peter’s fingers, up to the tips. He heard Peter’s breath catch as he blew hot air across them before guiding it back into his mouth with his tongue.

“Unfair”, Peter wheezed, body frozen as he watched Wade’s every move.

Wade let his eyes slide half lidded, dragging his teeth up and off Peter’s index finger. “You know I play dirty, baby boy.” He ran his hand across Peter’s shoulder, delighting at how Peter’s mouth fell open on a pant.

“Now”, He murmured, letting his voice rumble out the way Petey liked. He guided his hand down Peter’s arm to his hand. “Give me the phone.”

*Got him.*
Peter’s eyes widened as Wade’s hand closed around the phone, in a moment of panic flinging it across the room.

They both froze at the sound of it thumping into a wall before clattering across the floor.

Well.

That was unnecessary.

“Shit.” Peter shot up, running straight to his phone. He groaned. “Fuck. I’ve completely broken it.”

Wade smiled from the sofa, a little bemused. “You could have just said, you didn’t have to destroy the evidence baby boy.”

Peter tugged at his hair, still inspecting the damage. “I didn’t mean to. When I panic, I don’t do smart stuff.”

No shit.

Wade chuckled, “It’s okay, baby boy. If you can’t fix it, we can buy a new one.”

WADE, NO.

Peter turned to look at him, eyebrows way up. “We?”

FUCK.

Wade tensed, “Oh. Uh. Me. I can. As I made you throw it. I can get it. With my money. That is mine.”
Peter’s mouth quirked up, putting his phone on the counter as he stalked towards Wade. “You said we. We can buy it. Like ours. Together.”

Wait… What?

Petey?

“Well. I mean, it can be we if you want it to be we.” Wade tried his best not to fidget, ignoring the boxes’ hopeful babbling.

Peter’s eyes narrowed, mouth stretching further into a smirk. “Oh, I think it’s you who wants it to be we, Mr Wilson.”

Wade felt pinned under Peter’s gaze, mouth suddenly dry and pants a touch too tight. “What is this”, His voice was gravelly. “What’s going on?”

Peter’s eyes flicked down to Wade’s crotch before pinning him again. “Nice to see me saying any of your name gets you going. What about if I call you Daddy?”

Holy shit.

Wade choked a little, “Fuck, Webs-”

Peter hummed, finally stepping into Wade’s space. “What do we think about me fucking you tonight?”

Wade shivered at the thought, nodding enthusiastically.

Peter laughed, stroking fondly at his face as Wade nuzzled in. He nodded towards the bedroom, “Come on, then.”

Quick, before he changes his fucking mind about our ugly ass.
Wade scrambled after him, Peter laughing as Wade skidded a little to bump into a wall. Wade smiled dopily, finally catching Peter around the waist by the bedroom door and planting kisses wherever he could reach.

Peter laughed, trying to pull Wade inside. “Wow, someone’s excited.”

Wade hummed, continuing to kiss across Peter’s jaw. Peter pushed him back, Wade shivering at the controlled use of super strength.

“Clothes”

Peter smiled as Wade tripped over himself to strip. Wade finally stood naked in front of where Peter sat on the edge of the bed, shivering a little under his intense gaze.

Peter nodded to the drawer, “Get out the supplies then get over here.”

*Ooh, Spidey.*

Wade grinned, dick twitching even as he followed his orders. “Gotta say, Petey. Really digging the confidence. Super sexy.”

He turned to where Peter was smiling, teeth flashing white against his flushed cheeks. Peter flicked his eyes over Wade’s naked body, “I think I like you obedient.”

Wade wandered over, brushing his thumb across Peter’s cheekbone. “Could make it a more regular thing, if you want. Just say the word, Webs.”

He felt Peter’s cheek grow warmer still, Peter turning to plant a kiss in Wade’s palm. “I like both”, Peter mumbled.

*He’s so fucking perfect.*
Wade grinned, “Noted. Now where do you want me baby boy?”


Peter had Wade spread out under him, hole squeezing lovingly at his cock as he rocked into him. Having someone as powerful as Wade layed out for him, shivering on his cock with each wave of pleasure, getting incoherent at the slow pace Peter set. It was a trip, that’s for sure.

Peter smoothed his hand over Wade’s straining dick, pressing him against his stomach, taking his time to thumb over the scarring. He watched as Wade’s cock twitched, leaking a generous bead of precum into his belly button, having to slow his own thrusts even further at how Wade fluttered around him.

“Gotta say”, Peter panted, circling his hips to press up against that spot that made Wade’s chest heave and his fist clench harder against the headboard. “If I’d known all it took was this to shut you up, I might’ve done it sooner.”

Wade just gurgled, eyes rolling as he pressed back hard into Peter. Peter finally gripped Wade’s cock, smoothing all his precome over the head to ease the way. Wade groaned loud, jerking in Peter’s hold.

Peter’s eyelids fluttered as Wade squeezed down before relaxing, the grip of his hole almost suckling. His resolve snapped and he thrust hard.

Wade near wailed, face an open book as the pleasure built, arms flexing to push the headboard and press him further onto Peter’s cock.

Peter let his control go to snap his hips forward, the loose wet slapping sounds of his thrusts into Wade absolutely filthy and perfect. Peter flexed his thumb, using the muscles of his hand on Wade to further tighten his grip on his cock.

He watched as Wade struggled to breath, every outwards breath carry a moan, his face screwed up against the onslaught of sensation.

“Fuck, Wade”, Peter couldn’t keep the whine from his voice as Wade sobbed, tears starting to roll down his cheeks. “Wade, fuck, look at me.”
Wade’s eyes shot open, still squinted and sparkling with tears as he suddenly jerked in his palm, shooting his load over his chest. Wade’s mouth dropped open, eyes still fixed on Peter as he fell apart, squeezing down mercilessly on Peter’s cock.

