A non-sense Spideypool story

by Theblackie

Summary

No. Literally, this has no sense.

Unless... Name a sexuality crisis that has ever made sense, because this is about spidey having just a ti~iny crisis about his feelings for deadpool and trying to "snap out of it"... yeah... a total mess.

Notes

Hi! this is the first Spideypool fanfic i write, and the first fanfic i write in english, so i hope there are not a lot of grammar mistakes.

i hope you like it <3
— y’know webs? I think i could get used to this — deadpool rested his head on spidey’s shoulder.
— Get. Away. From me.

Peter looked at the scene he was in. He was sitting at the top of a very, VERY high building. A perfect place to patrol in peace and (maybe), take a break... except that...

*Deadpool was there.*

— why?... this is a quiet place, we're staring at a beautiful sight, and most importantly... we're alone... isn't it bromantic? — wade sighed an--
— wait, no. Something's wrong here. Whoever this is. It's *romantic*, okay? Not "bromantic".
... *jeez.*
— yeah, *jeez*... writers these days.
—... who the hell are you talking to?
— the writer/narrator or whatever spidey, duh!, it's a couple of lines above!

Peter took a deep breath. THAT is the problem he had to deal with almost every day of his life. It was exhausting, especially when he was all "*touchy feely*".

... such as right now.

— Wade i'm serious, let go of me! — Wade tightened the embrace he had spidey wrapped in after hearing those words.

Nope.

He wouldn't.

— but you're so soft and comfy! I don't wanna let you go!
— well, you'll have to — peter slightly pushed deadpool away and crossed his arms — i was supposed to be here all alone, BUT NO! you had to follow me.
— oh c'mon spidey! We've done a lot of stuff together... and i actually have nothing to do so i decided i would hang out with you.
— guess what. You didn't ask if i wanted to hang out with you so... basically, you're invading my personal space.
— ... i brought chimichangas.

Peter went silent for a while. He hadn't eaten anything since a couple of hours ago.

F*#k, *was he hungry*.

— okay, that'll do. You can stay but just for a while.
Peter was finally at home.

No annoyances, no deadpool... just peace and quiet.

The fact that deadpool didn't know his secret identity was his only advantage. Could you imagine if wade knew that spider-man is Peter Parker?

It would be his doom.

Stress would kill him.

Though he was a little offended about Wade thinking that he's a loser, yeah... ouch.

And not because he actually cares about what Wade thinks about him but because of... you know, ego.

— Oh sweet irony, thank you — He said to himself while lying in his bed.

Of course, it was hard to keep himself from punching deadpool sometimes because of all the things he said but hey.

*He's the merc with a mouth.*

Peter yawned and fell asleep. Deadpool surprisingly being his last thought.

Now, he had to admit that he actually slept pretty well that night, but the morning was another story.

First of all, he woke up due to his spider-sense.

— Morning sunshine! — He heard and instantly opened his eyes to see Wade sitting in his bed, next to him.

... god f*#@&$% dammit. What was HE doing in HIS apartment?!

— Wad-- deadpool?!

— yeah, deadpool.

— What are you doing here?! Go away!

— Wow, easy there Parker! It's not like i'm going to kill you or anything... though i could — Wade looked at Peter's unpleasant -angry- glance and rolled his eyes.
okay, i get it. i killed you twice, not funny.

Peter crossed his arms after sitting in the bed.

also, i told spider-man that i wouldn't kill anyone so--

shut up and tell me what do you want.

(Uhh! Straight to the point and salty AF).

[Such a combination !! you can see how done he is with our s#&% and we haven't even talked that much ].

(What's your come back gonna be?)

[ Try with--

looks like someone didn't get his beauty sleep — wade smiled under his mask while Parker took a deep breath.

Oh god, you're so boring Parker... Peter... Petey...

Don't call me tha--

I like the sound of that!

Oh for--

Anyways, i'm here because... well, i already said it. I killed you twice and then all of that mysterio $#@% happened and--

summarize.

(I told you! He hates us... this was a terrible idea).

(Shut up).

— oh, okay. So, i spent the night with spider-man and after that i started thinking about how i f#&$@% things up with you. So i kinda... want to make amends? — Deadpool said while looking down and playing with his index fingers.

Well, now Peter was curious.

why do you suddenly care?

i care because... uh... you were spidey's boss so you should know him well, amirite?

Yeah, i know him well.

i won't lie in this one. I think that if i make amends with you, i can get closer to spider-man...

(Ejem, aren't you forgetting something?)

— oh right, you also happen to be a pure person and totally not evil so killing you makes me feel like the bad guy and you didn't even answer my letter!
... of course that deadpool's reasons had something to do with spider-man, obvious.

— And why would you want to get closer to spider-man? Why doing all of this now?

— Things with spidey are... complicated.

(Wait, aren't you friends with spidey?).

[Yeah, same].

— Aren't you and Spider-man supposed to be friends? — Peter arched an eyebrow with curiosity.

— Besties, actually.

[ See? Parker thinks the same!].

(Or this is something the writer planned for our convenience).

— So?

— I guess it'd be better if i explain you later, what about breakfast? Sounds like a good instance.

All Peter wanted to do was to beat deadpool's @$& and get him out of his apartment, but currently he was ~THE AMAZING AVERAGE-MAN!~ and he's not supposed to be able to do that so... yay Parker luck!

— Whatever — He said, knowing that deadpool wouldn't let him live in peace for at least an hour and he couldn't do anything about it.

— Yay! you like pancakes right?

— sure — Peter got out of the bed and yawned — wait, where are you going? — deadpool stopped walking towards the door and turned around.

— uh... kitchen?

— yeah, as if you knew where it is.

(You have no idea where that is).

[Uh! uh! Are we going to search room by room?] .

— of course that i know where it is, Petey.

— Okay first, don't call me that, and second, i don't trust you so i'll take you there.

['Kay, plan ruined].

— Well Parker, y'know the basics —deadpool cracked two eggs and put them in a bowl with flour before continuing — the name's Wade Wilson, and i only kill the bad guys in case you're wondering,
though i'm pretty sure Spider-man told you that. I know you read the letter i wrote you AGES AGO and i want to say that i really should've investigated more... well, what can i say? I LITERALLY SAW WHAT THE EVIDENCE SHOWED IN ONE OF YOUR LABS AND IT WAS CRAZY--

— it was mysterio's doing — Peter answered while sitting at a table that was near.

— yeah, turns out it was a part of a really f#%&$@ up plan against me, not to take the spotlight Parker — Wade poured milk into the bowl and started mixing everything — may you pass me the butter please?

— get it yourself.

(someone NEEDS a coffee).

[like, asap].

— uh, in case you forgot, this is your apartment, which means that you're the one who knows where the butter is.

— i insist, get it yourself, deadpool — Peter frowned and yawned — you're good at registering other people's stuff.

Deadpool gasped and pretended to be offended — Excuse me?! I'm trying to bond with you here and you aren't helping at all... at least tell me where it is so i can go and -get it myself-

— oh for-- Deadpool, shut up — Parker growled and pointed his finger to indicate where the butter was.

— thank you! — Wade melted some butter in the microwave and added it to the mixture, he turned to see Parker giving him a weird glance —what?

There was a brief silence between the two of them, the only sound that could be heard was deadpool mixing everything very quickly. Something about watching him cook was incredibly disturbing for Peter because, he had seen him kill a lot of people with those same hands and you have to believe him when he says: 0% carefully.

He searched for any sign that could help him prove that he couldn't trust deadpool's cooking but everything was clean and everything he had used before was in the dishwasher, also... OH GOD HE TOOK OFF HIS GLOVES AND WASHED HIS HANDS HE HAD NO REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS GOING TO DIE OF FOOD POISONING.

Okay... perhaps Wade's not good at cooking and he just looks like he is?.. yeah, he'll go with that.

— So, yeah... white and yellow were right, you need a coffee — he turned again — anyways, do you know how hard it is to organize all of the things i have to tell you? i should make a list.

Deadpool turned the heater on and started counting with his fingers — let's see... first i have to tell you some other things about how i killed you.

