### Say Anything...Except That

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### Say Anything...Except That

by cortexikid

**Summary**

**Wait...what are we doing?**
A summary, Deadpool. You know, so people can know what this fic is about?

**Oh.**
Yeah.

**You got anything yet?**
Nothin’.

**Some writer you are.**
Fuck you, okay? Summaries are hard.

**So am I. For Spidey. Ooh! Write that down. That should be in the summary! It’s all anybody needs to know, really.**
What about you know, basic plot details?

**That’s what the tags are for. Duh. You new to this site or what?**
We can’t just—

Okay, okay. Here’s everything you need to know in three words: assassination, assonance and ass. LOTS OF ASS.
You’re a wordsmith. Truly.

**I know, I should just write this baby myself!**

If you wrote it yourself it would just be sex, tacos, and more sex.

...What's your point?

---

**Notes**

Hi guys, Happy New Year! So, this is my first foray into the Spideypool fandom. I’ve read it over the years, but haven’t read or written any fic in a long while, so who knows how this is gonna go. I’ve incorporated elements from a multitude of Spiderman and Deadpool canon across the board, from the comic books, to the film franchises, to the videogames and cartoons. So everything will be a little mix and match, with no one set of established canon and/or story--

*Geez, alright already lady, enough with the boring yapipidy yap, let’s get this show on the road! My adoring fan base awaits!*

Sigh. Sorry. He tends to do that if my author’s notes are too long. Or too short. Or if he’s bored. Or hungry.

[Yellow Box]

{White Box}
When Harry Met Deadpool

“When chestnuts roasting on an open fire…Jack Frost nipping at your junk—”

[Pretty sure that’s not how that song goes]

“Yuletide carols butchered by a drunk and folks dressed up as fuck-knows-what…”

[It’s like he’s trying to get it wrong]

“Moi? Bastardize a beloved Christmas jingle? How dare you,” the red-and-black clad mercenary admonished loudly as he squinted, readjusting the M21 rifle for a better vantage point of the apartment building.

[Isn’t it a little late for Christmas songs?]

[Or really, really early?]

“Isn’t it really, really early for you to be a little bitch?” he asked sweetly, continuing to hum the tune.

[Someone’s a little touchy]

[It’s the holiday season. This time of year he’s…sensitive]

“Excuse you, I’m all steel baby, have you seen these abs? Ain’t nothin’ about me sensitive!”

[Classic deflection]

[Borderline narcissism]

[With just a touch of delusion]

“Just a touch of love—a little bit,” the masked man known as Deadpool (Wade Winston Wilson if you’re nasty—his words) sang as he slowly nudged the scope around, looking through the windows of each apartment.

“Well hell-o there,” he jeered at the sight of a buxom woman standing in front of her refrigerator, pouring herself a glass of lemonade.

“What fine…jugs you have,” he smirked, wiggling his eyebrows at the large glassware she held.

[4/10]

[Weak. Could do better.]

“There’s just now pleasin’ some people,” Deadpool sighed as he moved onto another window, a gaggle of children chasing each other around a living room, now visible.

“Ha ha ‘gaggle.’ Who talks like that?”

[The writer’s European]

“Well, we can’t all be perfect.”

A shrill laugh broke through the late evening air, floating out the crack in the open window as the
children continued to play, their rather haggard-looking father clearly distressed as they ran under his feet.

{Pretty sure we’re not here to kill some kids}

{To their dad’s dismay}

“Give ‘em hell, kiddies…” Deadpool smirked before tilting the rifle to the left, another apartment coming into view.

{Does nobody close their drapes anymore?}

A response was on the tip of the mercenary’s tongue, but before he could open his mouth, a tall, thin, brunet man in his twenties walked through the front door, shirking off his coat and scarf and pushing his black-rimmed glasses up his nose, raking a hand through his messy mop of hair.

{Cute}

{10/10. Would totally bang.}

Deadpool tilted his head, his narrowed eyes drinking in the younger man as he moved about his home, opening a laptop and settling at the kitchen table, rubbing the back of his long, pale, very attractive neck.

“So we’re going with Andrew Garfield Spidey instead of Tobey Maguire Spidey, huh? Good to know…”

{Shh! You’re not meant to know that it’s Spidey yet!}

{Have you heard of story narrative?!}

{He’ll probably forget in a minute anyway}

“Forget what?”

{See?}

Wade shook his head, one of his many futile attempts to silence the boxes as he continued to watch the young man. It was clear from his current posture that he was used to being hunched over for long periods of time, and yet his slim but firm form suggested that he had at least some degree of athleticism. The mercenary couldn’t tear his eyes away as the brunet typed away at his keyboard, engrossed in whatever he was composing, the glare from the screen reflecting in his glasses.

“What an adorable nerd,” Wade mused with a smirk as the bespectacled beat suddenly let out a happy shout, his fist shooting up and pumping the air in excitement.

{Pretty sure we’re not meant to kill him either}

“You’re pretty sure about a lot of things, aren’t ya?” the merc groused, forcing himself to move away from the cutie’s apartment and instead focus on the one right next door.

It wouldn’t be long now…
Peter Benjamin Parker was having one hell of a day. And not the good kind. Whoever said that with hard work comes great rewards, clearly had never been a grad student.

He frowned at himself when that thought flittered into his tired brain as he climbed the stairs of his apartment building. It wasn’t like him to be so negative, but these last few months were really testing him.

When he accepted a research position at Stark Industries six months ago, Peter had been stoked. It had been his dream for as long as he could remember to work side by side with none other than Tony Stark – genius, billionaire, former playboy and philanthropist, but now, along with balancing his lab research, grad school, his old part-time photography gig at The Daily Bugle, and his responsibilities as your friendly neighbourhood Spider Man, he was beginning to feel the strain.

It was days like these when he missed living with his Aunt May. She always had a way of making him feel better, no matter what he was up against. Moving out of his home in Queens and down town to his small, dingy apartment alone had been difficult, but necessary. Stark did offer him a place at Avengers Tower (he was one of them after all) but Peter politely declined, feeling that he needed his own separate place, away from Spider Man and everything that went with him.

So the apartment, as cramped and begrimed as it was, became somewhat of a sanctuary. He had spent the last few months making it as hospitable as possible, carving out his own personal mark on the place, adding little touches here and there so when he came home after a long day like today, he would be able to unwind before going on patrol.

Rubbing at the creak in his neck, Peter dragged his weary body to the door and unlocked it, stepping in and dropping his book-bag to the floor, wrenching off his coat and scarf and pushing his glasses up on his nose with a deep sigh. He had been kept later at the lab than he intended (it seemed that Stark didn’t care that Peter also had a million other things to do as well as help protect the city) all this week, and super endurance or not, it was taking its toll.

The only saving grace was that today was finally the day where he found out if his paper (the one he slaved over for the last three months) was to be published in the next issue’s scientific journal. With an attentive grin, he scrambled over to the tiny round table that housed his laptop and quickly booted it up, his posture alight with a renewed nervous energy.

Biting his lip, the glow of the laptop basking his face, Peter typed in his email and password and waited with baited breath. His heart lurched as he saw the new email from his professor, his hand shaking slightly as he clicked on the subject line. Two hazel eyes rapidly scanned the email before a roar of elation burst from his chest, his fist rising in the air in triumph as it was confirmed he was going to be published.

"Maybe it was time he reconsidered his notion about hard work after all…"

“Keep it down in there!” an angered yell wafted in from behind the wall.

“Sorry Mr. Guggenheim,” Peter called back, the moody old man not even being enough to wipe the ecstatic beam from his face.

After a few moments, when the initial elation began to subside, the familiar tingling sensation began licking at his skin like flames, the hairs on the back of his neck rising, alerting him to imminent
His whole body tensed as he stood up, keeping deadly still, trying to hear anything out of the ordinary. When all that greeted him was the muffled sounds of Mr. Guggenheim’s nightly soap opera, Peter frowned, cautiously stepping over to the window and looking down into the street below.

The road was busy as usual, the pedestrians on the sidewalk going about their business with no visible sign of distress. Running a hand through his hair, the young hero cast his glance upwards, his eyes narrowing behind his glasses as he tried to make out shapes in the darkness.

Tilting his head, Peter scanned the rooftops of the opposite buildings, his breath catching in his throat as a flash of red and black caught his attention.

“That can’t be good…” he gaped as he ducked down, hardly believing the sight, frickin’ Deadpool of all people, aiming a rifle straight at his building.

*How the hell does he know where I live?! How long has he been there? Oh god…did he see my face?*

Brain firing off potential half-baked worries and plots a mile a minute, Peter let his autopilot take over as he leapt into action, sprinting towards his bedroom to get his gear just as the first round of shots erupted into the front of the building.

With a yell, he threw himself to the floor, crawling on his stomach towards his closet. It was when his fingers were inches from his web-shooters that he realised that it wasn’t his apartment that was under attack, after all.

This notion was confirmed when he hastily glanced around and found his room completely void of bullets. Heart hammering in his chest, he frantically weighed his options before snatching the web-shooters, throwing the hood from his Stark Industries sweatshirt up over his head and racing towards his door, wrenching it open wide.

The corridor was in complete chaos, his neighbours from all around screaming and running in every direction. Peter doubted even if he dressed up as a giant panda and starting doing the conga that anyone would take any notice of him. Guess that was the normal person’s response to a hail of bullets sounding off a few feet from your home.

Jaw clenched, the hooded hero made his way to the door directly next to his, the apartment that was currently being leased to a salt-and-pepper haired guy that he only saw briefly and exchanged quick pleasantries with once or twice over the last few months.

Reaching out, Peter prepared to break down the door but had the foresight to check to see if it was unlocked first. When it creaked ajar slightly, his eyebrows shot up in surprise. The guy, Haynes, didn’t seem like the type to leave his place unlocked even when home. But, now that he thought about it, he also didn’t seem the type to warrant someone enlisting the services of a mentally unstable mercenary either.

The gunshots had ceased almost immediately after they started, the overall round lasting mere seconds. A heavy bout of dread settled in the pit of Peter’s stomach when he reflected on what that could mean as he stepped into the dwelling, crouched and ready to attack, his nerve endings on fire.

Coming up empty, Parker kept low and tip-toed to the left, calling out quietly, “Mr. Haynes? It’s Peter…from 24L. Are you here? Are you hurt?”
Dead silence rang in his ears as he crept through the bedroom.

Just as he was about to give up, race back to his place, don his suit, and high-tail it after the surely long-gone Deadpool, Peter caught sight of a crimson stain on the floor, illuminated by the bright moonlight streaming through the bullet-ridden window.

Swallowing a lump in his throat, the brunet skulked towards the agape bathroom door, pushing it open to reveal a bloodied cast-iron tub. Wincing at the crimson hand-print on the wall, Peter gingerly made his way towards the shower curtain, stealing himself for the worst as he quickly reefed it back to reveal…nothing.

The tub was empty, no sign of his surely injured neighbour.

Brow furrowing in confusion, the young man turned on the spot, his senses going into overdrive as he left the bathroom and went in search of the rest of the place.

He stopped dead in his tracks when his eyes landed on a large dry-erase board standing tall in the middle of the kitchen, a gun-holster hanging on the edge of it. His spidey-senses going wild, Peter’s legs automatically dragged him to the object that peaked his interest, his hand reaching out to flip it over.

His jaw dropped, eyes widening, breath knocked from his lungs.

There, plastered to the board, were dozens and dozens of surveillance photos of him in various different places from the entrance of Stark labs, to outside his college, to the bus-stop across the street from his local coffee shop.

“Whoa…” a familiar voice behind him suddenly broke Peter’s stunned silence, “looks like someone went all Rear Window on your ass. Ha! Get it? REAR Window! I know, I just heard what I said. I’m a riot!”

Whipping around, Peter was met with the sight of Deadpool leaning nonchalantly against the door-frame, head cocked to the side as if in contemplation.

“Not that I can blame them. I mean, you are just darlin’,” he continued with a fake southern-drawl, seemingly unfazed by his companion’s combatant stance.

Peter took a step forward, keeping his face firmly in the shadows as his fingers itched towards the kitchen knives.

“Easy there, Harry Potter. No need to whip out your wand yet, we’re just gettin’ to know each other…” Wilson murmured, the smirk in his tone evident, an exaggerated wink unmistakeable as his mask moved with his face as it always seemed to.

“Where’s…where’s Mr. Haynes?” Peter asked, minding to lower his voice to try and modify it.

He and the merc with the mouth had come across one another before, even teamed up once or twice when the need arose, so he feared that his voice would give him away…that is, if Deadpool didn’t see everything he needed to already.

“Mr. Haynes is…oh, how do I put this? Gone to the big pearly gates in the sky? Although, I suppose tryin’ to assassinate an ass like yours would be considered a sin so…maybe he’s gone down South?”

Peter’s world ground to a halt as the mercenary’s words rang in his ears.
Mr. Haynes was trying to assassinate him?!

“Not like Atlanta down South but like…the fire and brimstone kind, you know? Hey…kid? Yoo hoo, kid? You still in there?” Deadpool waved a hand in front of his face, somehow edging closer to him as Peter spaced out in shock.

_Had he really been that distracted that he didn’t realize his own neighbour was surveying and possibly plotting to murder him?!_

“Guess Grad School really will be the death of me,” he murmured under his breath absentmindedly.

“Oh hey, you talk to yourself too? Awesome!”

Peter shook his head, the gravity of the situation sinking into his veins. He only had Deadpool’s word and a very creepy board to go on, but it was better than nothing at the moment. Apparently his neighbour had it in for him. Huh. And he’d seemed so…neighbourly.

But there were more pressing matters at hand. Namely, how Peter was gonna get the hell out of here with his identity, both secret and otherwise, intact.

“So…” Wilson was now whistling, his tone lowering an octave, clearly flexing his muscles under his spandex suit, “you come here often?”

Peter glanced about them.

“To my dead neighbour’s apartment?”

“Touché.”

A short silence fell between them.

“Hey,” the merc spoke up, no doubt unable to keep quiet any longer, “so uh…how come you’re not…you know, scared, and stuff?”

Words failed the brunet as he felt the other man’s gaze glue to him, an edge of suspicion in his posture now.

Fortunately or unfortunately (depending how you looked at it) he was saved from trying to respond however as suddenly, a familiar tricking feeling rose up his spine a split second before something whizzed past his left ear.

“GET DOWN!” was the only head’s up he got before Deadpool tackled him, their bodies colliding roughly as they slammed to the floor.

The wind was knocked from Peter’s lungs as all of Wade’s two hundred and ten pounds landed on his chest.

“I don’t know who you are, handsome,” the merc yelled into his ear over the hail of bullets, his breath bouncing off Peter’s skin, “but someone sure as hell wants you deader than disco!”

_Hang on—we were promised sex! Frottage, hand-jobs, blow-jobs, oh my! What gives, writer-lady?!_

It’s coming, Deadpool—
*Ha, ha, coming.*

It’s a slow-build fic. But we’ll get there. Hope you all liked the first instalment :)
Who Framed Wade Wilson?

Chapter Summary

Deadpool had half a second to witness the utter shock, quickly followed by the rush of blood to Peter's usually pale cheeks, creating an adorable blush, before he clapped a hand over his eyes and let out a yell.

“OH MY GOD WHY ARE YOU NAKED?!”

Wade glanced down at himself and shrugged, “hey, I’m the one that woke up here, shouldn’t I be asking you that? Perv.”

Chapter Notes

Wow, an update already? Someone’s eager.
Last time I checked, that wasn’t a bad thing, Deadpool.
Hey, if you say so. You still think the whole name-everything-after-movies-with-a-Deadpoolian-twist thing is a good idea, though?
You love Who Framed Roger Rabbit.
Uh, YEAH. Two words – Jessica Rabbit’s Boobs.
That’s three words.
And yet, the sentiment still stands…
Also, ‘Deadpoolian’?
Just rolls off the tongue, don’t it? I shoulda been a scholar!

“Oh…fuck.”

If there were ever a phrase to sum up Wade Winston Wilson’s existence, that’d be it.

“What now?”

If there were ever a phrase to sum up Peter Benjamin Parker’s existence, it’d be that.

As the two men lay on the floor (well, Peter lay on the floor as Wade lay on him) each shouted their words over the deafening pop, pop, pop of bullets and shards of glass that sprayed down on them.

“Deadpool!” Peter growled angrily, forcing himself not to use his super strength to shove off the mercenary, “what is—”

A large gloved hand clapped over his mouth.

“Shut your beautiful face, Harry Potter!” Wade hissed before jerkily tilting his head to the right, the eyes of his mask widening almost comically.

[Ha ha! ‘Comically.’ I see what she did there]
Eyebrows furrowed, (and ignoring the overwhelming scent of nacho cheese emitting from the glove over his face) Peter looked to where Deadpool indicated, gaping in alarm at what greeted him. Under the sink, barely two feet from them, was a small, rectangular box with the black and red Deadpool logo, complete with pipes and wires sticking out of it, a digital clock ominously counting down in red glowing numbers.

5:45

5:44

5:43

“That’s a bomb,” Wade supplied him unnecessarily, “you know, the type that goes boom?”

Peter fixed him with a glare before wrenching the hand off his face.

“Oh, we’re already at the hand-holding stage? But we only just met!”

“Why the hell did you plant a bomb?!” Peter hissed.

“See, that’s just the thing cutie, I didn’t,” Wade replied with a shrug before reaching up and pushing Peter’s glasses up his nose.

[Did you seriously just make a glasses pun when someone’s trying to pin a ton of murders on us?]

[You do gotta wonder what old batty would do in situations like this though, right?]
“What would Batman do?” Wade whispered, before clicking his fingers in triumph, yelling in a
gravelly tone “I’M DEADPOOL” and leaping on Peter’s back.

“Wha—!” the brunet exclaimed as the larger man half-strangled him, wrapping his arms around his
chest and neck, and dragging him backwards.

“C’mon cutie, today’s not the day for your schoolboy heroics, you gotta get that tight little ass outta
here,” he yelled as a bullet shot through the window and lodged in his shoulder.

“Let…me…g—”

“You know, you’re surprisingly strong,” Deadpool cut across Peter again, ignoring his choked
protests and throwing open the apartment door.

“BOMB! BOMB IN THE BUILDING, EVERYBODY OUT!” he roared before reaching out with
one hand to pull the fire-alarm on the wall, and using the other to give the shorter man one final
shove before deftly turning on his heel, and slamming the door behind him.

Peter silently gawked at the entrance to 25L, his brain struggling to make sense of everything that
had just transpired as his few remaining neighbours scrambled desperately down the corridor. It was
a faint but frenetic scream that unglued his feet from the floor and powered him down ten flights of
stairs, picking up a crying toddler in his arms, bursting out onto the street and into a large crowd of
gawping bystanders, he the last person to exit the building it seemed.

He skidded to a halt, his eyes landing on the woman that had screamed for her child before holding
the little boy out for her to take. He could only nod as the woman wept with thanks, clutching the
boy to her chest.

Adrenaline surged in his veins as he turned to watch and wait in horror for his new home to come
crumbling down before his eyes as the first slew of police and fire brigade arrived at the scene and
began to cordon off the area and moving people to a safe distance, their red and blue lights flashing
and basking each of his neighbours in a dazzling glow. Stood there on the street, Peter felt each
second pass as if it were an eternity, this being the first time in a long while, since he started on his
Spider Man crusade feeling as powerless as he did after his Uncle Ben’s death.

These things weren’t meant to happen. He couldn’t afford Spider Man business to be dumped on his
literal doorstep so unceremoniously on a good day, but now, with Deadpool in the mix, and he
potentially knowing one or both of his identities, as well as someone clearly having it out for him to
the point of hiring a guy to survey and possibly assassinate him, it became even more immobilising.
He couldn’t don his suit, couldn’t have anyone link sightings of him in it near the apartment block,
and yet, every ounce of his chemical make-up was screaming at him to do something, anything, to
help Deadpool.

He couldn’t explain it, and even though past experiences with the unstable man should have deterred
him, Peter still believed the mercenary when he said that despite what it looked like, against
everything that logic may have dictated, he really wasn’t the one to plant the bomb.

And now, that same man, immortal or not, was stuck in the building with an unfamiliar explosive
that was about to detonate and Peter had no idea if he had the skill (or frankly the mental stability) to
disarm—

A thunderous boom jarringly shook him from his thoughts, the ground underneath his feet vibrating
rapidly as smoke began to rise steadily from behind the building. Without a second’s thought, Peter took off in a sprint towards the smoke, evading the police officers and letting the darkness engulf him.

Hopping the perimeter fence that led to an alley, he skid slightly as his sneakers met the slippery pavement. With a frown, he righted himself and took a step, wincing as he heard a sickening squelching sound under his foot.

Digging his cell phone out of his pocket, he shone its light down and hissed at the dark crimson substance that covered his shoe, quickly stepping onto a dry point in the pavement with a shiver. His stomach lurched as he slowly forced himself to look further into the alley, eyes raking over the concrete walls that were now marred with the same substance, except a lot thicker.

“Oh my god…” he grimaced as he pointed his phone to the right and caught sight of a shadowed figure lying near what appeared to be a recently exploded dumpster, a trail of trash and carnage leading up to it.

Scrambling forward, Peter tried not to look at the blood, guts and yep…brain matter that scattered the ground and kneeled as close as he could to what remained of Deadpool’s body.

“Jesus, Wade,” the brunet gasped, his horrified gaze drinking in the charred and bloodied torso and head, trying to not linger on the fact that Wilson was missing three out of four limbs. His remaining left arm lay outstretched, barely still attached to his body, resting against the now destroyed dumpster.

As he surveyed the scene, Peter began to piece together what probably happened. The merc must have either been unable to disarm the bomb, or didn’t have the tools or time, and instead opted to take it to an uninhabited area and have it detonate securely. Whether he even took his own safety (healing ability or not) into account when forming this hare-brained plan made Peter’s heart sink a little in his chest.

And it was this feeling that he would hold fully accountable for his next decision…

~*~

“All these chimichangas for little ol’ me? Aww Death, you shouldn’t have! Best threesome ever!” Wade murmured dreamily, turning over on his side and snuggling deeper into the warmth.

[Wakey wakey eggs and bakey]

“No, not eggs, chimichangas! And sex!” the merc with the mouth argued as he began to regain consciousness.

[Thought you said the best threesome ever would be us, Spidey and Tacos?]

[He’ll take what he can get. Beggars can’t be choosers]

[And he would beg]

Wade let out a groan as he cracked open one eye and appraised his surroundings, his adrenaline spiking when he took in the white, blank walls.

[Oh fuck]
With a jolt, Deadpool shot up out of bed, hands immediately flying to his face, relieved to feel his mask still intact, but completely ignoring the fact that he was otherwise completely naked, his left leg only partially restored, and began hopping across the room.

[Huh. Guess the Roger Rabbit parallel could work as a name for this chapter, after all]

[And you doubted her]

“Shaddup,” he growled, upturning the only furniture in the room (a bedside table) and kicking it until it splintered and he was left with a make-shift weapon, seeing as his prized katanas were missing from his arsenal.

[Speaking of ARSEnal, how do you plan to get outta here in your birthday suit, big boy?]

[Americans don’t say arse]

[We’re Canadian]

[It’s more of a British thing]

[Still a funny word]

“Whoever’s out there should revel at the opportunity to see my rockin’ bod,” Wade interrupted, flexing his guns, pleased to find them just as massive as he remembered.

[They’re not the only thing that’s massive]

“I know right?” he leered, looking down at himself, “they should write poetry about my dic—”

[We were talking about your ego]

Before Deadpool could let out the burst of indignation that was welling in his chest, the sound of a click caught his attention before the handle of the door began to turn.

Leaping back behind the bed, the merc adopted a combatant stance, holding up the sharp piece of wood, ready to strike.

A mop of brown hair appeared around the door, before a familiar and handsome face came into view.

Deadpool had half a second to witness the utter shock, quickly followed by the rush of blood to pale cheeks register on the cute brunette, forming an adorable blush, before he clapped a hand over his eyes and let out a yell.

“OH MY GOD WHY ARE YOU NAKED?!”

Wade lowered the piece of wood and shrugged, “hey, I’m the one that woke up here, shouldn’t I be asking you that? Perv.”

That got his attention.

Slowly, hands lowered from the man’s face, but his eyes remained firmly closed behind his black-rimmed glasses.
“I just—I thought…when you…regenerate, that maybe your clothes did too,” he murmured lamely.

“Regenerate? Who am I, the Doctor?” Wade scoffed, folding his arms across his chest, not caring if the other man couldn’t see his obvious offense at the term.

[That’s right, we know sci-fi]

[We’re down with the kids]

“Golden Girls is still the best though,” the merc conceded.

“What?” the brunet asked, confused at his completely random statement apropos of nothing.

“Okay, okay, you gotta tell me your name or somethin’ kid, ‘cause this whole the ‘other man’ and ‘brunet’ thing is kinda gettin’ on my nerves,” Deadpool groused, watching him carefully.

The frown on his face deepened, a line forming between his eyebrows as his lids remained firmly shut.

“Uh…call me…Harry,” he murmured.

“No way, your name’s actually Harry? And you look like that? Man, you must have gotten so much shit growin’ up,” Wade scoffed.

[You’re one to talk. You got your name ‘cause some writers thought it’d be funny to say you’re related to Deathstroke]

[And it rhymes with Slade]

[That too]

“Can you uh…like cover up…or something so I can open my eyes?” ‘Harry’ interrupted the conversation his boxes had started, still standing with his arms tight at his sides, fists clenched.

“You sure?” Wade asked with a teasing hilt to his tone, “because there’s nothing better than a naked house guest to brighten anyone’s day…”

“It’s midnight, and no, I’m good thanks,” ‘Harry’ retorted.

“If you insist,” Wade sighed, dragged his two now fully-formed feet over to the bed and plonking down, pulling the sheet up to cover his waist.

[Why are there quotation marks around ‘Harry?’]

[Because we don’t actually think that’s his name]

[Right. That’s way too much of a coincidence. This kid is so not the best liar]

After a moment, ‘Harry’ s eyes opened, he blinking owlishly into the dimly lit room and breathed a visible sigh of relief at seeing his house guest at least somewhat descent.

“I uh…I can get you some clothes…I mean, they’ll be a tight fit but it’s better than—”

“My gorgeous figure distracting you?” Deadpool smirked, throwing him his patented exaggerated wink.
Another adorable flush tinted ‘Harry’s’ cheeks before he shook his head and cleared his throat, a flash of irritation crossing his features.

“Just… wait there until I get back. Don’t… go anywhere. We need to talk,” he grumbled, before turning on his heel and walking back out into the hallway.

Deadpool shrugged, laying back on the bed, folding his hands behind his head and looking up to the ceiling.

It was only then that he began to really reflect on the events of the evening, more and more questions about this strange guy popping up with every passing second.

Suddenly, footsteps sounded from just outside the door, ‘Harry’s’ voice travelling quietly into the room: “okay so I only had—”

“So someone hired me to take out a guy that was tryin’ to kill you,” Wade interrupted him, sitting up in the bed again, facing him.

When all he was met with was silence, he continued: “so I did. I mean, it’s what I do, what I’m really fuckin’ good at, and the pay was great, so why not?” he threw up his hands and tilted his head, fixing the other man with a completive stare.

“So yeah, I unalive the guy, only to find that you, even in all the panic, decided to go Nancy Drew-ing around the place and stumble across yet another guy trying to assassinate your ass from across the street? A vantage point that couldn’t have been too far from mine. So, I do what any good hot-blooded-male would do, I save the damsel in distress by throwing them to the ground, because hey, any chance to have my fine body cover your fine body, only to find that a fucking bomb with my logo on it has been planted to level the whole goddamn building? To kill one puny guy? I mean really, even that’s just over kill, even by my standards…” Wade trailed off, clutching the sheet to his waist and standing up, taking a step towards ‘Harry.’

“And as if that wasn’t enough, you then seem completely unfazed by a bomb, even believe me—a goddamn mercenary, when I say it wasn’t mine, and try to fucking disarm it without batting an eyelid while any other sane person would have run for the hills screaming—”

[Like you can comment on anything an actual sane person would do]

[Stop he’s on a roll!]

“Only to THEN find me blasted to chunks finer than taco meat, bring me back here and are not even the slightest bit freaked out that I’m like… you know… walking, talking, and gracing your eyelids with my epic naked man-bits?”

Wade paused, bringing his face down inches from the other man’s, chocolate eyes reaching hazel.

“So, to review,” he smirked, “you run to danger when anyone else would flee, to try to disarm a bomb that could or could not have been planted by me, you just taking me at my word, then you find me in pieces and bring me back here, knowing about my healing factor and are not one bit freaked out by it…”

Wade’s eyes narrowed, zeroing in on how the other man had appeared to stop breathing, his dark orbs flickering behind his glasses.

“Which leaves me with just one question for you ‘Harry,’” the mercenary murmured, taking that last step so that he had the shorter man caught between his body and the wall:
“Who the hell are you really?”

I’m so fucking awesome. Look at me being all Sherlock Holmes-y.

Yeah, for the purposes of this story, you’re astute.

What do you mean ‘for the purposes of this story?’ I’ll have you know, I’m always a goddamn genius!

Didn’t you just try to use one of your katanas as a Q-Tip?

...

Fuck you.
Chapter Summary

“Hey, wanna hear my Spider Ass haikus?”

“Uh…what?” Peter asked, terrified by Wade's response, but also morbidly intrigued at the merc’s sudden proposal. (So help him.)

“You know, haikus about Spider Man’s ass. What about that wasn’t self-explanatory?”

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the late update. My beautiful dog Toby passed away, so I’ve been having a hard time. I named him that because when he was born I was watching Spider-Man and thought to myself that out of Peter (after Peter Parker) and Toby (after Tobey Maguire), the latter sounded much more like a dog’s name (no offence to any human Tobey’s out there) and the rest was history. He really was the most amazing and gentle dog and I love and miss him very much. Anyway, it’s all just fresh in my mind as I write this story, so thanks for your patience. Hope you enjoy the chapter.

Peter’s breath caught in his throat as Wade’s eyes narrowed, his features morphing conspiratorially.

“Which leaves me with just one question for you, Harry,” he murmured, taking another step towards him, closing the space between them even further.

The shorter man fought the urge to swallow nervously as their gazes met.

“Who the hell are you really?”

Peter could practically see the hamster halt in its wheel within his head like a cartoon. If he were in a cheesy sitcom, the screeching scratch of a record would have also rang in his ears. For the first time in recent memory, words failed him.

As the silence continued to stretch between them, Wade began to impatiently tap his foot on the floor, it reverberating around the room at a steady rhythm.

“As any time today would be nice,” he groused, glancing at the non-existent watch on his wrist.

“Uh…” was the younger man’s highly intelligible reply, as he scrambled for something, anything to say, his eyes drinking in his now destroyed bedside table.

It was then that he realized two things. One, he would need to make another hellish trip to Ikea, and two, Deadpool was in his home. Deadpool. Wade Wilson. The Merc With The Mouth. The man whom he’d met five years previously and had both fought against and beside over that time. The man he had sat on a few rooftops with, eating hot-dogs or tacos after a long day. The same man who had the innate ability to both irritate and amuse him, who he had been furious at many a time, but
also couldn’t find someone quite like him to exchange witty banter with. He was in Peter’s new home. His abode that was full to the brim with everything that made Peter...Peter. Spider-Man he could hide (unless Wade went rummaging in his closet), but Peter? There was no hiding him...

“I’m Peter,” he blurted out before he could think about it too much, “…Peter Parker,” he finished, extending his hand for Wade to shake.

The man in question looked down at it as if he had never seen a hand before and wasn’t quite sure what he was supposed to do with it.

[Oh I have a few ideas of what we could do with it... *wink*]

[You shouldn’t have to say ‘wink.’ That’s why God invented emojis]

[Also, it’s not our Point Of View Yet!]

“Peter...Parker...” Wade tried the name out on his tongue, “Peter, Peter, Peter. Parker, Parker, Parker,” he chewed on the words as if trying to taste them, his mouth no doubt doing ridiculous actions from under his mask.

“That’s me,” Peter tried and failed to sound nonchalant, wanting to take back the words instantly, his nerves frayed, his brain screaming at him WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU DONE! as he fought the urge to fidget under the merc’s scrutinizing gaze, trying not to think about what his reaction could be.

“Huh. You look like a Peter,” was all Wade said with a shrug, “still think Harry would have suited you better, though. Your parents kinda dropped the ball on that one.”

The brunet cleared his throat at those words, “yeah, well…uh, anyway—”

“Hold up,” the mercenary interrupted with a wave of his hand for what felt like the millionth time that night, “so, I know you’re someone called Peter Parker now sure but…that still doesn’t explain everything else.”

Peter frowned at him, arms folding across his chest in subconscious defense.


He had a point there. Over the years, Spider Man had seen just how violent, risky, and plain bat-shit crazy Deadpool could be at any given moment, but he could never accuse the man of being an idiot. Unless it had something to do with social interaction...then all bets were off. One night in particular
where the man got into a ‘fist fight’ with The Hulk over who could growl the loudest, stuck out in his mind. But, airs and (lack) of graces aside, Peter knew that Wade was far too inquisitive (boarding on nosey) and well, paranoid, for him to continue lying about who he was.

So he went with the half-truth to avoid the other man digging further into him and potentially revealing his secret. Really, it was the lesser of two evils.

Sure, he could know that he is Peter Parker, employee of Tony Stark, perpetually-exhausted grad student, and part-time photographer of all things Spider Man.

But there was no need for him to know (and indeed no way he could content the dots) that overworked and underpaid Pete was the web-slinger himself.

That was Peter’s logic (to use the term loosely) and he was stickin’ to it. No pun intended.

“Okay…” he sighed, brain racing a mile a minute to figure out how he was carefully going to word this without arousing suspicion, “you’re right, I’m not just an ordinary college student, at least, I don’t want to be…”

A silence met his words. Wade’s gaze bore into his, head tilted a little to one side.

“What are you, pausing dramatically now? Spit it out already, kid!”

Never let it be said that Peter Parker didn’t know how to set a scene.

“I’m not just an ordinary student…” he repeated, walking around the other man and towards the window to gather his thoughts before turning to face him again.

“I…I also work in Stark Industries. I-I’m around Tony Stark a lot. Tony Frickin’ Stark. Iron Man! Captain America has even dropped in on occasion. Captain Steve Rogers has stood across from me! I have been in the same room as legends…” he trailed off again, keen orbs aware of Wade’s growing interest at his not-so-casual name-dropping.

Throwing up his arms, Peter went into full fanboy mode, knowing that that would appeal to the merc, who didn’t hide his hero-worship of The Avengers all-too-well in the past.

(He had a hand-print on his ass for three days to prove it)

“I mean, you know what it’s like, right? To be around these amazing people, to witness all the great and wondrous things they do? Except…you have it even better than me. You have fought beside them! Got to do heroic things with them! And I—” he broke off, lowering his head, “I don’t have any powers or skills. I can only dream about doing something like that. So…so when the opportunity sorta fell into my lap today I—I jumped at the chance of doing something even as half as heroic as them.”

[I’d like to fall into his lap]

{POINT. OF. VIEW!}

{Whatever.}

Wade hummed in response, sounding neither convinced nor un convinced, stepping over to the bed at sitting down, the sheet riding a little lower on his abdomen than before, exposing even more muscle that lay beneath the newly-fitted yet heavily scarred skin.
Peter desperately ignored that fact as he continued, making sure his gaze didn’t fall below eye-level as he hushed his voice to a wistful murmur, “and after all these years of working for The Daily Bugle and taking photos of Spider Man—”

“You’re the guy that takes pictures of Spidey?” Wilson interjected, “dude, you’re good! I’ve gotten pics you took on my wall! I can’t tell you how many times I’ve yanked my chain looking at—”

Peter stumbled backwards a little, hoping his face didn’t look as scandalized as he felt, heat rising in his face.

“Oh anyway,” he cleared his throat, trying to banish images of Deadpool doing anything but standing near a picture of him from his mind, “being an ordinary guy around all those…heroes…I think I just got a little carried away with trying to actually be one today. I know it was stupid but—”

“I get it, man,” Wade held up his hand, “trust me, I get it.”

The honesty in his voice, laced with something a lot deeper, made Peter’s stomach give a little jolt. Another silence passed between them. In all their interactions as Deadpool and Spider Man, Peter couldn’t remember this much blank space between them, this many unsaid words. The banter was usually rapid fire and sometimes razor sharp, but now it felt almost…an afterthought. It seemed Wade and Peter were slightly different than their alter-egos after all.

“Hey, wanna hear my Spider Ass haikus?”

Well, maybe Wade wasn’t all that different.

“Uh…what?” the bespectacled man asked, terrified by the response, but also morbidly intrigued at the merc’s sudden proposal. (So help him.)

“You know, haikus about Spider Man’s ass. What about that wasn’t self-explanatory?” Wilson asked, as if it were perfectly understandable, waving his hand dismissively, looking around him, not as keen to hold eye contact, it seemed.

Peter stared at him, unwilling or unable to do much else.

“I’m somewhat of a Spider Man aficionado,” Wade continued, despite the non-response, an excited gleam in his eye, yet still managing to avoid his companion’s.

Was he…nervous?

The dread in Peter’s stomach rose.

“It’s a tough job but someone’s gotta do it,” Deadpool mused before cracking his knuckles, clearing his throat, letting his eyes fall closed and waving his hands theatrically:

“Spider Man you are
So good, heroic and true.
But wow, that ass though.”

Here, the aspiring poet paused, his body tense as he slowly cracked open an eye. Peter was frozen to the spot, not for the first time wondering how this was indeed his life.

Did he want feedback?

“Uh—”
“Spiderman’s assets
Are his webs, fists, and booty
The last most lethal.”

“Wade—”

“Oh Spidey’s round ass
Tortures me so sweetly that
I'd gladly never die.”

A shrill ring sounded throughout the room, effectively cutting off ‘Wade Whitman’ before he could begin another carefully-crafted haiku.

_Saved by the fucking bell_, Peter couldn’t help but think as he hastily dug his hand in his pocket, retrieving his cell phone, his heart hammering as a picture of Aunt May flashed across the screen.

“Uh that was…something…” he murmured distractedly, not looking at the man on the bed, forcing himself not to run to the door, “I just—I gotta take this!” he finished, before wrenching it open and stepping out into the hallway without a backwards glance.

Wade watched the brunet leave in a flurry, eyebrows raised.

“You think he liked it?”

{Let’s just say he probably wouldn’t support you ever quitting your day job}

[True. That last line was six syllables. Idiot.]

_A/N_: So, sorry it’s a little shorter than usual updates, but that’s all I’m really up to writing at the moment, under my current circumstances. The next update will most certainly be much longer, with a lot more plot development. Thanks for your understanding. To make up for the brevity, below is a small snippet of the next chapter. Also, Peter and Wade’s conversation is not over. Just postponed. Wade got distracted by his love of ass haikus. ~Ck

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

“I’m blue da ba dee da…” Wade sang as Peter hid a smirk behind his hand.

{Our younger readers probably won’t get half of these references}

“They saw Iron Man 3, didn’t they?! It’s like the first song from that kiddies…right before he boinks the hot scientist chick that dies at the end.”

[WHOA. SPOILER ALERT!]

“Oh like there’s anyone here who hasn’t seen that movie by now.”
Chapter Summary

"Someone is still trying to kill me. And fuck me if I’m wrong, but wouldn’t it be in my best interest to keep around a trained mercenary, crazy or not, just in case that someone decides to come back?"

[Does that mean we get to fuck him?]

[Unfortunately, nope. Thinking about it, it’s totally in his best interest to keep us around]

[Really?]

[Either that or he ends up like swiss cheese when that sniper comes back]

Chapter Notes

*Ooh yeah, it’s good to be back, baby!*

It’s only been six days, Deadpool.

*Six whole days and still no sex! Instead you insist on all this plot-development bullshit. I’m dyin’ here!*

You can’t die.

*That’s what I thought too…but apparently those bastards at Marvel are doin’ me in for good in April. I’ll be kickin’ the bucket, pushin’ up daisies, finally puttin’ the ‘dead’ in Deadpool! Oh the travesty!*

You’re being a bit dramatic aren’t—

*And all I want as my dying wish is for you to just hurry up already and let me and Spidey get it on!*

Well, the sooner I get on with the ‘plot-development bullshit’ the sooner you and Spidey can have some sexy times. Promise.

*Well, in that case, can I get you anything? Nachos? Water? Karma Sutra for research purposes?*
“I’m gonna swing from the chan-de-lier, from the chan-de-lier…I’m gonna live like tomorrow doesn’t exist, like it doesn’t exist…I’m gonna fly like a bird through the night, feel my tears as they dry! I’m gonna swing from the chan-de-lier, from the chan-de-lier…”

Peter Parker glanced over his shoulder at the closed door, wincing at what could only be described as tone-deaf screeching omitted from behind it.

Just when he thought it couldn’t possibly get worse than haikus about his ass…

“Honey, what is that? Is someone singing? Do you have company?!?” the excited voice of his Aunt May wafted from the phone cradled in his hand.

“Uh—”

“Oh Peter, I’m so glad you’ve made a friend! I worry about you in that tiny apartment all alone with only your work to keep you company. It doesn’t do a person any good to coop themselves up like that,” she began her well-worn opinion on his social life (or lack thereof) as her nephew fought not to sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose, eyes tightly shut behind his glasses.

“I know Aunt May, I know. I’ve just been busy—”

“And I couldn’t be prouder of you, sweetheart. But, you know what they say, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy!”

“I couldn’t agree more, Aunt May! Poor Petey needs to play some more,” a new innuendo-laced voice agreed loudly, startling Peter violently, his hazel eyes popping open as he stumbled back against the wall.

There in front of him, leaning very nonchalantly against his bedroom doorframe, stood the newly dressed Deadpool, Peter’s sweatpants at least three inches too short on his muscular legs, his marred ankles clearly visible, and his t-shirt stretched tightly across his chest, riding up his abdomen and exposing the scarred skin that lay underneath.

Waving angrily at him to get the hell back into the room, Peter grit his teeth and forced his tone into a pseudo cheery one: “I uh…gotta go Aunt May, I—”

“Oh your friend sounds delightful, Peter! And he’s right of course, you do need to relax more. I’ll let you two get back to whatever you were doing. Call you tomorrow, love you!” May Parker rambled hurriedly and promptly hanging up on him before he could get a word in edgewise.

The brunet stood in his corridor staring dumbly at his cell phone for at least fifteen seconds before the not-so-subtle clearing of a throat caught his attention. Heaving what he knew would be only the first of many sighs to follow, he turned on the spot to face his house guest who tilted his head and pointed at him.

“You like Mexican food? You look like a guy that likes Mexican food…”

~*~

A shiver ran up the spine of Joseph ‘Buck Shot’ Blye as he lit a cigarette, taking a decent drag of it and staring up into the night sky. It was rare in New York, that the stars shone so brightly visible, but
there was a change in the air tonight, a shift in atmosphere in the very spot where he stood, cigarette
in one hand and M24 rifle in the other.

He couldn’t explain it but…this wasn’t what he expected when he had first taken the job. He was
still new to this gig. The rookie, really, although he’d rather die than admit it. It had been his cousin
Gio that had recommended him, knowing that the kid was gifted at what he did, but as he stood
there, head tilted back, leaning against his car, he couldn’t help but dwell on his failure.

Gio had been vague about the exact details of the hit, bar the name and location of the target, but Joe
knew above all else, that a live target was never a good thing. And he was still alive.

Peter Benjamin Parker.

The twenty-four year-old grad student and research assistant at Stark Industries.

Hell, the kid was only a couple of years younger than him. Joe didn’t know what he did to piss off
the boss, but whatever it was, got him a bullet to the brain.

Except, Joe missed.

In his sophomore year of wasting those who needed to be wasted, Blye had never missed his target.
It may take more than a magazine or two, but when all was said and done, the target was well and
truly dead, no matter who they were, where they were, or what they were doing.

As it happened, tonight’s lucky winner was holed up in a shitty apartment building down town, tired
after a long day at work. He didn’t really fit Joe’s regular marks, in age, socio-economic background
or status, but despite only being in the business two years, Joe learned quickly not to ask questions.

When you got a name, you erased that name.

End of story.

Except this time.

“The boss will see you now,” a gruff voice called from his left, snapping him from his reverie by
snatching the gun off his shoulder and turning on his heel.

With a nod, Joe flicked away the cigarette before following the beefy guy he thought was called
Mike, towards the dirty steel door, leading into a giant warehouse, his only sense of comfort being
the glock (that he had lifted from a cop he wasted a while ago) that was safely tucked into the back
of his jeans.

He had never met the boss before.

A steady stream of bile tried to claw its way out of his throat at the thought of what could be in store
for him. Not many got to meet the boss (hell, he didn’t even know the guy’s name) but he couldn’t
shake the feeling that it was a probably better for his health if he didn’t.

Well, too late now.

Shoving his hands in his pockets, Joe forced his feet forward, stepping further into the gloom, the
darkness engulfing him.

He could feel dozens of eyes on him as he shuffled past hundreds of wooden containers and towards
a desk standing in the middle of the dusty, dank room, the creak of a chair drawing his eyes up to
“Joseph Blye,” a deep, almost robotic voice greeted, its owner’s face still basked in shadows, “come, sit.”

Forcing his shaking hands out of his pockets, the young man came to a stop beside a solitary seat and sat down, narrowing his eyes, trying and failing to identify any features belonging to the person opposite him.

“I’ll cut to the chase,” the voice continued, “Peter Parker is still breathing. Care to explain to me why that is?”

The tension in the room shot up several degrees at those words.

Joe swallowed deeply, his throat feeling as dry and coarse as sandpaper, a bead of sweat breaking out on his forehead.

“Uh I—”

“You came highly recommended by your cousin, Gio,” the voice cut across him, the creak of a chair punctuating the sentence as the boss leaned back.

“Yes sir,” Blye managed to croak, another chill rising up his spine as he caught movement coming from his left.

“I find that that recommendation may have been…less than accurate regarding your capabilities,” the boss continued, the mechanical voice setting his teeth on edge.

“Sir I…since I began working for you, this is the first time that I—”

“Well, there’s a first time for everything, isn’t there?”

A heavy silence descended on the room.

“Unfortunately, Mr. Blye, in our line of work…this type of grievous error can’t even be only a one-time thing…” the voice trailed off as the man that was approaching from Joe’s left reached the desk and lay down a large box on it.

Joe’s eyes flickered to the box before staring back into the darkness above it, giving up on trying to determine anything.

“Sir…there were unforeseen circumstances—”

“Ah, yes. Deadpool. I heard he killed Groves,” the boss interjected as if commenting on the weather and not the death of an employee, “shame, really. His alias as Parker’s unsuspecting neighbour really was the perfect cover.”

Joe shifted uneasily in his chair, bothered by how much the disembodied voice was unnerving him.

“Thanks to Wade Wilson’s histrionics and actual ability to hit the target he was paid to,” the voice paused to let the shame wash over Blye, “we now must figure out who ordered the hit on Groves, as well as dealing with your little mess.”

The young man sat forward in his chair, trying to ignore the hilt of desperation in his tone as he pleaded: “give me just one more chance boss, and I swear I’ll get him. He stops at a coffee shop every Saturday before work, I can hit him there, no problem!”
Another short pause met him before a gloved hand reached out of the darkness and pushed the box across the desk and towards him.

“See that there isn’t, Mr. Blye. Perhaps this…will provide the proper incentive.”

Heart hammering in his chest, Joe wet his lips nervously, before shakenly standing up and laying a sweating palm on the lid of the box.

An eerie calm hung over the large warehouse as he pulled back the lid, a loud gasp escaping his throat as his wide gaze was met with his cousin Gio’s bloody severed head, his haunted eyes forever frozen in his last and surely terrifying moment.

“You have 72 hours…”

~*~

“Help me I’m holdin’ on for dear life, won’t look down, won’t open my eyes, keep my glass full until morning light,” Wade sang as he sauntered around Peter’s apartment, eyes scanning every inch of the laughingly small living space, stealing a hoodie from off an armchair and throwing it over his head, pulling down the sleeves over his arms.

“You really like that song,” the bespectacled beaut commented drily as he continued to dish out the giant order of Mexican food he was forced into buying, trying not to dwell on how his favourite hoodie was now impossibly stretched forever.

{Yeah, and it’s so 2014 too}

[Keep up with the times, old man]

“Well, we were talkin’ about Spidey and…that song always reminds me of him,” Wade replied with a shrug, his voice a little softer than usual as he ignored his boxes and studied the bookcase to his left.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Peter still, staring at him with an unreadable expression on his face.

“And why does it remind you of him?”

{Yeah, it’s not like the boy-scout is secretly a party girl}

[Pity. We could have gotten the chance to see Spidey Gone Wild]

“It has the word ‘swinging’ in it. And it was either think of Spidey or those old folk swingers trying to re-live the 60s,” Wade smirked as he plonked down at the table, rolling up his mask over his mouth and immediately beginning to inhale a taco at an alarming rate.

[So when do you think it’ll hit him that he’s not self-conscious eating around this kid for some reason?]

[Probably around the time he remembers who this kid actually is]

[He never is his most astute when food’s within the immediate vicinity]
Peter gaped at him as he continued to wolf down his Mexican cuisine, before heaving a sigh, taking a seat and opening his laptop.

It was here where Wade was again struck by just how weird everything about this guy was.

“So…what?” he spoke over chewing his food, spitting morsels everywhere, “you just gonna sit there on your computer and act like it’s totally normal for you to invite an insanely famous mercenary over for dinner?”

[Insane? Yes. Famous? Not so much.]

[Deadshot you are not]

[He may be DC, but he’s AWESOME]

[How’s that inferiority complex workin’ out for ya?]

“Pssh, I’d annihilate that cyclops,” Wade murmured under his breath.

[Ooh. We’re goin’ with Arrow’s version? Cool.]

[Writer lady does love her some Arrow]

Hazel eyes rose from the computer screen, raking over his sauce-covered mouth for a moment before meeting his gaze.

“Technically, I didn’t invite you anywhere,” Peter responded to his previous statement, seemingly ignoring Wade’s quieter comments, giving his own shrug before focusing back on his laptop.

[Touche]

[I like to touch his touche]

“Potato, tomato,” Deadpool dismissed with a wave, digging into his forth taco, before scooting closer to the younger man, right into his personal space and trying to see the screen.

“Whatcha lookin’ at anyway, nerd?”

The brunet rolled his eyes, leaning back a little before gesturing to the video in front of them.

“It’s the breaking news report on what happened tonight. My…aunt called, said she saw it on the news. I-I managed to convince her it was a different apartment block…she worries.”

Wade could tell by Peter’s face that he was surprised at himself for willingly offering up such information to someone like him.

[Maybe the kid isn’t so bright, after all]

[Shame. He really rocks the chic geek vibe]

“That all you gonna eat?” Wade asked, just for something to say, gesturing to Peter’s solitary and now limp taco, opting not to comment on the kid’s personal life, feeling neither bothered nor prepared to do so.

“She’s got to watch my figure,” the brunet quipped rapidly without ungluing his eyes from the article he was reading.
“You got a TV or what?” Deadpool looked around the room, noticing for the first time what was conspicuously absent.

Peter shifted a little in his seat, not meeting his eye.

“Uh no, sorry. There’s just…my laptop. I have a few DVDs—”

“Ooh Avatar!” Wade exclaimed suddenly, spotting the movie in question lying beside a few other DVDs on the bookshelf before hurrying over to it.

“I’m blue da ba dee da…” he sang as he picked it up.

“Ouch

{Our younger readers probably won’t get half of these references}

“They saw Iron Man 3, didn’t they?! It’s like the first song from that kiddies…right before he boinks the hot scientist chick that dies at the end.”

{WHOA. SPOILER ALERT!}

“Oh like there’s anyone here who hasn’t seen that movie by now.”

He could feel Peter’s eyes on him as he continued to talk to his boxes, and not for the first time that night did he question just how it was that he felt so… almost comfortable (or as close as he could get anyway) around this perfect stranger.

{Perfect’s definitely the word, alright}

The niggling doubts about everything that had transpired tonight refused to go away though, and before he knew it, Wade was turning on his heel and half yelling at the other man.

“Seriously though, kid. You’ve done great so far at avoiding the question but, what is your deal? Don’t think I’ve forgotten how fuckin’ weird this whole situation is, even for me. You’re far too…I don’t know…familiar with me and my zany antics. I mean, you didn’t even flinch when you saw my…” he trailed off, again yanking down the sleeve of the borrowed hoodie, wishing he could summon the fake confidence he had managed to convey when the other man had walked in on him naked merely an hour before.

“After seeing you blown to bits by a bomb, not much could make me flinch,” the brunet replied evenly, standing up and walking towards him, “and it’s like I said before…I—I have worked with Tony Stark, and met Captain America and Dr. Banner…I guess I’m just not as star struck as I used to be.”

{Ouch}

{How he wounds us}

“Okay, fine. You’re not star struck by my mere presence,” Wade shrugged, trying and failing not to feel affronted as he crossed his arms and stared the guy down, “but how exactly did you manage to get me back here without losing your lunch?”

“Who says I didn’t?” Peter fired back, “you wanted to know if that was all I was eating?” he paused gesturing to the still uneaten taco on the table, “well, truth is…it’s kinda hard to focus on food when I
had to help carry and reassemble pieces of a man like some grotesque puzzle a little over an hour ago.”

[He speaks sense]

[More than you ever do, anyway]

The two men breathed heavily into each other’s space, they standing much closer than before, having gravitated during the argument, realizing that they both got a little more carried away than they originally intended, and taking a step back from one another.

“And you’re…you’re just okay with me hanging out? Forcing you to order Mexican food and wearing your clothes and going through your stuff?” Deadpool asked, unadulterated disbelief in his tone as the two men continued to stare at one another.

Suddenly, it hit Peter like a freight train.

Wade wasn’t used to this.

He wasn’t used to an ordinary person (or super one, really) treating him…kindly. To Peter, it may have been just re-paying the man who had saved his life tonight, but to Wade, who (if what Peter could remember of his past was correct) seldom was shown any respect, let alone gratitude and genuine concern, it was just too much.

His heart panged in his chest.

Still, he had to say something more substantial to make his story more believable or Wade wouldn’t let it go and then who knows where they could end up.

“Look,” Peter held up his hands, his brain racing a mile a minute as he made up an excuse on the spot, hoping it’d be enough to damper suspicion, “this has been one hell of a crazy night and…and truthfully, I’m never one hundred per cent normal, anyway, so I’m not likely to have your run-of-the-mill reaction to anything. But that being said—someone is still trying to kill me. And fuck me if I’m wrong, but wouldn’t it be in my best interest to keep around a trained mercenary, crazy or not, just in case that someone decides to come back?”

[Does that mean we get to fuck him?]

[Unfortunately, nope. Thinking about it, it’s totally in his best interest to keep us around]

[Really?]

[Either that or he ends up like swiss cheese when that sniper comes back]

[Good point]

Peter watched intently as Wade seemed to battle against himself, before eventually, a little bit of tension in his body drained a little.

“So, does that mean you’re hiring me as your body guard, Whitney Houston?”

Humour. Good. Peter could work with humour.

“Only if you’re up for it, Kevin Costner.”

[Oh we’re up for anything]
“Well, I guess that just leaves us with one more thing to sort out then,” the merc smirked, clapping his hands and rubbing them together.

[Payment?]

[Oh I’ve a feeling that saving his fine ass could be payment enough]

[And more tacos!]

“And what would that be?” Peter was almost too afraid to ask, it dawning on him that he had probably reached the point of no return. He was so going to regret this.

With a chuckle, Wade leaned forward, his nose barely an inch from the shorter man’s.

“The sleeping arrangements,” he winked, “you a cuddler, Petey Pie? You look like a cuddler…I call little spoon!”

So yeah, slow build is fun. But the pace will pick up a little after this.

So…sex?

Soon, Deadpool. Geez, and they say romance is dead.

Hey, I’m plenty romantic! I will romance the pants off Petey!

[That’s the idea]

Oh and if you want you can find me over on Tumblr at octoberobserver

[Shameless self-promotion is shameless]

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

“Cap, he…kinda doubts your commitment to…you know…saving people,” Spiderman shrugged.

“Yeah well, sometimes I doubt your commitment to Sparkle Motion!”
Deadpool Darko

Tony Stark was a man known for many things. His fame, fortune, genius intellect, innovative inventions and sexual prowess, to name but a few. But if there was one thing that anyone who knew Iron Man himself was not in the least known for, it was patience.

“Where the hell is that kid?!”

This morning, it seemed, would not be the morning he miraculously found some.

“Sleeping upside down on the ceiling or somethin’ probably,” Clint Barton shrugged as he straightened up after taking his shot in pool, a smirk creeping onto his face as Natasha rolled her eyes at him.

“That’s bats, genius. Not spiders,” she deadpanned, deftly syncing three balls into the corner pocket before tilting her head at him, her eyes ablaze with challenge.

Barton merely shrugged again, signing ‘same difference’ with a wave of his hand and taking a swig from his beer.

“It’s 8am,” Bruce Banner commented with folded arms, eyeing the archer’s beverage of choice with a frown.

“Any time is happy hour when you haven’t been to bed yet,” Clint winked just as Steve entered the room, halting just shy of his irate teammate.

“I take it by Mr. Sunshine’s mood here that Peter still hasn’t shown?”

A chorus of grumbles met his ears.

“Perhaps the arachnid is in hibernation?” their Asgardian colleague piped up from his perch at the breakfast bar, hands laden with a mound of toast and pancakes, maple syrup dripping down his fingers, his cheeks akin to that of a chipmunk, stuffed full of food as he munched happily.

“That’s bears,” Romanov shook her head at Thor, before potting the black ball, smirking at Clint and reaching over for the remote to the giant television that hung on the wall, rapidly clicking through the two thousand channels.

“Technically, spiders can—” Bruce began and abruptly broke off at the sight of Natasha’s quirked eyebrow, “uh, never mind.”

Steve took a step towards Tony who was clutching his cell phone and glaring at it as if it personally offended him.

“He needs to be debriefed about what he missed at the Shield meeting. You did ask him to join us this morning, didn’t you?”

Stark whipped around, ready to chew the Cap out, when he suddenly faltered, a wrinkle forming between his eyebrows, as he muttered: “I’m not his damn babysitter. I don’t see how it’s my responsibil—”

“I sent him notification via text and email, Captain Rogers,” the dulcet tone of Jarvis sounded throughout the room, “Master Parker replied promptly, assuring that he would be present this
“Thank you, Jarvis,” Steve replied, staring pointedly at the shorter man who very maturely pulled a face at him, before turning towards the line of monitors embedded in the desk in front of him, typing at the keyboard.

“Watch you don’t hurt yourself, grandpa,” Tony remarked drily, trying to hide his trepidation at having the senior citizen anywhere near his electronics.

“Yeah, yeah, Tony Snark, you’re hilarious,” Steve quipped, eyes narrowing as a particular article peaked his interest.

“Someone has been paying attention to Sam’s lessons,” Nat murmured, side-eying Rogers before focusing back on the TV, clicking over to the news to see what they missed when they were out of town, precisely as a grainy image of what appeared to be an explosion erupting behind an apartment building came onto the screen.

“Hey, look at this,” both she and Steve called in unison, she gesturing to the TV, he to the monitors.

“Bomb explodes in dumpster at 10:30pm last night, moments after shots were fired at a nearby apartment building,” Steve read before Natasha joined in, reading the text from the news scroll, “the fire alarm was pulled after the gunfire, alerting authorities…who arrived just as a bomb exploded in an alley behind the building. At least three pints of blood were found at the scene, but as of yet, no body has been recovered…”

“…Does anyone know exactly where Peter lives?” Bruce asked the question on everyone’s mind as the tension began to rise in the room.

The team lapsed into silence, gazes firmly fixed away from anyone else, each mulling over the events and potential ramifications, before a sharp knock shook them from their respective reveries.

“Uh…hey guys,” a dishevelled Peter Parker waved lamely from the door, eyes darting around as his teammates turned sharply in unison to stare at him, “sorry I’m late. It’s uh…a funny story actually…someone is kinda trying to kill me.”


“Ugh…five more minutes, mom,” Wade Wilson groaned, throwing an arm over his face and turning on his side, something crumpling loudly underneath him.

“What the…?” he grumbled, his voice coarse and sleep-riddled as he forced his eyes open, reaching down to pull out whatever it was that lay against him.

It was a piece of paper.

Blearily, he shook his head, waiting for his gaze to focus.

There, hastily scribbled on the scrap of paper in chicken scratch cursive, was a note.

_Gone to pick up breakfast._

_Feel free to shower or whatever. There’s some clean clothes at the end of the bed._

_Please don’t break anything._

_Be back soon._
Wade’s eyes widened as the message began to sink in to his still groggy mind.

*Does the kid have a death wish?!*

*He’s probably holier than the plot of an M. Night Shyamalan movie by now*

“No. He’s fine. The sniper won’t try anything so soon after last night…it’s too risky,” Deadpool murmured, sitting up from his resting place on the floor to the left of Peter’s bed.

*Who are you trying to convince, big boy? Us, or yourself?*

*Face it. The kid’s probably a goner. D.O.A, D.N.R, R.I.P – dead*

*Shame. He was just starting to grow on us*

*Wonder if he has any pancakes?*

“Shaddup!” Wade hissed, leaping up from the floor and stubbing his toe on the bed-frame.

*What? It’s not like he’s gonna need them*

*Waste not, want not*

“He’s not dead!” Deadpool scolded, his tone a little frantic, alarmed at just how much he really, really hoped that the brunet wasn’t lying dead in the street somewhere, the swiss-iest of swiss cheese.

*Guess he was growing on you too*

*Aww…does Wadey have a crush?*

*And we thought you just wanted to f**k him on any and every available surface*

*But…you actually care if this kid lives or dies? Stop the presses! It’s been like one day. Talk about desperate*

*He shows you the most basic and limited of attention and you’re ready for the U-Haul and kitty adoption?*

*Didn’t realize you were starring in an episode of The L Word*

Wade shook his head, growling deep in his chest as he raced into the bathroom, pulled off his mask and glared at his reflection in the mirror.

Deep and shallow jagged scars and sores of all shapes and sizes marred his forehead, cheeks, chin… his bald head reflecting the sunlight that streamed in through the window, his reddened and irritated skin awash in a sickly glow.

*Well hello there, handsome*

*We’re taking it for granted that sarcasm can be detected through the written word*

Wade gripped the edges of the sink, starring into his face, chapped lip caught between his teeth as he fought to steady his breathing.

He had to get a fucking grip on himself.
“Fuck you,” he grit out, eyes snapping closed as his jaw clenched angrily.

{Ooh, someone’s in trouble…}

{Not me. Him. For being a sappy loser and letting himself care about some nerdy college kid that wouldn’t even give him the time of day if he didn’t throw himself on a bomb last night}

{You should probably just leave before you embarrass yourself even more than you have already}

{Too late. He’s already seen him naked.}

{Surprised it wasn’t that that made him lose his lunch}

{He just felt sorry for you…wanted to pay you back for saving his life by plying you with tacos and letting you sleep on the floor by his bed like some lost puppy}

{You really are a cheap date}

Wade let out a huff of indignation, thumping the sink with his fist, it shuddering and creaking noisily under the strain.

{He might not even really be coming back}

{Maybe he’s come to his senses and realized he doesn’t want a mentally-unstable mercenary as a house guest and gone to get help.}

{He did say he knows Iron Man, after all}

{And Captain America}

{And The Hulk}

“Fuck.”

The word reverberated around the small room as Deadpool forced himself to open his eyes again, slipping the mask back over his face.

{Guess it’s time to go}

{By some miracle, if the kid is still alive, he can just get one of The Avengers to help him with his little sniper problem}

{They are the real heroes}

{Let’s face it, he’s no Whitney Houston, and you’re definitely no Kevin Costner}

{Probably best to quit while you’re ahead. You even got some tacos out of it.}

{That’s a win for you}

With a sigh and slumped shoulders, Wade plodded out of the bathroom, stopping at the small table that housed his various weaponry and loaded up.

It was time to go…
With one last look around the place, the merc made his way towards the door, heart heavy in his chest as he opened it and stepped out.

“Goodbye Peter Parker. It was nice knowin’ ya…”

~*~

“Define ‘trying to kill you,’” Tony Stark air-quoted, taking a step towards the younger man with a look of irascibility on his face.

Peter cleared his throat, shuffling further into the room, “uh…well, the ‘rapidly shooting bullets into the side of my building and planting a bomb under my neighbour’s sink to finish the job’ trying to kill me.”

“Wait…that’s your building?” Steve asked, pointing to the TV, where the same news report that his Aunt May must have seen last night, was still running.

The brunet’s cheeks flushed, his heart sinking as he realized that his safe-haven, the apartment he had spent the better part of a year perfecting to keep hidden away from his Spider Man life, was now plastered on national television for his friends and colleagues to see.

“Yeah,” he nodded, shoving his hands in his pockets and leaning back against the pool table.

“Are you okay? You weren’t hurt, were you?” Bruce asked, taking the slightest step forward attentively.

“I’m fine, thanks. Managed to avoid all the bullets,” Peter responded, throwing him a quick appreciative glance before staring back at the floor.

“Wait…” Tony drew even closer, his hands risen, “you said the bomb was planted in your neighbour’s place? Why not yours?”

The younger man could feel a dozen eyes boring into him as he scrambled to get everything straight in his head.

“Uh…that’s the other thing. I—my neighbour…turns out he’s been tailing me for a while now. Has a bunch of surveillance photos of me leaving school and work. He had some Grade-A weaponry too, so I think he was the one that was originally supposed to take me out…” he trailed off, rubbing the back of his neck.

“But…” Tony prodded, folding his arms across his chest.

“But uh…” Peter sighed, forcing himself to look up and meet his gaze, “someone took him out first.”

Stark’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“That was the first round of gunfire,” Parker continued, skirting around the issue that he knew the others wanted him to address.

“So who shot a hail of bullets into your building and took out your would-be assassin, then?” Clint asked bluntly what everyone else was thinking, watching Peter’s face intently to read his lips.

The youngest member of the group fought the urge to scuff his feet on the floor as a delay tactic and instead forced himself to take a deep breath in, and slowly let it out, before answering lowly:

“Deadpool.”
The silence that met his response was practically deafening.

“Deadpool,” Natasha stated drily after a moment, “Wade Wilson took out the guy that was meant to kill you?”

Peter nodded, “I—didn’t get all the details but…from what I can surmise, he was hired to kill the guy. It was just…good timing that he did it before the guy had the opportunity to kill me, I guess.”

Another silence descended on the room.

“So then…what about the bomb? Was that Deadpool’s doing?” Cap asked, coming to stand in front of him.

Parker worried his lower lip.

“I—I’m not sure. I mean, I asked him—”

“You talked to him?!” Tony interjected loudly, his eyes glazed with anger, “is your cover blown? Does that crazy bastard know who you are?!”

Peter held up his hands, hoping to calm the older man.

“He—he knows my name is Peter Parker and someone was hired to kill me. He doesn’t know I’m Spider Man. I…with everything that happened, it just seemed the lesser of two evils to tell him a half-truth than try to completely lie. But there’s no way for him to connect the two. Seriously Tony, it’s fine—”

“Nothing is ever fine when it comes to that lunatic, you should know that, Parker! You were the one that wanted your identity to remain a secret, not me, you know my stance on the whole thing, kid, remember that. But now you’ve practically told your real name to the literal worse person you could ever tell. So, don’t be surprised when it comes back to bite you on the ass!”

The bespectacled man watched helplessly as Tony turned on his heel and stalked off towards the bar, away from them, but not completely out of ear shot.

Steve watched him out of the corner of his eye, before focusing back on the boy in front of him, “as much as I hate agreeing with Stark,” he began with a small smile, “he does have a point, son. Wade is…unstable at the best of times. And even though he may have good intentions occasionally, and has been an aid to us in the past, doesn’t mean that he is completely trustworth—”

“He saved my life,” Peter cut across Cap, his tone hardened, “not only did he stop the guy that was plotting to kill me, but he also shielded me from the other sniper that showed up, and got that bomb out of my building and into the alley, saving countless other lives!”

He paused to draw breath, surprised how rapidly his heart was hammering in his chest.

“Look, I know he has had his…moments, in the past, I was there too, remember? But…it’s like I said, he has no way of connecting Peter Parker with Spider Man, so really, I don’t know why we’re even discussing it. I told you what went down last night as a courtesy and maybe to get a little advice, not to be ridiculed or lectured on my choices. I’m not a child.”

The clank of a glass sounded behind him. Turning slightly, he watched as Tony poured himself a drink, taking a long gulp before sighing.

“No Peter, you’re not a child. But you are the most inexperienced out of us all, the newest member to
all this, and are dealing with your first contract killer. I know you’ve dealt with your own brand of bad-guys before you joined us, but now that you are one of us, not only is your life more in danger, but so is every other facet of your existence, including everyone on this team.

“So, forgive us if we have some misgivings about letting Wade Goddamn Wilson be your gal-pal. The guy kills people for money, has absolutely no alliances and is as crazy as a sack of cats. The whole thing just reeks of bad idea.”

And there it was.

Peter knew that coming here and telling all wouldn’t yield the best results, but having it said plainly like that, really helped put things into perspective.

Didn’t mean he had to like it though.

“Now,” Tony continued, as if things were even remotely settled, “why don’t you go through everything again from the top. Then we can start figuring out how to fix this…”

~*~

Five Years Earlier…

Spider Man swung graciously from building to building, soaring through the chilly, winter air, his hazel orbs trained on the large, red-haired man that was currently thundering his way down the streets of New York City, giant duffle bag full of very stolen money, slung across his chest.

“Tired yet, Chuckie? ‘Cause I can do this all night,” Peter sing-songed over the roar of wind and passing traffic as he watched the robust man huff and puff, his cheeks rosy, his forehead glossy with sweat as he barrelled his way through pedestrians.

“S-Screw you!” the thief gasped, taking a turn down an alleyway, only to find himself met with a brick wall.

“Oh, looks like it’s the end of the line for you, buddy,” the web-slinger smirked, hopping down from the wall and landing behind the robber.

Suddenly, a cold sliver of steel was pressed into the back of his neck, the click of a gun being cocked reverberated in the alley.

“Actually, it looks like it’s the end of the line for you, web-head,” the red-head’s companion hissed as he emerged from the shadows behind him, digging the pistol further into Peter’s skin.

“Oh well now it’s a party,” Spider Man smirked with a roll of his eyes, leaping into the air, doing a somersault over the gun-wielder and adroitly landed behind him, shooting his webs to snatch the gun before weaving the criminal up like a tightly-wrapped burrito.

“You know, I would make a joke about a spider and its prey, but I really value my brand of humor and think I’m better than that,” an unfamiliar voice quipped from up above.

Confused, Peter glanced up to the roof to see a flash of red and black before he shot his webs at wannabe Carrot-Top, wrapping him up as well.

“Ooh someone’s a greedy Spidey,” the voice called again from the darkness.
“What…?” Peter muttered under his breath, stringing up the two criminals before taking the duffel bag of money (the precinct was on his way home anyway) and began scaling the wall and onto the roof.

“Stars shining bright above you, night breezes seem to whisper I love you, birds singin’ in the sycamore tree, dream a little dream of me…” the voice was now singing softly as Peter approached the hunched over figure, clad head to toe in a black and red suit, eerily similar to his own.

“You must be Deadpool,” he stated, watching intently as the taller man stood up, wiping blood from the large katana, as well as what looked like taco meat from his mouth, before waving.

“Let me guess, my reputation precedes me,” he grinned cheerily.

“Something like that…” Peter murmured before stepping back against the ledge.

Truth was, he had heard many a thing about the mercenary, most of which weren’t exactly favourable. He wasn’t sure being alone with this guy was the best idea.

“Well, I gotta be go—”

“You gonna keep that money, Spidey? Maybe buy yourself some fly-filled burritos?” Deadpool cut across him with a tilt of his head.

Spider Man frowned, taking a glance at the duffel bag in his hand before turning back to the merc, “no, I’m not…you know, because it’s illegal.”

“Illegal…” Wilson repeated, tapping his chin as if he’d never heard the term before, “oh yeah, that’s the word good ol’ Captain America keeps throwin’ around every time I ask to join The Avengers. ‘Killing people is illegal, Deadpool.’ ‘Stealing weapons is illegal, Deadpool.’ ‘Walking around naked, is illegal, Deadpool.’”

Spider Man snorted, shaking his head. He had heard why the man was dubbed The Merc With The Mouth, and he was certainly living up to it.

“I mean,” Deadpool continued with a shrug, “what a lame excuse to exclude me from Heroes R Us. What about me isn’t tailor-made for that super-squad?”

Peter shrugged, brain scrambling for a reply, “I guess he could sometimes…doubt your commitment to…you know…saving people.”

“Yeah well, sometimes I doubt your commitment to Sparkle Motion!”

A laugh bubbled up Peter’s throat at Wilson’s snappy retort, understanding the reference. The man in question went still, eyes on his mask widening comically.

“You can go suck a fuck,” the webbed-wonder said suddenly, tilting his head at Deadpool and waiting.

The merc gaped, not believing what he just heard.

“Oh please tell me Elizabeth…” he said slowly, taking a step forward, “how exactly does one suck a fuck?”

Peter slanted his chin, crossing his arms.

“You want me to tell you?”
A brief silence descended on the roof before the two men started to laugh, it melodious as it carried in the night air.

They stared at one another for a moment, as if both shocked that such an exchange did indeed happen, before Spider Man glanced over Deadpool’s shoulder, and nodded at the familiar fast-food wrappers that lay on the ground by one of his katanas.

“So is that what you do up here all night? Eat tacos and quote weird cult classics?”

“Hey, give me some credit,” Wilson responded with a wave of his hand, “I occasionally behead a bad guy or two.”

And that was Peter’s cue to leave…

“Well, I better get going,” he gestured behind him, “you know, bad-guys to deliver, money to return…” he trailed off, walking backwards to the ledge.

Deadpool scrambled forward, hands held up, pointing at Peter’s arm, “you know, it’s a pity the webs aren’t like built in or anything like in Tobey Maguire’s run…but I guess, for accuracy’s sake, you being part spider and all, your webs would have to shoot outta your butt!”

The brunet stared at him.

“I uh…have to go, now…” he replied with a confused tone, not knowing what the hell the other man was talking about, but electing just to ignore it and taking another step backwards.

“Aww already?” the mercenary whined like a small child told he can’t have ice-cream before dinner, “but we were just gettin’ to know each other! I’ve heard all about you Spidey and I gotta say, you’re all kinds of awesome! Do you want a taco? We could talk some more about Donnie—”

“You know, I would like to,” Peter interjected, his brain racing a mile a minute, not too sure what to say, but not wanting to insult the man, “but I really should get going. Maybe some other time?”

The merc faltered a little, his posture deflating as he nodded, looking a little distracted, no longer looking at Peter.

“So uh…it was nice to meet you?” the brunet murmured uncertainly, standing up on the ledge, “I’ll probably see you around,” he finished, before leaping off the roof, shooting his web at the opposite building and swinging away.

“It was nice to meet you, too, Spidey!” he heard the mercenary call after him. “I’m Wade, by the way! Wade Winston Wilson, if you’re nasty!”

~*~

Present Day…

Turns out, when Tony Stark was pissed about something, he could very well make it seem like one moment was stretched into an eternity – which would explain Peter’s giant headache and exhaustion as he walked back to his apartment, later that morning.

The other reason could be the fact that Wade kept him up all night snoring and talking in his sleep from his post on the floor by Peter’s bed. The two had fought briefly over sleeping arrangements, the brunet not even entertaining the merc’s commentary on cuddling or spooning, they eventually deciding on the floor being the best place, as the larger man’s form had no chance at fitting on his
tiny couch.

Peter wasn’t born yesterday, he was smart enough to conveniently leave out the fact that the mercenary now happened to be staying with him under the guise of being his ‘bodyguard’ when he was running down the events of last night to his teammates, but couldn’t help but be bothered by the feeling of dread creeping into his chest with every step he took towards home.

He had time to reflect on it, and now he wasn’t feeling sure about the whole bodyguard deal he struck to try and keep his other identity secret. He was playing a tough game, a risky one, he knew that, but after everything he witnessed, from Wade saying him from bullets, and then everyone from a bomb, he couldn’t bring himself to ask the man to leave.

The two of them had been through a lot since meeting five years ago. He had been thinking about the night in question as he neared his building, remembering how the two of them bonded over their mutual love of Donnie Darko. A small smile spread across his face as he recalled how Wade had wanted to keep talking, even offered to share his food (something that was practically unheard of) if Peter would stay and talk with him.

It was funny, despite hearing all the horror stories about the merc, Peter had been tempted to take him up on his offer. He had been in a bad place at that time (it being less than a year since Gwen’s death) and he felt starved of human interaction. Alas, the duties of a hero came first, and he had to leave, but he remembered how he thought about that meeting, the strange guy with the similar suit bantering with him, for a long time afterwards.

He couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for the mercenary. What little pieces of information he uncovered of Wade’s past was never anything but horrid and depressing, and knew how the man was shunned by most superheroes in the vicinity, dubbed a menace for his actions.

Whilst Peter certainly didn’t agree with his status as a killer for hire, over the years he had seen some good in the merc, a glimmer of something that convinced him not to completely write the man off as a crazy killer, or at least not just that. He couldn’t explain it, not really, but it had been enough to convince the others to give the man a chance on occasion. And while those occasions had not been without their hitches, the times when Deadpool did team up with him or other members of The Avengers, his enthusiasm and desire to help in his own misguided way was mind-bogglingly endearing…

Which was what ultimately convinced Peter, as he reached his front door, to conclude that while this plan definitely wasn’t his smartest, he had to give Wade a shot, just one. He deserved that much…

“Wade…?” he called as he opened the door and stepped inside, shutting it behind him and heading for his bedroom.

“Sorry I took a bit longer than I thought I would. There was a long line at the—” Peter broke off as he was met by an empty room.

With a frown, he made his way to the bathroom, finding it void of anyone too.

Trepidation crept further into his chest as he searched the rest of his place, still seeing no sign of the other man.

With a sigh, he ran a hand through his hair, his eye catching on something on his bed. Edging closer, he picked it up – the note he’d left this morning, crumpled into a ball.

Peter’s heart sank.
"Wade?"

My heart hurts.

It's only temporary Wade, I promise.

Better be. This is almost as sad as the first ten minutes of Up!

[Oh no, he's thinking about Up again]

Why, Ellie?!

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

“Nice suit, by the way…I almost thought you were Spider Man the first time I saw you around town,” Peter smirked, leaning back against the wall.

“Whatever you heard, I did not copy the look…I just…perfected it,” Deadpool winked, “besides, there’s no way you could ever really mistake me for that string-bean cutie.”

“You’re telling me you’re not cute under that mask?” the words erupted from Peter’s mouth without his permission, he immediately regretting them and forcing himself not to wince in response.

“Hey,” Wade stepped toward him, pointing a finger in his face, “I’ll have you know that I’m fine as hell, okay? Some may say I even look like Canada’s Sweetheart Ryan Reynolds!”
Crouching Spidey, Hidden Deadpool

Chapter Summary

“Take off your shirt.” Wade commanded.

Peter’s heart hammered in his chest, blood rushing into his ears.

“W-What?”

Chapter Notes

So sorry for the late update everyone, real life kinda got in the—

*Be honest, writer lady. You spent most of your time on Tumblr, playing Peggle and binge-watching Broad City. Face it, you had a bad case of the block.*

The block?

*Yeah. Writer’s block. You had literary impotence. You couldn’t get a word boner.*

Deadpool—

*But you’re fine now. You’re nine inches of rock hard vocab—*

Okay, that’s enough. We get it. Nine inches though? I’m flattered.

*Meh. You know how it is. Nine inches is like three in guy-speak.*

Forget what anyone said about Mondays, it was Thursdays that sucked ass.

Thursdays were the day-time equivalent of a root canal, that sneeze that just won’t come, and a surprise pop quiz after you’ve spent the whole semester sleeping.

Basically, Thursdays were the bane of Peter Parker’s existence.

“PARKER! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOUR DAMN PICTURES?! I DON’T PAY YOU TO JUST HANG AROUND WITH YOUR BUDDY HOLLY GLASSES, LIBERAL AGENDA AND FIVE DOLLAR HAIR CUT!”

And the reason why Thursdays sucked so much? Three words. John Jonah Jameson.

“I left them on your desk, sir,” Peter elected to reply instead of webbing the brash man’s mouth shut like he desperately wanted to at least three times a day, since he began working at The Daily Bugle as a teenager.
Jameson scattered around dozens of sheets of paper in front of him, before throwing his hands up in a huff.

“Marge! MARGE! Where are Parker’s pictures of that flying costumed menace?!”

Marjorie, Jameson’s put-upon secretary, who clearly did something awful in a past life to warrant having to deal with such a man every single day, waltzed into the room and exchanged a quick knowing glance with Peter before gesturing, “they are right there, Mr. Jameson. On your desk…an inch from your left hand.”

The salt-and-pepper-haired man froze, glancing down at his hand and back up again.

“Well, what are you waiting for Marge, a medal? Skedaddle! Me and Steve Urkel here need to have words!”

Marge turned on her heel and left the room without a backwards glance, letting the door slam behind her.

That woman needs a 500% raise and 360 vacation days...

“What, are you just gonna stand there all day like an unemployed grad student busking his way through Europe to pay for his ticket home to mommy? Sit down Parker!” Jameson growled, interrupting Peter’s mental admiration of Marge, slapping his desk and jostling his coffee, drops of it spilling out over onto the pages at his elbows.

The brunet sat in the seat opposite his boss, trampling down the familiar urge to web the guy up like one of those disgusting cigars he always smoked despite it being against regulations.

“Good,” Jameson nodded, standing up and clasping his hands behind him, walking around his desk and halting a foot from Peter, before pacing back and forth.

“Now, as you may not have heard, thanks to your generation’s incessant need to be glued to your phones playing Angry Crush and Candy Birds, here in the epicentre of relevance, good ol’ fashioned paper and ink, we report on what the people need to know. And what the people need to know, Parker…” he paused, leaning forward dramatically, towering over the bewildered younger man, “…is that Spider Man, the little havoc-wreaking freak of nature, is finally dead.”

Well, those were some words Peter definitely didn’t expect to hear when he got up this morning.

“Uh…dead, Sir?” he asked, brow furrowed, shifting in his seat.

“DEAD!” Jameson boomed before catching himself, glancing around for a moment and lowering his voice, “…but it’s all hush-hush, for now. My source only confirmed it last night. We run with the story first thing tomorrow, so I want you to go through your little stalker scrap book and find me your best picture of the dearly departed degenerate, the one that most says I-think-I’m-better-than-everyone-else and bring it here to me before 6pm to—”

“Sorry Sir but,” Peter held up his hands, leaning forward in his seat, “how can you know for sure that Spider Man is actually—”

“Remember that apartment block that was evacuated because some wacko with a rifle shot up the place? The same building that had a bomb go off the alley behind it?” the editor cut across Peter’s protests with an excited wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Uh…yeah.”
“Well, turns out that a small scrap of evidence was left at the scene. A piece of red fabric, fabric that Mr. Fashionista himself has been known to wear…right beside about a gallon of blood. There is also an eye-witness account of the stupid web-head running into the alley so he must have tried to disarm a bomb and it blew up in his face, LITERALLY! Talk about poetic justice!”

Peter was torn between irate scowling and sheer bafflement. J. Jonah Jameson was never his biggest fan, sure, he knew that, but to hear him now speak so callously about his alter-ego’s apparent death, really rubbed him the wrong way.

He couldn’t help but think that Wade would have turned that into an innuendo.

And he was thinking about Wade again…

Over the last two nights, he had laid awake, staring up at his ceiling, the shadows casting dark, misshapen ink blots onto the walls in the dead of night. If he tried hard enough, he could make pictures out of them as he tossed and turned, and when he did, whether it was his mind playing tricks on him or not, the images formed things that looked awfully like sharp swords, machine guns and tacos – all things Wade Wilson.

He should have gone after him…

Except, Peter Parker wasn’t meant to know how to find the elusive Deadpool. Hell, even Spider Man would have had a hard time, although it wasn’t impossible.

After wracking his brain, the bespectacled man still had no idea what drove the mercenary to leave his home, but knowing Wade, it could be anything from receiving another job to trying to satiate his seemingly insatiable hunger. The crumpled note on his bed however, had inexplicably made his blood run cold at the sheer sight of it. He couldn’t explain it, but he felt that Wade’s reasoning for getting the hell outta dodge, may have been more than just craving Mexican food. It was that very thought that had kept him up for the last two nights.

It’s true, Peter and Wade were never what you would call incredibly close friends, but, over the years, they had certainly built up a rapport, an acquaintanceship, an attentive if somewhat tumultuous friendship. While wildly differing in everything from world view, to morality, to their favourite flavour of ice-cream, it was their undeniable ability to somehow make the other laugh even in the direst and sometimes most inappropriate of times, the striking of quick conversation out of nowhere and their sheer, albeit odd connection, that helped push Peter’s previously established lines…

~*~

Four Years, 8 Months and Six Days Earlier…

“Well, well, well, Charlotte, how’s your web?"

“If I’m Charlotte, does that make you Wilbur?”

Deadpool let out a snort as he swung his legs back and forth over the ledge of the building.

“Rambunctious and strongly emotional…nope, doesn’t sound like me.”

“Are you reading that from the Wikipedia page?” Spider Man asked as he took a seat beside the mercenary who had his phone in hand, scrolling rapidly.

He shrugged, before pocketing said phone and reached behind him.
“Fancy chicken taco with lime cilantro crema, lightly seasoned with cumin and paprika. Your favourite,” he paused, holding out the taco, its delicious aroma wafting from it and making the teen’s stomach growl.

The web-slinger stared silently at the older man, highly aware that in the last two minutes, he had referenced one of Peter’s favourite books and foods.

“How…how do you know what my favourite taco is?”

It had become a thing. Despite Peter’s best efforts to avoid it, these rooftop meetings were becoming more and more frequent between the two red-clad spandex enthusiasts over the last three months or so. Whether fighting side by side, or arguing and getting into each other’s faces over various jobs that a certain someone may have taken (Deadpool) and people certain others wanted to protect (Spider Man) the two had seen each other a lot over the last while. The rooftop rendezvous afterward, though. That had just sorta…happened.

“Come on Spidey, take the taco…it won’t bite. Growing boys need their sustenance,” Deadpool dodged his question, waving the tightly wrapped food in front of his face teasingly.

With a sigh, the ‘growing boy’ in question shook his head and indeed took the taco, his gloved fingers brushing against Deadpool’s slightly. The other man tensed at the contact and snatched his hand back, trying (and failing) to make it appear as if he was smoothly moving to rub the back of his neck.

“Thanks,” Peter murmured, ignoring the man’s uneasiness and taking a bite of the frankly delectable treat.

“Always so polite,” the merc smirked, clearly amused at the younger man’s manners before tucking into his own food with the ferociousness of a mountain lion.

“And uh…” Spider Man began after a moment of transfixed awe at the nature documentary that was unfolding in front of his eyes, “thanks for…you know…helping out back there.”

The eyes on Deadpool’s mask widened at the words as he continued to shovel food into his mouth.

“Mrrumph nooosh probablab,” he replied, bits of food spraying everywhere, the sliver of scarred skin on display now shiny with a thin layer of grease.

Peter fought a grimace as he caught himself staring at Wilson’s jawline, and not for the first time. He had to admit, what little he knew of the mercenary, was enough to make him have nightmares about what could have possibly caused those scars. They looked…painful. And deep. And with the sheen of grease, under the glow of street lights, they appeared…haunting.

Was that what drove him crazy?

The thought flittered into his head without warning. This was the third time he had seen Wade with his mask rolled up slightly, and it was still as distracting as it had been the first time, but not for the reasons one may think. He wasn’t gawking, wasn’t disgusted by the scars…he was mesmerized by the enigmatic backstory behind him. As hypocritical as it may sound (wanting to protect his own personal life and all) the web-slinger was fascinated by everything that led up to the Canadian killer-for-hire being exactly where he was now.

Peter knew that The Avengers were all aware of Wade’s past, but, as he was not (yet) part of their team, the teen was not privy to such information…not matter how many times he asked whenever he came across Captain Rogers or Mr. Stark.
With a shake of his head, Wade distracted Parker as he brought a hand up to wipe his mouth murmuring, “it was uh…no problem, Spidey. Glad I could help out. Never can pass up an opportunity to flex my heroic muscles when The Avengers are around. You never know when a new spot could open up!”

It was a badly kept secret that Wade Wilson worshipped the ground The Avengers walked on, and desperately desired to become their newest ally. On the last couple of occasions that they interacted, Deadpool had regaled Spider Man with his many epic plans of impressing every member of the elite team, each more fantastical than the next.

“I hear The Hulk loves knock-knock jokes,” was this evening’s recognisance apparently.

“Really? And you know that how exactly?”

It always went like this. Wade said something outlandish, and Peter would humor him. Mostly for his own entertainment. After all, the merc-with-the-mouth was anything but boring.

“I’ve got my ways, Spidey,” Deadpool smirked, tapping his nose before tilting towards Peter slightly, whispering conspiratorially, “knock, knock!”

“Who’s there?” the younger man found himself asking before he could talk himself out of it.

“Spider,” the grin laced in Wilson’s tone was evident.

Peter fought a sigh.

“Spider who?”

“Spider what everyone says, I like you!” Wade finished before erupting into a booming laugh, quickly followed by a girlish giggle that was quite unbecoming for such a large, muscular individual.

The brunet couldn’t help a wry smile, but revelled in rolling his eyes at the truly terrible attempt at humour.

“Be sure to duck when The Hulk’s fist comes flying at your face after you tell him that,” he murmured, taking another bite of his taco.

Deadpool waved dismissively, “that’s comedy gold! No way Mr. Tall, Green and Angry doesn’t crack an itsy bitsy smile. Ha, get it?! Itsy bitsy! Man, I’m on fire, tonight.”

Peter shook his head, wondering not for the first time how he came to be here, eating tacos with the guy who would crack lame jokes one minute, and your neck, the next.

“It’s your funeral,” he shrugged, morbidly hoping that he be there when the merc tries to tell that joke to the green Avenger.

“Ha! Funeral! Me! Good one, Spidey!” Wade chuckled, apparently tickled at the thought of his own demise.

Before Peter could comment on Wade’s somewhat morbid sense of what was amusing, the merc was clearing his throat loudly and mumbling something under his breath.

“I’m sorry,” the brunet leaned toward him slightly, “didn’t quite catch that.”

Deadpool’s hand reached behind his neck, rubbing it gently again before letting out a short cough, “I said I…do…uh…like you.”
Peter knew that if his face was visible, he would be gaping openly at the older man, his brain completely frozen and failing to reboot.

Apparently unnerved by his companion’s silence, Wade tapped on his now jiggling knee and rushed to continue: “I—what I mean is that…I mean…you’re alright, kid, you know? For a whiny web-head who’s always tryin’ to ruin my fun. Don’t let it go to your head or anything…thing’s already big enough.”

It was a good a save as any, Peter supposed.

“You’re…alright too, Deadpool. You know…for a loud-mouth mercenary who’s always tryin’ to add to my fun…usually with explosives. And sexual innuendo.”

“In your end-o,” Wade couldn’t help but add with a cheeky grin as Spider Man heaved a put-upon sigh, knowing it would not be his last whenever he was in this guy’s company.

It truly was the beginning of a beautifully fucked up friendship…

~*~

Present Day…

“Thank you for being a friend…travel down the road and back again…your heart is true, you’re a pal and confidant. And if you’re threw a partaaaay, invited every one you knew, you would see the biggest gift would be from me and the card attached would say…thank you for being a frieeeeeend!”

[Who told this guy he could sing?]

