**Deadpool's Bootcamp for Negligent Spiders**

by Niniva

Summary

Wade puts Peter through a bootcamp punishment for failure to take care of himself while the older man was off on a mission.
Day 1

Peter’s stomach knotted as he dropped to his knees at his boyfriend’s feet. He’d known this moment was coming, and he’d dreaded it ever since Wade got back from that two-week SHIELD mission.

“Why are we doing this?” Wade asked, not a hint of amusement in his tone.

Even after swallowing and licking his lips, Peter could barely force the words from his mouth. “Because your baby boy didn’t eat or sleep as often as he promised Daddy he would.”

“And?” Wade prompted.

Peter bowed his head, cheeks flaming. “And he tried to hide that fact from Daddy.” Speaking of himself in third person while anticipating his first training punishment left his mind buzzing.

“And what the four things is my baby boy forbidden?” Wade asked.

“Anything dangerous, dishonest, disrespectful, or disobedient.”

“And why is my baby boy in bootcamp?”

“Because he did all four of those at once.” Shame burned through Peter.

“Good boy.” Wade ran a hand through Peter’s unruly hair, the touch soothing only some of his worry. “Now drop ’em and assume the position.”

Dressed to head out the door to his Stark internship, Peter shook as he let his pants and underwear pool around his ankles. He leaned over, hands gripping the seat of a kitchen chair.

“This is going to hurt you a lot more than it does me, baby boy,” Wade teased. He smacked Peter’s Punishment Paddle™ against his meaty, scarred hand, then held it out to Peter’s lips. “Kiss your girl, Petey. She’s gonna be your bosom companion for the next little bit.” Once the younger man obeyed, he warned, “She’ll show ya the love. But if you’re a bad boy she’ll give ya few more kisses.”

At that familiar pop of wood against flesh, goosebumps broke out over Peter’s body. No warm up, he’d get a quick spanking hard enough to feel all day, a reminder that he’s being punished for breaking Daddy’s rules. But first he had to ask for it. No matter how much he feared the heavy paddle.

Throat dry as sand, Peter whispered, “Daddy, may your baby boy have a reminder to follow your rules?” A steadying hand at the small of his back knocked the wind from Peter’s lungs, the anticipation jacking up his heart rate until he could barely hear over the blood rushing through his ears.

With a loud smack, a line of beestings blossomed across both ass cheeks. Peter’s yelp didn’t stop the next strike from landing at the top of his thighs. With the third hit, a tear of frustration and pain rolled down his nose.

Peter wanted to beg, plead for leniency, anything to stop the vicious blows. Not that Wade would relent. Not unless Peter used his safeword. And it fluttered at the edge of his mind. He could yelp pineapple, and the hard cracks would stop. For now.
Lost in his thoughts, Peter barely noticed when Wade’s hand stroked gently over the heated marks on his ass. Until the bigger man tapped his hip twice, the signal for Peter to stand.

“That’s just ten strokes, but I think that’s enough. Whad’ya say, baby boy, think you’ll feel that until you get home?”

Hating the way he sniffled, Peter replied, “Yes, Daddy.” He wanted to see the red across his ass, but he didn’t have time to twist in front of the bathroom mirror.

Wade sat in the chair while rubbing lube over Peter’s locking cock cage. “And what’s forbidden during bootcamp?”

“I’m not allowed to touch myself, Daddy.”

“Bingo, got it in one.” With a chuckle Wade slipped the plastic into place and pushed the lock closed. “Now get those pants up so you aren’t late for work.”

Once Peter tugged himself together, he ran a sleeve over his cheeks to dry his tears. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“You’re doing so good, baby boy. Just two more and you’ll be through your first day of bootcamp.” Wade wrapped both arms around Peter’s smaller frame. “Have a good day, sweetheart.”

“You too.” Peter paused long enough to give Wade an affectionate kiss before he hurried out the door only two minutes later than usual.

When Peter got home, he wanted nothing more than to jack off in a hot shower. Yeah, that wouldn’t be happening.

Circling a finger in the air, Wade greeted him with the accursed words, “Drop ’em.” Then he pointed to the chair where Peter’s Punishment Paddle™ would be staying for the foreseeable future.

Reluctant but resigned Peter displayed his ass for Wade’s inspection.

“Was that hard enough with your healing factor, baby boy?” Wade asked, trailing cool, scarred hands over the curves of Peter’s ass.

Peter thought it’d been plenty hard, thank you very much, but he wasn’t honestly certain. “Yeah. Well, maybe? It was a good solid five out of ten as I went out the door, but by lunch…” He paused to breathe. The tips of his ears flamed as he admitted. “By lunch the ache had moved to my balls.”

In his peripheral Wade nodded. “Good, good. This is just a refresher, a three outta ten. Speak up if I get carried away.”

“Yes, daddy.” Peter shoved down his pride and kissed the wood. “Daddy, will you remind your baby boy to be good?”

“Why of course I will, sweetheart,” Wade sing songed.

One solid smack awoke the ache in Peter’s ass, even as his cock sprang to attention against his cage. The tears came easily with each blow afterward, and they continued even as Wade pulled him
to his chest.

“It’s okay, baby boy. Let it out. Cry all you need to. Such a good boy,” he cooed. “You’re so strong and brave, and Daddy’s so, so proud of you.”

Peter squeezed out something he hoped passed for his gratitude. Once his sobs eased, he said, “I’m so sorry, Daddy. I knew I shouldn’t run myself ragged like that, but I did it anyway.”

“Shh, baby boy, I know. I know you’re sorry.”

“Please, Daddy—” Peter gulped in a failed attempt to swallow down his desperation “—please, I need to come. Hurts so bad, Daddy, please.”

“You know I can’t deny you anything when you beg so pretty.” Wade huffed into the crook of Peter’s neck. “Go strip and lay down at the foot of the bed.”

Peter hurried to do as he was told.

Wade yeah-yeahed to Childish Gambino’s “This Is America” as he stepped into their bedroom. He didn’t spare Peter a glance as he rummaged through their toybox. “Hmm, is a little rope enough to remind you to keep your hands to yourself, darlin’?”

“Yea—er, yes, sir, er, Daddy.” Peter’s cock crushed against its cage, and he could hear his balls getting bluer. “Please,” he whined.

“I know,” Wade repeated as he knotted the middle of the rope. He guided both of Peter’s hands through the resulting loop, slid both strands under the mattress, and tied them off around Peter’s ankles. “Spread your legs so I can reach your cage. That’s it. Good, good. You’re such a good boy.”

When Peter heard the key in the lock, he whimpered in relief. By the time Wade wrapped one textured hand around his straining erection, Peter was gushing, “Thank you, Daddy. Thank you. I need it. I need you. Thank you so much. I need you, Daddy.”

“Can you flip over, sweetie?”

“I… I think so.” Peter bit down his frustration as he rolled to his side.

“Head down, ass up, baby boy.” Wade landed a stinging slap on Peter’s round ass and giggled. “I know! And we get to tap that.”

On his knees and forearms with his cheek against his pillow, Peter ogled the muscles his boyfriend revealed at an infuriatingly slow pace. “Are the boxes being nice?” he asked, careful to downplay his concern. When the boxes turned on Wade, they tore him down until he was a suicidal mess.

“Yes, Petey-pie, they’re being an absolute delight.” Sarcasm laced the reply.

After almost a year of dating, Peter trusted his lover to tell him the absolute truth. He knew Wade couldn’t say the same, and a spike of shame washed over him. Just a raised eyebrow had been enough to make Peter confess that he’d screwed up and lied about it.

The bed dipped with Wade’s heft. “What’s wrong?”

“I wanna lie and say it’s just blue balls,” Peter replied, keeping a tight lid on the shame that slithered under his skin, “but I hate how you’re more trustworthy than I am.”
“Oh, baby boy, don’t worry about that. You just corrected yourself rather than tell a fib, right?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter found himself sniffling again, his voice subdued.

“And do you have any plans on lying to me the next time you don’t want to tell me something?”

“No, Daddy.”

“And are you enjoying bootcamp so far?”

“No,” Peter muttered but hurriedly added, “but I love the way you’re forcing me to take responsibility. I’ve spent so much of my life lying to everyone I loved, and now…”

“Now there’s repercussions?” Wade suggested.

“Yeah.” A sharp crack across Peter’s ass had him quickly amend that. “Yes, Daddy.” He flushed at the way his dick jumped when the pain spiked. “Please, Daddy, need you so much.” He peered up through his lashes, studying his lover’s hungry expression.

The snap of a lube cap opening had never been so welcome. Chill liquid smeared over his rim, then Wade spread more over his length. “Ready?” he asked as he knelt behind Peter.

Well accustomed to Wade’s girth, Peter hummed his assent. “Yes, Daddy, please, please, plea—”

His mouth snapped closed to keep from screaming his relief when Wade breached the puckered muscle at his core. A hand in his hair shoved his head into the bed while the other gripped his hip with bruising strength, impaling him on Wade’s hard length.

Fuller and fuller, Peter groaned in need. “Please, Daddy, touch me. Please, I need it so much, Daddy, Wade, please.”

“Can you wait just a few minutes longer?” Wade asked in a gentle puff against his lover's ear even as he pumped roughly into Peter’s body. “Hmm, baby boy, just a few minutes and Daddy will take care of you?”

“Yea—yes, Daddy.” Peter gasped. “Please hurry though.”

“Your wish, baby boy.”

Brutal.

Wade's pace, nothing less than brutal.

A speed Peter loved. Instead of reaching for his neglected cock as it slapped expectantly against his abs, he clung to the ropes and bucked into Wade's every thrust. He adored this feeling, this man, this moment when his world buzzed with pleasure and longing and the uncompromising desire to please his lover. And judging by the frenzied way those big hands sank into the soft flesh of his hips, Wade found this moment exceptionally pleasing.

Enthusiastic moans greeted the chant of awed praise in the bubble around them, the sound high and pleasant. Soon, however, pained groans joined the duet. At the first whimper, those compliments gave way to a litany of pleased babble.

Rim sore, prostate tender, balls aching, and cock weeping, Peter’s overwrought body rippled and clenched along Wade’s steely length. Wanting, needing, back swayed and panting hard, Peter could do nothing but take the pounding as Wade snapped his hips, slapping his groin against
Peter’s stinging ass. Pain and pleasure built to a blinding haze.

Wade growled right in his ear. “That’s it, baby, sob for me.”

*I’m sobbing?* Yes, judging by his damp face, Peter's lurid, anguished cries had turned tearful and helpless. Despair howled in his bones with the sweet agony of his long torment.

A textured hand gripped Peter’s cock and made him throb in pure, sweet relief. That torturous ache of need redoubled in his body, but his mind promised that his lover would ensure he found release.

“Don’t you dare come without permission,” Wade hissed. A hand clamped loosely over Peter's throat. His scalp stung from the other as it pulled his back into a deeper sway before it resumed gripping his cock.

“No, Daddy, I won’t.” Peter assured. He fucked into Wade's tight grasp, shivering and panting and desperate. A dozen strokes and he whimpered, “Wanna come, please, Daddy! Please! Please let me come!” Against every instinct in his body, he shoved back on Wade’s cock in a futile effort to escape the glorious feel of that rough hand on his neglected cock. “Wade, please!”

A string of fresh tears toppled down his salt-burned cheeks as his world stopped bucking and writhing. "No, no, no, don't stop now!” He moaned, fighting to catch his breath even as dark motes floated in his vision. “Please, let me come! Please!” Wrecked by the teasing, he reached for his cock only to be stopped by the rope around his wrists. “Wade, Daddy, do something, please. I need... Fuck, I need you so bad, so bad! Please, Daddy, let me come!”

“Your wish, my good, perfect boy,” Wade praised. He shuddered and growled as he pulled free of Peter’s body. “Roll over.” The fap of his hand on his own thick cock continued, metronome steady.

Peter did as he was told just in time for Wade to shoot white streams of jizz over his chest and face. The younger man whimpered with his need even as pleas for release fell from his chapped lips.

“I got you,” Wade promised, his hand stroking Peter’s wretchedly needy erection. “That’s it. Just relax. Daddy’ll take the pain away.” His fist pumped slowly, never quite enough. When Peter humped into the sensation, Wade pinned his hips with his free hand. “Behave.”

At the threat in that one word, Peter stilled. So, so close to release, he couldn’t hold in his steady stream of begging. Heat coiled and pooled in low his aching body.

At the first shot of come, Wade cooed, “There we go. No more aching balls.”

Then all that lovely friction was gone.

Peter whimpered as he shook. A weak pulse of come leaked from him. Angry words spewed forth, filter long forgotten. He had no idea of what he might have said, but the instant he regained his senses he knew he was in serious trouble.

Wade’s indulgent grin belied the seriousness of earning a punishment during bootcamp. He kissed the head of Peter’s cock. “Back in the cage you go, since Mr. Potty Mouth can’t behave.” Once Peter’s hypersensitive prick was locked safely away, the older man didn’t say a word as he pointed to his boy's time-out corner.

Sullen, Peter pressed his nose into the blank walls. Arms overhead he gripped his elbows. He stood tall, back straight as minutes ticked by. Though the pain had died away, the mind-numbing desire still raged through his veins.
Rough voice pitched low, Wade asked, “Do you think it’s respectful to call me a cock-teasing piece of shit?”

“No, Daddy.” \textit{Fuck, fuck, fuck.}

Wade smirked as he ran a finger down Peter’s tear-stained cheek. “I could have let you suffer with blue balls, you know.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter trembled, uncertain what his punishment might be. “Thank you, Daddy,” he hastily added.

Wade fluttered his nonexistent lashes. “Oh my stars and garters, such a filthy mouth!” he gushed in a high lilt. With a tap to the younger man’s cheek, he shrilled, “Open up, baby boy.” When Peter did as he was told, Wade slid a whole, fresh bar of soap between his lips. “Once the timer goes off, you can go rinse your mouth. Then come find me in the kitchen. I’m thinking tacos tonight while we watch Moulin Rouge.”

Again facing the corner, Peter couldn’t even protest as Wade padded away.

After Mexican for the third day in a row and yet another viewing of the flashy film, complete with Wade’s off-kilter singalong, the older man sighed in deep contentment. “Go put on your jammies, baby boy. Rude, disrespectful potty mouths have to go to bed early.”

Peter wanted to scream that he’d been punished enough, but he had a feeling that, if he heard what he’d said to his boyfriend, he’d disagree. So he sucked down his protest and skulked into the bedroom. Sullen he changed into the footed pyjamas that Wade had bought specifically for bootcamp. Hot with embarrassment, he unbuttoned the back flap, bent over the edge of the bed, and waited with his bare ass exposed.

One more paddling and at least today would be over.

When Wade joined him several minutes later, something thwapped against the bedding. “Say hello to my little friend.”

Confused, Peter obeyed before he realized he’d just greeted a willow branch. A switch. \textit{No, no, no, fuck no, this ain’t Deliverance.} Panicked he considered just pineappling out. \textit{Coward. You earned it, now take it.} But Peter whimpered nonetheless.

“Right? Isn’t that delectable?” Wade asked one of his boxes. “They are nothing but heart-eyes and adoring gibberish right now, Sweety-Petey-Puddin-Pie. …No, I can’t say that. …Because it’s disgusting.” He swatted at the air, the stick whizzing.

“No blood?” Peter somehow croaked out without his voice cracking.

“No blood, promise. Cross my heart and hope to die.” Wade snickered. “Eventually.” Sobering he asked, “Is this alright? A little something for that potty mouth before we get to the main event.”

“Yeah,” Peter replied, glad for the break in formality. “I should have thought before I spoke.”

“Yeah.” Wade sighed the word. “But I’m glad ya didn’t. You made such a cute little grumpy-wumpy duck with that soap hanging outta your mouth.” He booped Peter’s nose. “You’re gonna hafta ride my cock in those jammies sometime, baby boy.” With a soft growl, he grabbed one ass cheek and exposed Peter’s twitching entrance. “Oh, yeah, that’s one fashion statement I could
really get behind.”

Peter groaned but held his tongue.

“When you’re ready, just stick that luscious booty a little higher.”

Obedient and a bit impatient Peter lifted his hips.

“Mmm, so eager. Makes me think he’s enjoying the his punishment a little too much.” Wade gasped. “Of course he hates it; he’s—”

“He’s loving the attention and hating the punishment in pretty much equal measure,” Peter supplied and wiggled his ass in hopes of keeping Wade focused long enough to get this part over and done with.

At the swish Peter tensed. A line of lava opened across his ass, forcing a high yelp from his lips.

“Ooh, me likey.” Wade ran a soothing hand over the fresh welt. “Petey definitely needs to get in trouble more often.”

Another five of Wade’s finest and Peter could barely resist the urge to rub the fire from his tender backside. He bawled unable to keep his pain and frustration in check. His body ached with longing even as his ass burned from the abuse.

“Where we at, baby boy?”

“F-four of ten? Five?” Straining to keep his sobs in check Peter struggled to suppress the urge to beg Wade for mercy. “Daddy, I don’t like the switch.” His emotions pinged around like a pinball, and he feared he’d go careening down the drain.

“Good, you’re not supposed to like it.” Still, instead of more lashes with the switch, Wade held the paddle to the thin line of Peter's lips. “Kiss your girl, Petey.”

Angry, Peter obeyed but muttered, “Just get on with it. Daddy.” Well within his tolerances, he couldn’t justify using his safeword, but he’d been through a lot already today.

“So eager,” Wade cooed again.

A dull thud sank into Peter’s stretched muscles, and he shuddered. His welts blazed to life, screaming. He shoved his face into the bedding to muffle his pathetic cries. In its confines his cock strained. Tired muscles rippled down his back, every impulse screaming at him to pull away. Peter shivered, twitched, and pleaded as Wade delivered one expert blow atop another.

A beat passed. And then two. The next blow never fell.

Wade’s lips moved, his voice drowned out by the cacophony in Peter’s head. The bigger man set the paddle down beside Peter and shook him. “Talk to me, baby boy. C’mon, I need to hear you.”

Peter shivered as those words sank into his body. “Thank you, Daddy.” The response came of its own volition, but genuine gratitude shone in his lazy smile.

“You’re welcome, baby boy.” Wade hummed, pleased with himself. “Just twenty-nine more days to go.”
Day 2

Chapter Summary

As Ian Fleming said, "Once is happenstance. Twice is coincidence."

You'll have to wait until I post day three to know what the third time is. ...Or look the quote up. Yeah, that's also an option.

Unlike the day before, Peter barely opened his eyes before Wade held out a hand, level and palm down. He lowered it slowly. His infuriatingly neutral expression never waivered as Peter sank to his knees in the ridiculous pyjamas. An electric tremor radiated from his groin, his desire still unsated and impatient.

Fuck did he need some coffee. His body said he should have caffeinated three hours ago, since he’d been sentenced to going to bed early.

“Why are we doing this?” the older man asked, his tone no less severe than the day before.

“I put myself in danger by patrolling while I was hungry and tired.” Peter hated the way his neck arched in offering even though he couldn’t meet his lover’s gaze. “I—”

“Try again, baby boy.” Wade’s tone dripped with saccharine sweetness that set dozens of anxious butterflies loose in Peter’s stomach.

“Your boy put himself in danger by patrolling while he was hungry and tired.” Frustration lent a rough edge to his confession. He was a grown man, dammit, but he’d agreed on the wording. “Your boy didn’t take care of himself like he promised, and he lied when you asked if he was eating and sleeping enough, and he… he…”

Peter’s mind blanked until panic seeped into the void. He couldn’t disappoint during bootcamp; he wanted this chance to regain Wade’s trust, needed it as much as he need water. Preferably hot water after it ran through his Keurig. “Dangerous, disobedient, dishonest, and… and…” Disingenuous? Disloyal? Dysentary? Augh! He could explain the quantum mechanics behind Heisenberg’s uncertainty principle, illustrate the physiological functions of all the B vitamins, and recite the value of pi until his voice gave out. Why couldn’t he remember four little words?


The implications of that word scorched Peter’s ears. Maybe his shame made the word harder to bring to mind. “And I disrespected you by…” He groaned; he’d slipped up. “And your boy disrespected you by not taking care of… what’s yours…?”


Peter grumbled but didn’t protest. “Your boy disrespected you by not taking care of who’s yours even after he promised he would.” He crinkled his nose, peering up. “That doesn’t sound right.”

Wade shrugged. “Grammar’s a fickle bitch.” He dropped lightly into the kitchen chair, then tapped two fingers against the inside of his thigh. *Come here.*
Reluctant, dreadfully aware of the burning agony that would come next, Peter shifted to one knee and then rose to his fleece-covered feet. Grounded during bootcamp, he’d be staying home, doing chores until time to patrol. “Do I have to stay in these pyjamas all day? Daddy.” The whine in his voice made him cringe.

“How, our baby boy’s so cute when he sulks. Look’t that little curl! N’ those pouty lips.” Both hands framed Wade’s exaggerated gasp. “Well, we could if—Oh, hells to the yes, Yellow, gonna put that notion in motion.” Bearing a wicked grin his attention locked onto Peter. “Strip.”

Quite suddenly uncertain if he wanted to be shed of Peter’s Punishment Pyjamas™, the younger man fumbled with the buttons down the front. He’d worked only one pale shoulder free of the heavy garment before Wade growled, “I said strip. Not strip tease.”

“Sorry, Daddy.” No, no, no, can’t disappoint Daddy during bootcamp. Logically he knew Wade had set him up to fail, but his anxiety surged.

Wary of annoying the man he’d soon ask to hurt him, Peter’s hands bricked as he fought the cozy pyjamas, which had obviously grown tentacles so it could cling to his frame. Once he kicked free of the fleece, he glared at the puddle of cloth on the floor. Bare naked he resumed his walk of shame to his lover.

“Nuh-uh-uh, baby boy.” Wade waved a single finger from side to side. “Fold those up and go put them away.”

A fresh surge of frustration teased Peter’s precaffeination temper. Somehow he’d started with obeying a simple hand gesture, but now he was headed in the other direction, drawing out his morning correction with a domestic distraction. He and Wade had discussed a dozen options to deal with his lies. Wade suggested bootcamp to rebuild his instincts. More than anything Peter wanted to override his need to project perfection, freeing himself to be more authentic. So he tolerated the dissonance as he stowed his pyjamas in the bedroom closet. Some fucking how.

“Happy now?” Peter asked as he returned to the dining area. “Daddy,” he rushed to tack on, contrition and apprehension warring with his urge to lash out at everyone and everything until he downed a hot cup of java.

“Gettin’ there, Petey-pie.” Wade grinned as he popped a glove against his sinfully muscular thigh—an unfamiliar glove, Peter noted. “Let’s put you through your paces first.” The bigger man held up a hand, his fingers together, then opened it like a scab-dappled flower. Present.

Crap, crap, crap, Peter still didn’t understand what he was supposed to present for that command. He raised his arms and grabbed his elbows, repeating the tall pose Wade favored for his time in the corner, cock front and center as it roused in its plastic prison.

Wade glared overhead, his breaths deep but fast. “Shut up; it’s fine. We’re not breaking down webhead’s egghead noggin like that, asshole. It’s fine; he’s fine; we’re fine, so shut the everloving fuck up, you sack of shit.” Another moment passed in silence. “The door’s right there, and there’s two windows over that way. If he didn’t want to be here, I couldn’t make him stay.”

“White,” Peter hissed, “I’m perfectly happy right where I am. Time to knock it the fuck off. Unless you want me to be mad at you for the rest of the day.”

One corner of Wade’s lip quirked up. Even after a year of Peter defending him to the boxes, he still melted every single time. Then he winced, his shoulders rising.
“Yellow, same goes for you if you don’t use your inside voice. And stop gloating. It’s not nice.”

With his boxes calmer and quieter, the ex-Merc with a Mouth sagged visibly in relief. “Thanks.”

“You’re always welcome, my love.” Warm affection spread from Peter’s chest and headed directly south. At the replying spike of desire that zapped out from his groin, he winced and pitched forward.

Wade stalked closer, his leer reminiscent of a starving wolf. “Does it hurt, baby boy?” he cooed.

“Not much. Not yet.” Peter gritted his teeth, his arousal gaining momentum. “My patience more than anything.”

Wade hummed a few bars of Guns ’n Roses “Patience” before his focus returned to the man presenting his body. “Tsk, tsk, tsk, that’s your rest position. Surely you can show off your assets better than that.” One hand caressed at the younger man’s waist before dipping lower. “Show me what ya got.”

Knees bent and back curved, Peter stuck out his ass, remembering how it throbbed after three rounds with the paddle yesterday. Only a few breaths from his next spanking, such unquestioning obedience reminded him that he’d not only agreed to be taken in hand but helped plan this bootcamp.

“Those legs aren’t very inviting, baby boy.” To emphasize his point Wade’s boot tapped Peter’s bare feet further and further apart. Once they reached shoulder width, the bigger man crouched so both hands could massage delicate inner thighs. “Now iddn’t that better?”

“Yes, Daddy.” he wheezed as his overwhelming want spread, pulsing through his body, making his knees weak. Those hands tightened into a pair of bruising pinches. “No, Daddy, sorry, Daddy, I didn’t mean to fib. Daddy, please ease up.” Frantically sorting through the cotton in his mind, he couldn’t remember the question. “It hurts, Daddy, but it hurts so damned good.”

A dark chuckle rumbled from Wade’s chest. “So it’s better and worse, my sweet boy?”

“Yeah—yes, Daddy.” Peter gasped as the kneading resumed.

“Thank you for trusting me with your absolute truth.” Wade sighed, wistful but happy. “I figured you’d present on all fours, but I think I like this better.” He chuckled with a glance to the side. “Maybe… Ugh, let’s try five?” He ticked off on his fingers while still addressing the boxes, “Sit. Kneel. Face up … okay, fine, supine… So what’s ass up, jerkface? Prone. Yeah, prone. …Mmm, yes, prone and probed.” Desire washed across his features. “Then standing with that yummy booty all poked out like this makes five.” With an eager bounce he rose to his full height. “What ya say, Petey, can we have five presentation positions? Yellow wanted a dozen, but I don’t have that many fingers.”

“I’ll do anything you want if you’ll get this infernal plastic death trap off my junk!”

“Punishment first,” Wade insisted.

“Please, Daddy, get on with it. If I don’t get coffee soon, I’m gonna snap.”

“That’s an entirely different game, baby boy.” The bigger man huffed a laugh. “You know how to get this party started.”

Words tumbled free in the falsetto whine that Wade adored. “Please, Daddy, how will I ever learn
to mind my manners if you don’t punish me when I do wrong?” When the bigger man stood impassive, he caught his error. “Daddy, your baby boy disrespected you and myself, er, himself; will you punish your boy to help him remember to do better?”

Wade didn’t say a word as he tugged on the weirdly thick glove. Just one. “Lead lined. Better brace your hands on your knees, sweetheart.”

Peter most certainly did not whimper as he complied, and no one could prove otherwise.

The first smacks landed gently but sank bone deep, and he let out an appreciative hum. As the strikes grew more intense, the hypnotic impacts jarred his entire frame forward. Pain forgotten, lost in the candy pink clouds of subspace, Peter floated on the hefty cocktail of indigenous chemicals flooding his mind.

Calm settled over him. All he had to do was be. Just exist. That was enough. He was enough.

Wade loved the man under the mask, the man who’d hidden for so long he could barely recognize his own face. With the insane, scarred loudmouth he had no need to hide, no reason to erect walls, no excuse to lie. Now to convince himself of that undeniable fact.

Pliant and content, Peter didn’t realize his erection had been freed until a rough hand stoked his need to life. His hips jerked, pressing into the touch with humiliating desperation. The sudden privation of that touch brought his conscious mind to the surface with a needy whine.

“Oh, fuck yes, painted that backporch red. Gotta be two coats.” Wade stood over him, grinning like a moron for only a second more before he turned serious again. “Go get dressed. Your clothes are in the box under my side of the bed.” Spurred on by a miserable whimper, he trailed a finger through the dampness that told Peter he’d been crying. “Then I’ll have your precious, precious coffee ready, baby boy.”

“Yes, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy.” His heart skipped a beat. “I loved that punishment way too much.”

The older man broke into an indulgent grin. “I know but I couldn’t help myself.” He waved a dismissive hand, shooing his boy toward the bedroom.

When the box proved double the size he expected, Peter anticipated a frilly maid’s outfit inside. Instead he found lacy, silky cadmium-yellow panties and a matching padded bra atop what appeared to be a Hawaiian shirt. The bra posed no problem, but as he tugged the panties into place, he had to jerk his hands back to keep from stroking himself. He unfolded the shirt to reveal a knee-length housewife dress with princess seams that fit like it’d been tailored to his measurements. Underneath lay a flouncy underskirt that made the dress flare. Next he found a pinafore apron in a contrasting red. Below that lay a cosmetics bag, sensible heels, and a pair of Cuban-footed, crotchless pantyhose.

He emerged as the perfect, demure little housewife sexpot.

“Oh, Petey-pie, we’re in love all over again.” Wade slipped a hand under the layers of canary-bright netting to pet over the panties, the sensation maddening. “Were you a good boy? Didn’t touch yourself?”

With a surge of unexpected pride, Peter answered, “Yes, Daddy.”

“Yellow says good boys get a beddy-bye blowjob. What do you think?”
“Coffee time…” He shoved a short curl out of his face. “Grmph, Daddy, bed time’s so far away… Oh, and he did a good job picking out my dress.”

“Ha, don’t flatter the asshole.” Wade’s scowl gave way to a smirk that couldn’t bode anything good. “Would you like to fuck Daddy’s face before you drink your coffee, baby boy?”

Torn by competing desires, Peter whimpered. “Please, more than anything, Daddy,” he answered with total conviction.

The massive man sank to his knees and disappeared under the fabric. He lifted Peter’s package over the waistband of the panties, grabbed the fire of his ass, then the younger man was gone with the first lick. He trembled, thrusting with frenzied abandon. Nothing had ever felt so good as unadulterated pleasure surged through his body.

At the anticipated loss of sensation Peter’s hands crushed into Wade’s shoulders before he realized what he was doing.

“Ooh, kinky. But maybe later.” Wade stood, took the science nerd mug from the table, and passed it to Peter. “Your chore list is right here. Be extra careful not to mess up Daddy’s favorite outfit.” His wicked chuckle turned Peter’s insides to jelly. “Do you need Daddy to cage you, or can you control yourself?”

The scorch of humiliation burned the air from his lungs. Even as a litany of curses screamed through his mind, he managed to croak, “Cage.”

“Now’s the time to mind your manners. Ask nice and proper, baby boy.”

“Daddy, may I please—” a strangled, pained, miserable sob choked him “—Daddy, will you cage my cock so I can’t mess up, please, sir?” Peter would explode if he had to endure a whole month of this, but that was the point: to push his emotional limits and confuse his rational mind, forcing him to rely on Wade’s judgment.

“Anything for you, Sweetie-Petey.”

“May I come?” Peter asked on impulse.

Wade gave a hearty laugh as he dropped to crotch level. “Absolutely, baby boy. I could never deny you anything.” He worked the cage back into place. “But you have to wait. Can you wait like a good boy?”

Fuck you, Wilson. I will have my revenge for this. “Yes, Daddy.” Even his desire for vengeance turned to shame as anger sat hot in his gut.

“Perfect.” The lock clicked closed with finality. “Now be a good boy. Daddy has to see a man about a horse. I’ll be back by one, and a good boy might put some lunch on the table about then.”

From nine to noon, Peter dusted, vacuumed, swept, mopped, scrubbed, and shined everything in sight. The constant motion of the toile layers ensured the burn in his ass stayed at a constant, low crackle. Aware of the ache in his balls every second, the cage prevented him from easing the pressure in any fashion. He dropped to the couch in exhausted frustration. He knew he was supposed to do something not on the list, but fuck if he could remember what it might be.

With a weary sigh his eyelids drifted closed. He’d just rest a second. Then he would certainly remember what he needed to do next.
Peter’s eyes fluttered open only for him to be startled wide awake by Wade’s face a scant three inches from his own.

“Hey there, Sleeping Beauty. Glad you could rejoin the world of the living.” He glared to one side and hissed, “You’re a fuckin’ jackhole. Of course normal people say that.”

“He’s right, White,” Peter added for good measure.

Wade snickered to something Yellow said. “Oh, yes, right! Right, right, right.” He stood over Peter appearing every inch a demon. “Imagine Daddy’s surprise when he got home to no lunch. But you looked so peaceful we couldn’t wake you. We just sat and watched you sleep. So your spanking is late and so is my lunch. Do you have anything to add before I tear dat ass up, baby boy?”

“No, Daddy. Sorry, Daddy.” Peter stretched, trying to rouse his mind. “May I be excused to the little spider’s room?”

“If you promise to hurry your bootyliscious self back here the instant you’re done.” He made grabby hands as Peter rushed away.

A quick piss relieved a bit of Peter’s discomfort but nowhere near enough. He touched up his lipstick, checked his mascara, and hurried back to his love.

Wade waited in a kitchen chair with Peter’s Punishment Paddle™ in his lap. “Good old fashioned over the knee,” he informed the boxes. “Hey, look who’s back! It’s our sleepy-weepy little housewifey!” He cackled as he patted his lap. “Oh, and you’re gonna weep, my sweet boy. Kiss your girl, then ass up.”

A new ache opened in Peter’s chest as he obeyed. Vulnerable, exposed, draped over Wade’s hefty thighs, he wanted the pain, yearned for it. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Unlike the transcendental session earlier, Wade launched into a hard, fast thrashing. Even after it ended, the younger man sobbed uncontrollably into his shoulder. “Nine outta ten.”

“I know, baby, I know, and you did so good for Daddy. So very good. I’m so proud of how much control you showed.”

After sniffling through his pure gratitude, Peter snuggled into Wade’s embrace. Still wracked by anguish, he appreciated the warm comfort of the coarse body that supported him until he quieted.

“So fucking hot… No, we can’t use our pecker for a hammer.” Wade stretched under Peter’s limp form. “Oh, yeah, our baby boy would like that!” His rough hand cradled Peter’s face. “We made lunch.”