— then i have to tell you how i can get closer to spidey through you and THEN i have to tell you what's going on between spidey and i.

Peter just remained silent as he watched Deadpool pouring some of the mixture in a pan that was near. He kind of... still couldn't believe it.
— Hey, now that i think about it, you didn't do anything when you saw me... besides being salty of course.

— What do you mean? — Peter finally got out of his trance.

— No screaming, no running... man you didn't even try to hit me! That's like, the normal thing to do you know? — He made a pause to check in the pan.

— Don't get me wrong Parker, i really appreciate your cool and all but, dude, a mercenary, a gun-for-hire -which killed you btw-, is making you breakfast in your kitchen and you're all like "oh, this is fine"... are you okay? Do you need any kind of help or something?

Peter was about to answer when deadpool grabbed the pan to flip the pancake and tOTALLY NAILED IT HOLY $&%#!

— HOW?!— how did you do that?! — He was not jealous, at all.

— You're--

[Yes, he doesn't seem to understand how's that we can flip a pancake].

(This is so weird, did you manage to get high somehow?).

[Is Parker seriously a genius?].

(Ha! That sounds like a book's title ).

— You're surprised that i can flip a pancake?! Did you even listen to a thing i said?! Man i can't believe i was about to thank you for not calling the police.

— And i can't believe i actually forgot that calling the police was an option — Peter made a facepalm and decided to blame it to the fact that he was barely awake.

After a while it was the moment to eat, and Peter was honestly afraid to try what deadpool had made, he just couldn't trust him but can you really blame him?! He has gone through a lot of stuff with the merc and he certainly knows that "deadpool" and "cooking" are two words that don't belong into the same sentence. Wade was walking towards the table with two plates and Peter didn't know if he was being paranoid or his spider-sense had actually gone off, it was like everything was in slow motion in a "the end is near" kind of atmosphere.

— Bon appétit — he heard and looked at the plate of pancakes that now was in front of him, he had been some time without doing anything before noticing that Wade was staring at him, waiting for him to start eating.

— Here goes nothing — he said and took a piece of the unexpectedly good looking pancakes to taste it and Holy $#&%.

... Delicious, finally some good f#&$* food.

Peter must have been doing a really funny face for Wade to smile that way.

— they're good, eh? Glad to know i haven't lost the spark — Actually, Wade cooks often because he does it every time he visits Ellie.

(That, or Parker only eats trash food).
[Shh! Let us have our moment!].

Parker wasn't too happy to say this but...

— They are good.

Fun fact number one: Deadpool's cooking is fantastic.
Once upon a time, there was a quiet night in New York city, and the sight was beautiful from a very high rooftop...

On that rooftop, there was Deadpool eating chimichangas with his best pal Spider-man in a beautiful atmosphere as well.

[The sweet caress of twilight ~].

(It's twelve a.m).

[There's magic everywhere~].

(Stop it).

[And with all this romantic atmosphere ~].

(Disaster's in the air).

[Oh, now you sing].

— Stop it! I'm having a moment here.

— Who are you talking to? — Deadpool could see spidey's frowning under the mask — it doesn't matter baby boy.

— Sure... — spidey went back to chewing.

— So... how was your day?

(Seriously? You're the merc with a mouth, and that's the only thing you can think of?).

— you're not helping — Deadpool whispered, hoping that spidey wouldn't notice him.

— Meh, nothing special... i don't really like my current job y'know?

— I can tell... and why is that Spidey? Don't worry, i'm here for you — Wade formed a heart with
his fingers and spidey looked at him while taking another bite of his chimichanga. There was a brief silence in which deadpool was waiting for spidey's answer.

— I just hate my boss.

— Well, perhaps if you told me who your boss is... i could help you with that.

Spidey laughed a bit.

— Nice try Wade, but i won't tell you a thing, besides, you said you wouldn't kill anyone.

— C'mon spidey! You know i wouldn't do such a thing.

(You totally would).

[Shh!]

— Still, i wouldn't tell you.

Deadpool made fake sobbing noises and asked —... Never?

— Never, deadpool — Worst part of that? Spidey was serious, and his tone?

Let's just say that he wasn't so much of a friendly neighborhood right now.

... Okay, maybe the atmosphere wasn't so beautiful, it was actually tense... for Wade at least.

— Well! Time for me to go — He said and stood up quickly.

— Already? That's not like you.

— You said i could stay for a while... and that was a while ago so... i'm calling it a night — After saying that deadpool suddenly gasped and smiled under his mask — Don't tell me that you're going to miss me! Oh my baby boy i knew that you loved me~.

— Oh my god Wade — Spidey frowned and made a facepalm — Good night.

— Sweet dreams! — He answered and got off the rooftop.

[Spidey's SO done with us right now].

(Isn't he always like that?).

[Nu-uh!! We've had our moments].

— Yeah, that's right!! I bet he's just stressed out because of his job, he said it!!

(Or maybe he doesn't want you near).

— Holy moly... — Wade said and stopped walking — What if he doesn't want me near?!

[Oh don't be ridiculous, we're besties, and i said "right now", not "always"].

— Right... spidey and i are besties!!

(Really? Then why is he so distant? He obviously doesn't trust you).
[He does! Remember Spider-man/Deadpool #42? He said that if we talk to him, he'll truly listen to us!!].

(Sure, like we did back then).

—... well, white has a point — Deadpool started walking again with no direction— i might have... uh... ignored him a little.

[You know what?... let's get closer to spidey].

— How?

[Uh... we don't know who his current boss is, but we DO know who his former boss is].

— Parker? why are we talking about him now? — Wade laughed hard until he had a realisation, a bright idea!

— We can use Parker to get closer to my baby boy!

(Uh... you killed the guy twice, remember?).

— That's the point! — Wade started jumping excitedly and giggling like a schoolgirl — If i make amends with Parker for killing him twice, and become his friend, then spidey will be all like "oh Wade! You ARE changing for the better".

[He'll love us!].

— Definitely!

(And how are you going to befriend Parker if you don't even know where he's living?).

— Easy — Wade smiled under his mask — I'm a merc, i found out where he lived once and i can do it again, man... i could even know what color is his underwear if i wanted to so... LET'S DO IT!

Back to the present, Peter was sitting at a random rooftop dressed as Spider-man, and why was that? Yup... it was because of deadpool and his idea of "making amends with Peter Parker". The moment he heard "See ya' around", and saw the merc getting out of his apartment, he instantly knew that the first person he was going to talk to was Spider-man, his objective had something to do with him after all.

Deadpool was taking his time to arrive, spidey had been waiting for a while now and had no idea of what was Wade doing that seemed to be so important.

— Sweetums? — spidey turned to see the merc giving him a curious glance — i've never seen you here so early! — Wade saw the time in his cellphone.

(ha! And people say pockets are useless).

— It's 2 p.m, i usually find you at 4.

Well, maybe Wade wasn't "late" and he was too early, and maybe that had something to do with his curiosity, he already knew Peter's side of the matter... but what about spidey?

— Today is saturday —He said trying to hide his anxiety — And i wanted to try something new i
guess.

— Oh spidey, you have nothing to do, am i correct?

—... kinda — he didn't even have to make up an excuse... nice, Wade!

— wanna hang out?

— Sure, why not — This was way easier than he thought.

[He seems friendlier than yesterday].

(That doesn't mean a thing, he barely thinks of you as a friend).

— So... we're going to walk or?--

— We're definitely not going to swing — They went to the ladder and got off the rooftop.

— What did you do after you left yesterday? — Perhaps he was too direct? Only one way to find out because this was the moment in which deadpool told him something like "i went to Parker's place and watched him sleep" or something.

— Nothing in particular — Wade answered.

— Say what now?

— I know, i know. I look like a pretty interesting guy but i wasn't in the mood for livin' la vida loca yesterday so i just walked for a bit and went to sleep.

Deadpool wasn't lying, he went to sleep, but he couldn't because of the excitement to put his bright plan in action and decided to search info about Parker.

— And you didn't do anything else? Like, i don't know... stop by a place?

— You mean like a bar?

— uh... yeeeah, something like that.