[Probably the same idiot that told him he could write poetry]

“Oh Bea Arthur…more like Bea still my beating heart,” Wade Wilson sighed into his giant bowl of guacamole, a dozen nachos clenched in his gloved fist that he was now sloshing around in the green dip.

[So…another day watching Golden Girls re-runs, huh? That’s what we’re doing with our never-ending life?]

[He’s sulking]

[Pining]

[Pathetic really]

“That smile’s foolin’ nobody Rose!” Wade yelled at the TV as Betty White came into view, aiming to drown out his insufferable boxes.

[Aww that’s so cute. He thinks he can ignore us]

[Adorable]

[Think he’ll drill another hole in his head? That shit was hilarious last time]

Wade gripped his beer tightly, jaw clenched, as the voices continued to converse about him smarmily.

[Nah…it’ll probably take him thinking about little Petey Pie before he breaks out the power tools]
“SHUT UP!” the merc roared, leaping up from the couch, the bowl of guacamole tumbling to the floor and shattering into a thousand pieces.

A growl escaped the mercenary’s throat, his chest heaving with each deep breath.

“Man, don’t you miss SNL? Why aren’t we marathoning the shit outta that?”

“Because Mr. Pissbaby here is too focused on pining over nerdy college kid to appreciate Bill Hader’s genius”

“I’m. Not. Pining!” Wade hissed, before chugging the rest of his beer and throwing the bottle at the wall with a resounding thump, satisfied as it too smashed into bits, large shards of glass raining down to the floor.

“Very funny. You shoulda been a fuckin’ comedian,” Wilson grit out, snatching up another beer from the battered coffee table and ripping off the cap with his teeth.

“I said I’m not fucking pi—”

Suddenly, four booming knocks resonated throughout the apartment, interrupting him.

“Mr. Wilson?” a male voice called out from behind the door.

Wade retrieved his gun from its hiding place in the couch cushion and approached the door with cat-like agility, barely making a sound.

“I’m unarmed, Mr. Wilson. I’m aware of your proclivity towards weaponry and...violence, so I’m approaching you unarmed and alone as a sign of good faith. I’m just here to talk,” the voice continued with an air of clearly practised professionalism.
“Nobody’s home,” Wade called out, leaning towards the peep hole.

[Let’s give him a minute to think that through]

“Please, Mr. Wilson. I ask for five minutes of your time,” the voice paused a moment before adding slightly louder, “you will be compensated.”

[Cha-ching!]

[If I had eyes, there would be dollar signs in them]

[Go on, let him in then. You heard him. Alone and unarmed]

[Poor misguided bastard]

Keeping his gun raised, Wade used his other hand to unlock the door, throwing it open wide, revealing a tall man in a sharp suit with thinning brown hair.

“Mr. Wilson,” he began, eyes flickering to the gun before focusing back on Wade’s masked face, “I’m Agent Coulson.”

The merc stared silently at the other man for an instant, before tilting his head.

“Coulson? Shouldn’t you be like injecting blue alien blood and going all psycho Banksy on a wall or whatever the hell is goin’ on in your show right now?”

The agent frowned, clearly bewildered, before the cool and collected mask came across his features once again.

“Mr. Wilson, may I come in?”

Wade’s eyes narrowed, raking in every inch of the man’s appearance before taking a step back, allowing him to pass.

Coulson, tactful as ever, didn’t grimace at the state of the place, the stench of dried blood and rotten food hanging in the air or the multiple mysterious stains that covered the room, and merely took a stand by the window, hands clasped behind his back.

“So, since when do Directors make house-calls? Didn’t think I was that high on SHIELD’s priority list what with Hydra running rampant and tearing you apart like velcro off a stripper,” Deadpool commented, lowering his gun but remaining very much on guard.

For his worth, the Agent of SHIELD didn’t wince at the merc’s crude summary of his organisation’s plight.

“We’re in dark times, Mr. Wilson. House-calls are a requirement every now and again…especially in circumstances such as these…” he trailed off enigmatically.

[Ooh mysterious]

[I think this guy gets off on all the cloak and dagger crap]

“Circumstances such as these…” Wade began, tapping his chin, “and what would they be, exactly?”

The agent’s eyebrow quirked, “like when you’re tasked to take out a trusted employee of Tony Stark.”
Deadpool scowled.

“Hold up blue balls,” he held up his hand and took a step towards the agent, “I was hired to take out some dude called Haynes or Groves or some shit. He was some middle-aged muscle for the cartel – not really Stark Industries material.”

Coulson faltered for a moment as those words sank in.

“You mean you weren’t hired to assassinate Peter Parker?”

The air was knocked from Wade’s lungs.

[Why are the Super Humdrum Inquisitive Egomaniacal and Laughably Dull interested in Petey Pie?]

[I thought it stood for Supremely Hellish Interfering Extremist Lackadaisical Division?]

“Why are the Strategic Hazard Intervention, Enforcement and Logistics Division interested in some harmless college kid from Queens?”

[Impressive]

[I still prefer my version]

“You…” Coulson took a step towards him, seeming intrigued, “you know Mr. Parker?”

Deadpool’s scowl deepened.

“Well, duh. I mean, you did just accuse me of tryin’ to take him out. And seen as I have a feeling you didn’t mean ‘take out’ as in the wine and dine kind, it would suggest that I’d have to do at least some basic recon on the guy.”

[Why does everyone think just any regular idiot can be a world-class mercenary?]

[Because the world-class mercenary in question is Wade Wilson?]

[Oh yeah]

“But you said you were hired to kill some cartel muscle, not a college kid. So, that begs the question, how are you familiar with Peter Parker?” the agent pressed, not deterred in the slightest by the angry clench to Wade’s jaw.

The Canadian shrugged, “let’s just say I cock-blocked my guy before he could ‘take out’ your guy.”

Coulson hummed, mulling over that information, a crease forming on his brow.

“So, someone hired you to kill the guy trying to kill Stark’s star pupil. Why?”

[That’s the sixty-four thousand dollar question, isn’t it?]

[I dunno, I think with an ass like that, Petey’s worth a bit more]

“Well, you’re the one in the business of knowing the answers to covert questions, Mr. Agent. Not me. Now, if that’s all,” Wade motioned to the door, tiring of his inquiring house-guest.

“Who hired you?”
Wade stilled, turning back towards Coulson, his spine dead-straight.

[Only part of him that is]

[Sexually and physically]

[Bow chicka wow wow]

“A disembodied voice over the phone,” Wade elected to reply, inexplicably feeling generous towards the agent who looked like he had easier days.

“So, no name then,” the man stated rather than asked, looking at something over the mercenary’s shoulder.

“Got the money upfront. Didn’t really see a need to ask any questions,” Wilson shrugged, before flipping his gun up in the air and catching it again.

“They said you were difficult…impossible to have a reasonable conversation with,” Coulson commented, sounding surprised at the ease of the exchange, eyes trained on the gun that was now back in the other man’s hand, his own fingers flexing in desire to reach for the hidden glock in his ankle holster.

“And you said you were alone and unarmed,” Wade replied, whipping out a second gun from nowhere, holding it in his left hand towards Coulson, before turning on his heel and pointing his other gun at the head of an aggravated-looking Asian woman as she held her own pistol on him.

[Hottie alert]

[Think of all the beautiful angry sex we could have]

“Stand down, Agent May,” Coulson murmured, hand held out in a calming gesture that would definitely not work on either of them.

“You said five minutes. It’s been six,” she replied curtly, never taking her eyes off Wade.

“No need to worry, your boyfriend’s virtue is still intact,” Deadpool smirked.

“You get what you need?” May ignored him, instead looking towards her colleague.

Coulson minutely nodded before raising both hands, palms outwards, and stepping around the mercenary towards the door.

“It really was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Wilson. Your reputation precedes you,” he remarked with the smallest of smiles.

“Always happy to entertain,” he responded, sarcasm dripping from his tone, “give my best to Fury.”

“Fury’s dead.”

Wade snorted, “and I’m Shirley Temple.”

“Really? I love your movies,” Coulson grinned before turning on his heel and following Melinda ‘The Calvalry’ May out, closing the door behind him.

“Hey! What about my compensation?!” Deadpool yelled after him, only to be met with silence.
"I think your compensation was that hot angry lady not tapping you twice in head with her pistol."

"Well that was weird…and rude."

"Understatement of the century."

"Do SHIELD typically get involved with the murder plot of some kid? Stark wonder boy or not?"

"Petey must be special."

"Like we didn’t already know that."

"But why?"

“No idea,” Wade murmured, rubbing the back of his neck, a trepidation rising in his chest at what he was about to suggest, “but I’m gonna find out.”

"Does that mean you’re done with your pity party? Because I gotta say, it wasn’t nearly as fun to watch as we thought."

"Yeah. And we need more visual aids for our spank bank."

“Someone’s still trying to kill the kid,” Wade began pacing the floor, “and…it would be a sad day for humanity to lose an ass like that,” he surmised as he began gathering his weaponry, “and I can keep my distance. Totally. Can do. So, just a little recon, that’s all. Doesn’t mean I need to become best buds with him or anything…” he trailed off, a little lost in the fantasy of what that would be like, before snapping himself out of it, “I’m just scratching my itchy curiosity, that’s all. There’s something…off about all this, and I want to know what.”

"So… that’s a no to the SNL marathon then?"

Peter Parker rolled his aching shoulders as he trudged towards Jitters coffee shop after leaving J. Jonah Jameson’s office.

He had only been there for a half hour, but it may as well have been an eternity. Mere moments in that man’s presence was enough to render even the most patient person irrevocably incensed within an inch of their lives. And now, to top it all off, he had to go into the lab and spend an indeterminate amount of hours hunched over a microscope (which usually he wouldn’t mind but after the nightmare that was the editor of The Bugle, it was a special type of torture) before then making a round-trip back to Jameson’s office with what would likely be his last batch of pictures of the ‘dearly departed degenerate’ that was Spider Man.

The never-ending slew of Terrible Thursdays had struck again.

And what a particularly terribly Thursday it was proving to be. The editor of The Daily Bugle thought Spider Man was dead…and revelled in it. He could barely contain himself at the notion of running the story across the front page for all the world to see tomorrow morning and Peter had no idea what he was going to do about it.

Was there anything he could do?

“…-get you, Sir? Sir?” a voice called suddenly, snapping him from his reverie.

Blinking, Peter glanced up to find a concerned barista staring at him.
“I’m sorry, what?” he asked, a blush colouring his cheeks at having been caught daydreaming.

“I asked what I could get you?” the black-haired girl clarified with a gentle smile, her whiskey-toned eyes sparkling a little.

“Oh, right, sorry. Yes, I’ll have—”

The brunet broke off as the familiar tingling sensation crept up his spine. Turning his head to his right, Peter’s hazel gaze was drawn to a rooftop where a small bright light glimmered against the afternoon sun.

“Everybody get down!” he yelled just as a burst of gunfire erupted around him.

Peter leapt across the counter top, colliding roughly with some glass jars before tugging the alarmed barista down behind it as various foodstuffs exploded, glass shattered and rained to the floor, the cracking sound of bullets lodging in everything but their primary target surrounding them as the rest of the customers screamed and scrambled to take cover.

When there was a lull in shooting, a crouched Peter spared a quick glance out and saw that the rooftop was empty. With frantic eyes he looked up and down it again, but there was still no one to be seen. Police sirens in the distance, steadily nearing the coffee shop rang in his ears as he helped the barista to her feet.

“Are you okay?” he asked, gripping her elbows firmly but not too tightly.

White as a sheet with shock, the girl merely nodded, now anxiously eyeing about her to check on her colleagues and customers.

“Is anybody hurt?” she asked quietly, before clearing her throat and repeating herself louder for everybody else to hear.

When a chorus of ‘no’ greeted her, Peter decided it was about time he split. Nothing aroused suspicion more than being in the middle of two attempted shootings in less than a week. The last cop interview he had given had taken forever, so he didn’t desire to have to suffer through another one any time soon. So, when the barista was distracted, he edged towards the side-entrance door, taking one last quick glance around him, and once he found that indeed everyone was unharmed, he made a hasty exit, out into the alley.

He barely got ten steps however before he was wrenched roughly backwards, hand covering his mouth and dragging him in the other direction. In an instant, Peter broke free from the strong grip, whirled around and grabbed hold of the person, shoving them back against the wall with force.

“Whoa, whoa, easy there, Petey Pie, it’s just me,” Wade Wilson’s voice broke through his adrenaline-fueled haze.

His grasp on Deadpool’s shoulders slackened but didn’t let go as the man in question came into focus. Breathing heavily up into the merc’s face, Peter glared daggers at him, his hazel eyes flashing angrily behind his glasses.

“What the hell, Deadpool?! Is this how you spend your days? Hiding in alleys and trying to abduct people?!” he barked, chest heaving as he fought to calm down.

The mercenary shrugged, “not usually…but if this is the reception I get, I could start,” he smirked, leaning a little closer to him so that their torsos were touching.
Peter’s grip on Wade’s shoulders tightened minutely for a moment before he let out a growl, taking a step back. His first foot barely collided with the ground however before he was pulled back, albeit much gentler this time.

“You’re hurt,” Wade murmured softly, one hand holding him in place as the other ghosted an inch from his shirt, his gaze zeroing in on a spot on the younger man’s shoulder.

“Wha—” Peter broke off as he glanced down, just a little to the right of his clavicle, where his check button-down shirt was now stained crimson.

Wracking his brain, the brunet concluded that it must have happened when he collided with the jar of coffee beans as he jumped the counter-top.

“It’s…nothing. I’ll be fine,” he dismissed, acutely aware that Deadpool was very much still touching him.

The merc had already witnessed his super-strength on more than one occasion, so he really had to reign it in around him. With a grimace, Peter tested the waters and tried to step back, surprised when Wade let him go, apparently realizing that he was still holding onto him and letting his hands drop with an awkward clearing of his throat.

“I uh…I tried to catch the guy on the roof but the bastard was like fucking Road-Runner,” he grumbled, a hand coming up to rub the back of his neck, “so I took care of the security cameras instead,” he gestured to the camera that was above the side-door, “had a feelin’ you wouldn’t want the cops seein’ you in the middle of another shooting.”

Peter’s eyebrows raised.

“Thanks,” he replied sincerely, quietly admitting to himself that was incredibly smart and something he had forgotten about in all the madness.

Wade shrugged, and it was in that moment that Peter really took him in, his eyes raking over the larger man.

“What are you wearing?”

He knew that if he could see Wade’s face, Peter would witness a sheepish grin spread across it.

“It’s my uh…my Spider Man hoodie. What, you think I rock the spandex 24/7? It’s my day off, dude.”

He really was a sight to behold. Deadpool mask very much still on his face, and yet, everything else he wore was…casual. Red and black hoodie that Peter knew had to have his emblem on the back, faded and tattered jeans, and converse that had certainly seen better days.

It was…weird, seeing the usually spandex-clad and armed to the teeth mercenary like this, to say the least.

“Okay well uh…I—I gotta get going. I gotta get to work—”

“Hell no!” the merc interjected, taking a step towards him.

“You’re taking a sick day. Call your boss, tell them you’ve got a bad case of conjunctivas, cooties, the clap, I don’t care, but there’s no way in hell you’re going anywhere public. In case you haven’t noticed, there’s some crazy dude with a sniper rifle trying to make spaghetti outta your brains and
you don’t strike me as the type to cause the harm of innocent bystanders.”

Peter opened his mouth only to firmly snap it shut again. He hated to admit it, but the guy had a point.

“Thought so,” Wade nodded, before gesturing to his arm.

“Now…let’s get that looked at before it gets infected and falls off, ‘cause somethin’ tells me it won’t grow back.”

~*~

If you had told Peter Parker less than a week ago that Wade Wilson would be a guest in his home, not once, but twice in so many days, he would have laughed in your face.

Had you then told him that said house guest would take it upon himself to become his personal nurse, he probably would have slapped you.

“Now, you sit down there Petey, and let Nurse Wade take care of you,” Deadpool murmured, gently pushing Peter down to sit on his kitchen table before rummaging through his first aid kit.

“Have you been going through my medicine cabinet?”

The mercenary stilled for a fraction before replying, “well, yeah. You were clearly not gonna be able to tend to yourself, the wound being at that angle, so this made the most sense.”

“Because you’re all about being sensible,” Peter couldn’t help but gripe with a roll of his eyes.

To his surprise, Wade let out a booming laugh.

“You know, I can see why Spidey likes you so much. Not only do you take killer pictures, you’re funny too!”

The bespectacled boy wasn’t quite sure what to say to that, so he just silently offered him a half-hearted shrug (his shoulder was starting to ache now that the adrenaline had worn off) and a small smile.

“Hey…” Wilson began as he upchuck the first aid kit onto the table; gauze, band-aids and bandages flying everywhere, “you uh…haven’t seen our favourite arachnid anywhere, have you?”

Peter tensed, his hands gripping the edge of the table as he forced himself to sound casual.

“No, I haven’t. Not in a few days. I just figured he was off doing Avenger stuff…”

The mercenary nodded, accepting that response before turning to him, his larger frame looming over Peter even as he sat at an elevated height.

“Take off your shirt.”

Peter’s heart hammered in his chest, blood rushing into his ears.

“W-What?”

Wade let out another laugh.

“Don’t worry princess, I’ll be gentle…” he cooed before his tone turned a little more serious, “I can’t
get at your wound with your shirt on.”

Heat rose in the younger man’s cheeks.

“Oh…right,” he mumbled, his fingers slowly undoing his shirt, wincing as pulled his arms through one at a time and let it fall to the floor, leaving him in nothing but his undershirt.

[Hubba hubba]

[How many times do I have to remind you about Point of View?!]

[Oh come on. Like I was gonna let this happen without saying anything. I’m only human]

[No you’re not]

[Nope. But the big guy is. And he’s damn near a heart attack]

Peter cleared his throat, nervously avoiding Wade’s frozen gaze as he stood in front of him, rooted to the spot, antiseptic in one hand and cotton ball in another.

“Uh, right—” the assassin seemed to snap out of whatever trance he had gone in to, “so…this will probably sting like a motherfucker.”

Talk about not mincing words.

Before his patient could comment, Wade pressed the soaked cotton ball to his injured shoulder with unexpected care.

Peter held back a hiss as it did indeed begin to sting like hell despite the ‘nurse’s’ gentleness, hoping against hope that his healing factor wouldn’t quite kick in yet so that a bandage could at least be applied to cover the fact that his arm that would no doubt be as good as new in a short while.

“There. All clean!” Deadpool sing-songed happily as he wiped his skin, revealing the long but shallow wound that lay underneath the dried blood.

“Told you it was just a scratch,” the web-slinger couldn’t help but grouse.

“You did,” Deadpool agreed before selecting a thin bandage and beginning to apply it.

Once he was done, he stepped back to admire his work with a tilt of his head.

Peter couldn’t help but feel like he was being examined under a microscope and desperately wished he could bend down and pick up his shirt.

As if reading his mind, the merc did just that, kneeling to retrieve the shirt from off the floor, looking up on bended knee at the brunet, before holding the garment out for him to take.

Peter swallowed, his throat feeling dry all of a sudden as he hastily took the shirt from him, avoiding his gaze as he put awkwardly put it back on, ignoring the large blood stain marring it.

“Thanks,” he said lowly to the floor as he hopped down from the table.

“Hey, I’m just returning the favour,” Wade shrugged, standing up. “You did—oh what did you call it? ‘Piece me back together like a grotesque puzzle’ a few days ago, so it’s no biggie.”

The stark reminder of that harrowing experience burst through the forefront of his mind like a
macabre film reel, before Peter shoved it back into the dark recesses of his brain with a shudder. Purely for something to say, he gestured to the mercenary’s attire, “nice hoodie, by the way.”

Wilson glanced down at himself, “thanks. I made it myself.”

At those words, Peter was reminded of earlier that day, something that he should probably talk to Wade about, occurring to him.

“You make your suit too, right?” he began, walking around him, forcing a laugh, “you know, I almost thought you were Spider Man the first time I saw you around town.”

“Whatsoever you’ve heard, I did not copy the look…I just…perfected it,” Deadpool winked, folding his arms, “besides, there’s no way you could ever really mistake me for that string-bean cutie.”

“You’re telling me you’re not cute under that mask?” the words erupted from Peter’s mouth without his permission, he immediately regretting them; forcing himself not to wince in response as he leaned back against the wall.

“Hey,” Wade stepped toward him, pointing a finger in his face, “I’ll have you know that I’m fine as hell, okay? Some may say I even look like Canada’s Sweetheart Ryan Reynolds!

“I don’t know who that is…” the brunet shrugged, shoving his hands in his pockets.

Wade gave a scandalized squawk.

“How dare you,” he gaped, “how could you not know who Ryan Reynolds is?!”

At Peter’s continued blank face, he began to pace back and forth, listing on his fingers: “he played such iconic characters like a giant man-baby afraid to graduate college in Van Wilder, the kid forced into a green-card marriage to Sandy Bullock in The Proposal, the typical white dad who has a mid-life crisis and moves his family to live in a haunted house in the re-make of the already shitty Amityville Horror, and stars as yours truly decently for like five minutes before they fuck everything up in a bastardized attempt at making Wolverine remotely interesting in X-Men Origins and—wait, no, I hear it now. I guess I don’t blame ya, kid. He’s had a tough career. But I know a certain 2016 flick will change all that…” he trailed off, his tone suggestive, but to what, Peter had no clue.

Pushing off the wall, the younger man took a step closer to the merc, wondering how the hell he was supposed to broach this subject.

“Well, listen, Wade…” he began, his brain racing a mile a minute, “you know how I said that I mistook you for Spider Man at first because of your similar suits?”

“Yeah.”

“Well,” Peter cleared his throat, taking another step closer, “turns out that the general public have too and…when you saved everyone from the bomb and well, exploded into bits…you left behind a scrap of your suit. Just a small red part and…well, everyone thinks it belongs to Spider Man and that he’s…dead, you know ‘cause he doesn’t have the intense healing ability that you do and…hasn’t been seen in a few days,” he finished, practically gasping for air, glad that that struggle to explain things was done.

Silence met his words.

He watched carefully as Deadpool shoved his hands into his hoodie’s pockets and took a seat on the
vacated table, nonchalantly looking at the remote.

“Wanna watch a movie? That old shit Lunch at Walmart, Dinner at Target or whatever, is on.”

“Breakfast at Tiffany’s?” Peter asked, brow furrowed.

“That’s the one!”

The brunet shook his head, not too surprised that the mercenary chose to ignore the fact that his heroic act was again being overshadowed and the credit being unjustly stolen by an Avenger.

Swallowing his guilt, Peter responded evenly, “maybe later. Turn on the news, I wanna see the report on the shooting at Jitters.”

For once doing as he was told, Deadpool took up the remote and turned on the TV, flicking over to a news channel where, predictably, there was coverage of the coffee shop shooting from an hour before.

Gradually, Peter came over to stand next to his guest, they both watching in silence as the news anchor recounted the events:

“We’ve just managed to gain footage from a nearby traffic camera of the shooter from the building across the street from Jitters coffee shop. As you can see, the man in question, is a familiar one, his red and blue spandex suit seen clearly here as he—”

Not quite believing his eyes, Peter stopped listening as he saw a very familiar figure indeed come across the screen, rapidly fleeing the roof, a duffle bag large enough to fit the components of a sniper rifle slung over his shoulder.

“Whoa…” Wade murmured beside him, smacking his side with a heavy hand, “dude, I think we know why we haven’t seen Spidey in a while. The guy’s totally tryin’ to kill you!”

DUN DUN DUN! The plot thickens! And whoa, over 7000 words…someone’s tryin’ to make up for being a procrastinating fuck.

Hey, longer chapters means you’re that much closer to getting it on with Spidey.

Who you’ve made a murderer, apparently.

*Sigh*

What? Don’t blame me for your unrealistic plot! Like that sweet, adorable, ass-of-an-angel arachnid could ever hurt a fly…ha, ha, well, maybe he could hurt a fly, you know, being a Spider and all—

Okay, that’s enough of that. Hope everybody liked the chapter :) don’t forget to check out my tumblr octoberobserver if that’s your thing!

Sell out.
“There’s no way I’m letting you confront Spider Man, Deadpool,” Peter repeated for the sixth time in the last five minutes, his initial panic at the notion abating with his rising ire.

“Pretty sure you can’t stop me, Petey. No offense,” Wade held up his hands and stepped closer to him.

Stubbornly, the brunet stood his ground, chin tilting up as he continued to glare at the taller man, fists clenched tightly at his sides.

“Pretty sure I can, Wadey. No offense,” he replied curtly.

The merc hummed at that, taking another minute step towards him.

“Oh yeah? And uh…how exactly would you do that, baby boy?”

361 Days In The Future…

Peter Parker was never the kinda guy to actively think about how he would die.

Sure, when he got bitten by a radioactive spider, donned some spandex and began fighting crime on the regular, the thought flittered into his brain every now and again, but mostly, he focussed on the good he did, the people he helped, the bad guys he stopped…the successes.

The thing about success, though?

It’s not final.

The famous words of Winston Churchill had reverberated around his room on those nights when the thought of his own mortality crept in from the dark recesses of his mind, preventing sleep, inducing heart-racing anxiety and forced him to accept certain truths.

“Success is not final, failure is not fatal, it is the courage to continue that counts.”

This was never truer than after he lost Gwen.

Courage, like success however, is not final either. Despite what he may have lead the general public to believe, courage was not a constant state of being, not for him. There were days, where courage was so foreign a concept that Peter forgot its definition, forgot how the word sounded on his lips, forgot that he had ever felt it.

Watching her fall, her cerulean eyes wide with unshed tears…courage abandoned him, crippling fear instead embracing him like an old friend, clutching at him until he was numb.

After she fell, where it felt like he couldn’t ever continue, couldn’t ever possibly don the spandex and fight crime with his homemade web-shooters, a cheeky grin and a whole lot of luck ever again, there
was only failure. Failure to get up some mornings, failure to get dressed, failure to let his mind ever wander from those moments in between the last time they spoke and he catching her that split second too late.

It was in those months, the long and agonizingly painful months as he silently grieved, that he allowed himself the luxury of facing his own mortality. Logically, he knew with the bite that he gained the power of accelerated healing, knew that his abilities had given him a chance…an advantage over the average person in fighting the inevitable, but it was by no means infallible.

He wasn’t infallible.

Or invincible.

Hell, most days he didn’t feel in the slightest amazing as some had dubbed his alter-ego.

Really, even on his A-game, that thought, that sheer fact of knowing that despite his best intentions, his best abilities and his desire to always end in success, Peter knew that it was only a matter of time.

When your time’s up, it’s up.

He may not have accepted that with his parents, or his Uncle Ben, or with Gwen, but it was something that he could accept for himself.

Had to accept.

He wasn’t always going to win.

Because success wasn’t final.

Failure wasn’t fatal.

But death was…

“Peter?! Peter stay with me! Don’t you dare close your eyes! Peter? Please don’t leave me…”

~*~

Present Day…

“Over my dead body!”

“That can be arranged…it is kinda what I do.”

Peter glared at Wade, chest heaving angrily as he switched the TV off and slammed the remote back down on the table.

“Go ahead then…kill me,” he growled, hazel orbs flashing dangerously, his head cocked to the side in livid defiance.

The mercenary snorted, folding his arms across his broad chest.

“You know, for someone who has a superhero already tryin’ to kill them, you’re way too chill about daring a trained assassin to do the same.”

Peter’s jaw clenched tightly.
“There’s no way I’m letting you confront Spider Man, Deadpool,” he repeated for the sixth time in the last five minutes, his initial panic at the notion abating with his rising ire.

“Pretty sure you can’t stop me, Petey. No offense,” Wade held up his hands and stepped closer to him.

Stubbornly, the brunet stood his ground as he continued to glare up at the taller man, fists clenched firmly at his sides.

“Pretty sure I can, Wadey. No offense,” he replied curtly.

The merc hummed at that, taking another minute step towards him, leaning down to meet his gaze, their noses barely two inches apart.

“Oh yeah? And uh…how would you do that exactly, baby boy?”

Peter bristled at the familiar name. This wasn’t a time where Wade was using it as a pet-name as he frequently did with Spider Man, though. This time he meant it derogatorily.

And that just pissed him off more.

Ignoring the rational part of his brain, the brunet stepped right into the mercenary’s space, chin jutted defiantly as he reached up to poke him in the shoulder.

“You don’t know—”

A loud knock cut him off.

“Peter? You in there? Be a good boy and open the door, this bag is heavy,” the voice of his Aunt May wafted from behind his front door.

Hazel eyes widening, Peter gaped at Wade, before calling out: “just a minute, Aunt May,” while waving frantically and hissing under his breath: “hide!”

Wade snorted, “yeah, that’s not gonna happen.”

“Oh yeah?” the younger man spat, tugging on the merc’s sleeve, making sure not to use too much force, “we’ll see about that. ‘Cause I’m sure as hell not explaining to my aunt why a known assassin is hanging out in my living room!” he finished, pulling Wade roughly down the short hallway.

“So instead you’d rather explain why a known assassin is hanging out in your bedroom?” the merc asked, smirk lacing his tone as Peter gave him a shove towards his bed.

“Ooh Petey…buy a girl a drink first!”

Peter rolled his eyes before pointing a finger in his face.

“Stay here!”

Wade mimicked him, lazily saluting, “aye aye, Captain Crazy.”

Heart hammering in his chest, Peter shut his bedroom door with a snap, before crossing the short hallway and stopping at his front door, wrenching it open wide.

“H-Hi Aunt May! Let me take that,” he plastered a smile onto his face as his aunt came into view, large grocery bag in her hands.
“Thank you sweetheart,” she murmured, stepping into his apartment and subtly looking about her.

“Huh…I could have sworn I heard voices in here.”

Peter stilled, his back to her as he deposited the groceries on the table.

“Oh it was uh…the TV,” he responded, rubbing the back of his neck.

If he were to glance behind him, he would witness May’s quirk of a disbelieving eyebrow as her gaze fell on the television that was clearly turned off.

[Point Of View change!]

[Sigh]

Deadpool silently opened the bedroom door a crack, peering out into the kitchen, having heard every word (damn the walls were thin), frowning as something occurred to him.

“Where the hell did he get that TV, anyway? That definitely wasn’t here the other day. I specifically remember him saying he only had a shitty laptop,” he whispered to himself, watching as the man in question began to unload the food from the bag with the older woman’s help.

[Continuity Error Alert!]

[Ooh, writer lady messed up]

[It was bound to happen sooner or later. She has had other important things on her mind]

[Like smuty sex scenes?!

[No. Like pizzas and Netflix]

“Thanks again for the TV,” Peter began as if reading Wade’s mind and overhearing the ongoing conversation between the boxes, “it really is a great house-warming present.”

May placed a hand on her nephew’s shoulder, “you’re welcome, sweetheart. Ace gave me a good deal on it. I hope it wasn’t too much trouble carrying it on the subway last night.”

[Handy how she can just explain that away, huh?]

[All hail The Powers That Be]

[We’re not worthy!]

[Easy there Wayne Campbell]

Wade watched the scene unfolding in front of him with mute fascination. This Peter, the loving nephew seemed…different to the snarky, pushy grad-student he had gotten to know over the last few days. He was gentler, quieter, but no less enthralling as he chatted and laughed and moved about his apartment in fluid motion, each movement seeming part of a well-worn dance.

How often did they do this?

Was this what a stable familial relationship looked like?

[How the hell would you know?]
He had Blind Al...for a while

Right...because their relationship was the picture of emotional stability

I think we’ve really got this sarcasm thing down

Shaking his head, Wade fought to rid any thought of the fire-cracker elderly lady from his mind, instead focusing on the one in front of him.

Because if one thing was for certain, May Parker was definitely that, albeit probably in a different way to Al.

Yeah. I mean, what are the odds that Petey’s maternal figure also happens to be a super shady, lethal, laxatives enthusiast?

“I am surprised to find you home, Peter,” May spoke up as she began brewing tea for herself, “aren’t you usually at the lab at this time?”

Wade watched as the younger man nodded frantically, clearing his throat.

“Uh yeah…usually, but uh…Professor Rickards gave me the day off, in celebration of uh…my paper being published in next month’s scientific journal,” Peter rambled the lie, as if saying it faster made it any more believable.

A shrill, delighted squeal far too lurid to have erupted from such a small woman (who was now clutching her nephew in what seemed like a bone-crushing hug) startled Wade so badly that he jumped, bashing his knee off the door-frame and cursing loudly.

“What was that?” May asked, pulling away from Peter, her eyes travelling down the hall, just in time to catch a glimpse of Deadpool who was too slow in the confusion to step out of sight in time.

Uh oh

Incoming!

Frantically, the merc glanced around the sparse room for somewhere, anywhere to hide. Finding none, he paced back and forth, mind racing a mile a minute, trying to figure out what to do as he heard the now clearly desperate Peter trying to dissuade the woman from investigating.

“Aunt May really, I’m sure it was noth—”

“Peter, I could have sworn I saw—oh. Hello,” she stopped dead in the now open doorway, her eyes landing on Wade who stood in the middle of the room, frozen like a deer caught in headlights, mask off, hood up.

“Uh…hi, Mrs Parker,” he murmured, carefully avoiding the gaze of a certain brunet that was currently boring a hole into his now fully visible face.

May’s eyes lingered between the two men before she elbowed her nephew, “Peter! Aren’t you going to introduce me to your friend?”

The younger man gaped, and when Wade’s eyes finally rose to meet his, he found that they weren’t laced with horror and disgust as he expected, but instead with something else entirely, something he couldn’t quite identify.

“I—uh, Aunt May, this is...Wade. My...lab partner.”
Were this any other type of situation, the mercenary would have laughed out loud at the ridiculous lie that the kid was actually trying to sell, but as it was, he didn’t really find it productive so merely nodded, his gaze falling back down to his grubby converse, hating the sinking feeling of familiar discomfort that had settled in his gut.

“Well, it’s very nice to meet you, Wade. I take it you’re the gentleman with the lovely singing voice I overheard on the phone the other night?” May asked, taking a step towards the other man and holding out her hand for him to shake.

Wilson’s head snapped back up, meeting the woman’s warm eyes for a moment before staring down at her hand.

“That was me, yeah. Gotta hone my skills if I ever wanna be the next American Idol,” he responded, forcing himself to shake her hand gently.

[You’re Canadian]

[And American Idol is so not a thing anymore, grandpa]

“You’re Canadian,” Peter spoke up to Wade’s surprise, eyebrows raised at the exchange in front of him, “so uh…thankfully for all of us, you couldn’t enter even if American Idol was still a thing.”

[Whoa]

[It’s like he can read our mind]

[Wait…can he read our mind? Don’t think about sex, don’t think about sex]

[And…we’re thinking about sex]

[With Petey]

[And Spidey]

[No! Spidey’s trying to kill Petey. That would surely end badly]

“Peter, don’t be rude! I thought you sounded great, Wade,” May smiled warmly at Deadpool, before turning to her nephew, “well, I’ll just go and set another place at the table for lunch. Really sweetheart, I would have thought by now that you and your friends would have outgrown hide and seek,” she finished, an enigmatic grin on her face as she deftly stepped out the door and down the hall.

A silence descended on the bedroom, as the two remaining men refused to look at one another.

After a moment or two of awkward shuffling, Peter forced himself to speak lowly.

“You…took off your mask.”

After five seconds or so, the merc shrugged, his head still lowered, eyes trained on the floor.

“Didn’t wanna give the old lady a heart attack.”

[And exposing your ugly mug definitely wouldn’t do that]

[Surprised she didn’t have a coronary right then and there]
“Seemed better to be faced with…this,” he motioned to his scarred flesh, “than the mask of a ‘known assassin,’” he air-quoted, repeating Peter’s phrase from before.

The brunet nodded, shoving his hands in his pockets, still avoiding his gaze as he replied: “yeah uh…good idea.”

Deadpool shrugged again, fighting the urge to claw at his bare face by forcefully injecting some light-heartedness into his tone, “so…lab partner, huh? That’s the best you could come up with?”

Peter glared at him, although it seemed a lot softer than his previous ones.

“It’s the first thing that came to mind. If you hadn’t been acting like a herd of elephants in here, I wouldn’t have had to lie so badly in the first place!”

“Touché,” he responded, tipping his imaginary hat and taking a step towards him, a frown now forming on his face, “but hey, when did I tell you I was—”

“Boys! Can you come help me in the kitchen, please?” May interrupted Wade, her voice drifting down the hallway.

The two men shared another glance before mentally preparing themselves for what they were about to endure, neither knowing fully what to expect.

As they made their way out of the room, Peter couldn’t help but realize that this would be the first time since Gwen died that he and his Aunt May shared a meal that wasn’t just the two of them.

In his new home, he and his aunt were actually going to dine with Wade ‘The Merc With The Mouth’ Wilson.

*What the hell was happening to the world?!*

---

Joe ‘Buck Shot’ Blye’s back slammed against the grimy tiled wall of Club Purgatory with a heavy thump, his legs buckling under his weight, causing him to slide slowly to the floor.

Chest heaving with gasping breaths, the young man reefed off the mask that covered his face and threw it across the restroom, it landing underneath one of the dank toilets.

“You gotta get your shit together, kid,” Jack ‘Hammer’ Reilly gruffly remarked as he rinsed his hands under the sink, the crimson-tinged water contrasting his pale skin as it washed down the rusty drain.

“Did you—did you have to beat the shit outta the bar-tender? He…said that he wouldn’t say —”

“Look, kid,” Jack turned to him, wiping his now clean hands on his jeans, “this bleedin’ heart bullshit that you have goin’ for you was cute for a hot second, but it ain’t workin’ in your favor now. The boss wants ‘e wants, not a fuckin’ runnin’ commentary of whatever shit goes through that tiny head of yours. So do me a solid, clean your skinny ass and be ready when I call.”

Joe gaped up at him, trying to calm his erratic breathing.

“Unless you like playin’ dress-up,” Jack leered, “that your thing, Joey? You got a thing for
superheroes?"

The younger man hung his head, his eyes darting down to the large spider emblem on his chest.

“Why is the boss so interested in this guy Parker? Why change the plan from just takin’ him out, to framing Spider Man for it?” he asked, the words just bursting from him like a dam as they had plagued him for the last 48 hours.

“You’re not being paid to ask questions, Blye,” Jack predictably responded, before stepping over him and heading to the door.

“No. I’m being paid to kill Peter Parker,” Joe muttered, unable to look the other man in the eye.

“And you failed. Twice.”

With those ominous words, Jack left the restroom, the door slamming shut behind him, with it shattering any and all sense of calm that Joe felt.

After what happened to Gio, he knew he was a goner.

With shaking hands, the young man forced himself up off the floor, gripping the sink tightly and staring into his reflection, grimacing as a scared, snivelling, pathetic kid looked back at him.

He was given 72 hours to kill the Parker kid and he didn’t do it…couldn’t do it.

See, the thing was, along with his many other ‘half-truths,’ Gio had told the anonymous (yet no less petrifying) boss that his little cousin was the man for the job, that he had a long list of hits of various backgrounds to his name.

Bullshit.

Truth was, he was no more of a ‘buck shot’ than Gio was an Honest Abe.

What was that saying? ‘Fake it till you make it?’

He had killed people, sure, but he wasn’t as proficient or neat as his cousin may have led others to believe. He had long since made peace with his misdeeds, but as far as he was concerned? Those guys deserved it. They were all of a certain ‘type,’ each having done deplorable things, but this grad student?

Let’s just say, if he drove, he wouldn’t even have a parking ticket to his name.

Usually, Joe subscribed to the notion of ask no questions and be told no lies, but in this case, the curiosity was killing him, long before the hilt of a blade or the lead of a bullet ever would. Having gotten the low-down on what Groves managed to find out about Parker (which was about as interesting as a weather report) the reasoning behind the hit just kept getting more and more intriguing.

The kid practically lived at Stark Industries, was enrolled at the local college in a graduate program, rented a dinky one-bedroom apartment and occasionally took pictures of Spider Man for The Daily Bugle. With the exception of that last one, everything about Peter Parker screamed ‘normal,’ ‘average,’ and even ‘boring’ in a world where aliens, superheroes and science fiction was becoming a reality.

So why did one of the most formidable crime bosses Joe had ever encountered, want him dead?
What was it about Peter Parker?

Before he could ponder on it further, the restroom door sprang open, banging off the wall with a thump and startling the young man.

“Come on Blye,” Jack barked, standing back and holding the door open.

Swallowing the lump that had formed in his throat to no avail, Joe nodded nervously and walked past his associate, out into the dimly-lit bar, ignoring the pained groans of the man that lay crumpled up on the floor and focusing on the pool-table, where a figure stood with their back to him.

“Mr. Blye,” the robotic voice ripped through the air like a knife, “I don’t think blue and red are your colours…”

The figure turned, revealing a tall, bald, African-American man in a suit, holding out a cell-phone, it apparently the source of the voice.

With a startled frown, Joe’s eyes darted around him, for once noting various cameras that must have been installed as he freaked out in the restroom.

What the hell?!

“Forgive my inability to meet with you in person, but I am far too busy dealing with your recent failure,” the disembodied voice continued, the words clipped with obvious disdain.

“Boss I—”

“No excuses. Have some respect for yourself,” the voice cut across him, “please note, Mr. Blye, that under any other circumstances, we would not be having this conversation. In this business, failure is not accepted and is swiftly dealt with…”

The tension rose several degrees at those words.

Joe felt his knees begin to quiver.

“However…I’m feeling charitable. So, instead of liberating your head from your shoulders like our dearly departed Gio, I’ve found something much more suitable for you.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Joe saw Jack shift back and forth, shoulders hunched, eyes firmly on the floor.

The intense feeling of dread sank in the younger man’s stomach.

“The mercenary known as Deadpool. Bring him to me.”

Joe’s heart leapt into his throat, his eyes bugging with shock.

“That’s suicide!” he exclaimed loudly, his voice echoing in the practically empty bar.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Blye, perhaps I made the mistake of letting you think you had a choice. Either you deliver me Deadpool, or my associate here delivers your head to your mother. This will be our final communication. I wish I could say it has been a pleasure.”

The sharp click rang in his ears as the call was brusquely ended.

Creaking his neck from left to right, the man in the suit deposited the cell phone back in his breast
pocket, before walking around Joe and halting a few feet from where Jack Reilly stood. Calmly and swiftly, he pulled out a gun with his gloved hands, fastening on a silencer and aiming it down at the bar tender.

Snivelling, the beaten and bruised man stared up at him from across the room, pleading, his voice bordering on hysteria: “no, no please—”

Two soft ‘pip’ sounds cut across him as the bullets lodged firmly in the centre of his chest, silencing him permanently.

The suited man then put it back in his holster before stalking over to the body, pulling out another gun, hunching down to the corpse’s level and aiming it squarely at Jack.

“Hey whoa what the—”

The mobster was abruptly cut off as the suited man squeezed the trigger, another soft pip erupting from the gun, sealing Jack ‘Hammer’ Reilly’s eyes open forever, decorating his forehead with a small, round wound, a solitary drop of blood falling from it like a crimson tear.

Joe stood rooted to the spot, shell-shocked as the guy with the suit took up the bar-tender’s hand and pressed it against the second gun then depositing it on the floor, before straightening back up and approaching his now-deceased colleague with the remaining gun and doing the same.

Once satisfied, he stood back up, his dark, cold gaze boring into the horrified younger man.

“Tail the mercenary and find out as much about his routine as you can. Then bring him to this address. You have six days.”

The ‘or else’ was silent, but no less present.

~*~

“Holy Crap Balls Mrs. Parker! This has got to be the best lasagne I have ever had in the history of ever!” Wade Wilson exclaimed around mouthfuls of food, humming happily with each bite.

The older woman chuckled, clearly amused as the three of them ate at Peter’s small kitchen table.

“Thank you, Wade. I’m glad you like it. And please, call me May,” she smiled before catching her nephew’s gaze and tilting her head towards the other man, her expression clearly trying to convey something to him.

With a frown, Peter merely stared at her.

Rolling her eyes, May set down her knife and fork and regarded the mercenary with a curious glance, “so Wade, how did you and my Peter meet?”

The clatter of a fork hitting a plate echoed around the small apartment before the brunet cleared his throat, his eyes darting nervously, “we met at Stark Industries. Professor Rickards assigned us to work together on a project last week.”

May fixed her nephew with another inscrutable stare before focussing her attention on the bald man in front of her, who was now nodding along vigorously, “oh yeah, I know science. MythBusters, Bill Nye, Neil deGrasse Tyson, I’m all over that shit!”
She blinded me with science – science! And failed me in biology

Okay, creepy Todd

Oh Breaking Bad, how I miss you!

Roll on Better Call Saul

Peter forced a laugh, nudging Wade with his elbow with more force than strictly necessary.

"Wha—" the mercenary began to ask before catching sight of the pointed expression on the other man’s face, “uh…what I mean is, I love science. Yay science!”

Nice save, Jesse Pinkman

May only smiled brighter and shook her head with amusement.

How come she’s not freaked out?

How can she stand the sight of your melted pizza face?

Petey’s definitely doing his best to avoid looking at you

“Peter,” May’s questioning tone broke Wade from his shattering realization, “what is that stain on your shirt?” she asked with a frown, nodding at the large spot of red at Peter’s shoulder.

Wade felt the younger man tense in his chair.

“Tabasco sauce,” he felt compelled to answer for him.

May looked between the two men, bafflement etched onto her face.

“You ate tabasco sauce for breakfast,” she stated rather than asked with a disbelieving tone.

“Pancakes and tabasco sauce…breakfast of champions,” Wade replied without missing a beat, before nudging Peter, “isn’t that right, Petey?”

The brunet was snapped from whatever panicked trance he had fallen into as Wade’s elbow connected with his ribs.

“Uh…yeah, that’s right. Wade’s has been…introducing me to uh…new delicacies.”

Ba dum dum tish

This kid is just one innuendo after another. No wonder you like him so much

The older woman raised her eyebrow for what felt like the thousandth time in the last five minutes. Neither man was stupid, they knew she certainly wasn’t buying what they were selling, but that was hardly Wade’s fault. It was kinda cute that the kid sucked so much at lying to her, though.

Everything about him is kinda cute

Pity you had to go ruin everything with your Freddie Kruger face

The familiar sinking sensation lurched in his gut, churning his insides. The aching desire to cover his face was ebbing just under the surface of his skin, like a dull itch that he couldn’t yet scratch. It had been a long while since he had been this...exposed in front of another person and he couldn’t abate
The nervous energy he felt every time either of the two glanced in his direction…especially Peter.

The kid was a special kind of gorgeous. A delectable mix of nerdy, cute and sexy that shouldn’t have worked for him, but did. His hazel eyes framed by black-rimmed glasses, his messy Harry Potter-esque hair that fingers needed to be raked through, his narrow but well-built body hidden behind shirts that were at least a size too big, his 5’10” height a little stunted by his tendency to curl in to himself and of course that ass that you could bounce a quarter off…Wade couldn’t remember the last time he was this captivated by someone.

[Uh, yeah you can]

[You just don’t wanna think about it]

[You’re emotionally cheating on Spidey, admit it]

[Can you cheat on someone that doesn’t technically reciprocate your feelings?]

There was just…something about Peter that drew Wade in. He couldn’t explain exactly what, but it transcended the physical. It was in the way he carried himself, the way he spoke, the way he tried to be a hero and had just accepted a mercenary into his home with barely the blink of an eye.

Bottom line, the guy was way out of Wade’s league. Just like Spidey.

[Story of your life]

The shrill ringing of a cell-phone snapped Wade from his reverie, his eyes following Peter’s hand as he snatched the device off the table, starred at the screen with distain and stood up.

“Sorry, I gotta take this. It’s The Bugle.”

With that, he walked down the hall, towards his bedroom.

With a jolt, it occurred to the mercenary that he was now very much alone with May Parker. Slowly, he forced himself to look up from his third helping of food, and found that the woman was indeed regarding him with a pleasant, albeit penetrating expression.

[Whoa. There is never a good time to use the word ‘penetrating.’ Ever.]

[Well, except the obvious, of course]

[Yeah. So, unless there’s gonna be some banging happening, keep the P word outta here]

[There…there isn’t going to be any banging, right? ‘Cause well, Aunt May is a cool lady and all but…no. Just…no.]

[Well, there’s an image I’ll never get outta my head]

[Doubt the readers will either]

[Writer lady is evil]

Clearing his throat, Wade tried to desperately drown out his boxes and the frankly alarming direction of their conversation.

“So uh…you’re Peter’s aunt?” he asked lamely, forcing himself not to cringe.
Kindly, the woman ignored the pathetic attempt at conversation and placed her hand lightly on Wade’s sleeve, leaning forward and looking straight into his eyes.

“I’m glad Peter has you as a friend, Wade. I was getting worried about him, being cooped up here all alone, only going to Stark Industries, the newspaper and college…it’s nice to know that he has someone to come home to after a long day…” she trailed off, patting his arm.

The merc’s eyebrows shot up at her tone.

“Oh no I—I don’t live here or anything. I—I was just here this morning uh…helping Peter—”

The soft smile that broke out on the older woman’s face silenced him.

“Oh of course,” she agreed, “I wasn’t suggesting otherwise. Still, it’s been a rough few years for Peter. He has a tendency to…isolate himself, after everything that happened with Gwen and his falling out with Harry, I worried that he wouldn’t make any new friends. But, I’m glad to see I was wrong.”

The mercenary made sure that his confusion didn’t register on his face at her words and merely nodded before she stood up and said the magic words:

“Would you like some dessert?”

Wade was half way through his gigantic slice of homemade apple pie when Peter came back into the room, a deep line having formed between his eyebrows.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” May asked as she placed a plate of pie in front of him.

“Jameson,” he muttered darkly, before picking up a fork and stabbing at the pie vehemently.

“Oh no, what has he done now?”

Wade watched as a shadow passed over the younger man’s face as he glared at the table.

“You saw the news? Apparently Spider Man shot up some coffee shop? Well, it was only this morning Jameson told me that Spider Man was dead, and now he’s telling me he’s alive but an attempted murderer…” he sighed heavily, his gaze flickering to the mercenary’s for a fraction of a second, “well, now he wants me to email him a ton of photos of Spider Man, the ones that best say, and I quote: ‘I’m-secretly-a-psychotic-lunatic-that’s-finally-cracked-harder-than-Humpty-Dumpty’ before 6pm tonight.”

May grimaced, squeezing her nephew’s shoulder with sympathy.

“Well, I don’t care what the news or John Jonah Jameson says. Spider Man is no murderer, he’s a hero…” she trailed off, letting her words sink in, before clapping her hands, “well, I better get going. I have a shift at the hospital tonight and I have to go get some sleep.”

After another few minutes of pleasantries and May subtly taking note of everything that she would need to deliver to her nephew next time she visited to make sure he would continue to survive, Peter walked his aunt the short distance from the kitchen to the door, Wade silently following at a respectable distance.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to walk you home?” the brunet asked for the third time.

“Absolutely not. You boys have work to do, and I’m a grown woman. I can find my own way
home,” May dismissed with a wave, before reaching forward and placing her hand on Wade’s forearm.

“It was lovely meeting you, Wade. I hope you will join Peter the next time he comes over for dinner,” she smiled, squeezing his arm gently, before turning to her clearly startled nephew and smacking him gently on the shoulder.

“And you! Make sure you’re getting enough sleep. And eating regularly. Honestly Peter, I don’t know what Tony Stark has you working on, but it’s not worth sacrificing your health,” she finished, leaning up on her tip-toes and enveloping him in a tight hug, her eyes connecting with Wade’s over her nephew’s shoulder.

“That goes for you too, young man,” she commented as she stepped away and opened the door, waving a finger between the two of them, “don’t you dare be strangers. If I don’t see you both over for dinner in the next two weeks, I will come down here myself and drag you out by your ears. Got it?”

Stunned and yet weirdly satisfied to have her badassery confirmed, Wade saluted the fire-cracker that was May Parker, “yes ma’am.”

She tilted her head at Peter who blinked owlishly for a moment before nodding, his voice a little raspy as he echoed, “yes ma’am.”

With that, May took her leave, turning on her heel and striding confidently down the hallway, towards the elevators and out of sight. Once she was out of ear-shot, Peter closed his front door with a snap and slowly turned to shiftily glance at Wade.

“Dude,” the mercenary murmured, “I think your aunt has the hots for me.”

“Gross,” Peter grimaced, before storming over to his couch and plonking down onto it with a heavy sigh.

Wade’s gaze tracked him, unable to look away as the silence stretched between them, the events of the weirdest week of his life (which was certainly saying something) starting to catch up with him.

“So uh…I better get going too,” he found himself saying before he could over-think it.

Parker seemed surprised at that, his eyebrows shooting up his forehead.

“Unless…” Wade faltered, taking half a step forward before rubbing the back of his neck, the fact that he was maskless feeling the most evident in that moment, “unless you want me to stay? There is still someone trying to kill you…a someone that may or may not have superpowers and a really big rifle.”

[I bet Spidey’s rifle is MASSIVE]

[The crotch kind definitely is. You have a six sense for those kinda things]

[Not that you’ll ever get the opportunity to confirm it, though]

“Spider Man is not trying to kill me,” Peter groused, letting his head fall back onto the couch, “so no, it’s fine, you don’t need to stay. I’ve taken up enough of your time already.”

The mercenary desperately wanted to argue with him, to tell the younger man that he would gladly spend his time protecting him from stray bullets and bombs and anything else that threatened to harm
him.

[Need I remind you that you know this kid like a week?]

[You’re kinda ticking all kinds of boxes here]

[And not the good kinda boxes, like us]

[The creepy, restraining order kinda boxes]

[You called him ‘baby boy’ for fuck’s sake]

[You only ever call Spidey that]

[It’s your favourite term of endearment]

[You’re so fucked]

[And not in the fun way]

[Put some distance between you before it gets embarrassing]

“Uh…yeah, I should…get going. You know how it is, places to see, people to do,” he responded, turning on his heel and walking to the door, resting his hand on the doorknob.

“We’ll…we’ll figure this all out, Peter,” he threw over his shoulder, not believing the sincerity in his own voice, “in the meantime, take a few days off work, stay away from any public places and I dunno, hone your Call Of Duty skills or some shit. I’ll—I’ll uh…get in touch with some of my old contacts and see if they’ve heard anything about a nerdy Harry-Potter-lookin’-motherfucker pissing off some big wigs and get back to ya when I have somethin’…”

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Peter sit up, his trim body rigid.

“You’re not going to confront Spider Man, are you?”

“Not if you don’t want me to,” Deadpool retorted far too quickly and easily for his liking.

[Dude, you’re whipped already]

[Pathetic]

“Good…” the younger man trailed off before standing up and walking towards him, “so I guess I’ll…see you later, then?”

Fearing he’d never leave if he were to turn around, Wade kept his back to him as he nodded, opening the door and stepping out into the hallway, glancing left and right to check to see if it was empty, before pulling back on his Deadpool mask that was shoved into the pocket of his hoodie.

Peter watched with an enigmatic expression on his face as the other man lowered his hoodie, the dim light of the corridor bouncing off his bald head, before the red and black mask was pulled over the heavily scarred skin.

The two men regarded one another for a moment, words having abandoned them both, when suddenly, something from earlier occurred to the mercenary.

“Hey, Peter?” he piped up, pulling his hood back over his now masked head.
“Yeah?” the brunet asked, leaning against his doorframe and folding his arms across his chest.

“When did I tell you I was Canadian?”

Ooh! I smell intrigue!

Is that what that smell is? I thought it was your feet.

Hey, I’ll have you know that my feet smell like roses and lollipops!

Weird combination. And totally not true.

Face-sticking-out-tongue-emoji.

Exasperated-face-emoji.

You know you love me.
Crazy, Stupid, Wade

Chapter Summary

The scowl on Peter’s face softened at his touch, his hazel orbs falling closed.

“C’mere,” Wade whispered, before gently pulling him forward, meeting him half-way and crashing his mouth into his, tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip.

The kiss grew more and more impassioned as hearts raced and hands explored the other’s body, sneaking under clothes to roam over skin.

Chapter Notes

Hi! Just a reminder that I do mess around with various canon in this fic so…yeah.

Nobody cares, writer lady. All anybody wants to know is when me and Spidey are gonna bang.

Well, I was planning this all out…and I have enough stupid titles for at least thirty-three chapters. So…when you do bang, it may go on for quite a while.

Sweet! Gotta love some marathon-sex. Holy shit, though. Thirty-three? I’ll need to eat a lot of protein. You really wanna commit yourself to that?

I mean, it could be a lot less…or a little more, I don’t know yet. But, if the plot stays strong and people want it, then sure, why not?

But you can hardly commit your favourite flavour of ice-cream!

True. However…I am an unemployed college graduate so…what else am I gonna do?

You got a point. What are some of the titles?


Whoa. I like the sound of Wade And Peter Make A Porno!

Of course you do.

And 21 Hump Street. I mean, I’m not really on the Tatum gravy train, but he’s awesome in that and has rockin’ abs so I ain’t complainin’.

Glad I have your approval, Deadpool. Now, can I get on with the update?

Hey, I’m not stoppin’ you, lady. Knock yourself out, break a leg, shoot yourself in the head, I don’t care.
Your support is overwhelming.

*What can I say? I'm a people-pleaser.*

A shock of russet hair descended on him, tickling his jaw as a trail of hot kisses peppered his neck.

Wade hummed happily, raking his fingers through the brunet tresses, giving a little tug. The mouth on his neck dragged up his flesh to nibble on his earlobe before brushing against his lips, begging for entrance. Fighting back a grin, Wade opened his mouth as he ran his hand down the firm back, gripping the narrow waist confidently.

Tilting back, his head hit the couch arm-rest with a soft thump, just as a weight sat on his lap, two knees wedging themselves either side of his hips. Smirking at the new angle, Wade slid his hands down to rest on the cusdy, tight ass that was now within perfect reach and giving it a good squeeze.

“Oh what a big booty you have, grandma,” he murmured lowly, mimicking the fairy-tale girl, before a familiar chuckle sounded in his ear.

“You have the weirdest pick-up lines,” Peter faux-admonished with a roll of his eyes, leaning back to look at the merc, that wondrous ass flush against the growing bulge in his pants.

“Hey it’s the truth, not a line. I don’t need one, I’ve already picked you up, figuratively and literally,” he laughed, wiggling his non-existent eyebrows before bringing his hand up to cup the younger man’s jaw.

The scowl on Peter’s face softened at his touch, his hazel orbs falling closed.

“C’mere,” Wade whispered, before gently pulling him forward, meeting him half-way and crashing his mouth into his, tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip.

The kiss grew more and more impassioned as hearts raced and hands explored each other’s body, sneaking under clothes to roam over skin.

Wade’s fingers brushed over Peter’s stomach lightly, causing the younger man to yelp and smack him away.

“Ooh Petey...is someone ticklish?” the mercenary asked with a smirk, deliberately touching him in that exact spot again.

“Don’t you wanna be doing something more productive with those hands?” the brunet quirked an eyebrow at him, batting his hand away again as he ground his hips against him, creating the best kind of friction.

With a groan, Wade gripped him by the collar and pulled him back down on top of him, kissing him feverishly, his eyes falling closed.

Peter responded enthusiastically, pulling up his T-shirt over his head between kisses, and dropping it to the floor.

A loud bang sounded suddenly, startling Wade, forcing his eyes open as he broke away and looked up.
He gasped.

There, frozen on top of him, was Peter, his hazel orbs wide as he stared down at him, a large hole in the center of his chest, crimson blood dripping down his pale torso towards his naval like a macabre treasure trail.

“Peter what—fuck…” Wade yelled as he sat up, clasping the younger man’s shoulders, his mind racing a mile a minute, scrambling to think of something, anything to do.

“W-Wade,” Peter gasped as he fell onto his back, hands stained, bloody finger-prints panting his body.

“He had to go…” a familiar voice sounded behind them.

Slowly, Deadpool turned and was met by the sight of Spider Man, masked as ever, pointing the literal smoking gun at them.

“What…what the hell have you done?!?” Wade asked, helplessly glancing from Peter to Spider Man and back again.

“I did you a favor,” the arachnid hero spat angrily, throwing the gun to the floor, “that’s all I ever do. Stick my neck out for you, put up with your bullshit, and what do I get? You gettin’ all love-sick over some guy you only know a hot second.”

Deadpool gaped at him before turning his attention back to Peter, pressing a hand to the wound, watching in horror as the blood seeped through his fingers like a crimson caramel.

“I mean, how long have we known each other, Wade?” Spider Man continued, seemingly ignoring the gravity of the situation, too wrapped up in his rant, “over five years! And suddenly, along comes nerdy college guy so what—bye bye Spidey?” he waved his hand in an angry flourish as Peter gasped for breath.

“What—you—it’s not like I’m cheatin’ on you, Spidey! We…we’re not…a thing. We never will be a thing. I know that,” Wade murmured lowly, his eyes still glued to Peter, unable to meet the webslinger’s gaze, even if he couldn’t see it behind the mask.

“Do you? You built up this fantasy over the last five years…hell, three weeks ago this whole make-out-on-the-couch scenario would have featured me, not him. But no…now it’s all about Petey Pie. Now I’m the bad guy, which just proves you’re stupid as well as crazy,” he paused, laughing hollowly, more harshly than Wade had ever heard him, “and I know why, too. It’s ‘cause I joined The Avengers, isn’t it? It’s ‘cause they accepted me and not you, right? You’re mad at me. Been avoiding me to the point that your subconscious has villainized me! You’re only keeping up your childish awe for appearance’s sake…” he trailed off, taking a step toward him.

“You didn’t have to kill him,” Deadpool muttered, ignoring the other man’s claims as he pressed against Peter’s chest.

“Oh Wade, I kinda did…” Spider Man cooed, closing the space between them, his tone infuriatingly sympathetic as he lay a hand on his shoulder, they both watching as the light dimmed in Peter’s eyes, “you can’t have nice things, remember?”

Wade bolted upright on the couch with a yell, his eyes springing wide open in shock, knocking a bowl of popcorn and a half-empty beer to the floor with a loud crash.

{Easy there big guy…it was just a dream}
"But it…it felt so…real…” the Canadian gasped, trying to catch his breath as his heart hammered in his chest.

"It was too soppy to be real"

"Not to mention…you know…completely unrealistic"

"Ha! Like Petey would ever make-out with an ugly mug like yours"

"Did you see the cutesy crap? What a sap!"

"Ooh are we rhyming now? Very Doctor Seuss! Petey’s got a big caboose!"

"Shut up," Wade groaned, dragging a hand down his bare face, his tired gaze falling onto the remote as his heart finally began to slow down.

"The whole Spidey thing was totally on point, though"

"Yep. Nail on head"

“What the hell are you talkin’ about?” Wade snapped angrily, palm to his forehead.

"Look at him trying to play dumb"

"And he’s usually so good at it"

"Not this time, Wadey Boy. You know exactly what we’re talking about"

"You’re replacing Spidey"

"You’re so jealous that he’s The Avengers’ new golden boy that you’re actually trying to make yourself believe that he’s trying to kill Petey"

"You may be doing well at ignoring it while awake, but asleep…"

"That shit creeps up on you"

"You resent him. You just don’t want to admit it"

"It’s why you haven’t gone looking for him in over three months. And only wanted to after the guy in his suit shot at Petey"

"Who is now your new distraction"

"Good luck with that, by the way"

"He’s just as unattainable as Spidey"

"You really do have a type"

Shaking his head, Wade swung his legs over the edge of the grubby couch and grabbed the remote, switching on the TV and flicking through the channels, hoping to drown the boxes out.
“—a fatal shooting at Club Purgatory,” an anchor was saying as he left stopped at the news.

“Two bodies were found at the scene, the evidence suggesting that they shot one another. The first man is known to be a bar-tender at the establishment and the other has been revealed by the police to be Jack ‘Hammer’—”

[Weasel?!!]

[Did that loser get himself un-alived?]

Wade frowned, blearily staring at the TV, barely listening as the news anchor recounted the discovery of two bullet-riddled bodies at a nearby club yesterday morning.

Grumbling, he took out his cell phone and dialled a number he couldn’t quite recall how he knew.

It rang four times before being picked up.

“When Weasel Incorporated, Weapons and Tech for your mercenary needs, how may I be of assistance?” a familiar voice omitted from the phone.

Deadpool took a breath and leaned back on the couch, his foot resting on his knee.

“Huh. So you’re not pushin’ up daisies, sleepin’ with the fishes or six feet under.”

The silence that met him was palpable.

“What the hell do you want, Wade?! How did you get this number?”

The merc chuckled, shaking his head, “aww Weaz…what’s got your panties in a bunch?”

A squawk of indignation erupted from the phone, “what’s got my…are you serious?! You’re actually tellin’ me you have no idea why I’m pissed at you?! Motherfuc—”

[Seriously, why is he mad at us again?]

[Fucked if I know]

“Yeah, yeah, that’s nice, Weaz. Listen, just lettin’ ya know that some guy with your name got himself dead at some club downtown,” Wade interrupted the other man’s long-winded tirade down the phone with an air of dismissal.

“And another thing you fucking pric—what?” Weasel halted mid-way through his rant, “what are you talkin’ about?”

Wade, forgetting that the nerd couldn’t see him, waved a hand in the direction of the TV, “it’s all over the news. Some guy called Jack Hammer something was shot at a club, some bar-tender too. Made to look like they shot each other but screams professional hit, if ya ask me…” he trailed off, picking up the bowl of popcorn, fishing out what remained and shoving it into his mouth.

“I heard of that hit,” Weasel remarked, his tone still tinged with anger but now with a hint of intrigue, “I’ve been hearing a lot, lately…”

[How very predictable]

“That’s part of the reason I called,” Deadpool played along in their well-worn game, “other than checkin’ up on my ol’ buddy’s welfare, of course.”
A humourless laugh erupted from the phone.

“What do you want to know, Wade?”

And so Deadpool recounted the tale of Peter Parker and the illustrious hit placed on him, leaving out any personal details that could be used against him (he wasn’t in the fully-trusting business, after all) and waited for his old-acquaintance’s response.

“Did you…did you say Peter Parker?”

Wade sat forward, elbows pressed against his knees.

“Why? You know him?”

Another hollow laugh sounded from the other man.

“Figures you don’t remember. Yeah, you could say I know him. The bastard stole my life.”

[Well, say hello to our Prime Suspect, ladies and gentlemen]

~*~

Peter Parker was a lot of things.

A loving nephew, a studious student, a hard worker, and a dedicated crime-fighter. One thing he was not however, was the best time keeper.

“Hold the elevator!” he yelled as he sprinted towards the metal box, desperately clinging to his bag, books and notes while also trying to put on his lab coat.

“Thank you,” he mumbled, twisting at an awkward angle as shoved his arm through the sleeve.

“You’re welcome, Mr. Parker,” a devastatingly familiar voice replied, with just a hint of amusement.

Slowly his head turned, hazel eyes meeting the cerulean gaze of Selena Rickards. His professor. And boss.

“Professor Rickards, I uh…didn’t—didn’t see you there,” he stammered, clearing his throat, “I’m just on my way to the lab now I—”

“Relax, Peter,” Rickards interrupted him with a wave of her hand, “if I wanted to punish people for being tardy, I would have become a high school teacher like my mother wanted me to. I was only going to congratulate you again on being selected for publication in the journal,” she paused, offering him a small smile.

Peter visibly deflated, relaxing at her tone, a little embarrassed to have reacted in such a way in front of her.

Dr. Selena Rickards was a remarkable scientist. Not only was she one of the most renowned this side of the equator, the winner of multiple awards, but a published author and motivational speaker, all at the tender age of twenty-seven, to boot.

Peter had followed her career for a number of years now, and nearly passed out when Tony told him that he was to work with her as a part of a research team. He was determined to prove himself to her, but also was just giddy at the very thought that he got to learn from a mind as distinguished as hers.
Needless to say, he was a fan.

“Peter…” the professor called, waving a hand in front of his face, snapping him from his reverie, “you still with me?”

Shaking his head, the brunet threw her a wry smile before nodding, “yeah, sorry. I—really owe it all to you, Professor. You’re the one that nudged me in the right direction, towards the AOC research. If it wasn’t for your advice, I’d still be hung up on the undiscovered capabilities of LK90. And honestly, it was starting to drive me a little nuts…” he trailed off with a shrug of his shoulder.

A beautiful smile broke out on Rickard’s face before she shook her head, her auburn tresses glinting against the light of the elevator, “you did all the work, Peter. You deserve all the credit. I know what it can be like to get stuck in your own head and let the work creep up on you, I was happy to help in any way I could,” she paused, tilting her head, “and please, I keep telling you, Peter. Call me Selena.”

Peter nodded, hiding a pleased grin behind his hand as the elevator stopped at floor 13, notorious for housing Tony Stark’s private lab.

“I have a meeting with Mr. Stark in ten minutes, which you know, means I actually have at least an hour to kill,” Selena smirked as she stepped out, looking at him over her shoulder, “so, I’ll probably be down to you and Edward soon. Make sure he doesn’t blow anything up, won’t you?”

A nearly-hysterical laugh bubbled up Peter’s throat as the elevator doors closed, trying not to let it show just how unnerved he was by how many times he indeed had to prevent Eddie from levelling the building with one of his experiments.

Heaving a sigh, he pressed the button for level 9 and mentally prepared himself for another draining day of research. With all the evasive tactics he had used in order to keep out of any danger zones on the way to work, he was already behind schedule, but at least he knew he (and all the innocent bystanders around him) were safe inside Stark Industries. There was no way any sniper would be crazy enough to take a shot at Iron Man’s place of business.

But even with these assurances, and no matter what Peter told himself, it wasn’t enough to fully put his mind at ease. He hadn’t heard from Wade in over three days, and despite not having any other incidents since the coffee shop, he knew that things were far from over.

Someone was literally gunning for him, for whatever reason, and was now framing his alter-ego for it. He had spent the last seventy-two hours raking over all the limited information he had managed to scrape together from what he stole out of his neighbour’s apartment (before the cops cleared the scene) and had come up with exactly zero theories on who could be behind all this, and why.

As the merc flitted into his mind, Peter winced, unable to stop thinking about the last time they saw one another.

~*~

77 Hours Earlier…

“When did I tell you I was Canadian?”

Peter froze, his heart lurching at Wade’s words.  

Oh shit.

Staring blankly at the him, Peter’s brain stuttered along like an old car leaking oil, his synapses
backfiring and struggling to stay on track.

“Uh…” he murmured, shoving his hands in his pockets and avoiding the other man’s curious gaze, “Spider Man told me.”

If Wade had distinguishable eyebrows, they would have surely shot up his forehead.

“Spidey talks about me?” he questioned, a tinge of excitement in his tone that was overshadowed by a cloud of confusion and suspicion.

The brunet found himself nodding along vehemently, rambling, “sure, yeah, he’s mentioned you a few times. You guys have worked together, right?”

Deadpool shrugged, “oh yeah, me and Spidey have had many the adventure over the last five years,” he faltered suddenly, his head lowering slightly, “though I guess that’s a thing of the past, now.”

Peter frowned, “why’s that?” he asked before he could stop himself.

“He’s trying to kill you. Duh. And associating with an attempted murderer would really ruin my street cred,” Wade shrugged again, a smile present in his voice, the irony in his statement not lost on him.

A spike of irritation flared in the younger man’s veins.

“Didn’t think you were judge and jury as well as executioner,” he snapped, taking his hands out of his pockets and folding his arms across his chest.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” the merc asked, sounding genuinely confused at his steel-edged tone.

“What I mean is,” Peter began, taking a step towards him, “you’ve known Spider Man for over five years now, and after one news report of some guy wearing a similar suit shooting at a coffee shop, you’re suddenly willing to believe he’s gone over to the dark side?!”

“Well, they do have cookies,” Wade snorted, trying and failing to mask his surprise at the brunet’s outburst, “why the hell do you care so much, anyway? It’s your life that’s being threatened here, dude. You should be the most pissed.”

Peter paused, trying to relax, “I am pissed. But I still don’t think you’ve enough to go on that warrants you not working with Spider Man anymore. I thought you… I thought you liked him?” he asked, trying and failing to ignore the hilt of hurt that had somehow managed to bleed into his tone, it only further galling him to continue, “the way he tells it, seems like he stuck his neck out for you more than once, when no-one else wanted anything to do with you.”

Despite not being able to see his face, the younger man knew that he had hit a nerve by the way the mercenary’s entire body tensed and angled away from him.

“Yeah well, I never asked him to do that,” Wade retorted curtly, all traces of levity gone from his tone, fists clenching at his sides, “he doesn’t owe me shit, I never needed or wanted his damn charity!” he threw up a hand, taking a step back, “look, I’d like to believe that Saint Spidey isn’t trying to un-alive you kid, but truth is, I haven’t seen him in over three months and ever since he started hangin’ out with those Avenger assholes, he’s not been the same!”

Peter felt as if a bucket of ice-water had been dumped on him.
It was hard to tell with his mask on, but Wade seemed just as shocked by his explosion as Peter was if his jittering hands and restless shuffling were any indication

“What? Where the hell did that come from?” the brunet gaped, not believing what he just heard, “I—you always go on about how great the Avengers are! What are you talking about?!”

Wade was backing away however, hands held up in surrender as he walked backwards down the corridor.

“I—forget it. I gotta go. I’ll see you later, Peter,” he gave a two-fingered salute (the civil kind, for once) before turning on his heel and storming away.

Peter rushed out the door, “Wade? Wade wait—” he broke off, throwing up his arms in frustration at the lost cause, the man having already turned a corner and out of his field of vision.

*What the hell was that all about?!*

~*~

Present…

“Peter, my man, you’re just in time for the show,” the cheery tone of Edward ‘Eddie’ James called as he snapped safety goggles on over his eyes and leaned towards his work station, his hands inching towards a large circuit box that was attached to an even larger machine made up of cubes and spheres.

“Is that the high-powered SH Laser Weapon System?” Peter asked as he drew closer into the lab, careful to avoid the device’s trajectory, side-stepping a hefty mannequin wearing a helmet that was directly in its path.

“Yep,” Eddie grinned, rolling up his sleeves before rubbing his hands together in what could only be described as pure glee.

“The same laser that Mr. Stark expressly told us not to touch,” Peter stated rather than asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Yep,” his companion beamed, popping the ‘p’ with a toothy grin.

“Remind me again how you still have a job?” the brunet asked with an amused shake of his head, putting down his bag and books before coming to stand next to Eddie.

“’Cause I’m just too damn handsome. All the ladies would be inconsolable if Stark ever fired me. Some dudes, too,” he winked before shrugging, “face it Parker, I’m like the black Ryan Gosling around here.”

Peter snorted, chuckling a little. Ever since Eddie started working with him four months ago, things around the lab certainly became a hell of a lot more amusing. The guy just exuded humor and an all-around cheerfulness radiated about him, it downright infectious at times. Couple that with the fact that the guy was a categorical genius, and Peter found it easy to cover for him when he got a little too ‘enthusiastic.’

“If Ryan Gosling was a giant nerd, sure,” he smirked, watching intently out of his peripheral vision as Eddie tinkered around with the circuitry.

“Hey, it’s like my little cousin Miles always says,” Eddie shrugged, waving around the screw-driver in his hand, “everybody’s at least a little nerdy. Even A-List Hollywood stars.”
“Spoken like a true nerd,” Peter laughed, rifling through his drawer to fish out his goggles.

“Hey, isn’t it the age of the geek? I’m pretty sure it is. What’s Miles always saying?” Eddie was apparently asking himself, scratching his chin with the screw-driver, “oh yeah! And the geeks shall inherit the Earth.”

Peter snapped on his goggles and walked back over to stand by his friend, “Miles sounds like one smart kid.”

“Oh he is,” Eddie nodded vigorously, “trust me, Parker. That kid is going places,” he paused, closing back up the circuit box with a dignified snap, “alright, that should do it. Let’s power this baby up!” he yelled, spinning in a flourish towards his lab partner, a grin akin to that of the Cheshire Cat spread across his face, his chestnut eyes alight with boyish excitement.

“Mr. James! I hope that is not the SH Laser System I’m seeing or so help me I’ll have you outta here so fast you’ll travel through time,” the clipped tone of Dr. Rickards sounded as she entered the lab with an air of professional grace.

Eddie and Peter exchanged sheepish glances.

“No Doc, this is definitely not the SH system. And I was absolutely not about to power it up,” Eddie boldly lied, throwing a large sheet over the machine, trying and failing to adopt an innocent expression.

“I’m sure it isn’t, and I’m sure you weren’t,” Selena retorted, her tenor making it abundantly clear that she believed nothing of the sort, “just as I’m also equally sure that when whatever it is, is returned, you won’t need to enter the security code that Mr. Stark recently changed to 310156.”

With a silent nod, Eddie shrugged at Peter and began to push the gargantuan device out of the room, back towards the adjacent room that was supposed to be off-limits to personnel of their level of security clearance.

Once he was out of ear-shot, Selena leaned towards Peter, an unreadable expression on her face.

“Peter, Vivienne from the lobby just called me. Apparently there are two people downstairs that want to see you? They say they’re police detectives.”

Peter’s stomach sank.

Well, that couldn’t be good…

~*~

A stinging cramp jolted Joe Blye’s calf as he shifted uncomfortably behind a dumpster, hunkered over lowly, stealing quick glances at the building across the street.

The mercenary known as Deadpool, had been cooped up there for the last few hours, having entered in the early hours of the morning, carrying what looked like enough take-out to feed a small army.

He had found his residence. Honestly, Joe didn’t think he’d even get this far.

After a few false starts, losing the merc in crowds and even empty streets (his evasion tactics were impressive) and one time following the wrong person altogether (similar red hoodies) Blye had pretty much accidentally stumbled across Wilson’s temporary living quarters.
Despite now knowing where the mercenary lived, it did nothing to ease the knot of distress that had firmly lodged itself in Joe’s chest. The man’s reputation was renowned in all criminal circuits, the name Deadpool instilling fear in even the most distinguished crime-bosses, and yet, here he was, the rookie with limited experience, hired to track the man down and somehow convince him to come to the address of a club where two murders was recently committed.

Piece of cake.

As that sour thought crossed Joe’s mind, the man in question appeared, exiting the apartment building dressed in a plain black hoodie and jeans, heading west.

Waiting a beat, Joe stood up, shaking his dead-leg, watching as Wilson walked, his shoulders slouched, head lowered and hands shoved in his pockets.

Biting his lip and taking a breath that didn’t calm him in the slightest, the rookie began to follow the mercenary who seemed to have a clear destination in mind, crossing the street and heading left.

Keeping a safe distance, Joe trailed Deadpool all the way to a food truck labelled ‘Sam’s Tacos’, frowning as he witnessed the merc opening up the back door, jumping up into the van and slamming the door behind him.

From his perch around the corner of a nearby building, Blye took a moment to psych himself up before quickly and quietly stepping over to the truck, pressing his ear up against the door, trying to hear what was going on inside.

“One way, or another, I’m gonna find ya, I’m gonna getcha, getcha, getcha, getcha…”

Joe frowned as he heard the enthusiastic singing waft from behind the door.

“This guy really is—

Suddenly, the door burst open, knocking him to the ground, flat on his back. Dazed, he found himself staring up at the sky, but before he could react, he was being reefed up by his collar and thrown into the van, his back smacking against the second closed door, the thump reverberating loudly in his ears.

“Oh, you little shit,” Wade Wilson spat, bringing his scarred face within an inch of Joe’s, his breath bouncing off his cheek, “you better explain why the hell you’ve been following me the last three days, very badly by the way, or I’m gonna introduce your face to your ass hole, got it?”

~*~

Peter couldn’t help but notice the dozens of stares he was receiving from his colleagues as he shuffled quietly behind the two police detectives towards one of the conference rooms.

Soft, curious murmurs followed him down the corridor, the rumor mill surely well and truly up and running, no doubt pondering why he, the nerdy newbie that Tony Stark brought in himself, was being questioned by the NYPD.

It was exactly the kind of publicity that Peter had always wanted to avoid. What was the point of having a secret identity, if your real identity could end up being blown to hell?

“Mr Parker, please, take a seat,” the female detective spoke as they entered the room, her male partner pulling out one of the wheeled chairs and gesturing to it.
Clearing his throat, Peter sat down as the two detectives took a seat opposite him, placing a manila folder on the table in front of them.

“Now, as we said before, I’m Detective Beharie, this is my partner Detective Cassidy,” the female cop began, “we’re just here to ask you a couple of questions, Mr. Parker. First, could you tell me your whereabouts at 11:45am on Thursday morning?”

Peter’s heart leapt into his throat. Biting his lip, he took a moment to weigh his options, before deciding that there was no point in lying.

“I was at Jitters coffee shop,” he answered, “this uh…this is about the shooting, right?”

The two detectives exchanged glances, before Cassidy asked, “is there any reason why you didn’t stick around to talk to the cops?”

The brunet forced himself to meet his eye, “I didn’t know anything that could help the cops. I was fine. Nobody else was hurt…and I was seriously late for work. I—I had a really important meeting that I couldn’t miss.”

Detective Beharie nodded, opening up the manila folder to reveal and black and white picture of him standing beside the barista.

Deadpool must have missed a security camera.

“This is you at Jitters, correct?” she inquired, pointing at the photograph.

Peter nodded.

Beharie pushed that picture aside to reveal another.

Hazel eyes widened slightly as Peter recognized it as a close-up still of himself, standing in a crowd outside his apartment building.

“And this is also you, Mr. Parker?”

He nodded, his throat dry.

“So…let me get this straight,” Cassidy said suddenly, pushing out of his chair and standing, “you’ve been at the sites of two shootings, and you didn’t think it was relevant to talk to the police?”

“I did speak to the police, they interviewed everyone in my building,” Peter retorted, willing himself to stay calm as the cop began to pace back and forth in front of him.

“Yes, you did,” Cassidy agreed, “you said that you saw, nothing? Heard, nothing?”

Peter didn’t bother to dignify that with a response.

“You see Mr. Parker,” Beharie jumped in, “there is only one thing that we can find that connects the two shootings,” she paused, sliding the two pictures to lay beside each other, placing a hand on each, “care to take a guess what that is?”

Cassidy stepped closer to him, leaning down with a condescending expression on his face.

“I’ll make it easy for you, kid. The only thing that these two shootings have in common…is you. Now, after speaking to witnesses from both scenes, it seems that you were within a few feet of both attacks…you can’t blame us for finding that a little…note-worthy.”
Peter shrugged, “I suppose that’s understandable, but I assure you Detective, I don’t know anything that can help.”

Beharie quirked an eyebrow at him, “in that case, care to tell us what your relationship to Spider Man is?”

He turned his head to regard her, “I barely have one. He…tolerates me taking pictures of him. That’s all.”

“And yet, there’s evidence that he may have tried to assassinate you at least once, probably twice,” Cassidy stated rather than asked as he leaned back against the wall, folding his arms across his chest.

“Maybe I took an unflattering picture of him,” Peter smirked.

“Mr Parker,” Detective Beharie sat forward, catching his eye, “it cannot be a coincidence that you’ve been present at two shootings involving snipers. Your life could be in grave danger. Anything you could tell us about Spider Man, even the slightest thing, could be incredibly helpful.”

Peter stared at her, before snorting with thinly-veiled irritation, “you actually think Spider Man is going around shooting a rifle to try and kill me? The guy is…” he shook his head, “he helps people, not kills them.”

Beharie sat back in her chair, nodding, “and that may still be the case. But until we know for sure, we have to take what we see in front of us as the truth. Someone matching the appearance of who we know as Spider Man shot up a coffee shop and possibly your apartment building.”

Peter threw up his arms, “and what is it exactly you want me to do? Authenticate his suit, or something?”

The partners exchanged glances before Beharie turned back to Peter, a resigned expression on her face.

“Actually Mr Parker, we want you to help us catch him.”

____________________________________________

*Sniff*

Are you…are you crying?

N-No.

You sure? You know it’s okay to cry, Deadpool.

*Sobbing* THEY’RE RE-CASTING HIM!

Oh no. I was hoping you wouldn’t find out quite yet.

Andrew Garfield! My sweet summer child!

Well, I mean, I suppose something good could come out of this.

What good could possibly come out of the world being deprived of that hot British ass in tight blue and red spandex?!!
Hopefully less crazy Sony product placement?

*Oh yeah. That is annoying as fuck. But uh…for the sake of story, we’re just gonna ignore this, right? Spidey isn’t gonna magically change in appearance or anything, right?*

Nope. Too late to go back now. But out of curiosity, who are your picks to replace Garfield?

*Donald Glover, Alfred Enoch, Dylan O’Brien and Ben Schnetzer, in that order.*

You know, for someone who is so torn up about it, you answered that pretty quickly.

*What can I say, I have a vested interest. The sooner I know who’s cast, the sooner I can start all my sexy new fanart!*
The Perks Of Being A Mercenary

Chapter Notes

Finally, an update. About damn time! I thought you’d died or somethin’.

Well, I do have a social life outside of you, ya know Deadpool.

Really? ‘Cause I know for a fact you wasted a whole day binge-watching The Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt.

Which was awesome so I have no regr—

And like four more making gifs for your lame Tumblr blog.

They’re rich words coming from the guy who has a Facebook dedicated to all the different ways he has killed himself.

That’s not lame, it’s macabre. There’s a difference.

Whatever. Can you please stop giving away state secrets of what happens in between chapter updates?

State secrets? Ha! Who do you think you’re foolin’ lady? It’s no secret that you’re an unsociable loser.

An unsociable loser who holds the keys to Petey’s chastity belt.

*Cough* Did I say unsociable loser? I meant beautiful social butterfly!

“Is this a sex thing? Please tell me this isn’t a sex thing…”

“Aww, Petey! You’re no fun,” Wade Wilson murmured, folding his arms and quirking an eyebrow at the horrified brunet as they both stood in front of a gagged man, heavily bound to a chair.

“Seriously Wade, what the hell is this?!” Peter Parker exclaimed, his gaze glued to the twenty-something man who was silently watching them, his amber eyes darting back and forth between them with a panicked gleam, a large purple bruise forming on his jaw.

Deadpool sighed, before stepping closer to him, “this Petey Pie,” he began, gesturing over his shoulder, “is the ass-wipe that tried to kill you…”

~*~

6 Hours Earlier…

“Actually Mr. Parker, we want you to help us catch him.”

Those were the words that echoed in Peter’s mind as he made his way back to his apartment, rolling his aching shoulders with a grimace. He and Eddie had been working since the early morning on the latest batch of nano-trackers that Stark Industries were adapting. He even brought a couple home to
work on, knowing he could do some tinkering to them when he insomnia kicked in.

It had been a long day, even more so after his conversation with the cops. Honestly, the last time he could remember being just as nervous as he was walking back to the lab with curious eyes following him every step of the way, was when he was in High School and was trying (and failing) to not make a fool of himself in front of Gwen.

With this however, there were larger ramifications than looking like a complete tool in front of a smart and beautiful woman…

Namely, how did he appease the cops by helping catch his alter-ego, without, you know, either letting himself get captured, or being placed under suspicion by refusing to help in the first place?

Thankfully, they had let him go before he had to scramble to think of something. ‘We will be in touch,’ they said, each syllable sounding more ominous than the next. Peter felt Cassidy desperately wanted to add a ‘don’t leave town’ after that, but with one stern look from his partner, thought better of it. Still, the words were implied.

Peter was starting to get antsy. Along with the unwanted scrutiny, he hadn’t gone on a decent patrol in nearly two weeks (the longest he could remember in recent times) and now, with everything that had been going down, it didn’t look like the safest time to start back up again. Realistically, he knew that the rest of the Avengers could handle anything that came up, but, they weren’t the nightly-patrol-to-combat-everything-from-petty-crime-purse-snatchers-to-felony-murder types, they were the call-us-in-when-the-whole-city’s-gone-to-hell-and-the-cops-can’t-handle-it types.

There is always Deadpool…his mind supplied him helpfully as he made his way up the flights of rickety stairs in his apartment building.

He almost scoffed, not believing that he was even entertaining the idea, but something stopped him from fully discarding the notion. Sure, in the past, Deadpool hadn’t been the most…responsible, or reliable, when it came to public safety. But he had his moments. Especially lately.

Pity he seems to hate you now…

Peter frowned as he again cast back to what Wade had inadvertently blurted out the last time they’d spoken.

“I’d like to believe that Saint Spidey isn’t trying to un-alive you kid, but truth is, I haven’t seen him in over three months and ever since he started hangin’ out with those Avenger assholes, he’s not been the same!”

Despite his best efforts, Peter had been unable to drown out those words, they creeping up on him in every quiet moment throughout the last three days, evoking a sense of unease in his veins. He hadn’t wanted to face it at that moment, but upon reflection, he had an awful feeling he knew exactly what they were about…

Perhaps he had taken it for granted in the past, hell, maybe he had even taken advantage of it on occasion, but Wade’s admiration of Spider Man had been a steady constant since their first meeting over five years ago. One constant that now seemed less so, and that just didn’t sit well with the web-slinger.

But not for the reasons one may think.

Was it nice to not have absolutely everyone deem him a public menace? Sure. Was it fun to have someone that could keep up with his level of witty banter and endless pop-culture references?
Undoubtedly. But that wasn’t why Peter appreciated Wade’s slightly unorthodox fanboying of him.

When the two had met for the first time, the young high school graduate had gone through his fair amount of physical, emotional and psychological trauma. Losing Gwen, especially not that long after losing his uncle, coupled with the guilt over Captain Stacy’s death and Harry’s decent into madness and villainy, Peter was…in a bad place, to put it lightly.

Truthfully, that night on the roof with Deadpool, reciting old Donnie Darko quotes, was the first time that that hollow ache in his chest had lessened, even minutely. It was a welcome break from having to keep up his patented bravado, his teasing nature as Spider Man (it was part of his shtick after all) but it hadn’t rang true, not in a long time.

After that night however, with the added levity of the merc’s slightly unhinged mannerisms and admittedly amusing sense of humor, Peter found that it wasn’t so hard to find the silver lining, however odd, macabre or plain crazy, in the every day anymore.

Not that he’d ever admit it.

Which was why, as he climbed the last flight of stairs, his black and white converse sneakers scuffing on the rough wooden floor, that he couldn’t quite shove down the rising guilt he felt…the shame.

Because Wade was right.

Since joining the Avengers, he hadn’t been the same.

And honestly, Peter was surprised that Deadpool hadn’t called his alter-ego on his bullshit long ago. He deserved it. And more.

With a shake of his head, the brunet refused to think of that night, the fateful night over a year ago that began his transformation from teenage-come-young-adult-lone-vigilante to the mature-and-valued-team-member of the infamous Avengers.

The very same night where Peter realized that despite his best intentions, he still had the capacity to be a complete and utter dick.

It hadn’t been his proudest moment.

And he had admittedly spent a large chunk of time avoiding Deadpool after the fact.

Not that the merc hadn’t made it easy for him. Wade had practically disappeared off the face of the earth and had only reappeared in New York a little over six months ago.

They had interacted a little since then, swapping a few quips here and there, but now that Peter really let himself reflect on it (and being immersed in the real wacky world of Wade Wilson recently) he came to the understanding, right there on the last step of the staircase, that it had all been completely disingenuous.

Spider Man and Deadpool had just been going through the motions. Keeping up appearances.

“No wonder he thinks Spider Man is tryin’ to kill me. He still hates the guy,” the brunet couldn’t
help but mutter under his breath, ignoring his lapse into the third person as the realization rocked him to his core.

“Peter?” a voice broke him from his reverie, before he could dwell on anything further.

Frowning, his hazel gaze rose to meet his Aunt May’s, heart lurching in his chest as he raked in her frazzled and pale appearance as she stood at his door, wringing her hands.

“What’s wrong?” he asked sharply, dread rising from a pit in his stomach as he approached her, clasping her shoulders gently.

“Oh Peter…” May murmured, looking up into his face, her brow furrowed, her eyes shining bright with unshed tears, “it’s the house…it’s been robbed.”