“Let me guess, tacos?” Peter giggled at the absurdity of life.

“It coulda been chimichangas,” the big man protested.

“Dude, you don’t like chimichangas enough to break out the fryer.”

“True, but it coulda—”

“It really couldn’t.”

“Rude.” Wade’s familiar tease set those butterflies lose again. “Be careful. Wouldn’t want to earn
an extra punishment.”

Giddy, Peter asked, “Are you certain?” He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth and chewed it anxiously.

“Positive.” Despite the warning note in that word, Wade slipped in for a long, sloppy kiss just so he could steal that lip. He bit harder until Peter whimpered. “I could live off that sound alone.”


Every atom in Peter begged for more. He swallowed Wade’s cock deeper as both hands gripped the man’s hips. His scalp burned as his head was jerked fore and aft by his hair. His kiss-swollen lips buzzed as he sucked and swallowed and teased. Salty, bitter pre-come coated his tongue.

Both thumbs under his jaw, Wade forced him to surrender the dick in his mouth. “Stand up, turn around, and bend over. We wanna see presentation five again.” Once Peter complied, the older man gasped all the air from his lungs. “Can you take us dry, baby boy?” he asked in a harsh, awed whisper.

“Yes, Daddy.”

Wade forced his neck into a sharp turn. “You sure that’s the truth, baby boy?” he hissed just a hair’s breadth from Peter’s ear.

“No, er, yes, er… Yes, sir, it’ll burn but nothing I can’t… Screw it: please hurt me. Please! I need you inside me. Right now. Want that burn so bad, Daddy.” The blunt head of his lover’s erection found his entrance before he finished speaking.

“Oh, now you’re singing our tune.” Wade shoved, breaching the muscle, then forcing himself deep into Peter’s heat even as the younger man wailed into his fist. “That’s it; keep singing.”

Disoriented, babbling, overwhelmed by the pleasure and pain he found in Wade’s intimate embrace, Peter writhed in time to jolting thrusts. Nothing had ever hurt so good as the way the bigger man wrung his pleasure from Peter’s willing body until hot liquid jetted deep into his core.

As his lover slid free, he instructed, “Grab your ankles until you close back up, baby boy. Then go put your plug in. I wanna know you’re filled with my spunk while we’re out patrolling tonight.”

By the time they toppled into the window after patrol, Peter’s body had accepted the all-over ache, inside and out, as his new normal. His balls, his rim, and his jaw dominated his quiet thoughts. “Daddy, I’ve been so, so good and it hurts so, so much. Please let me come.”

“We’ll get there, my sweet boy.”

“After my punishment?”

“After your punishment,” Wade vowed.

And Peter had every intention of holding the older man to it. None of this ruined orgasm shit tonight; Peter needed release.

“How many pushups can you do?”

The question knocked him for a loop. “I dunno, like, all the pushups?”
“Then strip down and get to beatin’ your face, baby boy. And count out loud for me. I need to clean Bea and Arthur before that weird orange stuff dries.” An amused chuff floated between them. “I take care of what’s mine.”

“And who’s yours.” Peter reminded.

“Well, I take care of my own.”

At one hundred, Wade encouraged him to keep going. The same at two hundred. At three hundred he let out a gleeful squeal. “Ooh, sexy baby ain’t even broke a sweat? That’s hot as fuck, and I’m rock hard right now.”

“I would be…” Peter’s arms felt like jello from the sheer repetition of the task.

“You want me to let Lil’ Petey out to play?”

“It’d be nice,” he snarked, as he rolled to his back and let his arms flop to his sides.

“Well why didn’t you say so.” He huffed, trying to stave off his annoyance. “I just did.”

“Your wish, my little teeny-tiny studmuffin.”

“’M not tiny. Not teeny either.” The click of the lock was enough to saturate his aches in desire.

“Not no more, anyway.” Wade barked out a harsh laugh. “Now Lil’ Petey’s free to manspread over as much of the bus as he wants.”

Humor dry as the Sahara, Peter scoffed. “My, how droll. You must be beating the chicks off with a stick.”

“You’d be surprised, my Petey-wheaty-kins. Seems you’re the only one who’s all ‘Let’s let Deadpool impale us on his thicc, scarred dick often and repeatedly.’ Not that I’m complaining, mind you. ‘Cause, I mean, that is some fine booty ya got there. Gonna hafta be buried in a treasure chest. And that mouth; I can’t believe you kiss Miss May with that mouth.”

Still flat to the floor and not expecting that to change anytime soon, Peter grumbled, “You leave my aunt outta this.”

“Whatever you say, my sweet, tired baby. Over the knee so we can spank you soundly and put you to bed.”

After such a harsh paddling at lunch, Peter welcomed the intimate smack of flesh on flesh. He didn’t even squirm under the assault. The soothing rhythm left him utterly boneless. Once his lover was satisfied, he rolled free and resumed his position on the dazzlingly clean bedroom floor.

Wade hummed Black Eyed Peas’ “My Humps” even as wet heat enveloped Peter’s cock. A welcome ease spread through his spent limbs. In hopeless surrender he let his lover have his way in pleasuring his body. “So close,” he breathed as his eyes rolled back.

At the first spasm, that heat disappeared.

“No! Wade, no, you can’t—!”

“I just did.”
Don't expect me to keep up this pace. A girl's gotta earn a living.

“What’s the matter?” Wade asked.

Peter let his head drop in weary defeat. “Oh, fire of my loins, why are you trying so hard to make a date with Death.”

“What?” The bigger man’s head tilted in faked confusion.

“What?” Peter repeated in exasperation. “My alarm won’t go off for another two hours—”

Wade waivered a hand. “Wibbly-wobbly timey-wimey stuff.”

“—and you woke me up just to fuck with me!”

“I guess not everybody appreciates sex ninjas.”

Peter huffed in sheer exasperation. “You do realize I’m not actually in bootcamp, right?”

“Of course you are, baby boy; if you were actually in jail, I couldn’t make conjugal visits.” A sultry chuckle sent shivers down his spine as the mountainous man unbuttoned his pyjama flap. “Gasp, or do you not want to ride your boyfriend’s magic dick in your cute little rainbow unicorn onesie?”

“I don’t want to do anything but slee-e-e—oh, holy shit, Daddy, do that again!” That simple brush of fingertips under the curve of Peter’s ass sizzled, awaking his unsated lust. As his cock expanded to fill its confines, he shook his head to clear the static. “Tell me one thing first.”

“Anything, my little sugarplum fairy princeling.” Wade stroked a thumb over Peter’s lips before rubbing his palm across the smaller man’s cheek.

Eyes falling closed, he sank into the sensation. “Will you let me get off without ruining it at any point this month?”

“The constant anticipa—” Wade sobered, panic distorting his open expression. “I heard you the first time! ...Yes it is arousing!” He let out a whimper. “Do you need out, baby boy? Did I fuck up?”

“Hey, hey, none of that.” Slow and soothing Peter stroked over the bigger man’s scalp. “Dammit, I’ll give both of you asshole boxes an hour each of my undivided attention today if you’ll shut the fuck up for the next fifteen minutes.”

The stress bled out of Wade, but he still wore the hangdog pout of a kicked puppy.

“Listen to me: I’ll go without a full release all month if you say so. I don’t wanna but I can. And I will. Gladly. Because I adore you. Adore that you’ve thought all of this up just to amuse me while
we work on my trust issues.”

“But I—” His words choked off suspiciously.

“You make me do crazy-stupid things.”

“And you, you—” The boxes just lost fifteen minutes of Peter’s time, but he could tell them that later.

“I love doing crazy-stupid things with you. I agreed to obey whatever ridiculous demands you could dream up for bootcamp—within moderate reason—and if you want me to ride Daddy’s magic dick at fuck o’clock in the morning in these absurd pyjamas, then I will. Even if I wake up in a shitty mood. Even if I curse and fight and pout. Even if my craptastic attitude earns me extra punishment. I gave you that right, and I don’t want you to stop.” He leaned close enough to nuzzle his boyfriend. “I love bootcamp; it’s the best gift ever. Thank you, Wade.”

“Mmm, I love the way my name sounds when you say it.” The bigger man threaded his entire package through a pink silicone ring. “Hey! I’m no minuteman! Can’t a girl want the pleasure to last?”

Satisfied with the other man’s headspace, Peter spread lube over Wade’s erection while the numb lack of sensation in his own presided over the now-familiar pressure tugging against his balls. Kneeling over those wide hips, he lowered his body to welcome his lover with a sensual slide that left both wordless. Sore from hard use, he gingerly met each unhurried thrust. He allowed his wrists to be clutched at the small of his back, exaggerating the natural arch and positioning his prostate to meet Wade’s turgid length. Wade’s other hand slid up from his hips to squeeze Peter’s exposed ribs. Fingers circled his areolas and massaged the hard nubs of his nipples, building an unfamiliar, relaxed tingle.

Curiously enough Peter noticed the pressure caused by his cage without envying Wade his freedom to ejaculate at will. Instead the smaller man’s entire body throbbed in time with his steady heartbeat. He rocked atop his lover, enjoying the scant stimulation of his cock while Wade’s cock stroked his prostate. Rolling into the sensation Peter lost track of reality.

“Shh, don’t distract our baby boy. …Because I wanna see how much more we can milk outta him like this.”

The word milk lured Peter toward the surface of his mind, and he blinked in the dim light. A small puddle had collected on Wade’s abs, enough that a thin line ran over his side and onto the bedding. More creamy liquid drizzled from the hole at the tip of his cage.

Peter didn’t care enough to question it. The easy tempo between them drew him back to that dreamy state. He could get used to this.

Wade continued his disjointed conversation in a hoarse, awed whisper: “More like pondering the unicorn.” “But we don’t own a dude ranch.” “Nah, we just rummaged through the root cellar.” “Couldn’t help seein’ the stars down below, now could we?” “S not too dry for fireworks.” “Yeah, it’s wet, but we’d hafta feed him up for that.” “Mmm, yeah, more shoulder massages for our baby boy.”

Lulled by his droning voice, Peter started to drift…

…A shrill buzz and Peter leaped a foot into the air before he realized it was his alarm. Clutching his chest he groused, “Shit, that was worse than your sex ninja attack.”
“Baby boy’s awake!” With a playful pounce, Wade rolled Peter to his hands and knees. “Present dat booty in position three, my sexy beast! Aw, c’mon, you can get your chest further down than that… Fuuuuck. Oh, it winked at us!” He dove cock-first at his sluggish boyfriend. “Time for a ride on the Bony Express, Petey-pie!”

“At least turn off the alarm first!” Peter yelped into his pillow.

“Your wish, baby boy.” He grabbed the clock and threw it across the room hard enough to yank the cord from the wall. “Now then, the main event.” After two hours of holding back, he didn’t last a full minute after he removed the ring. Liquid heat shot into Peter’s core. “Oh, that was so very worth the wait. Didja enjoy your sleep fuck?”

The younger man paused to consider. “I did. Surprising enough.” He rolled out of the bed a heartbeat before a jarring smack landed at the top of his thigh.

“Unh-uh-uh, baby boy, whad’ya say?”

“Yes, Daddy, I enjoyed myself very much.” He flushed, realizing he’d been a surly little bitch all morning. “Thank you.”

“Oh, you’ll be thanking me a lot before you head out the door.” Wade unlocked and removed the cage. “Can you be a good boy for me all morning, or do you need this right back?”

Peter missed the contraption already, but he did have some self-control. “I can behave myself.”

“Good, now hurry up and get ready for work. You’re prob’ly gonna want some free time before you hafta head out the door.” With that ominous statement, Wade skipped from room.

Peter had plentiful experience with hectic mornings, but not since he’d moved in with Wade. *Since you let Wade reinforce being responsible for yourself,* his mind supplied as he stepped into the shower. He scrubbed down from head to toe, skipping his privates as he debated whether washing counted as touching. *Has to be done,* he decided.

After being shielding from stimulation for so long, the glide of the soap had never felt so intense. Head back, he stroked his length. Heat flooded his groin and radiated down his thighs. Once his balls pulled up, he realized, *It’s a trap.*

That warning came too late. The first pearly splash jetted from him, but he couldn’t seem stop himself until he was wrung dry.

*Well, shit.* He panted in ragged gasps.

Wade snickered. “Mmm, yeah, soooo much worse when it’s wet.”

*Sooooo very busted.* Peter groaned.

“Ready, baby boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.” *No, the fuck, no, I’m not.* But of course, he didn’t need to admit that, as his man already knew how not-ready he felt. He yanked open the shower door. “Whazza—? Oh.”

The bald man held a glittery oval brush in both hands. “The Hairbrush of Doom, of course. What should we name her?”

After several blinks Peter’s mind caught up, but he’d never considered naming a household item
intended solely for ass destruction. “Henrietta? Hortencia?”

“Maybe something a little simpler?”

“Helen.”

“Baby boy, meet Helen; Helen, our Petey-pie. I have a feeling you two are going to be such close friends.” Wade peeled the towel from the mirror. “Because I want him to see how pretty he is when we hurt him, you disembodied shitstain.” He grinned madly. “Come lean over the sink. Head up and eyes open. …Because it’s rude not to make eye contact during formal introductions.”

Peter obeyed. Slowly. Reluctantly. Dripping wet and naked like the moment he was born.

“Helen has twenty sweet kisses for bad boys who touch themselves after they promise Daddy they won’t. But you’ll hafta ask for them.”

_Did you really say that?_ Peter watched himself panic over having to ask for the exact last thing he wanted right now. “Daddy, may I—?”

Wade shook his head and raised the brush so Peter could see it. “Don’t ignore Helen! Rude boys get punished twice as hard.”

Peter puzzled on that a moment. “I’m sorry, Dad—oh, er, I’m sorry, Helen. Please, I—er, Daddy’s boy, yes, Daddy’s boy touched himself after he promised Daddy he wouldn’t. Would you… be so kind… as to…?” What was he asking for again? Wade’d certainly succeeded in confusing him.

“Would you give me the bad boy kisses, Miss Helen, so I can be, er, learn to be a good boy?” With that heinous spiel butchered but complete, he slumped.

“Eh, close enough for government work. Whad’ya think, Miss Helen…? Oh, she’s delighted you asked, Pun’kin. Will you count her kisses for us like a good, grateful boy?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Peter’s reflection said, red faced and squirming, his calm hazel eyes already shimmering damply.

_SMACK!_

“Motherfu—hugger!” The sit spot where his ass joined his thigh lit up with all the sting.

“No, babycakes, you’re supposed to say: One kiss, Miss Helen; may I have another?”

With nothing but stubborn determination, he ground out the words, only to be rewarded with a matching smack on the opposite thigh. Face contorted he fought against the prickles in his eyes. His success was short lived. With each kiss asked for and received, his face grew redder, splotchier, puffier, and wetter. Only some of that was pain—he’d subjected himself to worse time and again—most of it was watching everything his mask normally hid: the fear of pain, SMACK!, the ugly sobbing, the scramble to regain his composure.

More than once, Wade asked if he wanted to safeword or renegotiate.

And Peter asked Helen for another until: “Twenty kisses, Miss Helen; thank—”

Wade hugged him by the waist and guided him to the chilly tile at their feet. Cooed praise bolstered his spirit as his pulse slowed. Oxytocin flowed into his endorphin-flooded system.

“Ung, butt hurts.” Peter buried his face in his boyfriend’s shoulder. “What am I gonna tell the
other interns when I can’t stop squirming?”

“Percussive maintenance?”

“I told you that one.” Peter still snorted at old the engineering joke about hitting glitchy gizmos on the off chance it might fix them.

“Truth hurts, Petey-pie.”

He massaged the sting from one cheek and then the other. “So does a ten outta ten.”

“I know, baby boy; I know.” Wade guided him by the chin until they made eye contact. “Let me come by for lunch today?”

“Sure, why not?”

“Because I’m postponing your morning spanking until then.”

“But, Daddy, I’ll still be sore.” Clinging to the ex-merc’s ripped chest, Peter snuffled for added effect.

Solemnly Wade informed him, “A punishment doesn’t stop bootcamp, Sweetie Petey.”

“Fine, I’ll see you at lunch.” The smaller man tossed in a sullen pout.

Wade kissed the crown of his head. “Let’s get you locked back up. You only have a half-hour to get out the door.”

Where? That question plagued Peter all morning. Where can we find enough privacy for Wade’s games?

He shouldn’t have bothered. His boyfriend always found a way to get his way. In this case Deadpool actually had a private recovery room in the tower. “Perk of signing on with SHIELD, baby boy.”

“Totally not fair. The Avengers haven’t even considered offering Spidey a room.”

Wade pointed to the ceiling and pressed a finger to his lips. “Pfft, of course not, Petey. Because Spider-man has a secret identity to protect.” He ran a hand down Peter’s slacks to a well-abused cheek. “Mmm, ’s still warm.”

“You are the worst.” But he started peeling off his clothes and laying them carefully over the back of a chair.

Wade jerked to a halt. “That’s here? I forgot all about it.” He let out a wicked chortle. “Grab onto the garment bar ’n face the wall. Wanna see how Helen faired against your teeny-weeny healing factor.”

That made Peter scoff. “Nothin’ teeny ’bout my weenie.” Except it was locked down in a rather snug cage that kept it from reaching a full erection. He snapped his mouth shut and did as he was told.

After a moment of rifling through the nightstand, Wade asked in his You’re Still in Serious Trouble ™ voice, “Why are we doing this?”
“Because your boy fucked up and then lied to you ab—”

Behind them the door burst open. Mr. Stark yelled, “Wilson, I let you have a guest room so you could stop bleeding out on your boyfriend’s floor, not to sexually harass my inte—the fuck have you done to my intern?”

“Nothing yet,” Wade muttered, dejected.

Stunned, in abject mortification that his boss was seeing him like this, Peter froze.

Stark’s footsteps rushed closer. “I’m so sorry, kid; Deadpool’s never gone this far—”

Peter’s anxiety shattered. Wade went further than this on our third date. Over a year ago. “Never… got…” He gasped, unable to squeeze another word out before he doubled over in a fit of hysterical laughter.

With a huff of offense, Wade protested, “I’ll have you know, I’m not harassing your intern. I’m harassing—”

“Your boyfriend,” Stark supplied in a deadpan monotone, “on his lunch break. Because of course he is, fuck my life.” His footsteps beat a hasty retreat. “No exhibitionism in my building; keep it in your pants outside this room.” Without waiting for a reply, the door slammed.

“So, baby boy, how ’bout pizza first, then a nice flogging after?”

“Prob’ly for the best,” Peter admitted between cackles.

Holy buncakes, could that man wield a flogger. Peter was still boneless when he got home. With a languid spin, he kicked the door shut before waltzing deeper into their apartment. “Honey, I’m home.”

“—what the internet says, we’re not codependent. Just happily cocooned.”

Peter followed Wade’s voice to the bedroom.

“Enmeshed, like that’s a real word—oh, hiya Sweetie Petey!” Wade draped over him before hugging so tight his bones creaked. “How was work?”

“Great. Right up until my boss saw my bare ass. My bare, bruised ass. As I was begging my boyfriend for more.”

“Yeah, dat booty’s been taking the brunt of bootcamp. Hate to think I’ve neglected that big, gorgeous brain of yours.” His shark grin set Peter’s world on edge though his Spidey-sense remained blessedly calm. “Time to take away any hint of control, baby boy.” Wade snatched a handful of hair and forced Peter to crane his neck. “Once you ask for your afterwork punishment, you won’t even breathe except on command. Got it?”

Peter realized he should probably take a breath now. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Good.” The solid grip eased from his hair to become an affectionate pat. “Then I’ll cook while you talk to the boxes. Since they couldn’t be quiet for five minutes, that’s all you’ll spare for them.” He snarled in warning, low and mean.

Thankfully that wasn’t directed at Peter. “Yes, Daddy.” He felt helpless, and his punishment
hadn’t even started.

“Ask me what you want for dinner,” Wade sing songed.

Peter blinked again, fighting to catch up with the conversation. “What do I want for dinner, Daddy?”

“Hmm, I’m thinking you like tacos.”

The younger man bit back a groan, grateful that his lover made amazing tacos.

“But you reeeally want your favorites from that Chinese place on 4th.” A moment later he barked out a laugh. “Oh, you should see your face trying to puzzle that one out. Don’t worry your pretty little noggin, baby boy; Daddy’s gonna make you something yummy.” That shark’s grin returned, more vicious than earlier if that were possible. “You do trust Daddy, don’t you, snookums?”

Not even remotely with that smile, he thought, but he answered, “Yes, Daddy,” all the same. Before he registered the movement, his legs were swept out from under him, and his ass hit the floor. A strong hand cradled the back of his head.

Wade’s scarred face loomed inches from his own as the big man rumbled darkly, “No, you don’t. But you fuckin’ will.” He continued softly, “You signed on for a major mindfuck the instant you climbed into my bed, but I’m on your side, baby boy—we all are. We’ll do everything in our power to keep you strong and healthy, in mind, body, and soul, for as many decades as your body will permit.”

Awed, Peter gasped out, “Yes, Daddy,” one more time on reflex.

Decades. The word burrowed into the back of his mind as General Deadpool’s Chicken went into the wok, as he chatted with Yellow and White to keep them content, as he brought his chopsticks to his mouth, dropped in a bit of broccoli fleurette, chewed, and swallowed before repeating the process with a tidbit of carrot.

“Decades…”

Wade glanced up from his near-empty plate. “What was that, Petey darlin’?”

“I said that out loud? We’re spending way too much time together.”

A flash of broken terror passed from his features as quickly as it came. “I can leave after wakey spanks and come back for beddy-bye spanks tomorrow. We’ll just skip—” His carefully neutral but obviously panicked rant cut off when Peter straddled his lap.

“That was a comment on mirror neurons, you dink. I don’t wanna be anywhere else, wanna stay right here, in this moment, until the heat death of the universe.”

Wade pressed his face to Peter’s neck. “Old habits.”

Peter almost said that was why they were doing this bootcamp, but that wasn’t right. …It wasn’t, was it? No ideas felt solid anymore. Surrendering his obsession with understanding, he leaned into Wade’s nuzzle. “Making new habits, yeah?”

“Yeah.” The ex-merc hummed the opening bars of “Crazy” before crooning against his throat, “I knew you’d love me as long as you wanted, and then someday you’d leave me for somebody new…”
“Never,” Peter promised in a whisper before joining in. “I'm crazy for trying and crazy for crying, and I'm crazy for loving you.”

A chuff escaped Wade. While Peter wanted to inspect his face to decipher its meaning, the pythons around him refused to budge. “Fuck yeah, like bergamot and bay rum and the kinda sex that drains your brain outta your dick.”

“Daddy, will you help your baby boy break his bad habits now?” The request came easy and natural for the first time.

“Out.”

A press in the hollow below his sternum reminded Peter he was supposed to exhale.

“And in.” With that touch removed, he drew another breath.

He sat up straighter on Wade’s lap. Mind blank he synched his respirations to the bigger man’s touch. After a minute the pace slowed to barely enough. Another minute later, it raced until he felt lightheaded. A double press had him exhaling forcefully. When that touch pulled away, he stopped. Waiting for the signal, his vision darkened.

“And in.”

Peter sucked in fresh air with the vigor of a drowning man.

The touch returned, encouraging him to breathe normally. “I’m gonna lead you around the table. You’re gonna assume the position leaned over the chair. Then I’m gonna double tap that overworked ass. In on the smaller first tap; out on the harder last tap. Got that?”

With each breath suddenly precious, he didn’t think to reply.

“Use your words, Petey. You got this?”

“Yes, sir.”

Moments later Peter realized, no, the fuck no he did not have this. Oh, physically all was fine and dandy: his ass ached, his lungs ached, his brain marinated in new and exciting hormones like a damned teenager, all right and proper for this time in this place. No, Peter’s very soul quaked: Wade had full control of his stubborn streak.

During a longer denial, the madman cackled, though he kept the volume reverent. “Yup, baby boy’s suffocating. Look’t him struggle to be good. Can’t even breath without Daddy’s say so.”

This was one fucking dangerous game.

And he was hopelessly lost in it. Sure, his autonomic nervous system would kick in if he held his breath too long, but he’d be damned before he took a stray gasp otherwise. He’d totally surrendered to Wade’s will.

“What’s your safeword, baby boy?” Wade demanded, exchanging the paddle for hand signals.

No answer came to mind but Daddy would handle it.

“Talk to me.”

Unable to find words to obey, a gurgle escaped his lips.
“Last chance: Peter, tell me your safeword now.”

“P-p-pine pine-apple pineapple.” A tiny bit of pride sparked in his chest.

“Nuh-uh, baby boy. Game over. The lights are on but nobody’s home. Time to breathe for yourself.” With no hand on his abs Peter sank into breathless dread until Wade commanded, “In. And out. And in. And out.” He scoffed. “We already had a wee bit today but maybe at bedtime.”

Bit by bit Peter pulled his mind from its stupor.

“So good for me. You’ve been so, so good for Daddy.” They were lying in bed, a blanket over Peter’s shaking frame, and Wade overtop, cooing. “Drink a little water. There we go.” A frenetic tension drained from the bigger man. “I’m gonna go get you some orange slices. I’ll be back in less than sixty seconds. You hear me?”

“Under a minute,” Peter quipped, his brain at full power.

“Don’t get outta that bed.” Wade called as he moved through the apartment. “Just stay put and let me love you.”

After patrol Peter’s beddy-bye spanking had that same lazy quality as the flogging. The light strikes ran down the meatiest part of his legs, avoiding his ass entirely. *Recuperation*, he realized as he snuggled down to sleep.
Day 4

Chapter Summary

Since we've been playing in a vacuum, I figured I'd give you guys an actual setting. Hope you enjoy!

Peter rolled to his stomach on Wade’s side of the bed. The throb along his backside reminded him that he was only a tenth of the way to the finish line. A pleasant sensuality tinged his ache, and his body hunched, seeking stimulation of its own volition.

*Daddy wouldn’t like that.*

He’d already violated his chastity. No matter how badly he wanted to rut anything he could find, he yearned to feel like he controlled his own destiny. Like Wade’s bootcamp, the capricious whims of an indifferent universe presented him with options. His choices dictated the result.

Grateful, Peter refused to sabotage his lover’s meticulous work for a quick nut again. According to his bladder he had about ten more minutes to lie here and luxuriate in the rare calm mo—

—He bolted to his feet before his next thought had fully formed: *Taco Thursdays ought never to be this quiet.* The bathroom light beckoned, and he found Wade in the tub. The younger man didn’t need a blood-stick test; he recognized a high telemerase day the instant he saw the open wounds.

*The Deadpool Paradox: Cancer’s the key to immortality.*

“Wade?”

The bigger man forced a dull smile. “Oh hi, Petey-pie. Sorry, musta lost track of time.”

“‘S fine.” Peter tutted gently. “You put in too much salts again.”

“But it smells nice.” In a puff of damp floral scents, his boyfriend shifted a bit to face him more fully.

“I know, Daddy, but the buoyancy won’t ease your pain if you dehydrate your owies, even if the denser solution supports more of your weight.” He repeated for the umpteenth time, then paused to determine the proper wording for nagging during bootcamp. “May your boy let out some of your water and replace it with fresh?”

Resigned, Wade mumbled, “Do what ya gotta.”

Aware he’d be late for work, Peter took over their morning. *If it blows up in my face, at least my supervisor’s department head’s boss’s ex-boyfriend understands why I’m late so often.* Clean, dressed, and fed, he called to let Janice know he was on his way.

Wade sidled up behind him. “Forget something?”

“No, s—er, Daddy. I thought you were hurting too much to play.” The younger man sank to his knees.
“Don’t make ass-sumptions, baby boy. ’Sides, if I let a little pain stop me, I’d be a gargoyle.” Wade stepped out of the younger man’s line of sight. A disembodied rumble demanded, “Why are we doing this?”

“Because your boy…” This wasn’t rubbing his nose into a minor mistake. No, Peter had been wrong the last three days. “Um, he doesn’t know, Daddy?” He rushed to explain, “He knows bootcamp started because your boy fucked up, but you said you want my, no, his absolute truth, and my, er, his reasons have kinda changed since we started, and he, no, I, no, he—”

Absolutely sinful, that smile should be illegal. “Tell me, my good, smart boy: why are we doing this?” The way he purred those words made Peter’s entire being resonate with desire.

After unknotting his vocal cords, he replied through a tight throat, “Because it makes me strong? Tough?”

From deep in his chest the bigger man growled, not angry but nothing tame either. “You were already strong and tough.”

With a little effort Peter replied, “So stronger and tougher?”

“Maybe too tough for your own good,” he muttered before command, “Drop ’em and assume the position.”

Failure. Peter didn’t care for the sensation. It prickled under his skin.

He set up his next experiment. He recorded his results. He repeated the process.

But every moment, while his body craved more of the unquenchable fire Daddy lit across his flesh, his mind twisted with the unsolved puzzle Daddy created for him. Maybe it was a moving target, the answer changing with his whims? He dismissed that idea and a dozen others. Nothing fit.

Thus he’d fail again tomorrow. He didn’t know the answer, and only time might change that fact. Until then he lived in a nightmare. One he’d dreamt often enough to recognize it in his sleep.


A month of this anxiety was too much to ask of himself for some stupid sex game.

Peter had assumed Wade crafted that question to enjoy his humiliation in answering it. Except Wade was smart, smarter than him in some ways. The older man had said bootcamp would make him question everything he ever knew.

A snippet of Wade’s voice echoed from a distant memory: When that nasty, freezin’ ass water got to be too much, when the whole damned Special Forces thing seemed absolutely impossible, when I knew I wouldn’t live to the end, I asked myself if I could survive one more day. And I could. For a while. Then it was one more hour, one more minute. After that, I held on second by second, sometimes two days at the time.

Without question Peter could make it one more day.

His skin crawled, so he reminded himself to finish his workday, take the rest of his punishments, and let tomorrow handle itself. He’d solve this riddle in due time and not a second sooner.
On the bus home he resorted to calculating proportions to distract himself. So I’m now a ninth of the way? No, forgot the actual punishment. That bumps the total to ninety-one. Which factors to seven and thirteen. Neither of which will factor by eleven. Oh, wait, that’s probably not the only punishment I’ll get. So if I average one every three days—

“Wade, you complete and utter asshole.”

At a hundred total, each was a percent. Ten punishments meant he’d survived exactly ten percent of what the ex-merc had planned for him, leaving him with no diversion.

Tomorrow Wade would ask and Peter had no answer.

Sharp-footed ants of failure marched under his skin. Peter preferred Venom; at least he could fight the symbiote. This he could only accept, tolerate. Except his damned brain took any chance to beat himself down. And Peter was far more talented than Flash could ever hope to be, thank you very much.

So if Peter didn’t know, maybe he could find a clue on the web. Too bad he was underground.

By the time he opened his apartment’s front door, a foul mood had settled over him. Edgy all day, a tension headache threatened to shove his eyes right out of his head. “Who the fuck lets someone do this shit to them? I’ve gotta be more fucked in the head—"

“Ooh, Petey likes the taste of soap.” Wade snickered, stoking the pain in the smaller man’s eyes. “Hmm, figured that’d’ve happened earlier. Seems your cute little healing factor staved off the drop for a while. Good to know.” He tossed Peter a bag of caramels. “Shh, White, let me work my magic… Yeah, Yellow you tell that pompous box where it can go; I gotta focus on our sexpot of spidery goodness.”

“Don’t really want sweets,” Peter mumbled, tamping down his anger with sheer stubborn will.

Wade’s amused bark set off a spike of temper. “Did Daddy asked if you wanted sweets?”

“No, sir.” Peter ripped into the bag with his teeth, while Wade cleared his throat far too loudly. “Not happening, not calling you Daddy. I’m not playing—"

“We’ve depleted your stores, baby boy. Gonna need some quick calories to get you into better shape.”

“Better shape? Fuckin’ shape? You pure, unadulterated asshole! If you love me, how the fuck can you rip me apart, day after day, and be so goddamned happy to do it again and again until I’m nothing but a fucking shell?”

“Go sit on the couch and eat your caramels, baby boy.” Wade turned away. “I’ll go get a blank—"

Peter snagged his shoulder and spun him around. “Answer me, you sadistic sack of shit!” He heard the crunch of pulverizing bone but couldn’t force himself to care.

“Because you’re perfect.” The bigger man knelt to cling at Peter’s waist. “So very absolutely perfect. And I love ruining you, watching you shatter. Fuck, so sexy, all delicate and broken and sobbing like it’s the end—"

“Stop it. This shit is killing me.”

Though Peter refused to make eye contact, Wade smiled up at him. “So you’re gonna die in the
next five minutes?”

“No. You know what I mean.”

“Not sure I do, Petey-wheatie puddin’ pie. When should I call the ambulance? Or should I call a hearse?”

“Stop it. This is serious.” Legs rubbery, already exhausted by his own rage, he crashed to his knees as well.

“Never said it wasn’t. Drop is always serious.” Wade ran a gentle hand across his lover’s temple.

“Tell me, are you gonna die?”

“Eventually.”

“But not today?”

“Not today,” Peter admitted. His anger boiled away but his shame redoubled. A fat teardrop ran down his cheek, the treks overused and burning. “Not only do I let you, I like it. No, I fuckin’ love it. How sick is that?”

“’S okay to enjoy it, baby boy. You’re safe.” Wade crossed his arms and glared over Peter’s head.

“I can’t say I’ll never hurt you. It’s a lie and we both know it—Hell, I’m an ugly-ass murder machine, well, ex-murder machine. Mostly.” He shrugged.

Peter didn’t like that fact, but he didn’t have to like it. His presence in Wade’s life saved hundreds of lives, and he wasn’t arrogant enough to expect more. Though maybe he should be. Maybe he should expect more of Wade, more of life. More of himself. Oh, who was he kidding; with his Parker luck, this idiocy would leave him penniless, unemployed, and homeless by the end of the week. He knew better than to expect good things to last.