— nope, nothing — He was lying, deadpool had to be lying, Peter was sure of that... though he only spent the morning with him so... there was a minimal chance.

Alright! Second attempt and now Wade would tell him about his plan.

— and what about this morning? Did you do anything?

(Why is he asking so much?).

[Is he going to stalk us?].

(Doubt it).

— Not at all — deadpool said.

— seriously? — He wouldn't tell him?! Really?!

( Yeah, of course you didn't go to spider-man's ex-boss's apartment and had breakfast with him).
[we're not telling spidey about Parker?].

(You want it to be a surprise, don't you?).

— Yup! Seriously spidey.

... Ouch? Spider-man had direct contact with Peter Parker -well, Spider-man IS Peter Parker- but right now it's deadpool he's talking about, he has no idea of that.

Why wouldn't he tell him? Was he hiding something? That made no sense... Deadpool said he wanted to get closer to him, and the worst part is that Parker didn't want to bring that subject on because he knew that the merc could suspect.

— Hey webs, ya' hungry? I know a good place and i'd love to take you there.

— I'm in — He answered. He had a super fast metabolism, what did you expect?

— It's a date~ — Wade smiled under his mask and hugged spidey.

— Please stop touching me.

Spider-man kept thinking on his way to -the place Wade was taking him-.

He was confused because he was used to deadpool telling him every single -annoying- detail of his day, specially when it was something that had him involved, but now?... he had no idea of what was happening with him.

It was nothing, it was something that didn't really matter, just a little change.

But y'know what they say: Minus is more.

— Well, we're here — He heard and looked at the entrance. Wade opened the door and before Peter could get in he was stopped.

— Where are your manners, Spidey? — Deadpool pretended to be offended and entered the place while humming, then he said — Ladies first.

Peter couldn't help but laugh a bit at that.

— Yeah, whatever you say — he followed and took a sit at a table.

If Wade said the name of the place they were going to, he didn't pay attention to it, but for the decoration, he knew that it was a mexican food place.

— what are you going to order, spidey?— Deadpool asked looking at the menu — i'm between the chimichangas and the tacos.

— You're always between those — Spidey laughed again.

— Oh, really?

— Yes, and to answer your question, i'm going for the nachos.

— Boooring — Wade said while making a childish gesture — Nachos are like the default mexican food Spidey.
— Still gonna' order them, Wade.

— Worth a try.

— Deadpool! — They heard and turned their gaze to a waiter that aproached them — How are you man?

— Fantastic!

— Good to know — He took a notebook and asked — What are you going to order today?

— Y’know what?

— What?

— My bestie here — he pointed his finger at spidey — He says i always order the same, is that true?

— Damn right.

— Well, that'll change now — Deadpool looked at spidey and made a tumphs up — i’ll take two enchiladas please~

— nice choice, and what about spider-man?

— Uh... i’ll take the nachos.

— Any drinks? — Asked the waiter while writing.

— tequila.

— Not for now — Said spidey.

— okay, that'll be all — he looked at deadpool and spidey, smiling — You look cute together, finally asked him out, huh?

— We're on a date~

— That's not true! — Exclaimed Peter while the waiter walked away. He sighed and looked back at deadpool — Enchiladas?

— yummy! — answered Wade smiling as he rolled his mask up to his nose bridge — you can have some if you want to.

— no, i'm okay with the nachos — there was a brief silence, it seemed like deadpool was lost in his own thoughts, and that didn't happen often, so Peter couldn't help but to wonder what was inside the merc's head.

( you should order green sauce).

[maybe some guacamole too].

(idiot, that comes with the nachos).

[Hey, spidey's looking at us!].

(right in the eye).
[but why? Are we doing something weird?] .

(No, you're not doing anything, that's why).

[S&%!, we gotta say something, quick!].

— y'know spidey? i'm planning something — Spidey tensed at the word "planning".

(... idiot).

He knew it! Deadpool always told him everything, why would the Parker thing be an exception? He just took his time, and maybe he thought that Spidey would be mad, which is totally right.

But now... he wouldn't be that mad.

— really? Tell me about it — he was impatient, even though he already knew about the plan. Man... knowing that deadpool wouldn't hide something that important from him was -somehow- a relief.

— a-ah, of course! I'm planning on... uh... — deadpool thought for a bit and finally got an idea — i'm planning on doing this more often!!

[Good call].

Peter frowned under his mask. Forget the relief, deadpool's a first class @$$%#&!

— oh... — he said, disappointed — that's it?

(... Are you sure you want to get closer to spider-man?).

— well sweetums, i know i'm not the best option to hang out with, and i don't have the best ideas... but i'm open to suggestions!!

Wade's tone said everything, he utterly gave the wrong idea!! He wasn't disappointed about Wade wanting to hang out more with him, It's a misunderstanding!!

— wait! That's not what i--

— here's your tequila Wade — the waiter interrupted — the enchiladas and the nachos will be ready in a while.

— nice!! I'm hungry af.

— i know, i know — the waiter stopped smiling at Wade and frowned subtly at Peter before he walked away.

... are you kidding?! The waiter listened?!

Ugh... he had f#@$%& up.
Truth or Truth

Chapter Summary

Deadpool is getting to know Parker.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Deadpool had already begun with his plan when he had breakfast with Peter Parker. For him, that was a good start, so he decided that he could enter in Parker's apartment whenever he wanted to, y'know... friend's normal stuff.

— Hey Parker! how's it going? — asked the merc.

— none of your business — answered Peter, he was mad and tired, deadpool's presence had his spider-sense over the edge, he couldn't relax for even a second because he knew that if he did, he'd risk deadpool finding out that he's spider-man, he didn't know how much he could handle the situation.

— oh, c'mon Parker, don't be like that — Wade sat on Peter's sofa and got comfortable — you had a bad night?

— you don't have idea.

— nightmares?

— no...

Deadpool hummed and stared at Peter as if he was analysing him. His hair was a complete mess and his eyebags said how sleep deprived he was, in other words... he looked like S&%#. Had Parker been drinking? Because that would be a perfect opportunity for Wade to make a progress, taking care of spidey's ex-boss when he had a hangover definitely meant extra points.

— hangover? — he asked, part of him wanting the answer to be a "yes" —No — he heard before watching Parker yawning and rubbing his eyes.

— insomnia then? — ding! ding! ding! Wade had finally guessed! Peter nodded slowly.

(a hangover would've been a lot better).

— what's the thing that keeps you up at night? — He was about to say something reckless like "your f@$#%&* presence", but he thought about the last time he met deadpool as spider-man and felt guilty. He knows that Wade is sensitive, and he knows that he probably hurt his feelings... man, that felt so bad.

— stress.

— Oh, bummer — Deadpool looked at Peter — Come here and tell me about it.
— You don't have to pretend that you care about me.

— Nope, i don't have to, but i want the thing to feel real — Peter crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow — What do you mean?

— i want spidey to know that i am changing for the better, pretending to be friends is like tricking him, i won't do that to spider-man.

(Awww).

[So cute!].

... okay, that was genuine, he was surprised. He had a lot of emotional moments with Wade in which he told him how important spider-man was to him, and he really appreciated them, but hearing him say that kind of things to other people... that was something.

Deadpool saw Peter's expression, one of disbelief, as if he couldn't be the good guy no matter how hard he tried, or maybe he was being paranoid, either way, he felt the insecurity rise in him and started reconsidering his life decisions, the plan hadn't been a mistake... right? Parker's eyes were intimidating -s'not like Parker gave him the shivers, he could beat him up if he wanted to-. It was the pressure, the judgement... he hesitated, took a deep breath, and said the first thing that came into his mind.

— i really mean it — Wade sounded so... vulnerable... the only person he showed that side of him was spider-man -A.K.A: Himself-, and now Peter Parker -A.K.A: himself too- had also seen it, just for a couple of seconds, but he had seen it, and he was thankful that deadpool's mask was so expressive, otherwise, he wouldn't have noticed that he was giving him the wrong idea.

—i believe you, Deadpool — Peter walked towards the sofa and sat next to Wade —but i don't want to talk about my stress right now.

—... wanna play a game then?

—... it's 8 a.m.