~*~

Russet glistening orbs swept the darkened room with practiced skill and intensity, gun raised and back to the wall, the expensive grey suit rubbing gently off the well-worn wallpaper.

“You aren’t starting to lose your edge are you, Mr Daniels?” a robotic voice pierced through the gloom.

The man in the suit, Daniels, halted, squinting into the darkness.

“Chenko. Always a pleasure,” he replied drily, holstering his weapon.

“Forgive the cloak and dagger theatrics,” the voice continued as the outline of a body standing up from a chair could be made out in the dimness.

Daniels took a step forward, fastening a loose cuff-link, tilting his head.

“You value your anonymity. I respect that.”

“And that’s why you’re my number two,” Chenko responded without missing a beat, their mechanical tone as disconcerting as ever.

Daniels clasped his hands in front of him, waiting patiently for his boss to continue.

“I take it the necessary precautions were taken?”

The man in the suit nodded, crossing to the small table in the corner of the room and retrieving the folder before holding it out for his boss to take.

“May Elizabeth Parker, née Reilly,” he began as Chenko scanned the file, “Brooklyn native. Born May 5th 1951. Became the legal guardian of her husband Ben Parker’s nephew Peter when his parents died fifteen years ago. Is currently employed at the local hospital as a nurse…”

Chenko paced back and forth, their outline barely visible as they passed by the window.

“Did anything turn up at the house?”

Daniels cleared his throat, fighting the urge to take a step back.

“Nothing concrete. It was made to look like a run-of-the-mill burglary. But by now, Parker is aware he’s being targeted.”
Chenko hummed, the vibration of the robotic tone echoing around the room.

“Good. If he thinks his last remaining family member is no longer safe, the added pressure should cause him to slip up.”

The suited man crossed his arms, psyching himself up to ask the multitude of questions that had been plaguing him for days.

“Spit it out already, Daniels, I haven’t got all day.”

Tilting his head, he regarded the shadowed figure.

“With all due respect, boss…why the change in plan? I thought you just wanted Parker eliminated?”

Silence met his words.

Daniels felt compelled to continue, “why did Groves need to be taken out?”

The silence was becoming deafening.

Suddenly, questions were cascading from Daniels before he could stop them.

“Why hire Blye when you knew he was sub-par and wouldn’t get the job done? Why make him plant the bomb to frame Wilson? Why make him dress up as Spider Man and attempt to kill the Parker kid again, only to fail, again, and then send him on a suicide mission to tail the mercenary?”

The man in the suit physically clamped his teeth down on his bottom lip, shocked at his own outburst.

“Please boss,” he took a step forward, raising his hands, “don’t misunderstand me. I’m…I’m not questioning your methods I…I just feel like I’m not seeing the full picture and as your number two —”

“You asked why I had Groves killed, Mr Daniels?” Chenko cut across him, the mechanical syllables clipped, “simply put, he got too close. Asked too many questions. I don’t like questions. You of all people should know that.”

The threat hung over his head like a dark cloud.

“I will say this however,” Chenko continued, “your idea to hire Wilson to take him out has proved to be more lucrative than I originally thought.”

Daniels watched with narrowed eyes as Chenko turned their back, reached into a briefcase and retrieved a notebook.

“Upon inspection, it seems that Parker remembers nothing of the event,” they noted aloud while writing, “it is now time to check on our other subject…”
The man in the suit nodded, pushing down his mounting doubts, just glad that at least this element of
the plan was something he had a firmer understanding of.

“Yes, boss. I’ll notify Blye. He should be delivering Wilson in the next 48 hours…”

~*~

When Peter was eleven, a raccoon burrowed its way under the Parker household and eventually
found its way inside. For weeks, everybody thought they were going crazy, hearing random
scuffling, scratching and banging, almost as if the house itself was processed by some wayward
spirit.

He could remember vividly, even now, how he had shot bolt-upright in his bed in the middle of the
night, heart hammering wildly in his chest, his tired eyes fighting to adjust to the gloom as he
fumbled around for his glasses, a particularly loud crash sounding from downstairs.

Biting his lip, he trampled down his fear of the unknown and forced himself out of bed, grabbing his
unused baseball bat from his closet, and creeping down the hallway. As he made his way downstairs,
he heard the hushed voices of his aunt and uncle coming from the kitchen.

Relief flooding his small body, he reached out to push open the kitchen door, only to freeze, wide
eyes drinking in the sight before him.

The entire room was in disarray.

Broken glass, cutlery, food, spilled liquid and a slew of trash littered the floor. The lower cabinets
were in various states, some half open, one even hanging off its hinges.

Uncle Ben and Aunt May whirled around at the sound of Peter, alarmed expressions marring their
faces.

Peter barely had time to glance back before another round of rustling could be heard, startling May
and prompting Ben to leap into action. As the elder Parker raced towards the door leading out into
the back yard, a large black and grey blur scarpered around his feet, causing him to trip.

“Oh Ben!” May exclaimed, rushing to her husband’s aid as he collided with the kitchen table with a
loud thump.

“That little bandit!” he groused before catching Peter’s eye.

As the two Parker men regarded one another, the elder suddenly erupted into a fit of laughter, as the
raccoon, bold as brass, continued to rifle through the overturned trash can in the middle of the
kitchen, attempting to pick up an empty beer bottle in its little hands.

Fears abated, a small smile broke out on the young boy’s face as his aunt rolled her eyes, taking
action by grabbing a broom and shooing at the small creature.

“Oh honestly Ben, this isn’t funny! Raccoons can be very dangerous and can carry rabies. Peter, go
back upstairs while I call animal control…” she paused, pleased when she managed to coax the mini
mammal into the pantry, deftly shutting the door behind it.

“Nobody touch that door, do you hear me? As of now it’s—”

“Coon Correctional Facility?” Ben piped up as Peter let out a giggle.
“It’s times like these where I’m reminded that there’s actually two children in this house,” May sighed with a shake of her head, hand coming up to her face to try and hide her growing grin.

“Hey,” Ben called after his wife as she made her way out to make the phone call, “look at it this way, honey. At least we now know it’s not a poltergeist!”

That was a good memory. One that Peter’s mind conjured as he found himself standing in the same kitchen thirteen years later, it much in the same state that the raccoon had rendered it all that time ago, albeit now, he had the sinking suspicion that the disarray had a much more sinister culprit.

“Peter?” his aunt murmured as she placed her hand on his shoulder gently.

Spinning towards her, they both silently drank in the scene before them.

Every room in the house had been ransacked, furniture overturned, possessions broken and thrown about haphazardly.

His hazel eyes caught on something near his foot, his heart clenching as he leaned down to pick up the familiar picture frame, now cracked, that held the last picture of he, his aunt and uncle before Ben’s death the following year.

Biting his lip, Peter traced the outline of each face before righting the table and placing it gently back down onto it.

“We have to call the police,” he murmured quietly, not in the least looking forward to another run in with the cops, but knowing it had to be done, whether he liked it or not.

As silence met his words, he was compelled to turn to his aunt, confused at the astonished expression on her face as she stared at something over his shoulder.

“Aunt May what are you—” Peter broke off as his eyes landed on none other than Tony Stark himself, standing in the open front doorway, arms folded.

“Hey kid,” he began, shoving his hands in his pockets, “I'm sorry, the door was open. Mind if I come in?”

~*~

“I don’t think ya ready for this jelly, I don’t think ya ready for this jelly, I don’t think you’re ready for this, ’cause my body’s too bootylicious for ya babe!”

{Beyoncé he is not}

[He’s not even a Michelle]

“Hey, don’t rag on my girl Michelle,” Deadpool scolded the boxes in between singing his beloved jam, ignoring the muffled groans sounding from over his shoulder and selecting his favourite ice-pick with the bloodied handle, practically vibrating with glee.

Tilting his head, he brought the sharp instrument up to his eye and watched as it gleamed against the harsh light of the room.

“Perfect,” he giggled, running his finger up the shaft to brush lightly along the tip.

[Ha ha. Dirty]
“Have some self-respect, yellow,” Wade admonished, “we’re above cheap innuendos.”

[Are we?]

[I’m sorry. Have we met?]

“Hey, give me some credit. I’m not just some taco and chimichanga lovin’ moron that just spews pop culture references and dick humor like a two cent gumball machine! I do have depth, you know.”

[Big words for a guy who was just singing a song called Bootylicious]

“It’s a classic! And besides, I said I’m not JUST those things. It’s called having layers. Like an onion.”

[So you’re not above quoting Shrek, then?]

“Mike Myers is a goddamn comedic genius and I will not have a word said against my fellow Canadian!”

[Three words: The Love Guru]

“We do not speak of that,” Wade muttered darkly, aware of the baffled and terrified stare of his new houseguest burning a hole into his back.

[We’re being rude hosts]

“This guy,” Wade whirled around suddenly, pleased to see that the motion had startled the man he’d bound to the chair, “doesn’t deserve our manners. He has been a very bad Nancy Drew and has been following us around for the last three days,” he paused, stepping closer, bringing himself up to his full height, looming over the man and holding the ice-pick an inch from his eye.

“And unless he is a very good boy and tells me why, he will end up nicknamed Jack Sparrow and becoming a member of Nick Fury’s Club For The Visually Impaired!”

The young man’s dark eyes widened in alarm as he struggled to speak around the gag in his mouth.

[Um, not to throw a wrench in your plans there big guy but…how are you going to interrogate him if he can’t talk?]

Deadpool faltered, frowning.

[Oh yeah. You’re a real onion, alright]

[Also, Jack Sparrow doesn’t have an eye-patch]

[Why the hell would anyone ever encourage Johnny Depp to cover even part of his face?!]

Rolling his eyes, Wade wrenched the gag and tape off the young man’s face. He cried out in pain, body hunched over as much as the binds would allow, head down.

“Alright…let’s try this again,” Wade growled, using his free hand to pat the guy down, stopping when he felt something in his jacket pocket.

Ignoring how he flinched and shivered at his touch, Deadpool plunged his hand into his pocket and retrieved a wallet.
“Well hello…Joseph Blye, 26 years old from Queens,” he began with faux civility, staring down at his driver’s licence before placing a hand on his heart, “I’m Wade. Pleased to make your acquaintance;” he paused, leaning down into the Blye’s face, a steel edge to his tone, “now tell me what the hell you’re doin’ followin’ me around like the worst P.I. in history or so help me, this will be goin’ in a lot more orifices than just your eye socket!”

Every drop of blood drained from Blye’s face, his chocolate eyes glazed with unshed tears as they glued to the menacing ice-pick, his limbs shaking like a leaves in the wind.

Yet his remained silent.

“You’re either an incredibly brave mother-fucker, or a really stupid one,” Deadpool snorted before shrugging, continuing to rifle through the wallet, upturning it onto the floor.

Cards, coins and bills fell at his feet. Leaning down, he sorted through everything, a small scrap of folded paper catching his eye. Glancing up to Blye (who was now avoiding looking at him) he straightened up, paper clutched in his hand.

“Well what do we have…” Wade’s voice died in his throat as he opened up the paper, revealing a scanned picture of a very familiar, bespectacled brunet.

His blood ran cold.

There was a definitive shift in the air, an ominous morphing of ambiance as he took a step towards Blye, picture held up for him to see.

“Kelly, can ya handle this,” he began singing under his breath as he inched closer and closer to the younger man, his tone dangerous.

{Really? Are we actually doing this?}

[This is too cheesy, even for us]

“Michelle, can ya handle this,” Wade took another step, ignoring his boxes as rage flooded his veins, “Beyoncé can ya handle this…” he stopped directly in front Blye who stared up at him like a frightened child, “I don’t think ya can handle THIS!” he roared as he plunged the ice-pick into the man’s thigh.

Joe let out an ear-splitting screech of anguish.

[Wow, if we had neighbours they would totally hate us]

[Shh! This shit’s gettin’ good]

“How alrigh’ you little shit!” Wade yelled into Blye’s face, his own twisted into an ugly scowl as he dug the ice pick further into his flesh.

Ignoring the frantic, agonizing screams and blood soaking through material, he spat with unrelenting fury, “if ya wanna keep your kneecaps, you tell me right now why the fuck you have a picture of Peter fucking Parker!”

~*~

When Peter was ten years old, he had a poster of Tony Stark on his wall. The man was many things, but to pre-adolescent Peter Parker, he was an inspiration. Genius, billionaire, playboy,
philanthropist...and the head of his own company since the tender age of twenty-one.

What wasn’t there to like?

Turns out, a lot.

“You know, I have the name of a good cleaning lady, if you want,” Tony murmured under his breath as he took Peter and May’s silence to enter the room, raking in the scene before him.

Peter glared at him, stone-faced.

Stark’s movements seemed to awaken May however, who immediately jumped into action, gesturing wildly.

“P-Please, Mr Stark, come in! Can I get you anything? Tea? Coffee? Forgive the mess...we-we’ve been—”

“Robbed, it looks like,” Stark interjected, “and no thank you Mrs Parker, I’m fine. Please, you’ve had a shock, you should probably sit down,” he gestured to the chair behind her.

It appeared that May didn’t need to be asked twice, and collapsed into the chair, wringing her hands as her eyes continued to dart around the room in dismay.

Peter frowned at her worriedly for a moment, before clearing his throat, “uh, excuse us for a minute, Aunt May,” he turned to Tony. “Mr Stark?” he gazed pointedly at the older man, before gesturing out into the hallway, paranoid now, the nano-trackers burning a hole in his pocket as he suddenly remembered that he had taken them from the lab. He found that he didn’t care, though. Even if he borrowed the SH Laser, it didn’t give Stark the right to come to his Aunt’s of all places!

Once the door shut behind them, the brunet whirled around, angrily hissing, “Since when did Iron Man start making house calls?! What the hell are you doing here?!”

Tony barely batted an eyelid at Peter’s theatrics.

“Selena told me you were questioned by the cops today,” he murmured nonchalantly, shrugging, “when you didn’t answer your cell, and weren’t at that dump you call an apartment, I figured you were here.”

Peter threw up his hands in frustration, “you know the whole point of a secret identity is for it to be kept secret, right?! I mean, I know your ego wouldn’t let you fight crime without getting the credit, but that doesn’t mean the rest of us don’t value our anonymity!”

Tony quirked an eyebrow at him, but Peter was too pumped up to stop now.

“What the hell is my aunt meant to think when Tony Frickin’ Stark of all people shows up at the doorstep of one of his lower level employees for apparently no reason?! Did you even take that into account before traipsing over here? And forgive me if we don’t all live in penthouse apartments at twenty-four, we can’t all be children of billionaires!” he ranted, whisper-shouting as he paced back and forth in the hallway.

“You know, for a low-level employee, that sure is some way to talk to your boss,” Stark deadpanned before taking a breath, “look, I’m gonna ignore pretty much everything you just said ‘cause it’s obvious you’ve just had a shock, but let’s not forget here, kid. In just two weeks, you’ve been shot at twice by a crazed sniper, almost had your apartment levelled by a bomb and now had your childhood home ransacked...” he trailed off, taking a step towards the younger man, catching his eye, “you
wanted to know since when Iron Man started making house-calls? Since someone clearly has it out for everyone’s favourite neighbourhood Spider Man, that’s when.”

Peter let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding, visibly deflating as the older man’s words sank into his panicked brain. Raking a hand through his hair, he tried to calm his fraying nerves.

“All right...” he nodded, “I’ll think of some excuse for Aunt May. But for now—I...I gotta get her outta here. Thank god she wasn’t home when this went down. She—she could have been hurt,” he bit his lip, forcing back the tears that fought to well up in his eyes at the very thought.

Tony’s ever-present smirk disappeared as he nodded solemnly, before folding his arms, “she can come stay at the tower. That way, you won’t have to worry about her safety.”

A laugh bubbled up from Peter’s chest.

“Did you hear nothing I just said? How the hell would I begin to explain—”

“Are you forgetting the philanthropist part of my persona?” Tony cut across him, his eyes glinting with haughtiness, “just tell her that your wonderful boss has graciously invited her to stay in his home while the police process the crime scene that is no doubt a completely random B&E...” he paused, tapping his chin, “which reminds me, you should come back to the tower, too. Your place has already been compromised once already. And you wouldn’t want to put your neighbours in any more danger, would you?”

As Peter stood there, opposite the man who was not just his boss, but his team-mate and somewhat mentor, he marvelled at the varying ways the man seemed to somehow cause several spikes of irritation to smoulder under his skin.

Loath he to admit it, he knew Tony was right.

Before he had to go through the humiliation of professing such however, he felt the vibration of his phone through his pocket.

Avoiding Stark’s trenchant gaze, he retrieved it, the screen lighting up, indicating a new text message received, along with a dozen missed phone calls.

“Oh, so now you answer your phone,” Tony groused.

Peter ignored him as he tapped into the message, frowning in confusion as he read:

Hi Petey! It’s me, Wade. Huh, that sounded like that Hi God, book, didn’t it? Lolz. Anyway, I’ve something super important to show u so I’m sendin u my ANUS. Dammit. No! Stupid Automatic! Auto-machinery. AUTOCORRECT. Stupid Autocorrect! I’m sendin u my ADDRESS. So, yeah, kinda urgent. So hurry that fine ass up, kay? Kisses! <3 <3 <3 xoxoxo

“Everything okay?” Stark asked, his tone more than curious as he leaned forward slightly.

Peter started, hurriedly shoving the phone back into his pocket, feeling another vibration that was more than likely Wade texting him his address as he did so.

“Yes, yeah, fine. It's just...The Bugle. I have to stop by for—”

“Peter I don’t think it’s the best idea for you to be out on—”

“I’ll be careful,” Peter ground out, his tone one of finality as he turned on his heel, murmuring over
his shoulder, “guess it’s time to tell Aunt May the good news. A sleepover at Casa Del Stark.”

“Actually kid, you need to brush up on your Spanish. I think the proper translation would be Casa De Stark.”

When Peter was twelve, he fully began to understand just what exactly Tony Stark made at Stark Industries, and didn’t find him such an inspiration any more. He remembered looking up articles and finding death and destruction with the Stark logo emblazoned on the side of the culprits: weaponry, missiles, bombs.

It made him sick.

But a few years later, when Stark had disbanded his weapons division and began working on new projects, laying claim to the fascinating invention that was the Iron Man suit (and adopting a life of crime-fighting) Peter steadily found his admiration in the man returning.

Didn’t mean he wasn’t still a jackass, though.

~*~

Squinting down at his cell phone’s screen, Peter read and re-read the address that Wade had sent him, before glancing up at the building in front of him.

This was definitely the place.

It was...something.

Let’s just say, he would never complain about the state of his apartment building, ever again.

Heaving a sigh, he made his way into the place, none too shocked that the elevator was broken and began to climb the stairs.

Once he had been satisfied that his aunt was settling in comfortably at the Tower, important and essential possessions in tow, an awe-struck expression on her face as Tony (and Jarvis) played the perfect hosts, he had made his excuses and left, heading west.

Although he was incredibly paranoid about his only remaining family member being so near to everything Spider Man, his two lives dangling incredibly close to one another, threatening to collide disastrously, he had to admit that he was relieved that she would be safe with the other Avengers being so close, and yet out of sight.

Stopping outside apartment number 69, Peter rolled his eyes, (he wouldn’t be one bit surprised if that was the whole reason Wade lived here) and tried to mentally prepare himself for what he would find inside as he raised his hand and knocked loudly.

Visiting Deadpool at his home. Another thing he never thought he’d do. What other milestone was he destined to make this week?

After a moment, a high-pitched squeal could be heard as thunderous footsteps made their way closer, seconds before the door was swung wide open to reveal a masked Wade, sporting what appeared to be a rather frilly purple dress over his jeans.

Peter gaped, words stuck in his throat, his eyes roaming the other man, as the mercenary bounced on the balls of his feet giddily.
“Petey Pie! You made it! Do you like what you see?” Wade leered as he curtseyed.

“How did you get my cell phone number?” Peter opted to ask in lieu of even attempting to answer that, stepping into the apartment as Deadpool stood aside.

“Petey...” the merc began, sounding offended he had enquired such a thing, “I kill people for money. You really think it’s that hard for me to find out one little phone number?”

Peter stared at him.

Wade stared back.

The silence stretched between them.

“Fine! I asked your aunt, okay?”

“And how did you get her number?”

“Phone book! Can you believe they still make those things?”

A loud groan suddenly interrupted their back-and-forth, startling Peter, who turned on his heel and gasped at what met his eyes.

“Is this a sex thing? Please tell me this isn’t a sex thing…” he gaped, horrified at the sight of a clearly beat-up man bound to a wooden chair.

“Aww, Petey! You’re no fun,” Wade admonished, entirely too blasé for Peter’s liking.

“Seriously Wade, what the hell is this?!” he exclaimed with alarm, his eyes wandering over to a nearby table that was laden with all different types of sharp objects, gleaming menacingly under the light.

Deadpool sighed, taking a step closer, “this Petey Pie,” he gestured over his shoulder, “is the ass-wipe that tried to kill you.”

With that, he clasped his hands behind his back, clearing his throat, and adopting an overly-formal tone, “Mr Peter Parker, meet Mr Joseph Blye. Joe, I hear you’re already familiar with Peter…” Wade trailed off ominously, a hardened edge to his tone as he removed the gag that he had unceremoniously shoved back in his mouth to plug the screaming.

“P-Please, let me go. I—I don’t know anything I swear,” the bound man rambled, his eyes wide with fright.

Peter took a step forward, “how do you know this is the guy?” he asked, side-eyeing the merc warily.

Deadpool threw up his hands, scoffing, “because he admitted it!”

“Because you tortured him,” the brunet responded flatly, bile rising up his throat at the sight of the man’s open wounds that littered his body, a particularly nasty one on his left thigh, his pant leg almost completely soaked with blood.

“Well, when I asked nice, he just cried like a little bitch,” Wade snapped hotly, his body rigid, “you have a problem how I conduct my investigations Petey, there’s the door.”

Peter’s eyes glinted with steel.
“I’m not leaving so you can kill him.”

“Well then,” Deadpool shrugged, “guess you’re staying for the show,” he finished, lunging at the man, katana appearing seemingly out of nowhere.

Peter leapt forward, his arm sliding around the taller man’s chest.

“Please, Wade. No killing,” he breathed against him, surprised by how close they stood, his chest brushing against the taller man’s back as the air bounced against Wade’s bare shoulder, causing him to shudder.

“That’s kinda the perks of being a mercenary, kid,” the merc ground out, his tone sounding almost pained.

[Ooh...he said the name of the chapter in the chapter! Like when they say the title of the movie in movies. I love that!]

[If Petey keeps breathing on us like that, I think the next movie title mentioned will be The Dark Knight Rises]

[The Dark Knight being his junk?]

[Take me down to erection city]

“Let me talk to him,” the brunet continued as Wade slackened in his grasp, having fallen uncharacteristically quiet.

Wade’s fingers itched to touch Peter’s arm as it rested on his chest, the younger man’s posture awkward and strained due to their height difference.

“Fine. Knock yourself out,” he shrugged, forcing himself out of his grasp and storming over to the other side of the room.

Peter stared at the mercenary’s retreating back for a moment, mesmerized by the breadth of his scarred shoulders under the flimsy material of the dress, before shaking his head and focussing back on Blye.

“I’m...sorry for my friend,” he began, almost wincing at the conversational tone he adopted in such a dire circumstance.

Blye stared at him, apparently thinking the same thing.

“Is there any truth to what he’s saying? Are you the one with the sniper rifle?” he asked, pulling out another chair and sliding it across to room to stop in front of Blye, before taking a seat.

“Look man,” Joe bit his lip, his head hung low, “I know who this guy is, I’m not stupid. He’s gonna kill me anyway, so why should I tell you shit?”

Peter hated to admit he understood where the guy was coming from.

“He’s not going to kill you,” he responded, not entirely confident in what he was saying.

Wade snorted. Apparently he wasn’t either.

“He’s not going to kill you,” Peter repeated pointedly, glaring at Wade who turned around to watch the two other men talk.
“Are you, Wade?” the brunet asked, although his tone suggested it was less of a question and more of a demand.

The mercenary shrugged, “he followed me around for three days and had a creepy picture of you in his wallet...people have gotten dead for less. Just sayin’.”

[Why is Petey looking at us like Jim from The Office?]

[Because I think the big guy was meant to promise not to kill the big baby in order to get him to start spilling the beans]

[Oops]

[Also, we’ve just completely given up on trying to maintain proper Point of View, haven’t we?]

[Yep]

“Uh, I mean,” Wade murmured, pulling on one of the frills on his dress, “I promise I won’t kill you if you tell us everything about who hired you. And also where you got that leather jacket because damn! I gots ta get me one of tho—”

“See, he’s not going to kill you,” Peter cut across the merc’s gushing over Joe’s jacket with a roll of his eyes.

Joe wearily looked between the two men, before sighing.

“All I know is that the boss is called Chenko. I’ve never seen him, though. Dude speaks with some sorta voice-modulator thing. His right hand man is Daniels, a clean cut, suit-wearing, white-collar lookin’ type. My cousin Gio got me the gig...they killed him...” he trailed off, tears welling up in his eyes.

Peter let a beat of silence pass before asking, “And why do they want me dead?”

Joe’s head shot up at that, his tone frantic, “dude, I swear, I have no idea! All I was told was a name, time and place. After I—botched the first job I...they made me try again at the coffee shop. I don’t know what their beef with you is...but I do know they aren’t playin’ around.”

Peter lowered his head, letting the information sink in.

“So it was you dressed up in the Spider Man suit?”

Joe nodded. Out of the corner of his eye, Peter saw Wade shift uncomfortably.

“Were you the one who planted the bomb that looked like one of mine in the apartment?” he asked sharply, folding his arms, the dress bunching up slightly and exposing a little of his toned and heavily scarred chest.

Blye’s entire body tensed as his eyes travelled up the merc’s, his uninjured knee bouncing nervously up and down.

With the slightest inclination of his head, he minutely nodded.

Wade leapt towards him, “you little—”

“Wade can I have a glass of water, please?” Peter cut him off, stopping the Canadian in his furious tracks.
“I’m not leaving you with this—”

“He’s tied to a chair. I’ll be fine,” the brunet assured him firmly.

Fists clenched at his sides, the merc glanced between the two men before angrily turning on his heel and storming into the other room.

“How the hell do you get him to listen to you? That freak is insane. Fuckin’ talks to himself—”

"Did you have anything to do with the B&E in Queens this afternoon?" Peter cut across him, his tone razor sharp as his aunt's face formed in his mind's eye.

Blye stared at him blankly.

"Dude, I've been here, getting fucking tortured by a goddamn lunatic for the last seven hours! I know nothin' about some fuckin’—"

"Did the people who hired you mention anyone apart from me that was in danger? Was there any other hits put out on anyone close to me?"

The other man shook his head vigorously.

"Nothin' anyone said to me. Why?"

Ignoring his question, Peter stood up from his chair and hurried over to Blye, quickly beginning to untie his binds.

“What—"

“Shut up and listen. If you don’t get outta here, I will not be able to stop him from killing you,” Peter hissed as quietly as he could, “the nearest hospital is a little over a mile west from here. Hurry!” he finished, hauling the man to his feet and pushing him back towards the door.

Joe trampled down the desire to cry out in pain as he hobbled, limping badly.

“Why are you doing this? I tried to kill you! Why the hell would you—"

“Do you want to argue with me about my logic or get the hell out of here?” Peter cut across him, glancing nervously over his shoulder.

Blye didn’t need to be told twice, throwing open the door and frantically limping down the corridor.

Peter watched his retreating back until he was out of sight then quietly closed the door, turning around just as Wade was coming back from the kitchen.

“Okay Prince Petey, here’s your damn—” he stopped dead.

Peter forced a small smile onto his face, knowing it probably looked closer to a grimace.

“Where the hell is he?!" Wade erupted, frenetically searching the room for Blye.

“I let him go,” the younger man responded simply, folding his arms across his chest and leaning back against the door.

“You let him...” he gaped, “have you lost your goddamn mind?! The guy tried to kill you! Why the hell would you—what the fuck is that noise?” his tone morphed from fuming to irritated as the
constant stream of beeping wafted through his haze of fury.

Quirking an eyebrow at him, Peter dug his hand into his pocket, holding up what looked like a miniature monitor that had a red flashing dot on it, that was the source of the irksome beep.

“That would be the nano-tracker I planted on Blye...I haven’t managed to fix the sound yet.”

Wade took a step towards Peter as he held out the device for him to take.

“His first stop will probably be the hospital, but after that, my guess is that he’ll either go straight to whoever hired him, or they’ll find out that he squealed and go to him,” Peter explained as the merc stared down at the slowly moving dot as it headed west.

Gently approaching him, he continued, “either way, I figured we could see where Blye could lead us.”

“You fucking genius,” Wade breathed, awe dripping from his tone.

Peter shrugged, ignoring the heat that had spread across his face. He had to admit, it was a decent bit of quick thinking.

“Oh shit!” the mercenary exclaimed suddenly, disrupting the pleasant silence that had befallen them

“I never got to ask him where he got his jacket!”

{Focus you idiot! You are alone with Petey in your apartment, all dressed up. And it’s late...}

{He needs to sort out his priorities}

{Is that who we are now? Someone who quotes the Harry Potter movies?}

{It’s a step up from Shrek}

Peter was watching Wade, confusion etched on his handsome face.

“Wade? Are you alri—”

“It’s late!” Wade exclaimed suddenly, apropos of nothing.

The brunet shuffled uncomfortably, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Oh yeah, I uh...I better get going th—”

“NO!” the merc interrupted him loudly, holding up his hands.

“I uh...what I meant was—it’s late and you probably haven’t eaten yet so...uh...did you wanna stay, have something to eat? We can keep our eye on the tracker, make sure Blye really is at the hospital?”

Peter’s eyebrows raised, surprised by the offer.

“I—that sounds nice Wade, but I should probably get back. It’s late and...” he trailed off, suddenly remembering that Tony had brought his Aunt May back to the Tower and advised him to do the same as soon as possible and not go home.

The thought of Tony’s ensuing lecture didn’t sound as appealing as dinner and a maybe-stake-out with Wade, if he was honest.
It worried him slightly that that didn’t surprise him.

“Actually, sure, okay. I’d like that,” Peter replied before he could talk himself out of it, highly aware that he had just passed another milestone.

Wade leapt up into the air with a gleeful yell before catching himself, clearing his throat, a blush forming on his neck and clavicle that was still very much visible due to the dress.

“Awesome,” he said lowly, his tone noticeably deeper as he tried (and largely failed) to be cool.

The younger man nodded, glancing around him, letting his surroundings sink in for the first time. He had to admit, despite the make-shift torture chamber the merc had morphed his living room in to; the place was a lot cleaner than he thought it would be.

[Totally knew our last minute sprucing of the place would pay off!]

“A good ol’ fashioned sleep over it is, then!” Wade clapped his hands gleefully, crossing the room to get the take-out menus, failing to notice Peter’s confusion.

“What d’ya say, Petey? Voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir?”

♫ Creole Lady Marmalade! ♫

The plot thickens…seriously, it’s like soup consistency at this point.

Worry not. All will become clear soon. Like consommé.

Big words comin’ from the chick that’s making up this shit as she goes along. And really, soup humor?

Yes, soup humor. Fuck you, I'm hilarious. And I have a plan, I'll have you know. It’s a loose, somewhat sporadic, and certainly subject to change, but it’s a plan. You and Petey are in the same bed in the next chapter.

I never doubted you, you wonderful woman you!

Uh huh.

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

{Is she seriously doing the sleeping-in-the-same-bed trope?}

[Shut up! Do not ruin this for us]

{So cliché. Seriously, all we need now is the big guy to get all handsy during the night and for poor Petey to wake up to a hard-on pressed against his—}

“Hey, you okay?”

Wade was spat from his reverie by the sound of Peter’s voice. Catching his eye, the two men regarded one another from either side of the bed.
{This is exactly how all our dreams start}

[And most pornos. Just with pizza delivery guys instead of grad students]
This chapter is dedicated to the ever wonderful and talented thatisludicrous. She is just all kinds of rad and draws amazing Spideypool fanart.

**Awesome, sexy fanart.**

Yep. She really is great at delivering the Spideypool sexiness!

**Which is more than I can say for you. Mature rating my ass.**

You don’t think excessive cursing and gratuitous violence warrant a mature rating?

**Not the kind I want.**

Ye—

**I meant nudity.**

I—

**Blow-jobs.**

I kn—

**Anal.**

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEANT, DEADPOOL!

**Oh and I’m duty bound to put a spoiler warning here for all the peeps who have yet to see Agent Carter. You’ve been warned. And scolded! How have you not seen that badass British lady kickin’ all kinds of ass yet?! FOR SHAME!**

---

**The Morning After...**

The thing about realizations is that they’re not always jarring. They’re not always these earth-shattering, hit by a truck, quaking in your boots moments that rock you to your very core and make you question every last decision ever made from birth to present day.

Instead, they can sometimes creep up on you quietly, sinking into your bones in the dead of night, the new information covering you like a well-worn blanket and making you ponder how you never knew they were there before.

With a crinkle in his brow and a tilt of his head, Peter Parker found himself being gently tugged from his sleep as light shone onto his eyelids, his senses, both spidey and human, in overdrive as his hazel orbs blinked open, staring up at an unfamiliar ceiling.
Stifling a yawn, he fought to remember where exactly he was. Biting his lip, a flurry of thoughts entered his mind as he recounted the night before.

He was in Wade Wilson’s bed.

With Wade Wilson beside him, snoring surprisingly softly.

*Holy shit.*

With as little movement as possible, he awkwardly turned his head, his eyes landing on the other man that was sprawled haphazardly across three quarters of the king-sized mattress.

Peter watched as soft light danced around the room like a million tiny poised ballerinas, the air particles glimmering through the crack in the grubby curtains and reflecting off various surfaces before finally settling on Wade’s mask, basking him in a soft glow.

The younger man felt an ache rise in his chest, an emotion that he couldn’t quite place as his fingers reached out to hover an inch from the merc’s covered face. He caught himself at the last moment, surprised at his body’s wayward action unbeknownst to himself, as his tired mind was groggily trying to catch up.

*What the hell is wrong with you, Parker?*! his mind admonished him harshly as he stiffly retracted his hand completely and forced himself to look back up at the ceiling, a safe, neutral focal point.

These last few weeks had been...oddly eye-opening to say the least. There was nothing quite like two assassination attempts and a home burglary to force some introspection on a person. He couldn’t quite explain it, but lately Peter had seen a different side to the mercenary, a side he had never seen before.

Perhaps it was the fact that he wasn’t Spider Man, that one of the many layers to Wade’s personality managed to shine through the bravado and folly, or maybe it was the fact that he wasn’t Spider Man that he had managed to see a little more under the surface of Wade’s front, whatever it was, Peter knew that their...friendship, if you could call it that, was evolving into something unlike anything they had had before.

Wade just didn’t know that.

But Peter did.

And it was that realization that was creeping up on him steadily, more and more as the days drew on.

For longer than he’d care to admit, Peter had felt like he had been merely existing on the world, not living in it. Even with his oftentimes exhilarating crime-fighting, his life had become somewhat monotonous. Work, home, class, home, patrol, class, work, home – wash, rinse, repeat. All day, every day, for years.

He couldn’t remember the last time he had any sort of downtime, leisurely hours where he did nothing or everything he wanted. Sure, he had gone and gotten a few beers with Eddie after work on occasion, and he had had fun. But there was always that little voice in the back of his head warning him not to completely let go, keep his inhibitions...just in case.

He couldn’t recall a time where he felt one hundred per cent in the moment, where he was just one hundred per cent Peter Parker, the student and part-time photographer. And he missed it. It had only taken last night to finally make him realize that too.
Who knew some video games, pizza and bad smack-talk could be so therapeutic?

And who knew that the one person who made him feel more sane than he had in years, also happened to be one of the least sane himself?

Life was funny that way, he supposed.

Guess somewhere along the way, Peter had forgotten that.

“Is this the part where you snap, rip off my skin and make yourself a meat-suit? ‘Cause I gotta tell ya kid, there are a hell of a lot more viable options if you’re in the market for a new face.”

Good thing Wade seemed to be determined to remind him every once and a while, even if it was about as tactful as slinging him over his shoulder and carting him off kicking and screaming.

“How long have you been awake?” Peter asked, wincing at how deep and cracked his voice sounded.

“Depends,” the merc murmured, “how long have you been staring at me?”

_The Night Before..._

“A good ol’ fashioned sleep over it is, then!” Wade said happily, clapping his hands, failing to notice the look of confusion Peter threw at him.

“What d’ya say, Petey? Voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir?”

A flutter of something licked at the brunet’s insides as he watched the merc bounce giddily around his apartment, grabbing at least three dozen take-out menus and skipping (actually skipping) over to his dilapidated fridge, frilly dress swishing behind him.

“Uh Wade I...” Peter trailed off, the objection dying in his throat, his dark eyes trained on the mercenary’s scarred back as he danced on the spot.

He was supposed to go to the tower. Be with his Aunt May. Start investigating the burglary and assassination attempts with the rest of the Avengers...

_I haven’t seen him in over three months and ever since he started hangin’ out with those Avenger assholes, he’s not been the same!_ Wade’s words echoed in his head, causing him to wince.

He really was a masochist sometimes.

He couldn’t help but smirk at the thought that the Canadian would give anything for him to admit that out loud.

...And he was back to Wade.

The sheer amount of times that his mind wandered back to the mercenary lately really should have concerned him.

Peter couldn’t even begin to suss out quite why it didn’t.

“I uh...just gotta make a call,” he spoke up, ending that line of self-reflection before he could completely tumble face over feet down the rabbit hole, gesturing over his shoulder and walking backwards as he pulled out his cell-phone to dial May’s number.
Unsurprisingly, she was having the time of her life. Peter barely contained an eye-roll as he heard her over-joyous tone lament how charming Mr. Stark was. How gentlemanly Jarvis was. How the bathrooms had towels like hotels, how the guest room was bigger than his apartment and had a wonderful view.

It wasn’t that he wasn’t happy she had the temporary reprieve from the worry and stress that the break-in had caused, but it was more so that he wasn’t too psyched about Stark’s modus operandi. He knew that if Tony had his way, there would be no separation of Peter and Spider Man, and having his aunt in such close proximity to a man that thought that way, didn’t sit well with him.

“Aunt May? Can you put Mr. Stark on the phone, please? I...have to ask him something about work,” Peter interjected his aunt’s glowing recommendation of the in-house chef’s risotto, throwing a quick glance over his shoulder, eyes falling on Wade who was busying himself at the stove.

Well that can’t be good...

“Hey kid,” Tony Stark’s breezy voice came through the phone, demanding Peter’s attention, “you on your way to the tower?”

“Not exactly...something came up,” he replied under his breath, taking a few more steps into the next room, nose wrinkling as a strong scent, something akin to sweaty gym socks and mouldy cheese, assaulted his senses.

“What the hell kinda ‘something’ could be more important than savin’ your own ass, Parker?” Tony hissed, clearly trying to keep his voice low so as to not alert May.

Peter’s eyes flickered back to Wade, who was now donning what appeared to be a chef’s hat, humming loudly and nimbly twirling around in circles, the dress swishing around him.

He fought the smile that threatened to form on his face.

“I’ll meet you at the tower tomorrow,” he ignored the other man’s inquiry, “can you put my aunt back on, please?”

He could practically hear Stark’s exaggerated eye roll, as something that sounded awfully like “it’s your funeral, kid,” wafted through the phone.

There was a beat of silence before the merry tone of May reached his ear, “oh Peter! You have got to try one of these mini quiches when you get here, they are just—”

“That’s what I was calling you about, Aunt May,” Peter cut across her gently, rubbing the back of his neck and lowering his voice, “I’m so sorry but I—won’t be able to meet you until tomorrow. Me and uh...Wade...something came up and Professor Rickards needs us. Will you be okay staying with Mr. Star—”

“Don’t you worry about me, sweetheart! I’ll be just fine! Mr. Stark has arranged for some officers to come and take my statement tomorrow morning. You and your friend don’t work too hard, and I’ll see you then,” she interjected, her tone laced with something that he couldn’t identify.

“Are you sur—”

“I am a grown woman, Peter. I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself, thank you very much. I know you worry sweetheart, but really, there’s no need. I’m perfectly safe here. I’m in Iron Man’s home for pete’s sake!” she laughed before he heard her physically clap a hand over her mouth, no doubt realizing how loud she had said that.
“And besides...” she continued after a moment, significantly quieter than before, “Jarvis is the perfect gentleman. He’ll no doubt keep me entertained for the evening. You and Wade be sure to have fun in between all the work, won’t you?”

There was that tone again.

“John and Mitchie were gettin’ kinda itchy just to leave the folk music behind...” Wade was singing softly, still at the stove a few minutes later when Peter came into the kitchen, having finished speaking with May.

“You’re in for a treat, Petey Pie! I don’t make just anyone my famous peanut butter and banana pancakes, you know!” he called over his shoulder as Peter took a seat at the small, round table, fighting the urge to inspect every inch of the place.

“Pancakes? I thought you wanted to order take-out,” he replied in lieu of giving into the temptation to go snooping.

Now that he was finally in Wade’s home, he found that he was becoming overwhelmed with curiosity at what he could find.

And terrified.

So very terrified...

“Oh we’re totally ordering take-out too! Don’t worry your pretty little head about that,” he assured, “let’s just call these appetisers. I can’t have you say I’m not a gracious host, after all.”

Peter shook his head at him, feeling for what must have been the tenth time that this last while had been culminating into a strange series of firsts for him.

“McGuinn and McGuire just a-gettin’ higher in L.A., you know where that’s at. And no one’s gettin’ fat except Mama Cass,” Wade began singing again, gesturing with the spatula in his hand towards the living room.

“Feel free to browse my eclectic collection of video games. Don’t expect any Xbox One shit though...stupid glorified brick,” he finished, flipping the pancake, it landing with a loud sizzle onto the pan.

“Uh, thanks,” Peter responded, standing up, rubbing his palms on his jeans, making his way into the next room.

Looks like he now had permission to snoop...

If he was feeling particularly reflective in that moment, he’d realize how hypocritical he was being. Had always been when it came to Wade. He was fascinated with his back story, and now with his home, yet had never been too enthusiastic to share his own, the sheer idea of the merc roaming free in his home unattended, setting his teeth on edge.

He shoved down the soft ebb of guilt that was gnawing at him.

“Woah...you weren’t kidding about ‘eclectic’” he remarked as he raked in the dozens and dozens of video game titles that lined a crooked shelf.

“Super Mario, Rayman, Sonic the Hedgehog...” he trailed off, noting a particular theme in each.
“Why the long face, puddin’ pop?” Deadpool asked, appearing in the living room, plate full of stacked pancakes in hand.

“Oh uh...” Peter turned on the spot, shrugging, “it’s nothing it’s just...I thought your video-game collection would be a little more...I thought you’d be more of a Grand Theft Auto or Call of Duty, kinda guy,” he finished, clearing his throat, silently berating himself for being so damn awkward.

Wade crossed the room, depositing the plate on a cluttered coffee table and sitting down on the grubby couch, already taking a large bite of pancake.

“Hey, don’t get me wrong, I do appreciate unrealistically large tits and a good kill,” he spoke around his full mouth, “but it’s my living. The killing, not the tits. Although, after Lady Deadpool, I always did wonder what it’d be like to have—” he waved dismissively, clearly realizing he was going off on a tangent.

“What I mean is, if I were to do it in my downtime too? It would kinda ruin the fun for me. Always wondered how ladies-of-the-night manage to their rocks off at home...” he trailed off, shrugging, “so the only excessively violent video game I own, is mine.”

Peter felt that there was more to it than that, something just a little off in Wade’s tone, but didn’t feel like prying.

“You have your own video game?” he asked instead, his eyebrows shooting up his forehead as he selected a few games and made his way over to the couch, taking a seat beside Wade, immediately noticing that it was quite a tight squeeze, their shoulders and thighs brushing off one another.

“Sure. Doesn’t everybody?” the merc enquired, piercing the pancakes with a fork and holding them up to the brunet’s face.

“Uh, not usually, no,” Peter murmured, raking a hand through his hair and taking the fork with a small smile.

“Whatever Princess Peach. What are we playin’?”

~*~

“FUCKING BLUE SHELL BASTARD!” Wade roared as Peter hid a laugh behind his hand.

They’d been playing old school Mario Kart for a couple of hours now, but Peter had to admit that it was far more entertaining watching Wade play video games than actually doing so himself.

Let’s just say, he didn’t perpetuate the polite-Canadian stereotype.

“Little horny piece of shit,” the merc was murmuring under his breath, leaning to the far right with the PS3 controller clutched in his hands, as if he moving his body would somehow help Mario move his.

“Hey, I have a name, you know.”

The retort fell from Peter’s lips before he could stop it.

*What the hell is wrong with you, Parker?*

He felt the mercenary tense up, completely frozen for a split second, before clearing his throat, and reaching out to give him a gentle shove.
“Pass me another slice will ya, Petey?” he croaked, a blush creeping up his neck, disappearing under his mask.

Well, that wasn’t the kinda response Peter was expecting...

The brunet had been dropping subtle hints all night that it was okay if Wade wanted to take off his mask, but either the older man was being deliberately obtuse or just didn’t feel comfortable to do so. Peter couldn’t help but feel troubled by that. He hated to think that Wade was too self-conscious to be himself in his own home. He was also a little confused by it, considering that he was wearing a bright purple dress, but again, it was something he didn’t want to push.

Silently, he handed him a slice of double-cheese pizza, their fingers brushing lightly.

With a jolt, Deadpool’s head jerked towards him before lowering to their hands.

“Wade...you okay?” Peter asked, brow furrowed with confusion.

At those words, the mercenary seemed to snap out of whatever trance he had fallen into.

“Weasel.”

“Excuse me?”

Deadpool shook his head, leaning back on the couch, pizza slice resting in his hand.

“Jack Hammer...you know him?”

Peter shifted slightly, his shoulder brushing against Wade’s dress strap that had slipped down to reveal a sliver of scarred skin at his collar bone.

The brunet swallowed deeply, averting his eyes.

“Yeah, he’s a huge geek from college. Haven’t seen him in years.”

“Talk about the pot callin’ the kettle nerdy,” Deadpool snorted, rolling up his mask and shoving the pizza in his mouth.

“Why are you asking me about him?” Peter enquired, putting down the controller and shifting his body to face Wade.

The merc shrugged, “the guy just doesn’t seem like your biggest fan, is all. Thought you might consider him a suspect.”

The brunet let out a laugh, “nah. Hammer’s harmless. He just doesn’t like me ‘cause I beat him out of a big scholarship to work with Professor Rickards.”

Wade nodded, “this Professor Rickards...she works for Stark, right?”

Peter busied himself with grabbing another slice of pizza, taking a bite and chewing slowly before responding, “yeah. She lectures at my grad school part-time and also works at the lab in Stark Industries.”

“Where you work,” Wade stated rather than asked.

The brunet bit his lip, feeling a little tense at this line of questioning.
“Yeah, I started there about six months ago.”

“And what do you do exactly, Petey? I overheard you say to your aunt that you were gettin’ some sorta paper published in an academic journal?”

Peter rubbed the back of his neck, shrugging his shoulders.

“Science stuff. Nothing you’d be interested i—”

“Nothing I’d understand, you mean,” Wade interjected, sounding a little affronted.

Hazel eyes widened.

“N-No, that’s not what I meant, Wade. It’s just...it’s nothing that great, really. The paper I’m getting published, yeah, I worked hard on it...but it wasn’t where my true interests lie...” Peter trailed off, annoyed at himself that he was thinking about this again, after managing to avoid doing so for weeks.

“So where do your ‘true interests’ lie?”

It was an innocent enough question, sure. Didn’t mean it was so easy to answer, however. Where the hell did he start in condensing and explaining his intense passion for biochemistry, biophysics, scientific technology, research and development and all round advancement in scientific discovery? Trying not to think about it too hard, he just let the words flow from him.

“You ever hear of Peggy Carter?”

“Badass British Lady, Co-Founder of SHIELD and Cap’s old flame? Sure,” Wade nodded, licking the pizza sauce off fingers with a loud smack.

“Well...” Peter began, hardly believing he was talking about this, “during her tenure, she and Howard Stark, Tony’s dad, worked on a lot of fascinating cases together. Back before SHIELD was founded, she worked in the sorta precursor to it, the Strategic Scientific Reserve and took down a Russian hypnotist called Johann Fennhoff. He stole a weapon of Stark’s that could...well, it was bad. Anyway, about a year ago, a very similar tech of unknown origin was uncovered. LK90. When I began at Stark Industries, I started looking into it, just making some observations but...” he trailed off, raising one shoulder in a half-hearted shrug.

“But...?” Wade prompted, leaning forward, apparently captivated by his tale.

“But it didn’t work out,” Peter responded, staring down at his lap, “you have to study the weapon before you know how to disarm it. I wasted months and couldn’t...couldn’t figure it out. Had nothing to show for it. So I moved on to more established things. One of those being the focus of the paper that’s going to be published so, all’s well that ends well, I suppose...”

“You don’t sound super happy about that,” the Canadian remarked with a tilt of his head, taking a sip of his beer.

Peter’s head raised, his eyes lingering on the sliver of exposed skin from under Wade’s mask as he took a drink.

“Yeah well...it was my first delving into the scientific world that Tony Stark dominates. And I was a spectacular failure. Not only did I embarrass myself in front of him, but also Professor Rickards, whose career I’ve followed for years now,” he huffed, reaching down to pick up his own beer and taking a swig.
“Mistakes are the portals of discovery. You’ll get there, Petey. You just gotta stop being so hard on yourself,” Wade lamented wisely, raising his beer to clink it against Peter’s.

“Did you just quote James Joyce?”

“I’m not just a pretty face, you know.”

A small smile broke out on the younger man’s face. He hadn’t spoken about those first few months at Stark Industries with anyone, not even his aunt. He had honestly been afraid, apprehensive of the growing sense of failure he felt, the disappointment in himself. Yet, here he was, suddenly talking about it with Wade Wilson of all people. He hadn’t planned it, but now that he had said the words out loud, he found that he didn’t feel as bad about it as he used to. That was progress, he supposed.

A warmth rose from the pit of his stomach, spreading throughout his chest.

“Thanks Wade,” he found himself murmuring softly, clinking his beer bottle against his, feeling truly appreciative of the merc’s listening ear.

“That’s what friends are for,” the Canadian replied lightly before his whole body tensed, “not that I’m suggesting that we’re...I mean I know we only know each other a short—”

“How do you know Jack, anyway? What did you call him? Weasel?” Peter interjected, saving the older man from his embarrassment, resting his hand gently on his bare arm.

Wade glanced down at Peter’s hand.

“Oh Petey...” he croaked before clearing his throat, “that’s a story for another day,” he rambled frantically before abruptly standing up, wiping his hands on the frills of his dress and taking a step away from the couch.

He barely got a foot however before he tripped over the console controller that lay on the floor and stumbled backwards.

Peter hardly had time to gasp before he suddenly found himself with a lap full of Wade Wilson.

The room lapsed into a sudden silence so profound that Peter swore that all could be heard was his frantic heartbeat, hammering in his chest as he stared up at the 6’2” looming figure on top of him, strong thighs wedged either side of his hips, muscular chest brushing against his as his ass rested firmly on his crotch.

“Funny. I didn’t figure you for the clumsy type,” he murmured, aiming for teasing but it sounding far too breathy for his liking.

“I—” the merc broke off, his Adam’s apple bobbing nervously in his throat.

Wade Winston Wilson speechless. Peter never thought he’d see the day.

He should do something. Why wasn’t he doing something?

**No Spidey strength,** his mind supplied him helpfully, **you’ve used it far too much already. The ball’s in Wade’s court.**

An odd sense of déjà vu passed over Peter as Wade absent-mindedly gripped his shoulder. He had no idea why and he couldn’t even begin to explain it, but something about it seemed strangely familiar.
Okay, I can't take it anymore!

This time I'm totally with ya. Screw POV. Oh my fucking god! We're straddling Petey! What the hell is the big guy doing?! Has he had a stroke?

I think he's in shock

He's never in shock

Should we do something?

Don't you dare!

Seconds ticked by as Wade continued to loom over Peter, purple dress bunched up around his waist, exposing his Captain America boxer shorts.

Why did he take off his jeans again?

To 'let the boys breathe'

Well they're definitely respiring now!

“Wow...you really are a fan of Cap.” Peter forced out a laugh that sounded false even to his own ears, a bundle of nervous energy as his hazel orbs flickered up Wade’s body.

Another crimson flush rose up the merc’s neck, disappearing under the mask. The brunet found himself following it with a steely gaze.

“Uh I—I should...” Wade attempted speech again, “uh...sorry,” he paused, lifting himself off the younger man and stepping several feet away from the couch.

Peter sat up, rubbing the back of his neck.

That’s—that’s okay. Accidents happen. So uh...time for bed?”

Oh sweet Lord in Heaven

Have mercy on us

“I-I mean,” Peter bolted up from the couch unsteadily like a frightened deer, holding out his hands, “I just...I didn’t mean...I...” he took a deep breath, his cheeks burning with embarrassment, “it’s been a long day. I was just wondering if there was somewhere I could crash?”

Wade nodded vigorously before gesturing behind him.

“Uh yeah, sure, follow me.”

Point Of View change? Pretty please?!

Sigh

If the big guy’s heart beats any harder it’s gonna burst outta his chest Alien style

Where’s Ellen Ripley when ya need her?

Wade forced himself forward towards his bedroom, trying not to dwell on the fact that Peter was mere inches from him, following obediently.
“And this is where the magic happens,” he joked, it falling flat as he gestured to his tossed bed, stepping through his shabby room.

He could feel Peter’s eyes on him.

Turning on the spot, he compelled himself to look directly at him. Never was he more thankful for the mask that covered his tomato-red face.

[Looks like Bashful is our Disney Dwarf of the day]

[Great. Next up Dopey. Then sleepy. Then tomorrow morning – Grumpy]

[Don’t forget Happy. A rare occurrence, I know. But considering the tenor of this evening...methinks some very nice dreams are coming our way]

[I wonder if there’s an eighth Dwarf called Horny?]

[Or Desperate?]

[Or Pathetic? Seriously though, when the hell did he turn into a blushing virgin on his wedding night?]

[Since this is the most fun he’s had with another person in...a long time]

Wade frantically tried to ignore his boxes as he watched Peter’s eyes fall on the very singular bed.

“I’ll take the couch. I...I’m not as great a host as you were to me but...that’s the least I can do,” he stammered, forcing his feet to move back towards the door.

“No wait!” Peter held up his hand, stepping in his way, “don’t...you don’t have to do that. I’m not kicking you outta your own bed. It’s...it’s big enough for the two of us,” he remarked quietly, his eyes bulging behind his black-rimmed glasses, looking beyond surprised that he had suggested such a thing.

[Is she seriously doing the sleeping-in-the-same-bed trope?]

[Shut up! Do not ruin this for us]

[So cliché. Seriously, all we need now is the big guy to get all handsy during the night and for poor Petey to wake up to an erection pressed against his—]

“Hey, you okay?”

Wade was spat from his reverie by the sound of Peter’s voice. Catching his eye, the two men regarded one another from either side of the bed.

[This is exactly how all our dreams start]

[And most pornos. Just with pizza delivery guys instead of grad students]

“Looks like you came prepared,” he pointed to the small backpack that was slung across the brunet’s shoulder.

Peter shrugged, clearly not wanting to get into it, before depositing the bag on the bed and riffling through it.
Wade frowned as he began taking out pajama pants and a tooth-brush, wondering why the guy was carrying around such things.

“Where’s your bathroom?”

Once he had left the room, the merc let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding.

[You’re in for it now, buddy]

[Good thing we have that sexy lingerie for such an occasion]

[I thought we were being gentleman and not giving into our desires to tap that harder than Fred Astaire in Top Hat]

[Now there’s an outdated reference. Way to alienate the readers]

Meanwhile, Peter was gripping the sink in the bathroom, staring at his reflection in the mirror.

“Calm down, Parker. Why are you freaking out? You’re just gonna share a bed with Deadpool...no big deal,” he whispered to himself, not believing the words that were coming out of his mouth.

“What’s the worst that can happen?”

He bit his lip as a steady stream of dread rose from the depths of his stomach.

“Famous last words,” he murmured, running a hand through his hair and making his way back out to the bedroom.

Suddenly, he stopped dead in his tracks, his eyes glued to the ajar door. Through the crack, he could see Wade, his back to him as he slipped the dress up over his torso, letting it cascade to the floor.

Peter stopped breathing as the light caught Wade’s tarnished skin, every scar, no matter how minute, seeming magnified as if under a microscope. The hard, rigid lines of muscle rippled underneath the blemishes with each movement, his broad shoulder blades and biceps stretching as he reached up to slip on a plain white T-shirt.

As the shirt fell to cover the last of the scars on Wade’s lower back, Peter found himself coming out of the odd trance that had befallen him.

Clearing his throat loudly, he raised a hand to knock on the door.

“Uh, come in,” Deadpool murmured distractedly over his shoulder, fingers tugging his mask back down over his face.

“You’re not gonna wear that to bed, are you?” the brunet asked before he could stop himself, wincing the instant the last syllable left his lips.

Deadpool shrugged half-heartedly, still facing away from him, “well, I wouldn’t want you to have a heart attack when you wake up next to this,” he waved a hand at his face, “in the morning. So...better safe than, you know, dead.”

Peter decided to let it be, his arms coming up to cross over his chest, the trepidation of what was happening finally getting the best of him.

“Well, go on then. Or are you waiting for me to tuck you in?” Wade asked, the teasing hint to his tone tinged with an air of something that could be construed as nervousness.
The younger man did as he was told, getting into the bed and slipping under the covers, pulling them tight up to his chin and laying rigidly on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

Wade shuffled around the room for another few moments, clearly trying to prolong getting in beside him for as long as possible, before finally heaving a sigh and sitting down on the edge of the bed, leaning over to turn off the lamp.

As the room was engulfed in darkness, Peter could just see the outline of the mercenary as he climbed under the covers and after a lot of tossing and turning, eventually settled.

The bed was large enough that there was a decent amount of space between them both, and yet, Peter was hyper aware of the warmth radiating from the other man. He was like a furnace cranked all the way to eleven.

How had he never noticed that before? He had known Wade over five years and had no idea that he ran hot. Or that he only played video games aimed at kids because his life was violent enough. Or had a row of rubber ducks in his bathtub all named Bucky Ducky (if the inscriptions were anything to go by) and made really delicious peanut butter and banana pancakes.

Peter wasn’t a fool. He knew that what he and Wade had over the years didn’t quite pass as true, normal friendship and yet, he couldn’t help but feel ashamed. The older man seemed to know a ton about his alter-ego, from his favourite movies to his favourite type of taco, whereas Peter knew that he couldn’t say the same about the Canadian.

It had taken these last few weeks for him to realize it, but now that he did, he found that he wanted to know more. While Deadpool’s past always fascinated him, now it was more than that. He had seen a side to the merc that he never had before and it just made him more and more curious about the world of Wade. He wondered what other layers there were still deeply hidden within the man’s shadowy intrigue, what nuances and neuroses deeply entwined in his chemical make-up that made Wade, Wade.

It was that gnawing curiosity that had him reflecting on their earlier encounter, the desire to know what he had meant by those words growing deeper with each passing second.

*I haven’t seen him in over three months and ever since he started hangin’ out with those Avenger assholes, he’s not been the same!*

Those words had been haunting him ever since they erupted from Deadpool, spat in his face with as much force as a back-handed slap.

“What—what happened between you and Spider Man?” he quietly murmured into the darkness, giving in to his longing to know Wade’s side of the story, preparing himself for what could lie ahead, however uncomfortable and guilt-ridden it may prove to be for him.

The Canadian seemed surprised that Peter had spoken up. Shuffling in the darkness, he turned towards him, sitting up slightly.

Nothing, really. The guy…he just—wasn’t who I thought he was,” Peter could feel Wade shrug as he leaned back on his elbow.

“What does that mean?” the younger man compelled himself to ask, his stomach churning into knots.

“He—it’s stupid, really. I…thought we were friends. Turns out, we weren’t. No big deal.”

Peter’s heart lurched painfully in his chest as that sentence reverberated around the otherwise quiet
room. His breath caught in his throat at the flippancy of it, it containing a practiced nonchalance, as if it were something that Wade had repeated to himself over and over in front of a mirror.

Maybe he did.

_Don’t think about that night, don’t think about that night, don’t think about that—_

“Well, if it’s any consolation…I think he’s an idiot,” words fell from Peter’s lips suddenly, desperate to drown out his inner chant, “I—I know we don’t know each other very long, Wade, but even I can see you’re...you...make a good friend. Things would never get boring, anyway.”

There was a beat of silence while seemed to stretch for eons as Peter fought the rising sense of panic in his veins, forcing himself to close his eyes and take a deep, calming breath.

“Thanks Peter,” Wade replied eventually, the sincerity in his tone doing something to the brunet’s insides.

“You’re welcome,” Peter murmured, turning slightly to face him, hand resting comfortably at his side as he waited for sleep to claim him.

“You make a good friend too,” he distantly heard Wade mumble softly close to his ear a little while later as he was being tugged into unconsciousness, “a Slytherin like me and a Hufflepuff like you? We could take over the damn world...”

~*~

[Don’t freak out. Don’t freak out. STOP FREAKING OUT!]

[Petey is totally still staring at us]

[Was he gonna touch our face?]

[We better get a goddamn grip, quick]

[I know what I’d like to get a grip on]

[He can’t just keep staring at us. Bad things will happen. This has to stop. Self-preservation! Say something! Say anything!]

[Ooh, I see what she did there]

“Is this the part where you snap, rip off my skin and make yourself a meat-suit? ‘Cause I gotta tell ya kid, there are a hell of a lot more viable options if you’re in the market for a new face.”

[Really? That’s the best thing you could come up with?]

[You know, this ‘he’ ‘I’ ‘us’ ‘we’ business is confusing]

[What can I say? We’re complex]

[There it is again]

Wade ignored his boxes, instead focusing on the adorable blush that was painting Peter’s face, his dark hair standing up in every different direction.
“How long have you been awake?” Peter asked, the sound of his deepened voice causing a little shudder to shoot up Wade’s spine.

A sly smirk crossed the mercenary’s face at that question, he feeling a little impish this morning, happy to have woken up to such a beautiful sight beside him and glad not have an embarrassing case of morning wood.

“Depends,” Wade murmured shrewdly, “how long have you been staring at me?”

He watched with unadulterated glee as poor Petey shone an even darker shade of crimson, his hazel eyes alight with shock.

“I don’t—”

The younger man was saved by the bell, or rather, the incessant beeping that began from across the room.

Frowning at one another, they both sat up in the bed, their gazes falling on the culprit.

The tracker.

“Blye...he must be on the move,” Peter mumbled, running a hand through his already delectable hair.

Tearing his eyes away from that delicious sight and barely stifling a groan, Wade sprang into action, throwing himself across Peter, their bodies connecting for a split second before he rolled out onto the other side of the bed, landing on the floor and shuffling over to snatch up the tracker.

“Was that entirely necessary?”

“Nope. But I’m thankful anyway]

“You know what this means, dear Watson?” Wade half-yelled with excitement at his rumpled friend who was clearly trying to recover from having his large frame draped across him for the second time in less than twelve hours, “the game is afoot!”

So this chapter was originally titled ‘Hero Stark Flirty’ but I’ve decided to split that up to become the next chapter.

Yeah...nobody cares. Onto more exciting news! Woo! We’re gettin’ an R-rating, baby!

So I heard.

And not your weak-ass R-rating, either. A proper, balls-to-the-wall, knock down, drag out, shit-hits-the-fan, big tits, bigger guns, blood, guts and gore rating!

You’re like a kid at Christmas.
You’re sure as shit, I am! Morena Baccarin is gonna be CopyCat too...me-ow!

She is hot. And a good actress.

All I know her as is that weird alien chick from V, but I’ll take your word for it.

Uh huh. And how do you feel about the whole Vanessa thing? I know it’s a sore point in your past.

All part of the origin story. I’ll deal. Sigh.

What?

If only Spidey and I could appear on screen together...

I don’t think the world could handle that.

But I could totally rock that upside-down kiss in the rain! I would out-Dunst Kirsten!

Sure ya would, Wade.
Hero Stark Flirty

It’s been brought to my attention that some of my work was copied and posted to ebooks-tree.com without my authorization. I just want to again reiterate a disclaimer that while I do not own the Deadpool or Spider Man characters, the plot is mine and all my works are written solely by me for the entertainment of readers on Ao3, my Tumblr and fanfiction.net alone. Any other postings of my work in places other than these are there without my consent. If you happen across this fic (or indeed any of my other fanfiction) posted in other places than the above, I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me know. Thank you. ~Ck

Not to make light of anything writer lady but…this kinda makes the first line of this chapter a little ironic, huh?

Shut up, Deadpool.

~*~

“Please tell me you didn’t steal this.”

“Oh Petey, ye of little faith!”

“That doesn’t reassure me,” Peter murmured as they walked into an alleyway towards a shiny, red Chrysler.

“Subtle,” he retorted as Wade turned on the spot, walking backwards, arms thrown out.

“I woulda preferred a giant bumper car, but it gets the job done,” the merc winked, “besides, I get paid handsomely so, no need to steal…although, I am great at it,” he added as an afterthought.

Peter stared at him.

“Don’t give me that face, pouty pants,” Wade brandished a disapproving finger at him as he threw open the car door, sliding into the driver’s seat and putting the key into the ignition, the engine roaring to life, “onwards noble steed!”

Peter, during this display, remained rooted to the spot, ever aware of the incessant beeping omitting from his pocket.

“Well, what are you waiting for, Watson? A formal invitation?” Wade yelled over the noise, his voice muffled from inside the car.

“Why am I Watson and you’re Sherlock?” Peter asked loudly, leaning down to glare at him through the closed window.

“Because I’m taller. Duh.”

The brunet let out a snort. “Of course. What an astute observation. Clearly you’re meant to be the detective,” he finished sarcastically with a roll of his eyes, before reaching out and opening the passenger door, sliding onto the leather upholstery and glancing over to Wade expectantly.

“So tell me, Sherlock. You actually got a plan or are we just walking into this blind?”
“The true seeing is within, my friend,” Wade replied enigmatically, revving the engine.

“What…what does that even mean?” Peter asked, completely bewildered.

“George Eliot. Seriously dude, I thought you were meant to be the smart one,” Deadpool deadpanned before starting to fiddle with various buttons.

“I know the quote, Wade. I just don’t understand the context. Do we or do we not, have a plan?”

In lieu of replying, the merc just revved the engine again, bouncing up and down in his seat.

“You’re gonna drive with the mask on then?” an irked Peter continued to question, waving a hand at his face.

“Oh I’m sorry, Princess Peach. Would you prefer I take it off?” the other man asked with an edge to his tone, his head infuriatingly facing forward, all traces of levity gone from his demeanour.

“Yes.”

Peter watched as Wade’s entire body tensed.

They really should have had this conversation the night before as they prepared for bed. Peter hadn’t wanted to push but now…it was more awkward. The younger man just wanted to point out that he had already seen Wade’s face (and a lot more of him) so it really wasn’t a big deal for him to remove his mask, only…it was a big deal. For Wade. Peter could only imagine how hard it must be for him, and to ask him something of that calibre…he feared he was crossing a line.

But seriously, driving with a mask on wasn’t the best idea.

A silence descended on them that was so stifling that the brunet had to force himself not to crack a window just to hear the sound of the electronic mechanism. He watched with bated breath as Wade continued to sit perfectly still, more so than he could ever remember seeing, his head tilted at a slight angle. He couldn’t be sure, but it appeared as if he was inwardly arguing with himself.

Just when it began to get too much and Peter opened his mouth to apologize for making him uncomfortable, Wade slowly reached up with his right hand, slipping back his hood and gently pulling the mask up and off his face.

Two hazel eyes flickered over the exposed skin, drinking in the sight before him.

Scarred didn’t even begin to describe Wade’s face. It was much more than just that. It was flecked, gaunt…haunted. Damaged skin stretched over protruding cheek bones, the head and brow completely void of hair, a wet sheen from a jittering tongue coated chapped lips. But the eyes…it was the eyes that drew him in.

They were dark. This surprised Peter. He could’ve sworn that in an old file he caught a glimpse of back in the early days of his acquaintance with Deadpool had stated that he originally had blue eyes and blonde hair. He remembered this purely on the basis that he had conjured an immediate idea of what his face looked like under the red and black mask. He had imagined something along the lines of Cap, a well-built, fair-haired, blue-eyed guy.

The reality was…not what he expected.

The dark brown eyes that were currently focussing intently on a spot to Peter’s left, were more expressive than even the merc himself probably knew. In that short moment, Peter caught a glimpse
of something behind them, something that murmured a vulnerability, a whisper of uncertainty that was usually hidden behind layers of bravado and pop culture references.

Peter hadn’t really let himself truly look at Wade that time in his apartment, not with Aunt May sitting a few feet from him, but now, within the confines of the small space of the car, he allowed himself to linger, without crossing into staring territory.

His heart panged in his chest at the thought of just how painful it must be for Wade, physically, mentally and emotionally to keep up his persona. Peter himself knew how hard it was for him sometimes to constantly play the quick-witted and sharp-tongued Spidey, especially on his shitty days. But to do that to a larger and more eccentric extent while in constant pain? Honestly, he hadn’t given it much thought over the years, oftentimes he’d explain away the mercenary’s mania as just plain insanity, but now that he was literally faced with what Wade had to deal with on a daily basis —

“Now that you’ve got your fill of the Freak Show, can we hit the road?” the merc ground out, interrupting Peter’s reverie, his hands twitching on the steering wheel, eyes still avoidant.

Peter nodded mutely, his orbs dancing down Wade’s body to settle on the expanse of his shoulders.

He waited until the car was kicked into gear and they were making their way out onto the busy, bustling, noisy streets of New York before he mumbled under his breath, “seeing as you’re so fond of quotes. ‘Everything has beauty, but not everyone sees it’ – Confucius.”

~*~

A sharp, wooden toothpick scraped underneath a dirty thumbnail, collecting all the grit. Two lips pressed together to blow out a puff of air before moving onto the next digit.

“Okay Mr Blye, you’re free to go,” a voice called just as a nurse entered the room.

Joe glanced up at her, toothpick clenched in hand.

“I have some crutches for you waiting at the door;” the nurse continued as she helped him into a wheelchair and began pushing it down the hospital corridor, towards the exit.

“Thank you, Tomiwa. I appreciate it. And please, call me Joe,” he smiled, offering the beautiful woman a flirtatious wink.

Tomiwa shook her head, a small smile gracing her face at his coquettish tone.

“Here we are Mr Blye,” she emphasized his last name with a quirked eyebrow as they reached the exit, “now remember, no strenuous exercise for at least three weeks and try to keep that leg elevated for as long as possible. Rest and relaxation is key.”

Blye nodded, reaching out for the crutches, taking a moment to steady himself before throwing her another grin.

“Just what will I do with myself during all that rest and relaxation?”

Tomiwa folded her arms, rolling her eyes.

“You’ll rest. And relax. Nurse’s orders.”

Blye gave her a short salute, “yes ma’am!”
With that he was off, hobbling his way down the street towards the subway.

It had been one hell of a night. He had spent the majority of it in the ER, blood trickling down his leg, drifting in and out of consciousness. Vivid, petrifying images haunted him in between his frantic waking hours as he reflected on the torture he endured at the hands of the crazy mercenary. He had been beyond terrified, sure that Deadpool would ultimately kill him.

But then the Parker kid showed up.

The same kid he was supposed to kill.

And saved his life by letting him go.

Never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Joe had taken the opportunity and gotten the hell outta dodge.

The trek to the hospital had been nothing short of agony, stumbling his way down the street, weaving in and out of pedestrians, just doing anything and everything he could to remain upright and moving. The mile and a half walk had felt like an eternity and when he finally crashed through the doors, sweat was streaming down his face, his hands stained crimson from where they had clutched at his leg.

Eighteen hours, thirty-two stitches and enough pain meds to knock out a horse, later, Joe Blye was on his way to the first place he knew he had to go before he could even dream of going home.

The warehouse.

He had debated with himself over the last eighteen hours about whether he should alert his employers of what had gone down last night.

In the end he figured that honesty was the best policy. Less chance of his head ending up in a box if he was upfront about it. Right?

Or maybe that was his naivety talking. Or the copious amount of drugs he was on.

Either way, one crutch under each arm-pit, he was warehouse-bound.

Forty-five gruelling minutes filled with panted breaths and clammy palms passed before a familiar view met him. With a quick glance left and right, Blye crossed the street, shuffling his way down a side alley and halting at the wide, empty clearing that stood just in front of the dilapidated warehouse.

Taking a deep breath to summon the courage that he knew wouldn’t come, Blye took an attentive step forward, nearly jumping out of his skin when the large, burly man known as Mike suddenly appeared in front of him, seemingly out of nowhere.

“The boss has been lookin’ for you,” he said gruffly, fingers twitched against his thick, grey beard.

“I—I need to talk him. Or Daniels,” Joe forced himself to reply, trying not to grimace as his voice shook.

Mike threw him an unimpressed look, turning on his heel and walking away.

Joe watched him leave with a frown. Was he supposed to follow him or—

“Time is money, Blye. Get your damn ass in gear!”
“But you gotta make your own kinda music, sing your own special song, make your own kinda music, even if nobody else sings along!”

Man, he hated driving in New York.

“We shoulda taken the subway,” he grumbled, reaching back to cradle his neck, trying to work out the uncomfortable creak in it.

“And miss you gettin’ a look at my sweet ride? No way, Petey,” Wade responded, head still firmly forward.

Since taking off his mask, the merc hadn’t even turned in his direction, let alone met Peter’s gaze.

“Blye’s half a block ahead of us. Looks like he’s heading towards the old O&F Warehouse…geez my grandma walks faster than that guy!”

“That might have something to do with the gaping hole in his thigh, courtesy of your ice-pick,” Peter deadpanned, folding his arms and glaring at him.

“Oh yeah!” Deadpool exclaimed as if only suddenly remembering, which he very well could have, knowing him.

After three more minutes battling traffic, Blye finally came into view, several hundred feet ahead of them, hobbling along on crutches before disappearing down a side-street.

Near the end of the street, Wade pulled over, lucky enough to find a space.

“I don’t think we can park here,” Peter remarked with a frown.

“C’mon baby boy…be a rebel,” the mercenary smirked, quickly turning to him before catching himself and facing forward again.

“So…what now?” the younger man asked as the seconds ticked by.

Holding up a finger, Wade leaned across him (still avoiding his eyes) to open the glove box, rifling through dozens of taco wrappers and what looked like false moustaches before pulling out a pair of binoculars and handing them to him.

“Go to town, Petey boy. Get your Rear Window on!”

Peter heaved a sigh, taking the binoculars and making a show of looking through them, pressing them right against his glasses.

“He’s…talking with some guy. They’re both heading inside,” he commentated before leaning forward, “we should follow—”

“Patience you must have, my young padawan,” Wade cut across him, pressing a hand to his chest and pushing him back against the seat.
Peter took the binoculars away from his face and threw him a dubious look.

“You don’t strike me as the most patient person. Or a Star Wars fan.”

The merc shrugged.

“Our surprises we each have.”

Before Peter could reply, a loud tapping against his window startled them both.

Wade took that precise moment to finally share a glance with him, his dark eyes widened with shock before he looked at something over his shoulder.

“Speaking of surprises…” he breathed.

Slowly, Peter turned in his seat and was met with the very unimpressed face of none other than Tony Stark as he stood hunched over at the passenger side window.

“Hi there. Not interrupting anything, am I?”

~*~

Joseph Blye was not a man that would ever be considered particularly cowardly. He was in a dangerous line of work and any sign of weakness, and that’s what cowardice was seen as – a weakness, proved to be a death sentence. He couldn’t afford for any type of fear to break through his calm and collected persona when on a job. And nine times out of ten, he didn’t.

This was that pesky tenth time.

With shaking hands, he dug out his cell phone and called his cousin Gio’s number.

On the fifth ring, someone finally picked up, “hey man—”

“What the hell, Gio!!” Blye instantly launched into his tirade as he ducked behind a dumpster, silently counting down the seconds before the bomb he planted levelled the building.

“You told me it was a simple job. You said the apartment block was a shit hole, a cess pool of junkies and ex-cons. You said nothing about it having kids, man! And this Parker kid…he’s nothin’ like any of the others. He’s a goddamn college student, a nerd, not a fuckin’ fat cat embezzler or a drug tycoon! Why the hell does the boss want him de—”

“Joey, stop. Just relax—”

“Relax? You want me to relax?!” Joe whisper-shouted as he paced back and forth, “outta the blue you call me, tell me all about your shady boss and how you recommended me for a job that I sure as hell couldn’t refuse. Do you know they’re making me plant a bomb that looks way too much like a Deadpool design than I’m comfortable with? They’re having me frame that nut job as well as levelling a building! Did you know that that psycho would be here, Gio?”

Silence met his words as he gasped for air.

“He shot Groves, you know. Dead,” he continued, admittedly relieved when he saw the majority of the residents of the apartment building beginning to file out onto the street, fire alarm blaring.

“Gio I…I missed, man. The kid’s still alive. Which is more than I can say for me, after this,” Joe murmured, running a hand through his hair, “Deadpool chased me. But I got away. What the hell do
I do now?!”

“You keep your head on straight, Joey,” Gio replied, as calmly as ever, “keep outta sight and get to my place ASAP. We’ll figure out the rest then.”

Giovanni Blye was ever the pragmatist. While Joe would concede that he was more the idealist. Unfortunately for him, he was only beginning to realize that idealism and assassination don’t tend to be naturally amenable.

It was that moment, the last time that Joe ever spoke to his cousin that was firmly lodged in his mind’s eye as he followed Mike throughout the warehouse and towards the very same spot that he had been given Gio’s severed head.

He had known in a way, that night when he showed up at Gio’s apartment and he wasn’t there, that something bad had happened to him. The punishment had been swift, at least. Joe hadn’t even failed to kill Peter Parker two hours and his cousin already paid the price. That was the business. Which was why it was so baffling to Joe that he had not only been given a second chance, but a third one. And he’d blown that too.

Fourth time’s the charm?

“How does it make you feel, Mr. Blye? Being the sole reason that Gio, your far more talented cousin, is dead?” a voice asked, wafting out from behind an ajar door as Joe and Mike came to a halt in the middle of the room.

“Well, my Dad’s Italian, my Mom’s Mexican and my Grandma’s Irish, so I’ve enough Catholic guilt to last me several lifetimes.” Joe forced himself to respond, trying to give the illusion that the other man’s words didn’t shake him to his very core.

He wasn’t successful.

“Much like your so-called skills, your tone lacks conviction,” Daniels sniped, stepping out from the office, rolling up his sleeves and dusting off imaginary lint from his crisp, white shirt.

Joe compelled his eyes to stay trained on the older man, to not lower or avert, but to focus, track. It was a widely known, yet very seldom discussed fact, that Lucas Daniels was the closest thing to a purely human weapon that anyone could get. Highly skilled and physically imposing, the sharply-dressed second-in-command had an air about him that demanded respect and instilled fear in those around him.

Blye had already been privy to (and direct witness of) what Daniels was capable of (his stone-cold assassination of their associate Jack still firmly burned into his retinas) and had absolutely no desire to repeat the process, especially if he was today’s target.

“So, let’s review,” Daniels clapped his hands, (Joe absolutely did not jump) “you were hired by my employer to assassinate Peter Parker and frame the mercenary known as Deadpool. You failed. You were then tasked again to take out Mr. Parker, this time framing the vigilante known as Spider Man. You failed. You were then given a third opportunity to redeem yourself by tailing Deadpool and bringing him back to Club Purgatory to meet with my employer and were yet again, a failure. That correct?”

Blye swallowed deeply, a lump forming in his throat. Nodding minutely, he did everything in his power not to fidget uncomfortably.
“Well that’s just one fuck up after another, isn’t it?” Daniels laughed suddenly, breaking his patented cold composure and clipped vernacular, “I mean…shit. You’re one dumb motherfucker.”

Joe gaped at him, not believing what just happened. It was like something out of Invasion of The Body Snatchers.

Was Daniels a Pod Person?

“The boss was right,” the older man continued, his tone almost one of awe, “I mean, I never doubted it, not really but…to this extent? Jesus. I love it when a plan comes together.”

Joe frowned. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see that Mike was just as bewildered by their superior’s odd behaviour as he was.

“I mean, I have no idea how Chenko could have known but…damn. It’s really coming together exactly the way they said it would. And with none of the usual side-effects!” Daniels marvelled, stepping closer to Blye and staring down directly into his eyes, “you don’t have any nausea, right? Memory loss? Sleep-walking? Night-terrors? Déjà Vu? Discombobulation?”

Blye’s frown deepened as he shook his head.

Daniels let out another disconcerting laugh before turning on his heel and calling over his shoulder, “Mike, ready our guest. It’s time for Phase Two.”

A spike of fear rose up Joe’s spine as Mike’s large form cast a shadow on the side of his face.

“P-Phase Two?”

~*~

“You know, you’re shorter in real life…”

Tony and Peter simultaneously turned to glare at Wade who held up his hands in defence from where he stood outside the driver’s seat door, observing the brunet and his boss across the roof of the car as they went back to staring at one another silently.

“Peter, a word. Alone,” Stark demanded pointedly, breaking their staring contest and storming away up the street.

“Ooh someone’s got a bee in his bonnet. Or does he always walk like that? Seriously, I couldn’t sworn that dude was like six inches taller in the movies,” Wade commented to himself, tugging on the hood around his head, following Peter with his gaze as he rounded the car to halt in front of him.

“Sorry about this,” he began, “it’s…work. Mr. Stark is probably pissed I took the nano-trackers out of the lab,” he explained hurriedly, “you keep an eye on Blye. I’ll be back in a minute,” he finished, high-tailing it down the street after his boss.

Deadpool watched the two men go, a frown etched onto his very visible face.

“Curiouser and curiouser…” he murmured under his breath.

[Since when do bosses stalk their employees?]

[Yeah. And low-level ones, at that]

“Petey isn’t low-level anything,” Wade admonished White, “he’s A Plus, Top Tier, O for
Outstanding. Totally stalk-worthy. Stark probably just wants to pick his brain about some science shit."

[This is Tony Stark we’re talking about]
[The only scientist’s brain he picks is Banner’s]
[Science Bros FTW!]

“Should we…” Wade began before faltering, shaking his head, “no. Petey wouldn’t like that.”

[What Petey doesn’t know won’t hurt him]
[Like the fact that you woke up last night and stared at him while he slept]
[He doesn’t need to know that]
[Or that you jerk off in the shower thinking about him]
[He definitely doesn’t need to know that]
[So really, this is just another thing to add to the list]
[So quit being a pussy and follow them already!]
[Meow meow mother-fucker]

Mind made up, Wade walked swiftly in the direction that the other two men took, stepping as quietly as he could.

After a few moments, he started to hear voices [not us! Well, not just us] so he kept close to the wall, taking a quick glance around it into an alley, spotting Peter and Stark standing a few feet away, talking in hushed yet clearly angry tones.

“You had SHIELD question Deadpool?!” Peter was hissing, his hands waving with an irate flourish.

“I had Coulson ask him a few questions. Someone had to make sure he wasn’t the one tryin’ to kill you kid, seen as apparently you’re so focused on being his BFF,” Stark snorted, taking a step towards him, “tell me Thelma, when are you and Louise planning on driving that car off the nearest cliff?” he finished with a faux-sweet tone, folding his arms.

Peter’s jaw clenched tightly, his hazel eyes ablaze.

[So hot]
[*Drools*]

“How long have you two been having sleepovers, braiding each other’s hair and playing truth and dare, anyway?” Stark continued, “cause the way your aunt talks about him, he’s the best thing since those limited edition Captain America calendars…you know, the photo-shopped dirty ones that Steve tried to get discontinued.”

[That was one hell of a calendar]
[It made great spank bank material]
Pity it was photo-shopped

Have you seen Steve Rogers? The dude looks photo-shopped in real life. He’s like Marvel’s answer to Ryan Gosling

Emma Stone was right

“Aunt May talks about me…” Wade gaped quietly, trying to focus on the two men in the alley.

Yeah she does!

To Tony Stark!

Since when do bosses mix with their low-level employee’s family?

Since Aunt May was the coolest of cool aunts?

Petey did say that he knew Stark, Rogers and Banner

Guess we didn’t realize just how well

“Me and Wade are friends, so what? Last time I checked, I didn’t need to get your permission on who I can and can’t hang out with,” Peter ground out, mirroring Stark by folding his arms, “he’s been helping me investigate this whole assassination attempt thing. I figured it was an all hands on deck type of situation, so…”

Whose hands?

“You don’t need him, Parker! He’s more trouble than he’s worth, you know that,” Tony hissed, rolling his eyes, “how many times do we need to have this conversation before it sinks in? Deadpool is bad news. End of story.”

Ouch

Rude

Wait they’ve had this conversation before?

“Deadpool,” Peter spat, taking another step closer to Stark, glaring openly, “is the reason I’m alive to have this stupid conversation with you. Why is it that he’s all right for you to have around when you need him, but the second I come within five feet of him you start freakin’ following me around like you’re a goddamn chaperone at a Junior Prom?!”

Because you act like a kid at prom around him, Peter! Don’t you see that? ‘Cause I do. And your aunt sure as hell does, if her constant smiling and her ‘Wade this’ and ‘Wade that’ was any indication last night. Look,” he held up his hands, “I’m just trying to look out for you. That’s all,” Stark finished, a displeased expression crossing his face, he apparently pissed at having to admit that.

Peter eyed him warily.

“Did Steve put you up to this?”

“Like that geriatric can make me do anything.”

There was a beat of silence where Peter seemed to give up whatever line of questioning he had in mind. Tony took this as an opportunity to start afresh.
“So the guy that shot at you. Blye. He’s hauled up in the warehouse across the street?”

The brunet nodded, “he went inside not too long before you arrived. Deadpool…interrogated him last night and I planted the tracker on him. It led here. We were just working out what our next move is.”

Stark shook his head, “go home, kid. Let us handle this. Bringing Deadpool in on anything is always a bad idea. Me and Steve will come back and case the place. I’ll be in touch if something comes up,” he went to turn and walk away.

“And Spider Man,” Peter piped up, halting the billionaire in his tracks, “I—I know about what’s been on the news and all but I still think—”

A car alarm sounded suddenly, cutting off whatever Peter was saying.

With a jolt, Wade leapt back behind the wall before either man could spot him.

[Phew! That was close]

[Guess we better skedaddle]

[We wouldn’t want Daddy Stark to find us. Something tells me he wouldn’t approve]

It was sat on the hood of the Chrysler where Peter found Wade a few minutes later, walking up to him quietly, folding his arms and leaning against it, his hip a few inches from Wade’s legs.

“Sorry about that. Stark can be a little unrelenting when it comes to his—”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Peter froze, turning fully to look at the merc.

“Tell you what?” he asked slowly.

Wade levelled him with a pointed stare, scooting his ass down the hood of the car until his feet touched the ground.

At the brunet’s puzzled expression, Deadpool sighed and began pacing back and forth in front of him.

“I may have…overheard your conversation with Stark,” he began hurriedly, deliberately not looking at him, “I know what you’ve been hiding…”

Peter seemed stunned by Wade’s revelation.

“Wade I…” he moved closer to him, rubbing the back of his neck, his expression and tone incredibly apologetic, “I know I should have told you sooner, I just…I didn’t know how. I’m sorr—”

“I mean, I know Stark and Rogers fight like a married couple and all, but I wasn’t aware they practically adopted you,” the merc deadpanned, interrupting Peter.

“Wait, what?” the younger man asked, his tone dripping with confusion.

[I don’t think Petey’s on the same page here]

[I don’t think he’s even on the same book]
But Wade was too far gone to pay any heed to his boxes.

“I mean, I don’t know why you couldn’t just tell me that you and The Avengers are tight. I know they’re not my biggest fans and all but…I would have gotten over it. I actually think it’s cool that Stark’s kinda Daddy Bear with you in a non-sexual way. Gives new insight into his personality. Adds layers to what could be a two dimensional portray—”

“Wade, stop!”

The mercenary halted his pacing at Peter’s words. He turned to him, throwing up his hands.

“Petey, it’s okay. You don’t need to apologize. I get it now. It totally explains all your weirdness when we first met, too! You didn’t want your Surrogate Dad knowing that you’re…friends with me. That’s why you didn’t tell me that you’re way closer with Stark than you let on. Hence why the dude’s following you around town. Your Aunt May let slip that you were with me, so he was coming to check on you. It’s kinda sweet, really, once you get over how offensive it is…” Deadpool trailed off, his tone a little dreamy.

[Did he really just say ‘hence’?]

[Indubitably]

Peter looked like his brain had just short-circuited.

The two men stared at one another for a beat before the brunet seemed to come back online.

“Uh yeah…you’re totally right, Deadpool. That’s—that’s it. I’m…I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. Tony he—he knew my Dad and he has been a big part of my life for a few years now. He and the rest of The Avengers have been looking out for me. You know, getting me a job, helping me with science projects, that kinda thing…” Peter stumbled through his explanation, a red blush tinting his cheeks.

Wade walked back over to him, his head tilted, his eyes filled with curiosity.

“And Spider Man? What is he to you?”

The younger man’s eyebrows shot up his forehead, his tongue peeking out to wet his lips, unable to hold the mercenary’s gaze any longer, his head hanging low.

There was another beat of silence, except this one felt much heavier, the atmosphere in the air electric.

It hit Wade like a freight train.

“Oh my god,” he gasped, leaping up from the car and whirling around, “I’m such an idiot! How the hell did I not see it?!” he growled, furious at himself as his heart sank painfully in his chest, crushing disappointment settling into his bones.

That prompted Peter to look up.

“Wade what—”

“Spider Man!” the Canadian exclaimed, stamping his foot on the ground, practically vibrating with tension, “I get it now! He’s your boyfriend or something, right?”

Peter’s mouth dropped open, the blush spreading further across his face.
“I’m right, aren’t I? Holy shit, I am Sherlock Holmes!”

Wade picked back up his pacing, ranting at full force now.

“I mean, I’m not gonna lie, Petey. I am still shocked because Jesus I thought…I thought you and I...if I’d known…” he mumbled, his voice dropping several decibels that the brunet almost didn’t hear him, “now I’ve lost you and Spidey.”

Peter rushed towards him, his hand connecting with his shoulder, turning him around to face him.

“How the hell could you think that?”

Wade seemed beyond surprised by this information.

“Oh I don’t know, Peter!” he yelled, stepping right into Peter’s space, glaring down at him, his nose an inch from his, “I don’t think it’s an unreasonable assumption. I mean, you take an awful lot of pictures of the guy. And you were so damn adamant that he wasn’t trying to assassinate you and wouldn’t let me confront him. So if you’re not his boyfriend, then what are you to him?”

Peter bit his lip, his hazel eyes flickering as they connected with Wade’s chocolate brown ones. He could feel Deadpool’s angry puffs of air bouncing off his face. It was as if all the sound had been swallowed up and all that was left was the hammering of his heart beat in his ears.

He watched as Wade’s orbs trailed down his face, stopping at his lips.

“We’re…just friends,” he forced himself to reply, the words expelling from him like a punch to the gut as his feet flat out refused to step away from the mercenary, no matter how much his brain screamed at them.

“Just friends…” Wade murmured, his eyes still locked on Peter’s lips, “you mean like how me and you are just friends?”

The brunet swallowed deeply, his throat suddenly dry.

“No,” he stammered with a shake of his head, “not like us.”

Something unidentifiable passed over Wade’s face as he heard those words. His eyes softened, tinged with that same unidentifiable something as he leaned closer.