Hell, he sometimes wondered if this mad affair were a good thing at all. The constant flirting had been embarrassing. Peter hated it, hated how much he wanted someone to say those things to him, not Spidey. Wade never stopped relishing Peter’s humiliation. How could he have let the lunatic Olympics progress this far?

“I can’t even guarantee I’ll never try to unalive you again,” Wade continued, his own eyes glittery, “but so long as you have that Spidey-sense, you’ll feel us coming from a mile away.” He placed both hands on Peter’s shoulders and stared deep into his soul. “But I can promise I’ll always belong to you. Ugh, yes, we. All of us. …Fuck, I said it; now shut up!” The ex-merc shook off his annoyance and pulled their foreheads together. “You’re my most important everything.”

After a sweet moment, the muscular man pulled back. “Ready to sit on my fa—er, no—the couch and eat your caramels, sweetpea?”

“No. But I will.” He sulked as he made his way there and flopped into place.

Once ensconced on the couch with sugar and the softest fabric Peter had ever touched, he noticed Wade wore a spotless sky-blue Spider-man tee and dark jeans. “What’s with the fancy-shmancy?”

“Thought we’d go out tonight. Provided you wanna keep going.” An evil chuckle hung between them, a dark promise that this would be no regular meal. “After I tan that booty, I wanna take ya out on the town, show everyone what a pretty boy I got. Make ’em all jelly of this ugly motherfucker.”
Peter snorted. “You’re not ugly, Wade. You have cancer. They aren’t the same.”

“Don’t see any difference when I look in the mirror, baby boy.”

“Hey, don’t talk shit about my boyfriend.” He placed a butterfly-gentle kiss on Wade’s split lips. “You ever meet someone who’s kinda plain at first, but the more you get to know them, the hotter they get?”

“Um, yeah, I guess?”

“So you get hotter every single day.”

The corner of Wade’s lip quirked, even if he protested, “Seems I recall a distinct lack of nasty-ass, weeping sores yesterday.”

With his best unimpressed glare, Peter replied, “Cancer is not the same as ugly. Be nice to my boyfriend, or I’ll do something drastic. Dire, even.”

Wade grinned at the threat. “Like what, sweetiekins?”

“I’ll pineapple out and refuse to leave the house tonight.” Peter’s smirk announced his win.

Soft and indulgent, the bigger man said, “Drop ’em and assume the position, my peach cobbler ala mode with whipped cream and a cherry on top.”

*Why can’t I learn to lose once in a while?*

A painful eternity later the timer went off. Peter hurried from the corner to get dressed. His black skinny jeans and a Deadpool tee in pastel neon orange lay on the bed. Along with the yellow panties. He scooped them up and regarded them dubiously.

Wade hummed appreciatively along his neck. “Just think: the sting, the panties, all those eyes. Think they’ll notice, baby boy?”

“That I’m not actually into pastel goth? I should hope so!” Peter gasped at a sharp pinch to his battered backside. “No, Daddy, I don’t think they’ll look twice.”

“Mmm, but I want all their eyes glowin’ green. Mouths open. Afraid to breathe. Terrified to break your spell. Want them to stare, dicks rock hard, pussies drenched and clenching on nothing.” The yellow silk tugged from Peter’s grip, replaced with something fleshy and dense. “Want them to see you like we see you: Thirsty. Sexy. Holy.”

“Daddy, please!” Peter hit a desperate note.

“Oh, we do like it when you beg.”

“I’m begging; I am.” His mind scrambled for the magic words that would keep his lover from humiliating him in public. “Please, Daddy, please!”

“Well, since you ask so pretty…” Wade revealed the key and unlocked his cage.

Peter’s heart tried to climb out his throat. A smear of lube ran up his crack, and he yelped. Then his hands were empty.

“Don’t worry. The waistband on the panties will hold everything snug. No one sees that sweet bulge but me, baby boy.” He grumbled, “Fuck you; I wouldn’t let either of you bloody boxes if I
could stop ya.” With steady pressure Wade buried the toy inside the younger man’s quivering body. “Tonight they’ll all know you’re the embodiment of everything they’ve never experienced. And never will.” His low chuckle rippled across Peter’s goosebumped skin. “Lift your left foot … Right… There! Now isn’t that nice?”

Holy hell, Peter’s legs went spongy as the silk rustled over his hypersensitive everything. “Y-yes, Daddy. Too damned nice.”

“So you’re okay with this?”

He flushed so hard he thought he’d catch the room ablaze. “Yes, Daddy. Thank you, Daddy,” he answered, breathless as a midcentury sex kitten. He leaned to pick up his pants, releasing a blinding jolt of pleasure. “Not yet, not yet, not yet!”

“Oh, yeah, begging us to let you come while everyone watches. All the pants. Fuckin’ drools even.”

Whether the younger man whimpered because of Wade’s fantasy or his overwhelming mortification, he couldn’t decide. “Please, Daddy, ple-e-ease,” he gasped, hips rolling into the barely there stimulation before he could stop them.

“Fuck, Petey, you’re gonna make me cream my pants before we get out the door.”

“Daddy, I don’t think I can walk like this. And I sure as hell can’t get into those jeans.”

The bigger man cocked his head to one side, listening. “Baby boy, can you walk if you take my arm?”

“I dunno, Daddy, prob’ly?” Peter latched onto his elbow. “How does that help?”

“Good boys don’t need to understand; good boys just need to obey.” Wade led him to the kitchen and lifted him to sit on the counter. “Yeah, I know I didn’t think it through. Fuck off.” He reached for the waistband of the panties.

A simple brush over silk, and an electric heat shot up Peter’s spine. His whine came out wrecked. Body rigid, Wade let out a debauched moan and squeezed both eyes closed. He hitched once, twice, a third time. Then he stood stock still, not even breathing.

“Wade? Are you—?”

“He knows that never happens, you brainless boil on a boar’s ballsack.”

Brows knit in concern Peter asked, “What never hap—? Oh!” He bit his lip, blushing furiously, shamed by his own egotistic pleasure in his lover’s premature reaction. “Ohhh.”

“Better wipe that satisfied smirk off your face, baby boy, or it’s the only one you’ll be getting tonight.”

Peter bit his lip, desperate to hide his amusement. “I didn’t think you meant you were about to jizz.”

“Huh, so what the hell does ‘cream my pants’ mean in your world, Petey-pie?”

“I thought it was hyperbole!” He laughed, couldn’t help himself.
“Oh, yuk it up. Let’s see how funny you think this is.” Light and fast Wade ran a knuckle across the straining silk.

Peter groaned lewdly. “Fuuuck.”

“’S what I thought.” Lips almost touching his erection, Wade informed him, “I put you here to suck you off before we left, but, well, now, I dunno…”

Voice husky, the smaller man leaned back, hips rising of their own volition. “Please, Daddy, let me come. I’ll be the most obedient, most adoring, most enticing little twink all damned night if you’ll just give me the tiniest bit of relief now. Please. I’m begging, Daddy.” He slid forward to wrap around Wade. “Just let me come. Let me hump your leg, the table, any fucking thing. Just please please please don’t make me endure this all night.” He whimpered as his eyes overflowed. “Please, Daddy. It already hurts so much. And it’s so sensitive I’m afraid your boy will fuck up if a stiff breeze hits it. And fuck I want to be so, so good for you, Daddy. Just for you. I don’t wanna fuck up again—”

“Shh, shh, baby boy. Daddy’s got you. I promise Daddy’s got you.” Wade drew Peter to his feet, slid off the panties, and returned him to the counter. “Daddy wants to taste you so bad right now. Just relax.”

Weak with relief Peter contorted to prop against the wall between the counter and the cabinet. He chanted a steady stream of gratitude. Damp warmth enveloped him. A firm suck, a skillful tongue along his frenulum, his appreciation didn’t stop at the first pulse of his release nor at the loss of Wade’s mouth as he spilled across his own abs. “Thank you so, so much, Daddy. I’ve never been so happy to nut in my life, and I’m so, so glad you’re a sweet, kind Daddy. So glad you’re—”

Wade hummed his own appreciation as he licked his lips. “Hush now, baby boy. It’s time to get dressed or we’ll miss our reservations.” He chuckled low and sultry. “Put on a bit of eyeliner for Daddy. Them fiery eyes burn brighter in the dark.”

“Are you quoting The Hunger Games at me?” Peter scoffed in mock offense. “Self-sacrifice only to survive at the expense of innocents to start a faux revolution?” He clapped his hands to his face, mimicking his lover. “Oh, how brave!”

“Hey, I was watchin’ for the weapons. Thought you of all people could respect doin’ a little research, baby boy.” The bigger man punctuated his words with little bounce and flick.

“Riiight.” Peter giggled anyway, joining the dance with a grind against one bulky thigh. “My name is Wade Wilson and I love what I do.”

A less perceptive man wouldn’t have caught the way Wade’s gaze flick away for a microsecond. “Rather I quote Beyoncé? You can change your whole attitude by just doing your eyeliner or lipstick differently. Never forget that, Petey; perfect eyeliner’s worth its weight in bling.” One big hand on a cocked hip, the other raised like the spout of teapot, he started in on the Single Ladies moves.

They could deal with Wade’s grief after Peter submitted his photos on Saturday. This was playtime, so rather than spoil the mood, Peter swung his hips broadly, making bunny ears at the side of his head.

“Whathe, the Caramelldancen. Let’s dance. And by dance I don’t mean kill each other.”

“Reservations,” he reminded. “I gotta dress.”
“Fine,” Wade huffed. “But we pick up where we left off when we get back.”

Peter pressed their lips together and smacked loudly as he pulled away. “Yes, Daddy.” While the bigger man tugged on a sports jacket, infuriatingly announcing “I’m ready,” he jammed himself into his clothes in a blur. When he had both shoes tied, he stood, slipped on his own jacket, and took his lover’s arm.

“Forgetting something, baby boy? Tiger’s gotta have eyeliner.”

Once they were on their way, Wade led them through the streets on foot to an older neighborhood and stopped in front of a grand art nouveau hotel that’d had a complete modernization overhaul just three years earlier.

Peter gawped when his boyfriend opened the door. “The Blasted Heath?” Awed he stepped inside. “She’s as magnificent as everyone said. How’d you even get reservations here; it’s sold out weeks in advance.”

Wade bent his head and ran a hand down his neck. “See they… the renovation… such a massive passion project, and well, they needed money, and—” He stopped talking when a hard kiss added a second tongue to his mouth, resuming upon its removal “—So Elaine and Diane run the place; I just kinda technically own it.” He tugged at the collar of his jacket. “And they still won’t let me in without this damned thing.”

A woman in a sparkling, beaded cocktail dress swirled out from the hostess’s stand, a Venetian mask covering her face. “Mr. Wilson! Everything is ready for you and your guest!” She held out a white mask studded with iridescent cranberry and cobalt pearls to Peter, and once he was covered, she handed him one with metallic black and ruby swirls. With a nod she indicated he should place it on his boyfriend. “I’m Diane, but a sweet little chipmunk like you can call me anytime you want—what a looker, big guy.”

After introductions she beckoned them deeper inside. “I arranged you in the speakeasy. Mary Alice will be your waitress today. She’s a dream. Well, my dream. And a wet one at that. Hot as a two-dollar pistol. I swear I’d do her in a heartbeat, but Elaine seems to think it’d be rude to cheat on her…”

Though impressed that Diane could almost match Wade’s flirt and speed, Peter listened only enough to be polite, entranced by the building: Prismatic crystal, fanciful columns, curving wrought iron, stained glass. Jewel tones so deep he could fall in, trimmed with delicate pastels in monotone gradients. Velvet, braid, tapestries. Marble baseboards barely shy of his knees. Organic florals, repeating shells, dramatic sweeps, biological illustrations. He could spend days just wandering the halls.

A portrait’s eyes followed him across the room, and he turned back to get a better look. Mixed medium, he decided, a black and white photo retouched with thinned paints.

“That’s the blasted General Heath Merriweather, himself.” Diane brushed a perfectly manicured finger down his forearm. “Lost everything in the stock market crash. Cost lots of people their life savings. Hung himself up in—”

Wade tugged Peter forward. “We can take the grand tour when we’re not on a schedule, sweetcheeks.”
“Yes, sir.” He checked for a negative reaction, deciding Wade would allow the address.

They turned left into a crowded bar with a distinct railway-baron aesthetic. On the stage a five-piece band played softly. Diane led them forward until Peter feared they’d be eating in the spotlight. As it was the table sat in an odd arrangement. A few feet from their table Wade held a chair, which faced the room. The other chair faced it, knee-to-knee—with my chair.

“Mary Alice is coming with your food. Need anything else, my precious sugar daddy?” Diane pinched Wade’s cheek. As Peter replayed those two words more than once, he sat oh so very obediently.

Wade chuckled. “Nah. We’re fine. Go make us some money.”

“You too.” She waved over her shoulder as she walked away.

Ahead the masked crowd whispered with mild interest as if Wade and Peter were the next entertainers to take the stage. Are we?

Peter asked, “Um, Wade, how am I supposed to feed myself if I can’t reach the table?”

“You aren’t. Duh.” He leaned to ask against Peter’s ear, “Sitting comfortably?”

“Lil’ sore.” Peter hoped that was what he meant as he watched the crowd watching him.

Wade’s crooked, sharp grin made his stomach drop below his feet. “Good.”

A thrum inside the younger man’s body jolted him upright. He could hear the motors of the plug, though surely the band drowned out the noise for everyone else.

Peter couldn’t process this. Hell, he could barely keep from passing out.

“You’re not in your suit. This is a different mask altogether. Own it.”

He swallowed but managed not to bolt. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Everyone here wants to either be you or have you.”

They all studied him as Wade held out a bite of food. At a prod against his lips, he opened his mouth. The savory item his lover placed inside had an odd texture he couldn’t place. Because he couldn’t think.

A nudge at his solar plexus and he gasped a deep breath. When the vibrations stopped, he fought to hold himself upright.

“Squid bubble and squeak,” Wade informed.

Eyelids crushed together, vision choked off to recover, he replied, “S good, Daddy.” His diaphragm quivered before relenting. Another draw of air…

Not just the people but the entire room itself sighed as Wade place another bite in his mouth. Leery of choking, he chewed carefully. A stemmed glass materialized in his grasp, and he took care to sip.

“Open those windows so the people can see you’re home.”

The vibe inside of him pulsed, and his eyes flew open. His spectators gasped in unison at his quick
They know?

Everyone here came to witness Wade tease him relentlessly? When he and Wade had discussed exhibitionism, he’d imagined the fear of being caught in a semi-public place, not this, oh Thor’s hammer, not this. Not being on display while his body responded to Wade, an eager audience in attendance.

Table laden with food, their meal continued one bite at the time. Peter’s hands rested uselessly atop the thick linen napkin in his lap. So this is what it is to be paralyzed with fear. At least all I have to do is open my mouth, chew, and swallow. Been practicing that all my life.

Except he was also rocking on the plug inside his tender ass, the motion soothing but the sensation erotic. His cock throbbed so intensely it hurt. His nipples dragged against his shirt with each shaky, uncertain respiration. Swimmy-headed, the ache inside him grew to a delectable anguish.

Despite his mask, his arousal certainly had to be conspicuous to all the people frozen at their cleared tables. When he parted his lips another bite, several people moaned. To his hypersensitive ears it sounded like an orgy.

Wade told him, “Some lady behind me is coming already.”

She was far from the only one struggling to be discrete; Peter counted a dozen with hands down their pants for certain. These people were willing to abandon their manners and break the law to masturbate while he was being hand fed? They couldn’t even see his face!

“Empowering, ain’t it?”

Is it? He did like inspiring such an intense reaction. “Yes, Daddy.” Everyone saw those words on his lips; everyone knew he was submitting to his lover.

Mortified but aroused beyond measure, Peter mewled in his desperation.

“A little longer, baby boy. You don’t wanna miss dessert; Elaine made it special for us.” Wade glared to one side before hissing, “We’re marinating in pheromones, what do you expect?” He snickered. “Then let’s rob that pharmacy with a hammer.”

Wade placed the first taste of dessert in his mouth. Airy, more sour than sweet, a citrus note, hints of liqueur, Peter adored the decadent concoction.

As he savored the flavor, vibrations resumed inside him with a pulsing pattern. He flat out moaned.

Fork at his lips again, he parted them. With the burst of tang and crème over his tongue, the erratic vibrations surged in power. Stifling a wanton cry he rocked in his chair. Every living being in the room panted with him.

A third bite, intensified pleasure jittered at his core. He trembled on the cusp. Beg, damn you, beg! Who cares what they hear, beg Daddy’s permission to come.

When he opened his lips, another forkful of dessert burst across his taste buds. Inside him the vibrations absolutely thumped. He clutched the rails of the chairback to resist the temptation to stroke himself to completion but couldn’t still his hips.

“Daddy—!” He whimpered as the slide of silk brought him to climax.

“Aww, Petey-pie, Daddy didn’t say.” Wade chuckled fondly as the smaller man slumped.
In the sea of white masks, breathless awe gave way to respectful applause.

A marathon wouldn’t have exhausted Peter this much. Every inch of him hurt, and his weariness sank bone deep. Wordless he sobbed as the crowd trickled from the room.

“Hey, Petey, you okay?” Wade clutched his shoulder. “Speak to me, baby boy.”

“’S alright.”

“Peter?” Voice tight with worry the grip on his shoulder turned crushing.

“It’s okay, Wade, just tired. Wasn’t expecting a circle jerk with dozens of masked strangers tonight.”

The bigger man gave a hearty laugh. “So who did you expect to join your circle jerk, baby boy?”

Peter slipped into his lap and rested his head against that broad chest. “Just you.” He sighed, content but overtired. “Daddy?”

“Hmm?”

“Carry me home?” He played small and helpless in Wade’s arms.

“Not tonight, sweet prince.”

He huffed in annoyance, so certain Daddy would indulge him. “Okay, Daddy. Thank you anyway.”

“Ask me what question you should have asked.”

He grinned against the bigger man’s neck, already overwhelmed since he thought he maybe knew the answer but didn’t dare hope to be right. “Daddy, what question should I have asked?”

“You should have asked if I’d carry you to our room.”

Peter most certainly did not squeal like a schoolgirl in Wade’s arms. Schoolgirls couldn’t screech that high. No one stayed at The Blasted Heath, not ever, the place considered cursed. The general offed himself before his luxury hotel opened, and no one wanted to pour money into it when the wealthy were taking such a hit.

Peter stared expectantly at the bigger man. After a few moments, he realized his error. “Will you carry me to our room, Daddy?”

“ équipé.” He clutched Peter’s hand as the smaller man deflated. “Not yet, baby boy. It’s not ready.” With a glance to the side, his brow furrowed. “Well I thought this was better than the ending we planned. And so does Yellow. So zip it, you hairy mole on a whore’s hole.”

With a giggle Peter straddled him. “What did you plan?”

“When you were good n’ beggin’, I was gonna toss you over my shoulder and sweep you away.” He lit with mischief as he pulled the smaller man’s hand to his lap and gave a playful thrust. “But then my bad boy came without my permission. So now we have to squeeze in your next punishment. Somehow.” His laugh had a cruel edge that curled Peter’s toes. “So how bout you explore the downstairs while I explain to Diane what I need?”

With a nervous swallow Peter slid to his feet. “Yes, Daddy.”
“Stick to the first floor, and I’ll be back before you know it.”

A stinging smack on his ass sent Peter sashaying to the door, hips swinging in a definite tease. Hmm, he’d start with the botanical illustrations. They looked to be original drawings of fractal-like microscopic marine life by Ernest Haeckel, not priceless but rare. While he studied the tiny glass fractals left by long-dead diatoms, a boisterous crowd poured from the ballroom as a modernized Midsummer’s Night ended. That was what he envisioned as Wade opened the front door, and he still wanted to see the play.

Curious, Peter slipped into the gilded space while staff in retro evening dress stacked clear chairs. The oversized chandelier at the center of the room cast everything in dizzying color. He turned his back on the overbearing stimulus to find a frieze in gold and black wrapped around the room. A small plaque at eye level announced, Desra of the Egyptians: A Romance of the Earlier Centuries by Ethel Black Kealing. The first panel showed a crowned man walking through a garden with domed buildings in relief behind him; the second, the same man sat on a throne atop a leopard patterned rug. Two dozen panels later, he reached a battle scene showing the king’s warriors falling to their attackers.

“A-ha, sugar daddy’s lost princeling!” Diane tutted. “We thought we’d misplaced you!”

Peter shrugged. “Got caught up in the frieze.”

“The Battle of Pelusium.” She nodded to the panel he studied, then slipped her arm through his elbow, and guided him back to the hallway. “It’s not entirely hogwash, but no pussies are that magical.”

Even to his own senses, Peter seemed to be leading her, but he had no intent to leave the story unfinished. He glanced over his shoulder.

“There you are, baby boy!” Wade’s laugh boomed.

Peter jerked to face forward. His upcoming punishment made him nervous that he’d done something wrong, even though he’d been perfectly obedient. “Hi, Daddy.”

“Do you sweet things need anything else? Maybe a third and a fourth for the night?”

Wade leered. “Oh, honeybunch, not to night. Raincheck?”

“Always, stud.” She left them just outside the ballroom.

“Dark as the inside of a cow. Vacuous evil beasts.” He shivered in distaste as he held up a pair of black goggles with flat black lenses. “The paint kept separating so we finally covered the lenses with black paper. …Yes, at White’s suggestion.”

“Thank you, White.” Peter held still while the bigger man cut off his sight.

Wade led. This time Peter had no illusion of control. He followed, meek as a virgin. Metal ratcheted as an elevator screen opened. They stepped inside. Up they went, soon jerking to a halt. They stepped out, footsteps muffled by thick carpet underfoot. After a bit of fumbling at the door, Wade led him into a smaller room.

“Strip down and sit on the bed.” Wade placed Peter’s hand on a tapered wooden post.

Even with enhanced senses Peter couldn’t hear the ex-merc, but he knew the big man watched. He made a show of removing and folding his tee and jeans. The silk panties clung to him, in need of a
wash, so he dropped them by his feet, away from the rest of his clothes. He sat. The fabric under him had the distinct softness of an item Wade purchased, and he sighed.

“Did you have fun with the book club, Petey?”

“Book club?”

“Well, normally we spend Maughty Movel Mondays”—Wade relied on mnemonics to cope with his memory issues, so he only had to learn the day of the week to know where he should go—“reading something erotic, but we made an exception for you. I think you were a hit. Even Mary Alice was gobsmacked. And she works for Diane.”

“I never even saw her.” A water bottle pressed into his hand. Parched, he downed the contents in two gulps.

Wade snickered as he sat beside him. “Suppose you were a bit busy. A bit too busy. Over the lap, baby boy.”

Peter didn’t mean to protest, but the words came unbidden. “No fair. I was overwhelmed! I was set up.”

“Not set up, ass up, Petey-pie.”

He complied with a shiver. Maybe a whine. Maybe a few pathetic whimpers for good measure, if anyone were keeping tabs.

“Tell ya what, scream my name when you screw up, and your punishment won’t be as bad.”

For a whole year he refrained, but now he asked, “Why shouldn’t I always call you Wade?”

“Mindset. Now quit dawdling before you earn worse.”

“Sorry, Daddy.” Peter settled across the warm lap, his legs and head supported by the bed. “Please, just, I’m—” A feathery brush across his ass made him gasp.

“Still don’t trust me, baby boy? I’m hurt.”

Though Peter trembled, the touch remained gentle. Scarred hands massaged over the bruising until he turned pliant. The first smack wasn’t painful, nor the dozens afterward. He ached from the accumulation, but he wasn’t on the edge of screaming like he’d anticipated.

Wade lifted the smaller man into his arms. “I’m gonna lead you to the corner, and you’re gonna stay til I come to get you, right, baby boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

Peter sensed the walls more than felt them as his feet landed on the carpet. A cold chain dropped over his head and cinched loosely but loudly around his neck. “A reminder to say put. The wall hook is open, or you can slip outta the chain. Do you want some more water, sweetie?”

He was still parched from panting along with the book club. “Yes, Daddy.”

“B-R-B.” That chuckle punched Peter in the stomach.

“No timer?”
“Nope.”

Peter drank the water like a civilized human, one swallow at the time with a breath in between.

Wade took the empty from him. “Hands over your head. Good. Now be still and quiet for Daddy.”

Once five minutes had passed, Peter made a questioning noise in case Wade had fallen asleep or just forgot him. No reply. At tenish, he called out, “Daddy?”

“I’m here. Now be quiet.” Wade unmuted his phone anyway, and Peter could hear that he was on the bed.

Mind bored, he waited. And waited. His bladder got heavy, and he whimpered to remind Wade he existed. A few minutes later, he asked, “Daddy, may your boy go pee?”

“Absolutely, baby boy.”

Peter waited some more. Nothing happened. Since Daddy took off anything Daddy put on, then…

“I can’t pee here, Wade! It’ll ruin the carpet! And the wallpaper!” He could just imagine what Diane and Elaine might want in recompense!

“Quiet, sweetiekins, or Daddy’ll toss you back over his knee.” Wade continued pecking at his phone. “You don’t want to earn a second punishment right now. We won’t go easy on you.”

Mind scrabbling for a way out, Peter bit his tongue to keep from cursing Wade up one side and down the other. His need grew, but he resisted the urge a while longer. “Daddy, Wade, please! I gotta go pee!”

“I know, baby.” His phone continued to blip.

He held on, even as the dilemma grew painful. “Wade, this isn’t sane! You’ve gotta let me go pee!”

“Baby boy, I told you already: you’re free to pee whenever you wanna. Now stop complaining before you earn another punishment.”

He could pineapple out, disobey, or piss. A dribble escaped his control and ran warm down his inner thigh. After stopping the flow, he held back for another heartbeat. No use, the need overtook his will. Whether he wanted to piss or not, he was peeing and moaning sinfully in his relief.

Peter sagged into the wall. Then he was crying, though he couldn’t say why.

“‘S alright, Petey.” Wade lifted the goggles. “Everything’s covered in plastic except that carpet scrap under your feet.” Naked, he hefted Peter into a bridal carry. “C’mon. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Soaping himself in a deep, claw-footed tub while Wade stood in the shower spray, Peter tried to remember what he’d marked as interesting on Wade’s overwhelming list of kinks. Too much to predict what else he has in store. He huffed.

The fogged bathroom left an impression of the sea, the bath products emitted a distinct brine undernote. Their room had a Hawaiian motif with pineapples carved into the posts of the bed and the center of both nightstand drawers. Live vines crawled over the thatched accent wall, where the closed window showed a view of palm trees skirting a serene bay. The turned corner of the crimson bedspread revealed hibiscus patterned sheets. For all the world, Peter could believe he was
vacationing in a tropical paradise.

Wade placed lei of real hibiscus flowers over his lover’s head. “Mmm, Hawaii… Yeah, we should take him to that safehouse. But we ain’t leavin’ this room tonight.”

“How much real estate do you own?” Before bootcamp the question would have sounded intrusive and gold-digging. Now he wanted to know everything about the man he loved.

“Couldn’t tell ya. Remember different things on different days, do different stuff in different story lines. It’s all a jumble.” He pulled the smaller man into a bear hug, dangling feet grazing the vivid aquamarine carpet. “White says Weasel has the deeds and my will.” After a small but loud kiss, he asked, “So want a break? Let you fuck Daddy tonight like normal? Or…” He held up the cock cage.

“So intense after you let me out.” Peter hummed in contentment. “I’m enjoying this way more than I expected. Go ahead and lock me away.”

“Your wish, baby boy.” That accomplished, Wade lifted him, and his legs wrapped around the bigger man’s waist. “Time to resume the tease. And it’s gonna be a lot longer this time. Beg pretty for me.”
Day 5

Chapter Summary

More of the same. Come get it while it's hot.

Peter woke with his boyfriend twined around him, actually sleeping for once. Moving slowly he took a full minute to extract himself. He padded in silence to the bathroom. Once he stripped out of his pyjamas, because of course Wade packed the monstrosity, he studied his bruised backside in the generous bath mirror. He prodded a dark mark only to be rewarded with a dull throb. No one session had done much damage, but the cumulative effect left him with faded bruises even after a full night of healing. Caged cock straining in its confines, he aimed carefully to pee, as a deep gratitude settled in his bones for this simple act that he’d taken for granted his entire life.

He brushed his teeth to be minty fresh when Wade awoke. The smaller man could feel the phantom weight over his tongue, and he wanted nothing more than to drop to his knees for his lover. Longed to feel him, taste him, please him. Choke on him.

Careless with the toothbrush, he sputtered and spit.

“Mmm, yeah, even when he’s brushing his teeth.” Wade sidled up behind him and wrapped an arm across the smaller man to pull him snugly flush. “Gag for me, baby.”

Peter flashed an unimpressed grimace at the bigger man, though he swished his rear against the morning wood that greeted him.

“Choke on that toothbrush. I want you to feel me in everything you do. Every time you brush your teeth, I want you to think of me.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter refrained from telling him he was already fantasizing about the ex-merc. Instead he ran the toothbrush back until it grazed the sensitive tissues of his throat. A moment later he heaved as he yanked it free.

“Fuck yeah, he does. Again!” Wade hunched against him.

Peter blinked innocent doe eyes. “Wanna choke on you, Daddy. Wanna taste you. Please?”

A massive hand shoved him to his knees on the tile. “Then do it, baby boy; gag on me.”

They both groaned as Peter sucked him deep. That hand kept him from pulling back, so he swallowed around Wade’s hard-on while the bigger man squeezed a curl of toothpaste onto his own toothbrush. At Peter’s moan, he was released to continue his oral gymnastics. Pleasing his lover, denying himself, he hummed happily, this contentment unexpected. He didn’t ponder that too closely. Instead he suckled the head, then sucked down the girth, relishing how heavy it felt, how it filled his senses. He set up a steady rhythm, then pulled away, teasing with quick flicks of
his tongue, before repeating the process.

By the fifth tease, Wade growled with enough passion to raise the hairs on Peter’s arms. The bigger man grabbed his head with both hands and fucked into his mouth only a few strokes. “On your feet, puddin’ pie Pete.”

Loud and sloppy, Peter pulled free. He stood and met Wade’s heated gaze. “Anything for you, Daddy.” He couldn’t stop the wicked smile on his swollen lips.

“Nuh-uh-uh, no distracting Daddy from your morning tanning. This is gonna be a special one.” He chuckled low and dangerous. “Go lean over the bed and present that perfect bubble booty.”

“Gladly, Mr. Wilson.” Peter hoped the low, sultry words conveyed his full and complete joy. As he sashayed away, his body practically hummed in anticipation of Wade shattering his mind.

“Fifteen is too our lucky number!” Wade harrumphed. “Then it will be in about ten minutes, you jackbooted box.”

Patient, eyes closed, Peter waited. “Hurt me,” he whispered into the ether.

“My absolute delight, baby boy.”

On the first smack, he recognized the hairbrush. By the tenth, he remembered how badly it stung. He panted, letting the pain wash over him and recede, even as each strike grew more powerful. Strangled noises squeezed from him as he fought for control against his instincts. He’d never been particularly masochistic before, but today, in this moment he wanted only one thing: “More, Daddy, hurt me more.”

A low rasp and a hard smack answered him.

As a deep yearning fell silent, Peter relinquished all control and surrendered to the moment. With each bolt of electric fire, his body tensed, then slowly eased, only for the next strike to jolt him. Thoughts hushed, his world dissolved into nothing but the lightning of Wade’s affection. The pain rose higher with each strike, requiring more and more of Peter’s emotional resources to accept. He wasn’t crying—at least he didn’t think so—yet Wade had never etched so much anguish into his flesh.

“Thank you, Daddy; please, don’t stop.” Should he say that out loud? Was it too late now?

A glorious peace opened inside him, but he couldn’t find the word to name it. Absolution? Numbly he turned the word over in his mind. Benediction? When the proper word wouldn’t come, he released that urge as well, allowing his curious, voracious mind to still for the first time he could remember.

No, this time his body was the insatiable one, taking all his lover would give and hungering for more. Greedy. He floated over himself and never wanted to return to his skin, which pulsed with heat between sharp spikes of agony. He begged and whined, just the way his boyfriend liked. Though jerking from each impact, he never retreated, eager for that next wretched blossom of pain.

“Yeah, I thought he’d hate it too. Mmm, so red. Fire hot, fire burns.” Wade spoke to his boxes in a subdued hush. “Damn, you’re right. Nice against my thighs.” He yanked his lover back and shoved in to the hilt.

In perfect surrender, Peter trembled from the violent and sudden breach that filled him to overflowing. Helpless against the onslaught, he allowed his body to be rent. Each thrust slammed
his tortured flesh, but he met Wade’s passion with a dark joy. Pleasure strummed through him, making him vibrate along with the electric arcs of bright pain. He existed only in the heart of this storm.

Wade’s heave brought Peter to perfect stillness as the bigger man emptied inside him.

Winded, his lover dropped atop him without withdrawing. “So tell me, baby boy, you ready to ride again?”

Words came only with great effort. “No, sir. Please not yet.” He needed a few minutes to heal.

“Perfect. So why are we doing this, baby boy?”

Peter wanted to scream and bite, wail and kick. He settled for tossing Wade off him. “Fuck you. I don’t have a fuckin’ clue.”

“Just give it a try?”

“To see how completely you can destroy me before I balk? To prove how completely fucked up we are? To train me to obey? To ensure I could never respect another lover?”

Wade gave a mirthful laugh from the floor. “But you’re enjoying bootcamp?”

No matter how badly Peter would prefer not to answer, he replied, “I resent loving it this much. I don’t know how I’ve lived this long without you tearing me down. It’s overwhelming and terrifying and absolutely fucking amazeballs.” He crossed his arms. “I hate it.”

“But you love it more?”

Peter flopped over the unmade bed. “So much more.” As his world spiraled further from his control, he wondered when the ax would fall and all this would topple down to bury him.

“Good. We’re through with happy-fun spanks and perfect-ass fuck, so we now return to your regularly scheduled wakey spanks.”

