Patching Up and Talking It Out

by Ramblesgalore

Summary

Wade patches Peter up and the pair talk about fears and feelings

Notes

Before this whole thing kicks off, I would love to give most of my credit to @Umikochannart’s Tumblr! They have an amazing art style and story telling ability, so definitely check them out!

See the end of the work for more notes

Peter hissed in air from the disinfectant pressed against his wound, fingers curling against the table roughly. “Sorry, sorry. Shoulde warn you that time.” Wade was grabbing extra gauze as he mumbled his apology, taking the disinfectant away from Peter’s wound. Peter tilted his head back for a second, unable to look at the bandages covering various parts of his body. He wasn’t careful enough in the field today, getting thrown around and scratched and bit by the baddie. He couldn’t even bring himself to remember who he was fighting, unable to match a face to whatever hurt him. Wade took it a lot harder than Peter did, hands shaking with anger and eyes filled with unshed tears. Seeing Peter limp in, his suit torn and covered in his own blood, it broke something in Wade ever so slightly. He dragged out the medkit both he and Peter kept stored and maintained and has spent the past hour and a half cleaning and patching up Peter.

Peter finally snapped out of his thoughts when Wade tied another bandage around his shoulder, eyes
focused on the injury in front of him. He hadn’t spoken much since he grabbed the medkit, only speaking to apologize for alarming Peter with the disinfectant or to ask if a bandage was too tight. It drove Peter crazier and crazier until finally, he opened dry lips to talk. “Wade.” Wade’s hands twitched against Peter’s chest, his body tensing at the sound of his own name. “Yeah, Petey? Something too tight or painful?” Peter shook his head no, a free hand moving up to run through his own messy brown hair. “I just- you’re too quiet. Hearing you so silent is, is weird.” Wade’s fingers twitched again, tracing a quick line down Peter’s chest and the bandages covering them. “You scared me, baby boy. You came back covered in your own blood, and I know that’s nothing new but-“ Peter shifted his arm, wincing a bit at the lingering soreness, and placed it on Wade’s knee. “You were scared, I know. I shouldn’t have run off, it was so unbelievably-“ Wade shushed him at that, holding a finger up to his lips. “Don’t say it was stupid. I know that’s what you want to do, throw every little bit of blame on your short shoulders, but you shouldn’t have to. You’re a superhero, Petey. Getting hurt is part of the job.” Wade tightened another bandage around one of Peter’s fingers before pulling away to grab some more supplies, making the other desperate for those hands to be back on him. “You always get back up though, right baby boy?” Peter’s cheeks flushed a bit at the nickname, toying with the edge of the sofa. “Yeah, yeah. Only for you though, m’kay?” Wade chuckled and ruffled Peter’s hair, smiling a bit wider at the burble Peter made in response.

The rest of the time Wade spent patching Peter up was less dreary and more light, the two sharing stories and keeping each other entertained. Peter could care less about how his stomach aches when he laughed too hard, his head dizzy with a lack of oxygen, seeing Wade’s smile made everything melt away. Peter soon fell quiet and just listened to Wade ramble on, a light blush on his cheeks and a smile loosely on his face. Watching Wade laugh and smile, taking care of him ever so gently, it made Peter tranquil.

Wade grabbed onto Peter’s bandaged hand when he finished, an involuntary sigh passing between them. “Here ya are, Pete. All patched up.” Peter stared at Wade for a second before pushing himself closer, caring less for the dull ache in his shoulders. “Uh, Petey? You’re lookin a little feverish. Like- whole face is red as tomatoes feverish.” Peter chuckled and moved himself a little closer, his smile lingering as the gears in Wade’s head turned. Wade’s fingers grazed the edge of Peter’s cheek and that was enough for Peter to close the gap. Kissing Wade was always something, unique to Peter. Peter had been with his fair share of partners, regardless of gender, but Wade was nothing like any of them. Wade was, for lack of a better term, in sync with him. Wade knew every single way to make Peter blush, knew how to calm him down after a breakdown or stressful day, knew what food he’d want for a stakeout. Knew how to kiss him right, nipping his bottom lip and slowly dragging his tongue along Peter’s. Peter finally pulled away, his lungs aching for air and his skin prickling with warmth. Wade looked completely lost, eyelids droopy and his breathing erratic. “We- we should, ah, stop…” Peter mumbled the words into his arm, suddenly shy from his actions. Wade leaned his face into Peter’s neck, face warm and breath sending goosebumps up Peter’s neck. “Fuck, Petey… can’t go teasin me like that when I can’t have my way with you.” Peter squirmed a bit in place, biting his lip to swallow down a whine. “D-don’t worry too much, Wade. I’ll heal up nice and fast, okay..?” Wade smiled and pulled away from Peter’s neck, pecking his partner’s lips quickly. “Alright, baby boy. Now c’mon. The bed is a much nicer place to cuddle than your broken down sofa.”

End Notes

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