“Good…” he breathed, closing the gap between them even further, his lips inching closer and closer until—

“Get the hell out of the street!” a voice yelled over the sudden honking of a car-horn.

The two men leapt apart, whirling around to see that they were indeed in the middle of the road, blocking a very angry man in an SUV.

Silently, they stepped out of the way and watched as the driver sped off, still yelling expletives at them.

[Well, that’s a mood killer]

[Has the big guy lost his mind?! He actually nearly kissed Petey]

[Petey looked like he might kiss back]
[I wouldn’t count on it. The guy may be ‘just friends’ with Spidey, but that doesn’t mean shit. Now that we know he’s rubbing elbows with the greats on the regular, what kinda chance does ol’ Scarface really have? He’s hardly a catch at the best of times, but up against Spidey and Black Widow?]

[You’re totally right. He’d be an idiot to actually think something could possibly happen between them. Petey’s surrounded by much better options. Who’d want stale tuna when they could have caviar?]

 “…ade? Wade!”

The whole world came crashing back with brute force.

Deadpool fought to stay standing as he snapped out of his reverie to find Peter calling him, waving a hand in front of his face.

“Hey? You okay?” he asked, slowly lowering his arm and pinning him with a concerned look.

“Uh, yeah, I’m fine. We uh…we better get goin’, huh? Wouldn’t wanna still be here when Daddy Stark and Papa Rogers get here,” he rambled, stepping well away from Peter and making his way back around to the driver’s door and unlocking the car.

He could feel Peter’s puzzled gaze on him but stubbornly kept his head lowered.

“So where will it be, Petey? I can drop you off to see your aunt if you like?”

He could hear the scuff of the other man’s footsteps as he made his way over to the passenger side door.

“Wait, that’s it? You’re…you’re done helping me?”

Before he could think it through, Wade’s head snapped up and met Peter’s gaze from across the roof of the car.

“You said it yourself, you’re tight with The Avengers. What the hell would you still need me for?”

A flash of anger and…no, Wade had to be seeing that wrong. There was no way that there was actually hurt in Peter’s eyes.

“So what…this is you resigning as my bodyguard, Kevin Costner?”

“You don’t need another bodyguard. You already have seven,” the merc mumbled before pulling open the door and climbing into the driver’s seat.

“Oh yeah, they’ve been doing a great job so far,” he heard Peter growl under his breath before doing the same, slamming the door so hard that it shook it the car.

“So, where to Miss Daisy?” Wade asked, trying to inject some levity into the tense atmosphere.

If Peter’s folded arms and rigid posture were anything to go by, he wasn’t in the mood for banter.

“Sally’s Diner. Me and my aunt meet there every week at this time for lunch. Step on it. I don’t want to be late.”

The mercenary nodded, putting the key into the ignition, ignoring the slight shake to his hand and forcing himself to focus on the road in front of him.
And to think…the morning had started off so promising.

This was what happened when he deluded himself into thinking that he could actually have nice things…

~*~

“Is it…is it safe for you to be out in public, like this? Maybe you and your aunt should go home and —”

“I thought you resigned as my bodyguard?” Peter cut across Wade sharply as they sat outside Sally’s Diner twenty-five minutes later.

It had been one hell of a tense drive, for both of them. While that morning, the air was punctuated with Wade’s off-key singing and Peter’s occasional observations, the last half-hour was spent in stone-cold silence, the former focussing on the road in front of him and the latter determinedly staring out of the passenger-side window.

The merc’s mouth snapped shut as he nodded, still facing forward in his seat.

“Well, thanks, I guess…” the brunet murmured before leaning forward and placing his hand on the door handle.

Wade watched silently as Peter exited the car, slamming the door behind him. Swallowing the awful dread sensation that was rising up his throat, he forced himself to open the passenger side window and yell after him:

“So I’ll see you around right, Watson?”

Peter halted in his tracks several feet from the car, his shoulders tense. Slowly, he turned, barely enough to reveal one side of his face.

“I don’t know, Wade,” he called, his tone stiff, “will you? You’re so hot and cold lately, who knows if you’ll just change your mind last second…”

With that, he continued on his way, thundering towards the diner without a backwards glance.

The merc let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding as he watched him go.

“I’m such an idiot…”

[No arguments here]

“You were the ones that said it was a stupid idea to kiss Petey!” Wade growled, starting the car and speeding down the street like bat outta hell.

[Since when do you actually listen to us?]

[And you heard Petey, you’re so hot and cold]

[Always changing your mind]

[Always second guessing yourself]

[And now you’ve lost him forever]
[Just like everyone else you’ve ever given a damn about]

[Think it’s time to go back to daydreaming about Spidey instead?]

[Even though last time you saw him he was a gigantic douche]

[Your crush on him was always easy]

[You always knew it was unrequited, so it was easier than this anyway]

[Less painful]

[Safer]

[You did hear Petey say that he wanted him to help Stark and Rogers case the joint]

[You could help catch who’s after Petey and go back to crushing on Spidey in person. Talk about killing two birds with one stone]

[Pissing off Stark is just an added bonus]

[And you haven’t seen Spidey in months, wouldn’t it be nice to get back that rapport?]}

[The banter?]

[It’d help you get your mind off Petey]

Well, if nothing else sold it, that did.

“Fine. I'll head back to the warehouse. It’ll be good to see Spidey again…maybe I could even grill him about his relationship with—”

[The whole point of this is to stop thinking about Peter!]

“Right. Stop thinking about Peter. I can do that. No problem.”

[Well that was about as convincing as Paris Hilton’s attempt at an acting career]

[Or singing career]

[Or any career at all, really]

~*~

Wade Wilson was going to kiss me. Fucking Deadpool was going to kiss me. And I was going to let him. What the hell is wrong with me?!

Have I lost my mind?

Is this what crazy feels like?

Have I been drugged?

Am I that desperate for human interaction?

Human affection?
...Am I really that lonely?

Peter Parker was fuming.

He had always been the type that while it took a lot for him to get angry, when he did, he got furious. Today was one of those days.

He just…didn’t know why.

That was a lie. He did know why.

You wanted him to kiss you…and you’re mad because he didn’t.

What the actual fuck?!

“Uh oh. I know that look,” Bruce Banner remarked as Peter burst into the lab, storming across the room, running his hands through his hair.

“Peter…you okay, buddy?” the scientist continued, his tone tinged with concern as he watched the younger man pace back and forth.

“So stupid,” the brunet grumbled to himself, “so goddamn stupid!”

“What are you—”

“Does Tony still keep my spare suit in the vault?” Peter cut across Bruce’s attempt to figure out what the hell was going on with him, eyes ablaze with a dangerous flash.

“Uh…yeah,” Banner murmured with a furrowed brow, “I think so. Why?”

“Because,” the younger man ground out, still jittery, his dark eyes filled with fury and determination, “I think it’s about time I get back into the field. They messed with my aunt, Bruce. My aunt. I’m not letting the bastards away with that! Where is she?”

“Playing pool with Clint, last time I checked,” Bruce responded, his face an odd mixture of concern and amusement, no doubt of the comical image the older woman beating his teammate’s ass at pool conjured.

Peter nodded before turning on his heel and thundering out of the room without a backwards glance.

Bruce’s eyebrows shot up his forehead as he stood alone once more.

“Why do I feel like I’m missing something?”

You’re deflecting…Peter’s mind whispered devilishly to him as he stormed down the corridor of the tower, berating him all the way.

You are beyond furious and frightened that they went after Aunt May…but that’s not what’s fuelling you now.

You’re pissed at Wade.

You’re frustrated at yourself.

You’re freaked out at what you nearly let happen.
And you’re terrified at the overwhelming sense of disappointment you felt when that jackass interrupted you...

Jaw clenched, Peter shook his head, trying desperately to stop his rapidly derailing train of thought as he neared Ops. He didn’t have time for this. Someone was trying to kill him. Someone had broken into his childhood home and ransacked it. That was what he had to focus on.

His hammering heart eased a little, a small smile forming on his face as he heard the tell-tale laughter of his aunt, seconds before she came into view, a giant grin on her face as she potted the black ball causing Clint to double over, groaning in frustration.

“You have got to be kidding me! Are you sure you’re not cheating?!”

“I’ve no need to cheat, Mr Barton. I’m just that good,” May winked before her grin grew larger at the sight of her nephew.

“Oh Peter, you’re here! Just in time to see me take even more of Clint’s money!”

The brunet shook his head at her, ignoring his teammate’s wounded expression and crossing the room, enveloping her in a tight hug.

“Did you have a good night?” he asked, his words muffled against her shoulder.

“Oh, the best!” May exclaimed as they broke the hug, staring up at him, her eyes dancing with delight, “did you have a nice time with Wade?”

Peter faltered, his smile fading as he felt Barton’s eyes burning a hole in the back of his head.

“Uh…it was fine, yeah,” he murmured, not able to meet his aunt’s gaze.

May stared at him for a moment, the beat of silence giving in to the rising tension. Peter bit his lip, forcing himself not to fidget.

No doubt feeling sorry for her nephew, after what felt like an eternity, May broke the quietness that descended on them.

“Did you know Jarvis is a remarkable chess player?”

“Admittedly not as remarkable as you, Mrs Parker,” Jarvis’ dulcet tone omitted around the room.

“You’ve been making friends I see,” Peter smiled softly, relieved at the subject change, he and Clint exchanging a glance before he turned back to her.

“Yes, your…colleagues are very welcoming,” she replied, something unidentifiable crossing her features that puzzled Peter.

“They’re not my—”

Her quirked eyebrow made the rest of his sentence stick in his throat.

It was never something they directly discussed. It was something that they danced around for as long as he could remember, a notion that passed like ships in the night but never made direct contact. She knew. He knew that she knew. And she knew that he knew that she knew. May Parker was a smart woman. Peter Parker wasn’t always subtle. He’d been doing this for over seven years now. Ample time for various math to be done. And May had always been good at math…
“I uh…I have to check in with Mr. Stark about work. You okay to hang out here for a little longer?” Peter opted to say instead, not wanting to insult his aunt’s intelligence, but still not quite ready to be one hundred percent open.

“That’s great, don’t worry about me. Just means I have more time to win more money,” she smirked, tilting her head at Clint.

“Oh, so that’s how it’s gonna be, huh?” the archer asked, folding his arms.

“That’s how it’s gonna be,” the older woman replied smoothly, smirk growing larger and smugger, “how much money does a superhero have, anyway?”

Peter left the room and made his way down to the vault, finding comfort in knowing that his aunt would be fine.

Clint on the other hand…he had his work cut out for him.

~*~

“This hit, that ice cold, Michelle Pfeiffer, that white gold. This one, for them hood girls, them good girls, straight masterpieces! Stylin’, while in, livin’ it up in the city. Got Chucks on with Saint Laurent, gotta kiss myself I’m so pretty!”

[Bruno Mars he is not]

[Why does he keep insisting that he can sing?]

[Delusions of grandeur]

[Or just straight up delusions]

“Girls hit your hallelujah—woo! Girls hit your hallelujah—woo!” Wade continued to sing, ignoring his boxes as he surveyed the warehouse, trusty binoculars over his eyes.

[It isn’t girls that you want to hit your hallelujah]

[Well, not at the moment, anyway]

[Although…that Morena Baccarin]

[Wowza]

[Hubba hubba]

[Writer lady approves]

[Still…she’s no Pete—]

“I thought we weren’t mentioning him,” Deadpool remarked coolly, trying to appear nonchalant and fooling nobody.

[Stickin’ to that, are we?]

[It’s so much more fun not to]
“I hate you.”

[We know you mean love!]

[You do gotta wonder what Petey Pie is doing right now…]

(He’s probably busy having his obligatory ‘big gay freak out’ that most guy goes through at some point)

[I’m not sure Petey’s gay…and if he was, he wouldn’t be for Scarface. Now Spidey on the other hand…there’s a man any self-respecting guy would go gay for]

“How would you know? You’ve no idea what he looks like,” Wade grumbled at Yellow, still scouring the perimeter of the warehouse for any sign of life.

[Oh he’s hot. Trust us. We’ve got a sixth sense for these things]

[He and Petey together would be even hotter]

[I bet they get up to all kinds of freaky shit. Can you imagine the acrobatics? Those web-shooters would surely come in handy in the boudoir]

[I’ve always been partial to the phrase ‘come in handy.’ Kinda sounds like something Spongebob would say instead of ‘jerk off’]

“Shut up,” Wade growled, growing impatient with his boxes’ nonsense.

Before they could retort, a sudden movement to the side of the warehouse caught the merc’s attention.

[Well if it isn’t Dorothy, Tin Man and their little dog Toto]

Wade watched silently as Captain America, Iron Man and Spider Man approached the building in a tactical formation, clearly scoping out the place in hopes to penetrate it.

[Still not a good enough reason to use the word penetrate]

“Petey took my advice then,” Deadpool couldn’t help but mutter to himself as he got out his listening equipment, trying desperately to ignore the uncomfortable feeling that was rising in his chest at seeing Spider Man again after such a long time.

After turning a few dials, Wade held up the large cone-shaped contraption to his ear and listened, faint voices now audible.

“…that clear? We stick to the plan,” Steve Rogers was saying in his serious I’ve-been-through-many-wars tone.

“Crystal,” Stark and Spider Man responded in unison, albeit much less enthused than their teammate.

“What do you see in there, Stark?”

[Legolas! What do your elf eyes see?]

“At least three dozen bodies…and something big, lit up like a Christmas tree,” Tony remarked, clearly intrigued by what he was picking up from inside.
“Okay, we do this like we discussed. In and out. Natasha and Clint are on backup if needed, so if you run into any trouble…” he trailed off, his words clearly directed at Spider Man.

“I got it, Cap,” the webbed wonder responded somewhat impatiently before shooting his webs up at an open window and swinging through.

Wade watched as the other two Avengers each took up positions on either side of the warehouse and entered as swiftly and covertly as their colleague.

“Well boys,” the Canadian murmured to himself, unsheathing his katanas and leaping down from his vantage point, poised and ready for a fight, “looks like it’s show time!”

~*~

Lucas Daniels was a patient man. He always had been. First, in the military, when he had drill-sergeants yelling in his face, their spit landing on his cheeks and all he wanted to do was snap their necks, then when he came back home to the mundane and dreary, each day running into the next until all that was left was a monotonous routine that he despised more than any battlefield. Still, he remained patient. Because he knew that he was here for a grander reason than foot soldier or ex-military glorified baby-sitter for the rich and famous.

He was too smart and uniquely skilled not to have an ostentatious plan. Something that would pull him out of the depths of drivelling civilian life and into the light of something bigger, bolder and more ballsy than anything he’d ever been a part of.

Enter Chenko.

Admittedly, he had had doubts when the plan was first initiated. He had not been privy to the full picture and was left floundering on more than one occasion.

But that was all behind him now.

Chenko had come to him, finally. After all the waiting, his patience, his one constant in his life, had paid off.

He knew all aspects of the plan now.

And he was to initiate Phase Two.

Quite the honour.

“That’s it, Mr Blye. Lean back…it’ll be all over soon,” he murmured quietly, tipping back the slab that Joe was strapped to and adjusting the overhead light.

“What…what are you doing to me?” Blye cried out, struggling against his restraints.

“Relax, Mr Blye…it’ll be over soon.” Daniels cooed condescendingly, tightening the wrist straps before walking around the other side of the slab and picking up a clip board.

“Pulse is elevated,” he noted aloud to the dictaphone that rested in his shirt pocket, “that’s to be expected under the circumstances. It’s not a concern. All perimeters have been met for the initiation of Phase Two. To commence in ten, nine…” he began to count down, placing a gas mask over his face before grabbing a large canister that stood to his left and began fastening it to the oxygen tank.

“Seven, six…” he continued to call, ignoring Blye’s panicked protests, placing an oxygen mask over
the frenzied man’s face and putting his other hand on the dial to the canister.

“Five, four…” he dropped his voice to a whisper, watching intently as Joe’s eyes flickered closed, rolling back into his skull.

“Three, two—”

“Stop what you’re doing and turn around. Slowly,” a very familiar voice interrupted the countdown.

“I can’t do that, Captain Rogers,” Daniels called over his shoulder, his hand still poised on the valve.

“Step away from the table and put your hands up or I’ll be forced to take action,” Steve continued, his tone more dynamic than before.

“You do what you gotta do, Captain…and I’ll do what I gotta do,” Daniels murmured, just before he whirled around rapidly, pulling a pistol from his holster and shooting off three times in the super-soldier’s direction.

Those shots proved to be quite the domino effect. Seemingly out of the woodwork, seven other men came firing at Steve, each with semi-automatic shotguns, while three approached Spider Man from the east and four others ascended on Iron Man from the west.

The room erupted into chaos filled with bullets, shattered glass, yelling, bullets, beams of light, webs, more bullets and—swords?

“I’m too hot (hot damn), called the police and a fireman, I’m too hot (hot damn) make a dragon wanna retire man, I’m too hot (hot damn) say my name you know who I am!” Deadpool sang maniacally over all the bedlam as he burst down into the room via a glass opening in the ceiling, landing adroitly, bullets ricocheting off his katanas as he expertly deflected them.

The man known as Mike gaped openly at him, standing just feet away, gun laying lax in his hand, forgotten in the shock of it all.

“I’m gonna uptown funk you up,” Deadpool smirked, approaching the robust man with a swagger to his step, “don’t believe me? Just watch!”

With that, he leapt three feet in the air, launching himself at the other man, roundhouse kicking him in the face.

His scream of agony pierced through the air as he stumbled back, falling hard onto the warehouse floor, dust rising up and around him.

“I don’t know about you,” Wade purred as he advanced on the terrified man, his movements akin to the cat who got the canary, “but I’m in the mood for some pot-bellied pork!” he finished gleefully, pointing his katana at Mike’s stomach, it gleaming menacingly.

“Deadpool!” a shout halted his ministrations, “no killing!”

Wade’s head swerved to be right, his eyes falling on the familiar red and blue suit that was currently zipping around three perps, dodging their bullets with an acrobatic flair, swinging in loops around the rafters.

“Spider Man!” the Canadian exclaimed warmly, looking up, his voice adopting a conversational tone, “long time, no banter! How’ve ya been?”
There was a beat that Wade used to kick Mike in the face as he stupidly tried to get up and Spider Man shot his webbing at another perp’s feet, causing them to trip and fall to the floor with a heavy thud.

“I’m kinda busy here,” he called as he narrowly dodged a bullet, “can we catch up later?”

Deadpool laughed as his katana slit into the thigh of another criminal, eliciting a blood-curdling scream, “sure thing, Spidey. Rain-check!”

“Not to interrupt your date-planning or anything guys, but could one of you maybe go check on the guy strapped to the table?” Tony snarled in their direction, luring two men away from what was clearly dangerous and highly flammable chemicals to where he could safely disarm them.

“On it!” Wade called, practically skipping over to the slab, knocking two culprits’ heads together on the way.

“Well hello there, Joe,” he sing-songed as he reached the table, seeing that the man was wide awake, staring up intensely at him, his dark eyes containing an odd glaze as if he were in some sort of trance.

“Now, I know we’ve had our differences…” Deadpool murmured distractedly as he worked on undoing the many bonds covering the man’s body, “but Tin Man over there says that I gotta save ya so…how about ya just be a good little hostage and cooperate, hmm?”

As the last of the restraints fell away from Joe’s wrists, he suddenly sat bolt upright, and before Wade could react, he had launched himself at him, their chests colliding roughly and knocking them both to the floor with a loud thump.

“What the—what did I just say? This is the opposite of cooperating! Bad hostage! Bad hos—” Deadpool was cut off as Joe wrapped his hands around his throat, squeezing hard enough to make his eyeballs bulge out of his skull.

With strangled gasps, Wade tried to force the other man off him but found himself struggling.

[Is it wrong that we’re a little turned on by this?]

[Does little Wadey have a submission and asphyxiation kink?]

[I don’t think it’s just the choking that’s cutting off valuable blood supply to his brain]

“I shoulda…turned you into a human sheshkabab…when I had the chance!” the merc gasped out before finally summoning the strength to shove Joe off of him, straddling him and pulling his hands behind his back.

[Huh. Little Wade also has a domination kink]

[And a bondage kink]

[And a voyeur kink]

[Hell, he has all the kinks!]

[Greedy little meat-stick, isn’t he?]

“Could you…stop calling it little? You’ll give me…a complex!” Wade scolded his boxes in between catching his breath as he finished tying up Joe.
Joe continued to struggle, growing more and more violent as Wade kept him restrained. It was proving to be a full time job that he couldn’t afford right now as two other perps made a bee-line for him.

“Hey—hey buddy! Keep it together, huh? We’re the good guys...well, they are,” Deadpool gestured to where Spider Man and Captain America were now battling four more bad guys back to back, “so how about you stop acting like a rowdy chihuahua and chill the fuck out?!?”

Nothing seemed to be getting through to Blye however as he mindlessly continued to try hitting and kicking the mercenary, now frothing at the mouth like rabid dog.

“Gross. Say it don’t spray it, dude,” Wade grimaced before he yelled over to Tony who was busy sticking all his bad guys together with some sort of adhesive, “hey Egg-Head! You know what the fuck is goin’ on with this guy? If he keeps acting like this, I’m gonna have to take him out back and give him what’s what. Ol’ Yeller Style!”

That caught everybody’s attention.

In a tactical formation, both Captain America and Spider Man moved closer to Wade and Joe as Tony had Jarvis run some preliminary scans.

“It’s whatever was in that canister. It’s messing with his brain chemistry. He’s raging out. He’s lost all higher function like conscious thought. He’s...regressing into a basser state,” Stark explained hurriedly, scanning the abundance of medical equipment and drugs he saw in the cordoned off area that had once housed Blye.

“What is this?” Wade gaped, eyes glued to Joe as he continued to drool excessively, his eyeballs dancing around in his sockets, “a Treehouse of Horror episode?”

Knocking the last guy unconscious, Steve straightened up and fixed Daniels with a permeating stare as he lay slumped on the floor, having gotten the full whack of justice via his adamantium shield to the chest.

“It’s over. Whatever you were planning here today, failed. If you ever want to see the sun from anywhere but a cell ever again, you’ll answer my questions,” he paused, descending down on one knee to look the man right in the eyes, his tone sharpening, “first...why are you trying to assassinate Peter Parker?”

Before anyone could reply, the sound of sirens and revving car engines broke through the beat of silence, whirring loudly, approaching from all directions outside.

The cops would be flooding the place in seconds.

Wade watched as Spider Man began to walk backwards.

“Uh Cap I...I should probably get going. You got this, ri—”

“SPIDER MAN! WE KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE! YOU’RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF CIVILIANS OF NEW YORK CITY. COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!”
The three Avengers and Deadpool regarded one another in stunned silence, the dozens of unconscious bodies littering the floor around them.

“COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO TAKE YOU BY FORCE!”

[Kinky]

[Not funny! They’re trying to arrest Spidey!]

“Spider Man,” Stark spoke suddenly, trying to catch the younger man’s attention, “go. We’ll get this all straightened out, I swear. But in the meantime, get the hell outta here…don’t let anybody see you. The last thing we need is a city-wide man-hunt.”

It seemed the webbed-wonder didn’t need to be told twice. With barely a nod, he took off, swinging up to the now Deadpool-made sun roof and out of sight.

Hardly a second later, dozens of police officers broke through the door of the warehouse, scattering in all directions.

“It’s alright officers. We have it handled,” Rogers began in a calm tone, raising both his hands in a show of peace.

[I think that’s our cue to leave]

Quickly and covertly, Deadpool took off, weaving in and out of the crates that lined the warehouse and towards the back entrance, out into the alley that eventually led back to the road that he and Peter had parked at this morning.

That seemed like an eternity ago now.

Before he could fall too far down that particular rabbit hole, Wade forced himself forward, sheathing his kananas and taking off in a sprint, his athletic body proving to be handy as he scaled the opposite building neatly.

Unfortunately, it was only at the very last second that he noticed the police sniper that had set up shop on top of the adjacent building.

A bullet whizzed past his ear as he was suddenly jerked to the left and thrown against a wall, a heavy something pressing up tightly against him.

“Stay still!” a voice hissed in his ear.

“S-Spidey?” Wade gaped, starring down at the shorter man who looked quite dishevelled, his mask pulled half-way up to expose his jawline and mouth.

“They have me cornered. They—they’re shooting at me!” he was rambling, jittery body in constant movement as he tried to form a plan.

“I-I’m not sure it’s even the real cops,” he gasped, clearly disturbed at how aggressive the law-enforcement officers were being, “I—I need to get over there, but I can’t…lure them away.”

Wade, in all this time, was only half-listening, instead trying to figure out how to get them over to the escape route Spider Man pointed to. A small smirk spread across his face when it hit him.

“Do you trust me?” he asked before waving his hand dismissively, “on second thought, don’t answer
With that, he took Spider Man’s arm and dragged him towards the edge of the building, taking a pistol from nowhere and firing off some shots in the opposite direction to distract the cops, before leaping off the roof onto the fire escape of the neighbouring building and waving frantically at him.

“Come on! Before they see you!”

The sound of gunshots erupted behind him, but the web-slinger just focussed on jumping, landing adeptly beside the merc who then proceeded to pull him again by the arm and leap the final few feet off the fire-escape, down onto the ground.

They both landed heavily, tumbling, limbs akimbo, Spider Man on top of Wade.

Before they could even collect themselves, they heard the distant shouts of more police officers, approaching rapidly.

Brain buzzing a mile a minute, Spider Man leapt off Deadpool, pulling him up with ease, clawing at his mask until it was up around his nose, before shoving him towards the shadowy corner of the alley, pressing him against the stone wall.

“Hey what are you—oomph!”

Lips pressed roughly against his, cutting off whatever Wade was going to say.

For once, his boxes were completely silent. All he could feel, all he could see, all he could hear, all he could smell and all he could taste was Spider Man pressed against him, their lips joined, dead still.

Eyes fluttering closed, it was as if Wade’s mind and body were completely disconnected, his body on autopilot, his brain taking a break in the passenger seat as he opened his mouth and ran his tongue along the web-slings bottom lip.

A soft gasp escaped the shorter man, his shoulders tensing for a split second before relaxing.

Just when Wade was about to pull away, his brain moments from coming back online and freaking the fuck out, Spider Man pressed even further into him, opening his mouth wider, his hands coming up to clasp his shoulders, his fingers digging in almost painfully as his tongue met his.

Wade’s heart hammered so hard in his chest that it beat in his throat. His hand moved on its own accord, wrapping around the shorter man’s waist and pressing him even closer into him, their chests colliding roughly, the friction it created, so sweet…

It felt so…right. Every nerve ending in Wade’s body was on fire, but in the best possible way. It was complete sensory overload. It was stronger than the pain. He was finally kissing Spider Man! After years and years of fantasizing and day-dreaming and jerking off to the idea, it was finally happening!

And yet…

There was an underlined sensation of dread clawing in the depths of his stomach, breaking through his momentary feeling of elation.

It also felt…wrong.

[Because he’s not a cute bespectacled brunet, mayhaps?]

“I think I saw him go this way!” a voice shouted, it (and his boxes) the verbal equivalent of being
doused with a bucket of icy water.

With a startled jump, Deadpool broke the kiss, he and Spider Man gasping desperately into each other’s space, mouths still only inches apart.

“This isn’t right. It should be raining and you should be upside down.”

\[By\ that\ logic\ you\ should\ also\ be\ Kirsten\ Dunst\]

Those were the only words to come to mind, despite them not being the ones he had wanted to say. There were so many of those, so many ‘what the actual fucks’ and ‘am I dreaming’ and ‘have I died and gone to heaven’ but none of them could escape his throat because it was too stuck, a large lump forming, one that felt oddly like guilt.

He had nearly kissed Petey this morning.

And now he was capping off his evening by kissing Spidey.

\[Boo\ you\ whore\]

Spider Man on the other hand was now doing his best impression of a spider stuck in the bathtub, his jittery body bouncing about as if he were trying to move to several places at once.

“Public…public displays of affection make people very uncomfortable,” he gasped, as if that explained everything when really it just confused Wade more.

He took a step forward, “Spidey what—”

“I-I gotta go. The cops are everywhere looking for me. I gotta…I gotta…” he trailed off, his hand coming up to rub the back of his neck before his other shot out threw a web at the open dumpster.

The merc gaped, watching as the other man retrieved a back pack from it, pulling it harshly towards him and catching it.

\[Is\ it…beeping?\]

Before Wade could ask that very question, the Avenger took off without a backwards glance, sprinting off down the alley, keeping close to the walls and ducking into the shadows.

“Oh no. There’s no way I’m just letting him kiss and run. I ain’t that kinda girl!”

With that, Wade took off after him, his speed and agility proving him well as he fought to keep up.

He caught a glimpse of red and blue up to his right, ducking into a side-street.

The merc skid to a halt, forcing himself to take softer footsteps as he rounded the corner. He didn’t want to startle the Avenger, knowing that tensions were high enough after the whole, you know, being on the run from the cops who were trying to kill him and also just experiencing that mind-blowing if a little guilt-ridden kiss…

\[Wait\ up,\ is\ he\ stripping?\]

The mercenary’s eyebrows shot up as he squinted into the gloom, catching sight of Spider Man, who was, dare he believe it, actually stripping off his suit, rummaging through the backpack and pulling out a pair of jeans.
Wade was just about to contradict Yellow when Spider Man turned his head slightly to the right, basking the side of his face with the soft light of the street lamp.

His whole world ground to a screeching halt. It was if everything finally slotted into place. The last puzzle piece transforming the once blurry picture into a one thousand inch, high resolution, high definition image of what he had in some way always known.

He’d recognise those hazel eyes anywhere.

“Holy shit,” he gasped, hardly believing his eyes, “Peter Parker is Spider Man!”

[No shit, Sherlock]

This gargantuan chapter is dedicated to mytrexhasfleas for being wonderful :D

Surprised you didn’t dedicate it to Matt Murdock.

Oh, you’re just jealous.

That you binge-watched all of Daredevil, are crazy-obsessed with Rosario Dawson, and are in awe of Mister-I-see-like-a-bat-but-can’t-be-called-Batman? Puh-lease.

Don’t worry, Wade. You’re still my favourite.

Damn pan.

Pan?

Well, I’m not straight, so…

You seem to taking the news that Peter is Spider Man remarkably well.

And you seem to actually be a competent adult sometimes, when really you’re a giant child that’s far too obsessed with fictional characters. See? We’re all capable of hiding things.

I take it from your bitchy tone that you’re pissed.

The only bitch I am is Head Bitch In Charge.

In charge of what exactly?

Being pissed at Petey. Which I am and will be for a long time.

Uh oh. I can see the passive aggressive destruction already.

Let’s just say that I see a lot of squished spiders and caps being left off toothpastes in his future…
Meet The Parkers

You took your sweet-ass time updating.

I’ve been sick. I guess that affected my ability to properly get into the headspace to—

Bullshit. You’re still riding the crazy fangirl train since Oliver and Felicity hooked up on Arrow and are using it to fuel the flow of your supple creative juices.

Ugh. Why do you always pick the grossest ways to say things? And so what if I am? You can’t afford to judge me the way you ship yourself so hard with Spidey/Petey.

The way I USED to ship myself with Spidey/Petey. Or the ‘Spectacular Spider Man’ as he’s known now, apparently. Stupid, if you ask me. Nothin’ spectacular about him. Except maybe his lying ability. That’s pretty fucking spectacular.

Whoa. You really are pissed at him, aren’t you?

I ain’t gonna do your job for you, writer-lady. Show, don’t tell, and all that shit.

~*~

321 Days In The Future…

Wade Wilson was never the kinda guy to actively think about how he would die.

Mainly, because he couldn’t.

Not permanently anyway.

Ever since the Weapon X Program, death had become a foreign concept to him. It was something he flirted with on many occasions, both literally and figuratively for more years than he cared to remember, but it hadn’t been a solid, unflappable, real possibility in a very long time.

The thing about death, though?

There’s more than one kind.

Wade had forgotten that in between his brushes with the grim reaper, the dates he and Death had had together. It had dissipated from his mind somewhere in his moments of sanity and insanity, on the cusp of reality and fantasy over the thousand times he had passed over to the other side.

He knew, in some way, that every time he took a life, every time he watched the light fade from their eyes, that death was very real, at least for other people. Normal people. Just like he knew that every time he took a life, a part of himself, somewhere buried deep, deep down underneath all the bravado, all the smoke screens, a little part of him died too. Piece by piece…

His benevolence.

His empathy.

His humanity.
Dead. Dead. Dead.

And in its place grew something else entirely. Something that he needed in order to do what he did best.


Except, he still felt so much. Physically, mentally and emotionally. He just hid it well. Or not well at all, depending on who you asked.

In many violent, traumatic and gruesome ways, he had died. He had all those lovely encounters with the enchantress herself to prove it. But it never stuck. He always came back…in some way, shape or form. Not good as new, but as good as he could possibly get.

So it wasn’t an inevitability for him. It didn’t hang over him like a dark cloud, it didn’t plague him every moment of every day because even if his heart stopped, even if his head was chopped off…he always came back.

Always.

For him, there was no pearly gates or fire and brimstone. No ‘here lies Wade Wilson.’ No final resting place.

But that wasn’t the case for everyone.

In one way or another, everyone else would greet death for the first, last and only time.

Eventually.

Until all that was left, was him.

And it was that, that terrified Wade.

“Peter?! Peter stay with me! Don’t you dare close your eyes! Peter? Please don’t leave me…”

~*~

Present Day…

“It’s been two weeks and that’s all you’ve got?”

Tony and Steve fixed Peter with pointed stares.

“He’s pretty unflappable. I don’t think even a surprise visit from our Tall, Green and Angry friend would manage to shake him,” Stark remarked with a shrug as he knocked back his scotch, slamming the glass down onto the table with a loud clank.

Steve eyed him wearily before nodding, “he is a tough nut to crack.”

Peter rolled his eyes, pacing back and forth, fingers running through his already untidy hair, forcing it to stick up in every direction.

“Why not test that theory?”

Stark and Rogers exchanged a look.
“You want us to…sic The Hulk on Daniels?” Tony asked slowly, a deep line between his eyebrows.

“You realize why that would be a monumentally bad idea, don’t you son?” Steve asked, taking a step closer to the younger man.

“Well, nothing else has worked so far!” the brunet snarled, hazel eyes ablaze with frustration as he continued to pace back and forth, jaw clenching painfully.

“All that would achieve is more property damage. And I think I speak for everyone when I say, after last time, that’s exactly what we don’t need,” Cap responded calmly, but his worried gaze gave him away.

“What?!” Peter demanded as he registered the expression on the other man’s face.

Steve stood up, holding his hands out in what was probably meant to be a magnanimous gesture, but really just pissed Peter off more, “it’s just…you haven’t really been yourself lately, son. Are you…is everything okay?”

Let’s see. He was being hunted by some unknown force, his childhood home had been ransacked, his aunt had been terrorized and to top it all off, he was having some sort of internal crisis, a mental break or something because he willing shoved his tongue down Wade Wilson’s fucking throat. And liked it. He liked it so much that he was actively avoiding the Canadian for the last two weeks. So, no. Everything was not fucking okay. Not even slightly.

“Everything’s fine,” he responded, swallowing the rising lump in his throat and turning away from them again.

There was a beat of silence. Peter didn’t have to look to know that Stark and Rogers were exchanging yet another weighted glance behind his back like concerned parents.

Irritation spiked in the younger man’s veins. He wasn’t a damn child and he was getting fairly sick of being made feel like he was.

“Remember outside the warehouse, I said I saw something big, lit up inside like a Christmas tree?” Tony asked suddenly, clearly in an attempt to alter the shift of the conversation, to dissipate the tension.

Peter merely tilted his head a fraction to indicate he had heard him.

“Well, it was Blye,” Stark remarked with folded arms, “the guy is…he’s not doing so hot. Whatever Daniels injected him with, it’s messing him up big-time. Me and Bruce still have to do more tests to be sure what’s going on with him but…one thing is for sure. He doesn’t know the full picture. He doesn’t know who is running the show.”

“So we still have more questions than answers, is what you’re saying?” the younger man asked, his tone still hilted with a sharp edge as he leaned back against the pool table, running both hands through his hair.

“‘What I’m saying is,’” Tony began, stepping over to stand beside Peter, “‘is that we’re doing everything we can. We’ll get there, kid. It’s just gonna take some—’”

“I don’t know if you’ve noticed, Tony, but I don’t really have a lot of time!” the brunet interjected with a wave of his hand, “these people have already tried to kill me twice. They broke into my childhood home. The cops now think that Spider Man is a gun-wielding maniac and my aunt hides it well, but she’s freaked the hell out! I’m done waiting! I’m going to question Daniels myself…” he
trailed off, pushing past Stark and storming towards the doors.

“What makes you think he’ll answer Spider Man’s questions?” Steve called after him.

Peter halted in his tracks, glancing over his shoulder, “what makes you think I was gonna ask as Spider Man?”

~*~

“Take me to church, I’ll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies, I’ll tell you my sins so you can sharpen your knife, offer me my deathless death, good God let me give you my life…”

[Wow]

[Depressing much?]

[Who sings that song again?]

[The Irish kid with the man bun]

[So that’s why his hair is so big! It’s full of angst]

[Like the big guy here]

[He is being more of a sad sack than usual]

[Ever since he found out Petey is actually Spider—]

“Shut up.” Wade growled under his breath as he trudged down the sidewalk, hands shoved in his hoodie pockets, his unmasked face tilted down.

[I mean really, he should be psyched]

[His two huge crushes have converged into one]

[More efficient really]

“Oh yeah, finding out that the guy I…finding out that Petey has been lying to me this entire time is just fan-fucking-tastic,” the merc muttered under his breath, eyes narrowed as he watched a sickeningly-in-love couple in front of him make kissy faces at each other.

[He had to have his reasons]

[Secret identity reasons]

“That he obviously didn’t trust me enough with,” Wade snarled, “we’ve…we’ve known each other a hell of a lot longer than I thought. Years. And he…he’s not the guy I thought he was.”

[Looks like he hasn’t forgotten ‘The Incident’]

[Really? It gets its own quotations?]

[It’s the whole reason why he stopped crushing on Spidey. Why he left New York for six long months. Why he now feels shit for finding out that Petey and Spidey are one in the same. So…yeah. It gets its own quotations]

“He was right about me. What he said that night. Petey…Peter obviously still thinks that,” Wade said
softly, his tone tinged with dejection as he crossed the street and headed towards his favourite taco place.

[But he kissed you. Surely that’s gotta mean something?]

“Yeah. It means he went to the Natasha Romanoff School For Distracting Bad-Guys. ‘Cause that’s all it was. He was running from the cops. He was cornered. It was an evasion tactic. It’s like he said: public displays of affection make people uncomfortable.”

[Really? You’re going with that?]

[Are you forgetting that you were both wearing your suits at the time? Spider Man and Deadpool sucking face would surely draw more attention than your regular hiding in the shadows routine, no?]

The merc halted at those words, his blood pumping fast in his veins.

“What…what gives? Since when are you two nice to me?” he asked, eyes narrowed with suspicion.

[How he wounds us!]

[We’re not that cruel!]

“Past experiences beg to differ,” Wade replied smoothly, grabbing a shiny red apple from a cart outside a store and taking a large bite.

[Careful, Snow White. You wouldn’t wanna get poisoned]

[Not before finding out what the fuck is going down between you and the webbed wonder anyway]

[Then by all means, chow down on an arsenic avocado]

[A hemlock ham]

[A belladonna burrito]

[We could do this all day]

“And there it is,” the merc murmured to himself, announcing the return of the familiar dynamic as he took the final few steps towards the taco place, almost relieved that his boxes were back to their snarky selves.

When they were anything other than mean to him…it creeped him out.

And usually meant there was something very, very wrong.

“Wade?”

A familiar voice shook him from that foreboding line of thought. Slowly, Wade turned on the spot and braced himself for who stood behind him, offering him an attentive smile, her chestnut eyes shining bright.

“H-Hi, Mrs Parker. Fancy meeting you here…”

~*~
“I was wondering when you’d show up,” Lucas Daniels smirked from his perch on a bench in the customised cell within the depths of Avenger Tower.

“Well, seen as you and whoever you’re working for is so interested in me, I thought I may as well introduce myself properly,” Peter Parker remarked as he stepped up to the glass, taking a seat and resting his hands on his knees.

The older man stared at the younger for several moments, his dark eyes a gleaming steel, boring a hole into Peter’s hazel orbs. He didn’t blink however, didn’t flinch or turn away. He wanted to look this man in the eye, the man who had made it his mission to see him dead.

“I mean, you have been trying to kill me…way I see it, the least you owe me is a little one on one,” he shrugged, opting for an air of nonchalance.

A small smirk spread across Daniel’s face.

“Stark…Rogers…they care for you,” he murmured, “tell me, Mr. Parker. How is it that a broke graduate student managed to gain the attention of such…influential people?”

Peter folded his arms, leaning back a little in his seat.

“I’m not here to answer your questions, Mr. Daniels. You’re here to answer mine.”

There was a beat of silence where the older man nodded, seemingly mulling over those words.

“Is that so?” Daniels asked eventually, eyebrows rising, “well then, by all means…ask away.”

Peter’s orbs narrowed. He was no fool. He knew that it wasn’t that simple. The other man wasn’t going to make it a cake-walk, not after being interrogated by Captain America and Iron Man to no avail.

So…he’d start of easy.

“Did you like being in the army?”

Daniels’ head shot up. The brunet almost smirked with smugness. Bet he wasn’t expecting that.

“What has that got to do with anything?”

His voice was tinged with poorly-concealed anger.

Peter shrugged, “it’s just a question, Mr. Daniels. Call me curious.”

“Oh I’d call you more than that,” Daniels shot back before catching himself, schooling his incensed features into something more neutral.

Peter shifted in his seat, crossing his ankle over his knee and leaning on his elbows, his head tilted in a pensive expression.

“So you didn’t like the army. Your dishonourable discharge kinda answers that question, anyway. Tell me, do you like being a patsy? A fall guy?”

A stony silence met his words.

The brunet shrugged, “‘cause that’s what you are. You’re not the mastermind behind this. You’re just the right hand man. The guy that follows orders. You know…like the not-so-good soldier you
are…”

Daniels’ left eye twitched.

“I’m sure good ol’ Captain America already gave you the speech. You know the one. The merits of righteousness, duty, honour. Blah, blah, blah. I’ll spare you. ‘Cause I’m nice like that. Even to those who are trying to kill me. What can I say? It’s a character flaw,” he forced a laugh, winking at him, “but here’s the thing, Daniels. Your people went after my aunt. And that? That I can’t forgive.”

Peter stood up, fists clenched tightly at his sides as he stared down into the cell, his face practically pressed against the glass.

“So unless you wanna be cellmates with The Hulk, I suggest you start answering my questions. Who do you work for?”

Daniels sat back, a huff of laughter escaping his chest.

“You’ve got some balls, kid. I can’t say I got that impression of you from the recon. But you sure do talk the talk.”

Peter inclined his head, “you think I don’t walk the walk?”

A contemplative expression crossed Lucas’ face.

“Had you asked me that a week ago when all I’d seen was pictures of you? No. I wouldn’t have thought that you walk the walk. But…seeing you in person there’s…there’s just something about you. I…I get it now.”

The younger man’s jaw clenched.

“Get what?”

Lucas let his head fall back against the wall, his white teeth gleaming against the harsh light, the sharp hilt of his canines catching Peter’s eye.

“I get what Chenko sees in you.”

A soft gasp escaped the brunet against his will, the name ringing in his ears. A pit of dread rose in his stomach. Something was telling him that something wasn’t quite right.

It had all been too…easy.

Still, Peter was not one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Biting his lip, he drew a breath.

“And who is Chen—”

“Peter? Peter are you there? There are detectives here looking for you,” the voice of Professor Rickards’ assistant rang throughout the room, through the PA system.

A predatory smile spread across Daniels’ face.

“Guess that’s your cue, Mr. Parker.”

Peter glared down at the older man, fighting the urge to slam his hand against the glass.

“Don’t get too comfortable, Mr. Daniels. I’ll be back…” he growled before turning on his heel and
making his way out of the secured room.

“I look forward to it, Peter,” the assassin called after him, “I look forward to it!”

~*~

“Oh Wade, these are delicious!” May Parker hummed as she took another bite of her peanut butter and banana pancakes, grinning as the Canadian sprinkled some finely chopped chocolate chips over her plate.

“Well, you know what they say…if you’re good at something, never do it for free,” he winked.

[Man, that Joker is one smart guy]

[Well, Ledger’s one anyway. Can’t say the same about that idiot with ‘Damaged’ tattooed on his forehead]

[Damaged? Puh-lease. The only thing damaged about that guy is his fashion sense]

[That silver grill? Really? He makes Lil Jon look sensible]

“Of course. Sound advice,” May agreed with a nod of her head, “I will honour our agreement, Mr. Wilson. Don’t you worry. Now, sit. Eat,” she smiled, gesturing to the chair opposite her.

It had been an interesting afternoon for Wade, to say the least. There he was, just minding his own business, making his way to Sam’s Tacos, when who bumps into him, only Peter Parker’s aunt. Before he knew it, he was being invited back to the grad-student-come-arachnid-superhero’s childhood home for lunch and a chat. One thing led to another, and soon after devouring some homemade enchiladas, he found himself being charmed into giving the older woman his patented pancake recipe for dessert. It felt almost like some bizarro version of some movie where he was meeting his would-be in-laws for the first time. Except for the fact that he was no bumbling Ben Stiller and his would-be-fiancé was not actually a smoking hot Teri Polo, but a vigilante that was bitten by a radio-active spider and happened to be avoiding him like the plague thus you know, not actually being present.

Needless to say, it was all making it incredibly difficult for Wade to maintain his anger and frustration towards the brunet when he was spending time with the delightful woman who raised him.

“So Wade,” May began as he took a seat opposite her, tucking into his pancakes with thinly-veiled enthusiasm, “what’s going on between you and my nephew?”

The Canadian choked on several mouthfuls of pancake.

[Mayday, mayday!]

[This is not a drill!]

[Danger Will Robinson!]

“Uh, what…” Wade cleared his throat noisily, “what do you mean?”

The older woman fixed him with a quirked eyebrow and unimpressed downturn of her mouth.

“Don’t give me that,” she pointed an accusatory finger at him, “something happened between you two. Peter has been staying here with me for the last two weeks and any time I even mention a letter
Wade swallowed nervously, eyes darting all around the room.

His fingers had been itching towards the mask in his hoodie pocket for the last hour. It was hard for him to have his face exposed for this length of time, but something about this woman made him feel a little more at ease. Now though, with the sheer mention of Peter and what may have happened between them, got him all on edge again.

[Just tell her you and her darling boy sucked face]

[And you wanted to suck so much more]

[Until you found out he was the web-slinging vigilante that you’ve had so many sexual fantasies about in the last five years that you could paint your entire apartment with your dick juice]

[What’s the worst that could happen?]

“We…had a disagreement,” he murmured slowly, his brain bouncing all over the place, half-baked plans and sentences threatening to fall from his lips as he tried to formulate a coherent response, “it’s just…work stuff, you know. We’ll be fine.”

May folded her arms, her head tilted at an angle as she regarded the hooded man in front of her.

“A…work disagreement?” she asked, her tone suggesting that she didn’t believe him in the slightest, “that’s all it was?”

Wade couldn’t bring himself to meet her gaze, his eyes glued to the table as he nodded silently.

The older woman leapt up from the table suddenly, and if Wade were slightly less of an all-powerful-killing-machine, he would have jumped at the sudden movement.

“When Peter first came to live with my husband and I, he was a quiet little thing,” she began, her back turned to him as she rolled up her sleeves to wash the dishes in the sink.

“When Peter first came to live with my husband and I, he was a quiet little thing,” she began, her back turned to him as she rolled up her sleeves to wash the dishes in the sink.

“May let me—”

“Sit! Finish your pancakes,” she interrupted the merc’s attempt at politeness with her stilted words and pointed finger.

Mutely, Wade did as he was told.

[Whuh tsssh]

[That was the whipped sound, BTDubs]

[She has you wrapped around her little finger]

[Wonder if she knows Al?]

[If not, let’s never introduce them. Ever.]

“He barely spoke a word for the first two months he was here,” May was continuing as she scrubbed a pot, her tone wistful, almost as if she was talking to herself, “it took everything Ben and I had to pull him out of it…especially after Richard and Mary died.”
Wade’s heart jolted in his chest at those words, fork stopped half-way to his mouth.

[So Petey’s parents are dead]

[Have been since he was young]

[Poor kid]

[Why is it that every superhero’s origin story needs dead parents?]

[Are orphans particularly good at ass-kicking or…?]

[We’re technically an orphan]

[I’m not sure killing your own parent counts as tragic]

[Just fucked up]

[Guess we’re not superhero material, after all]

[Like that was ever a possibility]

“He just…he used to sit up in his room all day long, looking through microscopes and telescopes and anything science-orientated he could get his hands on. He already wanted to be like his father, make him and his mother proud. And they would be…they would be so proud of him, as I am, and as Ben was,” May paused, her shoulders sagging a little as she took a deep breath, moving onto a plate.

“When Ben died…Peter was so…angry. He wasn’t just withdrawn and quiet like he was when his parents died he was…furious. He blamed himself, couldn’t get over some demon that he never really told me about. I know they had a disagreement right before Ben…I don’t think Peter ever forgave himself for that,” she murmured, her voice tinged with an undercurrent of intense pain.

Wade stared at her back intently, wishing he could do or say anything to comfort the woman. She clearly had been put through the ringer. Had probably suffered more pain in the last twenty years than the average person would in their entire life. He could relate to that.

“After Ben…Peter changed. I—I don’t know how,” she paused, rubbing the back of her neck restlessly, “but he wasn’t the same old Peter. He became…someone else. Someone that he has been for a long time now. And I love him. I love him so much but sometimes…sometimes I worry. It’s…whatever it is that fuels him now, it’s a lonely life. That’s why I was so happy when he and Gwen —”

She broke off and Wade could see that she was fiercely biting her bottom lip.

“But she died too. And Peter…Peter was lost. For a long time. A darkness settled into him, a…hopelessness, almost like Gwen took all of his optimism, his joy, his vivaciousness with her when she passed. After a while, time began to heal him. Day by day he got better but…that spark that he had once, that light behind the eyes, that was extinguished…” she trailed off, turning around to face Wade finally, her dark orbs awash with unshed tears.

“But then I saw him with you,” she whispered so lowly that Wade had to lean forward to hear her, his heart hammering in his chest, “and—and I know it was only for a few hours but…Wade. When Peter is around you he…he lights up. Even when you two were arguing and snarking at each other, it was the most animated I can remember him being in a very long time. The spark was back,” she finished with a folding of her arms and a gentle nod, her eyes glued to the man at her kitchen table.
Wade remained rooted to the spot, feeling as if an invisible force was keeping him tied to the chair as her words sank in, seeping in through his skin and down into bone. Much like when Peter kissed him, his boxes were oddly silent, giving him a very temporary reprieve from their running commentary.

“So please…” May continued after a pause, walking towards him, “whatever it is that happened between you two…if you can…fix it. If he did you wrong, I don’t expect you to just forgive him but…please consider mending fences. Peter he’s—he’s as stubborn as a mule like his uncle and father before him, but I know he cares about you. A blind person can see that. So just…give him another chance?” she finished, biting her lip again, her eyes still shining bright, an ounce of hope creeping into them as Wade stared up at her.

With a nod, the merc stood up, making a movement as if to clutch her hand but suddenly thinking better of it.

May’s eyes cast down and slowly, she reached forward, clasping her fingers around his and squeezing ever-so-gently.

Wade stared at her, completely dumbfounded by her tenderness. A warmth spread within his chest, something he hadn’t felt in a long time, awakening in him. An echo, a whisper of a long forgotten childhood, a mother who hugged him like he was the most precious thing in the world and read him bedtime stories with warm milk, her voice soft and her smile bright.

[Ah, the mother-dying-of-cancer storyline and not the…other unpleasant maternal backstory]

[Writer-lady is being kind to us]

[Don’t expect that to last long]

After a moment, May smiled gently at him and began to speak, “now, time to honour our agreement, I think. I am a woman of my word. You shared your pancake recipe, so I have to hold up my end of the bargain. Just let me grab the photo album!”

~*~

It had been established over the last forty years that Tony Stark was not a patient man. Nor a patient child, nor a patient adolescent. It was just something that he, loath he admit it, was incapable of. He was used to a certain way of life, a certain luxury of getting what he wanted sooner rather than later, that years of growing up as Howard Stark’s son had afforded him.

“God damn it!” he growled as another test came back inconclusive.

“Language,” Bruce smirked, not looking up from his clip board as Natasha laughed and Steve rolled his eyes.

[WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! We interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to bring a SPOILER WARNING!]

[It’s not that much of a spoiler]

[Of course it is! That’s like saying that ‘bet you didn’t see that coming’ isn’t a spoiler! Are we even incorporating what happened in Age of Ultron?]

[Kinda. Not really. Writer lady picks and chooses what she wants]
“Let me guess, the tests were inconclusive?” Steve asked, tapping his chin, looking on the cusp of complete and utter boredom as he and Natasha played a game of hangman in between her sharpening her knives.

It had been a long day. Neither The Super Soldier nor The Spy wanted to be cooped up in the lab with their scientist-teammates but with Peter on the war-path and determined to fight the fight alone against Daniels, they had been reduced to waiting on test results. To say they were disgruntled would be the understatement of the century.

“I just…I have to be missing something,” Tony growled, “you get anything?” he asked, turning to Banner.

Bruce frowned down at his clip board, dark eyes scanning the charts, his brow furrowed.

“Maybe…” he murmured, before stepping over to one of the computers and pulling up some data.

“Okay,” he began, turning to his teammates, “on the left, are my brain waves when the big guy takes over,” he pointed at the cranium that was almost completely immersed in dark reds and oranges, “and on the right are Joseph Blye’s.”

Stark, Romanov and Rogers took a step closer to the monitor, respective eyebrows risen.

“They’re nearly identical,” Natasha remarked with surprise.

“The rage…it’s encapsulating,” Tony added, “does this seem really familiar to anyone else?”

Bruce gave him a weighted stare.

“No, no, not just Mr. Tall, Green and Angry,” he dismissed with a wave as he began to pace, “there’s…there’s something about this that’s ringing bells for me I just can’t—” Stark broke off suddenly, halting in his tracks.

Banner and Romanov shared a glance as Tony leapt towards the monitor and began typing furiously.

“Uh…care to share with the class?” his fellow scientist prompted with an intrigued tone.

Tony whipped around, his eyes alight with discovery.

“LK90!” he exclaimed as if they were just meant to understand what that meant.

“Gesundheit,” Natasha murmured smoothly, not looking up, continuing to sharpen her knife.

“Come again?” Steve asked, confusion marring his features.

“LK90,” Tony repeated with exasperation, “it was a…a serum, I suppose you’d call it. It showed signs of affecting people the way Blye has been affected. It was uncovered a while back, its origins unknown…the guys upstairs were working on it. Peter was working on it,” he emphasised, typing out a few more words into the computer.

“What are you doing?” Bruce asked, peering over his friend’s shoulder.

“Whoever dosed Blye, had to have had access to this serum in order to either replicate it or…steal it,”
Stark explained, “they had to be someone with high enough credentials to get close to it. As far as I know, only two people were working on it at the time. One being Peter.”

“So…” Steve began, catching onto what Tony meant, “you’re looking for who was working with him on it.”

“Give the guy a gold star,” the genius remarked sarcastically, still typing rapidly before suddenly coming to a halt, his fingers hovering over the keys.

“No that...that can’t be right,” he mumbled, confusion and frustration leaking into his tone as Bruce let out a noise of astonishment.

Steve and Natasha stared at the credentials that were now flashing on the screen, the latter tilting her head inquisitively.

“Who’s Edward James?”

~*~

Peter swung his wheeled chair back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. It had been over twenty minutes of this shit show, and his mind was slowly but steadily beginning to numb with sheer boredom.

“Are you listening to us, Parker?” the irritated voice of Detective Paul Cassidy broke through his haze.

“You tracked down Spider Man, he escaped, he is a maniac and now wanted fugitive that has threatened the lives of innocent New Yorkers and you want me to help you catch him. I miss anything?” Peter asked, leaning forward, resting his elbows on his knees, an air of exasperation about him.

“That’s the gist of it, Mr Parker,” Detective Shonda Beharie said, standing up out of the chair, “we are setting up a sting for this coming Saturday night. You are integral to its success. Can you handle that?”

Peter stared at her, his mind well and truly firing off synapses now as he struggled to think of a response.

The detective must have taken his silence as compliance however as she suddenly nodded with clear intent and headed towards the door, “we will be in touch with you before then to do a full run-down of the operation. In the meantime, do not go back to your apartment. Our officers have been keeping an eye on it and on your aunt’s residence, so you should be secure. But, to be safe, we recommend you don’t travel anywhere other than home and work for the time being…not until Spider Man is apprehended. Is that clear?”

Peter nodded, knowing that there was no point in his voicing again how ridiculous is was for them to think that it was actually Spider Man that was trying to off him. It had fallen on deaf ears the first dozen times, why would this be any different?

“Yes ma’am,” he elected to say instead, vowing to himself that he and the other Avengers would work out some way to get him out of this, but for the now, he was too preoccupied with getting back to questioning Daniels.

“So I go now? I really need to get back to work…”
Detective Beharie gestured to the door. Peter stood up and nodded at them both before leaving the room without a backwards glance, fast and steady footsteps echoing down the corridor.

Just when he thought things couldn’t get even more complicated.

At least things couldn’t possibly get worse…

It was that thought that rang in his ears as he made his way back down to the basement, towards the secured cell. He had gotten a name out of Daniels. Chenko. Now it was finally time to find out who the hell that was.

Taking a deep breath to steady himself, Peter entered the code to the security pad and pushed open the heavy door.

“Alright Daniels, time to tell me what the hell—”

The brunet’s words died in his throat as he stared at the assassin who was now kneeling down on the floor of the glass cell, looking intensely fierce and indomitable as his mouth began to foam, blood dripping from his eye sockets, leaving trails of crimson down his cheeks.

Immediately, Peter leapt towards the wall, hand pressing against a hidden panel, sounding the secret alarm connected to Tony’s private facilities only open to The Avengers, before racing over to the glass, entering the security code to open the door and storming towards Daniels.

“Don’t you dare die,” he yelled frantically, kneeling down and clasping Daniels by the shoulders, tilting back his head, grimacing when blood and saliva spilled onto his hand.

“Don’t you dare die, you bastard! Tell me who Chenko is! Tell me why they want me dead!” he roared demands at the dying man, trying to mask just how horrified he was, hoping against hope that Bruce got there in time to save the man.

Daniels stared up at him, his dark eyes classy and distant, as if he were looking at something, or someone that Peter couldn’t see.

With gasping breath, he opened his mouth a fraction, pulling on Peter’s shirt to weakly drag him closer to him, whispering into his ear, “schwäche von haltung wird schwäche des charakters,” before his entire body went limp, collapsing back onto the floor.

“I’m here, I’m here,” Bruce yelled as he ran into the room but Peter barely heard him, he instead transfixed on Daniels’ frozen eyes as they stared up into nothingness.

“It’s too late,” he whispered, heart hammering in his chest, “he’s gone…”

What was that he was saying about things getting worse?

“Oh Peter just had the cutest tushy in the whole world, didn’t he?” May Parker laughed heartily as she and Wade sat by the living room fire, flicking through the albums housing her nephew’s baby photos, stopping at one where the young toddler was in the bathtub.

[He still does]

{Only got better with age if you ask me}

“He would be so mad if he knew I was showing you these,” the older woman continued, nudging
Wade with her elbow as he had fallen oddly silent.

“What Petey doesn’t know won’t hurt him,” the merc remarked, a small smirk on his face as he came across what appeared to be a six year old Peter dressed up as Albert Einstein for Halloween.

[Besides, we’re entitled to keep some secrets from him]

[See how he likes it]

[Whoa…what do we have here?]

Wade’s non-existent eyebrows rose as he pulled out a picture from the back of the photo album of a very shirtless Steve Rogers, clad in tight black boxer-shorts, smirking seductively at the camera.

[I’d know that picture anywhere! Does Petey have an X-Rated Captain America calendar?!!]

[I don’t know if we should be jealous or impressed]

“Oh my!” May exclaimed suddenly, sounding a mixture of surprised and embarrassed.

One look at her face told Wade that it wasn’t Peter who was the proud owner of such a calendar.

“I, um, have no idea how that…” she trailed off, snatching the picture from him and shoving it under a book on the table, all while expertly avoiding his gaze.

An awkward beat of silence descended on the pair before Wade let out a snort of laughter.

“Hey, no judgement from me. Cap is one fine piece of ass,” he retorted jovially, nudging her gently with his elbow, much like she did to him only moments before.

Another beat passed before she erupted with laughter, clutching his arm as she gasped out breaths.

“That he is, sweetheart. That he is!”

[You ever notice that Johnny Storm looks uncannily like Cap? The old Johnny Storm. Not the new guy. He’s a basketball player]

[No. Michael Jordan is a basketball player. It’s Michael B. Jordan that’s Storm]

[Either way. He’s hot. Ha ha, get it? ‘Cause he’s The Human Torch]

[Ground-breaking]

The two continued to giggle like two school-children for several minutes before May collected herself, dabbing at her eyes, an indistinguishable expression on her face as she turned to her house guest.

“So Wade do you have a…special someone?”

“You mean a someone who poses half-naked for me in photographs?” Wade asked before he could stop himself.

Instead of being horrified, the elder woman only laughed even heartier.

“Unfortunately I think even if Captain Rogers would pose for such a picture, it wouldn’t be for me,” she smirked before sighing, “but yes, a someone like that. Do you have one?”
Wade bit his lip, wondering how to answer such a question.

{We could go with the truth}

{That’d be a first}

{Or even a half-truth}

{Something tells me there’s no point in full-out lying to this woman anyway}

“There is…someone. But we’re not…we’re not together,” he replied quietly, staring down at his clasped hands, his scarred skin turning ghostly white as he squeezed them so hard he cut off their blood supply.

“Do you want to be with them?” she asked gently, lowering her head to try and catch his eye, her hand coming to fall atop of his, coaxing him to release his grip.

“I’m not sure he’s who I thought he was,” Wade responded without thinking, his eyes widening as it dawned on him what he just admitted.

If May was shocked by the male pronoun, she didn’t let on.

“And are you who he thinks you are?”

That question surprised him. He took a moment to mull over her words.

{Of course we are! We’ve always been straight up with Spidey and Petey}

{Just not as straight as he’d like us to be, sometimes}

{Although lately, Petey seems to kinda like our not-straight times too}

{He was totally gonna kiss us}

{And then he did!}

{Ugh those soft, kissable lips…}

{Wait…what was the question?}

“I…there are some things he doesn’t know about me. Some things that hardly anyone knows about me. But…but he does know me. Probably better than I’ve let anyone ever know me. Especially lately. But he…he didn’t extend the same courtesy to me. He—he lied about something pretty big. Well, lied by omission, anyway. And he’s still lying about it and I—I don’t know if I can forgive that,” words were just cascading from Wade like waves as May intently listened.

She shuffled a little on the couch, her brow furrowing as she thought of what to say.

“He probably has his reasons for not being one hundred per cent open with you, Wade,” she began, her tone holding an air of knowingness, a wisdom that he could only ever dream of having, “but that doesn’t mean he will never try and tell you as much as he can. The key is patience and willingness to take whatever the other person can give.

“Take it from someone who has been married for over thirty years. The whole ‘knowing someone better than you know yourself’ shtick is just that, shtick. It’s not reality. You can never know anyone one hundred per cent. Life is about discovering more and more about the person you love every
single day and if you’re lucky, you’ll learn ninety per cent about what makes them, them by the time you come to the end of your life. That ninety per cent that they choose to share with you in that time is what’s important. You shouldn’t get hung up on the ten percent that is just for them,” she finished, patting his hand gently.

The merc stared down at their hands for a moment before slowly raising his gaze to meet hers.

“But what if what he’s kept from me adds up to more than ten per cent?”

May smiled softly at him, squeezing his hand one more time.

“Then I say: screw math. If you really care about this man, and by the sound of it, you really do, then you gotta ask yourself: what’s more important? This thing that he has kept from you, or you both finding a way to get passed it so you can both be happy?”

[Whoa]

“And besides,” May continued with a little shrug, “like I said before, who knows. Just because he hasn’t told you the big thing yet, doesn’t mean he never will. Maybe all you have to do is give him some time.”

[This woman should have her own talk-show]
[Move over Ricki Lake]
[Stand aside Dr. Phil]
[May Parker is comin’ to town!]

“I see trees of green, red roses too, I see them bloom, for me and you. And I think to myself, what a wonderful world…”

The honeyed tones of Louis Armstrong wafted through the late-evening air from the radio placed on the kitchen counter top.

“Oh I haven’t heard this song since before Ben…” May lamented softly, the rest of the sentence sticking in her throat as the flickering of the fire shadowed her eyes sadly, “we used to dance to it all the time…”

Wade listened to the lyrics for a beat before offering his hand out to her.

“Mrs Parker, may I have this dance?” he asked with a small smile, a warmth spreading in his chest as she instantly took his hand.

“You may, Mr Wilson,” she grinned as they both stood up, he placing his other hand on her back while she rested her other on his shoulder, they beginning to softly sway.

“The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night. And I think to myself, what a wonderful world…”

~*~

19:00. UNKNOWN LOCATION.

Two figures stood beside a large, black SUV, staring out into the night gloom.

“Sir…the subjects are getting worse. I think it’s time that we call in the bigger guns,” Agent Maria
Hill said firmly as she folded her arms, coming to stand slightly closer her boss.

“Stark will be pissed,” Former-Director Nick Fury replied, lighting up a cigar, “almost makes me wish we called them in sooner, just to see the look on his face,” he finished with a smirk, taking a long drag.

“Pissed or not, his expertise is needed,” Hill responded, staring at the data now flashing up on her phone.

“And the others, they’ll be needed too,” he nodded, gesturing to the screen. “Romanov and Barton on recon, Banner on research with Stark, Thor can have a chat with that all-seeing friend of his and Cap can do what Cap does best…keep them all in line.”

Maria typed into her phone before pocketing it.

“And what about Parker, Sir?”

Fury tilted his head, exhaling enough smoke to form a large, dark cloud around them.

“Parker can handle himself. And besides, I hear Wilson is cosying up to him, if Coulson’s intel is anything to go by.”

The agent frowned, wondering if she heard him correctly.

“Wilson, Sir? Is that…really a good idea?”

Nick shrugged, stubbing out the cigar and turning to her.

“They’re grown men, Hill. Who am I to tell them what they can and can’t do? Or who, for that matter. Now get Stark on the phone. Let’s get this over with…”

~*~

“No. No way!” Peter Parker exclaimed loudly as he paced back and forth in the lab, shaking with barely-controlled vehemence.

“It makes sense, Peter. Eddie worked alongside you on the LK90 experiments. If you had have continued with the research, you would have exposed his plot to steal it and do god knows what with it. Clearly dosing people like Blye was on the cards. It all fits,” Tony Stark was trying to reason with him, following his pacing with beady eyes.

“That’s bullshit and you know it!” the younger man spat, whirling around at his boss, his eyes ablaze with anger.

“You have absolutely no proof that Eddie had anything to do with this! I know him, Stark! He wouldn’t ever do anything like—”

“He hasn’t shown up for work today. Or yesterday. Or the day before,” Stark cut across him, his tone razor sharp, yet his eyes seemed hollow, as if he didn’t want to believe his own words, “when Clint dug into him, his records, financials…he’s in serious debt, Peter. His student loans alone mount up to over a hundred thousand dollars. But if he were to steal the LK90 and its tech—”

“And is there any indication that anything has been stolen? The serum or the tech?” Peter interjected bitingly, jabbing a finger at Stark.

“Jarvis is doing inventory as we speak,” Tony responded with a wave of his hand, “Clint and
Natasha left a while ago to go to pick Eddie up at his place. At the very least, we need to ask him some questions.”

Peter shook his head in disbelief, glaring at Tony before turning to Bruce.

“And you by all this, do you?”

Banner had the decency to look more than a little sheepish.

“Hey, I’m of the opinion of innocent until proven guilty. I hope we’re wrong. Eddie is a good kid. I helped recruit him,” he shrugged, turning back to his notes and breaking eye contact.

Peter continued to stare at him for a moment, before jumping back into motion.

“Okay, I’ll bite. Let’s just say for the argument’s sake that somehow Eddie is Chenko. Or at least someone working with Chenko. Then who poisoned the dead guy lying on a slab in our basement? You said Eddie hasn’t been here in a few days. So who could have gotten to Daniels?”

Stark and Banner shared a glance before Rogers piped up for the first time, clearing his throat.

“He could have had a cyanide capsule on him that we missed. We won’t know for sure until Bruce finishes the autopsy.”

Before anyone could comment on that, the shrill tone of a cell phone broke through the tension-filled air.

With a nod, Stark took out his phone and stepped away from them, just as Clint and Natasha made their way into the room, towards them.

Peter whirled around to meet them, staring frantically between the two.

“James is not at home. We’ve checked all his usual haunts, his parents’ house, his friend’s houses… looks like he hasn’t been seen or heard from in over two days,” Romanov remarked with folded arms as Barton took a breath.

“Which leaves us with two options,” he began, staring intently at Peter, “he has either skipped town, or he’s missing…”

Peter gaped at him, not believing the words that were coming out of his mouth.

This couldn’t be happening…

Before anyone could breathe, Stark made his way back into the room, looking stricken.

The youngest team member frowned at him as he met his gaze, his expression, for once, appearing apologetic.

“I’m sorry, kid. That was Fury. Something big is goin’ down and he needs us immediately.”

Peter’s mouth dropped open.

“He can’t be serious! Does he know somebody is trying to kill me? I can’t just up and leave my aun —”

“Not you, kid. He just needs the rest of the team. You gotta stay here,” Tony cut across him lowly, the words practically having to be pulled from him, a look of discomfort etched onto his face.
Peter looked at each of his team members in turn, astonished by the news.

Where was Thor when you needed him? At least he would share in his overwhelming sense of frustration at the circumstances. Like his adopted brother, he always had a flair for the dramatic, that son of Odin.

~*~

“Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you. Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you. But in your dreams, whatever they be. Dream a little dream of me…”

Peter frowned as he heard the dulcet tone of Mama Cass wafting from the kitchen as he got home, bone tired and weary from one hell of a bad day.

“What the…?” he muttered under his breath as more than one shadow caught his attention from the living room.

Spidey senses not picking up any danger, he was still on guard as he neared the door, edging it open quietly and gaping at the sight that greeted him.

There, right in front of him, were his aunt and none other than Wade Wilson, dancing together, swaying back and forth, Wade twirling May around as she laughed, throwing her head back with glee. Peter found himself transfixed by this, surprised at how her eyes were alight with mirth. It was only the booming laugh that managed to break his trance though, re-focusing his attention on the merc.

Wade seemed more carefree than Peter could ever remember seeing him. His hoodie was down off his head, gone completely in fact, his face, neck and arms entirely exposed, his scarred skin illuminated by the embers of the fire as he wore just a white T-shirt and jeans. He didn’t seem to mind though, as he continued to twirl his aunt around and around, his entire body moving fluidly, he clearly having some skill in dancing.

The brunet found himself staring intently at the other man’s body, watching as the muscles contracted and expanded, contracted and expanded. A heat pooled in his stomach, the same heat that he had been actively ignoring for the last two weeks, every time his mind tried to cast back to the moment where he went temporarily insane and kissed Deadpool.

Peter bit his lip as he tried to stamp down the desire that was rising in his chest to go over to Wade and do just that all over again. Damn the consequences…

“Peter! You’re home!” May’s sudden exclamation snapped him from his reverie, startling him.

“Uh…hi,” he mumbled lamely, rubbing the back of his head, avoiding eye contact with both of them.

He could feel Wade’s gaze on him, the merc now standing stock still, his hands in fists at his sides.

Peter knew it would be awkward seeing him again after what happened. It was mostly why he had been avoiding him for the last two weeks, but what he didn’t anticipate was how his heart sped up rapidly in his chest and his palms began to sweat.

Pull yourself together, Parker. You’re not a twelve year old girl with a crush on her teacher for fuck’s sake!

“Wade here is quite the dancer,” Aunt May was saying with a smile, “he’s been helping me get back
into the swing of things. Literally!” she laughed at her joke, before her eyes averted to something on the couch, her expression growing sheepish.

Peter followed her gaze and was horrified by what he saw.

“Are those my baby pictures?!” he exclaimed, a flush rising in his cheeks as his eyes found Wade’s.

“Peter Middle Name Parker, are you blushing?!”

The younger man glared at him as he chortled, folding his arms across his wide chest, his biceps flexing.

Which is something Peter absolutely did not notice.

“I’m…I’m going to take a shower,” he opted to say instead of latching onto Wade’s bate.

He didn’t wait for a response before bolting up the stairs and into the bathroom. Closing the door with a snap, he leaned over and turned on the shower before sitting down on the toilet seat and pulling out a fleshly bought burner-phone.

He had formulated a plan on his way home. Since Fury had spirited away the rest of his team mates, whether he liked it or not, he now needed Deadpool’s help to try and track down Eddie and get to the bottom of the whole Chenko situation once and for all. So he bought a burner phone from the store a block away and was now putting the next part of his plan into motion, his thumbs tapping away at the buttons.

He’d have to be careful sneaking out. The police detail was still out front of the house, watching. While it did wonders for his peace of mind that his Aunt May would be safe while he was gone, it didn’t make things any easier on him to try and implement a meet with Deadpool.

Still, he had to try.

His, his aunt, and probably Eddie’s life depended on it…

~*~

Wade stared down at his cell phone for the fifth time in the last ten minutes. He had almost had a heart attack when he had read the message for the first time twenty minutes ago, and still, even now, the words erupted a frantic sense of unease in him.

Deadpool, it’s Spider Man. I need your help. I’m in trouble. Can’t go into more detail here. Meet me where we first met five years ago. The lives of innocent people depend on it. If that doesn’t interest you, I’ll pay you. Either way, please come. Please.

Needless to say, Wade had made his excuses to May and quickly left the Parker residence.

He couldn’t help but wonder how Peter was managing to escape from the house without using his Spidey-powers and with a police detail right out front. Colour him curious. So he made his way downtown, heading towards the familiar building where he had met the web-slinger so long before. Sam’s Tacos.

Scaling the building was always going to be the easy part. It was the waiting around that was slowly killing him. He knew it would be difficult seeing Peter again after everything that had happened, after everything that he had learned. He had agonized every night for two weeks straight about how
he would feel when he was in the same room as him again and honestly, he was annoyed with himself.

Because he wanted to be pissed at him.

He wanted to be childish and petty and bitter.

But all he was, was yearning.

Seeing Peter in the flesh again brought back all the feelings he had felt that night, they all rushing through his veins at once, like a shot of adrenaline.


“Thanks for coming,” a very familiar (seriously, how did he never notice that before?) voice wafted through the gloomy, night air.

“Well, when you get a mysterious text out of the blue, it’s kinda hard to ignore…especially if it’s from the guy that stuck his tongue down your throat the last time you saw him.”

[Wow, okay. We’re going there already?]

[What? Petey’s the only one that’s allowed have any fun fucking with the narrative?]

[Good point]

Wade smirked as he saw Peter misstep, faltering a little before straightening, smoothing out his suit.

Clearing his throat, Spider Man rubbed the back of his neck. Another familiar gesture.

[Seriously. How did the big guy not connect the dots sooner?]

[It’s so goddamn obvious!]

“I…I’m sorry about that. It uh…wasn’t cool to just spring that on you. Consent is important and…I uh, I shouldn’t have just kissed you like that. I panicked and I’m sorry,” he replied, his tone utterly sincere.

Wade folded his arms, tilting his head at him.

Peter shuffled his feet nervously, clearly uncomfortable at the other man’s continued silence.

“I promise next time I’ll ask your permission,” he laughed before halting, as if just realising what he said.

“I—I mean—”

“I’ll hold you to that, Spidey,” Wade winked, zipping up his hoodie and shoving his hands in his pockets. “So, not that this awkward flirting isn’t adorable as hell and all but, care to fill me in on why I’m really here?”

Peter seemed relieved to have something else to focus on and immediately launched into what was going on and what he had missed today.

Wade tried to not grow frustrated as Peter continued to omit pivotal details from his account. As far as he could gather, he was saying that he (Spidey) was there today when Daniels was killed and he
(Peter) was in even more danger now that his (Peter’s) colleague was missing. And he (Spidey) couldn’t do much about it because he (Spidey) was now considered a fugitive for allegedly trying to kill him (Petey) and other New Yorkers. The police even being so convinced of this that they were now setting up a sting on Saturday to catch him (Spidey).

[Wow. This whole Spidey/Petey thing is gonna get confusing]

[Makes me almost wish the big guy could go back to thinking they are two different people]

“Okay so, what you’re saying is, now that the rest of wonder-team have bailed on you to do fuck knows what for Fury, you’re what…calling in the last resort?” Wade couldn’t help but ask, his tone laden with bitterness.

Peter took a step forward, holding up his gloved hands, “no, no Wade. That’s not it. I—look, I know things haven’t been…great, with us, not in a long time but…I really do need your help. Peter is in danger. So is his aunt and probably Eddie James. I can’t do this alone, not with the cops thinking I’m some sort of murdering maniac—”

“I couldn’t possibly imagine how that feels,” the merc interjected with heavy sarcasm, eyes checking out his cuticles nonchalantly.

“I know you know how it feels…it’s one of the reasons I wanted to talk to you. To…fix things between us. To apologize. You…you deserve better, Deadpool. I’ve been beyond shitty to you, longer than two weeks ago. And I don’t deserve your help, not after everything that happened last year. But I’m asking you to do this for Peter. For his aunt. For anyone else that this Chenko person may hurt with the LK90. Please,” he finished, his fingers itching towards his mask.

That prompted Wade to speak up, despite his heart being in his throat at the brunet’s pleading.

“As for the cops gunnin’ for ya, you could just walk around without the mask. That way, you won’t be recognised. Hell, you may have been a while back, but technically, as of now, you don’t even look like you,” he shrugged, gesturing in the vague direction of his face.

“What?” Peter asked, his tone tinged with confusion.

“You’ve been re-cast, dude.”

[As an ACTUAL teenager, too. Not a thirty-something playing sixteen]

[Makes us feel dirty]

[Asia Buttercup is a weird ass name, too]

[Asa Butterfield]

[That’s what I said]

“I—I don’t know what that means,” Peter replied slowly, “but I…I have an identity to protect. I can’t put my loved ones in danger by exposing who I am. Nothing means more to me than protecting them.”

“Not even the city you love?” the merc couldn’t help but ask.

The superhero seemed hesitant, nervous.

“Protecting this city is my job. My loved ones are my life. I—I’ve experienced first-hand what it’s
like to lose someone I care about to this job. I never want to go through that again. So, no. Exposing my identity, fighting crime like Tony Stark or Steve Rogers or you…that’s not an option for me. Ever.”

Wade’s heart panged painfully in his chest at the brunet’s words. He remembered what May had told him, all the tragedy that Peter had gone through in his short life. Losing his parents, then his uncle, then Gwen.

At least part of him could see why he still chose to fight crime from behind the safety of a mask.

He decided at that moment, that at least for now, he’d cut the guy some slack.

“All right then, Spidey. I’m in. What’s the plan?”

~*~

A large, discoloured droplet dripped from a leaky water pipe, down onto a dirty, gravelled floor. A hunched figure tied to a chair stared at the droplet, his dark eyes shifting nervously from it to around the sparse room.

Any second now…

“And how are we this evening, Mr James?” a disembodied voice wafted from the shadows, startling the man in the chair.

He gave up trying to respond long ago, the gag in his mouth preventing him from doing so.

Surprisingly however, the owner of the robotic voice drew nearer to him than ever before, a gloved hand reaching out and pulling the gag down from around his mouth so he could speak.

“Please, why are you doing this?” Eddie asked, hating the hilt of desperation in his tone.

It had been nearly three days now since he was abducted from outside his apartment on his way to work. He desperately hoped that someone, anyone was looking for him, although a bit of despair was steadily rising from the depths of his stomach.

Most of his family lived on the other side of the country, his parents on a round-the-world trip for the last two months and his sister being deployed in Afghanistan. As for friends, his roommate Monty was so stoned most of the time that he would hardly notice if he himself was abducted let alone Eddie, and Peter, his work friend, had been oddly distracted lately. He had also told his colleague that he hadn’t been feeling well so everyone there would probably presume that he was sick.

So really, odds were that nobody was looking for him.

That sickening sense of dread rose ever higher in his gut.

“Oh Eddie, no, no. You misunderstand. You won’t be asking the questions here. I will,” the voice continued, its mechanical manner more than a little unnerving.

Despite it being an obvious voice-modulator, something about it rang familiar with Eddie. Even being terrified, he couldn’t help but ignore that gut feeling. The curiosity.

“Who are you?” he croaked, not caring that he was asking another question.

A haunting laugh erupted from the figure as they suddenly stepped into the light, it harsh and bright
like that of a flashlight being directly shone into someone’s eyes.

Squinting, the scientist fought to catch a glimpse of the person’s face. When he did, his whole world ground to a screeching halt.

“You can call me Chenko…” a very ordinary and even more familiar voice murmured as the voice modulator was disconnected from the neck and dropped onto the ground, it falling with a clatter at Dr. Selena Rickard’s feet.

----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

DUN DUN DUN! Holy plot-twist-radioactive-man! Another huge chapter to apologise for the long wait. Hope you enjoyed! As always, thanks to MyTrexHasFleas for being amazing in all her advice. Go read her stuff, it’s amazing!

Hot as fuck too. Especially that Mitchers fic.

Yep! And now they can totally get married in Ireland, too!

If they weren’t…you know…fictional.

Don’t ruin my fun, Wade or so help me, you and Petey won’t have a Winter Wedding!

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

“Why am I really Watson, though? And don’t say it’s ‘cause I’m short or I swear to God—”

“Because I’m the protagonist in this story, Peter. That’s why,” the merc retorted, arms folded.

“Everyone is the protagonist in their own story, Wade.”

“Wow Petey, that was very profound. You should write greeting cards.”

[Or be a motivational speaker]

[‘How to lie to someone’s face about everything and anything in 3 easy steps’]
Sorry for the slow update guys. I had quite a busy few weeks with my cousin’s wedding in Spain, organising my parents’ 40th wedding anniversary party and—

_Binge-watching Sense8 and Orange Is The New Black._

That too, not gonna lie. Man, Netflix are just killin’ it!

_Yeah, they’re killin’ it so hard they’re puttin’ me outta business._

You’ll never be outta business, Deadpool. Someone will always need uh…what do you call it…un-aliving?

_Yeah. It’s just a nicer word, don’t ya think?_

I suppose. But you’re still kill—

_Shh. No more of the K word, please. It’s kinda like Beetlejuice that way._

What, you say it three times and turn into Michael Keaton?

_Yep. Michael Keaton as Batman._

Could be worse. You could turn into George Clooney as Batman.

_Beware the bat-nipples!_

~*~

“Don’t be ridiculous, Peter. Wade is our guest——”

“Then he can take my bed and I’ll take the couch!” Peter interjected over his aunt’s protest, eyes darting over her shoulder towards the living room where the merc was patiently sitting, hands folded on his lap in a dignified manner.

Peter’s eyes narrowed. Something was going on with Wade ever since they saw each other again after two weeks apart. He couldn’t figure out what it was, but he was determined to.

“I don’t understand what the issue is, Peter. You used to have sleepovers all the time with Harry—“

“When we were kids, Aunt May. Wade and I are adults——”

“Exactly,” May smiled, “which means that you’re more than capable of sharing a bed without any mishaps. Or should I be expecting pillow fights at dawn?”
“Har, har,” Peter murmured sarcastically, rubbing the back of his neck before sighing.

“Good boy,” May smiled before pushing her nephew towards the stairs, “now you go fix up your room.”

Peter stared at her in exasperation.

“I’m an adult,” he grumbled under his breath as he climbed the stairs.

“I know, sweetheart. I know.”

With that, she turned on her heel and made her way back into the merc who was now offering her his best smile.

“Peter is just getting the room ready,” she explained with a wave of her hand, “I’m so glad you decided to take me up on my offer, Wade. Did you finish that errand you had to run?”

The Canadian nodded, “oh yeah. My friend just had to…swing by for a sec. It’s all good now.”

It had been two hours since his rooftop rendezvous with Peter/Spider Man. He had allowed the webbed wonder time to get back home and pretend to be just exiting the shower before he made his entrance into the Parker household. The matriarch had graciously invited him back after he ‘ran his errand’ and before Wade knew it, he was being strong-armed into staying the night.

[Strong-armed? More like limp-wristed]

[You gave in immediately]

[The words ‘Wade would you like to stay the night’ were barely out of her mouth before you grabbed your Captain America Onesie]

[I wonder how Cap would feel if he knew that his face is all over the big guy’s body]

[And junk]

[Those boxers were the best Christmas present ever]

[But not as good as fucking with Petey’s head]

[That’s gonna be so much better]

[And they say Christmas only comes once a year]

[Well, like Denise Richards in that movie, it’s coming twice]

“Roll on the mind-fuckery,” Wade murmured under his breath as his eyes followed Peter’s aunt from over the rim of his tea cup.

[Remember, pinky out!]

[We want to make a good impression]

The mercenary stuck out his pinky finger as he sipped his tea, smirking wryly as the older woman regaled him with plenty of embarrassing stories about her nephew.

He had decided after their conversation on the rooftop (and with the critical background-information
he was plied with via May) that while he could not completely forgive Peter’s secrecy and
subsequent lies, he could somewhat understand their necessity and would thus, not be too hard on
the younger man.

[Better not sit on him, so]

[That near-constant erection you have for him would definitely qualify as hard]

[Dwayne ‘The Rock’ Johnson’s abs are softer]

[Matthew McConaughey’s accent is softer]

“So there he was, dressed as a bumblebee, pants down around his ankles, standing in the middle of
the stage like a deer caught in headlights!” May laughed, dabbing at her eyes as she pottered around
the living room clearing up from their tea, “second grade was a tough time for him after that.”

[Have we mentioned how much we love Aunt May?]

[‘Cause we do]

[A whole bunch]

[The woman is a goddess among men for these stories alone]

“I think the kids even called him Pee Wee Parker for a while…” May mused to herself thoughtfully,
tapping her chin.

“It was Pee Bee Parker and thanks so much for making me relive it, Aunt May,” Peter’s sarcastic
tone wafted into the room.

Wade looked over the rim of his cup and was delighted to see the patented blush inflaming his
cheeks.

[Who knew Spidey was such a blusher?]

[Who knew that would be such a turn on?]

[Hot damn]

“I wouldn’t be fulfilling my proud parent duties if I didn’t embarrass you, sweetheart,” May retorted,
patting her palm against his face before crossing the room and leaning down to Wade, kissing him
gently on the cheek.

“Now, time these old bones got to bed. I’ll leave you boys to it. Goodnight, Wade. Sleep tight. Look
out for Peter’s sharp knees, if I remember anything from when he was young, is that he sure can kick
in his sleep.”

“Aunt May,” Peter groaned in exasperation, but it fell on deaf ears as the woman just smiled at him
and waved before making her way upstairs.

“That woman is a menace,” the brunet lamented as he took a seat opposite Wade, snatching up a
cookie from the plate on the table and taking a large bite of it.

“She’s a menace that loves you very much. You’re lucky to have her,” Wade found himself replying
without any real reason to.
“I am lucky to have her,” Peter agreed with an inclination of his head, his eyes still averted.

And that was another thing. Not once, since he got here, had Peter actually directly looked at Wade. The mercenary mused that he had his reasons not to, the whole sticking his tongue down his throat thing being the top reason obviously, but it still didn’t mean that it didn’t bother him. He liked Petey’s eyes. They were so…expressive. And now knowing they were what lay under that mask?

A shudder ran through his body at the sheer thought.

“You cold?” Peter asked, clearly paying the other man enough attention that his shiver didn’t go unnoticed.

“Nah, I’m good,” Wade waved off the notion before leaning forward, elbows on his knees as he fixed the brunet with a calculating stare, “so…you were in that shower a long time.”

“Oh so the mind-fuckery begins now, huh?”

“No time like the present”

Peter shrugged, “what can I say? I like cleanliness.”

“You must have been pretty dirty then,” the merc conceded, “your Aunt May had enough time to tell me all about your adorkable elementary school years and I had time to run my errand and make it back before you even stepped outta the bathroom…” he trailed off, before smirking, “I bet your ass is so clean you could eat off it.”

The brunet swallowed deeply, his dark eyes narrowing, a flash of steel illuminating them.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Ooh fiery! Spidey’s got some spunk”

“We knew this”

“We could use it to our advantage”

“Knock the little shit down a peg or twelve”

“Two can play that game”

That thought barely had time to flitter into his brain before Wade was opening his mouth and replying, “yeah actually, I would like to know.”

Peter’s eyebrows shot up his forehead, his lips separating slightly as a tiny gasp escaped him.

“You…you wanna know if my ass is clean enough to eat off of?” he breathed, eyebrows knitted
Wade nodded his head, both in response to White’s challenge and to Peter’s query.

“Sure, Petey. Who wouldn’t? You have the second finest ass in all of New York city, after all,” he smirked, munching on his ninth cookie in an hour.

Wade let out a laugh, slapping his knee, “Spider Man! Duh! Have you seen that ass? You could bounce quarters off that thing…” he paused before leaning a little closer, his knees actually touching Peter’s now (damn they were sharp), “is that jealousy I see, Mr. Parker?”

Another flush crept across the brunet’s face as he sat back in the chair, his knees moving away from Wade.

“What? No! I just—can we stop talking about asses now?”

Wade’s smirk grew larger.

“Sure thing, Petey. Change of subject…let me see…” he tapped his chin, pretending to wrack his brain before snapping his fingers, “oh! I should totally tell you about the errand I had to run. It’s a doozy!”

The younger man’s eyes widened a fraction before he schooled his expression into something more neutral.

“Oh no, that’s okay Wade. You don’t have to—”

“So, I was with Spidey,” the merc interjected with a wave of his hand, “turns out there’s some crazy shit goin’ down at the Avengers Tower…”

~*~

23:00. UNKNOWN LOCATION

“It’s goddamn insane! I gotta get outta here before—”

“Your not-so-little green friend comes to visit?” Tony Stark interrupted Bruce Banner’s rant with his breezy tone.

Bruce glared at him.
“Before that ‘not-so-little green friend’ destroys half of wherever the hell we are.”

“Only half? Someone must be having an off day,” Stark commented drily, “maybe the big guy needs a vacation to recharge his batteries? How about the Poconos? Or Tahiti?”

“I hear it’s a magical place,” Maria Hill interjected into the scientists’ premium banter with her deadpan delivery, “and before anyone invites any of their oversized friends to the party,” she levelled Bruce with a knowing stare, “know that it is something that we have handled.”

Banner let out a noise somewhere between a laugh and a scoff.

“‘Handled?’ Is that what the kids are calling this nowadays?” he groused, waving his hand around, motioning to the pristine room they found themselves in.

Tony nodded, clapping his friend on the back.

“If you actually had it handled, you wouldn’t have needed to call in us,” he tilted his head with a smug smirk.

Hill glanced between the two of them before rolling her eyes.

“Okay Heckle and Jeckle,” she began, pointing first at Tony and then at Bruce, “let’s get one thing straight, here. Fury called you in as a precaution because of the sensitive nature of the operation and it’s relation to one of your team members. If it wasn’t for those elements, we wouldn’t have had to ‘call you in’ at all,” she finished with an air quote and a slight shake of her head.

The scientists threw her identical looks of bemusement.