Peter stared at him incredulous, barely daring to breathe. Confusion overrode his outrage. He didn’t know what to do, what to say, so he settled his body into position. “Thank you for the sexy spanking and the hard fuck, Daddy. May your boy have his wakey spanks now, please sir?”

“Such a good boy for me.”

Wade didn’t take it easy on him. The barehanded swats came fast and relentless. It hurt and Peter bawled.

The bigger man didn’t even slow as he asked, “What’s the matter?”

_”I’m getting a second spanking within minutes of waking, and I didn’t even fuck up? “Hurts.”_ Peter whimpered, his nose running even as his tears again ran freely down his cheeks. “Hurts so so damned much, Daddy.”

“Yes, it does, baby, but can you endure another minute or two?”

Peter trembled, tempted to say no. “Please, Daddy, don’t stop until I’m begging.”

“No can do, Petey-pie.” He kept up the fire as he asked, “How ’bout you start begging, and Daddy stops when he’s damned good and ready?”
“Yes, Daddy.” Well aware that he’d just been called dangerously willful, he did as he was told, eager to show his mastery over his stubborn streak. “It hurts so much! Too much, Daddy! Please stop!” He poured every iota of his remaining energy into his pleas for leniency, kindness, forgiveness, any end to his suffering. Hell, it did hurt more than he’d bargained for, and he did want this excessive agony to end. So he begged in earnest desperation and trusted Wade to decide when he’d had enough.

“My hand won’t be able to sit for a week,” Wade commented as he guided Peter to his feet. “Into your corner, baby boy.”

With the urine-soaked carpet from the night before long gone, Peter slipped the chain around his neck and placed the loose end on the hook. There. Obedient, not willful. That’ll show the big asshole who’s in control of himself.

“Mmm, Yellow, I couldn’t have said it better.” Wade dragged a dainty wrought iron stool behind Peter. “Too bad we had to cage his plumage.”

At a feathery wisp fluttering between his shoulders, Peter’s muscles bunched and shivered. He fought to remain statue-still, but his body refused, jerking from the tickle despite his wishes otherwise. His ass clenched as well, stoking the pain, making him long to rub away the intense, unrelenting sting. Stubborn to the end he kept his arms over his head.

“You can’t make him not—oh, White, fig newtons, that oughta be illegal. He’s gonna love it.” Wade stood abruptly. “Stay right here; I need to see a dog about a pineapple!”

Then Wade was gone.

Peter wished he’d seen his boyfriend’s expression, wished he’d gotten some hint of what to expect. Instead he stood, waiting and wondering. A minute ticked by, then two. He let his mind go blank. The pain repeatedly drew his attention, but he accepted it and let it recede again.

As his hand reached to soothe his seared booty, Wade burst into the room. “Sorry I was—no, no, Petey, don’t touch that ass, or I’ll hafta start over!” He bustled closer. “You didn’t rub it, did you?”

“No, Daddy, but it stings like hell.”

“Good. Now to add a fig into the mix.”

Wade pulled him from his corner and slid a small plug into Peter.

“Now let’s lay down and wait for the burn, baby boy.” Wade hissed, “Of course it isn’t a fig, nitwit. You watched me carve a ginger root.”

Fifteen minutes later the feather brushed down Peter’s bare back again, and true to Wade’s word, the ginger’s heat surged when he tensed. “Da-a-addy.” He whimpered, pathetic and broken. “Hurts so much.”

“Shh, hush now. It’s gonna hurt, and you’re gonna accept it.”

Peter consider that proclamation and determined it true. “Yes, Daddy. I’ll hurt as much as you want me to hurt.”

“There’s my good brave boy!”

Peter’s responsibilities spooled out in his mind. “But, Daddy, I’m gonna be late for work again,
and I can’t lose—"

Wade trailed the feather down his spine. “Daddy took care of it; Tin Can gave you the day off.”

Mr. Stark! A razor-edged panic settled into Peter’s stomach. Wade couldn’t just call Peter out of work for sex games, and Stark wasn’t his immediate supervisor. By drawing attention to Peter, he was as good as outing Spider-man.

Peter held his tongue and let this too wash over him. Once the initial urge to scream had faded, he debated damage control for Spidey’s identity and ways to keep Peter’s job a safe distance from Deadpool.

*Prob’ly far too late now.*

Wade slapped his ass.

His muscles tightened. A high whimper followed as he burned inside and out. “Daddy, please! Please don’t make me clench!”

“Normally, I’d be all for that—Daddy likes giving you exactly what you want, baby boy—but bad boys get punished.”

“Punished? But…?” He’d been so enthusiastic and obedient. “For what?”

Wade replied in a heated rumble against his ear, “Tried to get around a question you didn’t like, baby boy? Tsk, tsk. Didn’t think Daddy would see the relief written all over your face?”

Peter’s mouth worked while he searched for his voice. “I just wanted you to hurt me.”

“Oh, I did—ruined that porcelain perfection, my marks on every inch.” With a possessive leer the retired killer scoffed. “Can’t say Deadpool doesn’t service top like a pro. Well, I mean you can, but it’s a lie—point is you thought you got one over on Daddy.”

Peter didn’t believe he’d earned this punishment, wanted to fight the injustice, but he recognized a losing battle. Hanging his head, craning to expose his neck, the smaller man displayed his submission. “I’m sorry, Daddy. I didn’t want to fail again.”

Wade hummed, petting his boy’s hair. A gentle knuckle lifted the smaller man’s chin. “’S alright, Petey. Doesn’t change today: all punishments and no funishments.” He huffed. “And I had so much planned!”

“I’m sorry. Thank you, Daddy, for caring enough to correct your boy.”

“Fu-u-uck. The way you’re bitin’ your lip. That fuckin’ blush. That innocent face, Petey. You sure—Dammit I know he’s not really an angel, but look at him, White! Just look! And that angel’s fuckin’ mine. …No, Yellow, we can’t wear his skin. …Hmm? …Oh, shit yeah. I don’t think he can do it.”

As the fire inside him grew, Peter spun his head to look over his shoulder.

An evil smirk spread across Wade’s scarred and puckered features. “Yes, yes, and then to really punish him when he fails!”

Peter almost didn’t want to ask. “Fail at what?”

“You didn’t say Daddy, baby boy. Don’t think that’ll matter today.” With a dark chuckle he pulled
Peter’s hip against his ever-eager erection. “Since you thought Daddy forgot part of your bootcamp and didn’t tell him, you can keep that sexy, luscious, sinful mouth shut. …Well, duh, ‘when he’s not sucking Daddy’s fat cock’ is just implied.”

The words Yes, Daddy died on Peter’s tongue. He could do this.

Wade cackled as he stroked the younger man’s bruises. “For the next eight hours, me and the boxes will be doing all the talkin’, my sweet little chickadee. Want a gag to help you?”

Peter shook his head no. He knew he was going to regret that, but he did everything the hard way, no reason to switch it up now.

“Perfect. In that case you get to leave this room today.” Head cocked to one side, Wade nodded. “Then let’s get our baby boy dressed for breakfast.” He paused to work the root inside Peter while tapping and flicking his cage. “Yes, some nice bespoke gear. Never know when macramé will come in handy.”

Within minutes he had a rope harness cinched tight around Peter’s torso. “Through the legs, around the thighs, twice, and again. Back up. Under, over, under, over—Because then we couldn’t take him out and show him off, now could we? …Because the rest of the world didn’t consent, you leaky douchecanoe—Pull it snug. Three around the upper arm… Other arm…” He fussed at the ropes until they lay in symmetry. “Voila! A masterpiece!” He kissed his fingertips like an Italian chef. “Yes, the mirror! Go lookie-lookie, Petey-pie!” He smacked his boy on the rump.

Ass blazing inside and out, Peter obeyed. He gaped at himself, trying to ignore the tiny flame of vanity. Pupils blown and body hard used, he looked every bit the absolute fuck bunny, exactly as Wade portrayed him. Red rope wound tightly from his pecs to his waist, effectively corseting him. Overtop that blue ropes knotted and twined, accenting his ass and lithe limbs.

“Nah, let’s save that for next time.” Wade stood behind him and flashed a toothy grin. “Knock knock.”

Peter glared.

“Marco?” The bigger man smirked harder.

Peter fought to keep a straight face but ultimately broke into a fond smile. With so much he wanted to say, he knelt to let his mouth convey his gratitude the only way it could.

“Sweet of you to offer,” the ex-merc said, fucking into Peter’s willing mouth, “but we’re running behind. Get up and get dressed.” He didn’t stop. When Peter braced on his tree trunk thighs and pushed, Wade pulled him back by his hair. “Better hop to, baby boy. Don’t dawdle. You’re already in sooo much trouble.”

Oh, and Peter was in trouble. He wanted to beg Wade to remove that infernal ginger fig. Instead the bigger man controlled him by a handful of hair, taking his pleasure at his own leisurely pace while he chattered incessantly with the boxes. At last he used both hands to steady Peter as he forced three… four… five last thrusts deep enough to gag the smaller man, make him whimper. At the first spurt he sputtered, then swallowed again and again to keep from choking.

“Mmm, I love the way you cry for me.” Wade pulled free and helped Peter to his feet. “Does it burn, baby boy?”

Reply at the ready, Peter had his mouth open before he realized it. Face scorching to match the rest of him, he snapped it closed and nodded dumbly.
“Oh, you are one stone-cold fox on a hot tin beaver.” After a zealous slap that left his entire left ass cheek throbbing, the big man finally deigned to remove the hateful bastard root from his entrance.

The smaller expected relief, instead he stifled a shriek as one last inferno ravaged through him. Through brunch downstairs with tall, elegant, talkative Diane and short, muscular, subdued Elaine, Wade rambled his normal mile a minute, leaving his usual openings for Peter’s witty snark. At the women’s understanding clucks, he summoned his most demure smile.

Plates empty, Wade grabbed Peter’s harness and guided him to Daddy’s lap. “Little fella thought he’d sneak a quick one past Daddy.”

“Oh, chipmunk, that’s a terrible idea!” Diane giggled. “I was in chastity for so long I wondered if good girls ought never to come.”

A tide of jealousy swamped Peter. This woman treated his boyfriend with far too much familiarity. It really shouldn’t have mattered—he was the one Wade was bouncing as they chatted—but he couldn’t stop the emotion. Normally, he would have said as much, but right now he didn’t have that luxury—at least not without being lewder than he preferred. Though no one at the table seemed too concerned about upholding propriety in mixed company…

Peter latched both hands onto Wade’s head to ensure the man was paying attention. He nodded toward Diane, then poked a finger of one hand through the ring of his thumb and pointer finger. Wade licked a sharp canine tooth. “Well I’m sure Diane’s glad to hear you’d fuck her, Petey-pie.”

Rubbing between his eyes, Peter regrouped. He pointed to Wade, then to Diane. “Well, my little voyeur, if you really want to watch, I can ask.”

He bit back a frustrated groan. “Oh, chipmunk, no, baby. No. Your sugar daddy and I are friends. Nothing more. I didn’t mean to overstep or make you uncomfortable.”

After flashing her a grateful smile, Peter jerked a thumb toward Diane and glared at his lover while folding his arms over his chest. Why couldn’t you just answer the question?

Seven more hours. He could do this.

Peter couldn’t do this. The nonstop one-sided duets, unhit geekdom softballs, and butchered scientific facts had him teetering on the edge of spontaneously exploding into a fine pink mist. He adored Elaine’s food and Diane’s charm. He relished his tour of the hotel’s art and architecture, beauty so few had been graced to see. He craved the constant refreshing of his blistered ass as they moved from room to room. He even loved the way Wade tugged his harness and jostled his cage to ensure he stayed aroused. But for the first time in a year, he needed his boyfriend to shut the fuck up for a minute.

“It’s no wonder they called it the goddamned particle after it made all those cows mad.”

*That a prion, Wade, not a boson.*

“So how’s my little bug holding up?”
Peter ground his teeth. A spasm rippled behind his left eye. His hand wrapped around Wade’s wrist and squeezed until the bigger man’s bones creaked, both a warning and a plea.

Wade nuzzled into his neck and inhaled. “Nappie-bye time, baby boy?”

Releasing his death grip, Peter nodded. He could accept that bit of infantilization if it meant a moment of peace.

With a firm hand at his nape, Wade led him to their room, where the younger man promptly flopped onto the bed, boneless and exhausted. “Nuh-uh-uh, good boys put on their pyjamas first so they don’t wrinkle their outside clothes.”

Peter groaned but obeyed without rolling his eyes. Much.

Once the smaller man settled under the covers, Wade issued a quiet, thoughtful hum. “Inspection time, baby boy. Can’t neglect your care, now can I?”

So frustrated his diaphragm locked down, Peter struggled to calm his temper.

“Assume the position. Don’t make Daddy light that ass up.” To emphasize the threat a single swat landed hard on his right ass cheek. “Nothing but the harness and cage, sweetie Petey.”

By pure force of will, he shed the pyjamas he’d just donned. He angled his body to give his lover the best possible view of his most intimate recesses. Thighs vertical, knees spread, he cupped his cheeks and spread them. He pressed his forehead to the mattress, tolerating the suffocation even as his mind thrashed, screaming for self-preservation instead of obstinate obedience.

“Yeah, I definitely like the harness better. Turn your head enough to breathe, baby; it’s okay. You can put your hands down too.” Wade ran a knuckle along his taint, then unlocked his cage. With slow, gentle strokes he brought Peter to a raging erection unleashing tendrils of want-need-must that wound through his core and down his legs. “I think your skin needs to air out for a bit. Stay just how you are, and Daddy’ll be right back.”

Peter sank into the position and let his eyelids flutter closed.

“Let’s get you all comfy for nappy time.” The girth of the new anal plug sank into his body. Once seated the toy warmed and issued a gentle thrum as Wade blew against his ear. “There now, a nice, big plug to keep you all full and comfy while you nap. Time to snuggle in.”

Ass stuffed, hypersensitive cock free, Peter shuffled carefully, leery of what might happen should he brush against the bedding. Once he eased into place, he closed his eyes and let out a resigned huff. Less than a week into bootcamp’s rapid-fire, constantly shifting demands, and he relished the calm moment. Even the plug’s muted hum soothed him.

Breath steady he hovered on the verge of a dream when Wade’s weight joined him. One arm pulled him against his lover, then a leg slung over him. Spent from hours of Wade’s teasing, he drifted into a deep midday sleep…

…which broke with him on the very brim of climax.

He sputtered and yipped.

“Doncha wanna come, baby boy?” Wade asked, head resting on the inside of the smaller man’s thigh.
That gave Peter pause. His balls begged to be relieved, but he loved the way his entire body yearned for his lover. He shook his head, no.

Wade snickered softly, his attention on one of the boxes. “Perfect. Baby boy, I need you to give Daddy a nice long dicking.” Before Peter could let out a proper whine, he strutted across the room. “Don’t worry about nutting too early; Daddy’s got ya covered.” He returned with a small white spray bottle and a condom. “Lay flat on your back, hands under your lumbar. …Oh, shut it; I don’t remember the number. …Supine, baby boy. Show me your supine pose.” He spritzed along the underside of Peter’s penis, worked his way around, then topped it off with a studded condom. “There. You won’t feel a thing.” On hands and knees he grinned at Peter. “Make me scream.”

That whimper didn’t sound pathetic, thank you very much; it sounded so much more anguished and pitiful.

“Best hurry, baby boy; don’t want to lose what ya got. It’d take us a while to get you hard again. And I’d not have anything better to do than spank you while we wait.”

Peter knee-walked into position behind Wade, who already glistened with lube. Thank goodness; he goes too far with the painal. After aligning to his lover, he shoved hard and fast straight to the hilt.

Not quite a scream, Wade let out a yelp of surprise and pain. “Yes, oh fuck, yes, exactly like that!”

Happy to please, Peter fell into their usual brutal rhythm. His hands gripped, fingers sinking deep into hard muscle, the bruises gone before he changed his hold. With the fervor the older man demanded, he savaged the scarred body at his mercy.

Loud and enthusiastic, Wade welcomed the cruel affection. “Hurts so amazing. …Because good is a shit adjective. Johnny Cougar, hmph, stupid record executives. …Oh, fuck me, choke me, hurt me, baby! Rip me to shreds! Don’t ever let up…!”

Wade craved the power Peter offered, which he was glad to unleash. Maybe his cock felt nothing, but his muscles rejoiced in being pushed to capacity while his mind relaxed, certain in his lover’s pleasure without fearing for the man’s wellbeing. Confident that Wade respected the younger man’s limits as a top, he neared the line between rough and dangerous without reservation.

As Peter eased his grip to keep from crushing bone, Wade’s mouth opened in a silent scream. With a few strokes of Peter’s hand, the bigger man froze entirely as pearlescent come fountained from him. When Wade slumped, the younger man released him and pulled free.

“Mmm.” Wade pawed lazily at Peter’s useless erection. “Love ya where ya pee at, baby boy.”

Peter punched him in the shoulder before throwing the condom away.

“Ready for your cage?”

Shame burst across his features. Wide-eyed he opened his hands to convey his confusion.

Wade shrugged. “Why do the birds butter and the butterflies buzz? Just the nature of the beast, Petey-pie. You’re getting off on being denied, and the wherefores don’t matter.”

After catching A Midsummer’s Night at The Blasted Heath, Peter and Wade giggled together as they walked home.
“Could’ve gone either way, baby boy.”

“The hell you say! Unlike so-o-ome people, I can keep my trap shut.”

With a harrumph Wade yanked his boyfriend to a stop. After nibbling a plush bottom lip, he pushed their lips flush until the smaller man parted his, allowing the kiss to deepen.

Ignoring the fact that he, indeed, could not keep his trap shut, Peter asked, “So since I didn’t go to work today, will I still get my afterwork spanking?”

“Of course not Petey!” Wade scoffed in an exaggerated display of indignation. “Otherwise we wouldn’t call them afterwork spankings.”

“Lemme guess, this is an after-not-work spanking?”

Wade smirked. “I prefer to call it an atheleisure spanking.”
Chapter Summary

Same as it ever was: Wade challenges Peter's big beautiful brain as well as his glorious booty.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After an unexpected day off, punishments or no, plus a not-overly-eventful patrol and a full night’s sleep in his own bed, Peter's subconscious had worked through a portion of Wade’s puzzle. “This took a lot of time and thought…”

Wade’s smirk didn’t change as he propped his head in his hands melodramatically.

“I don’t think you put this together for me.”

He raised a brow. “Who else would I make a bootcamp for, baby boy?”

“Sure wasn’t Priscilla.” Peter snorted at the thought, still mildly angry over the ways Cable used his boyfriend.

The same infernal asshole who repeated, “So why are we doing this?”

“I don’t know.” That admission came easier now that he’d unraveled the first knot. “But I will.” He quirked a grin at his lover. “May your boy have your correction for lying to you, Daddy?”

“Mmm, correction. I like that one.” Wade lifted Peter by his jaw and pressed a hard kiss to his lips. “Let me find my red pen.” He dropped the smaller man to swat at the boxes. “I meant to paint him red, Yellow, you asshole, not white. …Was too comprehensible. The readers know I didn’t mean you.”

“Don’t make me come in there.” Peter gave the boxes a glare. “Cuz I will.”

Well reacquainted with Peter’s Punishment Paddle™, Peter suffered through a drawn-out session that would have backed him down at the beginning of bootcamp. Sitting with great care he sorted his patrol photos from the week. Work on autopilot, his mind turned to the fact that Wade sacrificed his most violent joys to secure Peter’s trust. He appreciated it—he did—but he didn’t believe the bigger man found that adequate comfort.

“… exploded. Scrap metal everywhere. I finally got the point: one hoss don’t stand a chance against a paindealer, a firestarter, a deusjusticer, a timebearer, and a deatheater.” With a disgruntled grumble, Wade dropped into the armchair beside his lover’s desk. “Those dudes required a little more finesse, Petey-pie.”

“Finesse, huh?”
“Got the paindealer laughing. Oh, and you’ve never seen a deatheater look so betrayed.”

“Since I’ve never seen a deatheater?” Peter recognized the cause as lost when Wade’s thoughts ran off on such tangents, but he played along as he cropped a nice shot of them swinging toward a bank robbery.

“You woulda liked the deusjusticer; she reminded me a lot of Spangles. All righteous and shit.” He issued a scandalized gasp. “I think her and the deatheater both had a thing for the paindealer. Not so much a looker, but he knew how to make a girl’s heart go pitter patter.”

“Tell me more, tell me more,” Peter sang, triggering a full rendition of “Summer Nights” from Wade.

“So that paindealer? They were lookin’ at him like he hung the stars, baby boy. Sure, he mighta only had a few kills to his name, but torture? Let’s just say I learned a few things.”

“How much of that have you used on me?”

Wade booped his crinkled nose. “Nowhere near as much as I will.”

Peter tapped send and submitted his work for the week. “Oh? Show me.” Yeah, he knew better, but at this point he simply didn’t care.

Fingers twined into the younger man’s hair, Wade tugged to expose his throat. He kissed along the vulnerable column, teeth grazing lightly where the tendons stood out in stark relief. “Do you trust me blindly, your flesh and soul entirely at my severely limited mercy, baby boy?” The hungry, lupine grin he wore belonged to someone else, the paindealer if Peter guessed correctly.

Dazed by the question alone, he nodded until he could find his voice. “Yes, Daddy.” Gravelly and rough, the words lacked their usual breathless purr.

“Excellent.” Wade steepled his fingers with an evil cackle. “In that case strip down, head to your corner, and calm your mind. Slow, deep breaths. Even that ginormous brain of yours won’t have room for anything but the present once we start.”

For the first few minutes Peter obeyed by rote, hands on elbows overhead, naked, taking slow and deliberate breaths, mind focused only on the now. Soon his mind wandered, requiring attention to redirect his thoughts to the rhythm of his respirations. Even so his mental landscape lay serene within him. His heart trebled in pace. By the time his arms lifted toward the ceiling, he was hyperventilating oh so very slightly. On tiptoe he clung to his trussing; though he could easily break free, he waited for Wade’s instructions on how to escape. Words that never came.

Instead icy, gloved fingers trailed down his ribs.

He yelped in surprise. The chill sank deep, and he fought the urge to resist.

“Good boy.” The faint whisper came from everywhere and nowhere.

Slowly realization dawned in Peter’s mind as the lead-lined gloves leached more heat from his skin. This would hurt. As if to emphasize that fact, thumbs sunk under his biceps until they
caressed the underlying bone. The pressure point buzzed with an electric jolt.

A pleased hum rewarded his control.

The crushing touch sought his trapezius next, another pressure point, another jolt. Those seeking thumbs ran small circles to either side of his spine as they trailed lower. He relaxed into the massage, so the sting came as a surprise. A gasp jarred from him as agony blossomed across—

Another hit snapped through his flesh and seared his mind before he could even begin to process the first.

Light fast smacks landed everywhere at once, not so hard to be merciless, but so quick he couldn’t track them. The mass of the gloves added so much momentum, despite the low velocity. Each strike sank deep into his muscles.

Or his ribs. Those were the worst, the hollow thud as nerves smashed between metal and bone.

As fat tears scalded down his cheeks, Peter slumped against the silk restraints, his heels barely above the floor, his fingers gripping of their own accord while the burred hairs on his palms snagged in the fabric. Sobbing and disoriented, he wanted to scream it was too much, to beg Wade to stop. To allow his lover to witness his total devastation at the bigger man’s relentless torment.

“The sting of the suicide plant drips white-hot acid in a kiss that corrodes for one full year.” Wade sing songed the unfamiliar words, thus the smaller man doubted they were lyrics.

Peter felt that acid all the way to his marrow. The pain, all the pain in the world, it left him awed at the sheer power his boyfriend wielded.

“Be good for me, baby boy, so strong and brave.”

Yet the unseen hits reached critical mass, and Peter squawked in protest.

“Mmm, that’s it, baby boy. Sing for Daddy.”

Fire blasted across Peter’s ass. He whimpered, a pathetic confession of his broken state.

The next blow didn’t come and didn’t come and didn’t come—

Then a second real strike left Peter dangling, legs too weak to support him. He must have screamed, though he couldn’t say for certain. Indignant, he forced his weight back over his toes and pulled himself upright.

“Fuck, that’s so good, baby boy. I could die happy, watching you take everything I dish out.”

Pain spiked, rising, harsh. Again. And again. And again.

He relished the agony, his agony, a precious gift from his lover. Slow and steady, it stoked an irresistible heat in its wake, like brilliant winter sunlight through a glass window. Peter wanted to fucking roll in that blaze.

Wade obliged.

That warmth brought a wholeness that sated Peter’s soul. A ray of joy, he gulped it down like a man dying of thirst. Attuned to the infinite universe, he overflowed with pleasure. Another starburst of agony and then that giddy joy bubbled from his chest.
Giggles? Peter was taking the beating of his lifetime, and all he could do was giggle?

Hopeless, blind, primal, irrational, he reveled in the inscrutable act of being alive. A deep breath, satisfying. His wail, no less so. Then the pleasure, deep and uncompromising. Last the tingles of ecstasy. They vined from each impact straight to his trapped and throbbing cock. Every heartbeat fed his yearning, until he shattered.

“Please, Daddy, I need.” No truer words had he ever spoken.

Wade landed another hard smack across the meatiest part of his thigh. “I know, Petey-pie; I know.”

The throb built to an ache that left Peter whining. He could barely allow his hands to remain tied overhead. His every cell screamed for him to break free and stop this torture.

This delicious agony, that he never wanted to end.

So Peter let the silk enforce his position. He allowed his cage to remained unbroken. He gave all of himself to Wade who continued the brutal assault of his quivering body.

“Thank you, Daddy; please don’t stop.”

Cock straining against Peter’s cage, it pulled cruelly against his balls. And he moaned, his need eclipsing all other thought. If he ever touched his erection, he’d keep pumping well after he started dry coming. So he permitted himself to be motionless as the wildfire between his legs became a consuming conflagration.

“Fuck, Daddy, I need,” he repeated.

Wade chuckled but the slow, steady blows continued. “Yes, baby boy, Daddy knows how bad you need to free all that luscious come. Can you be my good, tough boy just a few minutes longer, sweetie Petey?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

No blood tinged the air, but it whooshed through Peter’s ears. Desire and sweat hung heavy around them, a promise of rapture yet to come. Swollen and aching, his cock fought a losing battle for freedom that only left him more desperate. His bruised body pounded with hopeless need that pooled at his core. The anguish proved both more than he could stand and so engrossing he longed to remain in its kaleidoscope of torment.

A high squeal fell from his pleading lips. “Daddy, please, fuck me! Please! I’ll do anything you want, be anyone you want; just fill me.” A cramp rolled through him, and he hitched in his bindings. “Please, Daddy, I fucking need you inside me, need to fucking come before I bust. Please!” He resented his high helpless whine. “Hurt me, Daddy. Please, I need the catharsis. I need the pain to scorch me clean.” Not absolution or benediction, catharsis.

Right. That wasn’t mortifying or anything.

Purged of everything but joy at his oneness with the universe, a spiritual purity settled into him, and his whinging chant fell silent. He sagged, content to hang from his wrists, weightless yet infinitely dense. Euphoric, bled of his anxiety and fear, free from even the intense pain that brought him here, Peter floated outside reality, unreachable by time.

Behind the blindfold, his eyes drifted closed.
Peter barely registered Wade’s voice, his careful guidance to their bed, his comforting weight beside the smaller man. By the time he returned to minimal operating capacity, Wade sat against the headboard, trembling, his brow knitted low and tight.

“‘S not a bad sign. He’s just taking a while to recover.”

“I’m okay, Yellow.” Peter rolled toward the bigger man and pressed his face to his lover’s abs. “Anybody get the number of that truck?”

“Mmm, baby boy, you already got my number.” Reverent he stroked Peter’s face with far more gentleness than such big, hard, cruel hands should be able to create.

Blissed out of his mind, Peter didn’t have the energy to roll his eyes as he turned to follow that familiar touch.

Wade grumbled, “I know he wasn’t wearing socks, but we definitely knocked them off.”

“It’s an idiom, Yellow. Just means I’m impressed.” Peter flashed a lazy-hazy smile.

“See.” Wade huffed at the box. “Asshole.” He petted across his lover’s cheek, one of the few places on Peter that didn’t ache. “Can you sit up to drink some water?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he replied. Except his muscles refused. He rolled to an elbow, head lolling.

“Yeah, mighta pushed the envelope a bit. …Screw you; we didn’t exceed his specific excess power. He’s definitely spec’ed for maximum effort.” Even as he argued with his boxes, Wade steadied Peter’s head and poured a sip of water into his mouth. “Our baby boy is a fighter jet, not a Cessna.”

“Thanks, I think,” Peter muttered, his brain fog lifting at a miserably slow pace. Another splash and he swallowed what Wade gave him. “Mmm, taking care of me. ’S nice.” A little more water and he was allowed to slump back against the pillows, coming to rest at an awkward angle but unwilling to move again.

Wade let out a deep chuckle that resonated through Peter. “Oh, and what happened to this great need you had, smoochiekins? Hmm? Seems someone needed to either fuck or be fucked. Which was it again?”

The mere thought made Peter groan. “Later, Daddy?”

Indulgent, his lover curled around him. “Your wish, baby boy.”

“Hmm, I’m gonna bet you’re feeling more leisure-ie than athletic-ie for after lunch,” Wade teased from the kitchen, where a pepper-and-soy aroma originated.

Peter set the current issue of *The International Journal of Biochemistry and Cell Biology* on the side table; the new findings on apoptotic cell death in arterial plaque gave him a few ideas of possible future therapies to enhance the life in a person’s years. However his allover physical misery wouldn’t let him dwell in his creative mind for long. “Doubt I have any endorphins built up yet, big guy.”
“All the more reason to worship that booty, cutie patootie.”

He giggled, still a bit high. Oh, Thor’s hammer, that hurt.

“Japanese pepper steak with dragon rolls, up in ten.”

“Thank you, Daddy. May your boy set the table?” Peter grinned like a loon, imagining the soft awe those words brought out in his boyfriend.

Wade sang, “Oh, baby, you know what I like,” before replying, “That would be nice. We never set the table.”

“Do I?” Peter asked as he struggled to stand. Ouch. Just fucking ouch.

“Do you what?”

He shuffled into the kitchen with great effort. “Know what you like?”

Sprinkling toasted black sesame seeds over the sushi, Wade shrugged. “It’s ongoing. A learning process. Ya know, one of those things you like.”

“Tell me one thing I don’t know yet,” Peter challenged.

“I have the Muramusa sword in one of my pouches.” Wade glanced up then, surprised by his own admission.

Peter snickered. “What does that mean to me, Wade?”

The older man blanched. “Means everything, Petey-pie. It can kill Wolvie.”

“…Which means it can kill you. Which means—” A flash of panic tore through Peter. “I, I, I don’t want out—I adore you—but if I ever did—”

“No, no, no, Peter! Oh, no, I’d never want to trap you if you didn’t want me!” Wade wrapped around him, comforting. “It means I’m here with you of my own free will, baby boy. Nothing more and nothing less.”

It definitely meant Wade had chosen Peter over Death, but so many other possibilities loomed. Though well matched, White was right; he and Wade were codependent, each finding their stability from the solid link between them. If something severed that link, how long would Wade survive White and Yellow’s relentless assaults?

Feeling tiny and despondent, Peter also wondered if Wade’s sentiments were entirely true or merely what the bigger man believed about himself. He’d told Peter multiple, conflicting biographies, none saner than any other. His memories shifted; his reality fluctuated. The way he spoke of timelines and multiverses, of fanfics and mythical stories never imagined in reality, the younger man knew his lover believed every word. Hell, for all Peter knew, they could all be true. Even the half-dozen bone-chilling ways he, or versions of him, killed Peter.

With his Spidey sense quiet while Wade hugged him close, Peter let his questions go. He’d take the affection and damn the consequences, even if it cost his life. As much as Wade needed someone who could dodge bullets, Peter needed a lover he couldn’t break on accident.

*Kill. You mean one you can’t kill.* He allowed a moment of pain before he shoved the odious memories to the back of his mind.
When the pan on the burner started to smoke, he pointed. “Fire.”

“Wha—? Oh, right, yeah, steak. A bit on the well-done side, but we’ll tough it out.” Wade gave a hale laugh. “Get it? Tough?”

“For fuck’s sake, Wade, just—” Peter felt that manic grin from earlier settle into place. “Daddy, hurry! Your baby boy will eat whatever you feed him, but it’s not nice to make it ickier than it has to be.”

“Yes, sweet princeling, for the love of all that’s good and holey like your sweet ass, I’ve got it off the heat.” The big man laughed then, raucous and out of sync. “Well, of course he would. And we’ll do it. After we fuel the bodies you assholes don’t have.”

The entire time they ate, Peter squirmed while Wade wore his I’ve-got-a-secret smile.

After swallowing his last forkful, Peter said, “Thank you, Daddy. It was better than—” Hauled up by his beltloops, he let his faint praise die on his lips. Jeans shoved to his knees, bare ass over Wade’s lap, the younger man gasped at his sudden exposure. “That was—”

“Hush now, baby boy,” the older man cooed. “Just let Daddy make it all better.” He spread a cool soothing gel over both globes and massaged it in.

Peter sighed his appreciation. “I thought this was supposed to be a leisurely spanking, not a massage.”

That shark’s grin reappeared. Without a word Wade shifted gears, landing light, fast swats. He grew harder at Peter’s side, while the younger’s eager length strained against its restraints. Peter didn’t fight the frustrated tears, simply let them fall as his arousal grew intolerable.

The begging began in his head long before those same despairing pleas fell from his lips: “Please, Daddy, fuck me. I need you so much. Please. Hurt me, rip me, crush me; just so long as you take me.” As the mellow spanking continued, his cries for release devolved to chanting, “Hurts. Hurts so much. Please make it stop, Daddy. Please. The ‘nads hurt. So much. Fuck, Daddy, please, Daddy… Please…!”

The flow of invocations continued even as Wade positioned his cock to breech his lover and let Peter sink to his lap.

“There now, baby boy. Daddy’s got ya. ’S okay. Won’t leave you to suffer, my sweet boy.”