— you don't have to move if you don't want to! It's like truth or dare... but it's only truth!! you ask me something, i answer, and then i ask you something and you answer! it's to know each other.

(you couldn't have made it sound more stupid, could you?).

[shut up and go with the flow].

—that's... — Peter made a pause and saw deadpool's excited expression... he couldn't say no to that after what he said when they went to the mexican restaurant —uh, forget it, let's play.

— that's the spirit Parker! you start.

—okay — Peter Parker wasn't supposed to know deadpool at all, so he decided to start with... okay, he had no idea what to start with... something simple?... uh... —favorite TV show?

— the golden girls, i love Bea Arthur — deadpool thought for a second and then said —my turn!!

Peter decided to start with something simple, but he didn't know if deadpool was going to do the same and that scared him, what kind of question would he have to answer? He took a deep breath and prepared for the worst.
— do you believe in astrology?

— ... what? — Stupid question... kinda funny... of course — Wade, i'm a scientist, do you think i'd believe in something like that?

— you never know — Wade shrugged.

— yeah, uh... let's see... introvert or extrovert?

— say what now?

— introvert or extrovert? — repeated Parker, realising that deadpool didn't understand the concepts — an introvert is someone who rather be alone, someone reserved that only has a few people around, and an extrovert is someone outgoing, someone that rather be with others, some kind of... "social butterfly".

— Oh! I see now!

[That question feels like we're being studied].

(Not so nice).

— I think i'm... uh... — Wade couldn't decide, even if the answer seemed obvious — What am i?

— Personally, i think you're an extrovert. You're, well, "the merc with a mouth" and very outgoing and--

— I sure talk a lot — The merc said, suddenly quiet — but there's a lot of things i don't talk about, especially myself.

— Which makes you a reserved person? — Ha! Not with spider-man.

— i guess, and now we're playing this so we can stop being reserved with each other, we're gonna be pals, you'll see.

— okay, if you say so.

— Let's see... i'll go with an interesting question — Peter gave deadpool a curious glance — Shoot.

— Was it too difficult to cop after all the Parker industries s#&%?

... Tough one.

— honestly? Not that much, i mean, the first weeks i was really down, but then i remembered that i'm kind of used to being broke, y'know?

— you don't miss your old apartment? I saw it and compared to, well... this...

— meh, as i said, i'm used to this, but man do i miss some stuff.

— thought so — there was a brief silence before Parker made another question — what did you study?

— study? Like, a major?

— uh, yes?
— oh, Petey!! — Wade exclaimed and started laughing — i’m a highschool dropout.

(Great, he’s making you feel inferior).

[That’s not his intention! Parker’s just bad at making questions].

(Why are you answering anyway?).

[Rules are rules].

— yellow’s right — deadpool said, making sure Peter didn’t hear him.

— Oh... Wade, i had no idea...

— Duh. That’s why we’re playing this game — deadpool took a deep breath, clearly nervous about something — my turn, Parker — it seemed like he was about to make a serious question, his calm expression didn’t help.

— Are you still in touch with spider-man?— there was no correct answer to that, what should he say? would he suspect if he said something? perhaps not saying anything would be worse. So complicated...

— we haven’t talked in a while, but we’re still in touch.

— you won’t tell him anything about this, right?

— ... is that an order?

— i have my reasons.

— which lead to my next question — Peter crossed his arms and frowned, he had the opportunity to know —why won’t you tell spider-man about this?

Silence. An awkward silence filled the room, it was the first time deadpool didn’t want to talk at all, or at least the first time Peter had seen something like that. Maybe he should make more questions like that.

Deadpool drifted his gaze.

(rules are rules?)

— f#$% you, white.

— you said something? — deadpool suddenly jumped in his sit — bOOM! THAT’S YOUR QUESTION NOW, NO TAKE BACKS!!

— wait, wha--?!

— YES! YES I SAID SOMETHING!! — man, Wade IS nervous — i was talking to... uh..

(wait, seriously?! How far are you willing to go just for Parker not to bring up the spidey subject?).

— talking to...

(you don’t have the guts).
— oh f#&% it, i was talking to white — Peter raised an eyebrow — "white"?

— yeah, give me a while ’cause it's complicated — deadpool frowned and made a thoughtful pose before saying — man, i wish i could BAMF right now.

— deadpool i don't understand anything.

Wade took a deep breath again —So, context. A lot of people ask me frequently "oh Wade, who are you talking to?" because sometimes it seems like i'm talking to nobody — wait just a minute, was deadpool about to tell Peter Parker the answer to a question that spider-man had been asking himself ever since he knows him?! Is this a joke?! That just couldn't be possible!

— is that so? — Peter was internally shocked, to say the least.

— yes, and there are two options: One, i'm talking to the reader.

— the wha--

— and two, i'm talking to white and yellow, they're like... voices in my head? I don't really know how to describe them, they just talk to me, and i answer.

... mystery solved. Spider-man didn't know that, but Peter Parker did. Fun fact number two.

— Oh, i see.

— yup, so, if you see me talking to nobody, don't get scared.

— don't worry about it, spider-man told me that you did something like that.

— spidey talks about me?! — Wade smiled brightly through his mask — my special boy talks about me~

[ Our special boy talks about us!].

did you seriously just call spider-man your "special boy" in front of Parker?).

[... oopsy daisy!].

— your... special boy? — Peter flustered a bit, even though he was used to Wade constantly complimenting him by now, well, he had never heard that one before so it was certainly awkward.

— one of the many nicknames i have for spidey.

(i think you mean "pet names"?)

[nah, spidey is not our pet, Bob is]


—yeah, i know. Spider-man has told me about that too — Peter scratched the back of his head and drifted his gaze, talking about himself with deadpool was really weird — but i don't remember him saying anything like "special boy", is that one new?

— yes indeed! though i haven't had the chance to call him that yet.

«yes, yes you've had» Parker thought, frowning.
— I mean, I was going to call him that, but something happened.

— What happened?— Besides hiding one thing from him, Peter didn't notice anything different on Wade... there was nothing different, right?

— Things...

— Oh... — Of course he wouldn't tell that to someone that's supposed to be close to spider-man — at least could you tell me why you give him pet names?

— Pet names? How so?


— You know, things like "spidey", "webs" — Peter blushed before saying the ones that sounded more... more than "bromantic" —... "sweetums", "baby boy".

— I know that one! — Wade raised his hand enthusiastically — that's because I think spidey is a beautiful baby boy and he deserves to know it.

[yeah, fight us!].

(that only explains "baby boy") Peter thought — I'm pretty sure he-- uh... already knows it Wade.

— Maybe — Deadpool crossed his arms — but I'm sure he doesn't hear it enough. There's still people out there who hate him, and he told me he's been stressed lately, so I think he needs to be reminded that he's loved and appreciated.

[awww!].

(speaking with your heart, huh?)

Peter was speechless, that was deep, way too deep. He couldn't help blushing because, who the f#$& wouldn't? That was...

that was...

— Why the tomato blushing?

it was an awkward blush.

Totally.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys are liking the story so far, leave a comment if you want to!! Feedback is appreciated.

... man, do I love slow burns.
What?

Chapter Summary

If fucking everything up was a talent, Peter would win a lot of contests.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Parker saw Deadpool in his apartment at least twice a week, and on top of that, he also saw him in his patrols as Spider-man. Wasn't that a lot of time to spend with someone?

Yes, it was.

— Hey webs!! — he heard and sighed — webs!! baby boy~

— What now? — he asked before Deadpool suddenly jumped to hug Spidey — surprise!

— What are you doing?! — He exclaimed loosing his balance — I-i'm going to fall you--! — Spidey pushed Deadpool away before tripping and falling face to the ground, he heard laughter and frowned. He had been with Deadpool fighting some bad guys for hours by now and he was lucky he didn't see him in his apartment that day, otherwise, he would've died.

— Oh spidey! i-i'm so sorry — Wade snorted before laughing hard — o-oh my god! what happened to "spider-sense"? — He wiped a fake tear.

— That's a great question — Peter answered, still on the floor — My spider-sense's usually 20/20 when it comes to you — and his paranoia proved it.