Bruce took a step towards her, arms folded, “was that a Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde pun? Really, Hill?”

The agent of SHIELD gave another roll of her eyes just as her phone vibrated.

“Just…follow me,” she directed more at her phone than at them, turning on her heel and walking out of the room without a backwards glance.

Tony and Bruce shared another glance before following her.

As far as secret bases went, this one wasn’t half bad. It wasn’t quite up to The Avengers Tower and Covert Facility standards but in all fairness, it also didn’t have the luxury of being funded by Stark money.

“So apart from human experimentation, what else goes on down here? Is this the real Area 51? Do you have E.T. hauled up in a bunker somewhere?” Tony asked, walking backwards as he surveyed their surroundings.

“It’s not human experimentation, it’s—”

“If you’re using human subjects to test out previously untested elements then yeah, it is human experimentation,” Banner cut across her with a loaded tone.

Hill had no response for that.

Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on what way you looked at it, it seemed that they had reached their destination which halted any further discussion of the matter.

“Holy shit,” Tony gaped as they stopped at a gigantic glass window that overlooked a gargantuan
laboratory/hospital ward that was lined with hundreds and hundreds of beds that were housing one person per bed.

“So this is them, then,” Bruce stated rather than asked with an unimpressed bobbing of his head, “the guinea pigs…”

“We prefer to call them patients, actually,” a deep and familiar tone responded from behind them.

“Fury,” Stark nodded before turning back to the window.

“Stark, Dr. Banner, Agent Hill,” the former-director inclined his head at each of them in turn, “welcome to Skyline Laboratories.”

The group took another moment to drink in the sight that lay in front of them before they began to walk the incredibly long corridor towards a more private area.

“You’ve briefed Steve already?” Bruce asked Nick, hands folded behind his back as he walked.

“Captain Rogers got the full lo-down on the plane. It seemed…appropriate, under the circumstances,” Fury informed them as they entered a door to their left.

A decently-sized office was what awaited them, and for what it lacked in decoration, it made up for in the sheer magnitude of technology that lined it, stainless steel and glass surfaces aplenty.

“Someone got some shiny new toys for Christmas,” Tony remarked as he tapped on a nearby touch-screen monitor.

“You’re the asshole that taps on the glass in zoos and aquariums aren’t you?” Maria deadpanned, looking as if she was suppressing yet another eye-roll.

Tony merely smirked at her before crossing the room and taking a seat at Fury’s desk. Bruce hung back a little, hands in his pockets, seeming a little unsure of what to do.

“Please, Dr. Banner, take a seat. This could take a while,” Nick gestured to the chair beside Tony before rounding his desk and sitting down.

Hill remained standing, stock still, her hands placed behind her back.

“I’ll cut right to the chase,” Fury began without preamble, “we have an idea why Peter Parker has been targeted.”

Banner and Stark exchanged a weighted glance.

“I’m on the edge of my seat,” the latter remarked, “so come on. Tell us. What has the kid gotten himself into now?”

~*~

“And then BAM WOOSH THUMP we hit the ground like a ton of bricks, tumbling like fuckin’ gymnasts until suddenly, I’m pulled to my feet by some strong, manly arms and pushed up against a wall all sexy like and I shit you not Petey, he just lays one on me! One giant smackeroo right in the kisser!”

Peter gaped silently at Wade as he enthusiastically re-told everything that had gone down from when he entered the warehouse up until the last few hours, complete with exaggerated hand-motions and excited sound effects.
“Spider Man fucking kissed me! I mean, what the hell is that all about?”

He couldn’t be sure if Wade meant it rhetorically or not but felt absolutely no desire to try and figure it out. The merc didn’t seem enthused by his silence, however. An indistinguishable expression crossed over his face as he leaned forward on the chair and stared expectedly at the brunet, looking as if he would hang on his every word.

If Peter could manage to speak any words, that was.

“Oh come on, Petey! You gotta have some insight into that web-head!” Wade exclaimed, waving his hand with a flourish, “what d’ya think he was thinkin’ shovin’ his tongue down my throat? Was it some elaborate ploy to hide from the cops? Or do you think he…” he trailed off, shaking his head vigorously, before muttering seemingly to himself, “nah…he couldn’t possibly like me. That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard!”

Peter’s heart leapt into his throat as those words reached his ears.

“I…” he scrambled to find words, his eyes darting around the room, “I’m sure he had his reasons,” he croaked before clearing his throat and shrugging, “I mean, you don’t just go around kissing people for no reason! You—you’ll just have to ask him, I suppose.”

Wade nodded slowly as if he were mulling over those words.

“Maybe I will, Petey…maybe I will,” he murmured before leaping up and clapping his hands, “well, I don’t know about you, but I’m sleepier than a roofied sloth. Where’s your bed at?”

And that’s how Peter Parker found himself giving Wade Wilson a tour around his childhood room.

He was like a hyperactive kid in a candy store, bouncing into the modest bedroom with wonder, turning around in circles to drink in every inch of the place.

“Is that a Tony Stark poster?” Wade asked as he leapt towards the wall, his eyes darting around with unadulterated excitement.

“OMG you’re totally a Stark fanboy, aren’t you?” the merc continued without waiting for a response as he pressed his face up against the poster and inhaled deeply.

“Hmm…smells like entitlement and an overly inflated sense of self,” he murmured under his breath before skipping over to the desk and running his hands along all the trinkets that lay there.

“You’re a tactile looker,” Peter remarked, trying to let the Canadian know that he didn’t appreciate him getting handsy with his stuff.

“And you kinda look like a human-shaped velociraptor.”

Peter stared at him.

Wade’s eyebrows shot up, “my bad. I thought we were giving each other weird compliments.”

[What is with him and dinosaurs, lately?]

[He thinks he’s Chris Pratt]

[Dat raptor squad tho]

[Next thing you know he’s gonna don a leather waistcoat and try to tame flamingos at the Zoo]
The Canadian could feel Peter’s gaze on him as he continued to explore the room with a vested interest.

“So…you were always into science shit then,” he remarked as he picked up a microscope and weighed it in his hands before his attention was grabbed by a picture to the far left of the desk.

“Aww, look at Mini Petey. You’re just a tadpole! And you won the 2nd Grade Science Fair. Awesome! Your dad looks so proud…” Wade said, warmth in his tone as he grinned down at the picture of young Peter, his two front teeth missing as he beamed excitedly for the camera, trophy in hand.

“That’s uh…that’s my Uncle Ben,” Peter responded, his voice low.

Deadpool turned on the spot, catching the hazel eyes for a split second, before nodding.

“Your Uncle Ben looks proud,” he amended.

The brunet nodded, his arms crossing at his chest.

“So uh, do you need any pajamas or…?” he let his query trail off into the awkward silence that had descended on them.

“Nah,” Wade waved off his suggestion, “I’ll just sleep in my jeans.”

[We should totally carry around our Captain America onesie all the time]

[*making a mental note for next time*]

[‘Cause there will totally be a next time]

An adorable crease formed in between Peter’s eyebrows. “Sleeping in jeans won’t be comfortable,” he murmured as he turned his back, crossing the room towards his closet.

Wade let his eyes follow him, wandering uninhibited up and down the other man’s body, lingering over the lean muscle that was visible, his head tilted, teeth biting down on his bottom lip.

“You tryin’ to get me to take my pants off, Petey?”

The smirk on his face grew wider as he saw the younger man stiffen, his entire body tense.

A beat of silence passed.

“Something tells me I wouldn’t have to try that hard to get you to take your pants off, Wade,” came Peter’s reply as he turned around to face him, his hazel eyes boring a hole into Wade’s chocolate ones, they alight with challenge.

[Ooh Petey’s fighting back]

[Has he finally gotten sick of our bating?]

“I mean,” Peter continued, taking a step towards him, “I have already seen you naked so…it wouldn’t be that BIG of a deal…”

[How very dare he!]

[Did he…did he really just insinuate that we’ve got a small—]
Pee Pee? Yep.

That bastard!

Wade chuckled darkly, also taking a step forward, “not that big of a deal, huh? Well, you shoulda
told your face ‘cause you looked like it was the biggest deal you’d ever seen.’

Peter let out a laugh, shaking his head before tilting it at him.

“Nobody likes someone who blows their own trumpet, Wade.”

“Care to blow it for me then, Peter?”

The superhero let out a puff of air at that question, his eyes flickering a little as he stared up into the
mercenary’s eyes. Neither man was particularly surprised to find themselves mere inches away from
each other, a hair’s breadth between their bodies, having migrated closer and closer throughout the
exchange. It always seemed to just happen, the more they talked, the more they tried to one up each
other, the closer they got.

“I don’t know, Wade. I wouldn’t wanna…stroke your ego too hard,” Peter smirked, never breaking
eye contact.

Wade’s Adam’s apple bobbed in his throat, his gaze glimmering.

“Your head shouldn’t get any bigger, you could end up giving yourself a size complex. And like I
said…not all of you could afford that,” the Brunet continued with a quirk of his eyebrow, his eyes
dropping to Wade’s crotch.

The merc snorted, “whatever you say, asshole. I know for a fact that you never saw a thing—”

“Yeah, it was so microscopic it was invisible to the naked eye,” the brunet interjected with a chuckle.

Wade raised his hand and shoved him lightly, his hand clutching his shoulder.

“Shut up or I’ll be forced to show you just how not microscopic any part of me is,” the mercenary
murmured, very aware that his fingers were tracing the outline of his collarbone.

Something blazed in Peter’s gaze as he took one last step forward and breathed right up into his face,
“don’t make promises you can’t keep, Wade,” before turning on his heel and stalking out of the
room.

He could feel the Canadian’s eyes following him every step of the way.

When he got to the bathroom door, he forced himself to open it, step in and close it calmly before
freaking the hell out.

“What the fuck was that?!” he hissed quietly, blood boiling in his veins as he flailed at himself in the
mirror.

“What the hell is wrong with you?! First you nearly kiss Deadpool, then you do kiss Deadpool and
NOW you’re flirting with him?! What the fuck, Peter?! Get a fucking grip!” he angrily whispered,
rushing his hands through his hair, trying to stifle the groan of frustration that threatened to claw its
way out of his throat.

Except, it wasn’t just a groan of frustration…not if the pooling heat in his abdomen had anything to
say about it.
“You are so not turned on right now,” he told mirror-Peter. “You can’t be. You’re not turned on by this or by Deadpool. That’s crazy-talk.”

Mirror-Peter wasn’t buying it.

Neither was his dick, apparently.

“You are not turned on by Deadpool…you are not turned on by Wade…you do not find him attractive,” Peter murmured to himself, pulling off his glasses and rubbing his eyes.

Thing was, this wasn’t the first time Peter had had to have this type of conversation with himself. If he was being honest, he started saying those kinda things to himself when he was in middle school and the thought that Jimmy McQuaid’s freckles were cute first entered his barely-pubescent brain.

The same line of conversation continued all the way through high school when he admired the slope of Gwen’s neck and also Shane Colby’s jawline, before finally culminating in college when he shared a drunken kiss with his RA, Rob, at his first and last keg party.

So, yeah. He knew he was attracted to guys as well as girls. That was not news to him.

What was news to him was that he was not only attracted with Wade Fucking Wilson, Wade, not just his alter-ego, but actually enjoyed his company and desired to spend time with him.

Those two weeks apart were hell. He had kissed him, on a whim, and spent the next fourteen days torturing himself about it. Because he enjoyed it. Damn, did he enjoy it. He hadn’t kissed anyone in…a very long time and kissing Wade had felt…good. More than good. But that wasn’t the biggest of his problems. No. That particular prize belonged to the fluttery feelings in his stomach, the same ones that travelled into his chest every time he thought about the kiss, every time he touched himself…

“Fuck!” he exclaimed loudly as the realization rocked him to his very core.

“Uh uh, Petey boy. That’s not very PG13! You’re breaking rule 14 of sub-section A,” Wade’s voice suddenly wafted from behind the door.

The brunet jumped, pushing his glasses back onto his face before pulling the door open wide, revealing the mercenary (thankfully) still fully clothed, “what?”

[Oh yeah! Petey can’t use ‘foul language beyond PG-13’]

[Sony execs are made up of a bunch of white suburban moms, apparently]

[And bigots too. ‘Cause Petey can’t be gay, either]

[Seriously, look it up. Google is your friend]

[But it says nothing about him being bisexual, though]

[Woo! Gotta love that LGBT loophole!]

“Nothing,” Wade shook his head before gesturing behind him, “so uh…you ready for bed, or…?”

Peter nodded vigorously, motioning for Deadpool to go back into the room, he following his lead.

“Am I original, yeah…am I the only one, yeah…am I sexual, yeah…am I everything ya need ya better rock ya body now,” the merc was singing to himself gently as they made their way back into
the room.

[So we’re gonna completely ignore what just happened, right?]

[Petey was absolutely not flirting. So, yeah. We’re ignoring what just happened]

[Can’t help but wonder what he was thinking in the bathroom, though. He looks…frazzled]

Wade let his singing quieten as he climbed into Peter’s bed and settled down, waiting for the younger man to join him.

[Wow. That was the sexiest unsexy line yet]

“Good night, Wade,” Peter mumbled as he turned out the lights and got into bed next to him.

“Good night, Peter,” the mercenary replied, shifting around, trying to get comfortable.

A silence descended on them as they both lay on their backs, staring up at the ceiling. All that could be heard were their mingled breaths and the occasional rustling of sheets. It was tranquil, in a way, if you ignored the overwhelming tension between them. It was stifling; the electrical charge between their bodies that had been steadily growing since day one.

Wade shifted around again and accidentally brushed against something in the dark.

“Oh…sorry…” he murmured, realizing too late that he was far too close to Peter, his breath bouncing off the younger man’s cheek and the thing he brushed up against being his hip.

“‘S’okay,” Peter mumbled, his too-alert voice piercing the darkness with a sharp edge, “accidents happen.”

[Was it an accident, though?]

[Kinda felt too good to be unintentional]

Biting his lip, Wade shifted a little again, his lower abdomen again brushing against the brunet’s hip, creating a friction so delectable that he had to chomp down on his tongue to stop himself from groaning out loud.

“Fuck…” Peter groused lowly, it sounding half-way between a gasp and a growl.

Wade shook his head, feeling the familiar tightening in his pants, a delicious heat pooling in the pit of his stomach.

[You’re half-hard from one touch?]

[Sweet and Sour Jesus]

[You got it bad]

The merc pulled a face at his boxes, something akin to a child sticking out their tongue, not caring as the action went unobserved in the darkness.

…or maybe it didn’t. Peter was Spider Man after all. He did have certain powers…

[Lightbulb!]
Finally settling down (inches closer to the other warm body than he was before) Wade forced himself to even out his breaths to mimic that of someone who was falling asleep. He waited a long while, at least ten whole minutes, his ears straining to listen to Peter’s breaths (that were very much still of an awake person) before he put his plan into action.

Slowly, he turned around onto his back again, this time stretching his entire body in one fluid motion, his hips lifting off the bed and edging up towards the ceiling. Allowing a soft groan to escape his throat, he lifted his left arm (the one closest to the brunet) and let it fall heavily down onto his lower abdomen, his fingers scratching at his T-shirt, bunching up the material slightly to expose a sliver of skin.

He felt Peter tense up beside him.

[Oh yeah. Spidey can definitely see in the dark]

(Funny how the big guy’s body insecurities aren’t rearing their ugly head)

(Never underestimate the power of horniness)

Slowly, Wade brushed his fingers lightly against the exposed skin, the ever-constant ebbing of pain just below the surface as his knuckles dragged over his abs, dipping a tad lower into the waistband of his jeans. Trying to keep his breathing steady, he slipped his fingers into his boxers and heaved a deep sigh.

Beside him, he could hear laboured breaths as Peter turned to face him.

Trying to quell his smirk, he edged a little closer to Peter, letting out a tiny puff of air, it bouncing against the crook of his neck. A shiver wracked the brunet’s body, reverberating throughout the bed. Wade shifted again, angling himself towards the younger man and accidentally brushing his now very hard cock against something that felt just as hard.

[Sure. “Accidentally”]

[Uh, nope. Judging by the big guy’s heart rate, it was definitely an accident]

Wade stilled, his eyes popping wide open as his heart hammered in his chest. Smirk well and truly gone, the merc tried not to let on that he was awake, quickly shutting his eyes again and forcing himself to relax.

A deep groan that morphed into a growl had him tensing up again however, this time for an entirely different reason.

[Petey...Petey has a—]

[Hard on the size of Mount Vesuvius]

[Think he’s gonna erupt too or...?]

Before Wade could let those somewhat distasteful words sink in, Peter was quickly but quietly exiting the bed, his bare feet padding across the room in total darkness as he made his way out into the corridor. The merc sat up and just caught a glimpse of the younger man’s back as he raced into the bathroom and closed the door with a snap behind him.
Seconds ticked by before Wade’s ragged breaths were joined by the low noise of the shower running. Biting his lip, he strained his ears, waiting on tether hooks to see if Peter was going to re-emerge any time soon. Seconds turned into minutes as the Canadian desperately tried to ignore the uncomfortable bulge in his jeans and failed miserably.

Unable to stop himself, Wade moved as if on autopilot, across the room and out into the corridor, halting barely a foot from the door, his dark eyes staring at it so intently he was surprised he didn’t bore a hole into it.

Suddenly, he heard a rustling, the unmistakeable sound of clothes falling heavily to the floor. Biting his lip so hard he drew blood, the merc’s mind conjured up a very vivid image of what Petey could possibly be doing in that shower…

~*~

The water was luke warm when the brunet stood under the spray, the droplets cascading down his leanly muscled body. Peter tilted his head back, his brunet tresses dampening as his hand finally wrapped around his cock, squeezing very gently at the base, giving an experimental tug. A strangled gasp escaped his throat when he trailed his fingers down, his thumb brushing against the head, sending waves of pleasure up his spine.

Clumsily, he reached out with his other hand towards the lotion, squirting a decent amount out into his palm before gripping himself again, sliding his hand slowly up and down, creating a lather. Biting his lower lip, hard, Peter’s eyes fell closed, his head tipping back further to rest against the tiles as a burst of images formed behind his eyelids.

Wade lying next to him.

Wade stretching in his sleep.

A sliver of Wade’s incredibly toned abdomen becoming visible in the darkness.

The brushing of Wade’s very hard cock against his own.

He knew it was wrong. He shouldn’t have been turned on by Wade who was asleep and apparently having a very pleasant dream, but he couldn’t help it. If he was honest with himself (which was getting more and more difficult as they days went by) he knew that it was no new development, his…appreciation for the merc’s physique. The red and black spandex (like his own) left little to the imagination, and Peter would be a damn dirty liar if he said that over the years his eyes were never once caught wandering across the wide expanse of Wade’s shoulders, or the slope of his back or the impressive bulge of his crotch.

He was only human, after all. Well, mostly.

But now, it was so much worse. He was experiencing every inch of that 6’2” body up close and personal, just not as close or as personal as he desperately wanted.

Another gasp clawed up Peter’s throat as he remembered how amazing it felt, pushing Wade into that wall and pressing his body against his own as their lips met. He yearned for more. His hand sped up, the friction delectable as the slapping of skin against skin reverberated off the walls.

A knot of tension was forming in the depths of his abdomen as his hand moved faster and faster, up and down, up and down with a little twist at the head, just how Peter liked except, in his mind, it wasn’t his own hand, it was Wade’s.
He imagined the merc stepping into the shower with him, his large hand cupping him tightly, just on the cusp of painful, moving slowly, torturously so, dragging up and down, up and down. Peter would let out a cry of impatience and Wade would smirk devilishly at him before upping the pace, his thumb swiping across the head and gathering the pre-cum, bringing it up to his lips and sucking it dry.

Peter would mourn the loss of warmth from Wade’s hand until he watched, through half-closed eyes as the merc kneeled down in front of him. An excited thrill would shoot up Peter’s spine as Wade looked up at him, his chocolate brown eyes gleaming with a smug mirth yet undeniable fondness that made the brunet’s stomach do somersaults before he leaned forward and took Peter into his mouth.

A heat would envelope him, a wet, hot heat around his cock that would have him clenching from head to toe, an arousal so unbridled unfurling within him as Wade bobbed his head, taking him all in until his cock hit the back of his throat. Peter’s hand would clutch the back of Wade’s head as eyes rolled into his skull in delirium when he realized that the merc had no gag reflex, he able to take every inch of him.

Wade’s tongue would slide from tip to base, leaving a trail of saliva in its wake as he wrapped his fingers around Peter’s cock, tugging as his lips closed around the head, sucking powerfully, lapping at the slit, tasting him.

Peter’s orgasm would rise within him, a crescendo of pleasurable sensation licking at his insides, his toes curling as Wade brought him closer and closer to the edge, his breath escaping in short, desperate spurts. Heat would radiate from him as the merc kept his eyes trained on him the entire time, his dark gaze never wavering as he tantalizingly pulled his orgasm from him, a hand stroking up and down his own hard length, in perfect rhythm to his mouth’s ministrations.

Then the brunet would feel it, the tell-tale sign, the tightening in his balls that said that he was close, so fucking close. He would gasp this out, trying to give the merc warning, but it would fall on deaf ears. Wade would only suck harder, longer, his gaze intense as Peter cried out, spilling into his throat, he happily swallowing it down, a moan of pleasure falling from his lips.

Peter let out a guttural groan, his head bashing against the tiles as he came, spilling into his hand with the image of Wade on his knees, swallowing his come.

“Fuck…” he gasped for what felt the tenth time that night as he came down from his orgasm, now realizing that the water had turned cold sometime during his vivid fantasy.

Suppressing a shiver, Peter quickly grabbed a wash-cloth and cleaned himself up before shutting off the water and stepping out of the shower. As he wrapped a towel around his waist, he walked over to the fogged mirror and ran a palm over it, his sated eyes and crimson cheeks reflecting back at him as his stomach continued to do somersaults.

He jerked off thinking about Deadpool sucking him off.

That was a thing now.

Fuck.

~*~

**03:30. AVENGER’S TOWER.**

A glistening white key card swiped through an electronic lock, the light flickering from red to green as the door clicked open.
A tall figure stepped through, walking with purpose in the darkness, head swivelling left and right, surveying the room.

They scanned the large, rectangular drawers until a familiar one came into view. Barely making a sound, they made their way towards it, using their key card again before reaching behind them and wheeling over a gurney.

Slowly, they pulled open the drawer, a large something covered with a white sheet being revealed. With careful, gloved hands, the figure peeled back the sheet, exposing the head and face of Lucas Daniels.

Mission complete.

Now came the hard part.

~*~

“Curse you aqua scum!”

“The sink acting up again, Wade?” May Parker asked as she entered her kitchen to find the Canadian yelling expletives at the faucet.

He turned, water dripping down his face, his T-shirt completely soaked.

“Oh huh,” he nodded, his movements akin to a dog shaking himself after a bath, droplets spraying everywhere.

“Darn,” the woman muttered under her breath as she made her way over to the stove, “I was meant to call a plumber. But with everything going on, the break-in—”

“I can fix it for you…if uh…if you like?” Wade interrupted her, a sheepish expression on his face before he went back to wrestling with the still uncooperative faucet.

“Oh no, Wade, I couldn’t ask you to do—”

“You didn’t. I’m offering,” he called over his shoulder, “I’m no Billy Mays or Tim Taylor or whatever, but I’m not too bad at being handy.”

[Certainly were handy with yourself last night]

[I wonder what Aunt May would think if she knew you fondled yourself thinking of her nephew in the shower?]

Wade stilled, snapping his eyes shut as he fought the memory of last night. It was beyond sexy. He hadn’t meant for it to go so far but…hot damn, he couldn’t say he regretted that it did. When he realized that Peter could see in the dark, he thought a little mind-fuckery was in order, pretend he was asleep and having a naughty dream or two but…when he found himself hard and brushing up against an equally hard Peter? All pretence flew out the window.

He was falling for him. Hell, he had already fallen. He’d had a crush on Spider Man for over five years (it not even really dissipating fully after ‘The Incident’) and these last couple of months with Peter only solidified it. They had grown closer, Wade could feel it. And although he knew he could be a little tough on himself, even his self-esteem issues couldn’t argue that their relationship had changed, morphed into something else entirely.
Spider Man and Peter Parker were one in the same, Wade knew that now. And with every passing moment he spent with the grad student, he understood it that little bit deeper. Yeah, he was still beyond pissed that Peter had been lying to him all this time, but he had to admit that he got it. He didn’t necessarily agree with it, but he understood why.

After that quiet acceptance, Wade found it easier to let himself go that little bit further with his game. It was mostly what egged him on last night. He couldn’t even blame the insanity, not really, it was a different type of madness. He wanted…he wanted to make Peter as crazy, as frustrated, as he made him.

What he wasn’t expecting however, was the brunet to be as turned on as him. He thought the kid would be embarrassed, would blush a little and grouse to himself. That’s all. Maybe it was the insecurities, maybe it was sheer disbelief, but never in his wildest dreams, did the mercenary ever think that Spider Man, Peter Cute Brunet Parker, would ever have a hard on for him.

Turns out he was wrong.

So, so, very wrong.

{And when he went into the bathroom…}

[We couldn’t help but follow and listen at the door like a perv]

[The noises…]

[Fuck]

[Surprised we didn’t blow our load then and there]

[He was touching himself]

[All wet and soapy in the shower]

[Yep. That’s gonna be front and center of our spank bank for a long time]

“Good morning,” a familiar voice sounded from behind Wade, making him jump and half turn around.

[Smooth]

“Morning,” he forced himself to reply, watching with bated breath, his throat dry, as Peter stretched, his sleep-shirt rising up his abdomen, a sliver of skin peeking out.

[Dayum]

[That Andrew Garfield-lookin’ mother-fucker]

[The new Spidey was announced]

[What happened to Butterscotch?]

[Butterfield. And he was replaced by some other British dude called Tom Holland]

[I don’t care if he’s Tom Mexico and makes the finest tacos in all the realm. He looks about twelve]

[Which makes us feel gross]
“Good morning, Peter,” Aunt May smiled, giving her nephew a kiss on the cheek, “you boys sleep well?”

A silence descended on the room.

“Oh yeah. We slept like a baby

[A really horny baby]

Wade made a face at his boxes just as May turned to look at him.

“Oh you didn’t, Wade?” she asked, misunderstanding his look of disgust.

“No uh…I uh slept great, thanks!” he stammered, unable to look at Peter, turning back fully around to the sink.

“Why is your shirt wet?” the brunet asked suddenly.

He could hear May sigh behind him, “it’s that damn faucet again. Wade is being a dear and fixing it for me.”

Wade couldn’t help but smile at the warmth in her tone.

“Do you know anything about plumbing?” the younger man’s somewhat sceptical and weary tone inquired as he stepped closer to him, halting at the sink.

“As a matter of fact, Watson, I do. I know a great many things about a great many things, I’ll have you know,” Wade replied evenly, still not looking at him as he felt his shoulder brush against his.

He could practically hear Peter rolling his eyes.

“Seriously, why am I Watson? And don’t say it’s ‘cause I’m short or I swear—”

“Because I’m the protagonist in this story, Peter. That’s why,” the merc retorted, this time unable to resist a quick glance at him.

“Everyone is the protagonist in their own story, Wade.”

“Wow Petey, that was very profound. You should write greeting cards.”

[Or be a motivational speaker]

[‘How to lie to someone’s face about everything and anything in 3 easy steps’]

[I thought we were being chill about that?]

[We are. Which is why we’re not saying that shit to his face. Yet.]
[Sounds ominous]

[When are we not?]

[Good point]

A laugh broke out, interrupting Wade’s boxes. He and Peter quickly turned and realized that the entire time they were bickering, May was watching, quite the attentive audience.

“You two, I swear,” she waved her hand, grinning from ear to ear, “I’m off to get some groceries. I’ll be back soon to make some lunch. Try not to flood the house while I’m out.”

And with that, the trio were down to a duo.

Another silence enveloped the room. Wade was suddenly very aware of his own breathing, each breath raspy and shallow, much like it had been the night before.

[Don’t think about last night!]

[Unless you want to try fix the sink with your dick]

[Then by all means, go ahead]

“You uh…you need help with…?” Peter trailed off, waving vaguely at the faucet.

The merc tilted his head slightly, forcing himself to look at the younger man.

God, he was just delectable, standing there with his hair all sleep swept in his baggy check pajama pants and tight, white shirt.

And to think, less than twelve hours earlier, that same hot body slept beside him after he gave himself quite the orgasm judging by what Wade heard through the door.

The thought was almost too much.

“No uh, it’s fine. I got it,” he ground out, his voice an octave higher than usual, “you can just—”

“Watch?” Peter interjected, an unreadable expression on his face.

“Yeah,” the mercenary felt himself nodding, “you can watch.”

[Kinky]

[This is how most porn starts]

[I’ll get the popcorn]

~*~

“I’m pretty sure that doesn’t go there,” Peter piped up from his perch at the kitchen table an hour later, raising a smug eyebrow.

“And I’m pretty sure I told you to shut your face five times already,” Wade groused from his position under the sink, wrench in hand.

[Ooh is that a euphemism?]
“What’s wrong, Sherlock?” Peter asked in a sing-song tone, clearly enjoying watching Wade struggle, “I thought you knew a lot of things about a lot of things?”

The merc scoffed as he glared up at the pipe a few inches from his face.

He could hear Peter stand up from the table and make his way over to the sink, kneeling down at his Uncle Ben’s old toolbox and taking out a wrench.

“This what you want?” he asked, holding it out, smirk firmly in place as Wade sat up, roughly bashing the top of his head off the pipe.

“OW! Motherfucker!” he yelled, punching the pipe in frustration.

As his fist connected with it, a loud creaking sound rang out before water burst from every angle, spraying right into Wade and Peter’s faces.

“Shit!” they yelled in unison as the water pummelled them with incredible force.

“Wrap…wrap your hands around it!” Peter shouted, throwing an arm over his head to shield his face.

Wade did as he was told, gripping the pipe to try and stem the flow.

“Tighter!” Peter exclaimed, leaning closer to him, “grip it tighter!”

“Shit…get—get something to wrap around it. Anything! We need to do something before the whole place floods,” the merc rambled, wincing as he became absolutely soaked.

“Let me in,” the brunet demanded suddenly, inching even closer to him, practically straddling him as he tried to dodge the water and simultaneously get a good look at the pipe.

“No! Peter! There’s no room! Just—just get something to—” Wade was cut off by Peter’s hand slipping from where it supported him, causing him to fall down onto the mercenary’s chest. Hard.
The merc gasped as he was suddenly confronted with bright hazel eyes barely half an inch from his own. They were completely pressed together, chest to toe, sopping wet.

[Yep. She's straight up writing a cheesy porn scene]

[Shameless]

[Could be a good career move, though. Are there actually script writers for porn?]

[I dunno. But writer lady should definitely google that shit]

A droplet fell from the tip of Peter’s brunet strand, down onto Wade’s cheek.

They stared at one another, the rushing water being the only sound between them.

The Canadian watched as a pink tongue peeked out to dab at Peter’s bottom lip, before teeth chewed on it, the hazel eyes shimmering with something unidentifiable.

“I—” Wade broke off, unsure of what to say as they continued to stare at one another, the water running cold, causing a shiver to flow up his spine.

Peter, noticing this, seemed to come back down to Earth, speaking up, his voice still a little quiet, “so uh…this would be a bad time to tell you that my Uncle taught me plumbing when I was a kid then, huh?”

He should be furious, but the mercenary just found it hilarious. Because of course the nerd knew this shit. And of course he would watch and see just how bad of a job Wade did. The bastard.

“You’re a prick,” he chuckled, still not finding the strength of will to move from under him, “well go on then, boy wonder,” he gestured, “fix it before we die Jack and Rose style.”

Peter smirked, although a lot less smugly this time as he shifted a little off Wade and lay down beside him directly under the pipe, wrench in hand, “technically only Jack died.”

“Poor bastard,” Wade nodded, trying to ignore how good it felt to have Peter’s entire body pressed against him, actually enjoying the sound of his feet squelching in his sneakers as he watched him work, “there was totally room on that damn door, too. I think they even tested it out on Mythbusters once.”

Having found the nut that the Canadian accidentally knocked off when he punched the pipe, Peter made quick work of stopping the water. With one last twist of the wrench, the water came to a halt, save for a few drips here and there.

“And that’s how it’s done. Not bad for Watson, huh?” he asked, turning to look at Wade, a teasing glint in his eye.

They both regarded one another as they lay crammed together under the sink, the air thick with the best kind of tension.

Something passed over Peter’s face as he stared at Wade, that same something from before flickering behind his gaze.

“Wade I—”

The loud chirping of a cell phone interrupted whatever he was going to say. With a sigh, he offered the older man an apologetic look before awkwardly climbing out from under the sink and sloshing
his way through the three inches of water on the floor, towards the table.

Without bothering to look at the caller I.D. he picked up the phone.

“Hello?”

“Parker? It’s Tony. Where are you?”

Wade pretended he couldn’t hear every word as Peter turned on the spot and lowered his voice.

“I’m in my aunt’s house. Why?”

There was a short beat of silence, before Stark heaved a heavy sigh.

“Because I just got a call from The Tower. Somebody stole Lucas Daniels’ body from Bruce’s lab.”

Peter’s grip on the phone tightened so much that his knuckles turned a ghostly white.

“Who?”

Another bout of silence followed his query.

“That’s just the thing, kid,” Stark’s weary voice paused, another sigh sounding down the receiver, “according to security…you did.”

♫ Smut glorious smut, hot sausage and blow-jobs! ♫

That’s quite a song you’ve got there, Oliver Twist.

_Please Sir, may I have some more?_

MOAR?! I just gave you smut.

__A fantasy. Doesn’t count.__

Really? It seemed to count plenty when you were fondling yourself like you were playing an enthusiastic game of Bop It.

__It was naked Spidey jacking off in a shower. What the hell else was I gonna do?__

*Sigh* Anyway…big shout out to anyone reading this who was at Arcade Con 2015 in Dublin! You’re all amazing!

__Especially that dude dressed as me. He was awesome.__

I thought you said he didn’t have, and I quote: “enough rippling muscles and raw sex appeal to be accurate.”

_That is true. But you know what they say, imitation is the sincerest form of battery._

That’s not how that phrase goes.

_Well, I’m a superhero, you know._

_Well, at least I’m not busy with your kind of work._

_The kind of work where you’re always jacking off in a shower._

_That’s why I say it’s the sincerest._

_Whatever. He was cool._
He was. And the guy dressed as Spidey.

**He was alright.**

And as always a big thank you to mytrexhasfleas for her invaluable help and advice. You m’dear are the Troy to my Abed!

♫ *Troy and Abed are in mournnnnning!* ♫

Why, who have you un-alived this time?

**You if you don’t finish this long ass author’s note!**

Someone’s touchy.

**Yeah well, that’s what happens when you don’t update for like three years.**

It wasn’t that long.

**Dude, it was so long that a new fucking Spider Man was announced, a sexy trailer for the Deadpool movie was shown at Comic Con and Sony had more leaks than you after six beers.**

…Shut up.

**Oh and there’s the tiny little matter of MARVEL SAYING THAT A COMIC WITH ME AND SPIDEY IS THE BEST IDEA EVER AND THEY’RE GETTING RIGHT ON THAT!!! WOO!!! WE’RE GOIN’ CANON, PEOPLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! *sniff* I think—I think I might cry!!!!!!!!!!! Oh. And it goes without saying…I’m touching myself tonight.**

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you do or say will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?

Spider Man nodded, holding his hands up in a surrendering motion over his head and getting down on his knees.

“Cuff ‘em,” the lead detective advised an officer with a gruff tone and a nod of his head, “if you so much as twitch, “ he directed at the superhero, “I won’t hesitate to empty my clip into you. Got it?”

The detective’s partner, an African American woman with compassionate eyes threw a glare at her partner before addressing the web-slinger, “I assure you, you’re perfectly safe. I’m going to accompany you to the station where we can then contact your lawyer, okay?”

Spider Man merely nodded and allowed the officers haul him to his feet and push him towards a squad car, pressing his head down and depositing him in the backseat, arms restrained behind his back.

From a safe distance, a figure dressed in a red and black hoodie watched this all unfold.

“Show time…”
Ooh an update hot on the heels of a sexy red-band trailer! Mama like ;)

Yeah well, the trailer inspired me to get my ass in gear.

Ryan Reynolds inspired me to get my ass insured. It’s looked all kinds of sexy-like on the big screen. Gotta take care the money-maker.

How much does it cost to insure mercenary ass these days?

And arm and a leg. Luckily mine grow back.

~*~

[That was a groan]

[That was definitely a groan]

[Another moan]

[Holy shit]

Wade Wilson chomped down on his bottom lip, hand ghosting over the bulge in his jeans as he stood outside Peter Parker’s bathroom door at 3am on a Friday morning.

The brunet had disappeared behind the door several minutes ago, the noise of the shower omitting from it not long after. Even without the benefit of super hearing, the merc could hear very plainly, downright filthy sounds as the younger man did whatever he was doing in the shower.

[I’ll give you three guesses]

Wade snapped his eyes shut, trying to control his breathing.

“Okay Wilson, keep it together. You can’t—you can’t blow your load here. Petey will know. His freaky spidey-senses can probably taste spunk in the air or something,” the merc murmured under his breath as he fought to urge to touch himself.

[You got yourself into this mess, big guy]

[Shouldn’t have put on your little show]

[We’ve no sympathy for you, blue balls]

Wade growled at his boxes, gritting his teeth as another particularly loud moan wafted from behind the bathroom door.

[You think Aunt May is a light sleeper?]

[Let’s hope not]

[Petey doesn’t seem too worried about that]

[I think he’s a little busy at the moment]
Wade’s eyes rolled back into his head as his fingers ghosted over his cock, palming himself through the material at the thought of what Peter could possibly be thinking about.

(Hey! No touchy-touchy!)

(Unless you want to paint the walls a lovely cream of spunk colour?)

(Maybe you could get a career in interior design?)

('Cream of Sexually-Frustrated Merc’ by Wade Wilson)

[You could be on the cover of Living]

[Make Martha Stewart proud]

Wade bit his lip hard, teeth scraping against dead skin cells as yet another loud groan wafted in his direction.

[Knew Petey would be a screamer]

[Just imagine how loud he’d get if we got our hands on him]

“Great job at keeping…me distracted,” the merc gasped out, a shudder wracking his body.

[That’s not in our job description]

[Yeah, mostly we’re here for snarky comments and thinly-veiled insults]

[And sarcasm. Don’t forget the sarcasm!]

Wade let out his own groan (although, his was far more frustrated than Peter’s had been) as he continued to struggle with the truly delectable sounds wafting into his ears. He rue the day he ever decided to step up his game, going that little bit further in his teasing of Peter.

[It is hella backfiring]

Before the merc could scold Yellow, he heard one last guttural groan soon followed by a sudden silence. The shower had been turned off.

[Looks like Petey’s all finished]

“Shit,” Wade hissed, frantically glancing around him for somewhere to hide. When he found none, he high-tailed it back into Peter’s bedroom and threw himself onto the bed, wincing when his hard-on jostled against the mattress, the friction equal parts delectable and uncomfortable.

He waited with bated breath, ears straining for signs of approach. After a few moments, he heard the bathroom door creak open slowly, the pitter-patter of bare feet tip-toeing closer and closer to him. He felt rather than saw Peter enter the bedroom, his presence lingering in the doorway. Wade held his breath, keeping his body angled away as he heard Peter cross to the closet, rummaging around.

[Petey’s nakey]

[And wet]
Wade shut his eyes, a redundant move he knew, considering the room was pitch black and he was facing the wall, but he felt the need to do it anyway. The temptation was just too much and he’d already pushed several boundaries already.

[Aww, come on! Where’s your sense of adventure?]

[Just one peek won’t hurt]

[Don’t be such a chicken shit]

[Bok kok!]

[Heh heh. I think it’s his ‘kok’ he’s worried about]

Wade clenched his teeth tightly, his jaw aching as the rustling of clothes halted abruptly. With a frown, he waited, confused as near complete silence engulfed the room.

[What is Petey doing?]

[*Gasp* You think he’s looking for underwear? IS HE COMMANDO RIGHT NOW?!!]

[Don’t freak out, don’t freak out—]

“Wade?”

[FREAK OUT!]

The merc’s entire body tensed as he heard Peter call him, his voice piercing through the quietness.

[What do we do?]

[Do we pretend to be asleep?]

“I know you’re awake, Wade.”

[Well there goes that plan]

“You know nothin’, Peter Parker,” the merc admonished in a faux Northern-English accent, hoping to inject some levity into the heavy tension between them.

“I do know some things,” Peter fired back, taking a step closer to the bed.

[Ooh...someone has been re-watching Game of Thrones]

[*Gasp* is he gonna finish the rest of that quote or…]

[Nah. We’re not that lucky]

Taking a deep breath and making sure that his waist and everything below it was fully covered by the sheet, Wade turned in the bed, lying on his back as he looked up at Peter who was…very shirtless.

Soft wisps of moonlight shone between the crack in the drapes, basking Peter’s ivory chest in a soft glow, the fine dusting of hair that stretched across his lean muscle faintly visible among the glistening droplets of water. His eyes trailed the smattering of moles that were scattered across his torso, two on
his neck, one on his collar bone and another…dangerously low on his stomach, disappearing into the treasure trail of hair at his waist band.

Wade’s throat went dry.

“How…how long have you been awake?” the brunet’s tone, tinged with nervousness, pierced through the Canadian’s mental appreciation of his physique.

“Not long,” Deadpool replied with a wave of his hand, his voice a little strangled, “think you walking around on those creaky floorboards woke me up.”

[Not a terrible lie]

[Think Petey’s so desperate to believe we didn’t overhear his little show that he’ll believe just about anything]

“Oh…okay…” he responded slowly, rubbing the back of neck, his cheeks aflame, his head lowered.

Suddenly, he stilled, his eyes blinking owlishly down at himself as if only now realizing that he was naked from the waist up.

“I—uh,” he turned quickly on the spot, searching his closet hurriedly before reefing out a T-shirt and throwing it over his head, “I…just wanted to say sorry,” he finished, his voice muffled from underneath the fabric.

Wade frowned.

“Sorry for what? Creaky floorboards? I know you’ve a guilt complex and all but I don’t think that’s your fault, dude.”

Peter turned on the spot, squinting at him.

“What makes you think I have a guilt complex?”

[Uh oh]

[Panic stations!]

Wade forced himself to shrug as nonchalantly as he could while he freaked the fuck out on the inside.

“Just somethin’ about ya, Parker. Call it a hunch,” he lamented, before feeling that a change of subject was direly needed, “so if not the floorboards, what did you want to apologize for?”

Here, Peter paused, going dead still except for his teeth that chomped down on his bottom lip.

[That’s really not helping our pocket rocket]

[Our fun gun]

[Goop shooter]

[One-eyed trouser snake]

[Purple-headed yoghurt-slinger]
“The last time we saw each other…I was kinda an asshole,” Peter interrupted Wade’s boxes, for which he was eternally grateful, “and I just wanted to say that I’m sorry for how I acted. It was shitty,” he finished, rubbing the back of his neck again before running the same hand through his hair, his eyes fixed on a point somewhere over Wade’s left shoulder.

The merc stared at him, trying to make out his expression in what little light was getting in through the drapes.

“I can remember a time he was even shittier than that.”

“I thought we weren’t gonna think about ‘The Incident’ anymore.”

“Hard not to when Petey’s apologizing for being a little snarky with us but still hasn’t for all the horrible shit he said about us when—”

“It’s nothing, Peter. Don’t worry about it,” Wade forced himself to say, wincing as the memories he fought to keep at bay began to rise once more.

“No—” the brunet took a step forward then back in quick succession, “no, it’s not nothing. You…you saved my life, Wade. More than once. And—and when you found out that I knew The Avengers, you thought that you had to bow out. I get that. I shouldn’t have gotten pissy because…because you didn’t see the need to be my ‘body guard’ anymore,” he trailed off, hands raised up as he did air quotes around the word body guard.

His shoulders slumped, arms lowering to his sides.

“I was avoiding you,” he admitted quietly, his gaze now on his bare feet.

[Of course he was]

[You tried to kiss him in the middle of the street]

[Can you really blame him?]

[But then again…he actually did kiss you]

[It’s quite the conundrum, really]

“I felt bad about being so shitty towards you and—” Parker took another step forward, this time sticking to it, “I just…these last few months…I’ve…” he let out a groan of frustration, the merc tried to not let it affect his dick in any way, “I’ve never had a friend like you before, Wade.”

[He called us his friend]

[Keep it together, big guy. Be cool]
Wade propped his elbow on the pillow, resting his face in the palm of his hand as he stared at the brunet.

[We said be cool. Not act like one of Jack Dawson’s French girls!]

“I’ve never had a…friend like you before either, Peter,” he replied, clearing his throat, “and look, I’ll admit, when I found out you were tight with The Avengers, I did think that you had no need for me —”

“But that’s just it,” Peter interrupted, crossing the room, closing the last of the space between them as he stopped right next to the bed, staring down at the merc intently, able to make out his face in the gloom, “it’s not about needing you to be my bodyguard. I mean, it was at first but…I…like having you around. And not just because you’ve saved my ass. Seeing you today, dancing with Aunt May…I haven’t seen her laugh like that in a long time, Wade. You did that.”

Deadpool gaped at him, utterly stunned at his words.

“So…” Peter wrapped his arms around himself, looking a little self-conscious, “thanks. And…uh… I’ll shut up now,” he waved his hand and made a self-deprecating face that Wade could barely decipher before climbing back into the bed, mindful to leave a large space between them.

After shuffling around for a few moments, Peter settled down, lying on his back, his breathing a little fast. Wade fought the urge to fidget as he kept his body angled slightly away from him. Time seemed to drag, seconds feeling like minutes as he waited for sleep to take him. But it wouldn’t come.

[It’s not the only thing that hasn’t come tonight]

[How’s your love torpedo doing, big guy?]

He winced as he tried to think of something, anything, to abate his raging hard-on.

Dead puppies.

Sick children.

Katie Hopkins.

[Bingo!]

[Not sure if all of the readers know who Katie Hopkins is]

[Good. Let’s keep it that way]

Once he’d calmed down, Wade found it easier to just quietly listen to Peter’s breaths, which had now slowed a little. After several minutes, they levelled out even more when he’d finally slipped into unconsciousness. The merc let out a sigh he hadn’t realised he’d been keeping in as he finally began to relax, comfortable now to turn on his side, facing Peter.

The soft glow of moonlight had followed the brunet like a shadow, basking him just enough that Wade could make him out if he squinted. He was…something else. All alabaster skin with a smattering of moles here and there, fainter, smaller freckles barely visible from the sliver of exposed collar bone.

Wade’s hand itched to reach out and trace them with his fingers.

As he lay there, his eyes roaming every inch of the brunet he could see, the lyrics to an old song he
didn’t remember ever learning, popped into his head, his lips mouthing the words:

“You’re my obsession, my fetish, my religion, my confusion, my confession…the one I want tonight, you are my obsession, the question and conclusion, you are, you are, you are…”

[Just when I thought he couldn’t get any creepier]

(He goes all Edward Cullen creepy staring at his sleeping crush and singing an angsty anthem to himself)

[You okay there, Gerard Way?]

[Wrong band]

[Well, if the emo shoe fits…]

[Ooh this is the song the reviewer asked for, isn’t it?]

[We’re nothing if not accommodating]

(This one’s for you, Ray!)

With the song lyrics still whirling around his head, Wade tried to ignore how apt they were as he let his eyes slip closed, the weight of the day finally weighing him down into a rare, dreamless sleep…

~*~

He was running. Panting. Screaming.

It was chasing him. Growing ever faster, faster until—

He was in a white room. Whatever it was, whatever had caught him, was no longer there. He was in this giant, empty room. Alone.

Until he wasn’t.

“Gio?” he croaked, eyebrows furrowing as his dead cousin stood next to him, looking more alive than the last time he saw him.

The fact that his head was still attached to his shoulders, helped.

“Hey Joey,” Gio smiled at him, that same, sly smile that would spread across his face as he gave him a noogie, wet willy and wedgie all in quick succession.

“How are you—”

“Shh…don’t overthink it cuz, you’ll hurt yourself,” Gio interrupted him with a sardonic grin and wave of his hand, “just do as I say and everything will be fine.”

Joe shook his head, palms sweating, that antsy feeling and overwhelming urge to run creeping up on him again.

“You…you’re not real. You’re dead,” he mumbled, squinting as the light in the room grew brighter, squinting as the light in the room grew brighter, squinting as the light in the room grew brighter until it was blinding him.

The sharp echo of Gio’s laughter pierced his ear drums as he was plunged into darkness, a faint
whispering of voices off in the distance the only other sign of life.

“Who—who’s there?” he called.

No one replied.

“How’s he doing?” Tony Stark asked Bruce Banner as they stood over the sleeping Joseph Blye in one of the hospital wards at Skyline Laboratories.

“Dreaming,” Banner responded without looking up from his notes, “but his condition hasn’t changed. He’s still…unresponsive to stimuli when awake. It’s almost like he’s—”

“In a trance,” Tony finished, scratching his chin.

“Fury give any particular reason why we had to bring him with us?” Bruce asked, not really expecting a definitive answer, this was Fury, after all.

“Whatever is goin’ on is directly linked to…this,” Tony gave a wave of his hand in Joe’s direction, “so further tests were needed. You know me Bruce, I just do what I’m told.”

The scientist rolled his eyes at his friend’s knowing smirk.

“Where’s Steve?”

Stark dragged a palm down his weary face, rubbing his knuckles against his stubble.

“With Fury.”

A short silence passed between them.

“You worried about Peter?” Bruce asked, finally catching Tony’s eye, his own face marred with concern.

“After what Fury told us?” Stark quirked an eyebrow, “I’d be an idiot not to.”

“I appreciated the debriefing before landing, Fury,” Steve Rogers said firmly as he and Nick sat opposite one another in the same office that Tony and Bruce vacated a few hours before.

Nick shrugged, unlit cigar in his fingers, tapping gently against the desk, “this involves Carter. A debrief was necessary.”

Steve hung his head at the mention of Peggy, a tightness in his chest.

After a moment, he collected himself, taking a breath, “so this…LK90. It—it was originally manufactured in this facility?”

Fury inclined his head.

“And…it’s modelled after some gas that Howard Stark made? The same gas that was released in a movie theatre back in 1946? A case that Peggy worked on?”

“So the records say.”

Steve nodded, cogs in his brain turning rapidly.

“And it makes people—”
“Hulk out. Just...without the super strength and puke green pigmentation,” Fury shrugged.

“And you’ve been testing it on human subjects,” Steve flatly stated rather than asked, his jaw clenched, “hasn’t anybody learned anything from what happened to Bruce? Emil Blonsky? Aldrich Killian?” here he paused, running a hand through his hair, “…Bucky?”

Nick seemed to entertain the idea of lighting his cigar before throwing it down on the desk and standing, walking around to lean against it, arms folded, his eye trained on the World’s First Avenger.

“It was stolen out of this facility nearly a year ago,” he began, seemingly ignoring Steve’s comment, “and then it shows up on Stark Industries’ radar a few months later. They bring it in, not havin’ a goddamn clue what they’re dealin’ with, so they have Parker and Edward James, the rookies, work on it without success. Then, a few months after that, you bust a guy in the middle of dosin’ Parker’s attempted-assassin with it in some warehouse. Daniels gets taken in, interrogated, and when given the opportunity, kills himself before we can find out anything other than a name. Chenko. Who seems to have it out for Parker for fuck knows what reason,” he paused with a shake of his head.

“Parker may not realize it, but the kid is in way over his head. This...whoever Chenko is and whatever they’re planning, is bigger than just some serum. There’s a bigger agenda at play. And I need you to figure out what that is,” he finished, levelling Steve with his piercing, unwavering stare.

Rogers nodded, standing up, preparing to take his leave for the night. But before he could turn around, a file on Fury’s desk caught his attention.

“Hypnosis?” he remarked, reading the title of the file that was written in small, black print, “that’s something that’s done here?”

Fury glanced behind him at the file before turning back to Steve, “that’s just the tip of the ice-berg of what’s done here, Cap.”

~*~

It was dark. This wasn’t a surprise, he hadn’t seen sunlight in days. What did surprise him though, was the cupcake.

Was he hallucinating?

And if so, why a cupcake?

Why not a slice of pizza or jumbo shrimp?

Apple pie or his momma’s banana bread?

“It’s a gift,” a familiar voice broke through his haze, answering his unasked question.

“A...reward, if you will.”

He snorted, hunger and exhaustion making him reckless as he glared at the chocolate treat sitting innocuously at his feet, “keep it. I don’t want your threatening cupcake with hostile frosting.”

Selena Rickards heaved a sigh, taking a step towards him, the click of her heels reverberating off the stone walls, “don’t be like that, Eddie. You have to eat something.”

Edward James tilted his head, squinting as light streamed into the room from where Selena stood,
basking her form in an almost supernatural glow.

“What happened to you?” he asked, his tone equal part exasperated and morbidly curious, “I followed your career for years. The rate you were goin’, you coulda won the Nobel Prize before you turned thirty,” he paused, heaving a heavy shrug, as much as he could with his arms restrained behind his back, “guess that won’t be happening now. Last time I checked, people tend to frown on kidnapping.”

A beat of silence filled the room with a thousand unspoken words.

“Eat the cupcake, Eddie,” Selena’s flat tone pierced through the gloom as she leaned down, her hair brushing against his shoulder as she stared into his face, her eyes large and oddly glazed, “we can’t have you passing out from hunger before your big debut…”

The scientist gaped at her vacant face before she turned on her heel and stormed out the door, slamming it behind her.

With a sigh, Eddie stared down at the cupcake, annoyed as an obvious problem arouse.

“Oh yeah? And how am I gonna do that with my hands tied behind my back, huh?” he yelled after her with gritted teeth, “aren’t you supposed to be a genius? Goddamn.”

~*~
Nobody wants him, he just stares at the world, planning his vengeance that he will soon unfurl. Now the time is here for Iron Man to spread fear, vengeance from the grave, kills the people he once save—

“This better be good,” Tony Stark groaned as he picked up his phone that was ringing at an ungodly hour and interrupting his well-deserved beauty sleep.

“Tony, it’s Happy.”

The billionaire opened his eyes as the familiar tone trickled into his ear.

“Happy,” he said flatly, “it’s…” he turned to his right to check what time it was, only to remember that he wasn’t in his own bed, “ass o’clock in the morning. What the hell couldn’t wait till—”

“The Tower’s been robbed.”

Tony sat up in the bed, a cot really, in one of the staff quarters at Skyline Industries.

“The reception really must be shit in this giant apocalypse bunker ‘cause I coulda sworn you just said that the Tower has been—”

“Robbed, yeah,” Happy finished with a sigh, “you know that dead guy that Bruce was gonna do the autopsy on before you guys had to high-tail it to god knows where?”

An uncomfortable feeling rose in Stark’s stomach.

It was too fucking early for this shit.

“Lemme guess…he went for a walk?”

Happy hummed in agreement, “he had a little help. Someone used an employee security pass to get into the lab.”
Tony’s eyebrows furrowed.

“Was their face caught on camera?”

Another sigh, “no such luck, mi amigo.”

The billionaire dragged a palm down his face, a gesture he was well aware he was doing far too much of lately, “well, who’s security pass was it?”

A weighted silence followed his words.

“Happy?”

…

“Happy!”

“Peter’s!” his friend exclaimed, his wince palpable, “it was Peter Parker’s…”

Tony fell back into the bed, his head smacking against the pillows with a hard thump.

Yep. It was far too fucking early for this shit.

~*~

May Elizabeth Parker had been a patient person for the majority of her life. It was one of her many positive attributes that grew from being a wife, a mother-figure and a working woman simultaneously, while also dealing with every crazy thing that life deemed to throw her way.

There were things however, that made her lose her patented patient composure.

And one of those things?

People who were rude to cashiers.

Or wait staff.

Or anyone, really.

“I told you already, missy. I got a coupon for all this shit! I just—I just gotta find it—” a snarling woman in front of her began rifling through her incredibly large purse, throwing random objects from it in her haste.

May exchanged a glance with the twenty-something cashier, offering her a small smile in consolation.

The young woman then turned to coupon-lady, offering her best ‘serving-a-difficult-customer’ smile.

“Well ma’am, if you’d like to step aside so I can serve these people, I’ll be happy to take the coupons when—”

“I said I have the damn coupons! Hold your horses you little—”

“Ahem,” May interrupted, her tone cutting through the rising tension like a knife, “excuse me but, is this your coupon?” she asked, bending down to pick up the slip of paper that had been under the customer’s shoe.
The woman tried to snatch it from her hands without as much as a thank you, but May held her ground, her eyes scanning the paper intently.

“Oh dear,” she murmured, just loud enough for the customer and the cashier to hear, “it looks like these are expired. The print is faint, but…yes, it’s right there. These expired yesterday. You must have missed it. Oh, isn’t that a shame?”

If looks could kill, May would find herself, hanged, drawn and quartered.

With a shrug, she handed the bothersome customer the coupons, “guess you’ll just have to pay full price.”

The cashier hid a grin behind her hand as she rang up the items (at full price) as the null-and-void-coupon-lady filled her many bags with flustered exasperation before handing over her cash so slowly it looked like it physically pained her to do so, before taking her leave, her cart practically bursting, an irate huff directed May’s way.

“Have a nice day!” May called cheerfully after her, turning back to the young woman, eyes shining with mirth, “I’ll take two scratchers please.”

Bags fully loaded with everything she’d need to make lunch for the three of them, May made her way out of the store and began her trek back home.

From across the street, a figure began to walk that same trek, subtly snapping pictures of her as they did so…

Dear god, he wanted to fuck him.

He wanted to be fucked by him.

He wanted to do every last filthy thing that could ever possibly enter his fucked up brain to him and have them all be reciprocated tenfold.

He wanted to lick every last inch of that skin, he wanted to bite, kiss, suck…everywhere.

The two were under the sink, Peter having just stopped the flow of water that burst from the pipe. They were drenched, clothes sticking to them as they drank each other in, their gazes raking up and down each other’s slick bodies, the air thick with the best kind of tension.

Something passed over Peter’s face as he and Wade finally locked eyes, their stare weighted with unspoken words.

“Wade I—”

[What the fuck is that noise and why is it interrupting Petey’s obviously very important sentence?!

Wade bit his lip as Peter threw him an apologetic look before climbing his way out from under the sink and sloshing through the three inches of water to grab his cell phone from off the table.

Wade’s non-existent eyebrows furrowed when he heard Tony Stark’s voice trickle out through Peter’s phone.

Admittedly, he was barely paying attention, far too concerned about his heart that was threatening to beat out of his chest over what just happened, but then Stark’s tiny voice said this:
“I just got a call from The Tower. Somebody stole Lucas Daniels’ body from Bruce’s lab.”

[ Talk about an attention grab ]

[ What an asshole Tony Stark move ]

[ Fucking cock-blocked by Tin Man himself. Great. ]

Wade watched as Peter’s grip tightened on the phone, turning his knuckles white.

“Who?” he asked, his tone sounding as if he was almost afraid to ask.

Dread rose in Deadpool’s stomach.

“That’s just the thing, kid,” Stark sighed, “according to security…you did.”

[ Well slap my ass and call me Sally ]

[ Can’t say I saw that comin’ ]

[ Meh. I kinda did. Me and writer lady are tight ]

[ Fuck you! Me and writer lady are even tighter ]

[ Nope. We’re an OTP. Yellow and writer lady. Or ‘Wellow’ for short. We have fanfiction and everything. Look it up ]

“What…” Peter blanched, finally meeting Wade’s eye from across the room, “what do you mean I —”

“Someone used your key-card, kid. Happy emailed me over the security feed. Don’t worry, it’s just between us. Happy oversaw it personally. It won’t get out.”

The brunet began pacing back and forth, apparently not caring that he was splashing around in water.

“No Tony,” he shook his head with a frantic glance to the merc, “you don’t understand. I—I have my key card. It’s on my keys. I’m looking at it right now.”

Wade followed his gaze, finding the key card in question hanging on a hook by the kitchen door.

“Well, someone must have cloned it or somethin’, I dunno, Peter. Whatever. I’m just calling as a courtesy. I’ve already spoken to Selena and Ethan and they know not to expect you in today. Told them you were working on something for me. So…you know, give the place a wide birth until I get back and we can investiga—”

“So, what? You want me to just sit on my ass and do nothing as this asshole ruins both my careers?!” Peter hissed, clearly too far gone to be bothered what he was saying in front of Wade, “this guy has already done enough to me, goddammit! I’m not gonna just here while—”

“You will exactly that, Parker. Look, I can’t say much over the phone but…me and the guys, we’re working on something down here. We just need a little time, okay? So just, keep your head low. Just for the time being,” Stark finished, sounding as if all fight had deflated from him.

Peter nodded before catching himself, “yeah…okay. T-Thanks for calling.”
“Stay outta trouble, Parker. I mean it. I’ll be in touch.”

Wade heard the exact moment the call was disconnected. Peter must have kept his phone to his ear for a solid five seconds before lowering it with a sigh on his lips.

Feigning ignorance, the merc piped up, “so what did Stark want? Makin’ sure you’re not hanging around people you shouldn’t be?”

“You’re hilarious,” the grad student deadpanned, before crossing the room to the pantry and retrieving a mop, “yeah. He uh…it looks like whoever is tryin’ to kill me is also trying to frame me and ruin my reputation too.”

“Fun times,” Wade remarked drily before awkwardly standing, water droplets falling from him onto the floor.

“Guess we uh…” he gestured around the soaked room, “better get this cleaned up before your aunt gets home, huh?”

Here, Peter smirked, thrusting the mop at him with a quirked eyebrow, “who said anything about we? You’re the one that burst the pipe with your exemplary plumbing skills, Sherlock,” he tilted his head and winked, “so…chop chop!”

~*~

“This is stupid.”

“Is it, though?”

“Really the most idiotic thing you’ve ever thought of…and I’m including that time in Beirut.”

“C’mon, Barton. Where’s your sense of adventure?”

Natasha Romanoff levelled Clint Barton with a stare that would cause a weaker man to fall at her feet and beg for mercy.

Barton was immune.

Mostly.

That didn’t stop him for looking away first, though.

[Aww! I really love these two. Remind me again why Whedon decided to give Clint a secret wife and Romanoff an unnecessary romantic subplot?]

[Well, Mark Ruffalo is dreamy]

[True. Doesn’t mean it wasn’t a lame move, though]

[I concur. Also, we’re not in this scene]

[You’re no fun]

“So where does this hallway go, then?” Barton asked, gesturing to the long, empty stretch ahead of them.

“Well if I knew that, I wouldn’t have suggested we go exploring, would I?” Romanoff deadpanned
before practically skipping onward, seeming completely at ease to the untrained eye, but Barton knew better.

Her heckles were up.

With good reason.

Skyline Laboratories was...creepy, for lack of a better word. Ever since Clint got there, something had settled into his skin that he just couldn’t shake. An unease that grew deeper and deeper as time went on, festering into his bones. Maybe it was the human experiments or the clandestine smoke and dagger shit they had to go through to get here, I mean, blindfolds...really? Whatever it was, it was beginning to bother him. Not that he’d ever admit it.

“Look. Fury kept this place hidden from us for a reason. Don’t tell me you don’t wanna know why that is…” Natasha voiced her companion’s exact thoughts as they made their way down the hallway.

It had crossed his mind. More than once in the last eighteen hours. He also didn’t like leaving the kid back in New York to deal with whatever shit was going down, but…orders were orders.

His shoulders stiffened at that thought.

A lot of good people had died because of orders.

He hoped Peter Parker wouldn’t be added to that already too long list.

“The kid’ll be fine,” Nat murmured, as attuned to him as always, like they shared a brain.

Now there was a scary thought...knowing her sense of humour and proclivity for gaining enjoyment from his embarrassment, she’d more than likely just keep that time he tried to incapacitate a guy on ice, fell on his ass and split his jeans on constant replay in their shared consciousness.

“You’re thinking really loud. It’s distracting,” she remarked over her shoulder as she scanned the signs on all the doors.

“You gettin’ rusty, Romanoff? Back in the day, even my humming wasn’t enough to distract you from the mission…” he trailed off, trying to keep his smirk under control.

He valued his limbs.

“One, this isn’t a mission. Two, ‘back in the day’, what are we Steve and Barnes? And three, that atrocity you call humming is enough to drive anyone to murder/suicide. You’re lucky I didn’t tap you twice in the head and go get lunch,” she responded drily, catching his eye for a split second before nodding her head at the last door on their right.

[There really has to be more Black Widow in shit. She’s awesome]

[Yep. These two both need more love, really]

[More merchandise!]

[More screen time!]

[Who needs another Spider Man movie when we can have a Black Widow movie?]

[*Gasp* You mean you don’t want more Spidey?!!]
[We’ve had plenty of Spidey already. With this new guy, it’s three in like, thirteen years. It’s not that Spidey isn’t awesome and loveable and fuckable as hell but…it’s Romanoff’s turn. She’s an Avenger too goddamnit!]

[You got a point. Black Widow Movie 2k16!]

[Hawkeye Movie 2k17!]

[And buddy assassins movie 2k18!]

[‘What Happens In Budapest, Stays In Budapest’]

[Damn. Why aren’t we movie execs again?]

Clint stared at the ‘Private’ sign with a tilt of his head before signing ‘after you’ at Nat, following as she tried the door, miraculously finding it unlocked.

[Fancy that]

[How convenient]

[*Cough* Lazy writing alert! *Cough*]

“And here I brought my lock pick for nothing,” Barton murmured.

“A true boy scout,” Romanoff smirked before opening the door wide and stepping in.

Two pairs of eyebrows rose as a giant room with dozens and dozens of lines of filing cabinets stretching as far as their eyes could see, was revealed.

Craning her neck, the spy leaned over to the archer, “I’ve got a feelin’ we’re gonna need that lock pick after all…”

~*~

“We all live in a yellow submarine, a yellow submarine, a yellow submarine…we didn’t like the colour so we painted it green, painted it green, painted it green…”

Peter didn’t bother to suppress a chuckle as he listened to Wade mop up the floor.

“John Lennon is rolling in his grave,” he remarked from his spot at the kitchen table, his already soaked socks resting on the chair in front of him, ankles crossed.

Wade scoffed, turning to glare at Peter, waving the mop at him, ignoring how he was sprinkling water everywhere, “John Lennon is alive and well, off the grid and holed up in a cabin in Nantucket. Look it up.”

[Don’t look it up. Writer lady made it up specifically for this bit]

[And also doesn’t mean any disrespect to the late John Lennon]

[Or the lyrical masterpiece that is ‘Yellow Submarine’]

[Okay…now she’s just being sarcastic]

[‘Hey Jude’ is fantastic though]
“I suppose you believe that the real Paul McCartney died in 1966 and was replaced by a lookalike too, huh?”

“Duh.”

“Why am I not surprised you’re a conspiracy theorist?”

“My charming personality, good looks and rapier wit?”

“That must be it.”

The two stared at one another, matching grins on their faces as they sparred back and forth, their banter as enjoyable as always.

[Seriously. You can’t make up chemistry like this. How the big guy never made the Spidey connection I’ll never know]

{Because then there wouldn’t be a story…?}

[Oh yeah]

“I suppose you believe in Big Foot and The Loch Ness Monster too?” Peter asked, standing up from the table and walking towards him, pleased to note that there was considerably less water underfoot.

“Dude…” Wade began, mirroring the brunet’s stance, “we live in a world where Gods go on killing sprees, aliens fall from the sky through magic portals and mercenaries re-grow limbs on the regular. You tellin’ me a Scottish maybe-dinosaur and a furry caveman-type is too unbelievable for you?”

Peter inclined his head, “you got a point.”

The merc smirked, “damn right I do…” he trailed off before a mischievous expression crossed his face.

Peter found he really liked that Wade was finally comfortable keeping his mask off around him.

“What’s that face for?” he asked, suspicion lacing his tone.

“Scaring children and Freddie Kruger Cosplay mostly,” Wade shrugged, parroting his usual response to that question, “but for now, it’s for…this!” he finished, stomping his foot down in one of the remaining puddles and splashing Peter.

“Oh for fuck’s—Deadpool!” the brunet growled, his eyes flashing before he retaliated, kicking his foot at him, laughing when the entire front of Wade’s pants got wet, looking an awful lot like he’d pissed himself.

“Uh oh, did Wadey have an accident?” he snorted before yelping as the merc smacked him in the face with a sponge.

“He shoots, he scores!” he yelled before bursting out laughing.

Peter swiped his palm over his forehead, fixing his skewed glasses, his bangs sticking up at all angles hilariously, before he picked up his mop and held it like a sword.

“En garde!”

Wade snorted, rolling his eyes before snatching up the nearest thing to him, a considerably shorter,
rainbow-coloured feather-duster.

Peter quirked an eyebrow at him, his eyes lowering to the measly duster, tilting his head.

“You do remember what I do for a living, right kid? I could beat you with a toothpick and both hands tied behind my back…” he trailed off, his tone tethering on the edge of playfully threatening.

The brunet huffed out a laugh before suddenly darting forward, catching Wade off guard.

[Shit!]

[Forgot how speedy Spidey is]

Wade easily blocked his attack though, surging forward and thrusting the duster under Peter’s chin, tickling him.

The younger man squirmed, jumping away from the feathers, an annoyed chuckle sounding as if it was forcefully ripped from his throat.

“My, my, my,” the merc grinned, stepping towards him, “is little Petey Pie ticklish? That is very good to know…”

Peter glared at him, “you wouldn’t dare.”

Wade snorted, “wouldn’t I? Please. It’s like you don’t know me at all,” he finished, doing a little fancy footwork and striking the brunet on the shoulder.

Peter stumbled back before righting himself and pivoting, his own footwork pretty impressive, he closing the already small space between them as he managed to hit the Canadian on the hip, the fluffy tassels of the mop brushing against his soaked T-shirt.


The merc suddenly reached out, snatching the other man’s wrist, but the he was having none of it, pulling until his back hit the wall, dragging Wade with him, their chests colliding roughly, their soaked clothes squelching between them.

The two men breathed into each other’s faces, their eyes locked, their lips barely an inch apart.

“We gotta stop meeting like this,” Wade murmured softly, fingers still clasped around Peter’s wrist, his heart threatening to beat out of his chest as he watched the web-slinger tilt his head in confusion.

Before he could allow him to think too hard about that, the merc was struck with an idea. A slow smirk spread across his face as he slowly dropped the feather duster and reached behind him, snatching up the wet cloth he was using and ringing it out on top of Peter’s head, gleefully enjoying himself as the boy-wonder yelped loudly, the water no doubt freezing.

“Looks like it’s time for another shower, Petey. What’s that, your third one in twelve hours?” Wade asked innocently, taking great pleasure in watching the droplets drip from his brunet tresses and down his now rosy cheeks.

Peter tensed at his words, his hazel eyes shining with something that looked a lot like anxiety.

[Uh oh.]

[Someone dun fucked up]
Swallowing several times, Peter gaped at him before opening his mouth, his voice small, “Wade did you—”

“And how are my boys getting—why are you wet?” the voice of his Aunt May interrupted him as she stepped into the kitchen, hands laden with shopping bags, staring widely at them before surveying the room.

Both men leapt apart from one another as if scalded, yelling in unison:

“It was an accident—”

“We’re cleaning it up—”

“Please don’t be mad—”

“Be gentle with me!”

She gawped at Peter, then at Wade and back again.

“Honestly, I can’t leave you two alone for five minutes,” she sighed, her half-smile really easing her already-less-than-heated tone, “come on, clean this mess up and I may just tell you all about my coupon crackdown at the grocery store.”

~*~

“So, then I said ‘guess you’ll just have to pay full price.’ Ha! Oh lord, you should’ve seen her face! I thought she was gonna hit me with her frozen ham,” May chuckled, a glint of mirth in her eyes.

Wade’s laughter boomed around the kitchen, Peter’s chuckles a soft undercurrent. After cleaning up the rest of the water and changing into dry clothes (Wade borrowing some too-short sweatpants and too-tight T-shirt) the three of them sat down to May’s lunch of chicken risotto and peach cobbler dessert.

“Only you could get into a supermarket showdown over coupons,” Peter shook his head at his aunt, a little exasperated.

“No,” May pointed her fork at him, her eyebrow quirked, “it wasn’t over coupons, Peter. It was over rudeness. A lack of human decency and common courtesy. Remember—”

“It costs nothing to be nice. Yes, Aunt May, I know,” he finished with a small smile.

Wade watched this exchange, an indecipherable expression on his face.

“I think you handled the situation really well, May,” he remarked, waving his fork around, his third helping of peach cobbler slipping from it, “I know a lotta people who woulda just BAM KICK KAPLOWED her face into—”

Peter cleared his throat loudly, drowning out the merc’s awesome smack-down sound effects.

Chocolate eyes met hazel.

“Oh, I mean—not me. I’m a model citizen. A regular, everyday Joe Soap with absolutely no homicidal tendencies whatsoever.”
May merely smiled at Wade’s sheepish expression however, before shifting her attention to her nephew.

“So you two don’t have work today, then?”

Peter and Wade exchanged another glance before the former replied:

“Uh…no. Mr. Stark gave us the day off. I’ll be back in on Monday as normal.”

Mrs. Parker seemed pleased by that.

“Good. I’ve always said you work too hard. It’s about time you had a day off. And you too, Wade,” she nodded at the merc, “be a dear and pass me that newspaper, please.”

Deadpool wordlessly did as he was told (a feat in of itself, Peter couldn’t help but think) before standing up and beginning to clear the table.

“Oh no, Wade you don’t—”

“You cooked, May. This is the least I can do after flooding your kitchen,” the mercenary waved off her protests as he made his way over to the (now fully functioning) sink and began to wash the plates.

“I’ll help,” Peter piped up, also standing, collecting the rest of the cutlery and moving over to stand beside Wade, towel in hand, ready to dry.

A tranquil ten minutes passed, the only sounds being the scrubbing and submerging of dirty dishes and the occasional rustling of newspaper pages being turned. It was nice. Peter caught himself staring over at his house guest more than once, an odd feeling settling in his chest. One that wanted to whisper of how domestic it seemed, how homely, how natural it felt to stand here, washing dishes, Wade by his side, his aunt’s cheerful presence in the background.

His heart rate quickened at the very thought, his cheeks burning.

Stop feeling things, Parker! Jesus. This is getting outta—

“Oh no…” his aunt’s dejected tone interrupted his mental scolding.

Both men made sounds of acknowledgement, prompting her to continue, another rustling of paper prefacing her words.

“It’s only a few days away from the first year anniversary of that RCorp factory fire. So tragic. That poor family…”

Peter felt rather than saw Wade’s entire body tense, his grip slipping on the plate, it crashing back down into the sink.

The brunet suddenly felt very queasy, shutting his eyes tight, hoping that the merc wouldn’t notice his sudden intake of breath and his shaking hands, an overwhelming sensation of guilt settling under his skin.
“Wow,” he forced himself to reply, his throat feeling like a Boa Constrictor had it in its grip, “that’s been a year already?”

Standing stock-still beside him, Wade had tuned out completely, his mind stuck on repeat, it replaying over and over in his head like a broken record.

That RCorp factory fire, that RCorp factory fire, that RCorp factory fire…

The incident.

[Oh no.]

{Guess the time has come}

[It was inevitable, really. Could only block it out for so long]

{Initiate flashback}

[De de doo loo, de de doo loo, de de doo loo]

{What are you doing?}

{You know. The flashback sound. From Wayne’s World?}

{Oh…that means I’m on wavy hand gestures and camera dissolve, right?}

{Right}

{*wavy hand gestures as the image starts to dissolve into the next scene*}

{How are you doing that without hands?}

{I’m just that good}

355 Days Ago…

“And I wonder what would happen if you SAY WHAT YOU WANNA SAY, and let the words fall out, honestly…I WANNA SEE YOU BE BRAVE!”

Clint Barton heaved a sigh as Natasha Romanoff rolled her eyes.

“Guess the party just got a little bigger, Cap,” Tony Stark stated as he folded his arms, casting a glance at the First Avenger.

“Yo, yo, yo, Deadpool’s in the hizzle! What be the shizzle, Super Squad?” Wade Wilson called as he approached, finally coming into view of the full team, clad in his patented red and black, katanas glinting in the mid-morning sun.

“How did you get in here?” Tony barked, forever flabbergasted at how the merc still managed to evade his top security system at the Tower.

Deadpool merely winked however and stopped right next to Captain America.

“What can we do for you, Deadpool?” Steve Rogers asked, turning on the spot to face him, trying and marginally failing to keep the obvious weariness out of his tone.
"No, no, no, mi amigo, compadre, hombre manífico, it is not what YOU can do for ME, oh no," the mercenary shook his head before placing a palm on Roger’s broad shoulder, “…wow you are ripped,” he murmured under his breath before clearing his throat, “it is what ME can do for YOU!"

An irked ambiance settled within the group. This was a speech they had heard many times before. Too many times.

“Let me guess…” Stark began, walking around Wade in his Iron Man suit sans helmet, “you want to join The Avengers.”

Deadpool giggled, “aww, Tony! There’s just no foreplay with you anymore, is there? Just straight down to it. Five minutes, missionary position, twice a week. And here I thought you were more of a Casanova than that. Not just a ‘wham bam thank you ma’am’ kinda guy. I gotta say, I’m disappointed in—”

“You’re not joining the team, Deadpool. How many times do we have to go through this?” Stark cut across him, his limited patience already wearing thin.

“But wait—just—hear me out!” Wade held up his hands, stepping closer to Rogers, again ignoring Tony whilst being mindful to not bump into The Hulk.

That was not an experience he ever wished to repeat.

“If I could just…show you guys, what I can do. I mean, haven’t I already been a big help in the past? That awesome tandem thing me and Spidey did last time was not only sexual as fuck, but pretty damn effective, if I do say so myself!” he exclaimed, a gleeful bounce in his step, “so my thought process was, if you just let me and Spidey tag-team again—”

“Spider Man isn’t on the team,” Romanoff cut across him with a roll of her eyes.

“Not yet, Red,” the Canadian smirked, “but I know you’ve got your eye on him. He’s a good kid. He deserves a spot on this team. And so do I.”

“We don’t hire killers, Deadpool, you know that,” Steve responded, almost as if he was on auto pilot.

“Riiight…” Wade murmured, glancing between Romanoff and Barton, “because nobody on this team has ever killed anybody.”

An uneasy silence followed his words.

“Nobody is currently killing anybody for money,” Steve clarified, folding his arms across his impressive chest.

Deadpool opened his mouth and abruptly closed it, gaping like a fish for several moments.

“Okay, okay, you got me there. I admit it. But, there’s nothin’ wrong with a little freelancing, right? I mean, a guy’s gotta make a living—”

“There are better ways to make a living, Deadpool,” Steve interjected, his stance stiff.

“Yeah,” Wade nodded, waving his hand, “but they don’t pay as well.”

Rogers shook his head, “and that, right there, is why we continue to turn you down.”
“And here I thought it was my cologne,” the merc muttered under his breath.

Stark and Cap exchanged a look, the latter piping up, “that assassination of the foreign dignitary at McCabe’s Gala last week…would you happen to know anything about that?”

Wade put a hand to his chest, throwing him a wounded expression.


[Uh…maybe ‘cause you just said the words ‘mercenary’ and ‘deadly’ in the same sentence?]

Judging by the many dubious glances aimed his way, the merc knew they weren’t buying it, but before he could try and spin some spiel, the dulcet tone of Jarvis rang out around the room.

“So sorry to interrupt, but a fire has broken out at a factory fourteen blocks from here. Judging by the time of day, the rapid spreading of the blaze, the vast number of employees, the traffic congestion and the fire station’s response time, there is potential for mass casualties. Time is of the essence.”

Everyone erupted into action after the seventh word in Jarvis’ sentence, hurriedly getting ready.

“How many inside, Jarvis?” Tony asked, pressing various points on his suit until it was fully secured on him once more.

“1047 employees have punched in this morning sir,” Jarvis replied, “there is also record of a local Elementary School group consisting on thirty children and two teachers visiting the facility for a field trip.”

The tension in the room rose several degrees at those words.

“It’s all hands on deck for this one,” Steve called, taking note of the absence of Thor and the incapacitated and wholly inappropriate Hulk before turning to face Deadpool, “you said you wanted to prove yourself? This is your last chance. Don’t screw it up.”

RCorp was as impressive of a building as it was a company. Fifty-five storeys high with over a thousand employees within at any given time, it had been established at the height of the recession, and despite all odds, flourished over the passing years. It was a prime location for tours, everyone from all walks of life coming from near and far to view its inner workings, fascinated by all the different departments and products – but by far, the most intriguing point of RCorp, was its focus on all things superhero.

The founder and CEO of RCorp, had started off with merely an idea. Ever since the emergence of Tony Stark’s Iron Man, he watched as the general consensus towards crime-fighters morphed and rejuvenated the musing and enthrallment from the era of Captain America. He thought, that if he could only find his niche and tap into that market, the same market where people clambered into stores for Captain America lunch boxes to give their children at the height of the war to establish and keep up morale, he’d be set. He just needed the 21st century version of that. And with the emergence of The Avengers, he eventually found it.

And so began the mass production, featuring the famous six with the occasional special appearance every once and awhile from non-Avengers and up and coming Avengers like Spider Man, The Falcon and most recently, an enigmatic individual out of Hell’s Kitchen. It was much, much more than some lunch boxes, too. If you could think of it, RCorp could guarantee you that there was Captain America’s shield or Thor’s Hammer or Hawkeye’s bow and arrow on it. And with every
success of The Avengers, every tick in the win column, from the Battle of New York to smaller victories, RCorp capitalised on it.

Until it caught fire…

“Glad you guys could make it. I didn’t think I could handle something like this on my own!” Spider Man yelled over his shoulder as four of The Avengers plus Deadpool arrived at the scene, made frantic by the running and screaming of people in every direction around them. The heroes barely noticed this however, all too transfixed by the blaze and smoke rising from the skyscraper, it completely engulfed by black clouds, soft shadows of people still trapped inside barely visible.

Cap morphed into his leadership role, dolling out the formation in which he thought they should proceed, “Tony and I will take floors thirty-four to fifty, Nat and Clint you take floors eighteen to thirty three and Spider Man, you’re with Deadpool. Take the rest. Rescue as many as you can. Emergency Services should be here soon. Go!”

Each person took off, scattering in various different directions, sprinting, flying and web-slinging their way into the burning building.

Deadpool fought to keep up with his arachnid companion as they raced in through the automatic doors, trying to see through the smoke and hear themselves think over the blaring of the fire alarm.

“Allright, nobody panic! Please just make your way in an orderly fashion towards the door,” Spider Man shouted as bodies weaved in and out around him, desperately trying to get out.

“Oh yeah, ‘cause that always works,” the merc couldn’t help but deadpan as he just shoved folks haphazardly towards the exit.

The web-head ignored him however, continuing to call over the panicky people’s heads. The heat was palpable, the smoke rising and stinging his eyes from underneath his mask. He suppressed a cough as he glanced around wildly for any other signs of life.

“The fire…it looks like it’s spreading from the basement,” Deadpool’s yell broke through his hyper-focus, pointing at the smoke that was billowing out from under the door marked ‘basement staircase,’ “we gotta find those elementary school kids!”

Nodding, Spider Man helped up a woman who stumbled to the ground, “okay, I got things here. You check the next couple of floors and I’ll go check out the basement. When it’s clear, I’ll meet you back up on—”

“No way! We do this together, man. It’s too—”

“Deadpool, we don’t have time to argue, just go. I’ll meet back up with you soon!” With that, he took off without a backwards glance.

Wade watched him go for a split second before sprinting down the corridor towards the other staircase. Suddenly, he halted, his attention piqued. A slow smirk spread across his face as his eyes landed on a megaphone sitting on a desk. Picking it up, he pressed the button and yelled: “ALRIGHT PEOPLE, THERE IS A FIRE IN THE BUILDING, YOU GOTTA GET YOUR ASSES OUT! SO TRY NOT TO FREAK THE FUCK OUT AND FOR GOD’S SAKE TAKE THE DAMN STAIRS, DO NOT ATTEMPT TO GET IN AN ELEVATOR OR YOU WILL SURELY DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH! THIS HAS BEEN A PSA. DEADPOOL OUT.”

[That should do it]
Meanwhile, Spider Man stifled a groan when he heard the merc’s little broadcast as he attentively made his way down towards the basement. This was definitely the origin of the fire, the smoke thicker and blacker than—

[The biggest blackest dick!]

[Really? You think now is a suitable time for a Cards Against Humanity joke?]

[It’s always a suitable time for a Cards Against Humanity joke]

—what he saw on the first floor, the heat intense. Beads of sweat broke out on Spider Man’s forehead, at the nape of his neck, as he drew closer and closer to the door. Reaching out, he tried to open it, wincing as it burned his hands through his gloves, not budging an inch. Persevering through the pain, he summoned his super strength and wrenched the door open bit by bit, finding that it had warped somewhat due to the heat. His mouth fell open as his eyes drank in the scene that was revealed to him.

Flames licked at the already sullied walls, the low ceiling engulfed with a large, thick, soot-coloured fog, the confining room littered with overturned furniture, equipment, broken support beams and… bodies. Tiny, tiny bodies.

The web-slinger raced over to the nearest body, checking on the neck for a pulse, his own racing a mile a minute.

There! A pulse. Not a body. A person. A living, breathing little girl who couldn’t be more than nine years old. He found the elementary school class.

“…elp! Help!” a voice emerged from somewhere in the gloom, the voice female, yet older.

Picking up the little girl, he followed the direction of the voice, picking up another small boy and hosting him over his shoulder.

“Oh thank god! Spider Man!” a woman with a deep gash on her forehead exclaimed from where she lay on the floor, trapped under an overturned table as the spandex-clad man neared her, “oh no, Kevin! Olivia! Are they okay? Please tell me they’re okay! Oh my g—”

“Are you alright?” he cut across her rising panic, jostling the children around so he could move the table off of her, “can you walk?”

The woman nodded, getting up off the ground with a little difficulty, swaying slightly, but otherwise stable.

“You need to get out of here, now,” Spider Man continued, “take the children. I’m going to try and round up the rest. Do you know where they are?”

The woman took the children, holding one in each arm, wincing a little under the strain. “Y-Yes, they’re further down with Robert. I—I was on my way out with Kevin and Olivia towards the restroom when we noticed the smoke and…I couldn’t tell where it was coming from. It seemed to come outta nowhere! Then I…we passed out. I—I don’t understand how—”

Spider Man waved his hand to cut her off, “we’ll worry about that later. It’s time to go. Go back the way you came in, the door is open, the fire hasn’t spread properly to the first floor yet, but it will, so you have to hurry. Go!”
She didn’t need to be told twice, moving as fast as she could carrying two unconscious children, disappearing into the gloom.

Spidey turned and made his way further into the room, crossing with a speedy ease that the webs provided, dodging debris left and right. Halting, he came to another door, finding it ajar. Squeezing through, he was met with an even more of a horrifying sight than the one previously. There, right in front of him, amidst the inferno, lay a floor absolutely beleaguered with unmoving children, at least two dozen of them, sprawled over and hidden under wreckage, flames dangerously close to their small frames.

Frantically, the hero glanced around for something, anything that could possibly help him with this impossible situation when precipitously, a small window at the very corner, high on the wall caught his attention.

*[When God closes a door, he opens a window]*

*[Shh!]*

Racing over, he used his elbow to smash the glass, smoke escaping out into the air as if being sucked up by a vacuum. Gritting his teeth, Spider Man grabbed two children nearest him and lifted them gently to the window, pushing them out, standing on his tip-toes.

“Alright Spidey, I checked most of the floors and—holy shit!” a familiar voice came from over his shoulder.

Wade’s heart hammered heavily in his chest as he took in the scene before him. Children, so many children, the fire rapidly spreading, the smoke getting darker, the—

“Deadpool,” the younger man rasped, breaking the mercenary’s trance, his throat constricted from breathing in so much smoke, “go outside, around to the…basement window and drag the children I pass out, to safety. It’s the…quickest way to get them out.”

The merc gaped at him for a moment before nodding quickly and for once, doing what he was told. The web-slinger took those moments (which felt like hours but couldn’t have been more than minutes) waiting for Wade to take stock of the situation, mentally cataloguing everything that had to be done, trying to get control over his frenetic synapses firing left and right. His eyes trailed over the remaining two dozen little bodies scattered around the room, knowing that there had to be more that he just couldn’t see and felt the panic rise up his throat like a claw scratching an itch. He took an involuntary deep breath, immediately heaving a cough, gasping as he sucked in a large amount of smoke, causing him to splutter, tears rolling down his face.

“Hey now Spidey, don’t die on me yet. There’s still work to do!”

Spider Man never thought he’d be so happy to hear the voice of Wade Wilson in his entire life.

They set to work. Like a well-oiled machine, they worked quickly and efficiently, the younger man gathering as many children as he could at a time and passing them out the window, single file, as gently as he could, whilst Wilson carried them the rest of the way, out to where there were now streams of flashing blue and red lights and a flurry of activity in the distance.

“The cavalry are here,” he informed his fellow crime-fighter as he ran back towards the building after his tenth trip back and forth.

Smoke was billowing steadily out the broken window now, so much so that it caused the merc (who...
was leaning down into it) to go into a fit of coughing.

“You—you sure you’re okay in there, Spidey? It’s…it’s getting really bad and—”

“There’s only…four more kids and…another teacher somewhere I think,” Spider Man cut across
him with a rasp, “I just gotta find—”

An ear-splitting creaking noise drowned out the rest of words before the ground beneath Wade’s feet
shook harder than any earthquake he had encountered. Inside, Spidey was thrown completely off
balance, landing hard on the ground with a definitive smack, his skull bearing the brunt of the blow.

“Spidey!” the merc yelled through the window, fighting to see anything through the murky fog,
“Spidey!”

Dread rose in his stomach as silence met his cries.

Shaking his head, Wade leapt through the window, landing deftly on his feet. It was like jumping
directly into hell itself. The mask was useless to shield his mouth and nose from inhaling the toxic
smoke as he blearily looked around him, surrounded by a pit of darkness, swirling ever higher with
the rising heat. Flames engulfed most of the room now, the source of the creaking noise being the
beginning of the collapse of a gargantuan support beam. As Wade squinted at it, his heart leapt in his
throat as he saw a minute hand peeking out from behind it.

Rushing forward, dodging debris and shifting a gigantic concrete slab so he could squeeze past it,
Deadpool reached the beam, a tight space barely big enough for him to get his arms through to pull
out the child. Huffing out wheezy breaths, he managed to grab the child’s arms and pull them out,
falling back from the momentum. Thankfully, the little boy seemed (like the others) to be completely
unconscious, but as Wade inspected him for injury, his heart lurched painfully in his chest when his
eyes landed on the boy’s legs. They looked...mangled. As if the beam…

“Jesus…” he gasped, before erupting into another fit of coughing.

Once he got himself back under control, Wade held his breath, stumbling back through the room
towards the window, pushing the boy through it and whisking back around, his gaze bouncing
around wildly, hoping to catch a glimpse of red and blue.

“Spidey! Spidey?! C’mon you tease, don’t leave me hangin’ like this! It’s rude!”

His tactic of flirt-annoying-the-web-slinger-into-compliance may have worked if it weren’t for the
hint of hysteria in his tone.

…it was getting really hard to breathe.

“There’s…there’s another body…the teacher…” a soft, barely audible voice whimpered.

Deadpool glanced down at his feet, finding Spider Man lying on the floor to his left, facing the
support beam, his arm lying at a weird angle, the back and edge of his mask completely split, blood
gushing from a nasty cut, a sliver of too pale skin peeking out from underneath all the crimson.

“I’ll—I’ll get him,” Wade murmured, his head swimming, his lungs feeling as if he had inhaled
lighter fluid.