A tiny snick, and Peter’s cock sprang free. Joyful, his flow of tears redoubled. “Thank you thank you thank you…”

His sniffle drew a soft moan from Wade. “Oh, fuck me, Petey-pie, if that ain’t the sexiest sight in the world. I love it when you cry for me. When you trust me with your tears. Fuck, baby, it’s no fair for you to be that beautiful.”

“’M ugly cryin’,” Peter mumbled, “and we both know it.”

“I’m just ugly, and it doesn’t change a damned thing.” The bigger man placed a simple kiss an inch under Peter’s ear and nuzzled along his neck.

“Whatever you want. Just take me.”

“You’re letting me… Oh!” Mouth round with surprise, Wade hitched and gasped.
Preening at the compliment of the big man coming before he was ready to end their game, Peter shook and clenched as Wade emptied into his willing flesh. Throbbing so hard he cramped in time to his raging heart, he ignored his deep want, his desire melded with that of his sated lover. “Thank you, Daddy. Was I a good boy?”

“The best. Always the best for me.” Wade placed a feather-light tickle along his boy’s aching shaft, which drizzled precome over their thighs. “So very good.”

Wrecked, wordless, wretched with need, Peter clung to his boyfriend’s powerful forearms.

“That’s right, baby boy: no touchie.” Even through his oversensitive refractory, Wade never stopped impaling the smaller man’s shivering, yielding form.

“Yes, sir. Please, sir, may I—Daddy, may I come now? Please?” Peter rolled into Wade’s infuriatingly slow thrusts. “Please, Daddy, pl—Oh! Oh!” His every hope caved into one desolate wish. His body peaked, eager for release, but his mind savored the sweet agony of his need.

“Beg me, baby boy.” Wade froze mid stroke and slowly settled.

Peter started up his litany again.

“Beg me to cage you. If you want me to grant you any release today, fucking beg for your cage.”

Forlorn and miserable with his urge to fully empty, Peter opened his mouth, and only a tiny, mournful keen emerged.

“You want release today, my sweet?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter choked on the admission, his heart thrashing in his chest.

What did it matter? He allowed himself to fall into this pit, and fair or no, he’d fight through bootcamp out of sheer stubborn will. Yet he whimpered again, like he’d lost his best friend in the last ten seconds.

“Are you strong enough to wait a few hours, my sweet tortured pet?”

“Yes, Daddy.” He wondered if that were true.

“Can you keep your hands off without your cage?”

Bawling outright, he hiccupped, “No, Daddy,” between his uninhibited sobs.

“Then do what you need to do.”

“Daddy, will you cage your boy’s neglected cock so he’s not tempted to fuck up? Please, Daddy? Please?” At the click of the latch, Peter actually sighed in relief. “Thank you, Daddy. I needed that.” He clung to Wade as he tolerated the denial. A few more hours. To please Daddy. “Anything to make you proud.”

Peter knew that was his loss of his father and his Uncle Ben speaking, but he didn’t care. In that moment he lived to please his lover, craved the bliss of earned praise. He could ignore the psychology of their relationship until later, maybe forever. Did he even want to know?

However the physiology of their game roared under his skin, a potent cocktail of endogenous chemicals. Sure, his balls ached but no worse than anything else. No, for the last hour he’d been jerked from a relaxing massage to exposed and spanked to a gentle coupling. Once teased to the
edge of release, he begged for the cage, the exact last thing he wanted of the older man. And how the hell Wade had talked him into that, Peter couldn’t remember.

He yearned for that rapturous moment when Wade finally allowed him release.

Nothing alleviated Peter’s cravings. He spent the afternoon on a shortened patrol while fighting off his blinding need. Thirsty for the soul-quenching pleasure Wade would wring from his body, he found himself on a roof, whingeing. He knelt to implore mercy from his lover. Cheek to the gravel rooftop, ass covered but presented to the man who claimed him, he groveled before the only bastard who was listening.

“Shh, Petey, let’s get you home. Can you swing us there?”

A high, wordless misery bled from him.

“Can you wait long enough for me to carry you home, baby boy?”

He threw himself into Wade’s arms with a sniffle. “Barely.”

True to his word Peter peeled off his shirt before his feet touched the carpet in their apartment. Once bare, he stood before the ex-merc. “May your boy come yet?”

Still in his Deadpool suit, that smarmy grin raised every fine hair on Peter’s body. “So close but not yet. Ask me for what you want.”

“Daddy, may your boy come.”

“Well, he might could but he’s caged.” Wade didn’t move a muscle to strip or free Peter.

The younger man thought he’d die of need as his mind rebelled. “Then what the fuck do you want me to do?”

Finger wagging Wade tutted. “Unh-uh-uh. Good boys ask nicely for what they want from their Daddy, and good boys get what they ask for.”

A few seconds and Peter thought he understood the rules. “May your boy have his cage removed, please?” His limbs shook as he added Daddy a moment too late to prevent the harsh smack across his welted ass. “Please, Daddy, may your boy be rid of this damned cage, sir, please, Daddy? Please-ease?” Good gravy, he sounded like such a needy little slut. Nothing had ever made his guts knot quite like the reckless lust of that wretched appeal for mercy.

Still it earned his freedom, penis swinging free if only for the moment. And his gratitude spilled from him like oil from a ruptured tanker, the sensation just as greasy and dark. Humiliated by his contrived supplication to Wade’s whims, he begged for his lover’s touch with obedient abandon.

A leather glove barely caressed his hard shaft, and Peter jerked from the overstimulation.

“No, no, no-no-no! I need that touch; it can’t be too much! Wade, fix it! Fix! It!” Horrified, he watched Deadpool as if the ex-merc had all the answers of all the gods. “Fix my cock, Wade.”

“Rude.” The mask grinned, the menace making Peter’s guts twist. “Nothing’s broken, my sweet little honey giblet. You’re perfectly fine, my marmalade dumpling. Put your trust in ol’ Poolie, my snickerdoodle of lust.”
Reluctant to release his panic, Peter couldn’t stop the small smile that broke across his face. “You’re an idiot.”

“And you’re so horny I keep expecting you to shoot blood out your eyes, though horny toads aren’t toads at all; they are liz—”

Peter grabbed him by the O-ring on his collar and yanked him down to Peter’s eye level. “Not the time to ramble, Daddy. If I don’t get my rocks off, I’m gonna break all your everythings. Real. Damn. Slow.”

“Mmm, feisty.” Wade knelt and pressed the softest of kitten licks along the smaller man’s hyperreactive cock. He sucked it down to the hilt, pulled back to ask, “’S alright?” and swallowed Peter down again.

“’S amazing,” the smaller man gasped between moans.

That made Wade snicker and their game was over. “Time to put this away so we don’t spoil your appetite for later.”

“No, Daddy, now, please!”

“Sorry, sweetness, rude boys don’t get to come.”

A full minute of begging later, Peter’s erection flagged enough to allow the cage to sit properly over his cock. He sobbed quietly as Wade gently locked him away. Eventually he calmed enough to be curious. “Where’d ya get those gloves?”

Wade peeled them from his hands. “Stole ’em from the paindealer, since the author never let him use ’em.”

“Author, hm?” Peter wiped his nose with the back of his hand.

“Well, yeah, I mean,” Wade explained as he handed the smaller man a tissue, “I’m glad this is a Porn without Plot and all, but once it expanded from a one shot, I had to know what to expect in this fic since the tags never got updated.”

“Obviously.” Peter decided to play along. “So what do you expect?”

“Lots of impact play and whatever kinks my perverted little heart desires.”

“Oh? Is there any pleasure your boy may offer?”

“Anyone ever tell you how hot you are when you’re all prim and proper? …Mmm, yes, we should play sexy librarian tomorrow!”

Peter chuckled with gentle, patient fondness. “I meant this exact second, Daddy. May your boy offer any service or stimulus to help Daddy find his own joy?”

“You are my joy. The apple of my eye. The peach of my pie. The small of my die.” Wade huffed at the air over Peter’s head. “He most certainly is our la petite mort. …White, just explain it to him.”

After a long patrol, Wade’s homemade tacos, and an hour of mindless Netflix drivel, Wade moved from the couch to his reading chair. “About ready for bed, baby boy?” he asked as he flicked on the blinding lamp.
At that innocent question Peter’s stomach dropped. Sore and tired and so horny he could taste it, he didn’t want to ask for another punishment. Yet Helen sat on the table beside Wade’s recliner. After the paddling and the beating and the heartless denials, that evil damned bitch would have him screaming.

“Something wrong?” Wade’s smirk said he knew exactly what was bothering Peter.

He swallowed his fear. “Daddy, may your boy be gifted a reminder for him to be obedient, respectful, honest, and careful?”

The bigger man patted his thighs with his hands. “C’mere and accept what you’ve earned first.”

*Shit, what now?* Peter cocked his head, certain even he couldn’t endure the backbend of his chest and thighs on the chair’s arms while Helen scorched the space in between. “Um, sir? Daddy, how am I supposed…?” He stepped forward regardless of his concerns.

“Sit in Daddy’s lap and I’ll show ya.”

Despite his anxiety over the pain to come, Peter obeyed without question. Naked, his lover between his knees, he nuzzled into the crotch between Wade’s neck and shoulder.

“Other way, dollface. Put your head by my feet with your legs wide. Want both those bootylicious cheeks in Daddy’s lap so at least one of us is sitting comfy.”

Reluctant but willing, the younger man positioned himself as instructed. If he moved a bit slower than he might have, that was no one’s business but his own. Accustomed to being upside down, the blood rushing to his head didn’t bother him. However the pose left him more exposed and vulnerable than he had been all week.

Gentle hands traced over the dark marks that had become a normal part of Peter. “Yeah, just like bongos.” Wade snickered but sobered quickly. “You were rude earlier, baby boy. By all rights I should’ve upended you right that second, but we were a bit preoccupied. So let’s get your punishment outta the way before we get to your correction.”

“But I didn’t get to come; wasn’t that my…” Shaking, if not scared then fully awed, Peter corrected his course. Anticipatory tears blurred his vision. In his meekest voice, he answered, “Yes, Daddy.”

“So why are you being punished, my little sugarplum?”

Peter huffed. “I said something rude.” He struggled and failed to refrain from protesting, “But… I always say something rude. It’s like my thing.”

“And you’ll be punished each and every time you’re rude to *me*.” Wade kept up the soft caress of his ass and thighs. “I know you were stressed, but it still doesn’t excuse bad behavior.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Fuck, this was going to be a long-term issue if he had to learn to keep his sharp wit to himself. …O-o-oh, or an excuse. He wasn’t expected to bite his tongue; he was expected to fuck up often enough to keep the game afoot. The thought brought a giggle.

“Laugh it up, my sweet little pet, but no matter where we are or who is there, next time I’ll snatch you over my knee so fast your head will spin. You agreed to follow four tiny rules and to allow me to enforce them, correct?”

Peter sobered quickly. “Yes, Daddy.” He sniffled, his nose clogged with tears.
“Did you ask for exceptions when other people might see?”

He heard the implied request for permission. “No, Daddy, I’ll take my punishment however Daddy sees fit.” A well-raised young man, he still realized how hard it would be to mind his manners around the overwhelming ex-merc, particularly as he ground through the torturous bootcamp.

An awkward silence stretched between them. Peter’s anxiety spiked. They’d never been quiet this long. The man who dominated his life wanted something from him, awaited a reaction, but he wasn’t certain what.

Ultimately his pattern recognition center kicked in. “Miss Helen, would you help Daddy’s bad boy remember to be respectful?” His lungs seized at the question, both certain and terrified of his lover’s answer.

Wade’s pleased and salacious hum brought an unanticipated sense of pride to the younger man’s chest, and cock, making him draw a shuddery breath. “She’ll be glad to, my precious doe-eyed honey badger. Remember to keep count and to express your gratitude for her help. Time to ask for your first kiss.”

“Thank you, Daddy. Miss Helen…?” He would do this, dammit; if only because his submission amused Wade. No, he realized, each success made Daddy proud not only of his boy’s endurance but also of how much torment the younger man would accept and still place his full faith in a man who’d seldom known love and trust before Peter. He licked his lips and tried again: “Miss Helen, may this boy have his first kiss?”

The first smack, though no harder than usual, brought a howl and a curse. If his forearms weren’t supporting his upper body, his hands would be rubbing the fresh mark. Panting, fighting against gritted teeth, he ground out, “One… Thank you, Miss Helen… May I have another?”

“Not just yet,” Wade replied.

“Daddy?” What could he have possibly done wrong? Surely the older man knew he wouldn’t be able to summon more enthusiasm for this brutal punishment.

“Three things: Unclench those buh-tocks before Daddy has to run out to buy ginger root. That’s better. You don’t get to use personal pronouns during corrections, much less punishments—”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

“—and don’t ask for the next one until you’re ready.”

Peter nodded his understanding.

Voice gentle, Wade reminded him, “Use your words, baby boy.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Can you tell me your safe word?”

The question chilled Peter. “Yes, Daddy, pineapple.”

“What do you say if you need me to stop?”

“Pineapple, Daddy.” Though reminders that he was splayed across Wade’s lap voluntarily, the questions reinforced Peter’s mental shields, prepared him to endure any torment Wade might heap
upon him. *Too tough for your own good,* echoed in his mind.

Once Peter asked for, received, and expressed his gratitude for nineteen more stingers with the hairbrush, he hesitated before requesting another. “Um, Daddy, how many strokes?”

Wade’s chuckle conveyed both indulgence and amusement. “As many as you think you deserve, baby boy. Can you refrain from being rude to Daddy yet?”

*I could have called that at any second? Oh, fuck you, Wilson.* “Daddy, since I’m not currently cursing you up one side and down the other *aloud,* pretty sure I’m already showing that restraint.”

His lover replied with two quick taps on each abused cheek.

Squalling, Peter forced out a more acceptable answer: “Ple-e-ease, Da-addy, ’m s-s-sorry. Yes’ir, Da-addy, sir, yes, I ca-a-an be the most polite-est boy in th-th-the world.” By the time he caught his breath, he decided to add, “Thank you, Daddy, for… for…” Shit. He started again, “Thank you for helping your boy be good for you.”

“So very good,” Wade whispered with awe. “Let’s both get comfy before we break out Peter’s Punishment Paddle ™, hmm? Maybe move to the bed?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Though graceless and inefficient, Peter relied on his legs to lift him enough to spin around and hug his lover.

“…So hot. …I know. Expected him to have to squirm to the floor like anyone else.” Whatever the boxes said next made the big man giggle. “Stand up and walk, baby boy.”

“Yes, Daddy.” The Pavlovian response drew a flash of heat from Peter’s face to his chest even as his dick strained to rise to full staff. Now standing, he pressed his thighs together as if it would quell the desire. “If he’s good, may your boy have a ruined orgasm tonight?”

“Daddy’ll think about it, sweet cheeks.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

When the time came, that hope allowed Peter to summon enough enthusiasm to kiss his paddle, though it more resembled a two-by-four in his reeling mind. Heavy thuds replaced the earlier cracks, as each blow sank into his backside. Pain ameliorated by endorphins, he had no idea of how long, or how many, or even how hard. All he could say for certain was, “Please, Daddy, I *need* to come! Please!”

“Okay, baby, just lay back and let Daddy take care of your release.”

Already floating, Peter sank into the pillows with a relieved sigh. “Thank you, Daddy. Thank you so very much.” The snick of unlocking his cage made him sob, even as he continued his litany of gratitude.

Wade blew across his bare cock, and Peter shivered from head to toe. Eyes pressed tightly closed, a sensual moan seeped from him as coolness was spread over his eager cock. Then warmth and weight eased slowly over his weeping erection until Wade’s ass rested flush. The younger man fought with all he had to keep from coming from even the slightest rocking while Wade’s fist pumped his own length with a soft squelch.

“Seek your relief, my sweet princeling of spidery love, but ask for permission to come about thirty seconds before you think you will.”
“Yes, Daddy. Thank you thank you thank you…” Brimming with appreciation Peter thrust into his lover’s welcoming body. Less than a dozen strokes and he jerked to a halt. “’M so close, Daddy. May your boy come?”

Wade was off his cock before he finished speaking. “Suck Daddy off first.” Before Peter could moan in disappointment, the older man added, “Then Daddy will take care of you. Promise, baby boy, I promise. Just another minute, my good, sweet, patient boy.”

Frantic Peter scrambled into reach of Wade’s cock. “Yes, Dad—”

His words cut off as he swallowed down the bigger man’s girth until his nose pressed hard against the man’s groin. Tongue fluttering, cheeks hollowed, lips tight over teeth, humming as loud as he could manage, he showcased every trick he knew to impress upon his beloved exactly how eager and thankful he was for this chance to relieve the constant pressure he’d endured all day. In that frantic moment of slurping and drooling, he needed Wade’s pleasure more than he needed air.

“Fuck, Pete—”

Peter swallowed, greedy for every drop.

“That’s good. …Enough. …Leggo, baby.” Wade jerked free. “Shh, sweet one, shh.” He wrapped his fist around Peter’s aching length. “Shh, baby, you’ve more than earned this.”

Ragdoll slack Peter leaned back and enjoyed his reward.

“I won’t stop. Just tell me when you’re close. Okay, sweetness, just tell Daddy first.”

Peter’s standard reply came out in a slur as he groaned in delight. When his balls drew up and his face heated, he gasped out, “’M gonna—I’m—” He struggled to stop his impending climax long enough to speak, but it was no use.

As he passed the point of no return, lips sealed around the head of his cock. Convulsing with the force of his orgasm, Peter continued to spray come in vibrant pulses. Though ruined, that had to be the most intense orgasm the smaller man had ever experienced. His legs flexed and spasmed involuntarily as he spent his load.

He lay motionless and heavy against the pillows, barely able to catch his breath. In a husky whisper, he mumbled, “Thank you. Wade. That was… amazing.” His entire chest resonated with the bigger man’s laughter.

“Best blowjob ever.”

At this point the younger man knew better than to even touch his dick. He’d taken to allowing Daddy to tend his cock. Wade brought him to a full erection before his showers and then washed his yearning length afterward, before returning him to his cage.

“So tired. Daddy, will you clean me up and put me away?”

“Be right back.” Wade sounded tired too, but he returned with a soapy cloth and a basin of fresh water. While he washed Peter he sang Adele’s “Rolling in the Deep,” “Throw your soul through every open door. Count your blessings to find what you look for. Turned my sorrow into treasured gold. You pay me back in kind and reap just what you sow.” One hardly audible click and that cage again protected Peter’s shaft from all unintended stimulation. Not even a breeze touched him without Wade’s permission.
The younger man delighted in that claim his lover had staked over his body.

“There, perfect. …Peter’s perfect peter.”

Peter let his chin fall to his chest in mock pique. “You are the worst.”

“I’m the best thing that’s ever happened to you, my love.”

“You are. You really, really are.” Enamored with the big goofball—well, a goof when he wasn’t showing off his mastery of sex or death—the smaller man rubbed his nose against his lover’s stubble-free cheek. “I love you so much I think it might kill me.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, wow, I’ve been busy catching up on work. Because I kept writing Spideypool chapters instead of editing. Like a bad little Editrix of the Deep Dark Woods.

Why, yes, yes, I have been sitting gingerly for that screw up; thanks for asking.

So time for me to be good. Which means one chapter a week. At best.

Sorry but the bruised behind has spoken: No more encouragement, please; I’ll be good.
Chapter Summary

Yellow comes out to play.

On his knees before he was allowed to leave their bedroom, Peter awaited the dreaded question. He knew he’d survived worse injuries, but for the life of him he couldn’t remember another occasion when every inch below his neck hurt. Yesterday had been hell, and this was the first week of four. Again he considered screaming pineapple, and again he decided he could hold out one more day. Emotions running high, he centered his mind, concentrated on his breathing, and hoped for the strength to survive another day of brutal affection.

*Of things Deadpool loves,* he realized.

“Why are we doing this?” Wade asked.

“It’s you. You’re the one. This bootcamp was designed with you in mind.” Peter wheezed out a harsh laugh. “We’re doing this because…? You want it…? You want me to do these things to you?”

“You’re not incorrect but, no, wrong answer.” The bigger man strode close enough to tower over his lover. “Gotta admit that was my first thought when your brain latched onto this question. But after real soul searching, nope, not even close enough for no cigar. Wanna try again or assume the position?”

Knocked for a loop by that answer, Peter forced himself through the motions of walking to the chair, dropping his sweats and underwear, then bending over to grip the seat. A sob burst from his chest, pure frustration from the injury and injustice of another paddling while he questioned how he’d gotten everything so wrong that he imagined a puzzle.

*I started looking for greater meaning where there was none? All that torture was entirely me? Crap, now he’s taken my paranoia and made into exactly what I dreaded?*

*Bite my ass, Wilson. When I’m back on top your scarred, hairless hide is mine, big boy. You wanna be on the receiving end? You got it.*

“Such a good boy,” Wade cooed. “So good. I’m so proud of how strong you are.”

Ignoring the older man’s efforts to placate him, Peter asked, “Daddy, will you correct your boy so he remembers not to lie to you?” He cringed at his snide tone, but it was too late to start over now.

“Anything for you, baby boy.”

Wood brushed his lips, and he again kissed Peter’s Punishment Paddle™. A first tap and his relief at its gentleness nearly brought him to tears again. Of course, the force ramped up, soon exceeding what he could take in stoic silence. Fury, devotion, indignation, passion, and a dozen more emotions, each too strong to contain on its own, they spun in his mind like a typhoon. He knew he was blubbering like some spoiled brat denied a promised treat, but he’d failed to control similar tearful outbursts dozens of times already, so he didn’t bother trying to contain the sobs. Like the
pain, he accepted his loss of control, let his emotions steamroll him under as Wade worked him over yet again.

He didn’t realize he’d been begging for his correction to end until Wade asked, “Can you take five more for me?”

“Yes, sir.” Peter sniffled, heartbroken and lost. “Yes, Daddy.”

One. Fuck, oh fuck, that hurts.

Two. “No more.”

Wade asked, “Do you wanna safeword, sweet boy?”

“No, Dad—”

Fuck, three, fucking three. Fuckin’ two more. Damn you, Daddy.

“What was that, Petey-pie?”

Oh, shit. “Nothing, Daddy, nothing. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sor—”

Four. “—ry— Ow, fuck! Daddy, I’m so fucking sorry, Dad—”

Five. “—dy. Fuck, that hurt! Mercy, Daddy! Fuckin’ please, please have mercy! Please—”

“Shh, baby. You’re okay. Do you want to safeword to delay your punishment?”

End this now, no repercussions, Peter gave it serious consideration. He probably should but the very idea injured his pride. “No, Daddy.” He took a deep breath to calm himself. “Please correct your boy for his rudeness, so he remembers to be polite in the future.” That request came out sincere, humble, and contrite.

“Here, hold this.” When Peter outstretched his hand, Wade pressed something light and squishy into his grasp, a foam ball. “Keep your arm out. If it gets too much, just drop the ball. Hell, if it gets too much, you’ll drop it whether you want to or not. Understand, baby boy?”

Burning up with shame, Peter understood perfectly: Wade didn’t trust he’d safeword to protect the former merc’s most cherished person. “Yes, Daddy.” The younger man didn’t protest as he was straightened up nor as he was aligned across his lover’s lap, his legs dangling with his pants still caught at his ankles. “Thank you for not snatching this away from me, Daddy.” Or at least that was what he’d intended to say. When the bigger man kept shushing him, he wondered what left his mouth. “Daddy?”

Two hands brushed across his backside. “Shh, Petey, lemme look, ’kay?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Absolute work of art.” Wade breathed the words with awe. “Well, I mean, wolf spiders might howl. …You think so?”

Peter hoped he was asking White’s opinion instead of Yellow’s. Pressure roved across his ass, but between the numbness and stinging, the younger man couldn’t make out much more.

Eventually Wade muttered, “Yeah, I see it.” He slipped a hand between Peter’s legs. “Scooch that way, honey bunch. White says you’ll bleed if I don’t pick a fresh spot.”
Nudged forward by thumps to his cage, Peter rested his cheek on the floor while his thighs lay across his boyfriend’s lap, his lower legs dangling without support and his ball arm curled near his chin. “Thank you, White. Thank you, Daddy.”

“Gotta be mindful of my baby boy’s soft limits.” Wade let loose an evil cackle. “Unless you want to go there.”

“Not today, Daddy, but can we…” Peter’s wistful tone left him confused; did he want to bleed for Wade or did bootcamp have him dazed again already? “Let’s talk about it once I’m… not ass up over your lap, ready to be punished for cursing my beloved Daddy.” He chuckled, warming to their game now that fresh brain chemicals flowed freely. “Please, Daddy. If you don’t make me scream, how will I ever learn?”

Wade sputtered, then choked. “Fuck me sideways—”

“Glad to, Daddy, if my fuckee would just uncage my fucker.” So much worse his usual puns, Peter couldn’t decide if he were proud or ashamed. He hated how even this playful bootcamp made him feel so uncertain. He let out a small but sharply annoyed huff. “‘I’ve been horny since you first locked me in here, and it’s agony. Sweet, beautiful, romantic torture. A special hellish torment every second of every day.” Humping against Wade’s thighs in search of anything resembling stimulation, he keened in his desperation. “Or fuck me. Sideways, upside down, on the ceiling. Whatever you want, however you want it.”

“Damn, baby boy, am I dead? Is this heaven?”

“Make me howl like a spider, Daddy.” Peter giggled, then wondered if he might be a bit high. Else he’d fallen so far down Wade’s rabbit hole that they were both mad as hatters.

“…Exactly right, one way to find out. Arm up, sweet boy.”

As soon as Peter obeyed, a handprint of fire blazed just under the curve of his blistered ass, a scant inch from the bruised marks that made sitting such an interestingly difficult chore lately. *No sitting today*, he realized. *Mmm, a quiet Sunday in bed with my boyfriend? Worse things have happened to better spiders.*

Nine more smacks, and the next hit thudded all the way to both femurs. *Paddle.* Peter jerked and grunted but then relaxed back into position even as he panted. He clutched the ball, determined to take what he’d earned. The next blow, he grunted louder, took longer to resume his lax position. By the fourth, his arm felt so very heavy; it waivered as he yelped. By the time he screamed in earnest, he’d lost count.

“Mmm, yes, oh gods bedamned, Petey, yes, sing for me!”

Unable to hold back even if he wanted to, Peter yowled as his sit spot blossomed from roaring sting to stunning agony. He calmed to a subdued squall, only to scream again in the next breath. Calm and scream, scream and calm. His measure of time contracted to a spike of pain and the tapering off before the next peak. Nothing existed before the last surge or after the next one. The universe itself contracted until only he and Wade existed.

Alone in their bubble, where pain thrummed like a beating heart, their shared experience introduced Peter to both profound emotional freedom and mental peace. While his outside jerked from violence, his inside lay placid, no concerns, focus solely on accepting the agony he couldn’t control.
“So good for me,” Wade murmured. He pulled Peter upright and hugged him tight. “Jeez, baby boy, do you have to latch onto every insane idea from my fucked-up brain. Not just do it, but do it with fuckin’ vigor, all the fuckin’ passion. Are you a genie, baby boy? Some insane wishmaster who has to pervert every wish you fulfill? …I told you I know he’s not an angel; doesn’t mean he can’t be a demon, fallen specifically to get my hopes up.”

“Wade.” Palms to either side of his beloved’s face, unsure if the man were joking or on the edge of slipping from reality, he brought their gazes to meet. “Wade, look at me. I’m just Peter. Plain ol’ boring Peter Parker.”

“Don’t say that!” Wade issued a mocking gasp. “There’s nothing boring about Daddy’s lil’ demon.”

Joking. He was joking. “White, little help?” Anxiety relenting, Peter put on his most beatific and innocent expression.

“…Fine. Not my own personal Petey-pie–shaped demon. But ya gotta admit, he’s the embodiment of perfection.”

Breaking eye contact, Peter blushed hot at the tips of his ears. “Thank you, Daddy.” Voice as wrecked as his ass, he practically purred for Wade as he teased, “’Bout time you noticed.”

“Oh, I noticed.” He snorted. “ Noticed that fine ass.” A soothing touch grazed the abused flesh. “Noticed how much I want your delectable boo-tay milkin’ my trouser trout for all it’s worth. Noticed how hard that badonkulous hiney makes my purple helmeted warrior of love. Notic—”

“Do it.” Peter smirked. “Your warrior absolutely should bonestorm my demon keep, breech my gates, plunder my pleasure treasure—” Slung over his lover’s shoulder, Peter shrieked high and feminine while playfully pounding his fists into the bigger man’s back. “Help, help, sa-a-ave me! Protect my virginal peaches from defilement! Help! Won’t someone rescue a spider in distress from being brutalize by this brute? Save my pea-ea-eaches!”

Wade tossed him onto the bed. “Oh, I’ll save you, baby boy. Won’t nothing be virginal when I’m through plundering your booty. Least of all your juicy peaches.”

With the smaller man’s legs forced wide, Wade placed a kiss to his taint and worked slowly back, allowing Peter time to decide if he wanted to protest. At the first touch of tongue to rim, Peter’s squirming inner germophobe got summarily and massively outvoted by every other impulse in his body. Even his resting nerd brain got in on the action: Healthy gastrointestinal fauna remain healthy gastrointestinal fauna, no matter which end they inhabit. He rolled to his stomach to give his lover better access.


“Mmm, Daddy.” Peter groaned, mindless from each careful delve of talented muscle into his overworked core. “If I’d known it would feel like this… oh, this… mmm, this perfect…” What was the destination of this derailed train of thought? Oh, right: “If I’d known—oh, do that again—then I’d have let you—oh, so good—let you eat me out ages ago.” His gasps absolutely dripped with carnal delight so intense his entire being, both physical and spiritual, blazed. “I thought—Merc with Mouth—because you talked—oh, fuck, Wade!”

“Nnn-nn.” The bigger man didn’t pause to speak.

Overwhelmed by his own desire, Peter whimpered. “Wade… Daddy, please…” Abs tight, he
shivered and gasped. The pressure in his balls neared critical even as pleasure buzzed along every other nerve in his body. “Gotta stop.”

“Nnn-nn,” the bigger man repeated.

Peter fought the urge to flail. “Daddy, if you don’t… want something to rupture… either free the junk… or release the trunk.”

“Nnn-release the Crack-en!” Giggling hard, Wade propped on his elbows. “Okay, sweet pea, you can have a rest; I’ll get back to worshiping your ass in a bit.” His bulk between his lover’s knees, he instructed, “Flip over first… Mmm, yeah. So pretty… Now open those knees wide. All the way to the mattress.” He gave a pleased hum as he patted his lover’s bound cock. “There now. Just calm your cage. Right, deep breaths, eyes closed.” Once Peter settled, he went on to ask, “So what do you think today’s challenge might be?”

“Oh, I thought it’d be a lazy Sunday until patrol like it always is?”

“No can do, Petey-pie.”

Peter harrumphed with a bit more annoyance than intended. “What are you gonna do when I decide I don’t wanna be a sex Marine?”

That earned him the kind of laugh he’d live and die for. “Reckon it’ll be back to our regularly scheduled programming.”

“Ugh, old man, I wasn’t even alive when that was a thing.”

Wade nudged Peter’s rim with a knuckle. “Would you prefer: same spider time, same spider channel?”

He groaned, but as that pressure became more insistent, it warmed into a wanton moan. “Rest time’s not over.”

“Your wish, baby boy.” Wade squirmed and flexed until his head lay high on Peter’s thigh. “So make a guess at what’s on tap for today.”

“My booty?”

“That’s a given. Guess what we’re doing today.”

Peter heard, What do you want to do today? It’d been six days since he’d considered the question. “May I think on it a while?”

“Take all the time you need.”

Content that he’d be permitted a slow start, even if it wasn’t a day off, Peter let his imagination wander. So many options to kink up. Truth be known, he should probably ask for a bit of housework incentive; they’d been so wrapped up in bootcamp that other things had escaped their attention. But was today a day for shoulds? Peter doubted it.

This day deserved something special, unhurried, welcome… Story time? Cute but too infantile. It was one thing to call Wade Daddy during bootcamp, but to treat him that way was another entirely. A non-Mexican dish? To cook, he’d need a functional kitchen, which he hadn’t seen in six days. It could be spotless or destroyed, so he put that idea on the back burner.
Wade slid his phone into Peter’s hand: Laughter University, *Ideas to Explore Childlike Playfulness as an Adult*. “Can you choose something from that list for Daddy?”

Standard answer at the ready, Peter hesitated. “…Lots of these have links.”

“Then follow them.” The older man chuckled so ominously that Peter glanced up at him. Eyes wide, smirk frozen. Eager. The big man was disturbingly ready for whatever he expected next.

Ten minutes later, Peter asked, “What about a theme day? Pirates?”

“I’ll be the captain, and you can be the buxom scullery wench!” On his feet in a heartbeat, Wade soon tossed the younger man his yellow bra and panties, a simple emerald-green peasant blouse, a full dark-emerald skirt, and a short green-gold corset. In nothing but an eyepatch, he hopped back into the bed, pointed a meat hook at Peter, and commanded, “Get to scullerying, wench!” He added a nudge that rather resembled being kicked out of bed.

Peter landed on his knees, because of course he did. “Yes, Dad—”

“That’s, *aye, captain*, to you, my salty little sea biscuit!” Wade snickered, amused with himself.

“Aye, captain.” Peter fumbled his way into the lingerie. The shirt slid over his head.

“Scullery boy, get your caboose to the caboose, double time!”

He hurried to don the skirt. “What’s a caboose?”

Wade tutted. “You say: ‘What’s a caboose, cap—’?”

“Aye, aye!” Corset around his waist, Peter glared at the metal pegs and slots as the first pair finally slotted together. He fastened the second ones at the cost of the first and marveled at how easy Wade made it look. “Dammit…. What’s a caboose, captain?”

“A kitchen, baby boy. Then! On your knees to scrub!” Using the meat hook Wade prodded him out of the room. “I want that galley shipshape by oh-nine-hundred on the chronometer, wench!”