— Oh sweetums, you know just what to say to a merc like me~! — Peter laughed a bit at that — oh stop it.

[So cute, so pure]

— totally agree — as soon as he heard that, Peter remembered something, white and yellow. He had so many questions about that, were they talking to Wade right now? What were they saying?

— no i don't! — Peter just couldn't deny that it sounded interesting af, well, anything is interesting when you know you're missing something about it — Do. Not!! — he heard again.

— don't you dare finish that sentence!! — this time Deadpool was whispering, he probably didn't want him to listen, but why? —oh you-- what?! — Now that he paid attention to Deadpool's rambling he noticed that the merc was keeping an actual conversation. Parker sighed, he wouldn't stop unless someone interrupted him right?

Let's go with the classics — did you say something? — he asked, waiting for the merc to snap out of it — what do you mean the reader can't see you?! — Wade kept "whispering".

— Stop teasing!
— Who are you talking to? — Deadpool seemed to finally pay attention to spidey's words, he was silent for a while (which is weird), as if he was thinking... perhaps considering something.

Peter started "connecting the dots". Deadpool's plan was to get closer to spider-man through Parker because he thinks they're close friends, before deadpool told Peter Parker about white and yellow, he asked if he had said something (yeah, let's ignore the fact that he said it so he could avoid another question)... What if Wade was testing Peter Parker's reactions so he would have an idea of what spider-man's reactions would be like?

What if Wade was going to tell Spider-man about white and yellow now?

Paranoid?... Nah, not that much.

— huh? I'm talking to nobody — Deadpool started — Just rambling, no biggie, you know how much of a freak i am baby boy — «And i don't want you to know that i'm even worse than what you think».

— Oh — Again, wrong. It was disappointing and frustrating, that makes two on the list of "things that Deadpool has hidden from spider-man".

— Spidey, you seem kinda tired, what's happening?

— Nothing — he answered, two can play the same game.

— i'm gonna go with "fighting baddies is tirin AF and i want to go home to get some sleep because holy f#$% i'm done".

— "basically".

— Well, i gotta go too!!

— What? Where?

Wade stood at the edge of the rooftop they were in and looked at spidey smiling behind his mask before he shrugged, saying — thursday night — and then jumping.

... What does that even mean?

— Don't you have anything better to do than being here? — asked Peter, he was used to see deadpool in his kitchen in the morning at this point.

— oh i do — he started — and just so you know, i was patrolling with someone yesterday and yes, that someone is spidey!

«Thursday night» he thought, what happened on thursdays? If deadpool mentioned that to him is because he already knows it, he just couldn't remember right now. Peter looked at the merc and frowned just about to ask him why the hell he brought ice-cream (that was dripping from the pot and staining everything) before something clicked in his mind.

... thursday... ice-cream... ice-cream dinner!! That was it!! Deadpool was patrolling with him— And
then you went to visit Ellie!.. right? — he asked, it was so clear now.

Deadpool suddenly went silent and stood still, the aura got horribly intimidating and a shiver ran down Peter's back as he realised something. He forgot he wasn't spider-man right now... and not only that, he mentioned something that no one else was supposed to know... he f#$%&* up, big time.

— So... — he heard, Wade's voice was quiet and threatening at the same time — you know about Ellie, huh? — spider-sense was killing Peter right now.

— I--

— Spidey sure likes to talk about me more than i expected.

(that motherfu--)

[Don't call him that! Oh, we're back!]

(He told Parker about Ellie!)

[maybe it slipped out of his mouth! that happens a lot to us]

(still)

Peter gulped, he hadn't seen deadpool like that a lot of times and he planned to keep it that way, mostly because he was on thin ice with him and he couldn't fight back because of his secret identity.

— Anyways — Wade approached Peter with two mugs in his hands as if nothing had happened — coffee? — he offered.

— uh, yeah... thanks — he answered while taking the mug, confused to say the least.

(aren't you gonna kill Parker?)

[why would we do that?]

(he knows way too much)

[we can't!]

(that's not true)

— still i won't — peter heard that and took a deep breath, now he could ask about white and yellow right? he would be changing the subject, which is good because he also would be lightening up the mood... right?

(oh $%&#, he looks like he's going to ask something)

— are those... white and yellow? — he asked — are they talking to you?

[well, f#$% me gently with a chainsaw]

(told you that you'd regret this)

[no you didn't]
The way Deadpool could change from murdery to awkward in seconds was really incredible, Peter couldn't help but feel relief — well... um... yes, they are.

— And... what are they saying?

*(oh i want to see this)*

— white was telling me that i should kill you — Deadpool teased — and yellow was telling me that i shouldn't, and you already heard me say i won't do it so don't worry.

— oh... — Peter drifted his gaze for a while, not knowing how to respond to that.

—... do you think i'm more of a freak now? — oh $%&#, «thin ice» he thought again, ignoring the fact that Deadpool mentioned being a freak like yesterday.

— no... no i don't, it's just that... — Deadpool's mask didn't show any emotion, that meant he was nervous — i find it really interesting — Wade rolled his mask up to his nose bridge and took a long sip of his coffee, man, he wanted to be friends with Parker but he was making it very hard...

— how long have the voices been in your head?

*[we prefer being called "boxes"]*

— they prefer being called "boxes".

— 'kay, how long have the boxes been in your head? Is it too hard to live with them? Does it hurt?

*(i thought YOU were the one with the mouth).*

— Uh... Parker?--

— wait here! — Peter interrupted — i'm going for a notebook--

— Peter! — Deadpool exclaimed — I'm sure that Spidey told you this or that at least you read it in my wiki page but in case you forgot... i. Hate. Being. A test. Subject.

As soon as he heard that, Peter tensed, eyes widened... Could he possibly f#$% it up even more now?

— I-- i'm sorry i--

— got carried away? — Peter nodded.

*(he's a scientist, what did you expect?)*

— don't worry, Petey-pie... and since you're so interested, white says you're a scientist after all...

«well, shame on you Parker» Peter thought, regret consuming him — hey...

— yes?

—... i'm really sorry, i shouldn't have done this — Peter scratched the back of his head, dealing... no... being with Deadpool was so much more difficult without a mask — i bet you got anxious.

*(he sure did)*
— we have to remember that he actually has a pure soul, we saw it!!

— well that's a very good observation considering that, one, you know about my daughter's existence, and two, i tell you about white and yellow an then you're asking me things like i'm some kind of specimen, how am i supposed to be?! — this time, Parker didn't say anything because he felt like he didn't have the right to do so.

— Peter... i know you're still mad at me, and i understand it! I would be mad at me too, but i'm trying to be friends here and i'd really appreciate it if you started taking me serious.

— what? it's not like that!! i am taking you serious a-and i — deadpool crossed his arms, if Peter hadn't known him so well, he wouldn't have noticed that he was trying to hide his disappointment. Somehow, it didn't feel right... it was... "heart breaking" — i... uh... i'm not mad at you anymore.

— really?! — again, the sudden change was incredible, Peter could see deadpool smiling brightly and since his mask was rolled up, the sight was even better... it reminded him of an excited puppy.

— dude, you're the one that should be mad at me! — he laughed before making a pause — wait a minute... aren't you mad at spider-man for telling me about Ellie?

— yeah, kinda — Wade took another sip of his coffee and took a sit at the kitchen's table — Ellie is my little girl and i don't want her to suffer because her father is a big a$$#&#%&* y'know? She doesn't deserve that. She's one of the few things i keep my mouth shut about.

— sounds like spider-man's not gonna have a good time the next time you see him — Peter sighed and put the melting ice-cream in the fridge before sitting with deadpool.

— nah, i can't stay mad at my baby boy, i have no idea why he told you about Ellie, but if he told you is because he trusts you, and that means that i can trust you. Spidey wouldn't tell something like that to anyone... but still i need you to tell me — Wade shortened the distance between him and Peter and looked him in the eye — can i trust you?

It was a short question, but Peter felt like he was in one of those games that said "your choices change the course of the story" at the beginning, he felt like the difference between saying "yeah, sure" and "sure why not?" would be huge.