“No…I…you can’t fit through the space. My webs…I can swing over and…” the merc watched as
Spider Man continued to lose more and more blood, it gushing from his head like a grotesque
waterfall.
“No Spider Man, you’re getting outta here. Now!” he replied firmly, taking a hold of the hero’s good arm and hauling him to his feet, pushing him back towards the window.

The shorter man stumbled for a moment before planting his feet resolutely in defiance, causing Wade to crash into his back.

Hissing in pain, the arachnid spat through gritted teeth, “I’m the only one that…can get to him, Deadpool. You get out and make sure…that boy gets to an ambulance. I’m—I’m getting the teacher ou—”

Another booming groan shook the room, throwing the two men in opposite directions. Wade landed with a loud and painful thump, his head spinning worse than that time he got drunk off his ass on Blind Al’s moonshine.

[Which time?]

[There was more than one]

[Quit lying to yourself]

“S-Spidey? Spidey!”

Biting his lip, he heaved his aching body forward, completely unsurprised to find a large metal spike sticking out of his side. That would explain the blinding pain, then.

A wounded moan off to his left alerted him of Spider Man’s location. Wincing, the mercenary dragged himself across the floor, waving his hand wildly through the air as his suit caught fire.

[Stop. Drop. And roll, dude.]

[Did that song teach you nothing?]

“Gotta…gotta get…”

Wade’s stomach gave a painful swoop as he heard Spidey’s desperately murmurings as he fought to stay conscious, his good arm outstretched towards the beam where now a larger hand was visible.

The teacher.

“Shit!” he exclaimed as the web-slinger’s pant-leg was attacked by flames.

“What the hell…is takin’ those fire-fighter assholes…so long?!” he rasped as he again forced himself to his feet, gathering Spider Man up, pulling him to his feet, his back pressed against his chest as he trudged them both forward towards the window again.

“NO!” a sudden roar was wrenched from Spidey’s throat as he realized what the merc was doing.

He stopped again, this time whirling around, losing his footing. Wilson caught him, hands clasping his shoulders, steadying him. Spidey thanked him by pushing him back with a strong shove, stumbling closer to the beam, walking through the fire that licked at it as if he couldn’t feel the heat.

Leaning down, he ignored his very broken arm and lay on the aflame floor, pushing himself in as far as he could through the gap, his fingers inches away from the teachers arm.

Wade stumbled forward, shaking his swirling head, trying desperately to focus, to catch his breath to —
The beam was slipping.

“Spidey! SPIDEY LOOK OUT—” he screamed, leaping towards Spider Man just as the beam (and the very jagged metal that aligned it) collapsed with a thunderous roar.

There was a rushing in Wade’s ears, like the entire ocean had entered his ear canal as dust and smoke swirled in the air, completely blinding him. He couldn’t hear, couldn’t see, couldn’t breathe, couldn’t speak, could only sit there, a lapful of Spider Man (something he had always wished for, but never in these circumstances) and wait on tenterhooks for the scene to settle.

It was one of the worst moments in his entire life.

And that was saying something.

Gradually, some of the dust shifted, a fuzzy and incomplete picture forming in front of them.

But it was enough.

There was no hand anymore.

No space for anyone or anything to get to the teacher.

“NO!” a scream ripped from Spider Man’s chest as he stared at the broken beam in horror, “NO! I CAN—DEADPOOL! LET ME GO! I CAN STILL SAVE HIM! I CAN—” Wade pressed down hard on a pressure point at his shoulder, feeling him immediately go limp, crumpling in his arms, unconscious.

Head bowed, he dragged the kid towards the window, lifting him up and out the window, before following, coughing and spluttering as he collapsed on the grass, his eyes staring up into the afternoon sun, the faint sounds of singing birds still audible over all the screaming sirens.

Letting his hand fall to his side, the merc found himself covered in blood, it a darker shade than normal, almost black.

[Well, that can’t be good]

It was the last thought he had for a while…

~*~

“The fire was weird...it was in the basement, on floor nine, thirteen, twenty four, and forty seven. Like someone purposely set fire to those floors and not the entire building.”

“And what was with all the kids being knocked out? Sure, some of them could be explained by the trauma, the smoke inhalation, but what are the odds of them all being unconscious at the exact same time?”

“Has Spider Man said anything yet?”

“No. He’s yelled a lot, though.”

“After what he went through, that’s kinda understand—”

“They found the teacher’s body.”

“Is he…?”
“...of smoke inhalation. So he wasn’t alive when...”

Wade Wilson groaned loudly as voices, different to his boxes, broke through his subconscious and dragged him towards consciousness.

[How very dare they!]

[We were having such a nice dream]

[Naked Spidey feeding us tacos on a gondola]

[I hear Italy is beautiful this time of year]

“Deadpool!” the first voice exclaimed, far too loudly in his opinion.

“Tha’s muh name,” he slurred in response, his head still a little fuzzy as he struggled to open his eyes.

He felt two people approach the bed, leaning over him.

“You died again,” the second voice, he could now make out as Tony Stark’s, informed him.

“I figured as much,” he groused as he blinked, Stark and Rogers coming into focus.

“How’d I go this time?” he asked, blinking down at himself, his suit torn on his side side.

“Scrap of metal to the liver. You bled out in minutes,” a doctor informed him as she entered the room, nodding to the two Avengers.


She offered him a wry smile, “your healing factor kicked in as normal, Mr Wilson. So I’m sure everything is back in working order.”

[*nudge nudge wink wink*]

[She’s totally flirting with us]

[Speaking of flirting...]

“How is Spidey?” the merc asked, trying to keep the level of concern to a minimal in his tone.

Rogers and Stark exchanged a weight glance.

“He’s...recovering,” the former responding evenly, his expression unreadable.

Wade nodded, biting his bottom lip.

“You did good, Deadpool,” Rogers continued, nodding at him, looking as if he wanted to clap him on the shoulder but thought better of it.

[Holy shit. Did Cap just compliment us?!!]

[Stay calm, be cool]

“Of course I did good. I told ya I would,” he replied smugly, hoping he sounded more convincing
“So…” the merc trailed off, “does this mean I get to join Super Heroes ‘R’ Us or…?”

“We’ll…discuss it,” Steve retorted with a weary sigh, “in the meantime, don’t leave town, Deadpool. We still need to get your...account of what went down this morning.”

The second half of Cap’s sentence was completely lost on Wade, however, his brain stuck on the fact that he said they’d discuss him joining The Avengers.

{Just ‘cause he says they’ll discuss it, doesn’t mean we’re actually gonna be their newest member}

{Shaddup you! Don't you dare jinx this!}

The two heroes left Wade alone in his private ward at Avengers Tower, boxes bouncing around excitedly in his brain at the buzzing possibilities now at his feet.

He felt tears well up behind his eyes.

He’d been dreaming about it for years and now…now it could finally happen.


Finally.

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!”

Wade jumped at the sound of a booming voice coming from down the corridor.

“Spidey?” he whispered to himself, that flare of concern he always tried to tamper sparking in his veins once more.

With a frown, he stiffly stood up from off the bed and padded out of the room, towards the voices.

“No. Seriously. Please tell me this is some kinda cruel joke,” Spider Man was continuing, less loudly but no less venomous as the merc approached the door, hanging back so he wouldn’t be seen.

Peering around the corner, Wade saw Bruce Banner, looking more than a little sheepish, shake his head. He watched as the still-masked, bed-ridden hero scoffed, throwing his good arm up in the air, clearly pissed.

“Deadpool,” he spat, the rancour in his tone palpable.

Wade’s heart leapt into his throat.

A bitter and hollow laugh escaped the younger man.

“They’re actually considering letting that lunatic join you guys. Have they lost their goddamn minds?!” he exclaimed, voice growing louder by the second, “if it wasn’t for him—”

“You’d be dead,” Banner interjected, pushing his glasses up his nose pointedly.

A sharp silence engulfed the room.
“If it wasn’t for him…” Spider Man paused, his fist clenched, “I could have saved that teacher! I was right there, barely an inch away from getting him out and FUCKING DEADPOOL pulls me away. I have super strength and accelerated healing, did he forget that?! I coulda handled that beam falling on me. I could have survived—”

“You don’t know that,” Bruce cut across him gently, “you already had a pretty serious head wound —”

“What the hell is going on?! Why are you defending him all of a sudden? Aren’t you the one that’s always saying how unreliable and untrustworthy and bat shit crazy he is?! What…the second I start agreeing with you and you have a sudden change of heart?!”

Wade winced, the harsh words hitting him hard in his chest cavity.

[Spidey’s just upset ‘cause of what happened]

[He doesn’t mean it]

[He can’t]

[Although, it makes sense. It was only a matter of time before he saw you for what you really are]

“We’re considering you too, you know,” the scientist piped up, not answering the other man’s question.

“You think I care about that? You think being a member of an elite club will make that teacher any less dead and me any less at fault?” the web-slinger hissed, his tone an amalgamation of furious and heart-broken.

Bruce took a step forward as if to comfort the younger man, aborting the motion at the last second.

“It wasn’t your fault. It was—”

“Deadpool’s!”

Wade’s head hung lowly, that one word a punch to the gut.

“It was his fault and now you want to reward him,” Spider Man let out another horrible laugh, his voice thick with emotion, tethering on hysterical, “what the hell makes him any different to any of the bad guys you face every other week? Nothing! He is just like them in every way, the scum we’re trying to get off the streets of this city. But by all means, give him a job, don’t let me stop you! Just don’t be surprised when he stabs you in the back and when I tell you I told you so. He is nothing but a murderer, a monster, a villain—”

He couldn’t listen to it anymore. Turning on his heel, Wade went to march away, only to bump into a nurse who was on their way into the ward.

“Oh! I’m sorry,” the nurse exclaimed loudly, drawing the attention of Banner and Spider Man who both looked out, spotting Deadpool standing there awkwardly.

It was the only time he could ever remember being glad that he couldn’t see Spidey’s face.

Words jamming in his throat, he merely waved his hand before high-tailing down the corridor like a bat outta hell, Spider Man’s words echoing in his ears every step of the way.

He was right. It was their job to rid the streets of guys like Deadpool. How could he have ever thought he could possibly be one of them?

He had to get out. Away. Make their jobs easier for them.

What was that phrase? ‘You either die a hero or you live long enough to see yourself become the villain?’

That was just it.

Wade Wilson couldn’t die.

~*~

Deadpool stood frozen at May Parker’s sink, the flashback washing over him like a tidal wave.

[Aannnd we’re back]

[Wow. That flashback was impressive]

[Even more so because apparently we’re privy to events that we weren’t even originally there for. Huh.]

[I’m sorry. Are you new here?]

He’d almost forgotten just how bad it was. Had repressed it so much that it had diluted in the recesses of his mind, but now it came back full force, winding him with a powerful blow to the gut, all over again.

“…ade? Wade dear, are you alright?” May’s voice broke him out of his reverie.

Avoiding Peter’s piercing gaze, the Canadian turned on the spot and flashed her a smile that he feared was nothing more than a grimace.

“I’m fine. I’m just gonna go to the—”

Four sharp knocks at the front door cut him off as he made his excuses.

May threw him an apologetic look, raising an eyebrow at her nephew, before making her way out of the kitchen into the hallway.

Wade’s fists clenched at his sides as he and Peter were left alone.

The silence was deafening.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” the brunet enquired lowly, his eyes still focused on the plate he was drying.

“Never better,” the merc responded through gritted teeth as he heard May talk with whoever was at the door.

The younger man turned to him then, his mouth open, “Wade I—”

“Peter?” May voice called out as she entered the kitchen, two well-dressed people, a man and a woman, following behind her.
Wade felt Peter go completely still beside him.

“These detectives are here to talk to you. Something about your plan to help capture and arrest Spider Man?”

So, admittedly, this chapter gave me a lot of trouble and got away from me a little. It was originally supposed to be Spiderman Of Alcatraz, but I’ve had to split it up as it was getting far too long. So yeah, I know you guys just read like a billion words, but I’d love to hear what you think of this particularly difficult (for me to write) instalment!

*I gotta say, I’m curious too. Just how much did you think it sucked?*

DEADPOOL!

*What?!

You’re meant to be supportive!

*Right. My bad. Just how much did you think it sucked…in comparison to the rest of the chapters?*

*sigh* That’s marginally better, I suppose. Oh. And if anyone wants to know what the hell the boxes were doing, here’s the clip from Wayne’s World >> (x)

And if you just can’t get enough of this Spideypool ‘verse, I also have a series here. And I’ve started posting snippets and sneak peeks on my Tumblr too.

*Well that’s clickbait if I ever saw it. You’re shameless.*

You’ll be mouthless if you don’t shut up.

*Been there, done that, got the shitty sewn up mouth in an even shittier movie. There’s nothing you could possibly to do me that’ll hurt—*

*hides all of Wade’s Spiderman plushies*

*gasp* YOU MONSTER!

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

“Would I lie to you? Well, my hips might. They’re dirty, dirty liars. But the rest of me is all truth, I swear.”

Beharie and Cassidy exchanged dubious glances.

“You have an attorney you’d like us to contact?” the former asked.

“Yeah, actually. These two guys based outta Hell’s Kitchen. Henson and Cox, I think? Or was it Neilson and Murtagh? Whatever. One’s fat and the other’s blind. Ha! Kinda sounds like the start of a joke, huh?”
Daredevil spoilers and speculation ahead.

*Consider yourselves warned, cupcakes!* *stage whispering* *Matt Murdock is the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen!*

*Gasp* Deadpool! How could you?!

*Uh, ‘cause the whole fourth-wall-breaking thing? Duh.*

That’s not what I—

*Also, huge shout out to writer lady’s best friend who just started reading this. Writer lady is freaking out because her real life and online life are colliding and she in no way warned her best friend just how unbelievably weird and gay this was gonna get. So…you know. Consider this your warning, BFF!*

*sweats* It’s a little late now…why did I agree to let her read this again?!

*pats head* *Don’t worry, writer lady. She’s your BFF, she’s kinda contractually obligated to stay your friend no matter what stupid or weird shit you say or do. And let’s face it, you’ve done a lot worse than this already.*

Thanks, Deadpool. You always know just what to say to make me feel better.

*I know right? I’m just—*

I was being sarcastic.

~*~

“You have the right to remain silent. Anything you do or say will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?”

Spider Man nodded, holding his hands up in a surrendering motion over his head and getting down on his knees.

“That’s not what I—

*Cuff ‘em,*” the lead detective advised an officer with a gruff tone and a nod of his pasty, balding head, “if you so much as twitch,” he directed at the superhero, “I won’t hesitate to empty my clip into you. Got it?”

The detective’s partner, an African American woman with compassionate eyes threw a glare at her partner before addressing the web-slinger, “I assure you, you’re perfectly safe. I’m going to
accompany you to the station where we can then contact your lawyer, okay?”

Spider Man merely nodded and allowed the officers haul him to his feet and push him towards a squad car, pressing his head down and depositing him in the backseat, arms restrained behind his back.

From a safe distance, a figure dressed in a red and black hoodie watched this all unfold.

“My show. Show time…”

~*~

31 Hours Earlier…

The towel was rough, scraping against his skin like a slightly softer scrap of sand-paper. He must remember to pick up some new ones for his aunt the next time he was at the store. It was an odd thought to have at this particular moment, but it was better than the alternative.

The fire.

It had been nearly a year.

A shudder rose up his spine as he recalled the entire thing, as fresh in his memory as if it happened only yesterday. An uncomfortable feeling lay in the pit of his stomach, a pulsing and putrid mixture of guilt, anger and sadness churning and churning until he grew nauseous. Leaning forward slightly, Peter gripped the sink in front of him with one hand as the other still tightly clasped the plate he had been drying.

He could still see it, the smoke, the flames engulfing the building, the sound of dozens and dozens of terrified people, the smell of charcoal high in the air. He managed to block it out most of the time, but it was never truly gone, it was always there under the surface, lurking in the space between awake and asleep, just ready to strike when he was at his most vulnerable, when he was his least guarded.

Those first few months after it happened had been the worst. He’d awaken, his entire body drenched in a cold sheen of sweat, the sight of the crumbling beam replaying over and over again like a macabre film reel behind his eyelids. He’d see the sliver of skin, the five fingers buried underneath
the rubble, scratched and sooty, laying palm up as if to reach out to him, just that few inches short. No matter how many different ways he played it in his head, he could never reach that hand before it was consumed by the debris. But that didn’t mean he didn’t try every damn night in his sleep for six solid weeks.

It was during that time, when he finally started to calm down and reflect on things that Peter realised that Bruce had been right. If it wasn’t for Deadpool, he very well could have died. A strong wave of guilt had hit him instantly when he saw the merc standing there gormlessly at his hospital door, clearly overhearing everything Peter had hissed about him, but it wasn’t until he watched him hastily retreat and in the coming weeks when it had become apparent that he had left New York altogether, that the brunet really began to suffer the intense pangs of regret, remorse over what he had said.

Truth was, Peter didn’t think Wade would make a bad Avenger. Not really. Sure, he still had questionable methods and even more problematic morals, or lack thereof, but he had proven himself time and time again when it came to getting results and seemed to really want to try his best. His tenacity, his willingness to listen to Cap, his desire to do good…these were the traits that the webbed-wonder thought of often when his teammates would debate over Deadpool. It was the ghost of a memory of strong hands gripping his shoulders, pulling him out from under that beam, it was the hazy image of him with an armful of unconscious children lifting them out to safety that stayed with him in those moments of doubt, those moments of questioning if he lost his mind to think such things, it was those instances and many more over the years that solidified Peter’s stance that yes, despite everything he had said to the contrary, Wade would make a good Avenger.

He was broken in his own way, but they all were. Each and every one of them had their own stories, their own pasts that helped pave the way for who they were now, Wade being no exception. But because Peter was bitter and angry and hurt and lost he snatched that dream away from the merc with cold, pale hands that still shook in the dead of night. Peter wanted to punish him for doing what he knew deep down was the right thing because a man had died. A man that he thought he could save, but finally knows now that it was a lost cause.

He was an asshole, no two ways about it. And he’d be lying if he said some of his behaviour in the last few months towards Wade wasn’t in some way a by-product of what happened. He felt more guilty than he could ever recall being. He didn’t like himself in that moment and would give anything to turn back the clock to erase all the terrible shit he said. But that was the easy way out. He didn’t deserve the easy way out, not by a long shot. He knew what he had to do, what was long overdue at this point…

“Wade dear, are you all right?”

May’s sudden words awoke Peter from his reverie. Blinking, he turned to look at the merc standing stock-still beside him, looking as dazed as he felt.
He watched as a myriad of emotions passed over Wade’s face before he cleared his throat, “I’m fine. I’m just gonna go to the—”

Four sharp knocks abruptly cut him off mid-sentence. Peter forced down the surging of annoyance that rose in his veins as his aunt, looking mildly perturbed, cocked an eyebrow at him before she made her way out to answer the door.

The room was plunged into a dead silence. Beside him, Peter could sense Wade’s fists clenching and unclenching tightly.

He couldn’t take it anymore…

“Are you sure you’re all right?” he asked lowly, his gaze dropping to the plate in his hands, unable to look the mercenary in the eye.

“Never better,” came the coarse and wholly fallacious response, tone flat and veiled.

Peter’s heart began to pick up speed. It was obvious that Wade was reflecting on the fire too, no doubt all the horrible things that Spider Man had said about him…

*Shit.*

He couldn’t handle Wade dwelling on those stupid lies a second longer. With a steely determination, Peter forced himself to turn and look directly at the merc, jaw tightened, “Wade I—”

“Peter?” May called out as she entered the kitchen, two very familiar people following behind her.

*Double shit.*

“These detectives are here to talk to you. Something about your plan to help capture and arrest Spider Man?”
Bistre eyes blinked open, still sleep-swept and hazy as they fought to focus in the dim light of the room. With a wince, Eddie James forced his head up, it feeling several pounds too heavy as his whole world tipped on its axis. His stomach lurched painfully as he swallowed down his nausea, blinking several more times to try and right his fogged vision. He knew he shouldn’t have eaten that damn cupcake…

“Welcome back, Mr. James,” an unfamiliar voice came from the corner of the room.

“Who are you?” Eddie inquired, opening and closing his eyes for longer increments to try and focus.

“Someone you’re going to get more acquainted with,” came the enigmatic response.

“You…drugged me,” the scientist murmured, trying and failing to inject heat into his tone.

“A necessary evil,” the voice replied, far too nonchalantly.

“Necessary my ass,” Eddie spat, the vehemence evident now as he forced his head further forward to try and catch a glimpse of the shadowy figure in the doorway, “first you abduct me, then you tie me up in this shitty, damp room, then you starve me, then you finally give me food only to have it drug me…remind me how any of this has been ‘necessary?’”

A low chuckle erupted from the stranger as he made his way closer to the scientist, basking himself in the limited low light of the room. He was tall, maybe 6’2”, strong build with dark hair and jade eyes. Eddie was certain he had never seen him before in his life.

“I needed to dull your senses,” he retorted as if that was the most obvious answer, leaning down and gripping Eddie by the hair, wrenching his head backwards, exposing his jawline and neck.

“What are you—ah!” Eddie hissed in pain as a needle was jabbed into his neck with force.
The world was spinning, faster and faster and faster as if he was on the wildest tea cups at a County Fair before suddenly, everything ground to a halt, a floating feeling settling into his bones, making him feel lighter than air. Out of the corner of his eye he saw something glinting and was oddly intrigued by it. What was it? A coin? No…a ring.

“That’s it…” the stranger continued, his voice sounding muffled now, almost as if he was submerged under water, “focus on the ring…”

In the deepest recesses of his mind, the nerd in Eddie wanted to make a Lord of the Rings joke, but found he couldn’t muster the energy. He was too busy, too distracted, too drawn in by the almost rhythmic movement of the ring as it spun on his captor’s finger, back and forth, back and forth…

“Now, Eddie…listen to me very carefully…”

~*~

“And you’re sure that Spider Man will agree to meet you?”

Peter fought the voracious urge to roll his eyes as Detective Asshole asked him the same question for the fourth time in so many minutes.

Running a hand through his hair, he craned his neck to look warily towards the kitchen door, wondering not for the first time, just how much his aunt and Wade were overhearing.

“I’m the only one from the paper he trusts so…yeah, I think he’ll agree to meet me,” he nodded, ignoring Cassidy and instead addressing the much more affable Detective Beharie.

She hummed in response, clearly thinking over their plan.

Which was basically one big trap.

That Peter had to help set.
Talk about self-destructive.

“Okay then. Thanks for your time, Mr Parker. We’ll meet you at the rendezvous point for 22:00 tomorrow,” Beharie said as she stood, hand extended for him to shake.

Peter clasped her hand, shaking it firmly whilst nodding at Cassidy. Silently, he saw them out, walking them though the living room, out in the hallway and towards the front door. Closing it gently behind them, he glanced over his shoulder to the kitchen door, hearing his aunt and Wade speaking softly about Golden Girls. Biting his lip, he tip-toed up the stairs and into the bathroom. With another quick glance over his shoulder, he made his way towards the toilet cistern and lifted the lid, revealing his burner phone floating in a plastic bag.

[Geez, where is he getting his stealth ideas from? Breaking Bad?]

Opening the bag, he took out the phone, switching it on and typing out a quick message.

Deadpool, it’s Spider Man. Meet me at 9pm tonight to finalize the plan. You know the place.

With shaking hands, Peter pushed the send button before shutting the phone off again, putting it back into the plastic and sealing it up in the cistern.

Time to put his money where his mouth was…

~*~

“Hey—hey Clint! Look at this!”

Clint Barton let out a frustrated groan as he cracked his back straightening up from his hunched over position on the floor of the records room in Skyline Laboratories.

“What are you, a hundred and twelve?” Natasha Romanoff asked with a smirk, “I mean, I’ve never heard Steve complain about a bad back. And he’s 96 year old fossil. Just sayin’.”
Barton shot her the bird before snatching the case file that she had had in her hands out of her grasp.

“Been in here for like five fucking years,” he grumbled under his breath, before dissolving into indecipherable mutterings, Nat only able to pick out the occasional word or phrase like ‘fit as a fiddle,’ ‘may need more calcium’ and ‘can’t all be as flexible as string cheese.’

“Hypnosis Specialists…” he raised his voice after a moment, reading aloud, eyes scanning down the list of names, a crease forming between his eyebrows.

“You see it too, right?” Romanoff asked, taking a step closer to him and re-reading down the page once more.

“Huh,” was all her companion managed to reply before the unmistakable sound of footsteps began to approach them.

Silently, the two spies exchanged glances, mentally mapping out their plan. Slowly, they each took a corner of the room, heckles well and truly up as they prepared for combat, Black Widow with her pistol at the ready and Hawkeye’s hand twitching aside his bow. As the footsteps drew nearer and nearer, the tension in the room rose several degrees. They exchanged one last glance, jaws tight and eyes narrowed as the footsteps abruptly stopped, a shadow falling in the doorway.

“I just want you guys to know that if you shoot me with bullets or arrows, I can’t be held accountable for the big guy’s actions,” the familiar voice of their friend and colleague Bruce Banner rang out.

Visibly deflating, the pair made their way out from their respective hiding places and was met with the wry smirk of the scientist.

“Didn’t realize we were playing Hide ‘n’ Seek,” he deadpanned before gesturing over his shoulder, “the overlords want a word in the conference room.”

The spies nodded, cleaning up from their snooping and following their friend out of the room, the very enlightening document still clutched in Clint’s hand. Whatever Fury wanted to discuss, dollars to donuts what he and Nat uncovered was a hell of a lot more interesting…
“The mama pajama rolled out of bed and she ran to the police station, when the papa found out he began to shout and he started the investigation. It’s against the law, it was against the law, what the mama saw, it was against the law!”

“Do you ever stop singing?”

Peter approached the Deadpool-shaped shadow with a slow ease, feeling the wafting of hot air even through his suit. They were standing on the roof of Sam’s Tacos, their old meeting place, the merc with his back to him, looking down onto the streets of New York.

[How Batman-esque]

[He’s gonna don a cape and talk like he’s got strep throat any second now]

[Staying with the emo theme, I see]

[Didn’t realize this was Superman 3]

[Shout out to NaruHinaLuvr for that awesome reference]

[There was nothing awesome about Tobey Maguire’s floppy depression hair and bad Chris Crocker impression]

“There are many health benefits to singing,” he remarked, back still turned, “it releases endorphins so like, instant high! It’s a natural stress-reliever, helps you sleep better, it improves your heart rate which reduces the risk of heart disease, and when you sing with someone else, your heart rates can even sync! It also helps straighten your posture which makes you appear more confident, it’s a work out for your lungs, your abdominal and intercostal muscles, it can boost your immune system, it’s really good for your brain and helps lower depression and risk of dementia while enhancing your mental awareness, concentration and memory—”

[I sincerely doubt that in your case]
“Huh...maybe I should sing more often,” Peter replied, taking another step closer to Wade, an uneasy knot forming in his stomach when the merc still refused to look at him.

“So the plan—”

“I’m sorry about everything that went down that day.” Peter cut across him, words tumbling from his mouth before he could stop them, his heart feeling like it would burst out of his chest if he didn’t get the words out now, “you saved my life and...if it wasn’t for your help, those kids could’ve died too. It wasn’t fair of me to be mad and blame you for what happened. It wasn’t your fault. If you hadn’t gotten me outta there when you did...” he trailed off, eyebrows raised, his heart racing a mile a minute as he walked around Deadpool, forcing himself into his line of vision.

Now that he had started, he didn’t think he could stop. It was like this aching under his skin, an aching he had ignored for far too long and had now festered into this molten lava in his veins, burning white hot and demanding he let it out. All of it. And not stop until all was said and done. But the merc was still not looking at him, just standing very tensely, his head still bent. Peter took another step toward him and was relieved when he didn’t move away.

“I didn’t mean any of what I said. I was an asshole and I know it’s no excuse but I was hurt and angry and feeling guilty as hell and you were the easiest to blame, the best to aim all my pent up shit at because I couldn’t handle the fact that I’d failed and couldn’t save the teacher,” the brunet rambled, his hands flailing as his brain charged on a mile a minute, words slipping through his grasp like water.

Deadpool’s head slowly raised, not quite to his eyelevel, but just enough to let Spidey know that he was definitely listening.
"I never should have taken it out on you," he began, taking a breath, "And I really am sorry. Sorry for what I said and sorry it took me this long to apologize," he paused to observe Wade who was now definitely paying attention.

It was in this moment, snapshots of their time together passed through his mind, from their first meeting, to their rooftop rendezvous, to snarky back and forths in the middle of a battle, to everything that had happened between them in the last few months. When Deadpool met ‘Harry.’ Then met the real him, Peter, the man behind the mask, without knowing it. Saving his building from the bomb, helping him cover his tracks by destroying security cameras, cleaning and bandaging his damaged arm, having lunch with him and his Aunt May, playing Mario Kart and eating pizza, listening to him as he regaled him of his fears and failures, capturing his assassin and not killing him, dancing with his Aunt May, making her laugh more heartily than he had heard in a long time, kissing him…

Peter’s breathing hitched as he remembered the kiss, the rush he had felt, like he’d been stabbed with a syringe full of adrenaline straight to the heart. It had been an impulse, something that had been teetering on the edge of whatever was between them for a long time. He hadn’t thought about it, too riled up in the moment to let his mind sabotage what his body desperately wanted to do. And it had been…everything and nothing like he thought it would be. Not that he ever really let himself indulge in fantasies like that, at least not until recently. It was terrifying and exciting and warm and soft and gentler than he would have expected. On those rare occasions his mind did wander, he always imagined a brutality to Wade, a fierceness in him that would surely translate to how he kissed, how he touched. An unfurling, feral nature to him that would match his off-beat personality and unhinged demeanour. How wrong he was…

Peter had never had a kiss like it. Even though he instigated it, it had seemed to catch the merc off guard, it took only that split second of brushing lips to morph the situation entirely, to unbalance the brunet, to steadily take him apart…it was maddening, infuriating and intoxicating and god help him, he wanted to do it again. But he couldn’t. Not with how he had treated Wade. He deserved better, better than how Peter and Spider Man had treated him. He had ignored it for long enough, pushed down his shitty behaviour and venomous lies to try and fail to spare himself from more guilt. It was time the merc knew the truth, knew exactly what both parts of himself, the grad-student and the web-slinger actually thought of him. No lies, no omissions, just the unadulterated truth…

Taking a deep breath, Peter readied himself to say the last of what had been plaguing his mind ever since that night, when he had uttered those horrible lies. Fighting the urge to reach out and touch Wade’s arm, he closed the last of the space between them and tilted his head up, trying to have some semblance of allusion of eye-contact. Minutely, the merc moved and the brunet could sense that he finally, finally met his gaze.

"The truth is…” he cleared his throat, his stare unwavering even if they couldn’t see each other’s eyes, “the truth is, the Avengers would be lucky to have you Wade, you’ve proven that time and
time again,” he swallowed deeply, their eyes locked, their mingling breaths passing between them in
the night air, “you’re not a monster or a villain…you’re a hero.”

Wade could count on one hand how many times his boxes were completely silent for an extended
period of time. The last instance was when Spidey had kissed him. Now it was right at this very
second. He couldn’t believe this was happening, not really. How many nights had he spent, lying
awake and staring up at a dark ceiling, the words ‘he’s a killer. A monster. A villain,’ echoing
around and around in his head, taunting him, torturing him, the sound of Spidey’s usually easy-going
voice tainted with anger, bitterness and disgust? It was enough to force him out of New York, force
him back into the life of a mercenary full-time, to completely immerse himself in the killing, the
maiming, the torture because that’s the kind of man he was. No, not a man, a monster. A villain. And
that’s what villains do, right? Kill and maim and torture?

He knew he enjoyed it, once upon a time, and admittedly, sometimes still. His memory may be
spotty at best, but he could recall times where, when a kill was particularly extravagant, it was
enough to fuel his high for days. That excited buzz lying just underneath his skin, an effective barrier
for the pain, like a soothing balm until he’d get the familiar itch again. The itch that always needed to
be scratched. The itch that had been scratched so many times it left a hollow dent that grew into a
gaping hole in his chest where his heart still inexplicably beat, time and time again. No matter how
hard he tried, he could never fill it, and dammit he had tried. He had people once, people he cared
about, Vanessa, Blind Al, Weasel, Cable, Carmelita, Ellie…and more, some fleeting and others
prominent, but for the longest time, he was alone. Like monsters and villains deserved to be.

Until he met Peter Parker. A Harry Potter-lookin’ motherfucker with a crooked grin, an adorable
blush and a baffling personality. He wasn’t afraid of him, barely batted an eyelid as Wade tackled
him to the ground and discovered a bomb in his neighbour’s apartment. The lunatic even tried to
disarm it before Wade could strong-arm him out of the building. Then Peter put him back together
after he was blown to smithereens. He bought him tacos and put up with his nonsense. He ate lunch
with him and his Aunt May, he played video games and ate pizza and opened up to him about his
life. He didn’t flinch when Wade took off his mask, he didn’t gape with horror or run away
screaming. He let Wade help him, made him feel useful. He laughed with him and verbally sparred
with him and made him feel…lighter than he had in years.

Then Wade found out that he, the adorkable grad-student from Queens, was none other than his
friendly neighbourhood Spider Man. This Peter and the webbed-wonder were one in the same. And
he still continued to share pieces of his life, his other life, with him. They still sparred and laughed
and broke and fixed sinks together. And in that time, in between when Wade thought Peter was just
an ordinary twenty-something nerd and when he discovered he was so much more than that, the
merc knew that he was in trouble. So, so much trouble.

Peter may not have divulged his identity to him, but after everything May had told him, Wade had
begun to understand why. There was so much…tragedy in his young life already, they having more
in common than Wade could have ever imagined, that he couldn’t help but empathize with him. So
for all his talk of betrayal and anger at being lied to, the mercenary found that while he wasn’t
psyched about it, the fact Peter hadn’t told him he was Spidey was far outweighed by everything else that he had been privy to. The jokes, the smiles, the late-night noises of ecstasy, the kiss…

The kiss! Christ on a cracker. He had never felt anything like it. Even though in that moment he hadn’t realized that it was Peter who was pressing his lips to his, the spark was undeniable. Like a thousand matches ignited between them, the heat growing and spreading until they were warm all over, from the top of their heads to the tips of their toes. He had gasped when he felt the shorter man grip his shoulders tightly, almost painfully and that’s when he lost it completely. He wrapped himself around him, pressing as close as physically possible against him, the action surprisingly a lot softer than his usual move. There was something about it, something different, the merc could sense it then and he knew it now. It wasn’t like any other kiss. It felt…deeper. More profound.

And that excited him. And terrified him.

He was still hurt over the incident and as soon as he found out that Petey was Spidey those dark thoughts began to plague him again. This beautiful, wonderful, adorkable kid was the very same that called him a monster, a villain. How could Wade possibly still like him after all that? But Peter’s actions over the last few months, began to abate those fears. Spending time with him, with every passing second, those words got quieter and quieter in the merc’s brain.

And now? After that speech…the haunting words were almost vanquished altogether. Almost.

So yes, thanks to Peter Parker, Wade Wilson wasn’t alone anymore.

Wade just couldn’t help but wonder how long that was going to last after tonight…

“I told Peter that you kissed me and he said I should ask you why,” he began after what felt like an eternity, deciding to ask what he had wondered most ever since it happened. He couldn’t even begin to properly process and address Spidey’s speech yet.

Spider Man seemed taken aback by the inquiry, clearly expecting some acknowledgement of what he had just said. But Deadpool wasn’t making it too easy on him. He probably deserved as much. Silence descended on them. They were still standing close, so close that the heat of their breaths mingled between them.

Wade leaned forward, tilting his head down at the shorter man.
“So…why did you?”

Peter took a step back, a little unbalanced on his feet as he cleared his throat.

“I—I told you. It was a…a diversion. So the cops wouldn’t catch me. I’m sorry, it was a shitty move, apparently I’m full of them late—”

“See, I’m not sure I believe that, Spidey,” Wade interrupted with a sing-song tone, clearly enjoying the other man’s discomfort before taking yet another step towards him.

The superhero stumbled backwards several feet before colliding with a tall vent that stood in the middle of the roof. He imagined an almost predatory grin spreading across Wade’s face from behind his mask as he crowded him, taking advantage of the fact that he was now stuck between him and the vent. Logically he knew he could push past Wade and bench press a hundred of him without breaking a sweat, but something kept his feet planted firmly on the ground, watching the merc with bated breath.

“Aww, is the little spider trapped? This must be how flies feel before they’re eaten alive…” the mercenary murmured, moving in so close to him now that the tips of their toes were touching.

Peter inclined his head, forcing himself to glare up into Wade’s face, refusing to be intimidated.

“You know I don’t actually eat flies, right?”

“Why did you really kiss me?” the merc asked again, ignoring him.

He sighed. “I told you already—”

“And I told you that I don’t believe you. C’mon Spidey, after that rousing speech about how sorry you were for saying those lies, you’re not gonna really do it again, are you?”

Peter gaped at that, it being the first time Wade acknowledged his apology.
“I—”

“Why did you really kiss me?”

“I’m not—”

“Why did you kiss me, Spidey?”

“Oh for god’s—”

“Why did you put your lips on mine, grip my shoulders and shove your tongue down my—”

“BECAUSE I WANTED TO!”

Peter gasped as the words were wrenched from his mouth without his permission. Wade had gone dead still, the only sound between them being their ragged breaths, their respective heart beats hammering in their ears, thrumming like rushing water.

“I…” the brunet trailed off, blinking rapidly, his mind racing a mile a minute as he tried to say something, say anything, to rectify his words.

“You…you uh…” Deadpool started, seemingly just as lost for words as he was, his hands beginning to flounder as he struggled to comprehend what just happened.

[Did he just...?]

[Yep]

[Holy shit]

“I need to hear you say it, Wade,” Spider Man said suddenly, apparently ploughing through the
awkwardness with a determined change of subject.

“Say…what?” the merc was hesitant to ask, his fingers itching at the edges of his mask.

The webbed wonder stilled, shaking his head for a moment before looking up at him, his shoulders set.

“I don’t expect or deserve your forgiveness. But I do need to know that you don’t believe a word I said that day. Because I sure as hell don’t.”

That was it. That was what did it. Something within the merc snapped, whatever tenuous thread that was keeping a limp hold on his resolve, on every good reason why distance was key, was suddenly broken, severed beyond repair. Those words, said in such a sincere tone, crumpled to dust whatever reservations he had had, in a firm, close-fisted grip and before he knew it, Wade had launched himself at Peter, pulling his own mask up past his mouth whilst pawing at Spidey’s too.

“What are you—”

Wade pushed Peter back against the vent, swallowing his query with his lips. In a flurry of jittery limbs, he pressed further into him, trailing his tongue along his bottom lip. He almost came in his pants at the delectable growl that ripped from the younger man’s throat as he opened his mouth, his tongue meeting his. It was complete sensory overload, like the other kiss had been yet magnified tenfold. Wade barely suppressed a shiver as he felt strong hands trail up his back, ghost over his shoulder blades before squeezing just on the brim of painful and pleasurable. He gripped Peter’s hip with one hand, his fingers on the other raking over the top of his mask, feeling those brunet tresses he so loved to tease just under the thin material, his heart leaping into his throat as he suddenly felt teeth nibble along his bottom lip.

A gasp escaped him as a wave of pleasure tingled up his spine, Peter taking advantage of his shock to press himself fully against his chest, his neck craning upwards, one hand sneaking to the back of Wade’s head, pulling him down into him. The merc stumbled forward, the force of the strong hand dragging him even closer to Peter’s body, heat radiating between them as the shorter man’s back slid against the vent, the hard ridges of Wade’s body digging into his, pinning him. Another moan sounded between them but they were both too far gone to register who it originated from. The mercenary’s head was pounding, blood rushing in his ears as he fought against the need to breathe. It would be, by far, the best way he could die…

Reluctantly, he forced himself to break the kiss, gasping for breath, “…I believe that…you believe I’m not a monster, or a villain,” he whispered against Peter’s lips, “and that’s…that’s good enough
for me,” he finished before stepping away without a backwards glance, letting the darkness engulf him.

“Shit!” Peter hissed as he stubbed his toe, jaw clenching in frustration as he kicked the wayward book out of his way, pulling the rest of his body in through his open bedroom window and over his desk.

Breathing shallowly, he began disrobing himself from his Spider Man spandex hurriedly, his eyes and ears straining for any sign of life nearing his door. Wade had gotten a good head-start on him, it wasn’t out of the realm of possibility that he was already back downstairs, wondering where Peter was, having no idea that he had had just been with him, kissing him within an inch of his life. The brunet lost his balance, stumbling with his foot in his hand as he was suddenly assaulted with the vivid imagery of Wade crowding him with his broad shoulders, his chest pining him against the vent as his tongue licked into his mouth…

“Holy…” he breathed into the blackness of the room, the ghost of where Wade’s lips had been making him shiver.

He still couldn’t believe it. Wade Wilson had kissed him! Well, he had kissed Spider Man. Spider Man who was, as far as Wade knew, not Peter. He was an entirely different person, in fact. A person that the merc had had a crush on for years, had fawned over and flirted with countless times, but Peter…he was just a guy Wade had known for a few months. A nerdy college guy that dragged him into some attempted murder plot completely by accident. A guy who found himself more and more attracted to Wade every single second but couldn’t hold a candle to Spider Man in his affections, not in the ways that mattered. And it was Spider Man that Wade kissed, not Peter, and that, at the end of the day, was what mattered.

_Holy shit am I actually jealous of Spider Man?! For fuck’s—_

His heart sped up as he heard footsteps approaching his door.

“Peter?” his aunt’s voice wafted through it.
Biting his lip, Peter pulled the last of his suit off, throwing it with perfect accuracy into the trunk sitting in his closet before swiftly pulling on pajama pants and a T-shirt.

“Yeah?” he answered, stepping over and opening the door wide, his aunt standing behind it with a bemused expression on her face.

“What are you doing up here? Wade just got back from running his errand. I thought you were gonna watch a movie with us?”

Peter nodded, murmuring how he just came up to change into his PJs, following May out into the hallway and down the stairs towards the living room. His heart hammered in his ears as he felt Wade’s presence immediately, his skin tingling from the phantom sensation of his touch barely an hour before. Distantly, he registered that the landline had started ringing but he found he was too distracted to pay it any mind as soon as the merc came into view, his back to him as he riffled through their DVD collection.

“So I have it narrowed down to The Young Savages and Birdman of Alcatraz. I mean, both are great Lancaster classics, but I’m partial to Birdman my—” Wade broke off mid-sentence as he turned and realized that it wasn’t May who had entered the room.

“Oh. Peter. Hi…” he mumbled, giving a half-hearted salute in his direction before turning back to the TV, “your Aunt May said it was okay if I chose the movie. I’m in an ‘oldie but goodie’ kinda mood so…Lancaster it is!”

The brunet stared at him, at the broad expanse of his shoulders hidden beneath his hoodie, the slope of his long neck peeking out from under his hood and found himself dumbstruck, the memory of raking his hands up that firm back and feeling the unyielding muscle under his fingertips so strong that he forced himself to take a step away, not trusting himself to not reach out and touch him again.

“Uh yeah, sure,” he forced himself to reply, his tongue becoming unglued from the roof of his mouth as he shuffled towards the couch and sat down heavily, the weight of everything that had transpired that day pressing down on him.

A silence befell the room as Wade busied himself setting up the DVD and Peter stared into the roaring fire that his aunt had built despite it being a warm night. He worried his bottom lip with his teeth, feeling antsy, on edge, literally and figuratively as he sat rigidly on the couch, drumming his fingers against his bouncing knee. He was the very picture of pent-up anxiety and he knew it.
Without his permission, his eyes dragged themselves away from the embers of the fire and instead settled once again on Wade, transfixed as the merc took off his hoodie, his razor sharp scapulae coming into view from beneath Peter’s, tight, white T-shirt that he had borrowed that afternoon after flooding the kitchen and himself. The brunet’s throat went dry as he stared at the very strained material barely covering his gargantuan biceps.

“Phew! It’s hotter than Satan’s ass in here,” Wade remarked dryly, turning to face Peter, throwing his hoodie onto the back of the armchair.

The younger man felt a blush tinge his cheeks as he was caught in the act of openly ogling him. If the merc noticed however, he didn’t let on, merely moving to sit down next to him on the couch, a large space (presumably for May) in between them.

“Well boys,” May’s voice grew steadily closer to them as she made her way in from the hallway, “that was Ester, apparently she’s having some sort of crisis and is in need of some wine and a listening ear straight away so, duty calls,” she halted as she reached the couch, smiling with a wave of her hand, glancing down at the two of them, a twinkle in her eye, “looks like you’ll have to have movie night without me. I’m sure you’ll manage…”

Peter couldn’t help but glare at her and her incredible lack of subtlety.

She merely winked at him however, thrusting a large bowl of popcorn into his hands and kissing him and Wade on the cheek before turning on her heel and walking out, calling over her shoulder, “you boys have fun, now! And don’t wait up on my account…”

The slamming of the front door announced her departure. Peter gripped the bowl of popcorn so hard the plastic bowl began to groan under the pressure. He could feel Wade’s gaze on his face, then on his hands, silently watching as he dealt with his internal crisis. Taking a deep breath, he forced himself to try and relax, pushing out words that were glued to his mouth like molasses:

“She thinks she’s so clever. I know Ester works nights. She’s really gone to see Rick from four doors down. I think they’re dating, or…whatever. Don’t know why she can’t just tell me about him…” he trailed off, still not looking at Wade, instead focusing on Burt Lancaster’s face that was now paused on the TV.

He felt rather than saw Wade shrug, “people are weird when it comes to matter of the heart, Petey,” he murmured before reaching over to grab some popcorn, only to accidentally brush against Peter’s hand.
The brunet stilled, an electric shock flowing up his arm from where the merc touched him.

Weird was only the tip of the iceberg…

“Glad you three could make it,” Ex-Director Nick Fury deadpanned as Romanoff, Barton and Banner entered the Conference Room that was already occupied by Rogers, Stark, Odinson, Hill and an unknown woman wearing a white lab coat.

“When did Goldilocks get here?” Clint asked Steve loud enough for Thor to hear him and throw him a wry grin.

“I made safe passage from Asgard to Midgard mere moments ago,” he replied with a tilt of his head, “I return with news from Heimdall.”

The tension in the room rose several degrees at those words.

“Okay,” Clint broke the histrionic silence after a moment, “I’m sure Asgard’s John Edwards has interesting news, but first…” he paused for dramatic effect (hey, if Thor can do it, he can too) “Stark, tell me if anything jumps out at you,” he finished, sliding the piece of paper Nat found in the records’ room towards his teammate.

“Who is this John Edwards?” Thor asked Bruce imploringly whilst Tony scanned the page, eyebrows slowly raising.

Clint and Nat exchanged smug grins as Stark raised his eyes to Fury.

“Tell me Fury,” he began with an air of entitlement only he could pull off as he walked closer to the ex-Director, shoving the page in his face, “when the hell were you gonna tell me that one of my employees used to work here? And as a goddamn ‘hypnosis specialist’ too!”
Nick glanced down, completely unsurprised to see the name of Dr. Selena Rickards among the short list of specialists Skyline Laboratories had had employed over the years.

“Beat that blondie,” Clint winked at Thor, pleased that he was proven right in that his and Nat’s discovery was far more intriguing than whatever they had been called in here for.

A slow smile broke out on the Son of Odin’s face that Hawkeye didn’t like the look of, not one bit.

“Very well,” he smirked, his eyes glinting with challenge, “this…Doctor Rickards that you and The Widow discovered. Are you aware that it is she that helped plan the slaying of the young arachnid?”

Silence met his words. Thor tilted his head and folded his arms, his gaze steadily on Clint, ready to deliver the final blow, “are you aware that it is she that we seek by the name of Chenko?”

Well, shit.

Thor, 1. Hawkeye, 0.

~*~

Sunlight streamed in through the curtains, dowsing Peter Parker’s face and torso. Grimacing, he screwed his eyes shut even tighter against the attack, sinking further into his incredibly hard pillows.

His pillows that appeared to be breathing.

Wait…what?

His hazel eyes snapped open, glancing blearily around himself, confused as he realized he was on the couch in the living room.

What the…?
Heart skipping a beat, he slowly turned his head and found his face inches away from Wade Wilson’s sleeping one, his cheek resting on the other man’s shoulder, aka his pillow.

It all came flooding back to him…

Movie night. Aunt May going out. Peter being so nervous to be alone with Wade he thought his heart would beat out of his chest…but, after a few tense moments, like every time he seemed to spend with the merc lately, he found himself beginning to relax, letting himself get lost in Wade’s rambling about the movie, his words washing over him like waves, like a comforting balm for his frayed nerves.

It must have lulled him to sleep…

Biting his lip, Peter tilted his head ever so slightly to get a better angle to watch Wade sleep. He felt like a creep, but couldn’t help it, completely transfixed with being within such close proximity of the merc’s uncovered face, void of a sardonic smirk or teasing grin or manic gleam. He looked… peaceful. And that wasn’t a word Peter would ever use in relation to Deadpool. Ever. But, right here and now, sleeping beside him on his aunt’s couch at early o’clock in the morning, Wade Wilson looked peaceful.

It suited him.

*I’m in trouble.*

Suddenly, Wade heaved a deep sigh in his sleep, jostling the brunet a little before settling again, his arm resting on Peter’s stomach. The same stomach that felt like it had a million butterflies fluttering around and doing somersaults in it.

*So, so much trouble.*

Before the young hero had too much time to reflect on that, he forced himself up and off the couch as quickly and quietly as possible, barely disturbing the merc an inch. Sometimes it really came in handy to have super agility. Making his way over to the kitchen, he frowned as his eyes scanned around and failed to find his cell phone. Wracking his brain, he tried to think back to the last time he had it.
Rolling his eyes, he picked up the landline and found that his aunt had forgotten to charge it again. Walking over to where the charger sat on the wall, he deposited the phone into it, it lighting up as it turned on, before turning to begin making himself some breakfast. He had barely gotten two waffles in the toaster however when the shrill ring of the landline interrupted him, prompting him to race over to the wall to snatch it up, but just as his fingers brushed against it, another hand appeared out of nowhere and wrenched it off the wall, an all too familiar voice cheerily calling out “Parker Residence, the guest-man of the house speaking, how may I direct your call?”

“Wade!” Peter tried to reprimand but he knew his amused grin gave him away as he half-heartedly went to take the phone off him.

“Uh huh,” the merc was nodding, ignoring the brunet’s protests, smacking his hands away as he listened to whomever was on the other end of the phone, “he’s otherwise engaged at the moment. Can I take a message? Oh I see, yeah, yeah, yeah, sure.”

Peter folded his arms and tilted his head, hoping his stance said serious and annoyed more than his face did.

Wade’s eyes glinted with mirth as he stuck his tongue out at him, phone still to his ear.

“Sure thing, Vivienne. And you work with…oh awesome! Me too! Well, no, I’m more of a Cap fan myself but…oh I know, right?! So dreamy!”

Peter’s jaw clenched tightly, Wade merely winked at him.

“Oh look, here’s Peter now. I’ll just…oh yeah, it was nice talking to you too, Vivienne. You have a good day now!”

He held out the phone for Peter to take, grinning ear to ear. With a roll of his eyes, the scientist took it and opened the back door, stepping out into the yard (away from prying ears) before murmuring, “hello?”

“Good morning, Peter!”
The grad student bit his lip as the familiar cheery tone of his professor and boss’ assistant trickled down the phone.

“Uh, good morning to you too, Vivienne,” he replied, trying to inject some warmth into his tense voice.

“I hope I didn’t catch you at a bad time,” she continued, her tone laced with something akin to impishness and evocativeness, “I was told I could reach you on this number if I couldn’t get through to your cell. I was wondering if you’d be able to come into the office for like a half-hour tops? I know Mr. Stark has called you away on some super-secret business, but I have some files here that need your sign off seen as Eddie is sick…”

A knot of worry tightened in his gut as he was reminded of Eddie. None of his initial searches had turned up anything, likewise with any of Clint and Natasha’s surveillance, it was as if his friend had just…vanished. The sooner he could get this exonerate-Spider Man-plan over and done with so he and Deadpool could focus fully on finding Eddie, the better.

“Asshole,” he threw in Wade’s direction as he walked back into the kitchen a few minutes later, halting where the merc was standing at the toaster, waiting on some waffles. His waffles.

The Canadian snorted, rubbing his hands together gleefully as the toaster popped. Peter stared at him as he moved about the kitchen as comfortably as if he lived there. A familiar warmth settled into his chest, blossoming as Wade spent more and more time in his childhood home. It was the same feeling he had gotten when they ate lunch and did dishes together as his aunt read the newspaper behind them. If he had to dig deep and put a name to the feeling he would say it was like that of warm sunlight on his skin, like being wrapped up in a large blanket on a cold night, a contentedness, domesticity…home.


“So how do you take your waffles, Pete—”

“I uh gotta go, actually. I’ll be back in a bit,” he cut across the merc, rubbing the back of his neck as he walked backwards towards the front door.

Wade watched him go, his head tilted in confusion.
“Wait, you’re not going into work, are you? I thought you know, with somebody framing you for stealing a stiff from the lab that you were gonna take a few days off?”

Peter waved his hand dismissively, still backing away.

“I just gotta sign some papers, I’ll be in and out. It’s no big—”

“People are trying to kill you, Peter,” Wade interjected, his tone staid, stepping closer to him, hand still gripping the plate.

*He’s ignoring his waffles. He must be serious…*

Hazel eyes watched as the taller man approached him, sleep swept yet jarring in his offbeat gravity, halting mere feet from him, chocolate eyes meeting his, unblinking as he spoke softly yet resolutely: “if you insist on going, then I insist on going with you,” he finished before unceremoniously shoving a waffle into Peter’s mouth.

And that’s how he found himself on the subway that brought him within a block of Stark Industries accompanied by Wade Wilson in his patented red and black hoodie, completely unaware of the fifty-seven missed calls he had waiting for him on his still-misplaced cell phone from an uncharacteristically worried Tony Stark…

“You let me do all the talking, okay? That way we’ll be in and out in minutes,” he murmured under his breath, leaning in to Deadpool as they walked together into the building, the scientist flashing his security card through the system.

“Hi Peter,” Gerry the receptionist smiled as he made his way through and towards his desk, “who’s this?”

“Hey Gerry! This is Wade my…friend. I’m just here to sign some documents for Vivienne,” he gestured, throwing the man a quick grin before sauntering backwards down the hallway calling: “say hi to Stuart for me! And I’m still waiting on that key lime pie he promised. A bet’s a bet!”

He could feel the Canadian’s gaze on him the entire way towards and into the elevator. Once the doors closed he heaved a sigh and turned to him, asking warily, “what?”
The mercenary, who had kept his head decisively down pretty much since they left May’s house, finally raised his eyes to meet his, a smirk spreading across his face, “nothin’. It’s just…this is a side to you I haven’t seen before. Peter Parker The Scientist. The nerd I’ve met before, sure, but this is like The Professional Nerd, the nerd who’s paid the big bucks to be a nerd. Whole different story. I like it.”

The brunet rolled his eyes at him, muttering “hardly the big bucks,” as the elevator stopped and they got off, walking towards a smiling Asian American woman sat behind a large desk.

“Peter, good morning!” she greeted jauntily before turning to Wade who kept his head down.

“Hi Vivienne,” the scientist smiled, ignoring her curiosity at his companion, “I’ll just sign those files and get outta your hair.”

The assistant handed over the documents, her gaze never wavering from the merc who was aberrantly quiet. After a few moments of nothing but the soft scratchings of a pen running across paper, Peter handed back the pages and threw the woman another grin.

“Thanks, Vivienne. I should be back in as normal soon. Please tell Prof—Selena, I’ll have that progress report on her desk by the 9th.”

She was no longer paying attention though, instead looking over his left shoulder. After a moment she tilted her head, meeting his gaze, “you can tell her yourself,” she said, gesturing behind him.

Slowly, Peter turned on the spot and was met by the sight of his boss walking steadily toward him, her footsteps echoing down the corridor.

“Peter…” she began slowly, glancing from him to Wade and back again, “I wasn’t expecting you in until next week. Tony said something about reassigning you for a while?”

He nodded, his eyes flickering to the merc for a moment then back to her, “he did. I’m just here to fill in some files. I’ll have that progress report for you for the 9th, though,” he smiled, beginning to step away, back towards the elevator.
“Oh, let me walk you out,” Selena called out, following him.

Peter sensed Wade tense as she joined them, her strong stride never wavering. They talked shop for the two minutes it took to reach the elevator and for the doors to open before turning to each other.

“That last paper kicked my ass, not gonna lie,” the grad student chuckled as he and the merc stepped into the elevator.

“But you got through it,” Selena smiled at him, “you’ve never let anything beat you. You’re far stronger and capable than you give yourself credit for. It’s like Einstein said, Peter. Weakness of attitude becomes weakness of character. So keep your head on straight, don’t sweat the little things and before you know it, you’ll be here full time,” she winked, taking a step back to regard him.

Peter’s blood ran an icy cold in veins in that moment, his brain short-circuiting, barely registering when his professor addressed Wade, apparently letting him know it was nice meeting him just as the doors closed in her face, her emerald eyes dilated and glistening as they unblinkingly stared at them.

In his peripheral vision he could see the mercenary calling to him, his voice sounding distant, as if Peter was submerged in water, an entire ocean surging in his ear canal. His heart rate spiked as those familiar words spoken in Selena’s tone rang in his head over and over and over.

The quote from Einstein.

He had heard it before.

Only then it had been spoken in German.

By a dying Lucas Daniels…

~*~

She had to tell him. She knew she had to. The lies were getting more and more extravagant as the days wore on, but she found she just…couldn’t get the words out. Where the hell would she even start? For so long it had just been the two of them and now? Well, now there was Wade. Which was
good. Better than good. She couldn’t be happier, in fact. One glance at those two told you everything you ever needed to know and she had to admit it warmed her heart that her nephew had finally found someone who could make him smile, joke and laugh as easily as breathe. It had been a long time, too long in fact, since she saw him do any of those things for any extended period of time but with Wade…even when he wasn’t smiling or joking or laughing, there was this lightness about him, an ease in which he carried himself as if the weight that had once pressed down upon his shoulders had lessened and while she knew it wasn’t all down to the Canadian that had carved himself a place in Peter’s life, she did know that he had a significant impact in her nephew’s emotional pendulum swinging to the happy side for once.

“You still with me?” a voice broke her from her thoughts.

Speaking of the person who swung a pendulum to the happy side…there was hers.

“Sorry Rick,” she threw him an apologetic smile with a wave of her hand, “I’m a million miles away. What were you saying?”

Her companion, a tall, broad shouldered, African-American man in his mid-sixties grinned warmly at her, his whiskey-toned eyes glinting amusedly in the early-morning sun.

“I was just gonna ask if you were up for a re-match tonight after work? You know I can’t let this winning streak of yours continue,” he teased, still a little sore at the fact that she had yet again beat him in their bi-weekly Gin-Rummy game last night.

May’s melodious laughter trickled in the air as she took another bite of her danish. It had been quite the game. It had lasted long into the night, she only retiring to her own home well after 2am. She couldn’t banish the grin from her face at the memory of Rick’s lips brushing hers at her doorstep before she snuck inside like some ill-behaved teenager only to find her sleeping nephew curled up on the couch in front of the dying fire, head resting firmly on Wade Wilson’s shoulder, he too slumbering softly, an affable expression spread across his marred face.

She couldn’t help but snap a quick picture with her phone, berating herself only slightly before heading up to bed. She ended up being the last to sleep and the first to rise, sneaking past the living room at 7am to meet Rick for their breakfast date before work. She winced at the thought of the boys’ uncomfortable limbs after sleeping all night on the couch, but still didn’t have the heart to wake them. They seemed to be perfectly fine all wrapped up in one another, more than likely going to be a little embarrassed when they awoke in such a state (oh to be a fly on the wall then) so they certainly didn’t need her to force them into consciousness or any types of revelations. They’d get there, in all senses of the word.
“You’re on,” she accepted Rick’s challenge with a grin and a kiss to the cheek as the hospital drew nearer and nearer in her sights.

“It’s a date,” he smiled, squeezing her hands gently, wishing her a good day at work and taking his leave.

May watched him go for a few moments before heading down the alley to her right, taking her regular short-cut. She was making good time this morning, able to leisurely walk, her footsteps echoing in the early-morning air. Humming softly to herself, a crease soon formed between her eyebrows as she frowned, an odd rustling sound omitting from up ahead. As she drew nearer, a hunched over figure came into view, a wounded noise escaping their lips.

“Are you okay?” she called out, her voice echoing, bouncing off the alleyway walls, “hello? Do you need help? I’m a nurs—”

A sharp pain pricked her neck, a tingling sensation rapidly flowing through her veins. With a gasp, she blinked rapidly, stumbling and swaying on her feet as dark ink blots began to dot her vision. She felt strong hands grab her from behind, closing over her mouth and chest, dragging her backwards.

“It’s okay, Mrs Parker…” a voice said softly from a distance, a shadowy shape looming over her, “it’ll all be over soon…” were the last words she registered before darkness claimed her.

~*~

It had to be a coincidence. It just had to be. There was absolutely no way Selena Rickards was in any way involved in any of this. She just couldn’t be.

Could she?

“And then the magical fairy delivered me to the underworld where I spent the rest of my days spanking naughty politicians and frenching Satan.”

Hazel eyes snapped up to meet familiar chocolate ones.
“What?” Peter croaked, realizing that somehow he had managed to board the subway, get off the subway and make it back into his Aunt May’s kitchen completely immersed in his panicked revelation.

The mercenary tilted his head at him, an exasperated expression on his face.

“All right, what’s up with you? You’ve been quieter than a dead mute ever since we left Stark Industries…”

Peter began to pace back and forth, no longer able to keep still, feeling like a thousand ants were crawling beneath his skin, thrumming along in time with his blood like some macabre courting ritual.

“I think…but no, that can’t be right. That’s crazy. I have to be…it’s just a coincidence. It doesn’t mean anything,” he rambled, ignoring Wade’s look of confusion, raking his hands through his hair until it stood up in all different directions.

It conveyed the gravity of the situation that the merc wasn’t side-tracked too much by how adorable that looked.

“Peter what—”

His pocket was vibrating.

[God dammit! Writer lady really does love interrupting important conversations, doesn’t she?]

[It’s getting ridiculous at this point]

[At least she’s self-aware of the idiocy]

[Doesn’t make her stop though, does it?]
Gritting his teeth, Wade dug his hand into his pocket and retrieved his cell phone. Absolutely nobody apart from the crazy guy standing in front of him and his charming aunt should have this number, so whoever was at the other end of this call surely had nothing good to say. He answered anyway. Call him curious.

“Edwards’ Crematorium: you kill ‘em, we grill ‘em, how may I direct your call?”

“Cut the crap, Wilson,” a very surprising yet familiarly gruff tone trickled into his ear.

Raising his non-existent eyebrows, Wade purred into the phone loud enough for Peter to hear even in the whatever-freak-out-crisis he seemed to be going through: “Tony Stark, to what do I owe the pleasure?”

That seemed to infiltrate the brunet’s panic long enough to get him to stop pacing and whirl around to gawk at the merc.

“Is Peter with you?”

Cutting straight to the chase. Alrighty then.

“Maybe. Maybe not. Why do you ask?”

“Put him on the phone, Deadpool.”

“There’s no point asking how you got his number, is there?”

“…I’m Iron Man.”

Wade rolled his eyes and handed the phone to Peter wordlessly.

[Who does Tin Man think he is?]
He’s no Bruce Wayne, that’s for sure

I dunno…Bruce Wayne got all his shit made for him. At least Stark makes his own

*Gasp* Do we actually prefer Iron Man over Batman?

Does writer lady?

I think she’s conflicted. And this probably isn’t the best time to hash it out

The mercenary ignored his boxes, instead focusing on Peter as he took the phone and listened intently to whatever Stark had to say. It wasn’t long before every drop of blood drained from his already pale face.

Whoa. Petey’s cosplaying as Casper the Friendly Ghost

“Yeah, yeah okay,” he was mumbling, left hand still running through his hair, pulling on it, “okay. I said okay. I won’t. Yeah. I get it, Tony. Okay. Bye.”

The room lapsed into silence as Peter hung up the phone and handed it back to Wade. When it became apparent that the younger man wasn’t going to speak first, the merc took the initiative.

“Well? What’s so important that Stark’s tin undies are all in a knot?”

Peter raked a hand down his face, heaving a sigh before finally meeting his gaze, looking more wrecked than Wade could ever remember seeing him.

“It’s Selena. She’s the one that’s trying to kill me.”

To say the Canadian was surprised was an understatement.
“Hot scientist boss lady? Why the hell would she—”

“No idea,” Spider Man interrupted with a wave of his hand, “apparently Thor found out from Heimdall. It’s…weird, though. His vision caught only glimpses, but it was enough to implicate her. I…” he faltered, his whole body deflating, “Wade…she’s Chenko.”

[Really? That’s how they find out? Idris Elba told them?]

[Writer lady did struggle with whether or not to make use of Heimdall’s power]

[It is kinda a shitty plot device]

[But it is only gonna be used this once. For reasons. Narrative and suspense reasons]

“Wait…” Wade stepped forward, desperate to wipe that horrified and defeated look from Peter’s face, “what exactly did Malibu Barbie ask Mr. Cleo, exactly? ‘Cause you know, for a guy who is apparently all seeing, he can have blind spots. Loki masquerading as Hannibal Lecter, anybody?”

The grad student frowned at him, obviously not following him at all.

[Uh, nobody knows about that until Thor 3, big guy]

[And technically, we’re not one hundred per cent what happened to Heimdall at the end of Thor 2 so…]

The merc waved away his boxes’ arguments, taking another step towards the brunet, “all I mean is, that maybe she is Chenko. But there is definitely more to the story. As soon as Spidey and I get the cops off his back, we can help you figure all this out. You still okay to hold up your end of the plan tonight?”

Peter nodded, “I plan on running into a door frame really, really hard.”

Wade winced. He didn’t like the idea of Petey hurting himself, but at least he knew he’d heal pretty
quickly. Not that he could tell him that.

“Okay. Let’s keep on track then. One problem at a time. We’ll get to potentially-murderous-boss lady. First, let’s focus on exonerating Spidey. Now…where’s your corn syrup and food dye?”

~*~

The cops were idiots. No doubt about it. Especially that Cassidy asshole. How they could actually believe they would be capable of capturing Spider Man unawares let alone arrest him, was beyond him. Yet, they did. And would. But only because he wanted to be caught.

Sure, Wade knew Spidey was Peter when they started hatching this plan, but that didn’t mean he had every aspect of it down pat. In fact, part of it he had no idea how Peter was going to implement without giving himself away, but that was kinda the fun of it. And wow, did Wade love fun when it had anything to do with that adorable, bespectacled brunet.

He had kissed him. Well, he had kissed Spider Man. Whatever. It was glorious. And terrifying. And really, really dumb. And he loved every stupid second of it. That didn’t mean it was his brightest idea, though. They were in this weird limbo now. Spidey kissed him and he had kissed Spidey. Turn about is fair play and all that. But where did that leave him and Peter?

The same Peter who was under the impression that Wade still thought Spider Man was an entirely different entity than the dorky grad student he had been getting to know these last few months. The same Peter who seemed skittish and awkward around him since he laid one on him. The same Peter who despite all that, had kissed him back with as much fervour and force as he had?

Fucked if he knew.

But in that uncertainty, lay an anticipation, an unfurling exhilaration festering under all the nerves, the qualms and the second-guessing. An anticipation that seemed to hold the promise of great things, sparked a flare of hope in Wade’s veins, a sensation he hadn’t been familiar with in far, far too long. But, as with most things, that positive feeling was counter-balanced by a bad. The fear of the unknown, the unease of a path finally chosen, the embarking of a journey never taken before…

He had to do something. The other shoe had to drop sooner or later. Waking up this morning to a mop of unruly hair on his shoulder, tickling his jaw, had been the last straw. He had watched him for a moment, several moments actually, as the sunlight shone over his face. He had looked so…striking,
his long eyelashes resting on his slightly rose-tinted cheeks behind his black-rimmed glasses. Wade’s heart had been a crescendo in his chest at the sweet torture of the sight, warmed by the touch of skin on skin and the gentle pressure of a body against his. He couldn’t remember the last time he woke up next to someone before he met Peter, shared a bed with him. He had forgotten just how…intimate it could be, even without sex.

It was there, sitting on May Parker’s worn couch that the intimacy hit him full force, not surprisingly, in the few times that he and Peter had shared a bed. They had always been careful to keep a distance between them, but there, wedged on the sofa in front of the dying embers of the fire they were practically one flesh, breathing in each other’s air, limbs heavy and entwined. It felt…right. Righter than anything Wade had felt in a long time.

And that was beyond terrifying. And exhilarating. And most definitely something that he had to address, sooner rather than later.

Before it drove him crazy.

…and crazier than he already was, anyway.

As he stood there, in the alley, waiting on Peter, or more accurately Spider Man, he couldn’t help but make the decision. Something had to give. It was time, he realized that now. Had realized it a long time ago actually, but was only willing to admit it this morning, after the kiss, after the innocent sleeping together and after Spider Man had finally apologized for everything that had gone down between them.

Mind made up, he tried to supress the excited yet jittery smirk that spread across his face as he heard footsteps approach.

“Where did you come from?” he asked the darkness, calling over his shoulder, hoping, damn well nearly praying for the response he desperately wanted to hear.

“Do you believe in time travel?” Spider Man did not disappoint, delivering the Donnie Darko quote as easy as breathing as he took the last few steps towards Deadpool, walking around to face him.

“You’re early,” Wade remarked with a tilt of his head, his heart thrumming quickly in his chest as the smirk on his face morphed into a full smile, safely hidden from beneath his mask.
“Well, I thought the sooner we got this shit show on the road the better,” came the deadpan response, the hero motioning with his hand for Deadpool to turn around.

“Gonna strip now, Spidey?” the Canadian couldn’t help but tease as he dutifully turned and faced the wall.

“Don’t get too excited,” the arachnid responded, the amusement tinging his voice, albeit reluctantly.

“Sorry, can’t promise that,” the merc told the wall with a flourish of his hand.

“Is Peter clear on the plan?”

“Oh somethin’ tells me that Peter is clearer on the plan than I’ll ever be,” Wade couldn’t help but cheekily reply.

If the younger man suspected something was up, however, he didn’t let on. The mercenary listened intently as the sound of rusting clothes echoed around them. He tried not to let him viscerally affect him though, and deserved every medal going that he didn’t turn on the spot right then and there and rip off the rest of Peter’s clothes, push him into the wall and fuck him harder than he had ever been fucked or would ever be fucked again.

“You sure you know what you’re doing?” Spider Man’s slightly worried tone broke through his fantasy.

“Geez, Spidey. You’re acting like this is the first time I’ve worn your suit,” Deadpool scoffed with faux-offense.

“It’s the first time I’ve been actually conscious to give you permission.”

“Hey, I saved your ass last time. Cammy didn’t kill you and the paper even wrote a nice thing about you. Win-win.”

“This is different, Deadpool—”
“Yeah, yeah, incarceration changes things, I get it. You’re acting like this is the first time I’ve been in jail.”

“It’s the first time you’ve been in jail dressed as me.”

“Well then I guess I’m officially poppin’ Spidey’s jail cherry then, huh?”

“Jail cherry?”

“It sounded better in my head.”

“Why do I feel like that should be your personal catchphrase?”

A brief silence formed at those words, quickly followed by a trickle of laughter from the two of them. A good verbal sparring always brought out their giddiness.

“Here,” hands snuck around Wade suddenly, almost like a backwards hug, thrusting the red and blue spandex into his hands.

“Get dressed already, before I come to my senses and realize how incredibly stupid this plan is…”

The mercenary didn’t need to be told twice.

“You gonna turn around too, Spidey? I’m a modest girl, after all,” he asked, his voice a lot more nonchalant than he actually was.

Even after all the recent revelations, it didn’t mean his insecurities just melted away.

[Ha! Melted. Like your face]
And the rest of you

Trying to ignore his boxes, Wade forced himself out of clothes and into the too-tight spandex. He was larger than Spider Man, in height and in build, but he was banking on the cop’s stupidity and their desperation to catch the webbed-wonder than they wouldn’t read too much into it. Distantly, he registered Peter’s hitch in breathing and silently wondered if the younger man actually did turn around or if he was now staring openly at the merc’s naked back as he dropped his pants, exposing his non-boxer-clad ass to the open air.

I see a bad moon rising…

And it’s full as fuck

“Not as cold as I was expecting it to be tonight,” he couldn’t help but comment, his nerves frayed as he quickly began peeling on the spandex, trying to bend over as little as possible.

Now you’re just teasing

Not so eager to give Petey a show now, are ya?

“You’re…” Spider Man breathed, clearly perturbed, “you’re going commando in my suit?!”

Why change the habit of a life time?” the Canadian quipped, pulling up the rest of the spandex onto his chest, frowning as he found a key piece of the suit missing.

Where’s the mask?” he asked, looking around his feet to make sure he didn’t drop it.

The clearing of a throat caught his attention, urging him to turn around.

There, he was met with the sight of a casually-dressed-from-the-neck-down Spidey, mask still firmly on his face.

With a roll of his eyes, Wade approached him, basking in the smell of the suit, a mixture of earthy
scents, mint and something so uniquely Peter, he couldn’t give it a name.

Halting barely a foot from the shorter man, he tilted his head, his very un-masked head, his chocolate eyes glistening in the moonlight.

“I’m not sure the plan works without the mask, Spidey,” he whispered, the moment inexplicably feeling as if it demanded a more hushed tone as the tension between them rose higher and higher with each passing second.

“I’ve been told I’ve a kinda recognizable face. No idea why,” he shrugged as Peter let out a small laugh.

“It’s ‘cause it has so much character,” he replied, a smile in his tone.

“Is that what they’re calling it now? Well in that case, I’ve got enough ‘character’ for an entire book series, TV show and a bad made-for-TV-movie.”

The two men shared a chortle, it mingling together in the short space.

Spider Man’s hands twitched at his sides before slowly raising to his neck, slowly peeling the material up and over his jaw, leaving it bunched up just under nose, his mouth and chin exposed. He gestured with his left hand for Deadpool to turn around again.

Wade bit his lip as the oh-so-very familiar sliver of skin came into view. It sparking something in him, something that made him bold.

“Kiss for luck?”

The words were out of his mouth before he could really give them any conscious thought. Not that that would have made any difference.

But, just as he was about to make some sarcastic remark to try smooth over the impending awkwardness, Peter surprised him yet again by surging forward, capturing his lips, both hands cradling his face.
It was different to the other kisses they had shared. What it lacked in intensity, it made up for in
tenderness, an unspoken promise, one of which neither of them were entirely aware of, passing
between them.

Far too soon, they broke apart, a brushing of lips all they really had time for.

A chuckle escaped Wade as he forced his eyes open, his hand creeping up to clasp the bottom of
Spider Man’s mask.

“Just when I thought I had you all figured out, you surprise me yet again. You really are something
else…Peter Parker.”

With that, he pulled the mask up and over the other man’s face but turned away immediately, not
meeting Peter’s surely astonished gaze and instead high-tailing it towards where the big showdown
between Spidey and the cops was due to take place.

But that didn’t stop him from hearing that gasp of absolute astonishment that followed him into the
darkness.

It was nice to know that after everything, he was still capable of surprising Peter too...

~*~

It was a simple plan, really.

One might even call it idiotic.

[One being us]

[And more than likely the vast majority of the readers]
But with the cops involved, it wasn’t bound to be anything else.

So, that was how, fifteen minutes after having his entire world rocked (and not necessarily in the good way) Peter Parker found himself smearing homemade fake blood (curtesy of corn syrup and red food dye) on his pant leg and lying down in the middle of an empty construction site, cell-phone in hand, having called ‘Spider Man’ in distress to lure him into a lame trap that had no chance of capturing a fly let alone Deadpool masquerading as the web-crawler.

But, seen as dozens of armed police men and women were hidden strategically around the construction site, Peter did what he could in that situation, and played along, trying desperately to ignore the fact that Wade knew.

*He fucking knew.*

Peter had no idea for how long or how he actually figured it out, but Wade knew who he really was.

And the grad-student-slash-vigilante had absolutely no idea how to handle that.

So, he lay in the comforting arms of distraction. And if that meant that he had to play the damsel in distress in front of a quarter of the 12th Precinct of the NYPD, then so be it.

He was barely in the dirt mock-clutching his leg for ten minutes before he heard the tell-tale sign of Wade’s unmistakable gait approaching.

*Lights, camera, action.*

“Oh my god, Peter! Are you okay?”

He fought to keep his heart beat under control when Deadpool came into view, basked in moonlight, looking downright majestic in his suit as he raced towards him, the faux-concern in his voice at the sight of his ‘injured’ leg, seeming for all intents and purposes, entirely genuine.

“I-I’m fine,” he forced himself to reply, remembering the ‘script’ that the cops made him memorize, “I…I was jumped by some guys. They got my wallet, my phone…” he trailed off, knowing he was
not winning any Oscars for this performance, but far too overwhelmed by everything else to give a damn.

“What way did they go?” Deadpool asked, looking out into the distance, “maybe I can—”

Suddenly, the entire site was flooded with artificial light, blinding the two men as a loud voice called out with a megaphone.

“Spider Man! Don’t move! You are under arrest!”

Peter took that as his cue to get up, quickly retreating into the darkness, hugging his black and red hoodie to his body, a cop nodding and clapping him on the shoulder for a ‘job well done.’

Silently, he watched the scene unfold in front of him. Dozens of cops clambered onto the site, their guns all pointed firmly at Wade as he stood frozen to the spot.

“You have the right to remain silent,” Detective Beharie began reading him his rights, “anything you do or say will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?”

Wade nodded, holding his hands up in a surrendering motion over his head and getting down on his knees.

“Cuff ‘em,” Detective Cassidy advised an officer with a gruff tone, “if you so much as twitch, I won’t hesitate to empty my clip into you. Got it?”

Beharie practically rolled her eyes at her partner before turning to the Canadian, “I assure you, you’re perfectly safe. I’m going to accompany you to the station where we can then contact your lawyer, okay?”

Wade nodded, allowing two cops haul him to his feet and escort him to a squad car, depositing him in it.
Peter bit his lip, hoping the next part of the plan would work as he whispered into the darkness, “show time…”

~*~

Unsurprisingly, this wasn’t his first time in an interrogation room.

It was however, the first time he was dressed as someone else and booked on a crime that he actually didn’t commit.

Life was full of little surprises.

“I swear, I’m telling the truth,” he said for what felt the hundredth time in the last twenty minutes, “would I lie to you? Well, my hips might. Unlike Shakira’s, they’re dirty, dirty liars. But the rest of me is all truth, I swear.”

Beharie and Cassidy exchanged dubious glances from their side of the table.

“You have an attorney you’d like us to contact?” the former asked.

“Yeah, actually. These two guys based outta Hell’s Kitchen. Henson and Cox, I think? Or was it Neilson and Murtagh? Whatever. One’s fat and the other’s blind. Ha! Kinda sounds like the start of a joke, huh?”

Neither of the detectives laughed however.

“Look,” Wade sighed, trying to gesture at them but couldn’t as his hands were chained to the table, “did it ever occur to you two numb nuts, that if I really did those things, and Peter was all connected to it, then I wouldn’t have come to his rescue tonight? That I would have instead tried to finish the job? Why the hell would you ask Peter to do this if you actually thought his life was in—”

“Because we never actually thought his life was in danger,” Beharie interrupted him with a wave of
her hand, speaking very quietly, her gaze travelling to the two-way mirror for a moment before snapping back to him.

“My partner and I, are actually two of the only members of the NYPD that don’t think you’ve gone off the deep end and decided to bomb one place and shoot up another,” she continued, walking around the desk and leaning against it, inches from him.

“We just had to keep up appearances,” Cassidy piped up, “keep the bosses happy. If they think you’re a maniac, it makes our job easier to get permission to bring you in. Parker told us that you weren’t trying to kill him and we believed him. We may not agree with your methods Spider Man, but we don’t think you’re a bomber or attempted murder.”

[Can’t say I saw that coming]

[Who knew Cassidy had another mode other than asshole?]

“Then why the dog and pony show?” Wade asked, curiosity well and truly piqued.

After everything that went down tonight, he deserved some answers, dammit. Interrogation room chairs hurt his tushie!

“To get you here,” Beharie replied, “we knew you’d never come willingly so…let’s say we capitalized on the fact that someone is so determined to frame you for crimes you didn’t commit.”

“To get me here for what?!?” he exclaimed, more than a little exasperated, “what could possibly be so important that you had to orchestrate a ridiculous plot to—”

“We know who set the RCorp Factory fire last year,” Beharie interrupted him, “the one that killed the elementary school teacher and wounded several others. Their body washed ashore a few weeks ago. We think it could be connected to whoever is behind framing you and trying to kill Peter…” she trailed off, a solemn expression on her face as she leaned forward, “so, tell us, Spider Man…how much do you know about Skyline Laboratories?”
Hey! Hey, wake up writer lady! This is no time for sleeping, dammit! You gotta tell them about the thing!

*Starts coming around, groggily murmuring* Spideypool fans! In celebration of the overwhelming positive response and support you’ve all given me for this story, I’m doing a Spideypool giveaway over on my Tumblr. So if you’d like a chance to win some fabulous prizes like a Deadpool and Spiderman mini plushie, posters, stickers, coasters, badges etc. feel free to enter here. The competition closes on October 30th 2015. Best of luck to everybody!

Ooh, I wanna win a Spidey plushie!

…the competition is not open to you, Deadpool.

Why not?

Because you’re a fictional character?

*gasp* YOU TAKE THAT BACK!

Doesn’t make it any less true.

*pout*

BIG shout-out and thank you to the wonderful DreamFeathers over at ff.net for all her help and advice.

She’s criss-cross-awesome-sauce!

*snort* Didn’t realize you were a thirteen year old girl.

Doesn’t make it any less true.

Touché.

You can’t touch my touché *wink*

Oh please. We all know how easy you are, Wade.

*Southern accent* Well, I do declare!

That wasn’t a denial.

No. It wasn’t.

*cough* Also…it’s my birthday soon.

It is. Your point?

I…I like—

Reviews?

*Blush*
**Subtle.**

Shut up. *sticks out tongue*

**Dude. You're 24. Have some respect for yourself.**

25 on October 9th.

**Dear God.**

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

Franklin ‘Foggy’ Nelson was having a good night. Well, as good a night as he could in this ridiculous heat. And of course the A.C. was busted, again. So not a very good night at all, really. So much for his reckless optimism. It also didn’t help his drastically souring mood that Matt was off gallivanting around Hell’s Kitchen (as he was wont to do) after getting his ass seriously handed to him only two days before.

*The Punisher? Seriously? Who calls themselves that?*

Karen had taken a half-day, meeting up with Doris for lunch and gone to run some other errands before heading home. She hadn’t been sleeping well, the lawyer noticed, so he sent her off with a smile and well wishes to Mrs Urich. That left Foggy all by his lonesome, working on the O’Connell case from mid-day to now, clearly close to burning the midnight oil even though he promised himself he wouldn’t. Ever since the Fisk debacle, the firm had begun doing marginally better, their number of clientele rising ever so slightly. It was enough to keep them in the black, if only a little.

But that also meant that he and Matt had to delegate more and more time to the office than they had in their first few months. This was no problem for Foggy, but Matt…the crime-rate had slowed in the wake of Fisk’s reign, but only for a short while. Now it seemed things were beginning to heat back up in Hell’s Kitchen, which meant that Matt was back out there, every single night, sometimes too beat to shit to make it in to work in the morning.

But he tried and Foggy respected that. Didn’t mean he didn’t worry his ass off every damn time though.
Darepool. Deaddevil. (Whichever sounds cooler)

*Have I told you lately that I love you?*

Are you actually telling me or singing the Van Morrison song?

*Both.*

Uh…thanks?

*YOU MADE ME AND PETEY KISS IN THE LAST CHAPTER! TWICE!*

I did. There’s more to come soon, too.

*incoherent babbling* *flailing* *collapsing*

Oh, boy. Wade, honey? You still with us?

…

Wade?

…

Alrighty then. Ahem. Just note, I am by no means a scientist. I mean, I sorta wanted to be at one point in my life, but then I realized I’d rather just write one for TV. So…yeah. The ‘science’ I go into in this chapter, is probably by no means accurate, or you know, actual science. Oh well.

~*~

“Just when I thought I had you all figured out, you surprise me yet again. You really are something else…Peter Parker.”

The brunet barely registered the mask being pulled from off his head as the words rang in his ears, a gasp being knocked from his lungs with startling force. Gaping, his hazel eyes followed the vague Wade-shaped-shadow as it sprinted away from him into the darkness until he was completely engulfed.

*Holy shit, he knows…*

That was the one and only thought that kept whirling around and around Peter Parker’s brain for the next two hours as he participated in ‘the trap’, watching Wade being led away by the police and now prepared to initiate the final part of the plan to clear Spider Man’s name. Gritting his teeth, he tried to shove down the feeling of ridiculousness that was ebbing away in his stomach and resolutely
punched himself square in the face.

Satisfied to feel a deep cut marring his cheek, Peter straightened up, running his hands through his hair to mess it up (more than it already was) before ripping the hem of his T-shirt.

*There. That should be enough…*

Taking a deep breath, he took out his phone, leaned against the wall of the police station, basked in shadows, waiting for someone to pick up.

“12th Precinct,” a gruff tone uttered down the phone after a moment.

“Uh, Detective Beharie, please,” the grad-student murmured, taking a quick peek around the corner to see if he could spot anything.

“She’s busy. Can I help you?” the voice asked, sounding as if that was the last thing they wanted to do.

Sighing, Peter just hung up.

*Looks like I’ll just have to do this the old fashioned way.*

And by the old fashioned way, he meant the not-strictly-above-board way. He had no choice though, it wouldn’t take long for his cuts and bruises to begin to heal, so he had to get moving if he wanted the someone-else-just-attacked-me-while-Spider Man-was-in-your-custody-so-it-can’t-be-him-that’s-trying-to-kill-me plan to work.

Crossing the street, Peter utilized his spider agility and sneaked into the precinct without detection, his senses trying to hone in on Wade’s whereabouts. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath and focussed until the familiar tingling crept up his spine, raising the hairs on the back of his neck.

*There he is…*
With a quick look over his shoulder he weaved light-footedly through the precinct, towards interview room 4 at the end of a long hallway. Biting his lip, Peter let his curiosity get the better of him, pivoting to the door right next to it and deftly slipping inside.

He had never seen the other side of a two-way mirror before. It was surreal. Like he was privy to something utterly cloistered, like he was in the projector room at a movie theatre or behind the satin curtain at a play. With bated breath he watched through the special glass as two detectives paced the length of the infinitesimal room, lording over the man in the Spidey suit, who sat slack against the metallic chair, hands bound to the table by thick, steel shackles.

“I swear I’m telling you the truth,” Deadpool was saying in an almost childlike tone, “would I lie to you? Well, my hips might. Unlike Shakira’s, they’re dirty, dirty liars. But the rest of me is all truth, I swear.”

Peter barely suppressed an eye roll as the detectives exchanged dubious looks.

The merc wasn’t the best at playing innocent, even when he was…

“You have an attorney you’d like us to contact?” Beharie asked with a hint of weariness.

Wade shifted ever so slightly in the chair, his torso angled forward, “yeah actually,” he nodded, head tilted, “these two guys based outta Hell’s Kitchen. Henson and Cox, I think? Or was it Neilson and Murtagh? Whatever. One’s fat and the other’s blind. Ha! Kinda sounds like the start of a joke, huh?”

Peter frowned as the room lapsed into silence. The merc was supposed to ask for the lawyer they discussed, one of Tony’s representatives, not some guys from Hell’s Kitchen.

*What the hell is he doing?!*

“Look,” Wade sighed, his hands making an aborted move, “did it ever occur to you two numb nuts, that if I really did those things, and Peter was all connected to it, then I wouldn’t have come to his rescue tonight? That I would have instead tried to finish the job? Why the hell would you ask Peter to do this if you actually thought his life was in—”

“Because we never actually thought his life was in danger,” Beharie interjected very quietly, her eyes flickering towards the two-way mirror.
Peter froze like a deer caught in headlights. If he didn’t know better, he would say that the detective’s steely gaze could see right through to him.

“My partner and I, are actually two of the only members of the NYPD that don’t think you’ve gone off the deep end and decided to bomb one place and shoot up another,” she continued, walking around the desk and leaning against it, inches from Wade.

“We just had to keep up appearances,” Cassidy piped up with a fold of his arms, “keep the bosses happy. If they think you’re a maniac, it makes our job easier to get permission to bring you in. Parker told us that you weren’t trying to kill him and we believed him. We may not agree with your methods Spider Man, but we don’t think you’re a bomber or attempted murder.”

Well, colour him surprised. Shocked. Downright aghast. There actually was some cops who didn’t think Spider Man was a public menace. Well, two anyway. But then—

“Why the dog and pony show?” Wade asked his question for him, intrigue interlaced with frustration in his tone.

Beharie shrugged, “to get you here. We knew you’d never come willingly so…let’s say we capitalized on the fact that someone is so determined to frame you for crimes you didn’t commit.”

Irritation spiked in Peter’s veins, his jaw tightening at her words. It was just like the cops to coordinate something like this instead of just trying to actually talk to him like he was a decent, reasonable human being and not some unpredictable danger to society.

“To get me here for what?!” Wade aptly expressed his exasperation at the situation for him, “what could possibly be so important that you had to orchestrate a ridiculous plot to—”

“We know who set the RCorp Factory fire last year,” Beharie interrupted him, causing Peter’s heart to leap into his throat, “the one that killed the elementary school teacher and wounded several others. Their body washed ashore a few weeks ago. We think it could be connected to whoever is behind framing you and trying to kill Peter…” she trailed off, a solemn expression on her face as she leaned forward, “so, tell us, Spider Man…how much do you know about Skyline Laboratories?”

Peter gaped, unable to believe his ears. The fire. The RCorp fire that plagued his dreams for months and haunted his waking hours, that had something to do with all of this.
But how?

When the brunet was wracking his brain, a steady stream of dread rising from the depths of his stomach, Wade was scoffing loudly, for all intents and purposes looking completely unfazed by the line of questioning. But Peter knew him better than that...he was as rattled as he was.

“Never heard of it. And why the hell would a fire over a year ago have anything to do with offing some nobody college kid?”

The two detectives exchanged another weighted glance before the former nodded and the latter stood up, opening the door and whispering to a uniformed officer.

“All right then, Spider Man,” Beharie murmured, shrugging a little less nonchalantly than she seemed to want, “if you say so. We’ll take a break. Give you time to have a long, hard think about your options here. Let’s get you that lawyer, shall we?”

~*~

Franklin ‘Foggy’ Nelson was having a good night. Well, as good a night as he could in this ridiculous heat. And of course the A.C. was busted, again. So not a very good night at all, really. So much for his reckless optimism. It also didn’t help his drastically souring mood that Matt was off gallivanting around Hell’s Kitchen (as he was wont to do) after getting his ass seriously handed to him only two days before.

_The Punisher? Seriously? Who calls themselves that?_

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But that also meant that he and Matt had to dedicate more and more time to the office than they had in their first few months. This was no problem for Foggy, but Matt...the crime-rate had slowed in the wake of Fisk’s reign, but only for a short while. Now it seemed things were beginning to heat back
up in Hell’s Kitchen, which meant that Matt was back out there, every single night, sometimes too beat to shit to make it in to work in the morning.

But he tried and Foggy respected that. Didn’t mean he didn’t worry his ass off every damn time though.