“Petey”, Wade wheezed, hands shakily coming up to draw him close. “Fuck, Petey. Love you.”

Peter gasped, finding himself plummeting off the edge, seeing stars. He came back to himself slowly, feeling lightheaded, utterly caught off guard by his orgasm.

Wade was grinning up at him, eyes still glittering. “Petey, did you just come when I said I love you?”

Peter froze, addled brain struggling to catch up to reality. He felt muddled with afterglow, embarrassment, joy, unsure where to start.

He blinked down at Wade, letting the warmth in his chest spread into a lopsided smile on his face. “Yeah”, He croaked. “Guess I did.”

Wade laughed, but his face was screwed up in happiness as he tugged Peter down into a tight embrace, ignoring the spreading mess of cum on his chest. Peter flinched as Wade wrapping his legs around him caused his softened dick to finally slide out of him.


Peter laughed, feeling giddy as he clung back. “Yeah. Me too.”

Wade jerked back a little, eyes wide.

Peter smiled soft at his expression, planting a soft kiss to his nose. “I love you, Wade Wilson.”

Wade let loose a sob, half laughing. “What? You serious?”
Peter smiled, rubbing his thumb across Wade’s cheekbone. “As a heart attack.”

Wade choked again, tugging Peter down to kiss him. It was wet with tears, over enthusiastic, sloppy, and utterly perfect. Wade murmuring between each one.

“Love you. So good. Love you so much.”

Chapter End Notes

ty for all ur love and support <3 i cri
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

no TWs

Chapter Notes

Very short and sweet epilogue of an ending. Hope y'all enjoyed the ride <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter cracked a grin as he opened his eyes to see Wade stood outside the shower pulling faces. He pushed open the door, Wade swiftly scooting into his space.

“What, I can’t get a little privacy?”

Wade scoffed, pressing closer against Peter. “You know an unlocked door is an invitation to me, baby boy.”

Peter laughed as Wade planted open mouthed kisses up his jaw, pushing ineffectually at his shoulders. Wade catching him round the waist to stop his retreat and blowing a wet raspberry behind his ear.

“Fuck off Wade, I’m trying to get clean”, Peter laughed, feeling Wade’s dick give an interested twitch against his leg.

Wade’s hum rumbled through him where he was pressed impossibly close, hands starting to massage into Peter’s skin. Peter finally managing to twist to catch Wade’s lips against his own, the kiss melting into a slow slide of mouths.

Peter finally pulling back with a smack of lips and pushing his hand into Wade’s chasing face.

He laughed, “I’m about done in here anyway. Knock yourself out.”
He stepped away, planting a quick kiss to Wade’s pouting face. He jolted as Wade’s hand caught his ass in a resounding slap as he stepped out the shower. He spun to Wade dancing away under the spray, tittering to himself.

Peter shook his head, shutting the shower door and flushing the toilet on his way out. He sniggered at Wade’s yelp echoing out the bathroom at the suddenly over-hot water.

He tugged the towel around his waist, sitting on the edge of the bed to scroll through his notifications. He smiled to himself as he could hear the sound of Wade belting out Celine Dion in the shower.

A memory popped up on Facebook. Forgetting himself, he clicked it to be greeted with his own smiling face next to MJ. Right. Five years ago they’d gone on that trip to the Maldives. To celebrate something… A promotion maybe? It had been a great trip.

He studied the photo of himself looking at MJ with such focused adoration. Glanced at MJ, braced for the usual stab of regret and heartbreak. It still felt… Weird. He could remember the echo of his feelings, but no pain. He kind of just… Missed a friend. Nostalgic.

“What?” He hummed to himself.

“You okay, baby boy?”

Peter looked up to see Wade strolling over, dripping water across the floor, towel looped over his shoulders and just free-balling it across the room. He felt his lips quirk up, a warm sense of pride that Wade felt comfortable enough to be completely nude, relaxed in the sunlight warming the room.

Wade waggled where his brows would be, “Like what you see, Petey?”

Peter threw his phone to one side, opening his arms. “I do. Now get over here.”

Wade grinned, gathering Peter in his arms to lay him out against the bed, lips kissing over any available skin within reach. Peter laughed, chest feeling both light and full of something… Love, probably. Joy. Excitement.
“Hey, Wade?”

Wade shuddered, lips travelling up Peter’s jaw as he hummed in response.

Peter ignored his pulse building. “You wanna move in. With me?”

Wade pulled back, mouth hanging open. Peter waited, starting to get used to Wade’s processing time.

“You want to live with me?” Wade squawked.

Peter huffed a laugh, drawing patterns up Wade’s arms. He nodded. “You wanna?”

“Is that even a question? I’ll take anything you’ll give me Petey, holy shit.”

Peter laughed, tugging Wade’s face down to his own. The kiss was sweet, soft, a promise. “Hey”, Peter murmured against Wade’s lips.

Wade rumbled a hum, catching Peter’s lips in another kiss before barely pulling back, going to nuzzle into Peter’s cheek. “Yeah?”

Peter’s smile stretched wide, nosing against Wade’s ear. “I love you.”

“Love you, Petey. Love you so much. Holy fuck.” Wade kissed behind his jaw, mouth open and hot under his ear, teeth grazing over his jumping pulse.

Peter laughed, a little giddy. “You’re moving in.”

Wade pulled back grinning, “Try and tear me away, Petey.”
Peter rubbed his nose against Wade’s, cheeks hurting from how hard he was smiling. “Never.”

Chapter End Notes

I actually fucking ended a fic. Holy shit.

End Notes

Any comments, even a keyboard smash or just the word "Like" is appreciated greatly.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!