— of course you can trust me — he answered without hesitation.

—good.

— aaand on an unrelated note... you sure admire spider-man a lot, huh? — nothing bad in flattering himself a little, right?

— has he talked to you about that?! Y-you know... about how much i admire him.

[admire, sure]

(keep telling yourself that)

— but i do admire him! — Peter resisted the urge to ask wade what the boxes were talking about.

(it's more than that and you know it)

[and for white to say that...]
— we've already talked about this!

(Just quit the "been there, done that" bull$#%&, you like the guy!)

— t-that's a very strong word — deadpool bit his lower lip, he sounded nervous.

[Bull$#%&? but we say that all the time!]

— no! not that one... i mean... "like" — peter saw deadpool blushing and choked.

... what in the actual f#$%?

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!! I hope you liked this chapter!
I'd really like to know what do you think of the story so far~

And... here's what white and yellow said when you couldn't see them:

(you really have a huge crush on him)
— no i don't!
(you totally do)
— Do. Not!

[Wade and Spidey sitting on a tree--]
— don't you dare finish that sentence!
(K-I-S-S-I-N-G).
— oh you--

[hey, the reader can't see us so it's okay]
—what?! what do you mean the reader can't see you?!
(doesn't matter, let's go back to your crush)
— Stop teasing!
Peter is sure that deadpool doesn’t really like spider-man... yeah... totally.

Peter's paranoia had done a number on him and he was hallucinating, *it had to be that*, or maybe he didn't hear well because--

did he hear deadpool say indirectly that *he likes him*? Well... "spider-man".

— nope! — he exclaimed to himself. That cant’t be, sure deadpool was always hitting on him but that was just a game right? He was just joking with his dumb innuendos and the pet-names-- Well, the pet-names actually had meaning but everything else wasn’t serious.

— What if he was talking about another person? — there was a minimal chance that the voices-"boxes" had mentioned someone else in the middle of the conversation... yeah, he can go with that.

«Easy peasy» he thought while putting on his mask. He got out of his apartment carefully and started swinging around, trying to clear his head once again. It had been days since the last time he had seen Wade at his apartment *and* on patrol, which was weird to say the least. Maybe he was embarrassed and didn’t want to see spider-man because of what he said?.. wait no, that’d prove his first option.

«Easy peasy Peter»

«It's okay... just forget about it» He totally can’t forget about that, it’s way too crazy... but at the same time... it’s understandable, after all, he’s the one deadpool trusts the most and he tells him everything... well, deadpool won’t tell him about his plan but--- oh right, *he has a plan in the first place*.

— Nope! that's not possible, it's all games — he said to himself before he stopped swinging, he didn’t want to waste any webs. He realised he was just in front of the mexican restaurant he had been with deadpool some weeks ago.

«this has to be a joke» He climbed to the rooftop and sat there for a long time.

Spidey was swinging (again), he had to get away from that place.

His spider-sense buzzed.

— Why do these things only happen in alleys? — he asked after landing in front of a man that was dragging a (clearly drugged) woman from the waist.

— Oh fuck — the man said.
— Hey!! why aren't you censored?! that's unfair!!

[as f#$%... HEY!!]

Peter and the man turned at the sound of deadpool's voice.

«Parker luck, of course» He thought.

— Now, i'd really like to know what's going on here because she — he pointed at the woman — looks pretty unconscious to me.

Wade kept talking after not getting an answer — since you're not talking, little ol' me will do it for you. I'll call you @$%&°/

[oh c'mon!! Why can't we swear?!!]

(not cool)

— So, @$%&°/, let go of that woman right now before Bea and Arthur make you do it — he smiled under his mask and looked at his fists, the man was shaking in utter fear.

— S-hit, i-i'm helping her!!

— Sure thing — spidey said, frowning and crossing his arms — And if you're helping her, why are you taking her to a dark alley?

— I--

— Holy $%&#... — deadpool interrupted, stunned.

(kill him, you have to kill him, you have a good reason. Kill him now)

— Deadpool? What's the matter?

— Holy. $%&# — He repeated, this time with a furious, intimidating tone as he clenched his fists tighter and approached the man slowly, his mask showing how enraged he was.

The man froze — W-wait! Y-you don't have to— — deadpool ignored whatever the guy was saying and punched him in the face, making him drop the woman — What the heck man?! be careful! — Spidey exclaimed, catching her.

— careful my @$$!! — Wade kept hitting the man in the face over and over, every punch stronger than the other.

(kill him, just kill him)

[make him pay!]

He pinned the man to the wall as soon as he started begging him to stop. He had the nerve to beg, and that made him even angrier.

— Deadpool that's enough! You already stopped him!!

— Oh no webs! — he said grabbing the man by the collar of his shirt so he wouldn't escape — this is not about what the @$%&# was going to do but about what he did!!
What he--? — Peter stopped talking when he looked at the woman and saw "something" dripping down her leg, her dress was stained as well... he was horrified... he was late.

Wade grabbed one of his katanas and placed it inches from the man’s neck.

**(do it, do it, do it)**

— Deadpool don't do it!!

Deadpool stayed silent for a while —... you are so, so lucky that i don't kill anymore... 'cause otherwise, i'd have made a kebab out of you — he dropped the man and put his katana away — he's all yours, spidey.

«That was close» Peter thought before webbing the man to the wall.

— So, um... do i call an ambulance? — Wade asked while pulling his phone out of one of his pockets.

**(of course, you imbecile)**

— Yeah, let me see where we are so you can give an address.

— I'll be waiting for you, baby boy— — Peter tensed for a second when he heard the nickname, now that he knew the reason deadpool called him that, hearing it felt... weird, and seriously, how can deadpool switch moods so suddenly?

He shaked his head and kept walking «Forget about it Peter, just focus!»

Once he was back, they called an ambulance and the cops.

The man was still conscious, whining pathetically. Wade started searching something in his pockets.

— What are you looking for?

— I was looking for some paper and a pen but i don't have any.

**(why would you have paper and a pen?)**

[that's ridiculous... even for us]

— What for?

— Meh, just wanted to leave a note so the ambulance doesn't take that @$$&%&#° as a "victim" — Wade sighed — guess i'll have to go with plan b.

— define "plan b".

Deadpool ducked and smeared his index finger in a blood puddle that was left after he beat the man, spider-man's mask lenses widened — no way you're doing that.

— Uh, yes way, spidey — the merc stood up and started writing a message in the wall.

— you're unbelievable — spidey frowned and drifted his gaze, seeing deadpool write with someone else's blood was disturbing. Well... at least he didn't kill anymore.

— Aaaand done! — he went backwards and stepped next to spidey to look at his creation — what
do you think? I even put on my name so the police wouldn't think you wrote it!

Peter took a deep breath and decided to look just for a couple of seconds — that's...

— Yeah, you're right, i didn't really like how that "e" turned out either.

— No, it's just that... — spidey definitely stared at the wall for more than a couple of seconds. The note said " dude's a fucking rapist — deadpool" and Wade had drawn an arrow that was pointing towards the man.

[yeah, 'course, the note can swear but we can't, great]

— your handwriting is unexpectedly pretty.

Wade gasped — you really mean it? cause i'm still not sure about that "e".

— Yeah, i mean it.

— Oh sweetums, you're making me blush!! — Peter tensed again, he didn't want to think of deadpool blushing because of him... it was awkward.

— We better get going — he said — cops are gonna be here any minute.

— right!!

— Ugh! Man that was kind of intense — deadpool exclaimed — i would offer you a taco but, y'know, everything is closed at this hour.

— What do you mean? — spider-man asked — what time it is?

— Let me see — the merc pulled out his phone to check the time and suddenly stopped walking — well butter my butt and call me a biscuit!.. one a.m.

— What?! Are you kidding me?! — Peter took deadpool's phone out of his hands and looked.

— Wow spidey, seems like you lost track of time — Wade laughed — how long have you been patrolling now?

—... i got outta my place at ten p.m.

— Is it too far?

— Ugh... — spider-man sighed — kinda — seems like he won't be getting any sleep tonight.

— Wanna crash at my place?

— Uh... what?