Running a tired hand through his hair, the lawyer screwed his eyes shut for a moment, suppressing a yawn. It had been a long day at Nelson and Murdock: Attorneys at Law, and he had just gotten off the phone with his mother, explaining yet again, that yes, he and her darling Matt would definitely be present for Christmas this year and yes, he did ask the fabulous Miss Page too and yes, he would let her know as soon as he got a response and yes—

His office phone’s sudden shrill ringing cut the mental replay of his mom’s previous call, short. With a roll of his eyes, he prepared himself for another onslaught of his mother’s Christmas ideas and more not-so-vague innuendos where he and his friends were concerned. Heaving a sigh, he picked up the phone and jumped straight to his well-worn explanation:

“Mom, about Karen— no, we’re not dating, getting married or having children. And Matty, like I’ve been telling you since the dawn of time— no, we’re not dating, getting married or having children, so stop asking, okay?!”

“…Mr Nelson?”

Annnnd that wasn’t his mom.

Awesome.

“Uh…yeah,” he cleared his throat, embarrassment burning his cheeks, “this is Mr Nelson of Nelson and Murdock: Attorneys at Law. How may I help you?”

Slowly, his eyebrows raised higher and higher to the ceiling in the next few minutes as he listened intently to the voice at the other end of the phone.

“Spider Man. The superhero. Has been arrested. And said I’m his lawyer,” he stated choppy rather than asked the officer, hardly believing the words that had fallen out of his mouth.
“He did. So…can he expect you, Mr Nelson?”

Foggy glanced wearily down at the mountains of paperwork littering his desk.

He could do with a break.

Matt was still out waging the war on crime in his ridiculous red get-up, but Foggy could handle this on his own.

After all, he had had his fair share of experiences with vigilantes lately, what’s the worst that could happen?

~*~

“And he said that.”

“Yeah.”

“Those were the exact words out of his mouth.”

“You hard of hearing now, grandpa?” Tony Stark asked in annoyance, throwing up his hands and pacing back and forth in front of an irked Steve Rogers, “it’s like I said already. I told Parker to stay outta trouble, keep his nose clean, the usual, until we get back, and he said, and I quote: ‘of course I’ll not be a complete tool and do anything stupid, Mr Stark. That would just be selfish and idiotic of me. Not to mention inconsiderate of my teammates. So yes, I’ll be on my best behaviour until you return. Have a safe flight!’”

There was a beat of silence in which the other Avengers stared at Iron Man, each face identical in their doubtful expression.

“I don’t believe you,” Rogers responded, folding his arms across his chest.
“I’m shocked. And appalled. Really,” Tony deadpanned, taking a sip of his scotch.

“So, Selena Rickards. She used to work here and now works for Stark. Didn’t think that was worth mentioning?” Steve turned to Fury instead of continuing what would likely become an even more childish discussion with Tony.

It had been a few hours since Thor had informed them that Rickards was Chenko. In that time, they had broken up to gather as much information as they could, Steve organising a team of SHIELD agents to visit and question Rickards and Tony calling Peter to inform him of the development, before re-convening in the conference room.

“There wasn’t a need to. She was properly vetted. No red flags showed up,” the ex-Director shrugged.

“Huh. Weird how she now has more red flags than a military training exercise,” Romanoff remarked dryly.

“Seen as she has stolen the LK90 serum, had Lucas dose Blye with it and…you know…tried to kill Peter, and all,” Clint joined in, tilting his head at the bald man.

“Still think she didn’t warrant mentioning?” Steve asked, stopping a mere foot from Fury, jaw clenched.

But Fury didn’t seem to be paying attention anymore. Instead, his brow was furrowed, his visible eye staring intensely into thin air.

“Did you say Blye?” he asked Barton suddenly.

“Uh, yeah…why?” the archer replied, his voice tinged with confusion.

With a shake of his head, the ex-director snatched up the piece of paper Natasha had found in the records room and waved it in the air before slamming it down on the table, pointing at a name five names under Selena’s.
Each member of The Avengers, Maria Hill and the Skyline scientist all leaned forward to glance at what he pointed to.

Tony’s eyebrows raised, his gaze flickering to Fury who looked beyond resolute.

“That’s why.”

~*~

Foggy Nelson stepped up to the reception at the NYPD’s 12th Precinct. After a long cab ride in which he mentally berated himself on all the countless ways this was surely to be a stupid idea, and leaving a hurried and vague voice mail for Matt, he clutched his briefcase that consisted of exactly a notepad, pen, and half eaten sandwich from Jitters, and strode assertively into the police station, head held high.

He hadn’t been to this part of the city in a long time. Not since before the battle of New York. Aliens falling from the sky through a magic space portal tended to tamper his desire to travel this far. And yet, here he was. Ready to represent none other than the web-slinger, the wall crawler, the friendly neighbourhood Spider Man himself.

What the hell am I thinking?!

“Can I help you, Sir?” a very bored sounding officer asked, flicking his pen back and forth on his desk, not bothering to look up.

“I’m Franklin Nelson. Defense Attorney. Here to see my client uh…Spider Man,” he replied, wincing at his vacillating tone.

It still managed to catch the officer’s attention, though.

Straightening up, the young cop nodded vigorously, “of course, counsellor. You’ll find him in Interview Room 4 with Detectives Beharie and Cassidy. They’re expecting you.”

Foggy nodded his thanks, frowning a little as he suddenly realized that every eye in the place was
now on him as he walked down the corridor. It seemed the arachnid has caused quite the stir. Hardly surprising, really. When The New York Bulletin started printing more and more about the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen, the buzz that had generated around everything and anything even slightly Daredevil-related had been aplenty. He could only imagine what it’d be like if Matt ever got himself caught and put under a microscope by the local PD.

His blood ran cold at the mere thought, a shiver flowing up his spine. Nope, he definitely couldn’t think about that. Ever.

*Think about the case. Think about Spider Man.*

Foggy had gotten very little details over the phone. Just that the webbed wonder was brought in on supposed attempted murder charges. He had seen the news. Didn’t believe for a second that one of the Avengers had gone off the deep end and joined the dark side. There was definitely something else at play here. I mean, was it really that hard to believe that it was just somebody else dressed up as Spider Man taking a shot at those people?

But, as he and Matt could personally attest to, when it came to the media, public opinion could easily be swayed. So yeah, some people definitely thought that it was actually Spider Man that had put a bomb in a building and shot up a coffee shop, no matter how ludicrous it seemed. That’s why Foggy was nervous when the articles on Daredevil became more frequent. He wasn’t always a favourite in Hell’s Kitchen, and who’s to say that one of these days the favourable outlook on him and his deeds wouldn’t sway back to the hatred, fear, and disgust of before?

But that was a worry for another day.

Foggy was now outside Interview Room 4.

*Time to get this show on the road…*

Right hand raising to the handle, he swung open the door, letting it bang loudly against the wall. This didn’t seem like the time to knock.

“Detectives,” he nodded to the unimpressed cops, “I’d like a moment with my client. Alone.”

And wow, wasn’t that a weird sentence to say out loud?
He, Franklin P. Nelson of Hell’s Kitchen, co-founder of the minuscule law firm that was Nelson and Murdock, was actually going to talk with his client, their client, one seventh of an illustrious team of superheroes, Spider Frickin’ Man.

He may throw up.

But only after he’s done.

He was still a professional, after all.

“Counsellor,” the female detective tilted her head in his direction as she and her partner begrudgingly left the room without a backwards glance, closing the door with a snap behind them.

The small room was engulfed in a perplexing silence. Foggy made several false starts before he eventually managed to unglue his tongue from the roof of his mouth, his eyes staring widely at the superhero sat in front of him, hands bound to a steel table.

He had only ever seen the web-slinger on the news and in newspaper articles but up close, he had to admit, he looked larger, taller, wider…

He almost looked menacing. You know, only if Foggy was the easily intimated type.

“M-Mister uh…Spider Man,” he forced himself to speak, shoving down the overwhelming desire to wince, “my name is—”

“I know who you are,” the vigilante cut across him, his tone dry, “I’m the one that got them to call you, remember?”

The attorney merely waited for him to continue, clasping his hands in front of him.

“So, as you’ve probably surmised, Twiddle Dee and Twiddle Dumb out there, think I tried to kill some college kid and random other New Yorkers, hence the fancy bling,” he finished waving his
wrists at Foggy, the chains clanging loudly around the room.

Nelson nodded, crossing the room and sitting down, taking out his notepad and pen, scribbling a few things down.

“I didn’t…just for the record,” the web-slinger continued, leaning forward slightly.

For a few moments, the scratching of Foggy’s pen as it dutifully made notes across the yellow paper was all that could be heard.

“You and your partner, Murdock…you guys helped take down that guy. The one from the papers,” the hero piped up with that same dry tone.

Foggy tilted his head at Spider Man as he gestured with his bound hands on the table.

“Fish or something, right? Big guy terrorized like 841 square miles of downtown Manhattan. Daredevil must have had his work cut out for him.”

The lawyer bristled at the vigilante’s sarcasm. How dare he downplay everything Hell’s Kitchen had been through, everything Fisk had put them through, everything that Matt had done to try and fix it!

“He did, actually. That’s what happens when dozens of bombs are set off and snipers start taking people out left and right. I didn’t see you offering to lend a hand. Where the hell were you?” he asked, a sudden anger flaring in his veins.

Spider Man shrugged, “had bigger things goin’ on. Being an Avenger kinda warrants more than micro-managing the shit outta one neighbourhood in New York.”

A stony silence fell between them.

“You know,” Foggy began, leaning back in his chair, running a weary palm down his face, before looking him up and down again, his gaze hardening, “you’re nothing like I thought you’d be.”
That seemed to pique the arachnid’s interest as he tilted his head at him.

“Oh yeah? And how’d you think I’d be?”

Nelson scoffed, throwing up his hands in frustration.

“Oh I don’t know. Humble. Gracious. Friendly?”

[Basically everything that Peter actually is]

[You’re doing a shit-tastic job at convincing this guy you’re Spidey, big guy]

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to both of them, Peter Parker watched the entire exchange with a growing sense of foreboding. This wasn’t going well at all. Wade was doing a terrible job at convincing this lawyer that he wasn’t a complete asshole, let alone innocent of attempting to commit murder.

It was time to put his part of the plan into action.

Taking a deep breath, he quietly exited the room, snapping the door shut and deftly breaking off the handle (no point risking any snoopy cop overhearing anything) and made his way down the corridor, following the voices of Beharie and Cassidy, mentally rehearsing what he was going to say and forcing himself to walk a little unsteadily.

“D-Detective Beharie!” he called out as he rounded the corner, that just so happened to be populated by more than a dozen cops within ear-shot, hoping his tone sounded appropriately distressed.

“Peter?” Beharie turned to him, exclaiming in confusion, her eyes drinking in his ragged appearance, “what the hell happened to you?!”

Biting his lip, the brunet’s gaze flickered from her to Cassidy and back again, deliberately pausing… to keep them in suspense and all that.

“I… I was attacked on my way home. T-This big guy with a knife tried to force me into a van. I-I
managed to get away but only barely I—detective I...if Spider Man is in your custody than how...who could’ve...” he trailed off, looking about him as if he was lost, wringing his hands.

Through lidded eyelids, he didn’t fail to catch the telling glance between partners.

He already knew they didn’t actually think that Spider Man was a danger to him. This should be enough to get them to drop the act and let Wade go, once and for all.

Now if only he could figure out a way to get rid of whoever the hell that lawyer guy was…

~*~

Matthew Michael Murdock was having a good night. Well, as good a night as he could in this ridiculous heat and even more ridiculous suit. And of course the criminals were being even stupider and more cowardly than usual, not even giving him a decent fight to vent his frustration at failing to catch The Punisher. Again. So not a very good night at all, really.

Heaving a sigh, he climbed in through his apartment window and immediately began disrobing, grimacing as the material stuck slick to his marred and bruised skin with a thin sheen of sweat. He was calling it an early night. Hell’s Kitchen was more or less quiet, the one or two nuisances already dealt with and The Punisher being a complete no show. Besides, he wanted to make it back to the office before midnight. Guilt stabbed him in his chest as he thought about the office, and Foggy within it, all day, working on the O’Connell case alone…

On that note, he wrestled with the last of his Daredevil suit and stood, chest heaving in the middle of his sparse living room in nothing but his boxers, senses zeroing in on his cell phone. It was time to check in with his best friend.

“You have 1 new voice message from...Foggy,” his audible alert informed him as he held up his phone and put it on speaker.

“Hey buddy,” his best friend’s voice trickled around the room, sounding a little forcibly cheerful, “so I know you’re busy with your uh...pottery class and all but, listen, I got this weird call tonight. A new client. You’ll never guess who! Oh my god, I’m freaking out a little dude, if I’m honest. But anyway, I’ll fill you in when I get back from the 12th Precinct. Later loser!”
“You have no new voice messages. Press 1 to return to the main menu…”

Matt clenched his cell phone tightly in his grasp as the voice message ended. His heart inexplicably began to pick up speed as he frantically threw on his suit, work suit. He couldn’t explain it, not really, but something about this felt…wrong. He had to get the hell down to the 12th Precinct to where Foggy and this mysterious new client was, and he had to get there yesterday…

~*~

His nerve endings were on fire. Acid flowed in his veins, molten lava replaced his blood and every other dramatic metaphor he could possibly think of to explain the sheer physical hell he was experiencing at this very moment. Blearily, through the pain, he just about registered another body being slowly dragged into the dank room and roughly deposited on the floor like a sack of potatoes by the same mysterious man as before. It was a woman, in her late fifties/early sixties, dark hair, oddly familiar looking…

Gasping, Eddie James waited until the man left before he stumbled over to the woman, sinking down onto the grimy floor and worriedly shaking her shoulder.

“Mrs Parker? May? Can you hear me? Please wake up!”

~*~

“Burning the midnight oil again, Dr. Rickards?” Vivienne Khang called into her boss as she watched her stand, hunched over a microscope in her personal lab on the thirteenth floor of Stark Industries.

The scientist glanced up, startled at the sudden sound.

“Oh! Vivienne. Hi. Sorry,” she shook her head, smiling softly at her before scribbling down a few notes, “yeah, another late night. But what Mr. Stark wants, Mr. Stark gets…” she trailed off with a wave of her hand, slipping her goggles up over her head and depositing them on her desk.

“Ain’t that the truth,” Vivienne deadpanned, shuffling some files in her arms before flipping a long strand of dark hair over her shoulder, “anyway, that’s me done for the night. Is there anything else you need before I leave, Dr Rickards?”
“Nope,” Selena shook her head, forcing another smile and injecting levity into her tone, “that’ll be all, Viv. Enjoy your night!”

Forlornly, jade eyes followed her assistant as she left the room through the large glass doors, walking down the corridor towards the elevators and out of sight. Once the echoed clacking of footsteps was no longer audible, Rickards let her weary shoulders slump, her entire body visibly deflating and going down like a lead balloon as she wiped the back of her hand against her brow. Biting her bottom lip, she crossed over to the kitchen area at the very back of the lab, taking off her gloves and rinsing her gaunt hands under the spray of piping hot water. She barely felt the sting however, her long limbs heavy and sluggish. Heaving a sigh, she straightened up, catching her reflection in the mirror.

Her eyes were large and glassy, her cheeks sunken, ashen and sweaty. She lost more time today. Three whole hours. That had been the worst she’d experienced in a while. She knew she was being followed, observed like some lab rat that had ingested poison and was now being watched to see just how slowly it would die. Her pre-emptive strikes hadn’t been enough, her mental exercises falling far too short. He had obviously gotten to her. Again.

Rubbing her eyes, Selena let down her hair, blowing her bangs out of her face, trying desperately to ignore the shaking in her hands. She was losing more and more control over herself. She didn’t know what she had done this time, but she was steadily losing this battle. She was…tired. Mentally, physically and emotionally, exhausted. She had hid it well, for a while, but as time went on, it was growing worse. She had lost weight, kept forgetting to eat, drink, and sleep, instead focussing on her work and ignoring the bigger picture. That had gotten easier to do over the years. She was practically an expert now.

It was only a matter of time. The little breadcrumbs she had dropped were bound to lead Peter and his associates to the right conclusion and then finally, finally it would be over. She would be free. She just had to…keep going. Had to just keep working on the antidote so she could help right her wrongs and at least have the small comfort that all of the pain, heartache and suffering could have possibly meant something, Hadn’t been in vain. She just had to—

Her knees were buckling. Frantically, she gripped the sink but it was too late, she was already slipping to the floor, a dead weight, her fatigued limbs no longer able to support her. With a heavy thump, she banged the back of her head as she crumpled onto her back, staring blearily up at the ceiling, her entire world tipping on its axis, little black ink blots doting the edge of her vision.
Distantly, she registered footsteps approaching the lab, several pairs of them. She barely had time to call out however, before a booming voice rocked her:

“Selena Rickards! You are wanted for questioning in the involvement of attempted murder…”

The scientist wasn’t a religious woman, but in that moment, as she slipped into unconsciousness, she found herself thanking every deity that may be out there.

The house of cards was finally beginning to crumble…

~*~

“That is complete B.S. and you know it,” Foggy Nelson ground out, frustration surging in his veins as he paced the room.

“Dude. Stark is totally a secret musical lover. Someone as theatrical as him has gotta be singin’ Defying Gravity, on the regular,” Spider Man snorted with a wave of his hand.

“He strikes me as more of a Popular fan,” Foggy murmured under his breath before shaking his head, “so what, he told you about his secret love affair with Broadway. Personally,” the lawyer deadpanned in disbelief.

If you had have told him only a few hours ago that he would be down at the police station with none other than Spider Man, debating whether or not his teammate was a closet theatre nerd, he would’ve thought you were crazier than Thor’s brother with the horns. Then again, if you told him last year that his best friend secretly went out at night to beat the living shit outta criminals dressed as a giant Devil, he would have thought the same.

Life was funny like that.

“Not in so many words, no,” Spider Man snickered, “call it my ‘Spidey Senses’…” he air-quoted, trailing off as he shifted a little in the chair, head tilting at him, “look, I’m sorry we got off on the wrong foot, Mr Nelson. I—I can be kinda a jackass when I’m accused of attempted murder, you know?”
The lawyer faltered in his steps, hands in his pockets. Slowly, he nodded.

“Let’s get back to it, then. How exactly did you find my firm? I woulda thought that you would utilize some of the suits on Tony Stark’s payroll. Being Spider Man and all—”

“See, that’s where we hit a little snag,” the hero interjected with a hiss to his voice and a wag of his finger, leaning forward in his seat.

Foggy’s brow furrowed.

“I don’t under—”

Again he was cut off when Spider Man adroitly broke his hands free from the shackles and stood up, walking over to the mirror and leaning his head against it.

The defense attorney gaped at him, his gaze flickering to the handcuffs and back again.

“How did you—”

“Ha! The NYPD are so cute,” Spidey murmured as he walked along the mirror, waving his hands and making jerky movements before turning to him, “dude. Super strength. Those cuffs may as well be made out of marshmallow,” he waved dismissively before gasping, “ooh yum! Now there’s a fun idea! Making a mental note for later. Marshmallow handcuffs, delicious and sexy!” he finished, a leer in his tone as he literally danced back to his chair.

What the actual fuc—

“Well, now that I know that the walls haven’t sprouted eyes or ears…to answer your question, Franklin P. Nelson, cum laude graduate of Columbia and Co-Founder of Nelson and Murdock: Attorneys At Law, based out of Hell’s Kitchen with his best friend Matthew M. Murdock, summa cum laude graduate of Columbia, the reason I called you instead of Stark’s yes men is for one reason and one reason only,” Spider Man finished all in one breath, leaning back in the chair and folding his arms, seemingly to build suspense.
“All right, I’ll bite,” he sighed, rolling his eyes. Apparently Tony Stark wasn’t the only theatrical Avenger. “What one reason would that be?”

“Your hair. It’s exquisite. I just had to see it up close with my eyeballs.”

Foggy blinked.

“Excuse me?”

The arachnid snorted, “nah, I’m just screwin’ with ya. Sorry, couldn’t resist. Though the hair is bangin’, dude, major props. Mark me down as super jelly. I would kill for hair like that, not kidding.”

Nelson gaped at him.

“You know, that probably isn’t the best way to convince me that you’re not actually an attempted mur…”

The words died in his throat as Spider Man suddenly pulled his mask up and over his head, exposing his face – his incredibly scarred and discoloured face.

Foggy leapt up from the chair, backing up against the wall, his heart jackhammering in his chest.

“You…you’re…”

He had heard about that face. And all the stories that came with it.

*Oh shit. I’m gon die. Matt is gonna be so pissed…*

“Relax, Poppin’ Fresh, I ain’t gonna hurt ya,” Spider Man—no, Deadpool, began, raising his hands
in surrender.

“You’re…” he gasped, still not able to get the words out in the midst of his panic attack.

“Deadpool, Piscina De La Muerta, The Merc With The Mouth, Wade Winston Wilson, at your service,” he winked, his gaunt skin stretching grotesquely along his jaw as he grinned, extending his right hand for him to shake.

“Why…” Foggy swallowed, his eyes flickering from his hand to the door and back again, “why are you impersonating Spider Man?!”

Wilson frowned, slowly lowering his hand, apparently disappointed in his line of questioning.

“Really? That’s the first thing you ask? Alrighty then, straight to it,” he shrugged, “so, my buddy, Spidey, we’re tight, tighter than most people think we are, especially lately ’cause me and him kinda have a thing now, I mean it’s new, so I’m not really sure where it’s going but it’s exciting, like really fucking exciting and I can’t help but hope—”

The loud clearing of a throat interrupted his tangent.

“Oh! No can do el grande avocado,” Deadpool suddenly jumped in front of him, blocking his way.

“Uh, right,” he shook his head, “sorry, my bad. I’ve Spidey on the brain, lately. Well, not lately…for the last five years or so really, but—anyway, you’re wondering why the Spider Man cosplay?” he asked, leaning his elbows on the steel table, interlacing his gloved fingers, “well, it’s simple, really. Someone is framing him and he needed time to help clear his name. So…I’m the diversion for the more inept crime-fighters, while the decent guys get the actual job done.”

This wasn’t happening. This couldn’t be happening. Foggy couldn’t possibly be smack bang in the middle of some crazy scheme the even crazier mercenary had cooked up. He had to get the hell outta dodge. Now.

“Well, good luck with that. I’m just gonna…” he trailed off, striding purposely towards the door, avoiding eye contact.

“Oh! No can do el grande avocado,” Deadpool suddenly jumped in front of him, blocking his way.
Foggy’s heart leapt into his throat at the familiar words.

“How—how do you know about—”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about that. You said you wanted to know why I hired you, right?”

The lawyer forced himself to look the merc in the eye, barely suppressing a grimace at seeing such a sight up close, his almost translucent skin reflecting incongruously against the dim light. Silently, he nodded.

Deadpool returned his nod, bracketing the attorney’s head with both his palms against the wall, blocking him on both sides before leaning in very close and whispering:

“Well…that’s because, you’re the only law firm in all of New York that has its very own vigilante fighting crime from the court and the streets. If anybody knows how to deal with clearing the name of a framed hero, it’s gotta be you guys, right?”

Foggy’s heart stopped.

No. No, he can’t...

“Tell me,” Deadpool leaned even further into his face, his breath bouncing off his cheek, “how is white Stevie Wonder doin’? He get his ass handed to him by The Punisher, yet?”

~*~

Detective Beharie rolled her shoulders as the Police Commissioner absolutely lambasted the Captain of the 12th Precinct. The Captain, worth her salt as usual, was taking it remarkably well, her resolve never once slipping as the newly appointed P.C. (who was surprisingly quite the Avengers fanboy – if only they had known that before) verbally laid into her for keeping Spider Man in custody even after the victim, Peter Parker, had come forward and reported being attacked mere minutes after the supposed perpetrator was arrested.
“Of course, Sir,” Captain Wicks nodded when the P.C. paused to take a breath, his face steadily growing purple, before turning to Beharie and Cassidy, “you heard Commissioner Oldman. Release Spider Man immediately.”

Their hands were tied. Even though the detective knew it in her bones that the superhero truly didn’t have anything to do with the attempted murder, she still wanted the illusion of the interrogation to get some answers out of him about Skyline Laboratories. She and Cassidy had had the RCorp fire case open for over a year with little to no results, that was until several weeks ago when a body washed up ashore. It was their first break in the case and she wasn’t ready to let it go just yet…Police Commissioner or no Police Commissioner.

“Yes, Captain,” she murmured, sharing a glance with her partner before they both took leave of the room, making their way back out to Interview Room 4.

Heaving a sigh, Beharie raised a hand and knocked on the door. Frowning, she heard a murmuring of voices and rustling sounds before Mr Nelson eventually opened it, looking a little more dishevelled than he had had previously, his eyes wide and every drop of blood drained from his face.

“Are you okay, Counsellor?” Cassidy asked, not particularly sounding like he actually gave a damn.

“I-I’m fine,” he stammered, looking behind him to where the webbed wonder was still bound to the table, staring at them silently, before turning back to them, “I hope you’re here to—”

“Spider Man is free to go, with apologies from Police Commissioner Oldman,” Beharie cut across him tightly as the superhero began to chuckle under his breath.

Nelson seemed surprised by that, and a little perturbed.

Weird.

“We may have some follow up questions for your client, however. Just routine stuff. Is there a way we can get in contact with him or—”

“For you, Detective? Sure,” Spider Man interrupted as he stood up and walked towards her, the smirk evident in his tone whilst he twirled the broken handcuffs around, halting in front of her and placing them in her hands.
“Anything for the two people who set me up, made me think my friend was injured, dragged me down to the police station, shackled me to a table and made me wait a hell of a lot longer for a lawyer than I should have,” he paused, shrugging, shoving a business card next to the shackles, “you can reach me on that number. Don’t be a stranger now. Toodles!”

With that, he practically skipped out of the room. Mr Nelson watched his client go for a moment, a bewildered expression on his face before he offered them a strained smile, nodded and took off after him.

Beharie glanced down at her hands to the broken handcuffs and the small, white business card that lay on top of them.

Barely suppressing the eye roll that desperately wanted to make an appearance, she read aloud: “for when you need a Spider Man who does all he Spider Can, call ~ 212-SPI-DERM.”

~*~

It was cold. Like a blizzard in a morgue, an avalanche in a freezer, a snow storm on bathroom tiles, kinda cold. He could feel the vibration of his teeth chattering inside his head as he glanced around the darkness, trying to see through the gloom, to make out something, anything around him.

“You’re thinking too hard again,” a familiar voice spoke next to him, a hair’s breadth away from his ear.

Joseph Blye jumped, startled at the sound.

“Gio?” he called out into the void, his heart hammering wildly in his chest.

“Marco!” the voice answered from far away this time, playing the game from their childhood.

“Polo!” Joe yelled back, cupping his hands against his mouth.
“No need to yell, lil cuz, I’m right here,” Gio chuckled from two feet in front of him as all the lights in the world suddenly turned on at once, basking them in a blinding glow.

Squinting, the younger of the two Blyes regarded the elder, who looked just as he did the last time he saw him. Well, the last time before his head was separated from his shoulders, anyway.

“Where—where are we?” he asked nervously, glancing around him to find that it was just an empty room, except every inch of the darkness had now been replaced with light.

“We’re inside your head…” came the enigmatic response, “empty, isn’t it?”

A snide laugh echoed around them.

“That’s what I always liked about you, cuz,” Giovanni continued with a wave of his hand as two chairs suddenly appeared in front of them and he took a seat at one of them.

Joe frowned at him but followed his lead, sitting opposite him.

“You just weren’t much of a thinker. I mean sure, when you were a kid you had a wild imagination, but you never…put much thought into anything. School. Sports. Any skills to speak of really…except for your dad’s old target practice. You always tried at that…” he trailed off with a shrug, “so it wasn’t too much of a stretch for you to get into the business you got into, I guess.”

A rifle suddenly appeared in Joe’s lap, the weight steady and familiar.

His head snapped up, his gaze finding his cousin’s in alarm.

“Go on,” Gio nodded, “show me what ya got.”

Bruce Banner hated hospitals. For a man of science and fascinated with all things that came with it, he drew the line when it came to illness, the stale stench of antiseptic and death. Everyone has their
limits, and he’d rather test his in a controlled environment where the maximum potential for disaster was turning oneself into a giant, green rage monster and not…

Not this.

“What’s wrong with them?” he murmured quietly to Dr. Elaine Hart (the scientist who had been present in the conference room with them for the best part of the day) as they stood over one of dozens of patients lining the hospital ward.

“That’s above your security clearance. Sorry,” she replied, making a note in her files, not looking at him.

Irritation spiked in his veins.

“So what, you’re privy to our private conversations and it’s not above your security clearance, but I can’t ask about a patient’s condition even when they’re clearly exhibiting the same symptoms as Joseph Blye?”

“I don’t make the rules, Dr Banner, I’m sorry. Take it up with Fury,” she finished, stepping away from him and moving on to the next patient.

Bruce watched her go for a moment before turning back to the young woman in the hospital bed. She looked…eerie. Her entire face was screwed up in all manner of pain; physical, mental, emotional. Her breaths were quick and shallow, her skin sweaty and pale, her body frail and brittle. It was like all the life had been sucked out of her until she was a shell of her former self, this exoskeleton-esque form left behind in a medically-induced coma.

It was similar to what he had witnessed Blye go through since being injected with the LK90 by Lucas Daniels. The shallow breaths, the pale and sweaty skin, the frail and sunken body mass and the seemingly endless internal and external pain. He had no choice but to render the man unconscious when the screaming and thrashing became unbearable. Lately it seemed that the man had been plagued by nightmare after nightmare, his subconscious being haunted by some imaginary demons, making his heart rate and blood pressure sky-rocket.

But when he was awake…it was worse. He ranged from an empty, emotionless shell to level-eleven rage monster. Banner had yet to completely figure out what was happening to him, but his brain chemistry told a fascinating story. The hypothalamus, the centre of the brain that controlled emotional
balance, was going haywire and captivatingly, the fronto-median cortex area which could be argued is where all planned actions stem from, was perplexingly bare. Completely void of any and all activity. In a normal human being, the synapses should be firing on all cylinders at any given moment as one planned to do something and fulfilled that action, each and every reaction requiring as such, but with Blye…nothing. Zip, zilch, nada. The big goose egg.

It was like he wasn’t in control of his own body. Like he was possessed or couldn’t consciously make a decision, like he was completely unaware of his own existence. It freaked Banner out, if he was honest. He truly had never seen anything quite like it.

Until he was brought to Skyline Laboratories.

He wasn’t one to believe in coincidences. The universe was rarely so lazy.

“No change?” Bruce asked the nurse who was standing over the bed that Joseph Blye was currently occupying.

Solemnly, she shook her head as she reattached his I.V.

“He has been having more nightmares. Bad ones,” she lamented before sighing, “just like the others…” she trailed off, eyes going a little wide as if she had given something away.

“Thank you, Nurse…” Bruce extended his hand to her.

“Eliza. Eliza Woodruffe,” she replied with a wry grin, shaking his hand.

“The others have been having similar symptoms too, Eliza?” he asked, dark gaze raking over the dozens of other patients within his eye line.

She nodded, leaning in slightly and lowering her voice, “some of them have been here for over a year, Dr Banner. None of them show any signs of getting better. Frankly, I thought that’s why you and Mr Stark were brought here but…”

Bruce waited patiently for her to continue, throwing her what he hoped was a somewhat reassuring
“But now Dr Hart is saying that as little any ‘outsiders’ know, the better. I—I really think these people need proper help, Dr Banner. And, forgive me for saying but—they just aren’t getting it here…”

He nodded, shaking her hand once more and took his leave. There wasn’t much he could do for Mr Blye right now.

Not until he had all the facts.

Which he planned on getting.

Soon.

~*~

“So, we’re just gonna ignore it then, huh, Rainy?” Deadpool asked breezily as he and Foggy made their way out of the police precinct and down the street.

“It’s Foggy. And ignore what?” the lawyer asked over his shoulder as if he really didn’t care for the answer, clearly scanning the streets for any sign of a cab.

“You best friend, white Ray Charles and his nightly activit—”

“Leave me alone,” Foggy cut across him, picking up his pace, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Wilson’s laugh followed him up the side walk.

“Oh please, you’re gonna have to do better than that, Dewey—”

“Foggy—”
“If you actually wanna make people believe that you are totally not in the know about what your boyfriend gets up to when the sun goes down,” the merc finished, walking briskly around the lawyer and stopping him dead in his tracks.

Foggy swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing nervously before he took a deep breath.

“Look, I don’t know what you think you know. But one, he’s not my boyfriend, two, all he gets up to ‘when the sun goes down’ is reading, writing depositions and charming the occasional woman with his really lame game and three, knock it off with the blind jokes already. You don’t see me calling you the uglier Freddy Kruger, do you?”

His heart hammered wildly in his chest, brain running ninety miles an hour in sheer disbelief of what he had just said.

_You just insulted a world renowned mercenary that’s crazier than a sack of cats. Here Lies Foggy Nelson: Grandest Idiot of All. May He Rest In Pieces…_

Deadpool let out a surprised laugh.

“Oh, ho, ho, you’re a feisty one! I think I’ll keep you,” he jeered, no doubt leering under the Spider Man mask.

“Yeah well, I want nothing to do with you, thanks. I don’t make it a habit of associating with murderers,” he replied scathingly, trying not to let it show how relieved he was not to be katana chum, thrusting his thumb out to hail a taxi.

“Listen, Windy—”

“Foggy!”

“Murderers work for free. I’m a mercenary, there’s a difference,” Deadpool informed him lightly.
“Not in the eyes of the law.”

“Oh, are you gonna prosecute me, counsellor? I thought you were a defense attorney.”

Foggy turned to him, throwing his hands up in the air, “what’s stopping me from calling the cops right now and telling them they had Wade Wilson in custody and let him go?”

The merc shrugged, “attorney/client privilege.”

“You think I’m keeping you as a client?!” the lawyer gaped, not believing his ears.

“I know you are,” came the smug response.

“And why the hell would I do that?”

“Because you’re a good guy and an even better lawyer. A lawyer who wouldn’t want to see an innocent man go to jail for something he didn’t do.”

“Innocent?! You’re a murderer! A—”

“Monster? Villain? Yeah, yeah, I’ve heard it all before so save it for someone who gives a shit. Look, if it makes you feel any better, I’m semi-retired. Kinda. And only really off bad guys so…” he trailed off at Foggy’s hard look, waving his hand, “besides, I wasn’t talking about me. I was talking about Spider Man,” he finished under his breath, just as Foggy finally managed to hail a taxi and it pulled over right next to them.

“They let who they thought was Spider Man, go. So I wouldn’t worry too much about it,” Foggy shrugged, “well, I can’t say it’s been a pleasure but…it’s been something,” he half-saluted the merc before going to open the door.

“Hey wait!” Deadpool went to clutch his arm but was stopped when he suddenly felt a soft pressure at his hip.
Bewildered, he glanced down and saw a tiny, little girl with curly black hair and a gap between her incisors tapping him shyly, a slip of paper clutched tightly in one hand.

“Hello, Spider Man…can I have your autograph, please?”

Immediately, Deadpool stooped down to her level, lowering his voice to a more gentle tone, “of course you can, beautiful. Let me just ask my lawyer friend here for a pen.”

With that, he tilted his head back up, extending his hand, “oh dear, sweet, Misty. May I please borrow that fancy pen of yours?”

Foggy looked down at the two of them blankly for a moment before blindly opening his briefcase and retrieving the pen.

“It’s Foggy,” he murmured tiredly as he handed it over, but Deadpool had already stopped listening, instead focussing all his attention on the little girl.

“Okay, who should I make it out to?”

The kid practically vibrated on the spot with excitement as she happily replied: “Lily!”

Wade gasped, dramatically clasping his chest, “oh my, what a gorgeous name! Okay Lily, let’s just…” he trailed off, scrawling messily across the paper with looped, exaggerated cursive.

Foggy couldn’t help his curiosity and read what it said over the merc’s shoulder:

To Lily, the loveliest girl in all of New York City. Keep looking up and never stop smiling that beautiful smile. Your friendly neighbourhood Spider Man. xoxo

The girl giggled cheerfully when she read the note, throwing her arms around Deadpool and thanking him profusely whilst he gently patted her back, before high-tailing it over to her semi-scandalized mother that stood a few feet away, looking unsure quite where to look.
Slowly, Wilson straightened back up and held out the pen for Foggy to take.

“Thanks for the pen. And the legal counsel,” he nodded before reaching out and opening the taxi door.

The lawyer stared at him, clearly flummoxed by the paradoxical scene he just witnessed. He knew little of the crazy mercenary, but what he did know was that this guy…the guy that let himself get arrested to help a friend and happily signed autographs for little girls, that guy bewildered him.

And intrigued him.

_Matt is gonna be so pissed…_

“You never did actually get to fill me in. Who is Spider Man supposedly trying to kill?”

Before Wade could utter a word, a dark shadow cast over the two of them.

“Me,” a young man in a black and red hoodie said lowly, “someone is tryin’ to kill me.”

“And we’re gonna help him find out why,” another voice chimed in, quickly followed by the tap-tapping of a white cane.

Foggy and Deadpool gaped as they were joined by Peter Parker and Matt Murdock, respectively.

“Alright!” the merc exclaimed as he recovered from the shock, barely containing his glee, “now this is what I call a party!”

~*~

She was late. Later than she had ever been. Her shift ended two hours ago and there was still no sign of her. He knew that sometimes when the hospital was busy she could be kept overtime, but he’d be
lying to himself if he didn’t admit he was a little bit worried. And Rick Jackson wasn’t a man who was easily worried. But when it came to May Parker…he just couldn’t help it.

He should call Peter. See if he had heard from her today. But he knew that May still hadn’t gotten around to telling her nephew about their…relationship and he didn’t want to push any boundaries. So, that left him with no choice but to wait and maybe try calling her again. Heaving a sigh, he sat at his kitchen table with his cell phone held in his hands up against his lips as he waited and waited for it to ring, for her to call him back.

Maybe he was just overreacting. It wasn’t like him but…there was a first time for everything, right? He just couldn’t shake the awful feeling forming in the pit of his stomach that something horrible had happened to—

“Sorry I’m late!” came a familiar voice, breaking him from his reverie. “The hospital was an absolute nightmare and I just couldn’t get away,” May finished as she finally came into view, standing at the doorway into his kitchen, a soft smile on her face.

Rick stood up from the table, relief washing over him in waves as he took her into his arms and hugged her to him.

“That’s okay, darlin’. I was just a little worried when you didn’t return my calls,” he murmured into her neck before stepping back, holding her hands in his as he regarded her.

She looked a little pale, her hazel eyes large and glassy.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

She shook her head a little as if to clear it, her smile still present.

“I’m fine. Never better,” she replied, stepping away from him and clapping her hands, “now, less talk, more Gin Rummy! I’ve been looking forward to takin’ more of your money all day!”

Rick watched as she moved about the room, a little frantic, jittery, but just put it down to the adrenaline of the day.
She was fine.

Never better, she said.

He’d just have to take her word for it…

~*~

He was being watched. His senses had picked up on it a while ago but with everything going down with Beharie and Cassidy, he hadn’t been able to fully focus on it, but now that he’d made his statement and left the precinct, he could give it his full attention. There was definitely someone casing this entire street. Closing his eyes, Peter let the sounds of the city wash over him as he waited for Wade to be released. It wouldn’t be long now. The detectives were surely going to alert him and that lawyer—

_Lawyer_. Deadpool had said he knew who he was and therefore didn’t give him a chance to introduce himself, to Peter’s chagrin.

Biting his lip, the brunet dug a hand into his pocket and retrieved his cell phone, quickly googling lawyers from the Hell’s Kitchen area. Neilson and Murtagh or something Wade had said…

It was just as he hit search, that he heard a peculiar sound coming towards him. An odd tapping noise from a distance up the street. A familiar tingling sensation travelled up his spine, raising the hairs on the back of his neck. Whoever it was, was making his Spidey Senses go berserk. Readying himself for potential combat, Peter threw up his hood to shield his face and clenched his fists at his sides, stepping into the shadows of the nearby alley. With bated breath, he waited as the tapping noise grew closer and closer and closer—

“Excuse me,” a voice called out to him as if they knew exactly where he was despite him being shrouded in darkness, “I was wondering if you could tell me where the police precinct is?”

Eyebrows furrowed, Peter stepped out of the shadows and was met with an unexpected sight. There, standing underneath the dim light of a street lamp, stood a man in his early thirties, of about 5’9” with brown hair and dark shades over his eyes. Realization dawned on Peter as he cast his gaze downwards, a white cane coming into view.
“Yeah, sure,” he spoke up, stepping a little closer to the man, “do you mind if I…” he trailed off, his hands hovering over the other man’s arm awkwardly, unsure how to proceed.

“Please, go ahead,” the man nodded, bowing his elbow a little.

Gently, Peter took it and turned them, walking slowly back towards the police station.

“It’s just a few hundred yards up this way. Are you…I mean, are you okay? Do you need police assistance or…” he faltered, mentally cursing himself for being unable to switch off his desire to help people, even when they may not want to be helped.

“Oh no, I’m fine, thanks,” his companion replied airily, “I’m a lawyer, actually. My partner is just in with a client right now, I’m just going in to meet them.”

Peter nodded before catching himself, feeling stupid, “sorry, I just nodded. Um…” he cleared his throat nervously, “the door is just to your left. Would you like me to—”

“Oh no, I’m good here. Thank you…” he trailed off, extending his hand.

“Oh, Peter. Peter Parker,” the grad student shook his hand, “…and you are?”

The other man smiled softly, his grip surprisingly strong, “Matt. Matt Murdock. Thank you again, Peter. I really appreciate it.”

The younger man was just about to respond when the hairs on the back of his neck stood on end again, the sensation much stronger this time as he heard a vehicle approaching. Slowly, he turned on the spot and watched as a large, black SUV with tinted windows drove up. To his left he could feel Murdock still, gripping his cane impossibly tight that his knuckles turned completely white. So he was right about being watched. It just wasn’t Murdock he had to worry about…

“You expecting somebody?” the lawyer asked lowly as the SUV crept by them.

“Nope,” he replied, heart rate picking up speed, “you?”
Matt shook his head, an indecipherable expression on his face.

“What about you, Peter? Are you in need of…police assistance?”

The younger man practically held his breath until the SUV rolled by them and out of sight. Once he couldn’t see it any more, he turned back to the lawyer, baffled as his senses were still telling him something about this guy, but not the same warning signs as he had gotten about the SUV.

“I…I think so, yeah,” words tumbled from his mouth before he could stop them. “I—I’ve been having a problem lately, actually.”

He didn’t know why, couldn’t explain it really, but something about this guy told Peter he could trust him. Call it Spidey Senses or simple intuition, he just knew this guy was above board.

“This…problem that you’re having, it wouldn’t have anything to do with my partner and our new client…would it?” Matt asked after a few moments of silence.

Well, damn.

Matt threw him a wry smile when he declined to answer, “listen, if I know Foggy, he’ll have him out in no time. Why don’t you and I just wait…go get a cup of coffee or something. I don’t think they’ll be long…” he murmured, head tilted to the side as if he was listening for something.

Peter stared at him, a little confused, but found himself nodding anyway, again catching himself, “oh okay, sure. There’s uh…there’s a coffee place just around the corner.”

That was how he found himself having coffee with Matthew Murdock of Hell’s Kitchen at 12:30am on a Sunday morning. It should have been weird, sitting there with a perfect stranger, waiting for Wade to be let go on trumped up charges dressed in his suit, but oddly, it wasn’t. This was just his life now. And he just couldn’t shake the feeling he got off Matt. That there was more to him than meets the eye, so to speak.

“So this…problem you’re having,” the lawyer prompted after a few moments silence, “is it serious?”
“Uh…” he murmured, rubbing the back of his neck, wondering what kinda hole he was digging for himself. He really didn’t want to involve civilians in this, it was too dangerous. But, for some reason, Wade found it pertinent to drag these lawyers into all this, regardless. And while he may not be the most reliable at times, Peter did trust him. And if in turn, Wade trusted this guy’s partner, then there was a pretty big chance that he’d trust Murdock too.

“Yeah, actually,” he nodded before he could catch himself again, “it’s uh…it’s a long story, actually but uh, short version: for the last few months now, someone has been trying to kill me.”

A flicker of surprise spread across Matt’s face as those words sank in.

“And that ominous looking SUV…”

“I think I’m being followed too,” Peter finished his thought for him, a little bewildered as to how the blind man knew it was an SUV.

Murdock leaned against his cane for a moment, apparently mulling over something.

“And Spider Man? What has he got to do with all of this?”

The younger man gaped at him.

“How did you—”

“ Heard on the radio on the cab ride over that Spider Man was arrested. My partner called me and told me I wouldn’t believe who our new client is…I made an educated guess.”

Peter bit his lip, “you uh…you probably also heard on the news the last few weeks that Spider Man is suspected of uh…taking a shot at some civilians with a rifle but…I’ve been his friend for years, now. I can tell you that he’s being framed. That coffee shop that some guy shot at dressed as him – I was in there. Spider Man…he let himself get caught, to cooperate with the cops to prove his innocence and well, it worked. I was attacked again tonight. I think…I think Spidey hired your firm to represent him if things go south and they book him on it anyway…” he trailed off, feeling as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.
It was weird, talking about everything like this. Telling someone what was going on (at least partially) and how he felt about it. It was oddly cathartic, like he was confiding in someone or in confession with a priest or something…

“So you and…Spider Man,” Matt began, his voice low, “you two been friends for long?”

Peter turned back to him, shaking himself from his reverie where he stared out the window, waiting for Wade and Foggy to pass, “huh? Oh yeah, we’ve been friends about five years now.”

The lawyer hummed, “that must be a little weird, huh? Being friends with a…superhero.”

The brunet frowned a little at the way Murdock said ‘superhero.’ Like he found it distasteful or almost comical.

“It’s uh…it’s a little strange, yeah. But I got used to it fairly quickly,” he shrugged.

Matt sat back in his chair, tilting his head.

If Peter didn’t know better, he’d say he felt as if he was staring straight into his soul.

“So you must know his…real identity, then. If you guys are such good friends?”

The younger man mirrored his actions, leaning back in the chair and tilting his head, “and if I did?”

Matt held up his heads in surrender, obviously hearing the defensiveness in his tone.

“I’m just saying…it can be dangerous. Being so close to…vigilantes. You ever think that might be why people want you dead in the first place?”

He couldn’t say it didn’t cross his mind. In all this time, he was constantly reminded that it wasn’t Spider Man that Chenko had wanted dead. Selena had wanted dead. It was him. Peter Parker. There
was something about him that she just couldn’t let live anymore and no matter how hard he had tried wracking his brain all day today since Tony told him, he just couldn’t figure out why. None of it made any sense. He didn’t know anything, hadn’t done anything, not to his knowledge anyway, that could possibly warrant a death sentence.

But Spider Man on the other hand, Spider Man had enemies. A bunch of them.

Was it possible that Selena figured out his secret?

The thought made his blood turn to ice in his veins…

Before he could formulate a response however, a familiar red and blue blur ran past the window.

“Oh, I think I see our friends,” he mumbled, throwing down a few bills onto the table and standing, gently tapping Matt’s arm to let him know he was there if he needed assistance.

Keeping a safe distance, the two men left the coffee shop and followed their friends down the street to where Foggy was desperately trying to hail a taxi and Deadpool (or Spider Man if you were Matt) was gesturing wildly at him.

Just when Peter was about to step in to save Foggy from the onslaught of more ridiculousness from the merc, a little girl ran past them and up to Wade and the lawyer, large grin on her face.

The brunet subtly tilted his head and eavesdropped as he and Matt continued to make their way up to them. They were still far too far away for the lawyer to overhear what was being said, but Peter decided to utilize his super hearing, ’cause you never knew with Deadpool…

“Hello, Spider Man…can I have your autograph, please?” the little girl was asking.

Peter watched as Deadpool stooped down to her level, lowering his voice to gentle tone, “of course you can, beautiful. Let me just ask my lawyer friend here for a pen.”

He couldn’t keep the smirk off his face when the Canadian then tilted his head up to the lawyer asking ever-so-sweetly: “oh dear, sweet, Misty. May I please borrow that fancy pen of yours?”
At his side, he felt Matt still a little as Foggy begrudgingly handed over his pen, correcting the merc on his name for what Peter knew couldn’t have been the first time.

“Okay, who should I make it out to?”

He knew a downright stupid grin was slowly spreading across his face as he watched Wade compliment Lily on her name, write out an autograph and return her excited hug with some gentle pats to the back. Warmth pooled in his stomach at the sight. He’d give anything to read what he wrote.

I am so screwed…

Slowly, Wade straightened back up and held out the pen for Foggy to take.

“Thanks for the pen. And the legal counsel,” he nodded, reaching out and opening the taxi door.

As Peter and Matt finally came within (normal) ear shot, he watched as Foggy stared at Wade for a moment before sighing: “you never did actually get to fill me in. Who is Spider Man supposedly trying to kill?”

Beside him, Matt gave him a little nudge that was astonishingly forceful, propelling him forward those last few meters.

“Me,” he murmured as he approached them, “someone is tryin’ to kill me.”

“And we’re gonna help him find out why,” Matt chimed in from behind him, the tapping of his cane unmistakable.

Foggy and Wade gaped them before the latter exclaimed joyfully: “alright! Now this is what I call a party!”

Peter really hoped he didn’t end up regretting this…
“Yeah Cap, we got her…” Sam Wilson muttered into his phone as he paced back and forth, “found her passed out on the floor of the lab a little over an hour ago. Got her some medical attention, the woman is…not well. Do you still want me to…are you sure? Alright, man. I’ll call when I got somethin’.”

With a sigh, Sam hung up and stared in through the large glass window where Selena Rickards was locked up in reinforced cell the Avengers used for when The Hulk was being a little…difficult. The in-house doctor hadn’t given her anything but some I.V. fluids so for all intents and purposes, he knew she was lucid, but something about her told him that she wasn’t fully herself…there was just something off about her.

“Okay, Dr Rickards, I just have some questions for you,” he began as he scanned his security pass and walked through the steel door.

Selena jumped, startled by the sudden noise, her jade eyes alarmed and frantically looking about her. She had woken up here, in this white, sparse room, chained to the bed in handcuffs with absolutely no recollection of how she had gotten there. It was more than a little disconcerting.

“What—what’s going on?” she croaked, her throat sore and dry.

The man, who had yet to identify himself, slowly raised his hands in what was meant to be a calming gesture, before he began filling a cup of water from a jug that sat near the bed and holding it out for her to take.

Wearily, she took it, knowing well that it could have any manner of drugs in it, but in her parched desperation she found she just didn’t care and gulped it all down, slurping loudly.

“My name is Sam Wilson,” the man informed her as she drank.

That name rang a bell. He was part of the new line of Avengers. What was it they called him again…The Falcon?
“I’m here to ask you a few questions…” he continued as she finished drinking and lowered the cup, “…about the attempted assassination of Peter Parker?”

Selena’s entire body froze.

This was it. It was finally happening!

Jadedly, she eyed the security camera that stood on the ceiling in the corner of the room.

Staring deeply into it, she couldn’t help the wide smile that spread across her face.

“It wasn’t me, I swear!” she began, a frantic edge to her tone, knowing that once she started, she wouldn’t stop until everything was finally out in the open.

Sam shrugged, “well that’s not what we hear, Dr Rickards—”

“NO!” she exclaimed loudly, sitting forward so much that it tested her restraints, “you…you don’t understand. It—it really wasn’t me. I mean, it was, but it also wasn’t. I—I just helped him! And then after that he…” she trailed off, her eyes flying back up to the security camera.

Sam followed her eye-line with confusion before deliberately side-stepping to block her view.

“Helped who, Dr Rickards?” he asked gently, satisfied when her gaze finally met his, her eyes wide and a little glossy.

“Gio,” she breathed so softly that he had to take a step forward to hear her, “Giovanni Blye. It was him. He did all of this!”

What gives, writer lady?! You said there would be more kissing to come.

There will be. *Pointedly looks down at the next chapter teaser*

*Grumbling*
You can’t make out every chapter, Wade. At least not yet. There has to be some plot development too, you know! There were a lot of reveals in this one and the last one, that’s something.

*I suppose. *pouts*

Go read the next chapter teaser…I promise it’ll make you feel better.

*Really?*

Really. The chapter’s title is “How To Win A Date With Peter Parker.”

*Ooh!*

*Does that…does that mean sexytimes are coming soon?*

*incoherent babbling* *flailing* *collapsing*

…I’m starting to sense a theme.

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

“You’re not understanding me, Foggy,” Matt ground out in frustration, running a hand through his hair, “that guy out there, the kid with the glasses? When that SUV pulled up, I found out some really bad people are following him. Are planning to do something bad to him. But most of all? He’s been lying about who he is from the start. He’s not just Peter Parker, some college kid from Queens…he’s Spider Man, Foggy.”

There was a beat of silence before his best friend let out a long breath.

“How can you tell he wears glasses?”

“Foggy!”

~*~

“Which truth are we talkin’ about here, Petey? The truth that you wanna be on me like white on rice, or the truth that you’re Spider Man?”

Peter paled slightly. If there were any lingering doubts or denials that Wade didn’t actually know for definite that he was the web-slinger, they were now completely abolished.
“How...how did you—”

“Come on, Peter, give me some credit. I’m crazy, not stupid.”

They stared at one another.

“How long have you—”

“On some level, I’ve always known.”

[Yeah, on the level that we’re here, asshole]

[Taking credit for shit we’ve known from the start]

[Shame on you and your cow]

~*~

“Peter you beautiful, naïve, rainbow space-monkey, what do you think I’ve been trying to do all this time?”

“You’ve been watching Parks and Rec again, haven’t you?”

Wade chuckled, biting his lip, “maybe...” he murmured, taking another step into Peter’s space until he had him backed against the wall.

“Déjà vu,” he smiled, staring down into the round, hazel eyes, “I gotta admit Parker, suit or no suit, I really like having you against a wall like this...” he trailed off, his breath bouncing off the shorter man’s cheek.

“Having me?” Peter breathed, his tone teasing as he caught the merc’s wrist, yanking him around
roughly until he had him pushed up against the wall, his back colliding with it loudly.

“You haven’t ‘had’ me anywhere, Wade,” he laughed, leaning in so that their lips were but a hair’s breadth from touching, “at least…not yet.”
How To Win A Date With Peter Parker

‘Bout time you updated you lazy procrastinator!

I had shit to do, Deadpool. Believe it or not, my entire world does not revolve around you.

No. It revolves around TV, Tumblr and Tatiana Maslany, apparently.

The woman is a vision. Several visions, in fact.

You know who else is a vision? Peter Parker. Any chance you could ball-park when I’ll get all up in that hot piece of a—

Soon, young padawan. Very soon in fact. *Points to smutty chapter teaser at the bottom of the page*

*Chokes* Sweet, Sour, and Savoury Jesus.

Now who’s a lazy procrastinator?

Uh…still you. Sex does not negate personality flaws.

You just can’t win with some people. Hey, hey guys! Go check out mszeldafire. She drew amazing fanart for this fic. It’s equal parts radiant and raunchy.

*Wipes away tear* Not all heroes wear capes.

~*~

309 Days In The Future…

There was so much blood.

Too much.

Something was wrong. His healing factor wasn’t kicking in. Why wasn’t it kicking in?

Distantly, he heard a voice calling out to him, desperately pleading with him, but he couldn’t muster the energy to respond. He felt as if he was being held under water, submerged fully in the depths of a dark pool, that was slowly but surely drowning him.

He tried frantically to gasp in air but his chest was too tight, too unwilling to expand under the pain coursing through where the bullets ripped him to shreds.
He was dying…

“Peter?! Peter stay with me! Don’t you dare close your eyes! Peter? Please don’t leave me…”

Something dripped onto his face, a wet, soft something that rolled down his cheek and under his jaw. His eyes flickered open, staring straight up into a blurry face. But blurry as it was, it did nothing to hide the tracks of tears imbedding themselves between the many incongruous scars.

Oh, no. Now he knew he really was in trouble.

He made Wade Wilson cry…

~*~

Present Day…

Admittedly, it was an odd group of people walking down the street at the wee hours of the morning, even for New York City. A college student in a hoodie, a long-haired lawyer in a suit, a blind lawyer in a suit, and a superhero in blue and red spandex. Even without super hearing, the hushed whispering that followed them was evident, as was the accompanied puzzled and in some cases, worried looks.

“I feel like this is a people zoo and we’re the main attraction,” Foggy Nelson murmured to his best friend as they walked a few steps behind the other two men.

“That’s what happens when you walk down the street with a guy dressed as someone who was recently arrested on suspicion of attempted murder,” Matt muttered so lowly that Foggy could barely hear him from millimetres away.

“Matt what—”

“Not here.”
“Why—”

“Not here, Foggy.”

“You remembered to bring clothes to change into, right?” Peter Parker quietly asked his companion from several feet ahead of the lawyers, his eyes actively avoiding the strange looks they were receiving from all directions.

“I have a bag stashed in a dumpster up here,” Wade replied airily.

“Good. I think it’s about time you change.”

“You that desperate to get me naked again, Parker?”

Peter’s steps faltered a little, causing him to bump into a little old lady carrying grocery bags.

“Oh, I’m so sorry ma’am! Please, let me help y—”

“You!” the woman exclaimed vehemently, looking past Peter and pointing an accusatory finger at Wade, “Spider Man! I thought the police finally arrested you! Did you escape?” she continued, looking frantically around her before raising her voice several decibels, “someone call the police! Spider Man has escaped! He could be armed! Someone—”

“Ma’am, ma’am, it’s alright,” Peter stepped forward, holding out his hands, trying desperately to drown out her yelling.

“Don’t come near me!” she wrenched her arm away from him, visibly recoiling as if burned, “all you superhero sympathizers are the same! Making excuses for nusances like him that pick fights and cost the city millions in property damage with their flying suits and green monsters and—blond, muscular aliens! They have to be stopped! Someone has to—”

“It’s alright ma’am, this is just a costume. Sorry, I guess under the circumstances it’s a little in bad taste but…see?” Wade held out his wrists for her to inspect, “no webs. Would the real Spider Man be traipsing around the city on foot? No. He’d be swinging from buildings like the metropolitan Tarzan
he is. I’m not him, I’m just…a fan.”

The old lady glowered, her eyes positively blazing as bright as the fires of hell at Wade’s extended hand. Shaking her head, she pushed by them, bashing their calves with her walking stick whilst muttering: “goddamn idiots playing dress-up…”

“Fine weather we’re having,” Foggy nodded cheerily to the woman as she passed him and Matt rigidly, his voice an octave too high.

“Figures the guy called Snowy would comment on the weather,” Deadpool griped, no doubt rolling his eyes before he ducked into an alley up to his left.

Peter and Foggy exchanged puzzled glances, the former making a move to follow when—

“Unless you really do want another look at my money maker, Parker, I’d stay right where you are,” the merc’s unmistakably teasing voice echoed from a distance in the darkness.

Wiping a tired hand down his face, the brunet fought to hide his embarrassment as he and the two lawyers stood awkwardly on the side-walk. After a beat, Matt cleared his throat and waved a hand between his friend and the grad student.

“It uh…just occurred to me that I didn’t properly introduce you two. Foggy Nelson, meet Peter Parker, Peter Parker meet Foggy Nelson.”

The two men shook hands, nodding and gently smiling at one another.

“Thanks for uh…dealing with…him,” Peter jerked his head in the direction of the alley, “I know he can be a little…much sometimes.”

Foggy shrugged, shoving one hand in his pocket as his other arm tensed where Matt still held it, “no problem, man. I mean, when you get a call in the middle of the night telling you that a vigilante is in trouble and asking for you, you can’t really ignore that, right?”

Peter tilted his head at him quizzically, sensing a weight behind his words.
“Alrighty then,” Wade’s voice wafted through the alleyway as he travelled toward them and halted, hands on his now civilian-clothed hips, “let’s get this show on the road!”

Three sets of eyebrows raised as Matt remarked, “and what ‘show’ would that be, exactly? You haven’t actually told us anything about what’s really going on here and how we can even help with all this, so we’re a little—”

“Blind?” Deadpool asked innocently, tilting his skill-masked face at the shorter lawyer.

“Lost,” Matt finished pointedly, jaw clenched.

Turning on his heel, Wade threw out his arms and began walking backwards, “well, give me the opportunity to fill you in then, counsellor. Onwards!”

With that he whirled around and continued down the street without a backwards glance.

Neither Matt nor Foggy moved an inch whilst Peter took a step forward only to stop, clearly torn with how to proceed.

“There’ll be a five figure cheque in it for you…or is Nelson and Murdock now so flush with cash that you can afford to turn away paying clients?” the merc called over his shoulder, his stride never wavering.

They didn’t need to be told twice.

Peter soon found himself standing alone on the sidewalk, his three companions now figures in the near distance.

Awesome.

~*~

A thunderous roar whooshed all around her, loud and frightening. The room was cold, both in
temperature and in style, all steel and hard edges. She sat in the far end corner, knees pulled up under her chin, feeling more vulnerable than she had felt since she was a child. It had been cathartic, at first, finally being able to tell someone, anyone, about what she had been going through this last year, but now…now she could feel him watching, Listening. Recording her every move as if she were some lab experiment.

She was scared.

And relieved.

And paranoid.

“It won’t be long now, Dr Rickards,” her companion, Sam Wilson, informed her from outside her secure room inside the SHIELD helicarrier.

Mere minutes after her initial implication of Gio Blye in all of this attempted-murder business, she was led onto the aircraft and put into the secure room (cell, really) and told to strap in. They had been on board for well over an hour now, if her calculations were correct, but every time she asked just where she was being taken, Sam deftly avoided the question. She thought she would be under arrest by now. In some sort of custody. But this…this didn’t feel like any real detainment. Sure, she was in a room that was locked from the outside, but she was no longer in handcuffs and they had given her food and water and a fresh set of clothes that looked more like hospital pajamas than prison garb. Looking back, she probably should have realized sooner just what was going on, but admittedly, her mind hadn’t been in optimal shape since, well, everything.

That didn’t mean that she didn’t have a knot of unease in the pit of her stomach that was steadily growing larger and larger as time went on…

“This is Hell Two. Prepare for landing,” she heard the crackled voice of the pilot omit from the speaker up high in the corner of the room just as there was a notable shift in flight pattern.

They were descending…

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, she gripped the edge of her seat as the aircraft continued to lower, down, down, down—
With just the slightest of bumps, they reached the ground.

She watched with bated breath as Sam unbuckled his seat belt and stood just as the helicarrier’s doors began to slowly open, a pair of sneakered feet coming into view, then legs, then torso, neck and—

“Selena Rickards…come on down!” a very familiar voice called in a startlingly good Bob Barker impression.

She shouldn’t really expect anything else from Tony Stark.

~*~

“Jimmy, won’t you please come home, the grass is green and the buffalos roam. Come see Jimmy, your uncle Jim, and your auntie Jim, and your cousin Jim. Come home Jimmy ’cause you need a bath and your grandpa Jimmy is still gon’ die,” Wade Wilson sang under his breath as he pulled from nowhere a large jumble of keys that jangled loudly in the hallway of a rundown apartment building.

“What is this place?” Peter Parker asked quietly at his side, exchanging a quick glance with Foggy over his shoulder.

“A…safe house. Of sorts,” the merc shrugged before throwing open the door and stepping inside without a backwards glance.

Wordlessly, the three men followed him.

[Wa-hey! This could be fun *wiggles eyebrows*]

[You don’t have eyebrows]

[And you don’t have a mouth, yet somehow you never seem to shut the fuck up]
Wade knew he was staring, but he just couldn’t help it. Peter was watching him peculiarly, an indecipherable expression marring his handsome face. He seemed pensive, quiet, and it was downright impossible to predict what he could possibly be thinking, but the merc tried not to overanalyse it, nonetheless. There was a sonnet of unspoken words between them, words that wouldn’t go unspoken for long, but for now, in the company of two lawyers from Hell’s Kitchen was neither the time nor the place for them to be exchanged.

With a sigh, Wade broke eye contact, dropping the duffel bag with the Spidey suit on the floor and took off the mask, throwing it onto the table. Peter’s eyebrows rose.

“What?” the merc asked, his voice tinged with confusion, “Frosty’s already seen my face and Mr Anderson over there, can’t. Unless…unless you want me to…” he made a move to put the mask back on, frowning, his jaw clenched.

“No. No of course not,” Peter waved his hand dismissively, snatching the mask out of his hands and shoving it into the bag with the rest of his Spider Man suit.

“You wanna tell us what we’re doing here?” Matt asked, his voice tinged with barely-masked distain, his nose wrinkled.

Neither Foggy nor Peter could blame him, really. There was a foul stench of something…dead in the air, draped over the room like a dense tarp. Biting his lip, the latter looked around the sparse living room, it echoing a familiarity to Wade’s own apartment sans video games and random trinkets. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched as Matt tapped his way across the room, seemingly trying to get his bearings, halting at a long table the stood against the wall, a large sheet thrown across it.

“You, my visually-challenged amigo nuevo, are here to brainstorm,” Wade replied airily, ignoring Matt as his hand reached out and touched the sheet.

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“You, my visually-challenged amigo nuevo, are here to brainstorm,” Wade replied airily, ignoring Matt as his hand reached out and touched the sheet.

“Brainstorm?” Foggy asked, his tone tinged with confusion, “about what?”

Peter caught Wade’s eye.
“About our case,” the merc said with the same airiness, “duh. I thought with you guys being lawyers, that would be kinda obvious.”

“Wade…” Peter murmured, the warning in his tone not going unnoticed by anybody present.

“Don’t worry, about a thing…’cause every little thing’s gonna be alright,” the Canadian sang in lieu of response and a wave of his hand, breaking eye contact as he took off his jacket.

Peter shook his head at him, truly baffled with what the hell the other man could possibly be thinking before his attention was again caught by Matt, who had slipped a hand under the sheet on the table and now held one of Deadpool’s signature daggers in his grip.

He watched as the lawyer ran his fingers over the risen emblem, his jaw noticeably tightening.

“Foggy, can I have a word, please?” he asked with an air that suggested it wasn’t a request, already latching onto his friend’s arm and pulling them in direction of the kitchen.

“Huh. It’s almost like he can somehow sense where he’s going,” Wade remarked lowly, a strange grin on his face.

“What the hell, Wade?” Peter hissed, throwing up his hands and storming towards the mercenary, getting right up into his face, his super hearing already attune to the men in the next room, “you mind lettin’ me in on what the fuck you’re doing?! We don’t know these guys from Adam, and you’re already inviting them into your…” he faltered, flailing his hands around, “whatever the hell this is, and taking off your mask and revealing that you aren’t actually Spi—”

Wade clapped his hand over Peter’s mouth.

“Careful Petey, that Matt guy has ears like a bat,” he whispered, leaning down, their faces an inch apart, “ha! Matt the bat. I crack myself up!”

Hazel eyes glared steel daggers at him before sharp teeth roughly nipped at his palm.
“Ow!” Deadpool exclaimed, leaping away from him, gobsmacked, “did you—you just bit me…” his awed voice trailed off, his shock soon morphing into a coquettish smirk, “Petey’s a biter, huh? Making a mental note for later.”

Peter could feel the blood rush to his face at that remark but was thankfully too distracted by the conversation in the next room to try and formulate a response that would further his embarrassment.

“You’re not understanding me,” he could hear Matt ground out in frustration, it sounding as if he was running a hand through his hair, “that guy out there, the kid with the glasses? When that SUV pulled up, I found out some really bad people are following him. Are planning to do something bad to him. But most of all? He’s been lying about who he is, about everything, from the start. He’s not just Peter Parker, some college kid from Queens…he’s…I can’t explain it but…he’s definitely hiding something, Foggy.”

There was a beat of silence before his best friend let out a long breath.

“How can you tell he wears glasses?”

“Foggy!”

The other lawyer heaved a deep sigh.

Matt’s cane tapped against the floor as he no doubt paced back and forth, “and the guy who’s pretending to be Spider Man? He’s not…right.”

“No.” Foggy agreed easily, “he’s Deadpool.”

There was a deafening silence.
“What?!” the brunet erupted with a forcibly quiet hiss, “you’re hanging out with murderers now?”

Another pause.

“No…” Foggy responded, his tone a little sheepish, “Nelson and Murdoch are representing him… kinda.”

Matt let out a huff, “like hell we are! How could you even think—why would you—he’s no better than The Punisher!”

Before Peter could stop him, Wade stormed out of the room towards the two lawyers, calling loudly:

“Ex-squeeze me? I’m way better than that two-bit loser! I’ve seen more personality in a dishcloth. Ugh. The Punisher! Daredevil! Sounds like the kinda names two dudes going through a mid-life crisis would use in a Bowling Tournament.”

Peter halted in the doorway, drinking in the scene in front of him. There, standing mere feet away was Wade, looking mildly offended at the two lawyers who were now openly gaping, Foggy directly at him and Matt a little over his left shoulder.

“Oh and Deadpool is such a sensible choice?” the former scoffed, the first to recover from the intrusion as he folded his arms across his chest defiantly.

The Canadian waved a hand, “well, it sure as shit doesn’t sound like something Bill down at Bowl-Er-Rama would call his ball, if that’s what you mean.”

“Actually, it kinda does,” Peter interjected.

Wade turned and gasped at him, clutching his chest dramatically.

“Whose side are you even—”

A faint scream rang in Peter’s ears, drowning out the affronted response.
He tensed, not failing to notice that he wasn’t the only one who had done so. Matt’s entire body had
gone rigid, his head slightly tilted, his shades glinting in the dim light of the room as his hand
clutched his cane so tight that his knuckles whitened.

Wade stared between them quizzically whilst Foggy, seemingly sensing a shift in ambiance, rocked
back and forth on his heels.

“Would you uh…would you excuse us a minute? I just gotta make a quick call,” Murdock said
suddenly, taking his cell phone from his pocket and latching onto his best friend’s arm.

“Come on, Foggy,” he murmured lowly.

His friend stared at him, a crinkle between his eyebrows, “uh…that’s okay, buddy. You go…do
your thing. I’ll just wait here with—”

“No,” Matt interrupted, his tone one of finality, “I’m not leaving you alone with…I mean, I need—”

“You’ll be fine, Matt,” the blond interjected, his own tone leaving no room for argument, “and I will
too,” he smiled forcibly, his head tilted in his friend’s direction as he gave a small wink.

“Did you just wink at your blind partner?” Peter gaped, sharing a look with Wade.

A blush flooded the lawyer’s cheeks as he vehemently shook his head, the arm around Murdock’s
hand clenching noticeably, “no. Because that would be stupid. And I’m not. Uh…stupid.”

“A ringing endorsement,” Wade replied dryly, non-eyebrow quirked.

“I…I really gotta take this call,” Matt cut across them, letting his hand drop from off his friend’s arm
and tapping his way out of the kitchen, towards the front door, calling over his shoulder, “if you need
anything, Foggy, just…yell.”

Peter watched this unfold with mounting interest but found that another cry for help took precedence
in his list of priorities.

“Uh I—that reminds me, I should go call my aunt. I’ll...be right back,” he muttered, turning on his heel and high-tailing it after Murdock, throwing his hood up and snatching up a duffel bag from off the floor.

Wade and Foggy gaped at the space that used to house their respective friends.

“Well, that wasn’t suspicious as all hell,” the former snorted with a roll of his eyes, “do those lame excuses usually work for Matt?”

The lawyer sighed, wiping a tired hand down his face, “probably about as much as they do for Peter,” he shrugged.

Wade feigned confusion, forcing himself to meet his gaze.

“Dude…do not insult my intelligence,” Foggy rolled his eyes, taking a step forward, “I get a call at 11:30 at night by some cops claiming that Spider Man is asking for his lawyer, who is apparently me. I get a cab all the way down there only to be faced with you, masquerading as Spider Man. Meanwhile, my partner just so happens to bump into your…associate who is hanging around the police station and has some sort of bounty on his head. Then you both lure us here where your friend freaks out about you taking off your mask and gives a lame excuse to go call his aunt after hearing what I imagine was a cry for help. It does not take a genius to put the pieces together.”

The mercenary took a step back, folding his arms.

He knew when he was beat.

“Coloured me impressed, counsellor,” he murmured, “if avocado number two is half as good as—”

“Alright, how the hell do you know about that? And—and all the other stuff? Are you stalking us?” Foggy interrupted him, shifting a little, looking as if he was re-thinking his decision to stay here with him after all.
“Don’t worry your floppy haired little head about it,” the merc waved a dismissive hand at him, “here’s what I need you to do for me—”

Foggy took a step forward, “hold on, that’s it? I accuse your friend of being Spider Man and you just…don’t deny it? Don’t even try to argue or give a lame excuse?”

The Canadian shrugged, “what can I say? I’m not a huge advocate for the whole ‘secret identity’ thing. Besides, isn’t this whole sitch’ covered under attorney/client privilege?”

The blond tilted his head, his jaw clenching.

“Who said we’re actually taking the case?”

“The ten thousand dollars in that briefcase to your left.”

Cerulean eyes lowered to the floor, catching on the sleek leather case.

“And the desire to get justice for the innocent, of course,” the merc smirked, toeing the briefcase with his foot and sliding it across the floor towards the lawyer.

“I do love getting justice for the innocent,” Foggy breathed, his eyes still on the case before slowly raising to meet Wade’s gaze.

“So…you said something about brainstorming?”

~*~

It was dark, so he knew it was night. After midnight at least, if he were to guess. Time was becoming a foreign concept to him as (presumably) days continued to pass him by. A shiver flowed up his spine at the thought. The people at work may have realized something was wrong, may have even filed a missing persons’ report by now, but there was just something in his gut, something ugly and taunting that told him, with each and every second he sat there in his damp, dark cell, that nobody was looking for him.
He was alone.

And he’d die here.

“Aww, why the long face?”

Startled, Eddie James jumped, his head snapping up.

There, standing in the now open doorway, shrouded in shadows was his mystery captor, the tall, dark-haired man that was working with Dr Rickards. The same one that had, last time he’d seen him, jabbed him in the neck with a giant needle.

“You know what, man? Fuck you. I’m not in the mood for this friendly-kidnapper-shtick,” he grumbled, entirely fed up with the whole situation, his body aching, his mind weary.

“Aww Eddie, I thought we were becoming friends,” the man faux-sighed, stepping further into the room and looking about him, an indistinguishable expression on his face.

“Well in that case, friend, mind tellin’ me what you did to Mrs Parker?” the scientist spat into the semi-darkness, jaw clenched, eyes blazing and tone dripping with sarcasm and contempt.

His captor merely kept glancing around him however, and after several moments, he shook his head as if displeased with what he saw.

“No, this won’t do at all,” he murmured to himself, index finger tapping his chin before he tilted his head at Eddie, his jade eyes gleaming menacingly.

“I think it’s time for a good ol’ fashioned field trip!”
“And I thought I was the only one with an insomnia problem.”

Bruce Banner turned on the spot, his eyebrows shooting up his forehead at the unexpected voice.

“Nurse Eliza,” he murmured, giving her a small smile before turning back to his research, “you draw the short straw again?”

The gentle echo of her footsteps reverberated around the room as she walked in, halting just shy of where he stood next to Joe Blye’s bed.

“I nearly always draw the short straw, Dr Banner,” she replied, her Scottish lilt that bit stronger as she sighed.

“I guess that sorta thing happens a lot when there’s so little staff in an already secret facility,” he conceded, making a note, his hand flying across the page at a rapid rate.

“I guess so,” she nodded before tipping her head up a little, her eyes cast down on his clipboard, “you making any progress with Mr Blye’s condition?”

The scientist halted in his note-taking, his dark eyes falling to the man in question, laying as stiff as a board on the hospital bed, breathing evenly for the first time in quite a while. It seemed his subconscious was giving him somewhat of a reprieve from whatever onslaught of imaginary horrors it had been inflicting on him.

“I’m not sure you could call it progress, more like recognition…” he trailed off, pivoting slightly in her direction, “since my arrival, I’ve catalogued just over two dozen patients that exhibit the exact same symptoms as Mr Blye. Now, I know Dr Hart has advised you to not divulge any information to outsiders but please—”

The nurse took another step forward, waving her hand, her cerulean eyes flashing in the dim light of the room, “no need, Dr Banner. Truthfully I…I’ve been waiting for something like this for a while now.”

Bruce didn’t try to hide his bewilderment.
Eliza leaned closer to him, lowering her voice significantly, “this has been going on a lot longer than you think.”

Banner inclined his head, silently urging her to continue.

Biting her lip, the nurse’s gaze flickered over to the motionless Blye.

“He’s only one in a long line of patients with these symptoms. I’ve worked here just under two years and…and I haven’t seen any of them recover. Only worsen. Some…some have even—” she broke off, shaking her head, her face ashen as she struggled to finish her sentence, “some have even died, Dr Banner.”

He wished he could have been surprised, but unfortunately, with shadow corporations such as these, death and destruction usually went hand in hand.

“I—I wanted to do something, say something,” Eliza continued, her gaze now downcast, clearly distraught, “but my—doctor—a doctor made me sign a non-disclosure agreement and I…I really needed this job,” she swept a hand over her eye, catching a wayward tear, “but after…after that article I read in the paper I…I just can’t stay silent about it any longer.”

Bruce nodded, letting out a breath of air he didn’t realize he had been holding.

“What article, Eliza?” he asked, almost fearful of the answer.

With trembling hands, the nurse clutched at the hem of her uniform.

“The article about the body that washed up on the bank of a lake a few weeks ago,” she murmured so lowly that the scientist had to take a step closer so that he could hear her.

A sinking feeling in his stomach, Bruce had to ask, “and what does a body have to do with—”

“It was Charlie. Charlie Hanway,” Eliza interjected, her tone high yet waning, her cerulean orbs wide and glistening with unshed tears, “patient 09132447. He broke out of Skyline Laboratories just over a year ago…”
He shouldn’t be here. He knew that. This wasn’t his part of town, it wasn’t his place to patrol it, especially not without his suit, but…he would never ignore a cry for help ever again. Matt spent years blocking out the cries and sirens and pleas and desperation as he lay in bed at night, trying to control his breathing and resisting the urge to toss and turn with his hands over his ears like when he was nine years old and the orphanage was just too damn loud. He wouldn’t do it again. He promised himself that and he intended to keep it. Even if it was, for lack of a better word, inconvenient.

Deadpool and Peter were definitely suspicious, he knew his phone call lie had been flimsy at best and he sure as hell wasn’t comfortable leaving Foggy alone with a guy he once heard a rumour about where he supposedly skinned a guy and fashioned himself a cape, but a person was in trouble, in need of help, and he could offer it. Albeit, perhaps not in the same way as usual, but this would just have to do.

With that in mind, he threw his cane into a nearby dumpster, scaled the apartment building, sprinted across the roof and leapt off, landing adroitly on the opposite roof where he could hear two racing heartbeats (one of which belonged to the person who screamed) hidden behind a vent several feet to his left.

Pulling tighter the scrap of cloth he stole from Deadpool’s apartment over his eyes and the bridge of his nose, Matt crept towards the couple who were arguing heatedly:

“Please—please Will, you have to see that—”

“That what, Marie?! You wanna take the kids from me? You wanna uproot their entire lives just because of a small disagreement—”

“You hit me, Will! You were going to hit Jeremy. And it wasn’t the first time I—ow! You’re hurting me!”

“Oh yeah? Well I’m just hurting you like you hurt me…” the male voice trailed off before the distinct sound of a gun being cocked echoed into the night air.

That was Matt’s cue.
Jaw clenched, he leapt to his left with the speed of a gazelle, throwing his entire body weight into the back of the gunman, catching him off-guard. With barely a beat, he punched a quick one-two to the guy’s kidneys before round-house kicking the gun out of his hand as he doubled over.

“Get to safety!” he yelled in the direction of the woman, hearing her frantic footsteps scramble back towards the stairwell door, a shaken ‘thank you’ thrown over her shoulder.

“What…the f-fuck,” the guy ‘Will’ gasped as he fought to stand upright, only to be met by the powerful blow that was Matt’s fist to his face, knocking him off his feet, landing with a loud thump on the concrete.

Wiping the non-existent sweat from off his jaw, Matt inclined his head, heart ricocheting against his rib-cage as two pulses raced towards him, the stairwell door bursting back open, a pained cry reaching his ears.

“Ah! Kevin! Please! Let me go,” the woman from before, pleaded.

“You’re not takin’ my niece and nephew from him, Marie,” another voice snarled, “you’re the real prob—” he broke off suddenly, presumably catching sight of the semi-masked man standing over his now unconscious brother.

“Who the hell are—”

So rapidly that it was almost simultaneous, three things happened which even Matt was having a hard time deciphering.

First, an odd whooshing from his right, a gust of wind blowing against his face.

Second, the unmistakable sound of another set of feet landing adeptly on the roof.

And third, ‘Kevin’ shutting the hell up and for some reason, collapsing heavily to the ground without Matt having laid a finger on him.
There was a beat of silence as the three still-conscious people took in the scene, each in their own ways.

“It’s okay now, ma’am. You get back to your kids. We’ll take care of these two,” a voice murmured gently.

“T-Thank you…”

Matt waited until her frantic footsteps had disappeared down several floors before wearily swivelling on the spot, a sigh on his lips, “I had it handled, you know.”

A chuckle.

“I know exactly how you handle things, Daredevil.”

“If that’s so, then why the assist, Spider Man?”

The webbed-wonder’s heart-rate quickened a little.

“I don’t ignore a cry for help. Never hurts to have another set of hands.”

“Or webs,” Matt conceded, walking forward and kicking at the sole of Kevin’s shoe.

“And I thought that they weren’t in Deadpool’s duffel bag,” he murmured almost to himself but knowing that the arachnid certainly picked it up, if the hammering in his chest was any indication.

“I don’t know what you’re—”

“You know, I knew there was something…off about you, kid. Right from the start. But I admit, even I didn’t fully see this coming.”
Another silence descended on them.

“What?” Matt asked, rounding Kevin to kick at Will’s heels, “no blind joke?”

“I’m not Deadpool.”

“No, you’re not…” he sighed, “Peter.”

[Seriously? The big guy has to wait eleven chapters chock full of exposition, plot twists and emotional bullshit for that reveal, but Murdock gets it in two?]

[The audacity!]

[You’re not gonna bitch about it not being our POV?]

[Fuck no. Not when Matty Murdock gets special treatment]

[Think writer lady prefers him over pizza-face?]

[Nah. He’s a close second, though]

[What about Ms Jessica Jones?]

[Shit, yeah. She does love her some Krysten Ritter]

[Netflix has spoiled her]

[Knew there was a reason it took her like 3 years to update]
“And I could say the same about you,” the grad student piped up, “my senses went wild when you first showed up. Now I guess I know why…” he trailed off with a shrug of his shoulders.

Matt nodded, wry smile spreading across his face.

He wasn’t overjoyed at the idea of more people knowing his identity, but at least in return, he got to know Peter’s. It made the playing field a little fairer, that way.

“So, back to the police station, then?” he asked, grabbing Will and hefting him up and over his shoulder.

He heard shuffling to his left, as presumably, Peter picked up Kevin.

“An early Christmas present for the NYPD. Follow me, Counsellor,” he motioned, more so for himself than for Matt’s sake as he made his way across to the stairwell.

“Lovin’ the new look, by the way,” he remarked airily, grin in his tone, “very The Lone Ranger of you.”

“Does that make you Tonto?” Murdock asked drily, shifting the unconscious man on his back.

“Nah, Hollywood’s already made the gross mistake of casting a white dude in a Native American role. Not even Depp could keep it afloat. And I’m no Depp.”
Matt shook his head at him, bewildered at the odd turn in conversation, “you know, I think you’re a lot more like Wilson than you think.”

Peter faltered a little, his heart-rate spiking, telling the lawyer a lot more than his mouth ever would.

*Interesting…*

May Parker stared out of the kitchen window, a frown creasing her eyebrows as she realized just how dark it had gotten. Their Gin Rummy game had gone on longer than she intended, well into the wee hours of the morning, yet again. With a shake of her head, the nurse busied herself with fixing the tea she was making for the two of them. It was already late, there was no point fretting over it now. Peter was more than likely too enthralled in whatever he and Wade were getting up to, to pay any heed to his aunt’s absence, anyway. Those two were about as subtle as Tony Stark’s interior design choices.

“You alright in there?” Rick’s voice trickled in from his living room where he was no doubt vexing over the sizable amount of Hershey’s kisses he now owed her after his fifth crippling defeat in a row.

With a smile, May turned to door, opening her mouth to call out when she felt an odd wetness pool above her top lip. Frowning, she raised a hand to wipe across her face, her eyes widening as she lowered it and found it marred with streaks of crimson. Biting her lip, she leaned across the sink to grab some paper towels, wincing at the drip-drip-dripping of droplets into the sink. Head lowered, she dabbed at her nose, her eyes transfixed on the droplets of blood, they forming an intriguing pattern along the drain.

Suddenly, a stabbing pain shot through her temple, the third she had felt that day. With a soft groan, she clutched her temple, willing the ache away. She really had to get some sleep soon. Exhaustion was apparently starting to take its toll. With a vengeance.

“May?”

Startled, May jumped, realizing too late that she had never responded.

Ignoring the throbbing in her head and the bloodied tissue clenched in her fist, she forced herself to reply, her tone sounding much more sure than any of her felt as she gathered up the tea and started to make her way back into the living room, “y-yeah, Rick. I’m fine!”
“So, why a lawyer?”

Foggy Nelson’s head snapped up from the file he was reading, perplexedly staring at the merc.

“No wait…” Wade continued before the lawyer could ask him to clarify, “lemme guess! It was because of a movie, right?”

Heat flooded his cheeks.

Deadpool grinned, snapping his fingers.

“I’m totally right, aren’t I?! You choose to be a lawyer after seeing some movie!” he chuckled, apparently tickled by this hypothesis, beginning to pace back and forth, muttering to himself, “okay, what movie would a young Franklin Nelson wanna base his career decision on…A Few Good Men?”

Foggy stared at him, tilting his head.

Wade tapped his chin.

“Oh, Primal Fear? Probably not the best one for a defense attorney tbh, Geer kinda gets his ass handed to him at the end.”

{Spoilers!}

[The movie is like twenty years old, I think people can deal]

{Uh, people are petty. If we give away one of the biggest twists since Sixth Sense, I think we’d be in some serious shit}
“Oh!” Deadpool clapped his hands, convinced he had it this time, “it’s A Time To Kill, isn’t it? Matthew McConaughey, Sam Jackson, alright, alright, alright.”

The lawyer shuffled in his seat, his eyes casting back down to the papers, pen in mouth, seemingly intent on ignoring him again.

“Okay well,” Wade shrugged, feeling a little at a loss, “that just leaves the only other law movie I know. Legally Blonde.”

A lesser man wouldn’t have spotted the minute twitch of the lawyer’s left eye.

Wade Wilson was no lesser man.

“Oh my god,” he gaped down at him, “you Elle-Woods-Last-Season-Prada-Shoes-What-Like-It’s-Hard-Bend-and-Snap-Lovin’-Mother-fucker. You totally did! You totally wanted to be like Elle Woods all fashionable and knowledgeable about perm maintenance and Torts, rockin’ up to that court room and blowin’ everybody away with your off-brand but totally amazing lawyer skills…” he trailed off, his tone astonished.

Foggy threw down the file and leaned forward, chin jutted out defensively, “okay one, Elle Woods is not only a feminist icon, but one hell of an attorney so why the hell wouldn’t I want to study law after seeing that movie? And two, I have three sisters, okay? It was either that or Scary Movie 2…I think I made the right choice.”

Deadpool held up his hands, “hey dude, not gonna lie, I actually get it. I myself, try to base my major life decisions on a movie.”

The blond threw him a dubious look.

“Major life decisions as in…starting a career where you kill people for money?”
Wade pulled a face halfway between a grimace and a maniacal beam.

“What movie?” Foggy seemed genuinely intrigued now, leaning forward in his chair, files temporarily forgotten. “The Seven Samurai? The Professionals? Oh! The Expendables. It’s The Expendables, isn’t it?”

The merc merely tapped his nose and threw him a wink before inclining his head, “so what movie did your Lucifer-afficionado friend base his life around, huh? Bedazzled?”

Foggy froze, jaw clenching and unclenching.

“Hey,” Wade continued, not noticing the other man’s discomfort, “I get that too. I mean geez, Liz Hurley in that dress? Anyone would wanna emulate her badassery in—”

“Can you—can you just stop reminding me that you somehow know about…about all that? I—if he overhears, man he’ll freak that someone else knows,” he interrupted the mercenary with a wince.

Taking a seat, Wade leaned forward on the table and clasped his hands, trying to seem more amicable as he responded gently, “alright dude, how about we keep the fact that I inexplicably know about your friend’s little Satanist fetishism between us, huh? I think you’re right. It would explode his little Catholic mind too much to know that another person knows his secret.”

The lawyer nodded, wholeheartedly agreeing.

“So you…you won’t tell anyone?”

Wade leaned back in his seat and blew out a breath, “dude. I may be crazy, but I’m not a complete asshole. Secret Identity Bros before Tabloid Tell-All Hoes. And I include guys in that ‘cause I’m no sexist and they can be fame-hungry dickwads too.”

Foggy threw him what must have been his tenth perplexed look in a half hour before murmuring: “well, thanks. I think you’re right. It’s better if Matt doesn’t know that you know. I can just imagine his face…it’d be all scrunched up in his very best sulky Gizmo impression.”
“Tell me Peter,” a very familiar voice omitted from behind them not half a second later as the blond whispered a soft ‘shit’ to himself, “does my face look like a sulky Gizmo?”

More footsteps approached, halting in the kitchen before another familiar voice remarked thoughtfully, “yeah Matt, kinda does.”

Wade and Foggy turned in their seats, respective eyebrows and non-eyebrows alike shooting up their foreheads as they were met with a weirdly masked Matt and a fully-suited-up Spider Man.

“Whoa…someone likes to make an entrance,” the former gaped before pausing, eyes slowing drinking in Matt’s face before extending a hand, index finger pointing accusingly, “hey! Is that my doily?”

~*~

Selena Rickards was not a woman that was easily flappable. In fact, she often prided herself in her collected, yet still approachable exterior. It did her favours when getting to the position that she found herself in today.

Well, maybe not literally today.

Because this was a day where Selena felt entirely flappable.

Anyone under the scrutinizing gaze of Tony Stark would be.

Especially if guilt was already clawing up their throat like a nefarious cassowary.

“Let’s cut to the chase, shall we?” Stark clapped his hands, rubbing them together as he leant forward in his seat mere inches from her.

“You know where we are. This,” he halted to wave around them, “is your old stomping ground.”
Yeah, she should have seen that coming, really. But, in her defence, she really hadn’t really been herself lately.

“You worked here, for over three years,” her boss continued airily as if she had somehow meaningfully contributed to the one-sided conversation, “as a hypnotist. Is that correct?”

Selena caught herself before she could fully wince.

Tony’s eyebrow quirked in that signature affable way of his that meant he was really warming up to something smug and unbecoming.

“Oh, did I hit a nerve, Doctor? Is ‘hypnotist’ not prestigious enough for you? Not grandiose or lavish or—hold on, lemme grab a thesaurus real quick and—”

“I’m a scientist, Tony,” Rickards cut across him, her voice monotone as her eyes were downcast, “I never…I wouldn’t…hypnotize anyone.”

His answering snort was short but no less obnoxious.

“So it was just all your partner’s doing then, huh? You were completely innocent during the whole process?”

Selena’s entire body stilled when Tony mentioned him.

“Hit another nerve, I see. Damn, I am just on fire today,” Stark snapped his fingers before standing up and pacing back and forth in front of her.