In the spotless kitchen, the microwave showed 8:27. Wade must have set it.

“Hog’s under the sink!” Wade called from the bedroom.

Hog? Surely not an actual porcine.

After another few minutes of fussing with the busk, Peter decided scullery wenches should be disheveled. Under the sink he found a new scrub brush, kneepads, and a quart of Super Grout No Rinse Clean ‘n Seal with Bleach Alternative Whitener in a three-gallon bucket that hadn’t been there last week.

No. Just no. Peter was not this predictable. Absolutely not. Wade had exactly zero reason to think Peter would choose Talk Like a Pirate Day. Not just choose but find. Except he’d kinda already been playing the wench, hadn’t he? This had to be suggestion at work.

Speaking of work, Peter got to polishing the tile and grout, starting with the backsplash once the bucket filled to the correct level for the dilution ratio. Since the hydrophobic coating would make any nonporous surface easier to clean for a month or so, he coated the sink, faucet, counter, and appliances while he pondered how Wade gave him an illusion of choice.

Sure, he remembered mentioning the grout needed scrubbing, a chore he despised, but he had no
clue Wade would remember that from two weeks ago—wait, that and the mental suggestion was all White’s near perfect memory.

Peter huffed out his nose as he set the bucket on the floor, distal from the door. Once the kneepads were in place, he sank into the overly familiar position and resumed his chore.

White had gotten too much attention lately, which had dangerous implications since Yellow could turn violent if he got jealous. “How’s Yellow, oh, captain, my captain?”

The mercurial box’s sadistic chuckle told the smaller man everything he needed to know: White’s extra attention kept him from getting jealous of the other box. “Avast, me proud beauty! Wanna know where’fer me roger’s suh jolly?”

“Aye, Cap’n Yeller?” Oh, what series of terrible life choices had brought him to the point that cleaning the grout meant pirate sexcapades with Yellow?

“Tis all that glorious booty, me laddie.” Wade’s form filled the doorway. He’d added a pirate hat and a stuffed blue-and-yellow macaw dangling from one biceps, its plastic feet secured with twist ties. “Look’t ye, down thar, scrubbin’ way like a right ’n proper wench.” The box muttered something, probably talking to the other personalities in Wade’s head. “Blimey, boy, doan’ wanna get ye britches wet. Not jus’ yet.” He lifted the skirt to reveal the panties he’d selected. “Jus’ keep swabbin’ while I pin ’em outta the water, me hearty little harlot.” That done he grumbled, “Said keep ye britches dry, wench!” He tugged the panties to mid-thigh, a definite damp spot in the front. The following ass smack echoed off the cabinets and walls. As did Peter’s startled yelp. “Yes, er, aye, captain.”

“’At’s better, me bucko.”

Yellow loomed in a supervisory position until Peter completed the kitchen. Standing to walk to the bath, Peter earned another smack.

“Bad wench! Down, boy!” Low with menace, Yellow growled, “Crawl.”

So Peter crept on hands and knees across the freshly vacuumed carpet, lines OCD perfect, to the immaculate bathroom where he repeated the process, then onward to the entry and front door.

“Resta th’ doorknobs too, ye scurvy son of a whore!” Yellow hauled back but tapped Peter’s face gently.

“Thank you, White. Face slapping will always be a hard limit.” Peter groaned before adding, “Captain, I need to stand up.”

“Five fer r’n’r, boy. Then report back to yer duty officer, me.”

He stood and stretched before removing the kneepads.

Rest and relaxation didn’t include freedom from Wade’s unyielding gaze. “And fix that cummerbund, jarhead. No self-respecting sex Marine would run around unlaced.” And that was definitely Wade. Seemed Yellow was also on break.

Under that heated stare, Peter returned to fussing with the four pins on his busk. “Yes, captain.” Once his r’n’r had surely expired, he asked, “May your scullery wench have assistance, my captain?”
Wade’s lips gave an indignant squawk. “I will never say aar, and I most certainly do not know how to lace a corset.” White went to work anyway; he tugged the panties into place before securing the busk and then pulling the laces to a reasonable tightness. “Screw you, Yellow; no, I won’t tighten —” Wade’s body cackled madly. “Then I’ll do it meself, ye scurvy bilge rat! Reckon ye’s right, ye ain’t got no clue how to batten down no whore. Breathe out, laddie boy!”

Peter had no problem mustering another long-suffering huff.

“Keep goin’, ye landlubber!”

Though reluctant he obeyed, allowing his lungs to empty beyond tidal depth.

Yellow reallocated the slack, cinched Peter down so tight he could only draw a fractional breath, and tied the excess lacing at his waist. “On ye knees, boy, where a scullery wench belongs!”

Once every hard surface including the outlet plates had been coated, Peter groused, “Captain o’ mine, yer wench wishes to stretch his legs, sir.”

“Then do it, boy.”

Peter rose to one knee.

“Not like that! Wench privates doan’ getta stand! Gotta be sergeant er better to stand! Into a plank, ye foolhardy scallywag!” Once Peter put his forearms down and straightened his legs, Yellow straddled his waist and plopped onto his back. “Wadey’s got no clue neither! This here’s how ye exhaust ye Spidey-boy with pushups.” He tapped a heel into Peter’s ribs. “Up, boy, up!”

At three hundred, Peter was feeling the added weight and lack of air.

Yellow shifted to his shoulders. “All the way up, ye jib hanged wench!”

Peter stood.

“Now pound ye face and git ye ass back up here! Move it, wench!”

Burpees. With shallow breaths. While weighted down. By a massive asshole housing the essence of three other ginormous assholes. Oh, fuck me.

A dozen and Peter slowed. Two dozen and his grew desperate for air. At three, he spared enough breath to gasp, “Please, cap!” before dropping back to his hands and toes. He dipped until his nose touched, shoved up on shaking arms, and leapt to his feet. “Daddy, please!”

“Easy, baby boy. Can you do just a few more for Yellow?”

He didn’t stop. “Barely, Daddy.”

“That’s it, sweet boy. So good! Such a good boy for me. Count the beats for me.”

With Wade’s gentle encouragement droning in his ear, Peter kept pushing and pushing until: “…two, three, forty-ni, one, two, three, fif—” He waivered in place, seeing spots.

“Five fer r’n’r.” Yellow slid from his trembling shoulders. “Damn you, Wade, fine: fifteen.”

Peter slid down the nearest wall to the floor. “Thank you, cap’n; thank you, Daddy.” He slumped
as much as the corset allowed. Ignoring the sting of sitting, his eyelids squeezed tight against any hint of light.

He woke to, “Time fer ye scourgin’, scullery wench!”

“Yes, cap—aye, aye, cap’n.” Rousing himself, he pulled his knees under him. “Captain, may yer wench have his correction for mutiny?”

“That an’ more, me bucko; that an’ more! Go drape that worthless hide over the chair seat. An’ git on ye knees, boy; ye look like a real sailor when ye stand like that! Now bare those shoulders so I can ruin ’em.” Yellow squawked in outrage. “Atheleisure? Screw you! You said anything I wanted! And screw you too! Yeah, I heard ya the first time. So what if I forgot? Fine, no blood! I hate you both!”

By the time Yellow was through arguing with the rest of Wade, the seat supported Peter’s corseted waist, his bare shoulders exposed, arms supporting the weight of his upper body over his hands.

“A little blood?” the petulant box asked.

“No, Yellow, none. Be good, and you can have all the Sundays in bootcamp. Or as many as I survive.”

Wade’s form preened. “See, told ya he loves me best!” From behind his back he pulled a gnarled cat-o-nine tails. “Too bad. I coulda made ya bleed real pretty with this.”

“I know, Yellow. Thank you for being so gentle with me.”

“Oh, I never get thanks!” As he floated on cloud nine, he ran a knuckle under Peter’s chin. “Such a good little scullery wench.” He took a step back and twirled the flogger so fast the tails sang. “This is gonna hurt.”

“Never doubted it.”

Light, fast, and relentless those tails stung Peter’s bare skin. A few heavy hits pounded down on his covered back, then the stingers resumed.

“He ain’t cryin’, you fuckin’ assholes!”

Peter didn’t reply, even as the force doubled over his covered back. When it trebled, Yellow got what he wanted. The manic box didn’t stop and didn’t stop and didn’t stop.

“’At’s right, blubber fer ye cap’n, landlubber!” He cackled again as Peter’s body crushed down under another heavy blow. “Whaddya mean enough? You said—shh, baby boy, Daddy’s got ya. Easy. Arms around Daddy. That’s right, good sweet boy.” Nuzzling and kissing, Wade carried Peter to the bed. “You’re okay, baby boy. Safe with Daddy. Lemme just check what Yellow’s done.” He released the corset’s knot and worked the garment free.

Grateful, Peter sucked in a full breath.

“Little bruising. Nothing they’ll see tomorrow.”

“Okay, Daddy. Is Talk Like a Pirate Day over?”

“No, baby, but Yellow knows he has to play gentler now. Give you time to heal up before work, right?”
“Yes, Daddy. Stay with me a little longer?”

Wade lay on his back and opened his arms. “Your wish, my good, sweet, brave, strong boy.”

“Thank you.” Peter snuggled into his embrace. “Is it okay that I said Yellow could have a day without giving White a day?”

“I’ll have no part in this barbary! Now if you want to spend a nice quiet day, just us, after this is over, I’ll be glad to oblige.”

“Thank you, White.” Peter stifled his giggle. “I’m sorry you have to witness such depravity.”

“No. No, you aren’t.” A kiss on the cheek and the maniacal gleam returned to Wade’s eyes. “Ye ain’t seen nuthin’ yet, my little coxswain—”

“Promotion to staff sergeant! I getta stand like a Maltese freebooter! Score!”

“Coxswain’s cockswabber, dammit, no promotion!”

“No takesies backsies! I’m a coxswain!”

“Fine.” Yellow sulked as he pulled Peter close. “But that just means more duties. Heh, doodies.”

“Yes, Cap’n Yeller.”

The box let out a warning growl.

“Aye. I meant aye.”

“’At’s better, me jacktar knave.” In a rare gentle mood, the box wrapped his arms and legs around Peter. “Mmm, ye a pleasant little tart, ain’t ye, boy?”

“Aye, cap’n.” Adamantly refusing to break the moment, Peter let Yellow hold him until his bladder felt ready to burst. “May yer scullery wench be excused, cap’n?”

“If ye wanna head to the head, then aye, boy, go.” Yellow released him slowly and with great reluctance. “Tis back to the hard life of a cap’n’s cockswabber, when ye return, mon doux polisseur de bitte.”

Leaving the door open, Peter asked, “What did you call me?” One hand on the wall, the other reached under his skirt and pulled his caged package from the silk satin.

“My sweet knob polisher.” Yellow stood in the door, watching him pee through the silicone contraption that kept his straining cock from reaching full mast. “Mmm, does it hurt, me strumpet?”

“No, er, neh, er, nay. Yes, nay. Nay, cap’n. Unless I’m hard. Then it tugs the balls.”

“Tis a pity. Should hurt.” Once Peter shook himself dry, Yellow reached from behind, using both hands to gently roll his balls. “Love it when ye hurt.” He tightened his grip until Peter grunted. Even then he kept the pressure even, not letting up. “Love it when ye cry, when ye scream.”

“Aye, cap’n.” Uncomfortable with Yellow in control, Peter fought the urge to break free. He didn’t want a full Yellow Box Hissy Fit™ on his hands. Panties tugged down enough to part his cheeks, a slicked hardness invaded his body. “Mmm, yes, Daddy, f—”
“No, my minx coxswain.” A big hand gathered as much hair as possible before yanking Peter into the second jarring thrust. “I ain’t yer daddy.”

“Oh, captain, my captain, fuck me.” Peter gasped as Yellow did precisely that. “Take me, use me.”

“Keep up that sweet talk, ye fuckin’ cocksleeve!”

Peter obeyed, gladly listing anything and everything Yellow liked to hear. If White were a know-it-all stick in the mud, then Yellow was a know-nothing prick in his ass. Not that Peter disliked the box’s single-minded pursuit of his ass—he loved it—but Yellow easily got carried away in his own fantasies, each more violent than the last.

The hand stroking Peter’s throat took him in a loose grip. Helpless to even protest, Peter continued urging the box to fuck him harder while surreptitiously hinting, “Mmm, Yellow, I do like it when you cut down my air. Just a little thrill. Don’t change a thing! Keep fucking me; keep holding my throat. Just like that. Damn, all of you know exactly how I like you to ram that luscious cock into your boy’s willing body.”

For a long while Yellow accepted his suggestions. Then that grip started to tighten. “Keep talking, fucker. Work for it.”

“Aye, cap’n.” Voice instantly rough Peter listed different positions Yellow enjoyed, all ones where Yellow would have to release his throat to reposition their bodies. “…Oh, yeah, I can feel it now: shoved to the floor, your mass keeping me down, fucking me down, face right against the fresh tile barely able to catch my breath as you put both hands on my hips and beat my tender rim into your hard pelvis with each brutal stroke.”

That caught Yellow’s attention. He forced Peter to the tile and crawled up behind him. “Maximum effort, my darling fucktoy. No mercy.”

Peter could barely keep pace, but he still gasped out, “Harder, cap’n. Faster. Make it hurt so fuckin’ much I’ll never walk again.”

That did the trick. Yellow moaned and twitched through his release inside Peter. “Fuck yeah, boy! Now get that ass cleaned up. Make it spotless, coxswain, cuz I’m gonna pick up where ya Daddy left off. Show ya how a real man eats ass.”

“Yes, er, aye, cap’n.” A faint giggle rose from Peter’s exhausted soul as his ass quaked at the mere idea of what Yellow might do. “Me timbers are shiverin’, oh, captain, my captain.”

More somber than Yellow’s usual high-strung and razor-sharp affection, the box replied with a note of astonishment, “Fuck, you’re too good for any of us, Petey-pie.” He rummaged through the cabinet. “Meet me in the bed soon as your ass is clean enough to eat outta.” He tossed a saline enema to the younger man and stepped out the door, closing it behind him.

Alone in the quiet, Peter had a second to think as he rinsed the other man’s fluids from his entrance and the chamber just beyond. One more bruising round of smack ass, and he’d complete the first week of bootcamp. One quarter down, three to go.

So much had changed already. First off, he trusted not just Wade but both boxes so much more now. They’d all tested his limits and expanded his boundaries; they’d all protected and cherished him while destroying his body and mind only to put him back together stronger.

And, point the second, he was stronger. He’d never possessed this mental toughness until now. The entire experience changed when he gave up fighting the tears and accepted them as a transient
reality he could endure for as long as Wade wanted him to hurt. He tolerated his hatred of the frailty and misery, and the combined sensation now felt like a rock-solid strength he could draw upon at will.

Peter wanted to continue his introspection, but his bottle ran empty. Surely Yellow heard that sucky noise through the door and expected him to climb into the bed soon. The younger man checked himself in the mirror, pleased with the yellow marks the sadistic box created on him. “May your coxswain brush his teeth, cap’n?”

“Have at, but ya got three minutes to get that treasure chest in here so I can plunder it.”

“Thank you, cap’n.”

During galley duty that evening, Peter felt dead on his feet, milked until he ran dry, meanwhile Yellow still raged for anything and everything all at once. “Sing a shanty for us while I wash the dishes? Please, my generous and benevolent cap’n?” With Yellow occupied, Peter could at least get the dishes clean before he fell over. One more round. My ass and I can handle one more round.

After several verses, Yellow’s mind wandered again. “Heave n’ a ho, an’ up she rises, heave ‘n a ho, an’ up she rises, heave n’ a—Oh, yes-yes-yes, wank me off with just ye wall muscles, ye salty tarty twinkie, and I’ll give ye a prize.”

“One more dish, cap’n?” Last plate in the sink, Peter couldn’t set it aside without trying to get permission to finish the job.

“Ye know whar I’ll be, ye scurvy varmint.” Footsteps trailed away but stopped. “An’ if ye ain’t thar in five minutes, I’ll keelhaul ye.”

Peter had no doubt that the rat-shit insane box would find a ship for just that purpose. “Aye, cap’n. Be there in two shakes of an eager tallywhacker, sir.” He placed the last dish to drain, cleaned the scrub brush, wiped down the sink, and washed his hands. “On my way, cap’n.”

Wade’s body lay loose jointed but fully erect in the bed. “Ye might make admiral yet, swabby.”

“Thank you, cap’n.”

Once on the bed, Peter wasted no time sinking his body onto Wade’s thick, scarred dick. He rolled his hips—

A small blaze erupted on his ass. “Damn, cap’n, wha—?”

“Walls only. Or ’re ye not up to the challenge?” Yellow gave a wicked laugh. “C’mon, boy, work for it.”

“Aye, aye, captain, my captain, working for it, sir.”

The first clench took more effort than it should have, but Peter managed to get a rhythm going. For all of seven squeezes before it fell apart on him. Unable to sense the muscle contractions, he clamped down with his entire ass—right up until Yellow gave him another red mark for the effort. Determined, the younger man tried again and failed again, a dozen times, two dozen. Aching inside and out he milked along Wade’s cock inconsistently but enough that Yellow panted and whimpered, eager for release. At the big man’s efforts to thrust, Peter forced him to the mattress and resumed with coordinated pulls that soon made Yellow yowl and hitch.
“Fuck yeah, boy, now that’s how ya milk a cock.”

A tiny ball of pride wedged under Peter’s heart. “And what do I win, oh, captain, my captain?”

Yellow took the key to Peter’s cage from Wade’s nightstand. “A Hollywood shower, my booty-licious bilge rat, just me, thee, an’ those double-peach asscakes.” He cackled at his own lame joke as he got to his feet. After Peter followed him to the bathroom, he continued, “One minute. I’ll take that off fer one minute by Whitey-boy’s count before it goes back on, whether yer ready er not.” He reached for the lock.

“Wait! Can I have a few to get my head right first, cap’n?”

That barbed-wire grin left Peter anxious. “Get to work.”

Two fingers inside and a two more on his taint, Peter stood and stroked over his prostate while his cage rose from his body, pulling his balls along with it.

Yellow sat on the toilet lid and leered, unwilling to miss a single pained and urgent facial expression. “Seems like ye got yeself into quite the tiny pre-dick-u-ment thar, Petey-pie.” His snickers held the cruel edge that Wade mostly kept leashed around Peter. “Must be hell to fit all that meaty beefy big n’ bouncy into that iddy-biddy teeny tighty. Look’t, ye practically standin’ on ye head tryin’ to get it hard enough to jizz quick! Fuck, I love this shit.” He pinched the inside of Peter’s thigh until the younger man jerked back. “That’s it, you cocksucker, work for it. Work hard. Let it hurt. Think how good it’s gonna feel to just hose down that shower. Think how nice it’ll be to have a whole minute to stroke that manacorda. Let it get all fat an’ hard…”

While that litany of profanity continued in Peter’s ear, the pressure on his balls grew unbearable. Grunting against the torment, he massaged inside and out with a wild desperation. “Fuck, I’m ready. Please, I’m ready now!”

“Little more begging.” Yellow slicked a finger of his own.

“Please, cap’n, lemme out. Wanna come so bad; please, please, please lemme come.”

Yellow barked another laugh as he held out the lube to the writhing mass that used to be a sane man. “Yeah, boy, I’ll let ya out.” He unlocked the cage and freed Peter’s hard-on. “Ain’t guaranteein’ nothin’ mo—then forget the timer, Whitey, you colossal ass! Just once I wish you’d —! Eh, fuck you too! Both you fuckers can fuck right off…! Yeah, well top this, you scarred freak.” Unexpectedly gentle, he slid a finger in to replace Peter’s. “C’mon, ya rump humper, yank that crank.”

Once Yellow joined the effort, Peter’s entire body hummed. He rolled into Yellow’s bidding fingers. The longer the younger man squirmed, the longer that pounding raged through him. His effort to stroke his cock fumbled to nothingness once the first spasm clutched inside his ass. The next tensed his entire abdomen. The bursts of pleasure crept up his spine, slammed his heart, climbed his throat. All of him shook when the sensation burst at the top of his head like he was some goddamned overinflated balloon. And he kept shaking and shaking and shaking.

“Please, Yellow, enough!”

“But it’s only been eight minutes according to White. Surely you can take another two!”

Peter whimpered but replied, “Yes, Da—er, oh fuck, cap’n. Two.”

With the object of his affection unable to track time, the orgasm continued for as long as Yellow
wanted, but once the sadistic fuck relented, once Peter managed a full gasp to oxygenate his blood, a deep sense of wellbeing settled into his bones.

“I didn’t know that was possible.” Well, the words were panted and stilted and warbly, but Peter spoke them. “Yellow, I don’t know what to say. I thought you were bragging.”

“That’ll teach ye, me young coxswain. Twas braggin’: ye cap’n knows what feels good—so y’all can quit callin’ me a moron, ya flamin’ poofs!” He crossed his arms, the fake bird bobbing. “Now get a shower, boy, so I can lock ye away fer ye Daddy.”

“Aye, cap’n.” Head still spinning Peter scrambled to obey. Looking forward to Sundays instead of dreading them, he scrubbed quickly. “May your sergeant wash his privates, cap’n?”

“Fuck if I care, boy, s’long as we get everythin’ squared away for the meatsuit. He’s eager to go on patrol. ‘Scusez-moi, my darlin’ coxswain, gotta go parlay with eux. Some moron’s thin’in’ he can outsex the god of the little death.”

Hours later Peter tumbled inside through the bedroom window. “Daddy, is there no way to skip this spanking without killing bootcamp?”

“Not a single one.” Wade stepped inside, careful not to trample the smaller man. “Put some trust in me and let me take care of you.” He sat on the edge of the bed.

Peter righted himself onto his knees. “May your boy receive his correction, Daddy?”

“Yes, baby boy. Once you’re in your jammies, c’mere and get what you need.”

Without scoffing, Peter forced one foot in front of the other. Reluctant, on the edge of resentful, he peeled his suit from his body and slid into the pyjamas.

“That’s it. Flap down. Now just lay across Daddy’s lap.” He patted his thighs in invitation. When Peter complied, a loving caress roamed his backside. “Shh, now, just relax and it’ll all be over soon. ’Kay, sweet boy?”

“Okay, Daddy.” His eyes fluttered closed, and he sank into the legs supporting his hips.

Each strike was punctuated by slow firm strokes over his flaming peaches. Neither painless nor painful, sharp nor gentle, Wade kept him floating while he lay limp and happy. “There now, baby boy. Climb into bed and get some rest. Wanna be fresh for tomorrow. Every day is the hardest day of bootcamp.”

Peter flashed a tired but genuine grin for the big man. “Thank you, Daddy. You’re always the best.”

Wade lulled him off to sleep with a whispered, airy croon of “Rock the cradle of love, cradle of love don’t rock easy…”
Chapter Summary

One week down, three more to go. Poor Peteykins.

Overheated under Wade’s weight, Peter woke to the bigger man shaking atop him. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

Wade made a strangled whine but no words followed.

Gentle in his concern, Peter stroked along his lover’s bald head as he cooed soft nothings. “We’ll work it out. Whatever it is we’ll face it together.”

“Why? Why would you do that when you hate me?”

_Fucking boxes._ “Wade, I don’t hate you. Where are my arms?”

“…’Round my back?” He nuzzled into Peter, clinging so hard his muscles trembled.

“Am I the kinda guy who’d wrap my arms around someone I hate?”

“…Ye-e-es.” He sniffled. “You’re the goodest and bestest and greatest and even if you hate someone you don’t want them to suffer and you’re too good for this world, baby boy, and I don’t deserve you because no one can be good enough to deser—”

Peter protested, “But if no one is good enough for me, then I’d be all alone.”

“And you don’t like being all alone?” the bigger man posited tentatively, his voice crackling as if heartbroken by the very idea of his baby boy being forlorn.

“Well, I do like being right here beside you.” He almost asked the big man to get off his bruised ribs but decided to ignore the discomfort for now. “I’m perfectly happy right where I am, under my gorilla-sized, personal and portable, absolutely adorable space-heater with optional seat warming features.” For several long minutes he made pleased chirrups while petting the man who clutched him with such desperation. “I love you more than the moon loves the stars, big guy. What could possibly make you think otherwise?”

“Everybody hates their drill sergeant,” Wade replied in perfect earnest.

Peter bit his tongue to keep from laughing. “Oh, my sweet idiot, I promise I’d yowl pineapple at the top of my lungs for hours on end before I’d let this bootcamp put the tiniest dent in how much I adore your big hairless ass.” A chortle escaped. “Babe, listen to me: I love you. Yes, this has been harder than I expected, but nothing, and I mean nothing, will ever be more important than you in my eyes. I’ll never just stand by and let you do anything to break up the band, Yoko.”

That finally drew an amused snort right in Peter’s face.

“Morning breath,” he snarked, “my favorite.” Nonetheless he pulled Wade’s lips to his own.
Peter intended a delicate peck, a quick and reassuring press. But once he felt his lover’s marred lips against his own, he couldn’t stop himself from seeking a taste of the big man. Even that small pleasure proved too much for his now constant state of high arousal. Wracked with desire his body collapsed in on itself like a star going nova. Need exploded through him, blinding, consuming, claiming all of him and demanding to devour his lover as well.

“I should be over all the butterflies,” Wade sang, “but I’m into you, I’m into you. And even, baby, our worst nights I’m into you, I’m into you. Let ’em wonder how we got this far—”

With a hopeful lilt, Peter teased, “Not yet you aren’t.” Ignoring the tug of his cage, he wrapped his legs around the bigger man’s waist. “Please say you’re ready to pound me into the mattress until I scream your name.”

“Always, baby boy,” came Wade’s breathy reply. His brow crinkled. “Nah, that’s more ‘CrushCrushCrush’ than ‘I’m Still into You’.”

Peter’s tic of annoyance destroyed his blissful delirium. “You boxes need to fuck off right now; this is Daddy’s time, and I don’t want another peep outta you two until he’s a slack ball of happy. We clear?”

Moments later Wade giggled at their responses, a good sign that the boxes knew precisely where they stood in Peter’s estimation at this early hour. “Yellow’s practically bawling about next Sunday.”

“Then remember that before you gang up on my boyfriend again. No hide the sausage for bad yellow boxes. And don’t go getting ideas, White. I’ll skin your box just as quick. Now shut up and let my boyfriend relax.”

Wade grinned against his throat. “They are so pouting right now.” He chuckled. “I’m starting to miss Dom Pedro.”

“Ugh, don’t call me that.”

A cheek in each hand, he squeezed hard enough that the younger man bucked. “Daddy will call you whatever he pleases, baby boy, including Late for Dinner, Maybe, Shirley, For a Good Time —”

“Hmph, so I’ve noticed.”

“Take you however he pleases.” Wade slid two fingers into the smaller man’s mouth. “Rough or easy.” With a final caress of Peter’s tongue, he pulled his fingers free. “Fast or slow.” They found the caged man’s rim, massaged, tugged, breached. “Shallow or—” He buried them to the third knuckle.

As Peter’s eyes rolled back, he groaned, “Da-a-ddy.”

“That’s right, baby boy; I’m your daddy.” He disrupted the steady thrusts of his fingers with a scissoring stretch that left Peter aroused to agony. “I decide everything that happens to my boy.”

At a push on his solar plexus, Peter exhaled and exhaled and exhaled. Finally the gentle pressure relented, allowing him a quick gasp. Then his conscious thought was gone, leaving him nothing more than a marionette in his lover’s hands. He breathed at their indulgence. He presented his body at their instruction. He quivered through his lover’s railing at the pace they set.

In total abandon.
Complete bliss.

Perfect surrender.

Used however his beloved saw fit.

Cheek to the sheet with Wade’s hands on his hips, pulling him into each thrust, Peter let out a small wail. He keened with his need for more. Blood rushed in his ears, muffling his lover’s harsh grunt with each unrelenting slam of those wide, powerful hips.

“Hmm, my sweet little songbird? I asked does it hurt.”

“Yes, Daddy, even my bones ache for you. It’s a sharp pain where I want to come so bad I could puke, but it throbs so good everywhere else. The kind of hurt you never want to end because that sweet longing feels so good.” Peter whimpered. “May your boy strip?”

“What? But I love these pyjamas!”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

The older man snickered at his disjointed reply but made no comment.

“Ah, Wade! Daddy! So good! So fuckin’ good! Don’t stop, Daddy; please don’t!”

“Shh, baby, I’ll hold out a little longer, but once Daddy comes, you gotta go back to sleep.”

Peter whimpered at that but replied, “Yes, Daddy.” He understood; he had work tomor—

Oh, holy hero’s hell, Peter forgot all about his unscheduled Friday off. He wouldn’t be falling asleep anytime soon.

Peter felt the presence behind him. It didn’t take a genius to know who stood in his doorway observing his work. “When I apply the slightest pressure along the side like this, the nanotubes elongate rather than building thicker bundles. That last formula showed promise but collapsed in on itself, too brittle to resist cleaving along the y-axis, toppled like a house of cards.”

“Less carbon?” Stark asked.

“About half.”

“Kid, do you know what you’re getting into with Dead—?”

“Don’t. Oh, bemused gods, please, just don’t. I know precisely what I’m into with Wade, and it’s nobody’s business but our own.”

“He told me you had the 24-hour malaria, and unless I wanted the entire building quarantined, I’d best give you a sick day.”

Peter snickered but still couldn’t turn around to face the man. “Sounds like him alright. I had words with him over that, but I’m not certain he heard any of them. In his mind at least, it was a special occasion that warranted a day off, no matter what either of us thought.”

“Don’t let it hap—”
“You are giving me wa-a-ay too much credit if you think I can control Wade Winston Wilson.”

“Point taken.” As stealthily as he came, Stark disappeared from the doorway.

Peter let out a whoosh of relief. That had gone better than he could possibly have hoped, but he still didn’t trust that simple exchange to be the end of the matter.

*This will come back to bite me in the ass.*

An empty house greeted Peter when he returned home. He checked every room, no Wade. On the fridge he found a Hello Kitty post-it with a neat cursive note in purple ink: “Went to see a woman about a crock-o-dial. You’ll have to give yourself your afterwork spankies. Don’t forget to tape it all for Daddy!”

*Tape? Spanking? Myself?*

Flames raced down Peter’s body. He’d assumed he’d eventually become impervious to embarrassment, but yet again Wade proved him wrong.

Too overwhelmed to even think about his task just yet, he opened the fridge. A second note greeted him: “Take ten for a bottle of water, but no snackies until after spankies. XOXOX Wadies” He’d drawn their masks inside a circle with hearts in their eyes. At the bottom, he’d squeezed in: “Be a good boy for Daddy, and he might have a treat for you. Be a bad boy, and he definitely has something extra speci—” He’d run out of space, but Peter got the gist.

A self-punishment couldn’t injure anything but his pride, and at this point he had hardly any left to be wounded. He toyed with his phone as he drank his water, miffed to realize he’d been planning the view he wanted for his video. This time of year the evening the window let in enough sunlight to cast the couch in a soft glow. He stripped naked. After posing on the couch while rambling something almost sexyish, he checked his test shot. He could do better. He brought in a mirror and arranged it to give him fuller light. Hmm, a bit of eyeliner would really intensify his expressions in the video.

After another test run, he realized he was delaying the inevitable by slipping into quality control mode, but for the life of him, he couldn’t stop himself. If Wade showed up before he finished, he could at least prove his intent, maybe scream the man’s name to cut the punishment even more. Otherwise, if he was going to do this, it’d be a professional-quality production.

Leery he picked up Peter’s Punishment Paddle™. He slapped it into his palm with a dull thud, then tried it against his ass. Too awkward, he hit his hip and got zero snap. That would sound lifeless on the video. A belt on the other hand… Peter tried it across his ass as well, but it also proved unwieldy, wrapping around his thigh and stinging the softer skin.

Then he spotted Yellow’s cat-o-nine-tails.

*It’d sounded great across my shoulders, but is self-flagellation something I’m willing to do when an awkward effort with the paddle would prove adequate?* He’d do it. If only for the audio effect. After a few test swats, he was satisfied with the taped results.

He searched for any excuse to delay the emotionally discomforting obligation, but nothing caught his attention. Time to comply.

Feeling demure and small, Peter hit start and knelt before the camera. “Hi, Daddy. Your boy was
deceitful, and he’s going to punish himself as a reminder to be honest for you.” Voice high and 
reedy, he sounded half a hiccup from passing out cold.

He settled into the focal point on the couch. The first strike of the heavy, knotted falls landed with 
a loud smack, stinging across his back. Moving from one shoulder to the other, he repeated the 
process, adding speed and power. Soon each hit left him gasping.

A dozen more and he turned to the camera. Tears flowing he admitted, “I’m sorry, Daddy. I can’t 
make myself do it anymore. But I’m trying so hard to be a good boy for you. I love you.” He cut 
the recording and hit send before he could erase the evidence.

Peter remained crouched in stunned silence. He wasn’t the kind of man who sent dirty pics, much 
less a kinky video of him beating himself purple his penis strained against a silicone cage, his 
abused posterior on full display. Yet Wade hadn’t even been here to coerce him. The man had left 
his commands on Hello Kitty stationery for chri’s sake. Peter could have refused or negotiated or 
moved to Tahiti. No one forced him to memorialize this shame. The younger man had done this 
entirely of his own free will to amuse the man he loved. And if that wasn’t the most fucked up 
thing in the world, he couldn’t say what was.

The door never opened, but Wade gingerly lifted him to stand, all the while rambling softly, 
“C’mon, sweet boy. I think its nap time for you. Reckon we can let the jammies slide for now, 
since you look a little…” Whispering, he told one of the boxes, “Well I never expected him to go 
full mortification of the flesh. …Hey! I wasn’t the one who thought he’d find his sweet spot for us 
if we left him alone to practice. …Yeah, so pretty.” He eased Peter onto the bed. “Lay on your 
stomach, baby boy. That’s it, my good boy. Stay right like that. I’ll be right back.”

Even when he returned Peter refused to face him. “Did you do it on purpose?”