—Wanna crash at my place? — deadpool scratched the back of his head —now that i know where we are, i can say that it's not so far from here.

(Why are you even asking? The answer is obvious)

[Shush!! He's already been in our place, there's a chance]
(You mean the one that was destroyed?)

[... 'Kay, you have a point]

— Uh... yeah, sure — there was no problem with him staying, right? It wouldn't be awkward at all (?)... besides, he was really tired so... it's fine.

(well, now that's weird)

— Great! Follow me — they started walking.

— Well, we're here! — Peter stared at what it seemed to be a pretty simple apartment, knowing Wade, the inside would be pretty messy and there'd be a lot of objects proof of a certain grade of materialism (remember the safehouse Shiklah didn't know about?). Deadpool opened the door, he entered and boy was he wrong.

Well, there were a lot of objects, but the place was clean, like, really clean.

— Wade, i gotta say, this safehouse is surprisingly neat.

— Yeah i'm surprised too.

(First your handwriting, and now this... like, you're a complete mess but you can be decent)

[Not that decent though]

— So... i guess you'll sleep in my room and i'll sleep in the couch.

— What? No dude, this is your place, i'll sleep in the couch

— You're the tired one sweetums, take the bed.

Peter took a deep breath and blushed out of awkwardness, he couldn't reject that offer... Wade was just being a good host, yep! Wade definitely didn't like him at all! It was just hospitality.

— Fine, you win this time.

— this time? — deadpool snorted — are you implying that there'll be another time?

Peter was dying inside — who knows — he answered before yawning «Idiot!» — Y'know? i think i better go get some sleep.

— Okay spidey! my room's over there — he pointed to a door — g'night~

He went to deadpool's room and tried to sleep, which he actually did after a loooong time trying to forget about... basically everything. The next day he woke up and the first thing he did was to put his mask on, he got out of the room and figured out that deadpool was cooking because of the smell.

— Morning! — deadpool exclaimed from the kitchen when he heard the door opening.

— Morning Wade.

— There's an extra towel in the bathroom in case you want to take a shower! — he shouted — Don't worry, i won't look, super bro code!!
(You sound like a perv...)

[Shut. Up]

«... Why not, i can always lock the door... guess» He knew that Wade wouldn't look, Wade cares about him.

When he was showering, he started thinking... again (like, who doesn't think in the shower?). He failed to get that idea out of his head, but can you blame him? Everyone has felt like that at least once in their life, and it felt even weirder considering that it was someone of the same sex (not that he has any problem with that, he knew Wade was pansexual and didn't mind at all) «C'mon Peter, you're just getting the wrong idea» That happened a lot to him after all «You don't have any proof so don't jump to conclusions»

He grabbed the shampoo and put some in his hands to wash his hair «Wade hasn't acted any different towards me so-- wait a minute--»

Why does Wade have shampoo if he's bald?

Peter shaked his head «Nevermind, i'll ask later»

When he was done, he got out of the bathroom, (it took some time to dry his hair so he wouldn't be uncomfortable with the mask on). Deadpool was in the living room, sitting in the sofa, unmasked. «I don't think that the fact he trusts me enough to be around me unmasked means he likes me» Right?

— Ya' done? — Wade asked

— Yeah — spidey scratched the back of his head.

— There's breakfast in the kitchen if you're hungry — Spidey looked at the kitchen — Thanks Wade.

— No biggie.

— Y'know, i have a question — Wade gave him a curious glance — what is it?

— Why do you have shampoo in the bathroom? I mean, i just find it really curious and--

Deadpool gasped — I am offended! — he pretended to be annoyed and crossed his arms — hygiene is a very important thing y'know?

— Wade i do kno--

— Besides, that's Nate's.

Peter was silent for a while —... Who's?

— y'know, Cable? He's staying for a while, probably the reason this place is so clean... he isn't here right now though... hm, must be doing crazy messiah stuff or something.

—...Uh-huh.

Again, who?

Chapter End Notes
So, this is the part of the story in which Peter it's just uncomfortable and doesn't have any kind of attraction towards Wade, but he's trying to get over it so their friendship doesn't get any weird because of something he isn't even sure about...

I would really appreciate it if you leave comments so i can know if i'm doing this right, i always try to maintain the characters' personalities but i'm still not really sure if i'm nailing them (same with the slow burn part).

Anyways, i hope you enjoyed the chapter and you're liking the story so far!!

Ps: Deadpool does have a pretty handwriting, it's shown in thunderbolts vol 2 #23

bye bye~ <3
Chapter Summary

Peter meets cable and OH GOD--

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

— This will be great — deadpool whispered before knocking the door of Peter's apartment — Knock knock!! — no answer...

*(He must be asleep)*

*What if he's not home?*

*(That guy's social life is dead, he just doesn't know it)*

— eJEM!! Knock knock!! — still no answer — he's inside i can feel it — he said.

*(don't say stupid stuff)*

— Welp, you know what people say... third's the charm — he took a deep breath and exclaimed — KNOCK KNOCK!!

... Still.No.Answer.

*Seems like "knock knock" jokes aren't working for us lately*

— Oh don't worry, i have a plan. — he giggled, raised his voice, and took impulse to tear down the door (if necessary) — Petey... i'm respecting your privacy by knocking but asserting my AUTHORITY AS YOUR NEW FRIEND BY COMING IN ANYWA--

— DON'T YOU DARE FINISH THAT SENTENCE!! — Peter shouted while opening the door before deadpool could do anything, he was panting because he ran as fast as he could when he heard the merc's words... also, his spider-sense had gone off but the sentence won — i'm here...

— t-that one never gets old!! — deadpool snorted and laughed loudly.

— Yeah, whatever — Peter frowned — just go in and don't break my door — He entered and went to the living room, followed by deadpool. He started turning around to scold him— Things cost money y'kno--

He stopped when he saw a man next to deadpool, a tall man, with a glowing eye, and... were those robotic parts? he didn't know whether his expression was confused or shocked, maybe both... «So spider-sense hadn't gone off just because of Wade, huh»

— Deadpool... i'll just ask this once — Peter took a deep breath and tried not to lose his patience — What. The hell?!
— Peter! — Wade exclaimed smiling under his mask — Meet cable!!

Cable stood there silent and didn't do anything — oh c'mon! Do you really want me say the whole thing? — He looked at Wade.

[Please do it]

Wade growled— 'Kay... Peter! Meet cable... A.K.A...

[Here it comes!!]

— Nathan Christopher Charles Winters Dayspring Askani'son motherf#$@ &%!' Summers. There you have it! Happy?!

— Pretty much — Nathan smirked and deadpool frowned — Y'know? he also goes by Priscilla — now Nathan was the one frowning.

— Uh... hi, i guess... — «So this is cable» The room was silent for a couple of seconds «Also, no response... great start!»

— Oh, right! Nate, this is Peter Parker, A.K.A, Spider-man's ex-boss, or Petey-pie~... he's a friend — Wade made a heart shape with his hands and Peter rolled his eyes — we're working on the "friends" part.

— Not to be rude but, what is he doing here? — he genuinely didn't know, like, he didn't relate to cable at all, so why bringing him to his apartment?

Wade gasped — How rude!! For your info, Nate is visiting and he's staying at my place, so i've been spending the latest days with him, and right now we were gonna have lunch somewhere and i thought of inviting you 'cause you don't seem to eat any actual food and, let's face it, ya' missed me.

— Ha! You wish —«So cable's the reason Wade "disappeared "»

— you'll go with us or...?

— I'll go — Peter answered.

[success!]

— Fantastic — deadpool said — i was thinking of... italian? maybe thai?.. dunno, what ya say Nate?

— Hm... italian doesn't really suit you.

— He's right — Peter snorted — though i thought we'd go for mexican.

Deadpool looked confused— Mexican? Why mexican?

— Because you really like mexican food? I mean, aren't chimichangas your favorite?

— Nah, i/he just like/s to repeat the word over and over — Nate and Wade spoke at the same time — JINX!! — Wade shouted.