“Honest, baby boy, I never thought you’d beat yourself bloody like—”

“What?” Alarmed Peter strained in one direction, then the other, but couldn’t twist enough to see 
his back. “I’m bleeding?”

“Oh, yeah, baby boy, but it’s closing up fast.” Wade kept his voice barely audible even for Peter’s 
hearing. “Yellow’s still screaming that he wants a taste of that beautiful spider blood.”

Peter swallowed, far more interested in his original concern. “Did you intend to catch me, break 
me, geld me, and claim me for your own, ruined for all others, yours til Death do we part?”

Wade cocked his head to one side. “Spiders aren’t horses, Petey-pie. You aren’t making unicorn 
sense. Didn’t smack your melon, did you?”

“No. ’M fine.”

“You can say that again!”

Peter swatted the bigger man’s hands back from his head. “Quiddit. No melon ball knots up there.”

He couldn’t express what he’d meant any better, but he tried. “It’s so far beyond love, beyond 
devotion. When I say I’d follow you to hell, I mean I’d go without reservation. You say something 
has to be done, and I’ll do it, no questions asked. And I always ask the questions.”

The bigger man scoffed. “If I said J. Jonah Jameson had to die?”

That sobered Peter. “No. Not that I haven’t given it some serious consideration over the years, but 
no, I wouldn’t do that.”
“Then there you go, Sweetie—”

“Neither would you.”

“See, no reason to worry that pretty little noggin. You’re learning to trust me, my skittish little spiderling—yeah, but where to find a saddle with eight leg holes?—you’re still you, still the best person in all the multiverse. So it’s all good.” One hand massaging Peter’s neck, the other tipped his head upward another few degrees. “I’m gonna clean your back, baby boy. Few spots still bleeding. You gonna hold still for me?”

“Yes, Daddy.” His soul felt far more raw and open than his back. The hiss of a pressurized can made him jump.

“Just a little saline.” Wade dabbed cool, wet gauze along a curving path up the small of his back to between his shoulder blades. “No, you fuckwit numbnut jackwad, none of this is for you, so keep your boxy corners off my—our, fuck you both—our baby boy’s precious lifeblood. Else this is over right now. No Sunday Fundays. No baby boy on his knees begging for you to hurt him more. Nothing but the three of us in the cold black depths of space… Fuck if I won’t, just try me.” He scoffed. “’S what I thought. Now shut up and let the grownups think.”

“He can.” Peter’s voice broke as he spoke, and the words came out in a low crackle.

“Mmm?”

“I don’t mind. Since it’s there already. If Yellow wants a taste.”

Wade continued his meticulous cleaning. “Dangerous thoughts, my sweet princeling. Yellow wants to give you his special sharp slicey love and drink you down like a coconut… or maybe a vampire.”

“I know. He always will. You always will.”

“Yeah, but I never would. Never, Peter, I swear, so long as I know it’s you, I’ll protect you always.”

“I know that too.” Peter reached out to make skin-to-skin contact.

With a distraught whine Wade squeegeed up a drop that rolled down the younger man’s side. Mesmerized he stared at the red smear on his finger. “As a gift, from you to Yellow, this one time only?”

Peter nodded. “Yeah, this one time.”

Even with that confirmation Wade continued to study the red liquid as if he hadn’t patched his boy back together a dozen times in the last year. Through the entire process each time, Yellow screamed for more of the lovely, happy red. “This blood was shed for me?”

“…I guess it was.” Peter sighed at his own stupidity. “I couldn’t bear the idea of disappointing you by going too easy on myself just because you weren’t here to make sure I… hit your standards.”

That earned a faint chuckle. “Here’s to the sacrament of the spider, baby boy.” Wade suckled his finger, and his awed expression gave way to one of rapture. A moment later he scowled and cocked his head to one side as if listening for something in the distance. “Yellow…?” He spun around, searching. “Hey, where’d ya go…? What do you mean gone…? Like a vacation…? Oh.” The big man giggled. “Yellow needs some private time.” He focused back on Peter. “Why?”
How would Peter know why Yellow did anything? “More spank bank material than one little yellow box could handle at once?”

“Not him, you. Why did you break your own hard limit? Didn’t you feel your skin split?”

“I… No, not really.” Another tally in the Peter Can’t Be Trusted column. “I just wanted it to be perfect.”

“You are perfect. Stop trying so hard to be even more perfecter; it’s not fair already!” Wade brought up the video, ensured Peter saw as he erased it. “We’ll just forget all about this little incident, but I’m still revoking your pilot’s license. No more flying solo for you, young man!”

“Too tough for my own good?”

“Damned skippy, you are.”

From a dark corner of the rafter’s Peter and Wade watched the cops haul away the last of their catch of the night. Clingier than usual Wade insisted that Peter sit between his thighs so the bigger man could wrap his legs and arms around his boyfriend. “Ooh, postmodern industrial aesthetic, I can dig it.” He squeezed tight. “Mmm, Spidey-boo, it’s been too long!”

“Deadpool, this morning isn’t too long.”

“But I haven’t had you since… Chapter Five, I checked!”

“Uh? OH!” Peter leaned back into the ex-merc’s chest. “Then unlock me and command me to fuck you.”

“Can’t. Key’s at home.”

The younger man managed to stifle his laughter to a smartassed chortle. “Guess you’re outta luck, there, big guy. Too bad. I’d’ve been glad to web you up and fuck you down right here, right now.”

Wade didn’t bother to tone down his triumphant bray. “Jus’ so happens, my darling Spidey-kins, I do gots a little something in this pouch that might help me out of this dire dearth of dick.” He started rummaging but frowned. “Maybe it’s the pouch on the other side… Ha! Knew it was here somewhere.” He pulled out a harness with a massive fake phallus. “Now we don’t have to worry about your little guy getting over excited!”

“’M not little.” Peter eyed the toy with suspicion if not outright offense. Caught with his dick out was one thing, but caught pegging his boyfriend while his own member remained encased in its overly snug home constituted another matter entirely. On the plus side at least he’d be fully dressed and not sporting an indecent level of boner if anyone entered the building.

“You gotsta. Deady says.”

Defeated Peter let his head fall to his chest. “Oh, fuck me…”

“No, fuck me, Spideypooh.” Wade snapped the harness around the younger’s waist, his legs, then slathered the obscenely large slab of silicone with lube. “Hop, hop, times a’wastin’.”

After extracting himself from his lover’s octopus embrace, Peter struggled to his feet.

“You don’t seem particularly inspired, my sweet spider. Need a little foreplay to get this party
started right?”

With a grin he gave a contented hum, “I’d like that, Deady.”

“Good.” He searched through the first pouch again. “This one’s for you.”

Peter had seen anal beads of all sorts before, but black silicone kept unspooling from the pouch until he could taste the phantom of them forcing their way up his throat. “Um, dude, how much of that do you think I can—?”

“Oh, that obedient ass of yours will drink down every inch, my arachnid love muffin. Now drop trou and grab those ankles.”

Mouth arid, he swallowed. It didn’t help. Nonetheless he obeyed.

As Wade placed the first slick, cool ball at his lover’s entrance, the bigger man burst out with an obscure Guns n’ Roses tune, “Panties round your knees with your ass in the breeze, doin’ that grind with the push ’n squeeze. Tied up, tied down, up against the wall, he’s my rubbermaid baby, and he can do it all…”

Long about the third bead, Peter realized two things: first they were weighted and second the weights weren’t stable, instead jiggling inside the balls with even the tiniest motion.

“That’s it, Spides. Rock ’em deeper. Fuck yeah, just another seven to go.” Before Peter could so much as whimper, Wade looked straight up. “Damn, you’re right. He’s held both of us up like that before.” He pressed the next ball into smaller man with a little less patience. “Hurry up and drink your treat, baby boy. Deady wants to ride you on the ceiling.”

By the time the older man pulled up Peter’s suit bottom, the balls jittered inside him nonstop, leaving him not just overfull but also hyperaware of his every twitch. Just raising his hands set off a chorus inside him.

“Up, up, up! Get up there! I’ve been as patient as a desert wildflower, my sweet little sip of cool sky nectar, but this ass needs action!”

Peter leapt up, stuck his hands to the metal warehouse ceiling, and swung his feet backward to latch onto the ceiling. He hadn’t pressed the burrs on his back through his thin suit in years, but those spider hairs latched onto the metal as well.

“Ready or not, here I come!”

Wade flung his pants to the warehouse floor far below, then jumped up. He slid his arms through the smaller man’s legs. Showing off his abs, he pulled his legs up and threaded them behind his lover’s knees as well. With a little effort and plentiful pinching (though by accident or on purpose, Peter couldn’t tell) Wade managed to work himself into place over the firm phallus in an inverted cowgirl position. He pulled himself up onto the toy.

In no small feat of strength, the massive man fucked himself with utter abandon.

As Wade rippled over the toy strapped to Peter’s hips, the lively anaconda invading his own body slithered and thumped. Between the constant strange sensation and the nonstop obscene moans of his boyfriend, he writhed, as stimulated as he would normally be while fucking the bigger man but unable to find the satisfaction of hot walls gripping him with the textured slide of flesh. Crazed, he pumped harder, searching for the friction that remained maddeningly evasive. His brain swore he should be feeling every stroke; instead he felt only the constant tug of the cage against his balls.
He snarled as he flipped his boyfriend between him and the ceiling. Clinging by his fingertips and toes, he pounded up at a punishing pace, rough and angry, much to the delight of his rider. The weighted balls fluttered and dropped inside him, as if the butterflies from his stomach formed a ravenous swarm. His anger burned hot and fast, expired as quickly as it came.

Careful of his burrs and the dry friction, he reached between them and stroked Wade. The bigger man trembled and whimpered for him. As he neared his finish, he tensed, all hard muscle locked around Peter’s lithe frame. He spilled over the younger man’s hand, dribbling pearls across his chest. Recovering slowly, he held Peter tight, babbling softly to either himself or his boxes.

“Love it when you go all primal, Spider-babe.” Wade booped his nose. “That was fun. Gotta do it again sometime. Now lemme off this rollercoaster—Can too…! Okay, fine—Lemme off this buckin’ bronco.”

With fond chagrin, Peter allowed his legs to dangle, yanking the toy from Wade’s body. He released the younger man and dropped back to the rafter, Peter following soon after.

Wade grabbed him up and spun him. “I’ll tell you what, what I have found, that I'm no fool, I'm just upside down. Ain't got no cares, I ain't got no rules. I think I like, living upside down.”

With no other possibility, Peter giggled at his antics, content in the deep yet improbable way of a zen master.

After swinging them back to the apartment with twenty tons of bells clanging inside his body, Peter made it as far as the bathroom door before Wade called out, “Come back here, you little spiderpuss!”

So much for removing Gold’s Gym from his colon. Peter walked back to where the ex-merc sat on the bed. “Yes, Daddy?”

Wade tugged him closer and pressed a kiss to his distended stomach. “You weren’t thinking of removing what Daddy put in you, were you?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Dammit.

The big man’s sonorous chuckle caressed Peter, the pleasant vibration sensual enough to tempt a nun to sin. “I wanna do so many glorious things before I pull those beads, pretty boy. Can you hold on another hour?”

“Hour?” Peter didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. “Can, yes; want to, no. But I will if you ask, Daddy.”

“It’s a bit after midnight. I’ll have you tucked in for beddie-bye by one, okay?”

“Okay, Daddy.” Peter managed a tired smile for his lover.

Wade slid a hand between Peter’s thighs and pulled him closer. “Such a good boy for me.” Big hands massaged across his tender backside, making his entire body tingle and stirring his unrequited desire for release. They peeled his pants to below the curve of his butt bubble. “This pink, stinging ass becoming your new normal?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter bit his lip and glanced away as he flushed hot.
Wade unlocked his cage and freed him. “And you’ve been a chaste boy for so long already, haven’t you?”

“Yes, Daa—DEE!” Peter fought the urge to squirm as Wade flicked his tongue across the tip.

Lips against the smaller man’s shaft, he murmured, “Bit musky, how ’bout a shower?”

“Oh, yes, Daddy, a nice hot shower sounds like bliss.”

The older man flashed the grin that made Peter’s stomach drop with both dread and desire. “Present in supine.”

Holding his questions, trusting he’d find out in due time what Wade had in mind, Peter climbed onto the bed and lay with his arms trapped at his lumbar. Knees up and wide, he let them fall open to the sheet below him. The air felt strangely cool on his free manhood, and he pondered if his penis could get Stockholm Syndrome.

Wade held up his cage. “Tell me about it.”

“Oh, um… It’s weirdly nice. I mean I hate the lock; bugger pinches me. And the mornings! The first was a religious experience. I’m constantly trying to distract myself from getting hard. So many erections, straining to break free. But, Daddy, everything is so much more sensitive, more attuned. Sometimes you’ll just barely touch my shoulder or ribs, and it’s electric.”

“Good. Now I want you to go ahead and pull your arms free; let them rest at your sides. Let those tired little spider eyes close too.” He set a slow breathing rhythm for Peter to follow. “That’s good, real good, baby boy. Let your mind wander.” After a minute he continued, “I’m gonna ask some questions, and you’re gonna give your first impulse answer. Don’t worry about speed or grace; they don’t count. Don’t worry about exceptions or implications; if need be we can revisit those later. Right, baby boy?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“So what’s your favorite color?”

“You know that blue that’s so blue it’s almost electric?”

Wade chuffed. “Yeah, baby boy, I might have seen it a few times when you’re in your suit.” He gave Peter a few seconds to recenter. “What’s your favorite food?”

“Anything Aunt May makes, but I guess her cherry pie is the best.” He laughed. “Are you going to ask the air speed of an unladen swallow?”

“Shh, just the answers, my little rum raisin cake of carnal delights.” Wade slowed his breathing again. “Now, who’s your favorite author and why?”

“Dr. Banner. I get a little thrill every time I see he’s published something new. He’s kinda my ideal; you know, the whole ‘when I grow up I wanna be just like…’.”

“What’s the longest you’ve gone without sleep?”

“I lost track after Gwen died. Four days? A week? Every time I closed my eyes, all I saw was her. Or Harry. It was hell.”

“What’s the hardest battle you’ve ever fought?”
Peter wanted to say Harry again, but in the same breath he didn’t want to think about it. He focused on accepting the pain with grace.

“Quit stalling, baby boy. When’d you think you weren’t gonna make it to sunrise?

“Oh… That’s different. Honestly, when the sonic gun failed, I was pretty sure Venom would eat me. Cutting its webs? Pulled that idea straight outta my ass. But as long as I had some hope, I could force myself to keep fighting.”

“Why did you beat yourself bloody?”

Scowling, Peter scanned his eyelids for any hint. “I don’t know, Daddy. I wanted it to be perfect, but I knew I was procrastinating because I was scared of being on camera, all vulnerable, naked, and exposed. Felt like a perv.

“And I would have assumed we confused my brain, except I’ve never paid my own pain much mind; it doesn’t matter so long as everyone else is happy and safe.” He hesitated. *Absolute truth.* “Not just because I’m tough enough to endure whatever shitstorms life can dole out. So many people I’ve failed.”

“That’s not the whole of it.” Peter continued, “I feel like, without Dad or Uncle Ben, who’s here to push me except me, so I’m always driving myself, never let anything be acceptable instead of exceptional.” His throat closed down. Though he had so much more to say, he couldn’t go on.

While he calmed, Wade propped against the headboard beside him. “Perfectionism’s a cruel mistress, baby boy. Killed more people than me… by a few million and counting.” He tapped his inner thigh, and Peter settled his head in the bigger man’s lap. After petting him a while, Wade said, “Do it again. This time be kind to my boyfriend, you poopiehead—heh, yeah, I got to tell him off for once.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter stood slowly, at a loss of what to do next.

Terrifyingly observant, the ex-merc clicked his tongue. “Start with music, baby boy. Set the mood: fun, playful.”

Peter’s brain translated that into Bubblegum K-Pop. He selected Secret’s swing-style “Shy Boy” on his phone and hit play: “Tur wap, du bop, du bop…” sing-songed the four young women. There, fun and playful. Accomplished.

“Select your toy, baby boy. Notice Daddy said toy, dammit, not weapon. Ain’t nobody using no weapon on my darlin’ apple blossom but me.” He grabbed his crotch to emphasize his point.

On Wade’s side of the closet, Peter had stashed the yardstick from when he had played Professor Parker to Wade’s Miss Winsome. Built for practical use, the tool had felt natural in his hand.

“Now show me. Make a fool of that studious nerd I love.”

With a chortle, Peter chased his own tail, trying and failing to land a decent smack. No angle, no twist, nothing brought any of his thickest flesh into range. With Wade snickering at his antics, a happy success settled over the younger man.

“Try choking up on it. A lot. Like thirty inches or so.”

With a six-inch toy, an angle opened up so he could just barely manage a decent swat. He crinkled his nose at Wade.
“I’ll spank my spider soundly and put him to bed after our shower, nae naemsae naneun geomi sonyeon.”

“You know I don’t speak Korean.”

“My stinky spider-boy.” Ignoring his squawk of protest, Wade escorted him to the bathroom and let the water warm. “Hop in and wash up.” Once Peter finished and reached to turn off the water, Wade tacked on, “And you’re a big boy; you should be able to wash your dingle for yourself.”

“Daddy, please! You can’t. You just can’t!”

“Can, baby boy; I am. Now chop-chop.”

He bit back his next words for only a moment. Absolute truth. “’S not fair.”

A snicker escaped the bigger man. “You already have a date with Helen the hairbrush for bleeding my baby boy, and I’d hate to face her disappointment if you can’t show any more control over your baser urge than a common house spider.”

Soapy hands and move fast…

Abort! Abort! Abandon ship; we’re going down fast.

“Oh, fuck, Wade!” Worst idea ever. “Please, Daddy! Your boy is dying here.” He managed to jerk back, but his lack of satisfaction scalded his ego. “May I come? Daddy, please, you gotta let me relieve the pressure!” His eyes blurred. He’d almost managed a full day without tears, but his hunk of burning sadism couldn’t have that. “Daddy, you’re forcing my hand.”

Wade’s chuckle made Peter smirk; he had the big man on the hook now. “You aren’t wrong, my anguished studmuffin. Go ahead and touch yourself.” While Peter had started stroking himself at the word go, the giant pain in his ass went on to add, “Just don’t come.”

Peter jerked back from his penis so hard and fast, pain blossomed where his funny bone hit the tiled wall. “Daddy, please, I’m already so, so close.”

“But Petey-wheetie-cakes, if you can’t love yourself, how are you gonna love me?”

He shoved a damp curl from his forehead as he teased, “That some cheesy ploy to get your sausage smoked?”

“Hmph. True, my dick holster wouldn’t be sassing Daddy if he were busy with bald brain surgery, but this isn’t about my pickle; it’s yours.” Wade crossed his arms, feigning anger. “Now put Daddy’s pretty, little hand on Daddy’s pretty, little cock.”

A tendril of rapture stabbed through Peter, stunning him. Owned. His lover’s presence in his mind gained the weight of conviction; he belonged with Wade. He’d never be able to untangle and extract himself. Whether he was ready to admit it or not, he’d never take another lover. His quest for belonging just ended with a whimper. Compelled by abiding devotion, he gingerly cupped his erection like a sacred duty at the altar of love, fealty its own reward. When Wade said he loved how Peter owned him, the younger man never imagined this plight, both a crisis of faith and a commandment to obey.

“That’s my good boy.”

“I hate how much I love those words.”
“Now stroke…” Wade slid his hand between Peter’s legs.

The younger man managed to wrap his thumb and forefinger near the base of his shaft.

“Stroke… stroke… stroke…”

At the precipice, fighting the fall with everything he had, he kept pace with his merciless lover. Obscene pained grunts echoed from the tile. The overwhelming urge to bring himself to climax warred against his stubborn desire to win at all costs. And inevitably he would lose.

*No, no, no, no, no!*

Peter toppled from the ledge. Slammed by his climax, he wailed an anguished battle cry of, “Wa-a-ade!” His rim flared, and the first bead pulled free. “Holy—!” The ease of pressure in his balls paled against the spasmic cramp of relief near his spleen.

“Scream for me. I love it.”

No problem. Peter howled, plaintive but passionate. Still convulsing long after he ran dry, his legs wobbled so much he damned near dangled from his beloved. Voice roughened, he panted jaggedly. Overwhelmed, overstimulated, overindulged… Overjoyed.

Laughter bubbled from him, interrupting a string of nonsense that he registered as his own broken croak. He slid to the tile floor just outside the tub.

“Double-check that you’re still clean, then ass up at the end of the bed.”

*As if I can.* And Peter dissolved into renewed giggles. “Help… I’ve fallen… and I can’t… I fuckin’ can’t…”

“No LifeAlert, sweetcheeks. Two punishments and a nighty-bye spanking.” The bigger man tutted with mock consternation. “You should be more careful with that glorious ass.”

Peter managed to roll over. “Yes, Daddy. I’m touched by your concern.”

The sink ran as Wade replied, “Oh, you’re gonna be touched alright. Don’t make Daddy stop clean up to escort his boy to the bed.” His growl had a cruel edge that didn’t leave Peter shaking in terror, if only because he didn’t possess the strength. “You got ten seconds to get to your feet.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Hands, knees, kneeling, one knee, then oof, one hand on the wall, he forced himself to his feet by stubborn determination alone.

“There now. Be a good boy, and I’ll let you rest in the corner between sessions.”

The first round with Helen, he didn’t have the will nor the energy to fight. The second he cried in frustration but controlled his various urges: kick, slap, jab, bite, run! He walked from his corner to their bed without balking despite Wade’s harsh grip on the nape of his neck. Draped over his lover’s lap, he even enjoyed the pleasant massage of gentle fingers over heated skin.

The first slap of the bigger man’s hand on his abused flesh however, and Peter’s legs curled on instinct. The second smack, and he was kicking, wriggling, bucking, fighting. Wade wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him. Legs dangling, he bicycled them hard, eager to break free. In no time his lover had trapped his thin legs between the man’s meaty thighs. Peter’s elbow crashed
into Wade’s ribs.

Wade snagged both wrists into one big hand. “Unh-uh-uh, baby boy.” He waggled the pointer finger on his free hand. “You can either safeword or accept your punishment. But no breaking bones just because you’re tired and cranky.”

“You fucking asshole! Lemme go!”

“No can do.” Wade resumed his diligent thrashing.

Physically subdued, Peter dropped his head to sulk. Flaming with indignant rage, he forced himself to tolerate the hornet stings that dominated his perception. He let himself sob, allowed the weakness because he had no choice. Though his emotions ran wild, he had only to endure.

Then strong arms wrapped around him. Pulled to the big man’s chest, Peter sagged.

With gentle petting and a soothing murmur, Wade calmed him. “That’s it my good, boy. Daddy’s so proud of how much control you showed. It amazes me every time you let me take you to that edge.”

Once guided to soft blankets, Peter permitted the spread of a cooling gel. Tucked in and held tight, he allowed himself to be comforted by the very man who broke him. “This feels so wrong.”

“Then why does it feel so amazing, my little spiderlove princling?”

“I wish I knew.” Technically he understood the bodily mechanics, but that hardly accounted for the intense joy that settled into his bones after an intense exchange. “Psychologists must have a field day researching this.”

Wade’s knowing snicker generated questions Peter never wanted answered. Instead he pressed back into his lover. With Wade’s erection against his ass, he realized one important detail: “My cage!”

His concern sent the ex-merc into mad guffaws that made Peter’s entire world rumble.

“S not funny. I need my cage.”

Half an hour later, equipment safely tucked away any and all physical stimulation, the younger man dozed off with Wade still beaming that same bemused grin.
Day 9

Chapter Summary

Peter finally gets some time uncaged. For reason.

Peter stared at the metal monstrosity in Wade’s hands. “That belongs on Stranger Things. What the hell is it?” At least the contraption distracted him from the fact that Wade’s book club requested “another showing of my sweet boy’s O-face.”

“A locking plug for that pert little ass, my darling arachnid.” After a moment of studying his beau, Wade added, “Of course, good boys don’t have to be locked in. And you’re a very good boy.” His soft chuckle stirred the younger man’s erection, but since it had nowhere to go, Peter tried to ignore it. “So will you wear a plug for Daddy?”

“But not that one?” he asked hopefully, glad the bigger man had given him an out. His humor had worn thin already, as their day had started rough and early. Apparently earning endless punishments in one day also earned a reminder spanking the instant he climbed out of bed. At least Wade planned to cook conciliation pancakes when they were done here.

“Not unless I catch you without this one.” Wade held out the now-familiar black one. “A reminder that that ass belongs to me?”

May I? Peter’s brain translated.

“Wait, what about ‘What Daddy puts in, Daddy takes out’? Peter turned around and hiked his skirt and petticoat, his panties still around his ankles. He’d scrubbed them by hand and lay them flat to dry, a level of care his boxer briefs had never required. Still it made Yellow swoon with joy, which made Wade’s life more bearable, so Peter considered it a win.

Particularly since Wade’s husky laugh could almost bring him to creaming. “Daddy will let this be an exception, sweetheart. So long as you put it back where it belongs, in Daddy’s adorable little bubble butt.” He smeared lube along the length of the toy.

The cool slide at Peter’s core felt amazing in contrast to the heated cheeks surrounding it. “Thank you, Daddy.” Another worry popped into his head. “Do I have to wear this while I sleep?”

“Let’s try it out come Saturday and see how it goes. Daddy likes you plugged, but Daddy needs you happy, healthy, and well rested.” A pair of gentle taps signaled for Peter to pull up his underwear. “Now get to work, baby boy.” He hummed his appreciation of the smaller man’s form.

Peter scowled as he studied his chore list, brimming with more items this week than last. “Is dusting the lightbulbs a real thing that real housewives really do for realsies?”

“For realsies, my sweet little dumpling of domestic bliss.”

He harrumphed a bit as he took up the giant feather duster. “And this thing looks like the love child between a turkey and a magic wand. Where the hell do you keep finding this shit?”

“The internet is a wonderful place. Full of every perversion side-by-side with practical tips on keeping an immaculate home for the hard-working man of the house.”
That made Peter scoff. “Hey, you might be a bread-winner, but I bring home the bacon too.”

“Is that some sort of sex thing? That’s some sort of sex thing. Shouldn’t it be ‘bring home the sausage’ though? Oh, wait, no, I’m bringing the sausage. And the bread. Or was it dough? Either way, I’m—”

“Point is I don’t rely on no man for my money.” Peter gave his full skirt a sassy shake.

“Which leaves my jack for cool things!” With an evil cackle, Wade twisted the key in the weird metal plug, opening the leaves. “So be a good boy, or you’ll be asking Daddy’s permission for every movement you make. Heh, get it, movement?”

Peter had his doubts on whether he’d let Wade use that thing, but he didn’t intend to screw up to find out. “You are insufferable.”

“And you’re a spoilt rotten little shit this morning. Now get to work. Don’t make me say it a third time.”

“Yes, Daddy.”

While Wade sang and danced to the songs Yellow played in his head, Peter started in on the lightbulbs, intending to work his way down to the floors. Okay, yeah, apparently the fixtures and bulbs did need a good dusting. Not to mention the cobwebs growing in the corners.

The extra strong halogen light over his study area even had a brown funk singed to the glass. “I think we should replace this one with an LED,” he called out.

“Whazzat, Petey-pie? Can’t hear you.” After a short lag, he chided, “You need to be a big boy and come in here if you want to speak with Daddy.” Then he fell to laughing, no doubt amused by his own jibe.

Annoyed, Peter dropped from the ceiling with a thud. “No treating me like a little kid, dammit,” he grumbled as he followed Wade’s voice to the kitchen.

“Yeah, he’s adorable when he’s flustered.” Wade flipped a pancake onto the stack. “Fine, Mr. I’m a Full-Grown Adult, I’ll be all serious-wearious for you, baby boy.”

“No, you won’t.” He could feel his sullen mood souring, and he knew he’d better reel it in before it earned him another punishment. “But you don’t have to. I love your silliness, even when I’m being —”

“A little shit?”

His grousing certainly had not gone unnoticed, and in utter humiliation that he couldn’t control his temper more completely, Peter flushed hot across his ears and cheeks, even running down onto his chest. “Yes, Daddy. No more attitude. I’m happy to submit and serve, even when I’d rather not.”

Wade turned to shake his orange pancake flipper at him. “See you do, my snarky little arachnid. You don’t want to see what I can do to your backside with this spatula.” He paused to snicker, breaking the You’re-in-Serious-Trouble tone he’d gone to so much trouble to create. “Breakfast’s almost ready, so you might as well pull up a chair.”

As Peter gingerly slipped into his seat, the plug strummed to life. “Holy guacamole, I forgot about that.”
“Oh, can’t have you forgetting!” Wade dialed up the strength.

Melty and weak, Peter’s body buzzed in time with the vibe. “Mmm, thank you, Daddy.” Eyes closed he let his head hang, concentrating on the pleasure even as the tug of his erection grew to discomfort. “Please may your boy have his cock free?”

“No touchies?”

“Yes, Daddy, no touchies. Just… it’s starting to hurt.”

Wade sighed wistfully with a crooked grin. “…Yeah, perfect.” He pulled a necklace from his shirt, revealing Peter’s key at the end. “Okay, c’mere.”

“That was almost too easy.” Peter chuckled, but he gladly presented his package, eager for however long his lover might grace him with freedom.

“Told ya, baby boy, I like giving you what you want… There, now the best thing in life is free.”

After breakfast Peter faced a conundrum: He could either resist touching his aching erection or request the cage. Neither really appealed. In the end he made the safe choice after yesterday’s abuse of his backside. And his face flamed as he asked for his cage. He doubted he’d ever grow immune to blushing at the things Wade talked him into doing.

Instead of wandering off, the older man carried their plates to the kitchen and turned on the water. Peter scowled. “Daddy, you don’t have to do the dishes; I’ve got that.”

“Oh, of course you do, if that was what Daddy wanted—you are a very good boy after all—but I promised I wouldn’t make Tuesday’s chores any harder on you than they have to be, so this mess is all mine.”

The urge to protest again rose, but the younger man bit it back. He didn’t even like doing dishes. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Each small act of service built up until his efforts produced tangible results. As the hours of chores wore on, a glimmer of pride ignited inside Peter.

“Damn, my arachnid of domestic perfection, this place is sparkly.” Wade pulled the smaller man into his crushing embrace.

“Thank you, Daddy; I’m glad you’re pleased,” Peter replied, practically gushing with his joy at the bigger man’s appreciation for his efforts.

Oh, that made Wade light up like Christmas and New Year’s combined. “Score!” He punched the air, then swung Peter over his shoulder. After toting the smaller man to the bedroom, he settled his favorite target across his lap and wasted no time in lifting Peter’s skirttail. “I can’t believe you agreed to any of this.”

“I can’t either?” Despite his exposed posterior, he stretched languidly. “But you’re having enough fun to make it fun for me too.”

“Even though it hurts?” To emphasize his question, he landed a pair of swats, one for each cheek.

“Yes, even though it hurts.” Peter let out a soft sigh. “Daddy, may your boy have a hard and
thorough reminder to be brutally honest and always respectful?”

“Thought you’d never ask!”

A quiver of anticipation raced up Peter’s spine. The hard slap across his ass brought him instantly to panting against the harsh reality of asking for corporal punishment from the brute of a man. Even as the fire spread along his ass and thighs, his cock twitched in its cage.

Serious now, Wade asked, “How would you feel about White coming out to play?”

His sudden somber tone made Peter blanch. “Well, I mean, he can’t be worse than Yellow, right?”

“That’s not worse. But not better. Just different.”

“You made me nervous there for a second.” Peter gave a self-conscious chuckle with his hand running along the nape of his neck. “I can’t imagine why I wouldn’t be ready, so unless you have more to add, sure, let White out.”

“Fuck me if I’m wrong but have we met before?” The words had an angry edge that made Peter’s stomach churn.

“Whatever’s your pleasure.” He bared his neck to the more controlled but more bitter of the boxes.

“Oh, little prince, when I’m through with you, the neighbors will need a cigarette.” White nibbled along the proffered flesh. “Tell me what you want.” That command held an iron will that never belonged to Wade.

Peter fumbled for words and ideas. “Today I want to be an instrument of pleasure, to know I’ve… I’ve… I—”

“Today a fortune cookie told me that every exit is an entrance. Long story short, strip bare, then present that hot ass. Time for a massive screw.” While Peter complied, White cackled. As he sorted through the toybox, he grew ever more frantic and angrier. “Alright, avocado-face, where is it? You said you put it here… Oh, yeah yeah, right, I see it.” He pulled out a silicone screw, every bit of two feet long, plus a bundle of rope. With both deposited on the bed, he watched the younger man curve his back to show off his ass. “Elbows to the bed. Eyes to the wall. Stay right like that. Don’t move a muscle. White’s gonna tap that luscious ass alright.” Cold and efficient, he lacked the pleased amusement Peter had expected.

White’s footsteps retreated from the room but returned soon enough. “For my next trick I need a condom and a volunteer… Just kidding, we don’t need a condom.”

Peter’s Punishment Paddle ™ ran up his back, making him shiver. 

“Like you two would have it any other way.” Though Peter tried to shrug it off, satisfaction sank into his bones at the sure knowledge that he’d charmed both boxes.

White made a happy little snort. “If there’s any justice in this universe, then the meatsuit’s right about exactly one thing: you’ll be the final death of us.” With an irritated whine, he added, “We’ll get there, Yellow, so shut the fuck up, why doncha.”
Forever playing the ref, Peter reminded the other box, “Be good, Yellow, because I’m looking forward to Sunday.”

A soft sigh told him the other box had quieted. “Thank you, Peter.”

“Any time.”

A light tap across his sore ass made Peter jolt in expectation, but no pain followed. The gentle treatment continued, tap after tap, building a deep ache, though it could be arousal or bruising. Either way tendrils of lust reached up to choke him and down to make his legs quiver. He endured that ache building and building, dominating his attention even as he wanted it to recede.

“Please…” The first teardrop broke free. “Please, White…”

“Please what, you scrumptious little strumpet.”

“I feel like I’m about to explode, and I don’t even know why.”

The first harsh smack landed. “That’s not a request.”

“May this spanking be over?”

“Glad you asked. I was beginning to think you were impervious to my charms.” That smile could slice tin cans and tomatoes alike.

Frantic hits came harder and faster, still nothing compared to Wade’s or Yellow’s power, more an insistent and incessant barrage that left Peter craving so strongly that he rutted into the mattress.

A single dire smack brought his sober mind to the surface. “Ow, fuck!” He shot White a nasty glare.

Rage swirled in the gaze that greeted him. “None of that. I won’t have you fucking anything but me this afternoon.”

“Yes, White.” Through will alone, Peter stilled his hips and resumed staring down the wall.

At least Yellow wanted Peter to have fun. White apparently wanted him to suffer. Maybe the box resented the power he had over Wade and Yellow. If so it must hate the power the smaller man held over White himself. Peter put up no defenses as the beating continued long past the point where he wished it would stop. He’d be tender for a while after this, but he found no cause protest.

“Sex is meaningless, but as far as meaningless experiences go, it is pretty damned fun.” Wade’s form dropped the paddle to the floor. “Roll over.” Once Peter complied, White stuck the suction-cup base of the two-foot screw just above his caged penis. “Sweet. Now stand up so we can tie a harness to hold your new cock in place.”

As meticulous as Wade had been with his knots, White proved doubly so, each tested and adjusted before he moved to the next. Peter’s own cock disappeared behind a solid weave of rope, the screw sticking out from him as if it were indeed his own equipment. He continued to stare even after White tied off the rope.

“Well, are you gonna screw me, or do I have to lie to my diary?”

Trance broken, Peter got to work. He lubed the long, thin toy, then threaded it into Wade’s body, sinking and sinking and sinking before he reached the hilt with them both standing. Oh, how he
longed to feel the heat of Wade’s body constricting along his penis as he pumped long strokes into White. For all the world, his brain promised he felt the velvet grip, yet no such sensation accompanied his efforts.

White’s happy sex babble only stoked Peter’s envy. He wanted to scream. Instead he took longer strokes at a frantic pace as his frustration continued to grow.

A ragged whine seeped from his chest. “Need release. Please, oh fuck, please. Don’t care if it’s ruined but I can’t… Not much more.”

“What’s a four-letter word every man’s afraid of…? More.”

With Wade’s body writhing on the fake cock, Peter force himself to continue, faster and harder, until he drew each breath in a great gasp. “Please, may I stroke you to completion now?”

“Oh, you are special. Meatface normally hires some stupid ass bimbo who can’t figure jack from shit. Pretty boy, you take your time and get me off, and we’ll see about a ruined orgasm for your own worthless little dingle.”

Flames raced over Peter. He wasn’t sure he completely hated White’s cruel barb. On one hand he wasn’t into humiliation, but on the other, Wade so often fostered the scorch of embarrassment that the sensation brought a sense of belonging to their encounter.

However Peter was dead certain Wade never wanted him to take disrespect from either box, bootcamp or no; it set a bad precedent. At the end of his rope with White’s attempts to infect the smaller man with the box’s nihilism, Peter sank to the hilt, wrapped one delicate hand around Wade’s throat, and growled in warning. “Never forget who’s head bitch in charge. Push me any harder, and you’ll be on your knees for the foreseeable future, my little cocksucker.” He reached around to grab Wade’s prick. “Now are you gonna be a nice white box and come for me, or do I have to break bad on your ass?”

Rather than reply White pumped into his fist with enthusiastic abandon. In mere moments his ejaculate landed in streaks across the bedspread. He hitched and giggled. “What’s the difference between oral sex and anal sex? Oral sex makes your day; anal sex makes your hole sore for a week. Wait, no, that’s not right…” Wade’s massive frame shuddered. “Seriously, pull out. Like now.”

Biting back a snicker upon realizing the box had bit off more than it could chew, Peter pulled back, back, back, then took a step back to pull back some more. Finally the screw pulled free of his lover’s grip. “Better?”

Wade’s form nodded while he shook his ass like a hula girl. “Love is like a machine… sometimes you need a good screw to fix it.” That was the closest Peter would get to a verbal apology from the box. Instead White grabbed both of the smaller man’s testicles in one hand. “What do you have when you have a man’s balls?”

“Um?” Should Peter retaliate, participate, or simply wait? “I dunno, what?”

“His full attention.” White paused to cackle at his own joke before unlocking Peter. “The best things in life are free and worth every Penny Parker in all of fandom.” The white box either didn’t know or didn’t care that Wade had made that joke earlier, which suggested Yellow had the Beatles’ song on repeat. On a roll White continued to crack wise as he nuzzled and kissed the smaller man’s abs and groin with a sweet intimacy.

“I’m sorry, Peter.”
Like a needle across a record, the world screeched to a halt.

The instant their eyes met, White burst into tears. “Even the moron’s right on rare occasion. You’re the only thing that makes life in this prune suit remotely bearable. Don’t leave us.”

Peter sat on the bed and pulled his lover against his chest. “Not goin’ anywhere. Promise. See, ’m right here.” He petted Wade’s bald scalp so very gently. “Yellow, listen to me: everything’s fine. ’M not angry and ’m not leaving. Please calm down. Nothing bad’s hap’ning, so you can stop punishing White. C’mon, that’s was hot, right? My little twink ass ready to pretzel you up and take charge? Hmm? You know you liked it. Come Sunday you can even command me to take charge if you want. I’ll manhandle you the way you like it best, my good little yellow box.”

“He quit screaming,” White murmured, though he remained dour.

Rocking and cooing, Peter held his boyfriend. “White, there’s no shame in asking for what you need. I can’t make you happy, but I can quit pounding everything from your ass to your spleen.”

With a giggle the box roared back to life. “If three people makes a threesome, and a couple makes a twosome, then show me what makes you handsome.”

Stunned by White’s rapid mood swing and disjointed statement, Peter needed an unreasonably long time to realize the box meant for him to masturbate, but once the idea hit, he worked his hypersensitive length as hard as he could without making himself wince. Seconds. He lasted mere seconds before the heat singed out from his crotch, enflaming every inch with pure need. Only his stubborn pride allowed him to release himself and let the come dribble from his neglected cock.

Still contrite and gentle, White nuzzled along Peter’s deflating penis. “Hmm, that was quick. Wonder if it’ll be the same when you’ve already come a dozen times?”

The box set to finding out. Sure enough each time Peter need more stimulation before he came.

When Wade’s hand engulfed Peter’s raw penis for the fourth round, he gasped with true pain. Sure, he had a dozen ways to stop White, but back in his role for bootcamp, he begged for mercy, endlessly repeating. “No more, please, no more.”

“Shh, shh, shh, I’ve got ya, baby boy.”

Peter leaned into Wade arms, his relief beaming a radiant smile for his lover. “Mmm, glad to see ya, Daddy.”

“Glad to be seen. Sorry that White went into a snit when his blind-as-Althea’s-ass couldn’t find the toy he picked. He never recovers quickly when something goes wrong.” Wade nuzzled Peter with gentle affection. “Looks like you’re gonna be uncaged tonight.”

“Yeah, White kinda forced me to come until I couldn’t anymore.”

“So I saw.”

“His sense of humor is actually worse than yours.” Peter gave a soft chuckle. “He should never be allowed within a million miles of anything SHIELD related. I can only imagine Director Fury’s reaction to his thought process.”

“Heh, don’t gotta imagine. Yeah, pisses Patches off pretty good. Ol’ Iron Britches ain’t no fan either.”
“Fuck anyone who doesn’t like White,” Peter muttered.

“That’s a lot of sex, baby boy, and you’re all sexed out. Why don’t you take a nap before patrol?”

“Mmm, sounds nice.” Peter tossed the ruined bedcover to the floor to await washing. “Lay with me until I relax?”

Wade allowed himself to be pulled into the bed. “Okay, baby boy.”

“I’ve taken so much already, and bootcamp’s not half done. Not even a third. Please tell me you’ve dreamed up a good reason for me to push through to the end.”

“Oh, even White agrees, it’s definitely adequate, even for the hell we’re putting you through.” Wade booped his nose. “Now close those peepers.”

Peter wasn’t feeling so nappish with Wade pressed to his side. “Lemme guess: Yellow’s singing ‘Jeepers Creepers’ right now?”

“More a Poe-Parton fusion he stole off the web.” Wade shrugged. “Workin’ nine to nine, for a man who’s eye is creepy. That’s why I decide to assault him when he’s sleepy. But his heart still beats in the floorboards where I set it. It’s enough to drive me crazy if I let it.”

“’M startin’ to think your boxes have greater issues than the fact they are boxes in your head.” Peter giggled as he snuggled in tighter. “Yellow is a bloodthirsty maniac, and White just wants to watch the world burn.”

“Does not make our Petey-pie your Harley Quinn,” Wade rumbled, voice low with threat. “He’s here of his own free will. No fuckin’ Stockholm Syndrome needed, you batshit crazy asshole.”

“White, you couldn’t stop me if I wanted to leave.”

“Yellow might could,” the big man supplied.

Peter rolled his eyes with abandon at that one. “Thanks. So helpful.”

“Always glad to be of service, my sweetiekins.” He pinched both sides of Peter’s face until he puckered up like a goldfish. “Yeah… No, we don’t gotta have that wrapped around our cock just this exact second; dammit, Yellow, get your head outta the gutter and do the cuddle thing with the rest of us.”

“I’m flattered.” Peter curled into a sleeping position. “But I’m not the only one who’s chafed.”

Peter landed on a flat roof near home. “What a painfully peaceful patrol. Not even a single purse snatcher out tonight.”

“Aww, our Spideykins is bored.” Wade placed both hands to hold up his head as he blinked in adoration. “So damned cute I wanna puke.”

The younger man pulled his suit from his crotch. “Feels weird to have things just touch the junk.”

“Want me to fix that?” Wade’s mask managed to convey his lascivious grin just fine.

A question snagged on the tip of Peter’s tongue. “Of course you did. You brought the cage.” He glanced around to ensure no windows had a good view of them. Then he tugged his pants below
his package. “Just get on with it.”

“Of course, my Majestic Arachnid Princeling of Love.” While Peter glowered, Wade snapped the cage over his cock. “You’ve been an insufferable little bitch all day. If I didn’t know better I’d think you needed a spanking.”

While Wade cackled, Peter edged backward, quite certain that this exchange could not possibly end in his favor. “No, I’ll be good.”

“Show me. Let me see you bear one trial with sweetness.”

Peter licked his lips nervously. “That requires a trial.”

“Indeed, my little arachno-hero.” Wade opened one his pouches. “One pole prison, one bar prison, what’s the difference; it’s around here somewhere…” Those Mary Poppins pouches never ceased to amaze. Case in point, the dildo on a pole. “So we’ll adjust it just high enough to keep your heels off the roof, and let’s see how long your sweet temper can last.”

Lacking a good reason, Peter couldn’t bring himself to say no outright. He folded his arms over his chest and tried not to glare bullets at the toy in Wade’s big hands. “May your boy attempt this once we get home? Fuck, please, Daddy, I don’t wanna do this here in the open.”

“I know, baby boy, but that’s why we gotta.”

Hang dog, Peter stripped, unwilling to let Spiderman be seen in such a compromised condition. “Okay. How do I—?” The question proved unnecessary as Wade removed his plug, wedged the pole under him, fitted the dildo into him, and adjusted the contraption to lift him. Peter forced a calm joy, hoping it would become genuine soon. “So now what?”

“Now we wait.” Wade let out a chuckle so evil it made Peter’s skin crawl in the certainty that this would be a greater challenge than it appeared. “Smile for the camera, baby boy.” He pulled out his phone to record Peter’s ordeal. “Rub those nipples; wanna see ya squirm.”

Keeping that gentle smile Peter rolled his nipples between his fingers, bringing them to hard peaks. “Mmm, thank you, Daddy. Makes my tummy all bubbly inside.”

Wade bit back a snort. “Oh, you are full of yourself tonight, baby boy. So—” he pulled out a remote “—let’s see what this bad boy can do.”

As his world shook and hummed, Peter yelped with a grimace.

“That’s as long as you can be sweet, Petey-pie?”

“No, Daddy.” Carefully schooling his face, he sought any wellspring of grace or joy. Aroused more than he anticipated, he managed a soft grin as he rocked atop the pole. “Feels so very good I forgot myself. Won’t happen again.”

“Unh-uh-uh, sweet boy, give me your absolute truth.”

That made Peter sigh in frustration. “Yes, Daddy, it’s hard to keep my sweet disposition when I’m not feeling so sweet about the vibrator holding me off the ground.”

“The more absolute your submission to the moment, the greater the sanctity of your present. In other words, accept each moment, even when there’s a pole stuck up your ass. That’s all you gotta do for now. The sweet disposition will come easier that way.”
Peter snickered. “So I see.” A fond smile settled over his features. “So if I just concentrate on how much I adore being your favorite sex toy, I should get through this just fine?”

“Exactly!” Wade beamed as he caught Peter’s unguarded smile on camera. “Endure thirty full minutes and I’ll give my boy a reward.”

Ducking his head, Peter felt his cheeks warm. “Daddy, you do give out the best treats.”

Wade whispered, “Doing so good, baby boy. Daddy’s so proud of your joyful abandon.” Every time Peter’s spirit flagged in impatience or annoyance, Wade teased him back to the desired headspace. “Mmm, so good for me. So very sweet. So very obedient.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” Peter rocked on the vibrating dildo inside him. “Feels so good, Daddy.” Eyes closed he ignored his straining erection, preferring the subtle pleasure of fucking himself on the toy inside him.

“That’s it, baby boy; let yourself go. Abandon. Surrender. Give your all to me.” Wade kicked the younger man’s feet further apart, making his calves flex to keep him from being impaled. “Show me.”

Peter’s head wavered forward and back, eyes closed, mind transcended from the mundane to the sacrosanct of the moment, the present, the only thing that truly existed. His own hands fluttered across the expanse of his bare skin before again settling over stone-hard nipples. Every inch vibrated in a delicious longing that left him breathless with need.

Words more air than voice, he vowed, “All yours. Whatever you want, whatever you ask.” A hand trailed down to his cage. “If you say I suffer with joy, then I suffer with joy.” His body tried to hunch into his touch, but the restraint kept him from making more than a fractional effort, yet a steady dribble of come slicked his palm. “If you say be sweet, then I’m the nectar for your honey.”

“Fuck, yeah, you are,” Wade mumbled. The familiar rhythmic thwap of his hand along his cock brought the younger man a deep satisfaction.

Tumbling in empty space, Peter lost himself. Body shivering, heaving, seeking the release he was denied, he allowed every sensation, cherished each in the depths of his soul. Not coming, trapped in the bliss moment, this was rapture, the purest joy he’d ever known, and he never wanted the pleasure to end.

Gratitude and praise streamed from his lips in a hushed babble: “Never knew it could be this good, Daddy…” “Thank you thank you thank you…” “Anything. Anything you want. Everything. It’s yours. You have only to ask…”

Rippling contractions radiated from his core. Peter greeted their cramping pain and orgasmic pleasure with equal enthusiasm. Legs trembling, weak, he surrendered to the inevitable, allowing the strain to fade from his calves, his weight on the thumping phallus inside his body.

Wade came with a primal snarl that raised every hair on Peter’s hypersensitive skin.

“Da-a-addy, fuck, wanna come so bad but don’t want this to stop.”

“Nah, that don’t count; I don’t think he realizes how hard he’s sobbing.” Wade’s deep chuckle unfurled in a sensual stroke across his overtaxed body. “So close to that treat, baby boy; can you hold out just a few seconds more, be Daddy’s strong boy?”

Peter moaned. “I’ll be… whatever… you want.”
That admission struck hard at his psyche. This was precisely what it meant to give himself to Wade: an unpredictable ride that left him always wanting more and willing to do anything to get it. For a year he’d taken all Wade offered, but seldom had he given himself and never so completely. Vulnerable, soul stripped bare for his lover, he quaked with the sure knowledge that, from this moment forward, he’d give everything for the insane man who held his heart. In moments like this, he’d gladly empty his soul, then steal more to surrender on the altar of love.

He should be terrified. He knew that much. “How did I ever survive without you?”

“Oh, un-un, baby boy. Don’t even think like that. You’re a strong, independent spider who don’t need no man, remember?” The dildo’s vibrations cut off before Wade checked his Hello Kitty watch. “Made it but just barely. Let’s get you down offa there.” Forearm high on Peter’s thigh, he lifted the smaller man free. “Yeah, I know what he said, Yellow. Don’t mean it’s a good thing… Yeah, I hate it when White’s right too.” With Peter slung into a fireman’s carry, he barked out a sharp laugh. “Maybe so, but The Cult of Abandonment abandoned us, remember? Seemed we weren’t womanly enough to fill out an acolyte’s robes.”

Unceremoniously dumped on the bed, Peter bounced twice. He swiped his mask from his face but couldn’t possibly peel the rest of his suit off. How Wade had wriggled him back into the spandex, he had no idea. Limp, exhausted, sore from his belly button down, he lay quietly while Wade drew his bath.

In a Santa hat and beard made entirely of bubbles, the older man asked, “Ready for that treat, my scrum-diddly-upmtious baby boy?”

“Lemme guess,” Peter said as he rolled gingerly off the bed and onto his feet, “bubble bath?”

Wade harrumphed, arms crossed like a sullen child’s. “The world’s most luxurious bubble bath happens to be part of it.”

Then Peter caught the first whiff: citrus and floral and so sweet. “Oh, jumpin’ Jehoshaphat, Wade, that smells like nirvana.” He snickered when Yellow started in on “Smells Like Teen Spirit,” making Wade’s head bob to the familiar tune. “So I guess this is another internet find?”

“Oh, no. I found Babyganics Orange Blossom beddy-bye scent everything on the shelf. Nothing but the best for my baby boy.” The big man doubled down on his sulk. “M saving the Twisted Bitch bath bombs for later.”

Giddy Peter flailed his way into Wade’s embrace. “Thank you, Daddy.” Despite his urge to protest baby products, it smelled too delicious to complain.

Wade turned off the overhead, leaving them in candlelight. Soft tinkly music played on his phone. He striped them both before settling into the water and opening his legs. “‘C’mon in, baby boy; water’s almost as fine as dat ass.” He tapped for Peter to settle between his thighs.

Almost too hot, Peter sank into the water obediently, a sigh on his lips. “Mmm, feels amazing.”

“Gets better.”

Wade started by shampooing Peter’s hair, scratching lightly across his scalp. The soapy massage continued down his body, fingers sinking lightly into muscle.

Peter’s moan sounded like sex incarnate, even to his own ears. And it had friends, all sorts of sighs
and groans. And Wade left nothing untouched from his tingling scalp to between his toes to the sore spot where his taint had rested on the balls of the one bar prison. The younger man expected he wouldn’t get an erection again until morning, but there it was bobbing eagerly below the waterline, a scant inch from where Wade worked his magic.

Tingling and needy, Peter bit his lip. He tried to push the haze of desire from his mind. Instead his lover’s touch brought him to whimpering and writhing.

His first wordless plea cut with the same desperate edge that the bigger man adored teasing from him. Lust filled his mind; his cock throbbed with relentless desire. He needed Wade.

Peter gasped, “Please, Daddy, wanna suck you.”

Wade only smirked.

“Lemme guess, they’re calling me a desperate, horny little slut.”

The crinkles around his eyes deepened, “Not in so many words, but yeah, pretty much. Yellow’s eager to fuck you in two. And White’s impressed with your stamina.” His smile waivered. “Why the hell shouldn’t I tell him that…? Oh, for fuck’s sake, Yellow, no.” He continues in a bleeting whine, “Ca-a-a-a-arl, that kills people. How could you not—?”

Kissing gently into the big man’s ever-running mouth, Peter silenced Wade’s impersonation of Paul from *Llama’s with Hats*. “Most annoying llama ever.”

Kneeling between the bigger man’s thighs, that ruined, chiseled body dominated Peter’s senses, begging him to explore with hands and lips and tongue. In full trust, he kissed lower, dipping below the waterline to catch Wade’s hard-on. The older man filled his mouth. One hand against his nape, Wade thrust deep enough to choke before pulling back, only to repeat the motion. Peter let the thick shaft drag between his lips, content even when his lungs screamed.

A moment later Wade pulled the younger’s face from the water. “Nothing’s sexier than the way you chose me over air, baby boy, but let’s dry off and take this to the bed before all that nice smooth skin prunes up.”

Peter let the water from the tub and allowed Wade to towel him dry. He followed the older man to the bed.

Wade flopped onto his back and motioned toward his erection. “Be my guest. Anything you want, sweetheart.”

“You are incorrigible.” Peter searched the nightstand for lube, then climbed alongside his lover. “Anything?”

Wade blinked warily. “Within moderate reason?”

“I’m not the unreasonable one in this relationship.” Peter crossed his arms in a mockery of indignation at having his own words turned against him. “Remind me why I’m playing house with you.”

“You love me?” The bigger man hid his flash of uncertainty behind a pompous smirk just one blink too late.

“That I do.” Peter let his posture soften. “All of you.” He leaned down to kiss his boyfriend, gentle and sweet. “I never thought I’d be able to love anyone.”
No less observant Wade caught the wisp of sadness in that confession. “’S alright, Petey-pie. I
know you’ve lost people. No shame in missing them.”

Peter nodded, blinking the sting from his eyes. “Yeah, that’s exactly why I love you.” He set to
kissing down Wade’s throat as he continued, “You let me be myself… Never dismissive, never
demeaning… Never making me feel stupi—”

Wade’s loud guffaw cut him off. “Oh, baby boy, the last thing you are is stupid.” He slipped one
big paw into the younger man’s hair and tightened it into a fist. “Stupid in love, maybe.” He
hummed a few notes of the Rihanna song before he remembered they were talking. “I’m prob’ly
the stupidest thing you’ve ever done.”

“Yeah.” Peter couldn’t deny it, so why try? Instead he responded with Sinatra lyrics: “And then I
go and spoil it all by saying something stupid like ‘I love you’.”

The corners of Wade’s eyes crinkled with fondness. “Less singy, more sucky-sucky.” He guided
Peter lower with the fistful of hair. “Someone wants to say hi to your tonsils.”

“Incorrigible,” Peter repeated before licking a stripe from balls to tip. “Let me blow your mind.”

After placing both hands behind his head, Wade stilled. “Whatever makes you happy, my sweet
love muffin.”

“You.” Peter settled between his legs and bent double. That alone drew an appreciative hum from
his lover. With a hand on either side of Wade’s cock, thumbs around the base, he lowered his lips
to kiss the head. “You make me happy.” A flick of his tongue, then he swallowed until his lips
reached his hands.

His happy murmur came out as a muffled groan. Before bootcamp he might have been just the
 tiniest bit selfish in bed, but fully attuned to his lover’s pleasure, he wanted Wade to moan, to
writhe in need just as he had all day. He set a teasing pace, using his arms to keep the squirming
man from gaining enough friction to peak before he was damned good and ready.

“Ungh, Petey, that has to be twelfth base by now!” Wade hunched at him again, the smaller man’s
entire body lifting from his efforts. “Wanna come.” He wrapped a hand around Peter’s wrist and
tried to tug his hand free. “Aw, now don’t tell me what you want is payback for keeping you all hot
and bothered. It’s a bootcamp; it’s not supposed to be pleasant.”

Peter pulled back with a slurp. “Maybe. Maybe it’s payback for making me come in front of your
book club.”

“Oh, right, so what ya say, honey bunches, wanna come for them again on Monday?”

“Same place?” he asked, certain he’d never have the nerve without the masks.

“No, well, maybe…?” Wade flashed a sheepish grin. “We’ll see?”

“I just don’t want anyone learning that Spider-man gets freaky in the sheets. It’s hard enough to get
respect without people thinking I’m some sorta degenerate sex fiend.”

“Oh, you ain’t gotta worry about the book club, my little arachnid of much overthinking. Everyone
agreed: you’re the purest soul ever to walk among us.”

“Really? You think I’ll believe that load of crap?” Peter tried to soften the blow with a few little
licks along the underside. “No one thinks that after someone puts on a sex show.”
“Pure as the driven snow. Have I ever lied to you?”

He thought on that a while. “Fine, I’ll do it. So long as I can keep my identity a secret.”

“Mum’s the word, baby boy… Though… you do know they read the paper…?”

“And they see you and me… Oh, god, my life is over. It’s only a matter of time before Stark pieces everything together, and now your damned book club knows you’re dating Spidey? Shoot me. Just shoot me now.”

“Aren’t we being a tad dramatic?” Wade asked. “They don’t know any more than anyone else. They just suspect. Because of pictures you took, by the bye.”

Peter groaned and flopped over Wade’s groin. “So I did this to myself. Great. Seems like that’s always the case.” When Wade’s erection bobbed against his chest, he sighed. “Don’t worry, junior, just need to discuss some things with Mr. Katana’s smarter-thinking brain before I get back to sword swallowing.”

“Hey, that last one was a great pic.” Wade slid a knuckle under his chin and lifted his face. “You were right to submit it, and Triple J was right for putting it on the front page.”

Despite his best efforts, a satisfied smile slipped into place. “I know—it was pretty great—but Spidey has a reputation to uphold.”

“Nobody likes perfection. Except me. I love how perfect you are. Everyone else though? Fuck all those perfect people.”

Peter smirked. “You just love defiling my perfection.”

“That too.” Passion blazed in Wade’s gaze. “I’d ruin you a hundred times a day if I thought your healing factor could keep up.”

With a breathless gasp Peter asked, “Oh? Show me.”

In a heartbeat Wade had him flipped onto his back, arms overhead and pinned to the mattress. The lube bottle snapped open, then closed. Without further preamble, that luscious heat-seeking missile locked onto its target. Impaled, helpless against the onslaught of carnal affection, Peter released his worry. Tomorrow could handle itself, and he refused to ruin this intense dicking with concerns outside his sphere of control. Instead he channeled all that energy into connecting with Wade.

“That’s right, baby boy, look at me.”

“Mmm, like what I see.”

Wade shook his head. “Only you…”

“Like what I feel.” Peter latched a hand at the nape of the bigger man’s neck.

“Yeah, me too, sweetcheeks.” Though buried to the hilt he leaned down for a chaste kiss. “You make me feel human.”

“Yeah? You make me feel special.”

He snorted at that. “’S because you are special.”

“’M not. Not really. Oh, Spidey’s special alright, but me? Nobody looks twice at me.”
“Book club wants to.”

Peter tried not to laugh but failed miserably. “Fine, I’ll give your damned book club another show. If Spidey gets a reputation, then so be it. Long as Aunt May’s safe, who really cares what people think?”

“That’s the spirit!” Wade’s thrusts grew agonizingly slow. “But they’ll never see what I see.”

“What’s that?” A whine followed, such a needy sound, laced with all the want accumulating in Peter’s body.

“All of you. Every bit of your flesh and mind. Laid bare for me.”

Of everything Wade had done to him, that one line cut more than all the harsh abuse and cruelty. Peter’s heart ripped open in his chest. In every flaw, Wade saw the underlying framework of emotional baggage, more sorrow than Peter cared to recall, enough to scare off anyone with a shred of sanity. Not only did Wade stay, he adored all the things Peter hated in himself. Where the younger man saw only weakness, the elder teased out the strength without shaming the vulnerability. Instead of seeing a pathetic lost soul, Wade welcomed him with an adoration that bordered on worship. When Peter most deserved to be kicked to the curb, the bigger man proved a kindred spirit. Oh, Peter understood how to calm the ex-merc’s expectation of abandonment because he knew those fears intimately.

“You know me and you still love me.” His observation had a watery character that Peter could have lived without.

“’Course I do, Petey-pie.” Wade stopped mid-stroke to study him. “Somehow, some fucking way I’ll never understand, you killed me.” At Peter’s stricken wince, he hurried to add, “Not like that, well maybe once or twice like that in the various narratives over the years, but no, you destroyed the me-that-was so there’s room for the me-that-is. When I threw Peter Parker from that bridge, it never occurred to me that it could end with my beloved Spideykins in my bed.”

Peter flushed at the memory. “Sorry for pulling your mask off like that, and those things I said, totally out of line—”

“No need to apologize the first time, much less again. You weren’t wrong. I was ugly inside and out.”

Peter suffocated his urge to cry under a façade of anger. “Don’t talk about my boyfriend that way.”

“Darlin’ Petey puddin’ sweet, the me-that-was was a real asswipe. Your beau is the me-that-is, and I like that guy a shit-ton better.”

Peter slapped his shoulder. “You’re still an asswipe.”

“Ah, but now I’m your asswipe.” Wade resumed his slow fuck with a gleeful giggle. “And I love everything about your ass.”

The next quip died on Peter’s tongue as his eyes rolled back in sheer, overwhelming pleasure. Aching, tingling, lost to the world, he rode the wave of ecstasy that Wade created for him. That bliss moment stretched into minutes before a strong hand gripped his weeping cock.

“That’s it, baby boy. You look ready to come for Daddy.”

Peter gasped out, “’M so close. Please, so very, very close.” Torn between competing desires, he
had no clue whether he was begging for a complete orgasm or another of the familiar ruined ones that left him always wanting more.

He got no choice, milked through the convulsions of an Earth-shattering orgasm until his toes curled, until he begged, “No more, please, no more.”

“How’s that for a treat?” Wade asked, still ball’s deep as he released Peter’s spent dick.

“Perfect.” Peter sagged, boneless in his afterglow.

“Good. You ready for treat time to be over?”

“Yes, D—” As Wade picked up his pace, Peter grabbed for anything he could catch to brace himself. “Dammit, Wade, really?”

“Mmm, you better believe it, my little sourpuss of adorableness. Told ya, a hundred times a day.” Still he slowed until Peter relaxed. “There. Now lay back and think of England or something. Daddy’s enjoying himself way too much to stop… unless you ask him to stop… then he’ll always be gl—”

“England?”

“Something they used to tell women, like, I guess bearing children for the sake of crown and country?” Wade shrugged. “Now be a good boy and let me have my wicked way with you.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Peter grinned as he peered up through his lashes, projecting the innocence and wonder that Wade adored so much.

Incredulous, spent, Peter felt entirely too tired for this shit plus another accursed spanking before he could drop his head to the pillow. After so much hard use, he expected to be hypersensitive, gritting his teeth against Wade’s grind. Instead he found himself greeting his lover’s rough affections with not just enthusiasm but outright zeal. Questions buzzed at the edge of his mind, but his lust-saturated brain refused to focus on anything but the thrilling heat that radiated from his core.

Panting, bucking—gah, could he be dying?—Peter whimpered from the scorching desire that pooled in his groin. As his need grew sharp, he gave a pained wail. Ears ringing and vision tunneled, he teetered on the edge, desperate to fall. When Wade’s hips hitched and stuttered, the bigger man’s release gave Peter the shove he needed to topple from that precipice.

Steamrolled by wave after wave of spasms, Peter quaked. Body eager to spend his load, nothing remained to pump onto his straining abs. With one last convulsion of every muscle in his body, he lay limp in Wade’s embrace.

After several minutes of recover, Peter wet his lips nervously. “Listen, before I ask this, I need all three of you to listen to me: I’m not mad. And if I’m right I’m not gonna become mad. But that complete desperation felt mighty familiar. So I gotta ask: did you dose me with sex pollen?”

“Shut up.” Wade pounded the side of his head with the meaty edge of a fist. “Shut up, shut up, shut up. I know what the fuck you said, ass—”

“White, stop it. There’s nothing for me to bitch about, much less you. Aphrodisiacs were on the list, and I know I checked it off. Just never occurred to me that Wade kept a stash of the sex pollen.”
Wade’s weight crushed across his ribs. “Fuck, can they never shut up?”

“Hey, Yellow, how about grabbing your spank bank and heading off for some quality alone time?”

The bigger man glanced around. “Heh, he took your suggestion.”

“If I can get White to fuck off too, can I have a Get Outta Spanking Free card for tonight?” Peter chuckled softly. “I’m so, so tired, big guy. Just wanna fall into a dead sleep until the alarm goes off.”

“Baby boy, if you can get them to really leave us alone for five minutes, you can have anything you ever dreamed of. I’ll fuckin’ make it happen no matter what it takes.”

“White, buddy—” Peter stifled a yawn with his fist “—you fuckin’ owe me one. How ’bout it? Five minutes alone.”

Like a dog chasing his tail, Wade turned in circles, searching. “They’re gone. Holy shit, Petey-pie, not a box in sight.” He took a deep breath and settled back overtop Peter. Voice hushed, he observed, “So quiet. Is this what it’s like for everyone else?”

“Prob’ly.” Peter strained for breath but didn’t want to break up the intimate moment by pushing the bigger man off him. “Hey?”

“Mmm?”

“Love you.”

Wade buried his face in Peter’s neck. Sobs evident in his voice, he whispered, “Love you too, baby boy.”

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End Notes

Since everyone has been so nice as to share Spideypools with me, I thought I'd return the favor.

If there's enough interest on all our parts, I'll write more days.

Edited to Add:

Wow, comments are so useful. Writing inside my own head, I have no outside source for plot bunnies. No wonder so many of you guys become excellent writers.

As Editrix of the Deep Dark Woods, I’ve spent a lot of time studying how the writers here develop over time so I can better guide my new authors. All of you, both in writing and comments, have taught me so much more than I anticipated when I asked the internet how men experience sex and it replied with 3000 Spideypool fanfics.

*mocking former self in high, doubly-obnoxious voice* “It’s sainted-holy re-e-research. I don’t have to worry about canon, so I can taint Spiderman and Deadpool’s mental connotations.” Yeah. Now I’m ⅔ of the way through the fandom. I can’t decide if you guys suck for being addictive or you guys are the absolute bee’s knees for being amazing.
I owe everyone here an apology, as I once scoffed at fanfics, assuming they were amateur works by bored sixteen-yo girls. Never occurred to me that those kids keep practicing, gain skills, and grow up, all within a supportive community that fosters creativity. Um, yeah, sorry 'bout that, guys.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!