Peter raised an eyebrow «... That makes fun fact number three» He thought.
Wade, Peter, and Nathan decided to go to a thai restaurant (Peter didn't know whether to feel bad or relieved at not having to pay). They were sitting at a table far from the entrance and Peter was kind of uncomfortable, was he supposed to talk to cable like they knew each other? He knew that Wade invited him over because he wants to be friends with him, which means he's very serious about his plan... and getting closer to spider-man hopefully in a non-romantic way «Stop blushing Peter!», so he had to make an effort, right?

— So... cable?

— I actually prefer Nathan.

— Oh, okay, so... Nathan — Peter tried to sound as calm as possible — How did you and deadpool meet?

Nate took a sip of his beer — He tried to kill me.

— Hey! Don't make it sound that bad, i told you it was nothing personal!! You know how annoying Tolliver is right?

*(besides, it was your edgy phase)*

— Tolliver hired *you* to kill *him*? — Peter asked while looking at deadpool.

— Yes, and it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship~

Nathan nodded — Uh-huh, and what about you? — He looked at Parker — How did you meet Wade?

Peter frowned and scratched the back of his head awkwardly — Well... about that, i'm sure he doesn't even remember.

Wade stayed static for a while, searching for that memory.

*(No sign)*

*[It looks like what we're looking for doesn't exist]*

— Well that's a right answer Petey.

Peter looked at Nate — Told ya', ejem!— does *throwing me of a bridge* ring any bells?

*(Earth to Wade Wilson)*

*[Right now, we are working on it, please wait]*

Suddenly, deadpool gasped loudly — OHH! I REMEMBER NOW!! Which is really weird because i'm bad at that.

— True — said Nate.

— It was when all of that "cone of silence" thing happened!! — he sighed and smiled — also the first time i met spidey in person!! — he sobbed —It was beautiful~

Peter blushed and coughed awkwardly — weren't you two *fighting* back then?

— How do you know that?
— He saved me, duh.

— Of course he saved you! He's like, the best.

— Is that how your friendship with spider-man started? — Nate asked.

— Um, yeah.

— So you were his friend before you were his "boss"— he looked at Wade and smirked — Told you.

— Well shut up — Wade stuck his tongue at Nathan — that only makes my plan better, Nate.

«Wait a sec, he knows about the plan?» Him?! Really?!

— The plan? You mean all of that "making amends with me for killing me twice"?

— Indeed, Petey!

(What else could it possibly be? You're not creative)

[Wanna bet?]

— I'm telling you Nate, spidey has an amazing @$$, pun intended — Peter frowned at deadpool and crossed his arms — what?! You can't deny it! He's perfection.

The innuendos were annoying as always, Peter knew that Wade did that with everyone, but he was sure that it was worse in his case, and that wasn't helping him in his attempts to forget that Wade may or may not likes him.

— Hm, last time i checked, you weren't so open about this kind of things — Nathan said.

— Uh, excuse me guys — the waiter interrupted —here's your order — he left the dishes on the table and walked away when he saw Peter's confused face.

— Thank you!! — deadpool exclaimed, smiling and waving his hand.

There was silence for a couple of seconds in which Wade was chewing some of his food. Peter finally seemed to react.

— What do you mean he wasn't so "open"? He flirts with, i don't know, everyone?

— Of course he flirts with everyone, he's Wade — Wade frowned and growled at Nate, still chewing — what i mean is that he didn't talk about someone of the same sex that openly. He used to say something like that and then immediately ask "did i say that out loud?"

— As if he was ashamed? Yeah, sure — Peter started eating.

— That's not true!! — deadpool said as soon as he swallowed.

— Oh yeah? Then what about the Black mamba thing?

— You had to know about that, right?

— You know me.
— Yeah! Besides, that wasn't my actual deepest, darkest desire, i was only using suntan lotion — Peter choked on his food and started coughing loudly —... oh f#$%, did i say that out loud?

(Aaand you're asking that again)

[What an evil, evil man]

— YES?! — Peter shouted and Nate nodded.

— Well maybe there was a time in which you were all like "No homo right?" and i was all like "yeah sure, no homo bro", but now it's different y'know?

— Whatever you say, Wade — Nathan rolled his eyes.

— Just so you know, i'm all with the homo now!

— Can we change the subject please?— Peter was grabbing his chest, trying to breath normally.

— What, do you have a problem with homos, Parker? — deadpool arched an eyebrow and crossed his arms.

— Wha-- I DON'T!! A-And you're not even homo! you're PAN!

—... I'm starting to think spidey really likes to talk about me — Peter almost chokes again — i'm kinda flattered.

«Good job Peter, good f#$%&@° job»

— You also like to talk an awful lot about spider-man, just saying.

— ... Don't you have messiah stuff to do, Priscilla?

Wade and Nate went back to Peter's apartment with him, it's obvious that he was more than tired by now but it didn't matter anymore, he knew they just wouldn't go away...

— Hey — deadpool said.

— Y-yes? — Peter answered.

— You look like you have a fever — Peter arched an eyebrow — you've been blushing for a while now, seriously, chillax dude!

—... Chillax? — Nate asked.

— Yup! Chillax, y'know Nate? You need to chillax more often — Wade started poking Nathan's cheek repeatedly — Chillax chillax chillax chi--

— Cut it Wade.

— 'Kay.

Deadpool and Nathan kept talking for a while and Peter wasn't listening at all, he was too busy caught on his own thoughts. Was he really blushing right now? Well, sure he felt like his cheeks
were on fire but maybe it had something to do with his metabolism right?...

Nope, he couldn't even convince himself with that one, it's just that... how did they talk about these things so lightly? Not only they were on a restaurant but Wade was talking to cable like... like nothing!! Wade is always talking nonsense but this time... the conversation he had with them at the restaurant had lead to fun fact number four five and six! Six is a big number y'know?

«They sure have known each other for a long time» And that felt... weird. He should've figured it out though, Wade wouldn't let just anyone stay at his place (he had been there, duh), and there's this other thing that... Wade talks to cable about spider-man, but he never talked to spider-man about cable... what's with that?

Now that he thought about it, he wasn't blushing until they mentioned "spider-man" and all the "homo" stuff. Again, He. Does. Not. Have. A problem with that, but still he didn't understand, Wade always praised his butt, so why now? Why did he feel so awkward?

Oh right, He probably got the wrong idea again when cable said all of that "Wade wasn't so open before" thing... that or... perhaps Wade does flirt differently when it comes to him.

— Nah, he definitely won't mind, right Petey? — he heard.

— Huh?

— Just tell me! Yass or nah?

— Uh... — he barely saw Nate shaking his head slowly — yass?

— Ha! Told you Nate!! We'll have a pijama party here!!! — Oh yeah... Peter heard, he didn't listen.

[didn't think he'd accept]

(That's because he didn't, you just noticed he wasn't listening and totally tricked him into accepting).

— WHAT?! NO! DEFINITELY NO!!

— Definitely yes. — deadpool did a -ridiculous- victory dance — ya' staying Nate?

— Nope, like you said, i got messiah stuff to do.

— Oh how F#$%&" convenient!

— Bodyslide by--

— Wait!! — deadpool exclaimed and holded Nathan's hands — at least can you bodyslide, bring my things here, and then bodyslide again?

— Wad--

— Pretty please? — how can he do puppy eyes with a mask on? H O W ? !

Nathan sighed — Just this once — WHAT DO YOU MEAN "THIS ONCE"?! —Peter exclaimed.

— Nate you're the best!! ILY.

— Yeah sure — He answered before bodysliding.
Peter took a deep breath and decided not to kick him out of his apartment just because maybe, juuust maybe, he had the possibility to ask him about cable and finally find out if the "crush" thing is just his idea (Please god let it be his idea).

Chapter End Notes

I think that at this point is very clear that the "fun facts" are things that deadpool has never told spider-man, right??
Yass, perhaps Peter IS jealous and he just doesn't know it(?

I hope you liked this chapter <33
see you soon~

Ps: In case you don't know a lot about cable and deadpool, let me tell you that everything i wrote about them is actually canon! It's shown in the comic "Cable & Deadpool" (including the fact that chimichangas aren't deadpool's favorite food, yeah, that's canon too).

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!