“My colleague, Sam, tells me that you’ve been fully cooperative through all this. Which leads me to believe that you do want to help, Selena,” he halted, looking over his shoulder at her before taking several steps toward her, “so, let’s say that you do want to make up for everything that you’ve put Peter Parker through and you’re also a victim in all this. Let’s just forget that we’re currently in a top secret base that’s creepier than Bate’s Motel, and go back to the start, shall we? Right back to when you started working here,” he paused, leaning down and for the first time since they walked into the room, fully met her gaze.
“Tell me about your colleague, Giovanni Blye…”

~*~

“Does he ever…stop?”

Peter came to stand beside Matt, freshly de-suited and re-clothed into his civilian get up, staring to where Matt had directed his attention – Wade, singing obnoxiously loud as he danced around the kitchen table, manila folders in hand.

“Better homes and safety-sealed communities. Did you remember to pay the utility? Caution! Police line, you better not cross! Is it the cop or am I the one that’s really dangerous? Sanitation! Expiration date! Question everything! Or shut up and be a victim of authority. Warning…live without warning…” the merc sang in his off-key tone, seemingly ignoring Foggy’s furrowed eyebrows and Matt’s grimace, instead flashing Peter a grin and a wink.

“No,” the grad student sighed, hating the warmth that spread across his chest in that moment.

With an air of impatience, Matt took that as his cue and stepped forward, speaking firmly over Wade’s singing.

“Are you planning on telling us what the hell we’re actually doing here anytime soon or—”

“What my charming friend here is trying to ask,” Foggy spoke over him, holding up a hand as the merc abruptly stopped singing, dark eyes lingering between them, “is are you gonna share what this case of yours fully entails? ‘Cause I only managed to piece together scraps from what you showed me from that dead guy’s apartment.”

Murdock’s jaw clenched.

“What did he show you?” he asked, his voice thin.

Wade stepped closer to them, rolling his eyes.
“Relax Matlock—”

“Murdock.”

“Whatever,” the merc dismissed with a wave of his hand, “no need to get jealous. Stormy and I were just starting a little Bow Wow while you and Petey did your Robin Hood: Men In Tights, routine.”

[It’s Pow Wow]

[And racist, so don’t use it again]

[Bow Wow’s a rapper]

[And child star]

[We use those terms loosely]

This didn’t seem to do much to calm Matt down, however, his entire body still plains of muscular rigidity as he stood there, suit-jacket off, sleeves of his white shirt rolled up, palms clenched tightly at his sides. If Wade wasn’t currently in…whatever with a certain bespectacled brunet, he may be just a smidge turned on by the enticing and slightly dangerous image the lawyer made.

[Who’re you kidding?]

[You’re still a smidge turned on]

[He ain’t nothin’ on Petey, though]

[Standing there all sexy-like after saving the day. Makes us just wanna lick—]
Wade shook his head as Foggy laid a hand on Matt’s arm, murmuring gently, “c’mon Matty… just…he’ll get to it.”

Peter and Wade shared a look over the lawyer’s heads before the latter gestured between them, his tone light but inquiring:

“You guys married or something?”

Foggy’s hand fell from his arm as Matt took a step back from his best friend, running a hand through his hair.

“We’re partners—”

“Business partners,” Foggy chimed in, “which, I guess feels like marriage sometimes,” he shrugged, gaze falling to the floor, an indecipherable expression on his face.

Wade hummed, his head tilted to the side in thought, “that’s funny ‘cause I really thought Mr. Not-So-Tall, Blind and Broody here acted more like a recent divorcee than anything.”

Nobody missed the practical full-body wince that Matt exhibited at those words. The merc sure as hell wasn’t letting that go, he just couldn’t, it wasn’t in his nature.

“You’d rather be gay married than straight divorced huh, Alter Boy? Intriguing…” he trailed off, stroking his chin.

“Can we—” Matt faltered with a wave of his hand, “can we get back to the fact that you somehow know all about us and we know nothing about you? How the hell do you—”

“Look, I’m not sure it’s important at this point, buddy,” Foggy interrupted his business partner, “okay,” he clapped his hands before pointing at Peter, “Spider Man,” he turned to Matt, “Daredevil,” he turned to Wade, “Deadpool,” before lastly pointing to himself, “Boysenberry Badass. There. We all know each other’s secret identities…”
Peter smirked at him, “Boysenberry Badass?”

The lawyer threw him a sheepish grin.

“My alter ego when I was six…”

Wade chortled, “I love it! Although, there are more badass fruits out there. Then again, it kinda makes sense ‘cause you look like the Pillsbury Dough Boy or a friendlier Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. Bill Murray’s gonna show up any second now and cross-stream your ass…”

There was a beat of silence.

“Annnnd I didn’t mean that to sound so sexual but…you’re welcome,” the merc winked before knocking back his drink in one gulp.

Foggy stared at him before shrugging, “I liked alliteration, is all.”

“Well, you’re in good company,” the merc informed him with a wave of his hand, “Wade Wilson, Peter Parker, Matt Murdock, we’d give Alaric Alexander Watts the biggest boner ever!”

A silence met his words.

“What?” he asked, “did the High School dropout make too obscure of a reference for you college graduates?”

“He’s a poet,” Peter responded after a beat, “famous for writing The Siege of Belgrade which uses every letter of the alphabet, one line per letter.”

Wade gaped at him.

“Just when I thought I couldn’t be more attracted to you…”
[And just when writer lady was beginning to think that her degree wasn’t going to good use!]

[Really? This is ‘good use?’]

[As good as she’s gonna get with a Bachelor’s Degree in Film, Literature and Drama. Yeah]

[Oh the plight of the Arts student!]

Peter could feel the heat rising to cheeks as he shook his head.

“We’re getting off track again, Wade,” he reminded him as he folded his arms across his chest and forced himself to meet his gaze.

“Right!” the mercenary clapped his hands, rubbing them together, “so, I brought you here today because…well, I wasn’t gonna be as up front about it tbh, but seen as we all know who the other is…I—we—Peter and I need your help. You’re lawyer-y help and Daredevil-y help.”

Foggy and Matt inclined their heads toward each other before the latter turned back to Deadpool.

“We’re listening…”

~*~

It took a remarkably long time, the two of them taking turns summarising everything (or close to everything) that had gone down between them both the last few months. Starting from the first assassination attempt, the one where Wade ended up like thrown-out taco meat in Peter’s alley—

[Hehe. Dirty]

[You think everything sounds dirty]
—and ending with Wade calling Foggy and Peter running into Matt outside the police station.

“So what is it you need from us?” Murdock asked after they finally paused for breath, one hand gripping the long-forgotten cup of godawful coffee as the other tapped against his knee from where he leaned back in his chair.

Peter’s hazel eyes searched Wade’s for a moment before the merc responded: “Skyline Laboratories and Eddie James. We need you guys to investigate them. Among other things.”

The brunet rested his elbows on his knees, his head hanging low, “with the rest of my team called away on some other mission that—I’m not fully sure how pertains to all of this, we…honestly, we need the extra pair of hands. Or two.”

He didn’t have to look up to know that the partners were somehow managing to silently communicate even without Murdock’s inability to see the myriad of expressions crossing Nelson’s face.

It was impressive, really.

“So, you want us to go the…legal route, while you guys go the…not-so-legal route?” Foggy asked, tapping his pen against the table, directing his question to both of them.

Deadpool pointed a finger at him, “exacta-mundo, Cloudy, my boy. Gold star for you!”

“You know,” Nelson sighed, “that’s getting a little old now.”

Wade chuckled, shaking his head, “oh, good. I was starting to run outta weather-related nicknames,” he shrugged before clicking his fingers, “no wait! Haily, thunderstorm-y, thundersnow-y, Sleet-y, Humid-y…okay, now I’m done.”
A silence befell them.

“Alright so,” Matt leaned forward in his chair after a beat, “we get what you want us to do as Nelson and Murdock, but what do you need me to do as…” he trailed off, clearly not quite comfortable implicating himself out loud.

The merc snickered, “as Double-Dee? We want you to ask around. Do your thing and see what kicks up.” he shrugged before lamenting almost to himself, “wow, Hell’s Kitchen is where it’s at! We got you, runnin’ around all red and horny AND we have that sexy, alcoholic BAMF with hair as black as my withered soul. She knows how to throw a punch, that Jessica Jones...”

[Writer lady has a crush on her]

[She’d crush writer lady]

[But what a way to go]

The three men regarded the Canadian silently before turning back to each other.

“Look, I know this is a big ask,” Peter murmured before staring intently at Wade, “and it sure as hell wasn’t my idea to drag you both into this mess,” he fixed his eyes on Foggy, “but I really appreciate everything you guys have done this far and can do in the future, however much or little that is. It’s up to you. No pressure.”

Again, the partners seemed to pause to somehow communicate before Murdock asked:

“This Eddie James. He a friend of yours?”

Peter nodded solemnly, feeling not for the first time, a knot of insidious guilt churning in his stomach.

“And Skyline Laboratories,” Matt turned to Wade, “the cops definitely think they’re implicated in some kinda murder and fire from last year?”
The Canadian nodded, still quietly marvelling at how the blind guy could somehow sense that motion.

“Yeah. Gave Detective Beharie my digits when I was dressed up as Spidey. It’s only a matter of time before she fills me in on what they got.”

Murdock heaved a sigh, seemingly ingesting that information before standing up and placing his coffee cup on the table, reaching behind him to snatch his suit jacket from the back of the chair.

“Then we’ll help. In whatever way we—”

“Great!” Wade clapped, leaping up from his seat, “knew I could count on ya, Murdock. Always so valiant. I mean, you’re no Ben Affleck,” he snorted, “I’m sorry, I can’t even finish that sentence with a straight face. Carry on.”

And that was their cue to leave.

Foggy paused at the door fifteen minutes later as Matt and Peter finished getting ready to go, leaning over to Wade and asking, his tone more than a little intrigued, “hey, so you never did tell me. What’s the movie you base all your major life decisions on?”

The mercenary laughed, clapping him on the back, “that would be the Deadpool movie, coming to a theater near you, February, 2016!”

The lawyer frowned at him as his best friend walked up to them.

“Ready to go, Foggy?”

Mutely, he took his arm and led him out over the threshold, his friend’s normal-blind-man mask fixed firmly in place.

“You’re one weird guy, you know that?” the blond directed at the Canadian, his expression a mixture of befuddled and awed.
“I do,” the merc responded with a grin, stepping out after him, a spark of electricity flowing through his body as Peter brushed past him, locking the door behind them all before smiling wider, “and for my sake and Peter’s, I also know I’m glad you didn’t base any of your major life decisions off Scary Movie 2.”

~*~

“What a charming couple,” Wade lamented in a tone akin to a 1950s housewife as he and Peter let themselves into the latter’s childhood home after seeing Matt and Foggy off in a cab.

“I don’t think they’re a couple, Wade,” Peter remarked as he took off his coat and hung it on the rack.

“Really?” Deadpool asked in disbelief, dropping the bag containing the Spider Man suit to the hallway floor, “I coulda sworn I was getting an intense ‘angst/mutual-pining/potential-friends-to-lovers’ vibe off them.”

Peter shook his head in amusement as he walked through to the kitchen, depositing his keys and phone on the table before walking over to the coffee machine.

“How do you take your coffee?”

“Like I take my men. White, sweet, and full of secrets.”

The brunet stilled, his entire body tense. He was all too aware that this was the first time they had been truly alone since, well, everything. Biting his lip, he wracked his brain for something to say, anything…

“Well,” Wade jumped in before he could, “I actually take it black with six sugars, but that just didn’t have the hidden meaning I was aiming for.”

With his back still turned to the merc, Peter nodded, busying himself with brewing the coffee and frankly, stalling for time. He really wasn’t ready to have this conversation, but if he knew Wade, and at this point, he knew he did, the Canadian was not going to let this go.
“So, are we actually gonna talk about it or…” he began, right on time, shuffling around a moment before taking a seat at the kitchen table.

Peter could feel his gaze piercing into the back of his head as he added the sixth spoonful of sugar to Wade’s cup.

“Talk about what?” he asked as he forced himself to walk the coffees over to the kitchen table and sit down opposite the merc, deciding to chance his arm because, why not? Denial wasn’t only a river in Egypt, or so he had heard.

Wade smirked at him wryly as he slid the cup towards himself.

“Peter you beautiful, wily, rainbow space-monkey, don’t think you’re getting outta this so easily…” he murmured before taking a sip of his beverage, humming in pleasure as it hit the spot.

The brunet stared at his bobbing Adam’s apple, his own throat dry.

“You’ve been watching Parks and Rec again, haven’t you?” he croaked, clearing his throat before taking a sip of his own coffee.

“You’re Spider Man. And you never wanted me to know.”

Peter choked as the coffee went down the wrong way, “w-what?” he spluttered, “that’s not true, I was going to—”

“Come on, Peter, give me some credit. I’m crazy, not stupid.”

The graduate student visibly paled. If there were any lingering doubts or denials that Wade didn’t actually know for definite that he was the web-slinger for quite a while now, they were now completely abolished.

Bowing his head, he stared down at the cup cradled between his hands, unable to look the other man in the eye as he asked: “how long have you—”
“On some level I’ve always known.”

[Yeah, on the level that we’re here, asshole]

[Taking credit for shit we’ve known from the start]

[Shame on you and your cow]

Peter’s eyebrows shot up at that.

“Y-You’ve known this whole time? Not just…tonight?” he breathed, eyes darting back and forth, clearly mentally running through everything that had happened between them with that new knowledge.

“Not the whole time…I…” Wade murmured, rubbing the back of his neck, “I knew for sure that you were Spidey just after—the night you—I saw you undressing—”

“What?” Peter gaped, his eyebrows shooting up towards his hairline.

“This isn’t going well,” the Canadian grimaced.

[You can say that again]

[This is actually kinda painful to watch]

Shaking his head, Wade started again, “the night we were all in the warehouse…the night you—kissed me,” he cleared his throat, “I…ran to catch up with you. Your backpack was beeping and that was weird, and you just fucking kissed me which was even weirder, and I—couldn’t let you just get away so…I followed you. And found you. I saw you changing back into your civilian clothes.”

Peter let out a deep breath he didn’t realize he had been holding in.
“So when I met you on the roof of Sam Tacos you knew that—”

“Yep.”

“When you slept in my bed?”

“Yep. Well, the second time anyway, not the first.”

Peter’s face was growing more and more hot.

“The sink?”

The Canadian nodded.

Swallowing deeply, the brunet took a deep breath, his hazel eyes shimmering and glued to the table as he asked quietly, despite already knowing the answer: “when I apologized?”

Slowly, Wade nodded again, feeling jittery, like his skin was not only ebbing with pain but buzzing with energy.

Peter looked up at that, finally meeting his gaze, his mouth slightly open.

“Oh,” he began, his voice breathless, his hands shaking, “please know that I—I did mean it. You know that, right? It doesn’t change things, right? Because I meant every word, every damn word, Wade. As Spider Man and as Peter, you gotta know that I meant everything I said. I’m so sorry. I don’t think you’re a monster or a villain. I think you’re a hero and—”

Wade leapt across the kitchen table and pulled Peter against him, kissing him hard.

Peter let out a yelp (that he will thoroughly deny later) before it melted into a groan as the merc’s strong hand raked through his brunet tresses, gripping them tightly, wrenching his head back as
mouthed along his neck. The younger man’s heart was damn near threatened to burst out of his chest all Alien-style but he couldn’t afford to lose it, not here. Not yet. He could feel the merc trembling under his hands. Excitement pooled in his stomach.

Wade wrenched back suddenly, his lips barely a centimeter away as he gasped, seeming surprised by the tenor of their desire. Peter merely gasped back, aware that he must look ridiculous, red-faced, glasses skewed, hair ruined, the dorkiest grin on his face.

And yet with the way the other man was looking at him…he didn’t feel ridiculous, he felt something else entirely. Something that made his chest warm and his stomach flutter.

“Peter…” Wade murmured, his gaze bouncing from his eyes to his lips and back again, something indistinguishable passing over his face for a fraction of a second, before the Canadian forced himself stare right into his hazel orbs.

“Yeah Wade?” the brunet asked, heart hammering in his ears.

“Go on a date with me?”

I’d just like to state here that there will be some (very slight) spoilers of Jessica Jones to follow in upcoming chapters. Having seen all season 1 (it’s amazing), and without giving away any spoilers to it or to the plot of my fic, I will say that some alterations had to be made to my original plan as (cool coincidence) there were some parallels, despite me having begun this story nearly a year ago. Seriously. I briefly wondered if I was psychic haha!

*Gasp* Maybe that’s your super power?!

Doubt it. Woulda used it to win the lottery by now if it was.

Good point.

On the recommendation of the lovely Deadsamurai13, I’ve made a playlist of all the songs referenced in this fic. You can listen to it here.

Oh yeah, baby! MOO-ZACK!!

Also, the whole Foggy-becoming-motivated-to-be-a-lawyer-via-Legally-Blonde bit was inspired by this post I saw on Tumblr, so I can’t take credit for that.

Aww, you’re so honest!

Well, you know. Giving credit where credit is due, only fair.
Huh. Well then, care to explain to me why you never gave me the credit for your bedroom redecoration, hmm?

Plastering posters of yourself on every available inch of wall, wardrobe and door is not worthy of being credited, Wade. Most people would call it crazy.

Good thing neither of us are most people then.

Oh! And speaking of posters, congratulations to blood-mutt for winning my Spideypool contest over on Tumblr! I’m overjoyed that she’s happy with her stuff and am planning another give-away (Marvel-themed) very soon, so look out for that in my author’s notes—

You know, the far too long ridiculous rambling she has at the bottom of every chapter?

Hush, you. Again guys, so sorry for the late update. Life has just been getting hectic, lately.

By ‘hectic’ do you mean that you’ve been too busy binge-watching Jessica Jones and reading Carry On and The Raven Cycle? ‘Cause if so, I think you need schooling on what the word ‘hectic’ actually means.

And job-hunting, Deadpool. Don’t forget I’ve been doing that!

Haha ‘job-hunting.’ Good luck with that, arts major.

*Sigh* I do have a job interview on Monday, you know! Anyway, how exciting is it that we’re getting a Pansexual!Deadpool?!

Panpool, if you will. And lemme just say – ‘BOUT FUCKING TIME! Bring on the sexy guys, gals and everybody in between!

Someone’s excited.

So I should be. It’s gettin’ closer to February…

Yeah, shit. I really don’t think I’m gonna get this finished by then.

Not with your ‘hectic’ lifestyle, no. Oh well. Guess that just means more fun references and commentary after the movie.

Depending on if we like it, that is.

Gurl, please. The flick could be directed, written and starring Tommy Wiseau as yours truly and you’ll still eat that shit up and beg for seconds. You’re Marvel’s bitch now.

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

“You’re wearing…too much…clothes,” the merc murmured between kisses, pulling the offending T-shirt up and over his head, further messing up his wild hair and skewing his glasses.
The brunet rolled his eyes and fixed his glasses before reaching down to the hem of Wade’s shirt, his fingers resting lightly on his lower abdomen. Slowly, he raised his gaze to meet the Canadian’s, a silent question passing between them. With the slightest of nods, Wade gave him permission and braced himself. Despite having been naked in front of Peter before (albeit in a drastically different circumstance), it didn’t stop the bundle of nerves from forming in the pit of his stomach and rapidly spreading to the rest of his body like wildfire.

Peter knew that Wade was feeling less than confident about his body, so he made an effort to make it as obvious as possible just how much he wanted him. With a devious smirk and glint in his eye, he pushed Wade’s shirt up and off his body, raking his hands up his abs and resting on his pecs as he leaned in for another kiss. The merc gaped at him but followed his lead, kissing him back feverishly. With a groan, the younger man’s hands swept over every inch of tarnished skin he could get at before lowering again, resting on the merc’s waistband.

Wade gasped as Peter cupped his half-hard cock over his jeans, his lips separating from his as he tried to control his rapid intake of breath.

“Is that a gun in your pocket…or are you just happy to see me?” the grad student asked with a chuckle, his eyes sparkling brightly.

“Oh my god you are such a nerd,” Deadpool breathed, letting out a soft whine as Peter cupped him tighter.

“Well, you never know with you…you’re always pulling weapons outta…somewhere,” came the shrugged response as nimble fingers worked their way into his pants.

“Speaking of weapons…” he murmured just as his palm brushed against skin.

“Holy shit,” Wade gasped at the sensation and the terrible joke, his hips jerking forward.
Aww, yeah! This is it baby, THIS. IS. IT!

Someone’s excited.

**DAMN PAN I AM! ’BOUT DAMN TIME! SPIDEYPOOL SEX! WOOOOO HOOOOO!**

Deadpool—

▷ Let’s talk about sex, baby. Let’s talk about you and me. Let’s talk about all the good things and the—

Deadpool what—

▷ My neck, my back, lick my—

Seriously?

▷ ’Cause I may be bad, but I’m perfectly good at it, sex in the air I don’t care, I love the smell of it

Gross.

▷ Whoooooooooooooooooooooaaaaaaaaaaaa my sex is on fire!

No fire, Deadpool! We talked about thi—

▷ Let’s get it on…AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH—

Oh my god.

~*:~

**308 Days In The Future…**


It was almost an amusing sound, really, the one a gun made when it shot bullets with a silencer on. It didn’t seem real, like something you’d hear in a cartoon or particularly goofy detective movie. Soft pips, rhythmic in nature, akin to slowly letting the helium out of a balloon by pinching it between your fingers, or pebbles bouncing off a beau’s closed window.

But its affects were anything but soft…

“PETER!” Wade roared as he watched the lead enter his body, dime-sized, crimson stains seeping
into his suit, hidden among the rest of the red like imposters.

Racing across the room, the merc caught the brunet just as his knees buckled.

Hazel orbs danced in his skull as he fought to remain conscious.

“W-Wade…” he gasped, before trying to cough, causing a wave of agony in his chest, it feeling far too tight.

He couldn’t breathe…

“Peter? Hey Peter, you’re gonna be fine, okay? Your—you’re healing factor will kick in any second now, alright? Just…just keep your eyes open for me…” Wade pleaded, his own eyes glued to the younger man, afraid to look away, not even for a second.

“Come on, come on,” he growled, frustration and something he was unwilling to name flowing in his veins.

Why was it taking so damn long?!

[His healing factor isn’t working]

[Oh, no.]

Mutely, Deadpool watched as Peter’s eyes slowly started to slip closed.

“Peter?!” he called, his voice tethering on hysterical, “Peter stay with me! Don’t you dare close your eyes! Peter? Please don’t leave me…”

He felt wetness on his cheeks, a stinging behind his eyes.
He felt weak.

Helpless.

Afraid.

It’d been a long time since he’d cried…

~*~

Present Day…

“Now there’s something I haven’t seen in a long time…”

Peter Parker descended the last few stairs, staring down at his aunt, a perplexed expression marring his sleepy demeanour as he pulled his arm through his sweater sleeve.

“What?” he asked with an air of suspicion as the older woman’s eye gave an impish twinkle.

She chuckled, reaching up to fix his collar before meeting and holding his gaze.

“You. Smiling,” she poked him lightly in the chest, “it’s a good look on you, kiddo.”

Peter felt his grin widening unconsciously. He hung his head as he muttered into his chest, “you’ve seen me smile plenty, Aunt May.

“Nuh uh,” she dismissed, tilting his head up, her hand resting on his cheek, “not like this. Not in a long time. Not since…” she trailed off, the unsaid words hanging between them.

Not since Gwen.
“So what time did he leave, then?” she asked, the heavy spell that had befallen them broken as she playfully smacked his cheek.

“Who?” Peter tilted his head at her, blinking innocently, because he was a little shit like that.

May rolled her eyes. Honestly, sometimes her nephew could be an infuriating little bastard.

But she wouldn’t have him any other way.

“Wade, Peter. What time did he skedaddle?”

The grad student shoved his hands in his pockets, shrugging, trying and failing for nonchalant.

“Around 3am. Which you would have known…if you had been here,” he remarked, no real heat behind his words, just mischief, “tell me, how is Ester? Or was it Gloria this time?”

Gently rubbing the back of her neck, May turned on her heel and started to walk towards the kitchen, calling over her shoulder, “Gloria. And she’s fine. Want some coffee?”

Oh, he was so not letting her off that easy…

“You know, that’s funny because Gloria called here last night before I went out. Said you two could catch up at brunch on Friday…” he said airly, leaning against the counter top and watching his aunt fix breakfast, “kinda a weird thing for her to do if you were already in her house, don’t cha think?”

Peter didn’t need spidey senses to note the knot of tension in his aunt’s shoulders.

“Oh well I—” she broke off, heaving a deep sigh as she turned to face him.

“You know already, don’t you?”
He pushed himself off the counter and walked towards her, placing his hands on her shoulders as he caught her eye.

“Yeah, Aunt May. I know. And I’m happy for you. Rick seems like a nice guy. I just wish you had have told me—”

“Oh the way you told me about Wade, you mean?” she cut across him, her tone light as if she was remarking an adorable internet cat video and not her nephew’s potential love interests.

Peter bit his lip, “that’s different…me and Wade—we’re…” he trailed off, realizing that in light of recent events, he now had no idea how to finish that sentence.

“Just work colleagues?” May asked innocently, her eyebrows raised in an expression that clearly stated that she did not, for one second, believe that to be true.

“Well, just so you know, Rick has invited me to…stay over this evening. So, you’ll have the house to yourself tonight. You and your ‘work colleague’…” she air-quoted before poking him in the chest again, turning back to the coffee maker, “and you tell that Canadian he still owes me a pancake recipe.”

Peter stood in the middle of his childhood home’s kitchen, gaping openly at his aunt as the startling information that she was indeed a female adult who was going to spend the night at a male adult’s house, sank in. And grossed him out a little. Only to then be bowled over by the fact that said aunt also happened to share recipes with Wade Winston Wilson. Deadpool. The Merc With The Mouth.

Except, when he thought about it, Wade wasn’t those things to him, not anymore. Sure, he was all of those things on the surface, Wade Winston Wilson, Deadpool, The Merc With The Mouth, a Canadian. But now, when Peter really let himself think about it, think about him and everything that they had been through not only these last few months but the last nearly six years, he realized that he had grown to be so much more. He was…deeper. More settled into his bones, taking up residence under his skin like a prickling itch, but also burrowing deeper into chest and staying there, warming it up to a point it hadn’t been in years.

And it was terrifying. And exhilarating.

Like all beginnings were…when you’re on the brink of something huge and potentially life-changing.
And this one was a long time coming.

“I have a date tonight.”

The words were out of his mouth before his brain consciously mapped them out. Weirdly, his mind cast back to the time when May found him in the living room, openly staring at his presentation partner’s trail of freckles, when he was in the ninth grade. They made a zig-zag pattern across Scott Zimmermann’s nose and Peter inexplicably found himself enthralled by them. He couldn’t explain it, couldn’t really fully understand it, but he recognized the signs. The sweaty palms, the fluttering heartbeat, the unfurling heat in his abdomen, it was just like when he first caught a glimpse of the golden blonde hair and startling blue eyes that still haunted his dreams to this day.

But now, with Wade…something felt, different. Again, Peter had been blinded by the complications, the difficulties that could arise between them and for the longest time, that was enough to dissuade him, to actually convince him that what he was feeling for Wade wasn’t at all like what he felt for Zimmermann or god forbid, Gwen.

It couldn’t possibly be the same. He just had to be losing his mind, that was it. Grief finally drove him over the edge, because there was no way in hell that he was actually having…feelings for the mercenary. He just couldn’t be. That was ridiculous!

Oh how naïve he had been. Plain fucking stupid, really.

He always did have trouble listening to himself.

Luckily (or unluckily, depending how you looked at it) one kiss was all that was needed to start persuading Peter to stop ignoring all the signs. To wake the fuck up to reality and what was actually going down in the here and now, and what had been going down for a long, long time.

It was why he said yes last night. Why he then kissed the Canadian goodbye with a smile on his face that had yet to leave his face even one sleep and eight hours later. It was why he was telling his Aunt May about their date.

Because it was terrifying. And exhilarating.
Because it was important.

Like all huge and potentially life-changing beginnings were…

“Me and Wade,” he clarified, forcing himself not to fidget, swallowing deeply and watching intently as she turned to him, “we’re uh…we’re going on a date tonight.”

An ecstatic beam broke out on May Parker’s face.

She crossed the room in two large strides, enveloping her much taller nephew into a bone-crushing hug that was on this side of painful, even for him.

“Oh Peter,” she murmured into his shoulder, her voice muffled, “I’m so, so happy to hear that. I was getting really worried there for a second.”

He frowned.

“Worried about what?”

Stepping back, she appraised him with one of her most chilling stares.

“That neither of you two idiots would get your head outta your ass long enough to see how great you’d be together!”

Peter’s jaw dropped.

Nobody could ever dispute that May Elizabeth Parker didn’t have a way with words…

~*~

“I’m walkin’ on sunshine, whoa! I’m walkin’ on sunshine, whoa! I’m walkin’ on sunshiiine,
whooooa, and don’t it feel good!”

[I'm not sure how we’re supposed to react to this]

[To the big guy being sickeningly optimistic? Grossly happy?]

[Yeah. It's sorta outta our wheelhouse]

[I know. It’s weird…]

[Kinda unsettling]

Whistling the famous Katrina and The Waves tune to himself, Wade Wilson made his way down the crowded streets of New York City, finalizing his plans for his date tonight.

His date with Peter Parker.

Spider Man.

He had a goddamn date with Spidey himself!

Holy shit on a stick.

[He’s going all out]

[Bringing Peter to something he’ll love, a swanky dinner, the works]

[He has been fantasizing about this night for, well, ever]
“Shaddup,” the merc growled, not liking the way the boxes were starting to talk (not that he ever liked how they talked, really) as he let himself into his apartment and closed the door behind him, leaning back against it, his head thumping softly, eyes slipping shut.

Silence met his ears, it drowning out the hustle and bustle of the streets, looming like a large, dark cloud over his very existence. There it was, what he had deftly avoided for a long time now…ever waiting for him like a particular macabre friend that enjoyed watching the curl of your lip or your recoil of disgust.

It was loud enough to drown out Katrina and the Waves and their upbeat and catchy optimism.

He was irked that he actually tried to fool himself into thinking that it would have just have dissipated due to recent events, how could he have been so fucking naïve?

[Well that escalated quickly]

[It sure did, Ron]

[He’s in a glass case of emotion!]

[Didn’t we already use that movie reference?]
...well?

[I got nothin’. You?]


[Ooh Buffy video game reference! I like it! Not quite film-student obscure, but it’ll do]

It was a common side effect now, he felt. This…weight seeping into his skin whenever he was truly alone. Or perhaps it was always a side effect and he was only noticing now that he wasn’t as alone anymore, it was hard to tell. But, coming back to this place, this shitty little apartment chock full of nonsense and nightmares, it felt all encompassing, stifling, lonesome.

What an awful word.

He hated it.

Had been it for a long time.

And didn’t want to be anymore…

[Whoa. Dramatic much?]

[You’ve been away from Petey for like 8 hours and you’re already getting separation anxiety?]

[Pull yourself together, man!]

Shaking his head, Wade forced himself to cast his mind back to eight hours previous, to try and salvage his rapidly dwindling mood before it completely ensnared him…

8 Hours Earlier…
“Go on a date with me?”

Peter gaped at him, his lips plumped and stained red from their intense ministrations.

[So hot]

[The hottest]

[The seconds are ticking by though]

[Should we be worried?]?

[Uh oh]

As if somehow sensing the merc’s anxiety, by perhaps reading it all over his face, the brunet put him out of his misery when a small, coy smile, slowly spread across his face.

“Sure Wade,” he murmured, raking his incisors across his bottom lip, eyes twinkling, “I’d like that.”

Deadpool’s heart did the conga whilst his stomach did some impressive belly-dancing.

[Haha. Get it? ‘Belly’ dancing! Writer lady cracks me up]

[Don’t be such a suck up]

[But she—]

[Is using this important flashback to stroke her own ego]
[I guess]

[And makes the lamest jokes known to man]

[Good thing she’s a woman then, huh?]

[Is that a compliment or an insult?]

[She meant it as a compliment so…I guess I do too?]

[I really wish I had eyes that I could roll]

“Awesome!” Wade exclaimed loudly before clearing his throat, forcing his undoubtedly elated face into a more neutral expression, “uh I mean…that’s cool. Cool, cool, cool.”

Peter snorted, “okay, Abed.”

It was at that moment that Wade realized that he still had his left hand clenched around Peter’s shirt and his right buried in his hair.

With a sheepish look, he begun to untangle himself, shocked as the younger man merely held him in place, strong hands encircling his wrists.

[So hot]

[The hottest]

[Petey could bench press us]
A shudder wracked the merc’s body as he tried to tune out his boxes, focusing on the here and now, realizing too late that he already missed the first part of the brunet’s sentence.

“A—later, right?”

Eyes fixed on Peter’s mouth he breathed, “come again?”

“Yes please”

“Uh…he technically hasn’t come once”

“Just wait”

“Someone’s ambitious”

“Big results require big ambitions”

“What fortune cookie did you steal that from?”

“It’s by Heraclitus, you ignorant slut”
A ghost of a smile tugged at Peter’s lips.

“I said,” he began, his breath bouncing off Wade’s cheek as he leaned forward to murmur in his ear, “I have class in the morning. But I’ll see you later, right?”

{Oh yeah…Petey’s a grad student and has class occasionally}

{Weird how that’s hardly ever mentioned}

{Convenient}

“Class, huh?” Wade smirked with a tilt of his head, “what’s your major? Please say fermentation sciences.”

Peter laughed, playing along, “oh yeah, sure. I even brew my own beer. ‘Peter’s Pilsner.’”

{Sounds like something he’d excrete}

{Still drink it, though}

{You’re disgusting}

{Weren’t you just waxing poetic about how we’re gonna make him come later? Pot, meet Kettle}

{That is not the same as—}

“Awesome!” the merc practically shouted, trying to block out the rising argument in his head, “from your bath-tub? The grosser the better,” he nodded as if what he was saying was fact before sighing, “man, now I wish I went to college!”

He watched a spark fly across the brunet’s eyes, “oh yeah? And what would your major be? Pop
Culture 101?"

Wade leaned further into Peter’s chest, “yeah, with a minor in some sorta language,” he paused, dropping his voice several decibels to what he thought was a sexy timbre, “je veux vraiment t’embrasser à nouveau…”

[Wait, are we French-Canadian or Canadian-Canadian?]

[Well, we do speak Quebecois]

[And Swahili, Mandarin, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish, Irish—]

[Ha! That’s rich. Writer lady barely speaks that and she is Irish]

The grad student threw him a wry grin, “lemme guess, you just said something dirty, right?”

The merc clasped his chest, gaping dramatically at him, “Peter! I would never! On the eve of our first date? I wouldn’t dream of it.”

“Of course not, what was I thinking?” Peter replied sarcastically, rolling his eyes before catching sight of the clock.

“Shit, it’s 3am. I’m sorry Wade, but I—”

“Yeah, yeah,” the Canadian dismissed with a wave, standing up and trying not to feel forlorn at the loss of Peter’s touch ensnaring his senses, “this is part of the responsibility that comes with great power. I get it.”

The brunet shrugged, standing up and stretching, a sliver of lightly-tanned skin and smattering of fine hairs peeking out from just above the waistband of his jeans that the merc couldn’t help but stare at, “it’s more the responsibilities of regular, old Peter Parker than your friendly Neighbourhood Spider —”
“Whoa! I just realized, I killed the friendly neighbourhood Spider Man’s neighbour!”

A silence hung between them.

“And…that was in bad taste, ignore that,” Deadpool continued, a myriad of emotion contouring his face as he took several steps back towards the door.

Peter shook his head at him, exasperated but not as horrified as he had feared he would be.

“You’re something else, you know that?”

Wade’s heart thumped hard in his chest at his tone of voice. It was soft, a murmur really, a fondness hidden within the syllables. He forced himself to project an air of insouciance as he shrugged:

“I’m just Wade Winston Wilson, baby. WWW. I’m like the internet. But sexier.”

{Everyone in love is something of an idiot}

{Is that by Herclitoris too?}

{Heraclitus!}

{That’s what I said}

Biting his lip, (he seriously had to cut that shit out), Peter walked the length of the kitchen, compelling Wade to walk backwards, out into the living room. It was like they were two identical magnets repelling, engaged in an odd type of dance, with the younger man leading, an unreadable expression on his handsome face. The mercenary willed himself to keep eye contact as he skilfully avoiding bashing into any furniture. Far too soon, he found himself in the hallway, backed up against the front door, the handle digging into his lower spine.

With a smirk, Peter advanced on him those last few feet, stopping a mere inch away and tilting his head at him, eyes flashing dangerously behind his black-rimmed glasses.
[Well, mark me down as scared and horny]

[Sigh. We’ve used that reference too]

[Doesn’t make it any less true]

“Aren’t you forgetting something?”

The Canadian frantically wracked his addled brain.

[Hey don’t look at us, big guy]

[We’ve got no idea what Petey’s talking about]

[Son, you’re on your own]

[I’m not sure many will know what reference]

[Too obscure?]

[Too obscure.]

Before Wade could formulate a response, Peter shook his head at him again, clearly amused, before leaning in and closing the gap between them with his lips.

A gasp rose up the merc’s throat, only to be caught by Peter’s tongue slipping into his mouth. Barely stifling a moan, he pushed into him, one arm slipping around his back to rest between his shoulder blades, whilst the other teased the hair at the nape of his neck. After a moment, or maybe an hour, or several sunlit afternoons, the shorter man broke the kiss, quiet words weaving in the space between their lips:
“Tu me dois un baiser…”

Heat pooled in Wade’s stomach like warm honey dripping from a spoon.

“You…you speak French?” he asked, his voice catching a little.

Peter chuckled, eyes sparkling, “a little. I had a friend in Elementary School from Paris.”

“And he taught you how to say ‘you owe me a kiss’?” Wade grinned, a small furrowed line forming between his non-existent eyebrows.

The brunet’s chuckle grew louder, “you’re jealous of a nine year old, Wade? Seriously?”

“Only the suave little fuckers! Did you swoon, Petey? Don’t lie, your little fourth-grade-self totally swooned, right? The French are smooth bastards…”

“So are Canadians,” Peter quirked an eyebrow at him, “or so I hear, anyway…”

The mercenary’s brain short-circuited for a moment, before scrambling to come back online.

“Oh—yeah—yeah, we’re…totally smooth. Y-You’ll see tomorrow night. Prepare to swoon like a Victorian maiden, beau canard…” he trailed off, his hand tracing circles in between the brunet’s shoulder blades as he mentally cursed himself into oblivion.

Peter squinted his eyes at him, “did you just call me a…handsome duck?”

Present Day…

He had called him a handsome duck.
That Foggy Nelson had all the best lines.

So now, Wade was a plagiarist.

But Peter seemed to like it, if the immediate blush rising to colour his cheeks after the endearment, was any indication.

And that was all that mattered.

It was the feeling that struck his chest at the sight of that blush that Wade frantically try to summon as he stood alone in his apartment, the panic and dread settling into his veins like the side-effects of a particularly bad trip. It was that lightness, the elation of Peter’s lips on his that he tried to re-imagine as his eyes slipped closed and his head thumped against the door. It was that cheeriness, the one that was so potent that it compelled him to sing a cheesy pop song from the 80s mere minutes before, that he wanted to regain, had to regain before their date tonight.

[Like he needs an excuse to sing cheesy pop songs]

[Let him have his delusions]

[Just one more to add to the collection, I guess]

Heaving a deep sigh, Wade pushed away from the door and forced himself to walk through his grubby apartment. He hadn’t been here in days, instead having hauled up at the Parker residence, and he found that he didn’t miss it, not one bit. There was just something about this place that made his skin crawl and pulsate as if there were thousands of angry hornets buzzing in his bloodstream.

Sure, he had his videogames and random trinkets, his top-of-the-range TV and badass weaponry, but those collection of things all in one place, failed to feel like home.

[Has anywhere ever really felt like home?]

A vibration shot up his leg, pulling his thoughts away from that existential crisis waiting to happen. He dug his hand into the front pocket of his jeans.
With a start, Wade realized that it was the burner phone he had given Detective Beharie the number to. Clearing his throat, he adopted his ‘pretending to be Spidey’ tone and pressed the button.

“Detective…to what do I owe the pleasure?”

~*~

She was so screwed.

Like, there was Loki after pissing off The Hulk, there was whatever brave soul decided to hide all of Jessica Jones’ booze, and then there was her.

That was how screwed she was…

Or rather, that was how screwed the people closest to her, were. Because that was who was really at stake here. He wouldn’t dare touch her, it was too risky, but her loved ones (as few and far between as they were) were up for grabs. They were who she should have thought about before ever opening her mouth to Sam Wilson or Tony Stark. They were who faced irreparable danger because of her transgressions. And there was nothing she could do about it.

*Why the hell is Eliza still here?!*

“–ena? Selena!”

Selena Rickards’ head shot up from where she sat staring into space in a secure room in Skyline Laboratories, her jade eyes finding Tony Stark’s russet ones.

“It’s been just over…” he paused, glancing at his watch, “eight hours. You in the mood to talk yet?”

Her jaw clenched.
“Oh, don’t get me wrong,” Stark continued, knuckles rubbing against his stubble as he stood up and stretched, “I have enjoyed your lapses of silence and not-so-subtle attempts at dodging any and all questions about Giovanni Blye, but I gotta say doc, it’s gettin’ a little tedious now. So how ‘bout we cut the crap and get down to it? No more evasive, long-winded, non-answers. Just yes or no. Okay?”

She focussed on a spot over his left shoulder.

“Okay,” Tony nodded as if she had consented, “Giovanni Blye was your partner while you worked here. Yes or no?”

A silence hung between them.

“…yes.”

“She speaks!” he faux-gasped, the back of his hand pressed to his forehead, “okay, good start. Next question: your primary area of…expertise, was hypnotism. Yes or no?”

Rickards sat forward in her seat, now animated.

“Yes—no—it wasn’t as simple as—”

“Ah, ah,” Tony held up his hand, interrupting her, “I’ll take your first answer, thanks. Next question: it was you who hired a man known by the alias ‘Mr Haynes,’ to infiltrate Peter Parker’s building, survey him, and when the time arose, assassinate him. Yes or no?”

Selena’s mouth dropped open, her eyes flickering back and forth wildly.

“Y—no. Kind of. Not really?”

Stark snorted, “care to elaborate on how you ‘kind of’ order the assassination of a 25 year old kid?”

Another bout of silence met his words.
With a shake of his head, he stared down at her, his eyes hardening as he shrugged, taking the seat opposite her once more, and resting his elbows on his knees, hands clasped.

“You know, I don’t get you. Sam couldn’t stop bragging about how damn cooperative you were for him when he first approached you, but as soon as you stepped foot in this place you clammed up tighter than spandex on a 400 pound woman. Do you want Sam back in here? Is that it? You got a thing for Bird Boy?”

Selena barely suppressed an eye roll.

“He’s not really my type, but thanks for the offer,” she couldn’t help but sarcastically retort, the long and tension-fraught day finally beginning to weigh on her.

She could feel her boss’ (or ex-boss now, she supposed) gaze on her, but refused to allow herself to be any more rattled. She wasn’t intimidated when he first interviewed her for her position at Stark Industries and she wasn’t intimated now.

“You know, you seemed like you were gonna cooperate fully until Dr Hart came into the room a few minutes into our conversation…” he piped up, scratching his chin, “you worked with her too, right? Knew her well? A lot of your old colleagues probably still work here too, right?”

The scientist frowned at him, wondering where he was going with this line of questioning. Her body however, seemed to sense exactly where he was going, if the sudden coldness of her hands was any indication. Her fight or flight response was kicking in…

“What was it she said?” Tony continued, almost as if he was talking to himself, “that Nurse Eliza would be in at noon with your lunch? A harmless enough statement, but you had a look on your face as if Dr Hart had said that she was leading you to the gallows. Any particular reason why you wouldn’t want Eliza in this room, Selena?”

Rickards swallowed deeply, wringing her hands. She was doing a shitty job at this aloof business. In work, sure, but not now, not when the stakes were this high. She should have paid more attention in that mandatory acting class…

“I—I thought you were sticking to yes or no questions?”
“And I thought you were a trusted employee, not a criminal mastermind. I guess that’s what thought did for us; Chenko.”

Selena veered back in her seat as if slapped.

It was the first time anyone had called her that. Well, the first time anyone had called her that when she was actually fully comos-mentis, anyway. And it stung. Wounding her deeper than Blye had already, a constant reminder of what he had turned her into, the death and destruction that lay in her wake thanks to him and his vendetta. He had ruined her life. Dismantled, piece by piece, every block of her progress over the last five years. Demolished like a condemned building until all that was left was the dense dust that invaded your lungs and threatened to choke you to death.

She had to help stop him.

Even if Eliza was here, and he threatened her, she still had to do something.

She owed herself that much.

She owed Peter Parker that much.

“Gio was my lab partner,” she began, her gaze lowering from the security camera that hung ominously in the corner of the room to the tightly clasped hands that lay in her lap, “we worked together for about eight months of my time here.”

Tony, having sensed that he was finally getting somewhere, gave her his utmost attention, which was saying a lot, coming from such an avid multitasker such as himself.

“We were a good team. I was the scientist that studied brain chemistry and altered what needed to be altered with the LK90, and he…he was the one who would…” she waved her hand, “and for a while, it worked. Mostly. Partly. Just enough to keep us employed.”

Stark tilted his head at her, “the LK90. What does it do? My team, Peter and Edward James examined it and—”
“They wouldn’t have found much,” she interjected, “by itself it’s…I won’t say harmless but…not as effective. Or as conspicuous. But with Gio’s influence, the effects were…undeniable.”

Tony sat back in his chair, folding his arms, waiting for her to continue. Slowly, Selena raised her eyes to meet his.

“Your father developed something similar, you know,” she commented as if remarking on the overcast morning, “it was from those specs that LK90 was developed. Just with a little more…tinkering. Induced less movie-theater-rage and more compliance-will-be-rewarded.”

“M-Movie theater…” Stark breathed, his eyes bugging, “you’re…you’re talking about—”

“1946, a gas canister was released into a movie theater that caused dozens of people to go nuts and rip each other to shreds. It was one of Agent Carter’s early cases I believe, when she was still with the SSR,” Rickards again interjected, almost as if she was reading from a script, “yes, the very same. LK90 is the by-product of that. An effective one, with the right stimuli.”

Tony leaned forward again, intrigued, “and what stimuli would that be?”

Rickards gave a one-shouldered shrug, her tone bitter as she replied enigmatically, “a commanding tongue and a listening ear.”

“And eye of newt and toe of frog,” Stark snapped with a roll of his eyes, “how about you stop talking in riddles and just be straight with me? What the hell were you and Blye trying to achieve and what did it do to those patients?!”

Selena took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling as she let it out, her eyes closing.

“We were trying to achieve greatness. Scientific marvel with just a hint of something else. The perfect line between scientific progress and…mystical incorporation. It’s the same old story, really. A shadow corporation…they…they want the perfect soldiers. The ones who would follow orders to the letter, ask no questions even when told lies. And that’s what we tried to give them. Patients who would do anything that Gio asked of them, when he asked it. No matter what or when or why.”
A sour twinge rose in Tony’s gut until he could taste bile clawing at his throat.

“So…mind control?”

[This feels…oddly familiar]

[Sigh. In writer lady’s defense, she did start writing this way before Jessica Jones premiered so…it really is just a coincidence]

[Guess this was what she was talkin’ about last chapter then, huh?]

[Yep]

[Time to work some shit-fix-it writer magic then, so!]

Rickards nodded, her jade eyes dim and haunting as she appeared to stare right through her boss, “yes and no. It was so much more than just mind-control it was…mind kidnapping. Mind-napping, Gio called it. You didn’t just control the person you—replaced them until all that was left was an empty shell. When Gio wasn’t using them they became dormant…shadows of their former selves. A marionette cut from its strings. The lights were on but nobody was home. During the transition, the take-over would sometimes manifest in extreme rage, sometimes in pain, other times in terror, or a nightmare amalgamation of all three. Those were the side-effects of long-term exposure, with short term being memory loss and frequent blackouts…” she trailed off, her voice growing quiet.

Tony tried to catch her eye, “Sam said he found you unconscious on the floor…” he prodded.

Selena nodded again, her hands clenching and unclenching, “when I refused to help, when things went too far and I realized what he actually wanted to do…he didn’t ask anymore. He told. He forced me t-to—” her voice broke as she gasped in a breath, “he turned me into that. Into ‘Chenko.’ Forcing me to walk and talk the part. Stay in the shadows and do as he told. The figure-head of his nefarious scheme while he remained completely anonymous, not even a moniker in play. The truly ‘silent’ silent partner.”

Tears were stinging her eyes but she refused to blink and let them fall. Taking another deep breath, she willed them away.
Stark took a moment to drink her in, noting her fatigue and distress and filing it away. Wearily, he murmured, “I still have a million and one questions, but I can see that you’re tired and have been through a lot, so I’ll leave you after you answer the main one that keeps jumping out at me.”

Selena held her head high, dry eyes meeting his.

“I’ll answer whatever you want. On one condition.”

Tony leaned into her, muscles rigid, clearly not a fan of her making such demands. But, surprisingly, after a beat, he shrugged, “name it.”

Rickards mirrored his stance, leaning in, her tone clipped, “Eliza. She doesn’t step foot in this room. Can never know I was here. And one of your team keeps an eye on her at all times.”

“That’s technically three conditions.”

“Do we have a deal?” she briskly asked, patience wearing thin.

Slowly, he nodded.

Quirking an eyebrow, she waved her hand between them, “then ask away, Stark.”

The billionaire watched her for a moment, calculated and a little furtive, before he leaned back in his chair, arms folded across his chest, chin jutted out.

“How? Why did Blye go through all this trouble in the first place? What did Peter Parker do that could get him killed?”

“That’s technically three questions,” Selena couldn’t help but remark drily before a flicker of something akin to regret, remorse, sorrow, passed over her face.
“It’s a really long story,” she murmured, her gaze back on her clasped hands.

Stark huffed, gesturing around them, “what. You got somewhere to be?”

~*~

“What case is this for again?”

Foggy Nelson glanced up from his desk, catching Karen Page’s eye.

Forcing nonchalance, he shrugged, “no case, it’s just research.”

A slender, strawberry-blonde eyebrow quirked at that.

“And you would research a super-secret and seriously shady facility when it has nothing to do with a case…why?” she asked, her tone dripping with suspicion.

“Hobby?” Foggy suggested, his tone an octave too high.

“Uh huh,” Karen nodded slowly, handing over the pages she acquired from the copier, “and would this same hobby be what has Matt so hyped up? Because I didn’t think it was possible for a guy as married to his work as him to even have hobbies…”

*Only if they involve dressing up and beating off strangers.*

*Aaaand that probably could’ve been worded better. Get it together, Foggy!*

The lawyer stifled a wince at his inner monologue and snatched the papers from her grasp with a thankful grin, depositing them on top of the braille ones, “oh trust me, Karen. Matt’s got plenty of hobbies. Some of them would even be considered boring. Like knitting. Did you know Matt can knit? He has this Christmas sweater that he’s been rockin’ since college—” he broke off with a snort, “I may have told him the wool is a nice shade of dark red…”
Karen took the bait with a roll of her eyes.

“And what colour is it really?”

“Hot pink.”

“You’re a terrible person and are probably going to hell,” she admonished over her friend’s snickering.

“Good thing I don’t believe in hell,” he grinned.

“No,” the blonde conceded, pointing a pen at him with narrowed eyes, “but Matt does. And that’s gotta count for something.”

Foggy shrugged, “guess I’ll save ya a seat then, Page,” he winked, looking down at the papers and therefore missing the flicker of anguish that passed over the secretary’s face.

It took him several seconds to realize that she was still standing at his desk. Slowly, he glanced back up, “sorry Karen, did you wanna talk about some—”

“I think I saw Daredevil last night.”

Foggy nodded, “me too. He was fighting Godzilla and wearing a tutu. Daredevil. Not the lizard…”

Karen stared at him.

“It—was a dream,” he clarified needlessly with a wave of his hand.

“You dream about Daredevil?” she asked, eyebrows rising further up her forehead.
His ears grew hot.

“I—no! Well, yeah. But…not like that. It’s just, he’s been in the paper a lot lately and…” he trailed off with a shrug, “I can’t help but wonder—”

“What he looks like?” Karen cut across him as if that was the only possible way for him to finish that sentence.

“I was gonna say ‘what he does when he’s not beating the snot outta people,’ but yeah, sure. That too,” he paused, running a hand through his hair, eyes lowering to his desk as he grumbled to himself, “he’s probably a troll under there. Like Gollum, The Grinch or Quasimodo and not at all so good looking that he’d give a less confident man a complex.”

“You’re probably right,” a familiar voice piped up from the doorway, causing Foggy to jump and Karen to whirl around, “seems to me that if he was good looking, he wouldn’t go to all that trouble hiding his face.”

“It’s called a ‘secret identity’ Matt, geez. Don’t you know anything about being a superhero?” Foggy rolled his eyes, heat spreading from his ears to his cheeks, knowing well that his friend most definitely picked up on his skipping heart beat and shallow breaths.

Sometimes, life just wasn’t fair.

Matt made a face at the word ‘superhero.’ Foggy’s eyes narrowed, zeroing in on it all its pinched glory, filing it away to examine in depth later. The office phone out on Karen’s desk began to ring so she took her leave with a sardonic smile, throwing a “you two have fun with your new hobby” over her shoulder.

“Hobby?” the brunet tilted his head all innocent-like as he closed the door behind her and turned to face his friend.

“Oh don’t ‘hobby’ me, Murdock,” Foggy grumbled, his voice dropping to a whisper, “I know damn well you heard every second of our conversation from like three blocks away. You’re foolin’ no one.”

A wry grin slowly spread across the other man’s face.
“Well, in that case…” Matt leaned over his desk, pausing for dramatic effect, the lame bastard, “hot pink, Foggy? Really? Karen’s right…that is a sin punishable by eternity amongst fire and brimstone.”

The long-haired lawyer faux-shrugged, throwing up his hands, “welp, guess you’ll just have to put in a good word for me with the big guy upstairs when you get there, then. Ain’t nothin’ splittin’ up Nelson and Murdock, not even death.”

_Till death to us part…_

_Married people could suck it. Quitters._

Matt stilled for a moment and if Foggy was a betting man he would guess that he was deliberating if what lay ahead after his demise was indeed the pearly gates and not the alternative, before he shook his head, a small smile playing about his lips, “I think I can see why Wilson thought we were married,” he murmured as if reading his best friend’s mind.

Foggy made a mental note to ask him if that really wasn’t one of his special senses. Then realized it would be just as easy to just think it at him: _hey Matt, ol’ buddy ol’ pal, can you hear my brain vomit? Tap once for yes and twice for no. No wait, you won’t do anything if you can’t ‘cause you can’t hear this, so for no, just do nothing. Oh right, you can’t hear that either…uh…_

His eyes flickered down to where Matt’s palms rested on the surface of his desk.

No tapping.

Good. That was something at least.

His thoughts were still his own business.

Now if only he could control his treacherous heart…”
“Speaking of Wilson,” Matt broke through the blond’s continuous internal struggle with his emotions and their inability to have an ounce of chill, “I take it our new ‘hobby’ has something to do with our not-case?”

Schooling his features into something more professional, more for his benefit than Matt’s, Foggy nodded, handing him over the braille documents he already went to the trouble of printing out.

“I did some digging on Skyline Laboratories. Not gonna lie, there’s not much. Super-secret facilities tend to operate super-secretively. Pretty bad-mannered of them if you ask me. Anyway,” he waved his hand, “this is all I could get…”

Murdock scanned the pages with his fingertips, a deep crease forming between his eyebrows when he reached the end.

“That’s it?”

Foggy couldn’t help but feel offended.

“‘That’s it?’ he says. Rude. First of all, did you not hear me say super-secret like twice in my last sentence? And second, it’s only been like twelve hours, dude. And six of them were spent sleeping because finding out the identities of another two famous fans of the colour red really takes it out of this humble Hell’s Kitchen pen-pusher.”

Matt at least had the manners to make his small smile a little sheepish.

“You’re no pen-pusher, Foggy.”

“Really? ‘Cause I gotta say, buddy, with the amount of paperwork lately, I’m beginning to feel like I am. Seriously. We don’t even have that many open cases, I don’t understand how we—”

“I’m sorry.”

Nelson gaped at him, “for wh—”
“I haven’t been here,” Matt trailed his fingers along his desk as he walked around it and halted barely a foot from him, leaning down into his space.

Foggy swallowed deeply, his eyes transfixed on the fingers inches from his own.

“I haven’t been here,” the brunet repeated for emphasis, “I haven’t been pulling my weight as much as I was and that has to change. It’s not fair. We’re partners, that means a fifty/fifty split of responsibility and I’ve been slacking late—”

“You have other responsibilities, buddy, I understand that,” Foggy interjected, “but you haven’t been slacking here. You still do as much paperwork as I do, you’re still with me for every new client,” he paused, taking his own hand off his desk to point a finger at him, “so stop being so hard on yourself. I’m handling it, we’re in a better place than we were starting off and that just means things are a little busier, that’s all. We’ll get through it. Together. We always do…” he trailed off, not for the first time marvelling at how everything he says to Matt lately seems to be cut straight from personalised wedding vows.

He was thrown the patented Murdock frown, accompanied by the Daredevil jaw-clench. A toofer. So rare. He would feel a little intimidated if he wasn’t already busy enough trying to dampen the spike of heat that was steadily forming in the pit of his stomach, and the racing of the perfidious resident of his rib cage that was currently beating out a tempo worthy of any Skrillex baseline.

_Not now goddamn it!_

“I’m heading out tonight, see if I can gather any info on Skyline Laboratories or where Eddie James may be being held,” Matt mumbled quietly, all indignation drained from his face, replaced by a softer and unnameable expression.

Foggy cleared his dry throat, nodding vigorously, “sounds like a plan, man,” he replied, wincing at the rhyme before waving his hands in front of him in a shooing motion, “now please, leave me. A genius needs solitude to work his wonders.”

The brunet let out a laugh as he stepped backwards, holding up his hands, “far be it from me to hinder a genius at work. Let me know if you get anything else on Skyline Laboratories. I’ll go notify Peter on what we do have…” he turned on the spot and walked back towards the door.
The blond followed him with azure eyes, grateful that the further their proximity, the calmer he was getting. How was it that he could still be affected like this after all these years?

Sometimes, life just wasn’t fair…

“Hey, Foggy?”

Matt had halted, hand on the door handle, his back still turned.

“Yeah?”

“You really think I’m as ugly as Gollum, The Grinch and Quizimoto?”

A beat of silence passed between them before the long-haired lawyer put him out of his misery.

“Nope.”

Matt’s shoulders visibly sank. In this light, it could be construed as relief.

A slow smile spread across Foggy’s face, “I think you’re uglier.”

It was a lie. Foggy didn’t need super senses to know it.

Neither did Matt.

~*~

There was something oddly sensual about wearing someone else’s clothes. And not just sensual in the sexual sense, but in the full mind-body-soul sense that ensnared your entire being and over-stimulated you beyond belief. The smallest touch, a gust of wind, and you could feel the subtle differences in how you moved and how you felt under cloth that was not woven for you to wear…
The only downfall to wearing the Spidey suit was the persona that he had to adopt. Not that he didn’t like the persona, in fact, he liked it a lot, was rather fond of the alter-persona too if he was being honest, but the thing was…Wade Wilson was no Spider Man.

And he knew it.

Everyone else knew it too.

Which was what made all this so fucking difficult. The teasing, the banter, the witticisms, he could do in his sleep. Total cake-walk. He and Peter had a very similar sense of humour, after all. But with everything else…the Canadian fell short. Far, far too short of the righteous, the heroic, the downright *neighbourly* side to Spider Man. Sure, New York may still call him a public menace (especially with J. Jonah Jameson still running The Bugle) but that trumped what New York called Deadpool.

By a long shot.

But, this had been his idea. His way to try and clear Spider Man’s name and a clever way to have him and Peter be in the same place at the same time to throw any lingering suspicions off the grad student. Not that the local PD were that smart to begin with. Excluding Detective Beharie. She seemed to be the exception to the rule. That woman was as sharp as a tack and, loath he to admit it, Wade feared that he would be unable to fool her twice, if he even managed to do so the first time round.

“Oh! Speak of the devil”

“Guess we’re gonna find out…”

“Spider Man,” Beharie nodded as she strode towards where Wade stood at the end of a deserted
“Detective,” Wade nodded, the tight spandex stretching uncomfortably at his neck. He pushed down the urge to rearrange the material.

“Thank you for meeting me,” she said, her civility not seeming disingenuous but not overly friendly either, “this won’t take long.”

Reaching into the bag slung over her shoulder (the holster and gun strapped to her side becoming exposed with the shifting of her jacket) the detective pulled out a manila folder and held it out for Wade to take. Swiftly, he took it and began leafing through it, eyes scanning back and forth down the pages.

“The dead body you mentioned washing up ashore,” he mumbled as his gaze glued to the crime scene photograph of a discoloured corpse with wide, lifeless eyes…

“He’s been identified as Charles Hanway,” she informed him with a tilt of her head, “cause of death: multiple GSWs to the chest. Dead before he hit the water.”

Wade flipped to another page, revealing what looked to be a heavily redacted document.

“And this guy has to do with the attempted assassination of Peter Parker…how?”
Beharie took a step toward him, waving a hand at the document, “we’re not sure yet. But, we may have something that could be linked to you.”

The merc’s head shot up, “what, you gonna haul my ass back down the station on another trumped up charge with absolutely no evi—”

“Relax Spider Man, I wasn’t implying you were the perpetrator, I just meant that this guy is linked to one of your…cases?” the upward inflection of her tone on that word seemed to weigh heavily in her mouth, a clear distaste of it sprawled on her face.

The Canadian’s pulse quickened.

“You mentioned the RCorp fire…” he breathed, snapping his eyes shut to will away the impending flashback.

The detective took another step forward, “I did. I believe that that man,” she waved at the file, “is the person who set it.”

A heaviness set in Wade’s chest as he stared at the dead man.

“And what does that have to do with Skyline Laboratories?”

Beharie stared at him, her dark eyes flashing, “I have it on good authority that he used to be a patient there and somehow managed to escape.”

The mercenary blinked, “on whose authority?”

She stared at him, her gaze unwavering.

He was beginning to smell a rat. This was all too…covert. The local cops didn’t deal with this cloak and dagger shit. That was a job for the other alphabet soup members, the FBI, the CIA, SHIELD, ABC, HBO, The CW.
It wasn’t the type of thing a relatively new detective and her jaded partner would be sinking their teeth into. No matter how ambitious…

“You said that you and Cassidy were two of the only NYPD officers that believed I was innocent. Why?”

Wade watched as flicker of emotion passed over the detective’s face before she expertly got herself in check. Something else slipped in place, like drapes made of steel had shuttered over her eyes.

“I know you’re not him, you know.”

[Welp, that didn’t take long]

[Well done, DiCaprio. No Oscar for you!]

At his silence, she folded her arms and cocked her head to the side. The picture of confidence.

“You do a convincing Spider Man. But not convincing enough…Deadpool.”

[Whomp, there it is]

[Well, shit]

[Can’t say we didn’t see it coming, really]

He thought about denying it, he really did. But he knew by her stance that it was no use. With a sigh, he asked: how did you—”

“I’m a detective. It’s what I do for a living.”
Well, she had him there.

Something in his own stance must have made her take pity on him, it was the only explanation for her continuation: “that and…my friend filled me in on some of your antics. Well, the ones that aren’t classified, anyway.”

Shoes started dropping in the recesses of Wade’s mind.

{How weird is that phrase?}

[I wonder if they’re men’s or women’s shoes?]

[Oh god, please don’t tell me we have to add ‘foot fetish’ to our list of kinks]

“Your friend…?” he prompted, hoping her pity on him would extend further.

She smirked wryly at him, “Agent Emily Preston.”

Well, that explained things. The ‘authority’, redacted files, the digging into meatier cases, the general badassery of Detective Beharie. Preston didn’t have many friends from what Wade could gather, but it made sense that any she did have, could keep up with her on the BAMF-scale.

“She said you’re the scumbag she needed when the world wanted heroes,” Beharie continued with a shrug, “so colour me surprised when I find you impersonating one of Earth’s Mightiest.”

Wade threw up his hands, “well, what can I say? I do enjoy a bit of cosplay every now and again.”

She quirked an eyebrow at him, “cosplay is one thing, Deadpool. But allowing yourself to get arrested? That’s another…”

The merc rolled his eyes, “well, you didn’t really give me a choice, lady. You and the rest of your trigger-happy cohorts were out for Spidey’s blood. Literally. I had to help him clear his name somehow.”
“And how do I know that the real Spider Man wasn’t the one who attacked Peter Parker after we brought you in?”

“Because! You told me you didn’t believe Spider Man was a killer. Unless…” he faltered, “unless that was a—”

She shook her head firmly.

“Relax. I meant what I said. I don’t believe Spider Man is at fault for anything here. But I would like to know what he knows about Skyli—”

“He knows just as much as me,” Wade interjected, “which is next to nothing. I never heard of the name Charles Hanway until just now and had no idea he was connected to the RCorp fire.”

The detective nodded, clearly not pleased with his response but taking it in her stride regardless.

“You were there that day…weren’t you?”

His hands clenched at his sides.

“Yeah. I—I helped Spider Man get those kids out.”

She gave him a look then, one that could almost pass for respect.

“And the teacher? The one Spider Man failed to sav—”

“He nearly killed himself trying to save that guy!” Wade snapped, eyes sliding shut again, “I had to pull him outta the way of a failing beam. He woulda been crushed like a…spider under a phone book. That guy—he was already dead when we got there. Spidey couldn’t accept that. I still don’t think he does, really…” he trailed off, shaking his head.
A silence passed between them as the Canadian tried to get his rapid breathing under control.

“You…” Beharie began after several moments, her tone so wholly different to what the merc had previously heard that it coaxed his eyes open, “you care a lot about him, don’t you?”

His stomach dropped.

Again, her stance told him that denial was futile.

“Right…you’re a detective,” he sing-songed, trying to deflect any real emotion from his voice as he waved his hands at her.

She shrugged, “call it female intuition.”

Another beat.

Wade had no idea what possessed him, perhaps it was because he missed Preston, but he freely offered, “as for Skyline Laboratories…I may not know much, but I’m pretty sure the Avengers were just summoned there under dubious circumstances.”

Beharie unfolded her arms, “and how do you know that?”

“Call it female intuition.”

She huffed out a breath of air that could almost pass for a laugh.

“So, what now?” Wade asked, leaning back against a nearby dumpster and folding his arms across his chest, almost wincing at the tight pull of spandex against his enflamed skin.

“Me and Cassidy are still working on the Hanway murder. We running down leads. In the meantime, Spider Man is officially off the NYPD’s radar, but it would be best if he kept his head down, just in case,” she informed him, taking a quick glance at her watch.
“What about Peter?”

The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them.

“You’re…well acquainted with Peter?” she asked, a furrowed line between her eyebrows.

“Well—Spider Man is. He’s…worried about him. That he’s still a target for whoever is behind all this,” Wade hastily tried to recover from his slip up.

Russet eyes bore a hole into him for a moment before she murmured, “he probably still is a target. He has refused a police detail, however. So unfortunately, there’s not much more I can do. My hands are tied.”

The mercenary nodded, “we’ll keep him safe.”

Her eyebrows twitched, as if they were going to shoot up her forehead, but thought better of it.

“Emily did say you were full of surprises…” she remarked enigmatically.

“Yeah well, so is she.”

The detective pulled a face that clearly said: *damn straight.*

At that, her cell phone abruptly pinged. With a sigh, she glanced down.

“Duty calls,” she said with a wave of her hand, her eyes travelling back up his masked face, “if you think of anything else…”

Wade held up his burner phone, “I know how to reach you.”
With that, she turned on her heel, calling over her shoulder: “give Spider Man my regards.”

Cupping his mouth in his hands, the merc called back, “give Preston mine.”

[Well. That wasn’t too bad]

{Definitely not in the top ten worst human-crazy mercenary interactions}

[You trust her?]

[As much as we trust anyone]

[So…not much?]

{But just enough}

With a sigh, Wade whirled around and rifled through the backpack that lay just behind the dumpster. It was time to slip back into the clothes made for him. Out of riches, into rags. Metaphorically speaking. Because while he may not have been rich in currency, Peter made up for it in spirit. In tenacity. In heroics. In humour, intellect and beauty.

And Wade Wilson had a date with him in six hours.

The fluttering of a familiar feeling, one he had been trying to regain earlier, bounced around in his stomach. Attentively, a small smile spread across his marred face.

[Oh joy. More ‘Walking On Sunshine...’]

[Sigh. I’ll get the ear plugs.]

~*~
Nimble, pale fingers pulled coarse hospital blankets up around the sleeping Joseph Blye. Soft, cerulean eyes flickered towards the heart and blood pressure monitor, making notes in a chart clipboard before depositing it back at the end of the bed.

“Any change?” a familiar voice asked behind her.

“Not that I can see, Dr Banner…although, he has calmed down significantly,” Nurse Eliza Woodruffe replied, her tone hushed as she turned on her heel to face him.

His face was grim, his dark eyes dull, jaw clenched. He nodded, glancing down at his own notes.

Eliza steeled herself, hands clamped tightly at her sides as she forced out the question that had been threatening to fall from her lips since early that morning, “do you know who Mr Stark brought into the facility this morning?”

Bruce slowly looked up, a frown etched into his features.

“Why?”

The nurse stood her ground, her head held high, “because I was supposed to deliver the meals to their room, and when I tried to at lunch time, I was sent away with no explanation.”

Banner took a step forward, “do you usually get explanations in a place like this?”

Eliza sighed, “not usually. But I thought—”

“If you don’t mind me asking, Eliza, why do you work in a place that you don’t seem to trust very much?” Bruce cut across her, head tilted.

She faltered, mouth opening and closing like a goldfish.
“Because the way I see it,” Bruce continued, taking another step forward until he was standing right next to her, “you are the only person in this entire facility that has shown an ounce of human compassion for these patients since I got here…you stick out like a sore thumb, and when it comes to places like this, that isn’t always a good thing.”

They each understood the weight of his words.

“I can take care of myself, Dr Banner,” she responded, her tone sounding surer than her face looked.

“You were the one that opened the door to the Records Room,” Banner stated rather than asked, lowering his voice significantly and taking a quick glance around them.

Surprise flickered across her face.

“How did you—”

“My colleagues mentioned how the door was mysteriously unlocked when they went snooping. Call it an educated guess, because I don’t think anybody here would be that negligent, not with unwanted guests wandering around, and the only person who would leave it open deliberately is the same one who has done everything in her power to help me figure out what’s going on with these patients,” he paused waving his hand towards Blye, before his dark eyes trailed back to her, glinting intensely, “but we have to be careful, Eliza. Something tells me your superiors won’t be happy if they find out you’ve been talking.”

She swallowed deeply before mumbling, “no, I don’t think they would either. I—I’ve already drawn a little bit of attention to myself when I complained about Blye’s treatment of Charlie—”

“The patient that escaped?” Bruce interjected.

Eliza nodded, “yeah, Charlie Hanway, he was Blye’s favourite patient. And by favourite, I mean—”

“The one he hypnotized the most,” Banner finished grimly, dark orbs flickering towards Blye.

Her gaze followed his to the bed.
“I think about that day all the time, when he escaped,” she breathed, her eyes wide and unblinking. “I… I was called in to assist. Charlie—he—I had never seen him like that before. So… gone. The medical staff, we’re told very little about what these experiments entail, plausible deniability and all that, but never in my wildest dreams did I ever think…” she trailed off, talking almost to herself as she recalled that day in all its ghastliness, barely suppressing a shudder.

Eliza took a deep breath, fists curled at her sides, “Mr Blye… he left not too long after Charlie escaped. Well, he was more forced out, I think. It didn’t reflect well on him, he was in charge of the patients and to let that happen, it was career-ending. Dr Hart took it particularly badly, she was the one that vouched for him,” she shrugged, “I brought her my concerns about him a couple of times over the eight months, but they mostly went ignored. By the time she actually listened…it was too late.”

Bruce chanced a glance at her, noting her stiff demeanour, her haunted expression.

“You’re saying,” he began attentively, “that Blye destroyed that man from the inside out until he had a complete mental breakdown and fled?”

The nurse slowly turned to him, her mouth downturned grimly.

“Worse than that, Dr Banner…” she paused, her eyes flickering back to Joseph’s sleeping form, “I think Blye killed him.”

~*~

First dates are a weird phenomenon.

They’re never quite the same, always mottled and rife with variables, depending on who’s experiencing it, when and with whom. The internet has a myriad of advice and tips and warnings about first dates, the dos and don’ts for the newbie, reminders for the intermediate and questions for the expert, all with capricious degrees of results. One thing that seems constant when it comes to first dates however, is that they’re positively, irrefutably, weird.

That’s not to say that they stay weird for the duration, no, sometimes, the weirdness passes within minutes as sweaty palms cool and heart beats slow, but always, without fail, there is a hint, the lingering sense of peculiarity that you either embrace or shun, depending on how well the date is
going.

But weird is good. Weird is normal.

Peter Parker just never thought things would be quite this weird.

Biting his lower lip, the grad-student-by-day-web-slinger-by-night stood in his childhood bedroom that currently looked like a tornado had passed through it Wizard of Oz-style – dozens of shirts and pants of all different colours and materials strewn about the bed, floor and oddly, the ceiling, as he tried on what must have been his ninth outfit in front of the mirror.

With a groan, he tugged at the maroon shirt’s collar with a distinct look of distaste marring his handsome features as his eyes roamed over himself. Shaking his head, his eyes caught on his cell phone that sat on top of a large heap of clothing, housing the text that Wade had sent him just over two hours ago.

**Hey Petey! Hope class went awesome-sauce. I’m pickin ur fine ass up at 7. Wear somethin nice. Classy casual. Somethin that says ‘I’m hot and I know it, but I’m not gonna be 2 much of an asshole 2 u mere mortals.’ Can’t wait! Toodles! ;) ~Wade xoxo**

Not once, not even in his wildest, fever-induced dreams, did Peter Parker think he would ever find himself stressing over what he would wear to a date with none other than Wade Wilson. The utter eccentricity of the situation had settled into his chest a long time ago and he very much doubted that it would be vacating it anytime soon.

Still, that didn’t seem to deter the flurry of excitement that had flowed through his veins when he got the text, when Wade had asked him out the night before, when he said yes. It was the same spike of exhilaration that had him grinning like a loon all day, he would have found it embarrassing if he had had the time to dwell on it, but after hours of classes and another couple working on his next paper, the feeling had ample time to sprout in his veins, spread throughout his chest cavity and heat his entire body.

It was…nice. It had been a long time since he felt anything like this, excitement, anticipation, and even with all the other serious shit that was happening lately, he couldn’t, wouldn’t let it be tampered.

Now if only his clothes would fucking cooperat—
“Oh Peter, you look so handsome,” his Aunt May’s voice broke through his impending rant.

With a frown, he turned to her, catching her eye as she stood at in the doorway, beaming at him.

“Red has always been your colour,” she mused, stepping over the threshold and over to him, hands out to fix his collar.

“It’s…all right?” he asked quietly, staring down at himself, his mouth twisted with disfavour.

Hooking a finger under his chin, she forced his head upwards so she could catch his eye, “it’s perfect, Peter. Wade won’t know what hit ‘im!”

Peter groaned at his aunt’s cheeky grin, only furthering her laughter.

Now nerves were joining the party of weird and excited that was happening in his stomach.

_Awesome._

~*~

_{Nope}_

_{Hell no}_

_{Unless you’re going for the typical-white-guy-vacationing-in-Mexico-look, sure. If not, then put down the damn sombrero}_

_{Amateur}_
Wade Wilson groaned loudly, throwing down the large hat and raking a hand down his face, frustration buzzing around his body like a swarm of angry hornets.

He had dreamt of this day for as long as he could remember. Said memory was admittedly, spotty at best, but the first-date-with-Spidey fantasy was definitely in the forefront of his addled mind off and on for the last five-six years. Which meant, at this precise moment, one hour before the big event, Wade was Freaking. The. Fuck. Out.

He had managed to compose a perfectly-worded text over the span of four hours and sent it with shaking fingers just over two hours ago and since then found himself in a tailspin of nerves, panic, anticipation, excitement and mind-numbing fear that took turns alternating and tag-teaming him.

So, it had been swell. Things inevitably took a turn for the worst when it was time to actually start dressing himself appropriately for the evening. In a wardrobe that consisted mainly of hoodies, spandex and negligees, needless to say, he felt a little ill-equipped for first date attire. But, by some miracle, he had managed to find, so far in the back it was practically in Narnia, a black shirt and slacks that would do.

*[It’s still kinda like putting lipstick on a pug’s ass though]*

*[Not winning any beauty contests?]*

*[Or foolin’ anyone into thinking that Ugly Sister here is actually Cinderella]*

“Peter doesn’t care about…” the merc began to defend himself but lost steam toward the end as his eyes raked over his tarnished flesh, scars and blemishes littering reddened and irritated skin.

*[You keep telling yourself that, Elephant Man]*

*[Making out is one thing…but the no pants dance? With a guy that looks like Freddie Kruger melted over a war-torn, double-cheese pizza?]*

*[You’re asking for a miracle, big guy]*
Shaking his head and gritting his teeth, Wade forced himself to ignore his pessimistic (if somewhat realistic) boxes and continued to get ready, focussing instead on the pretty cool date he had planned for this evening. He had to admit, it was nearly all luck that he managed to throw something so suited to Peter together in less than 24 hours, but he wasn’t one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

No matter what he thought about himself, or his appearance, this wasn’t about him. This was about Peter and an activity that would make Peter happy. And he had found that. That was the main thing. And even if the date went horribly, if it turned out that they were actually horribly suited and were doomed to forever bask in the awkward aftermath of whatever tonight may bring, he still wanted to give it the ol’ college try. He would forever regret it if he didn’t. This was his one chance and he wasn’t going to let himself blow it.

Taking a deep breath, Wade took one last look at himself in the cracked mirror, fixing his collar and smoothing down the thin crease at his shoulder. He couldn’t remember the last time he went out with absolutely no cover over his face or head, be it mask or hood. Nerves were eating away at his stomach lining, but he forced himself to take another steadying breath, focussing on the night ahead and how he could make it as enjoyable for Peter as possible.

He could do this.

He could go on a date, outside, in civilian clothes, with Spider Man.

He had been dreaming of it for years now and finally, finally, it was coming true.

[What could possibly go wrong?]

~*~

Zipping up his coat to help shield him from the slightly chilly air, Wade stood outside the Parker residence one hour later, his hand suspended in the air, hovering over the front door.

[Uh…this is where you knock, genius]

[Oh no. Is he having a stroke?]
It was last minute jitters. He felt them ebbing under his fingertips, rolling in waves down to his toes, the tingling sensation the ultimate test of his fight or flight response.

[Fight or flight? You planning on sockin’ Petey in the face and running away?]

[Now that would make one hell of a first-date story]

“Shaddup you little—”

“Wade?”

The merc jumped, his eyes landing on May Parker who stood on the doorstep, having opened the door unbeknownst to him as his boxes teased him mercilessly.

“May! Hi!” he plastered a smile over his startled mug, trying to refrain from fidgeting.

The woman chuckled, obviously picking up on his anxiety and stepped aside, ushering him through the doorway.

“Come on in, Wade. Peter’s just upstairs getting ready,” she smiled, a twinkle in her eye as she appraised him.

Wade cleared his throat, eyes darting around him.

“So…” May began, motioning for him to follow her into the kitchen, “how’s work?”

He knew she was trying to put him at ease. To not constantly remind him of his impending date and the nerves that went along with it, but he wasn’t in the best frame of mind to go through his cover story at the moment.

“Oh it’s…it’s fine,” he murmured, trying to shove his hands in his pockets only then remembering
that he was wearing slacks, “same shit, different day.”

May laughed, “oh, I know that feeling. You know, most people think that being a nurse is like constantly being on a different episode of ER every day, but really, while I am always rushed off my feet, it’s not always as glamorous and sundry as Julianna Margulies makes it look.”

Wade threw her a small smile, “well I’m sure that you—”

The words died in his throat as Peter quietly slipped into the room, right hand through the sleeve of his coat, his left flailing to find the other. He looked…breath-taking. The merc drank him in, finding himself re-enacting every cheesy movie he’d ever seen, imagining everything in slow-mo with the camera slowly panning up every inch of Peter’s body as if he were an enticing runway model.

Raking his eyes over the tight maroon shirt that nicely show-cased all the lean-muscle the brunet had to offer, Wade swallowed deeply, his throat dry. With a start, he realized that he had been full-out staring for far longer than what was socially acceptable. Heat rose to his cheeks as he coughed and forced himself to meet Peter’s eyes.

“Hey Peter.”

“Hi Wade.”

[Welp, this isn’t awkward]

[At all]

May stood between them glancing back and forth as if she was watching a particularly enthralling, silent tennis tournament before she eventually rolled her eyes, “well, I guess you two better get going. You wouldn’t want to be late,” she said cheerily, giving the two of them a push towards the door. “don’t worry, you can stare at each other as much as you want on the way. Have fun boys!”

[And so it begins…]

[Is it too late to take a Xanax? Anyone, anyone…? Bueller?]
They had been walking for several minutes and neither had managed to say a word. Peter had been afraid of this, that the weirdness would encapsulate them, that everything that transpired between them would suddenly become so... *real* that it would overpower any desire they had to try and make things normal...

His palms were sweating, heart hammering in his chest. He felt as if he was twelve years old again, wearing a shirt that was at least a size too big for him and desperately clutching a glass of Coke, standing in the gymnasium trying to pluck up the courage to ask Stephanie Vero to dance with him.

Both Peter and Wade had been subtly (but actually not as subtly as either would like) stealing glances of each other out of the corner of their eyes since they left the Parker household, each making false starts at a conversation. Neither could understand the other’s (and their own) hesitation, they had already had their tongues down each other’s throats and their semis pressed against each other’s legs for god’s sake, but now that they were here, on an actual date, something which they both had in some way, shape or form, had given a lot of thought to over the years, words failed them.

Just as they were passing by a restaurant, the loud and nasally voice of a woman talking with her friend, wine-glass in hand, met their ears:

“I don’t know, Diane. Sometimes I doubt your commitment to this friendship!”

“Sometimes I doubt your commitment to sparkle motion!” the two men muttered under their breaths in unison.

And just like that, the ice was broken...

Hazel eyes met chocolate brown and they both burst out laughing, startling the women. Ignoring the scandalized glares they were now receiving, Peter and Wade gave a wide birth of the restaurant and continued on their way, standing closer than they had been before, their hands almost brushing as they walked. The moment was a nice call back to not only one of their all-time favourite movies, but also the first time they met, all those years ago on the roof of Sam’s Tacos...

“So...” Peter piped up, now feeling much more at ease as he caught sight of Wade’s small, amused grin, “where are we going?”
The merc tapped his nose, his grin growing larger, “all in good time, Petey. All in good time…”

~*~

An ecstatic beam broke out on Peter Parker’s face as he and Wade stood outside a tall, grey building just over twenty minutes later.

“Wade…” he breathed, not caring that emotion was creeping into his tone, “how the hell did you get tickets for this?”

The merc merely winked at him, “I have my ways…”

Biting his lip, Peter bumped his shoulder gently as they stepped inside and stood in line, waiting to be shown where to go.

“The World Science Festival,” the brunet gaped, eyes wide as he glanced about himself, drinking in all the exhibitions, mouth hanging open, “have you any idea how long I tried to get tickets to this?”

Wade chuckled, a warmth spreading in his chest at the sight of Peter’s happy face.

They spent the next two hours perusing the event, stopping every few minutes for the grad student to admire something, or quirk an intrigued eyebrow, or point out something to the mercenary that he had absolutely no idea about whatsoever. Wade didn’t mind being a little out of his element however, entirely content to watch the excited beam that didn’t leave Peter’s face, his eyes alight with mirth as he came in contact with science exhibitions, experiments and seminars. It was a wondrous sight, truly addictive, and knowing that he was the one that put that look on the younger man’s face in the first place? That was downright delectable.

“Oh my god, Wade. Come here, look at this!” Peter exclaimed animatedly, re-arranging all the merch and free-stuff he had acuminated, grabbing at his arm and pulling him over to an exhibit, bouncing on the balls of his feet with barely-concealed glee.

“Alright, alright, calm down Parker,” the Canadian laughed, a thrill flowing up his arm from where Peter clutched at him.
The brunet was no longer listening however, instead taking it upon himself to explain in depth what the scientist attached to this project was trying to achieve, complete with energetic language and hand movements. Wade nodded and smiled in all the right places, encouraging him, just happy to watch Peter immersed in his element. It never ceased to amaze him just how smart he was, how at home he was here, in the world of science. Wade could stay here with him forever, just engrossing himself in his enthusiasm, his wonder, his—

“Oh dude, look at that guy! Gross!”

Wade stilled as a loud chorus of young people approached from behind them.

“Ew! He looks like a mutated burn victim!”

{Oh…shit}

{Fuck}

Peter faltered mid-sentence, eyebrows furrowing as his troubled gaze travelled over Wade’s shoulder.

The merc tried to pretend he didn’t hear, keeping his attention straight ahead, the words on the display melding together as he refused to even blink.

“What a freak,” the same voice laughed as a few others joined in, “guy looks like one of those low-budget horror-flick monsters.”

Peter took a sharp step forward, jaw clenched, eyes flashing dangerously.

“Peter don’t,” Wade murmured quietly, grabbing his wrist and holding him in place.

“Wade…” Peter went to push past him before catching his eye, seeing something there that made him deflate a little, his shoulders sagging.
“Leave it,” the Canadian continued, a minute, tight smile tinged with sadness on his face, “it’s okay. I’m used to it…”

Hazel eyes locked onto his, holding his gaze for several moments as the laughing and pointing continued. It felt as if they were on the precipice of something, silently communicating back and forth, the world outside the two of them falling apart until all that was left standing was them, locked in their staring contest, barely breathing.

Wade’s heart hammered in his chest as Peter’s hand suddenly twitched before moving swiftly into his coat pocket, rummaging for a split second. The mercenary opened his mouth to question what he was doing, but before he could even take a breath to get the words out, a booming round of laughter (far brasher than before) sounded from over his shoulder.

Fearing the worst, he forced himself to turn, only to find that the teenager who had made insulting remarks about him now had his pants down around his ankles, his cheesy, off-colour love-heart boxers wholly exposed as he tripped over himself to try and pull them back up, his cheeks rosy red with embarrassment while his peers continued to laugh heartily.

Tilting his head, Wade’s gaze zeroed in on the fine, barely visible, silvery line that had attached itself to the boy’s jeans and followed it back to its source, his non-existant eyebrows shooting up his forehead.

Gaping, he whipped back around to Peter who merely winked at him, fumbling with his pocket again before quickly reaching out and clasping his left hand, interlacing their fingers. Somehow, it felt like the most intimate thing the mercenary had ever experienced, and perhaps it was. His pulse raced as the brunet squeezed his hand, quickly leading him past the group of teenagers (his glare so severe Wade was surprised that no one spontaneously combusted) and out into the lobby, towards the front entrance.

“Wait, Peter, what about the rest of the—”

“I saw everything I wanted to see,” came his response, “let’s go do something you like.”

[We like you]

[Can we do you?]
“Actually…” Wade began as they stepped out onto the street, elated when Peter didn’t immediately drop his hand, “I do have a reservation at a restaurant uptown. You hungry?”

The younger man turned to him, a small smile gracing his features, his eyes soft.

“I could eat.”

“So…you make a habit of bringing your web-shooters on dates with you and pantsing teenagers?”

Peter chuckled, shaking his head as they walked down the street towards the restaurant.

“Well, I haven’t been on a date in a while so I’m a little rusty on the etiquette,” he smirked before his mouth downturned into something less playful, “not gonna lie though, I’m kinda glad I did.”

Wade smirked, “me too.”

A beat of sombre silence passed between them.

“You shouldn’t have to put up with assholes like that,” the younger man said suddenly, his tone
The Canadian tried to hide his surprise at the intensity of his anger whilst also ignoring the not-so-subtle heat sparking in his abdomen.

“Arsí sí que es...” he grumbled, before trailing off.

“Eso sí que es...” he grumbled, before trailing off.

“Uh... why did the big guy just spell out S-O-C-K-S?”

“Oh my god, we do have a foot fetish, don’t we?”

At Peter’s confused glance, Wade just waved his hand, “like I said, I’m used to it.”

“But you shouldn’t have to be,” the younger man growled, his hardened tone unfurling a ball of arousal in Wade’s abdomen, “fucking asshats like that shouldn’t be allowed be—”

The mercenary cut him off by leaning into him and gently kissing his cheek, dangerously close to his mouth.

“My hero,” he breathed against his skin, “standing up for the underdog. Not that I’m not loving this dark side, Anakin, but let’s not let it ruin our night, okay? I still have plans for you…” he trailed off, leaning back to leer at him little, throwing him an exaggerated wink.

A grin broke out on Peter’s face as he began to laugh at Wade’s antics, shaking his head before his eyes followed where the other man had gestured.

“Of course,” he murmured, surprised and yet not, his eyes blazing with humour and something far, far softer…
“Wow, Wade…” he gaped as the two of them walked through an empty Sam’s Tacos, up the stairs and out onto the roof.

There, set out in front of them was a solitary table, laden with fancy cutlery, a single red-rose and a bottle of wine chilling in an ice-bucket, all surrounded by dozens of candles and the appetizing smell of food wafting into the night air.

[How romantic…didn’t think the big guy had it in him]

[Please. He’s been fantasizing about this since the dawn of time. We’re lucky this is all he planned and not professing his love by sky-writing their initials into a giant heart or something equally as lame]

With a bashful grin, the mercenary reluctantly dropped the grad student’s hand after another quick squeeze and gestured for him to take a seat, refraining from pulling it out for him (he didn’t want to lay it on too thick) and sinking into the chair opposite.

Once settled, glass of wine in hand, Peter asked: “how long did all this take?”

“Not long.”

[Six hours]

[And a lot of bribing]

With that, he gestured for him to start tucking in.

With attentive fingers, Peter lifted the lid off his plate, his eyes growing wide, “chicken with lime cilantro crema, holy crap, you remembered!” he gasped as he was met with his very favourite type of taco.
“Lightly seasoned with cumin and paprika,” Wade added to show off, just because he could, “and of course I remembered,” he scoffed, before holding up his glass.

“Bon Appetit, Peter.”

They clinked glasses, staring at one another over the rims.

“Bon Appetit, Wade.”

~*~

Peter let out a truly obscene groan as he polished off the last of his taco, hazel eyes slipping closed.

Wade’s throat felt as if it was being squeezed by a boa constrictor as he stared at the other man, his mind, not for the first time that night, imagining him making that sound under entirely different circumstances.

“That was amazing,” the brunet sighed, eyes still closed.

“G-Glad you liked it, Petey,” the Canadian replied a little shakily, taking a large gulp of his wine.

“I never knew you could cook,” Peter remarked offhandedly as he picked at the remaining few fries on his plate.

“What you don’t know about me could fill a young-adult book series,” Wade winked.

A weightiness crossed the younger man’s face at those words, “yeah, you’re right,” he nodded, catching his eye, “but I intend to change that,” he finished, allowing the challenge to seep into his tone.

The merc stared at him for a moment, before leaning onto the table and crossing his arms, head tilted,
“you mean…right now?”

The brunet smirked, “no time like the present,” he shrugged, “how about a game of twenty questions?”

A slow smile broke out on Wade’s face. Never one to back down from a challenge, he merely waved his hand, gesturing for Peter to start.

“Okay then,” Peter narrowed his eyes, clearly thinking hard before snapping his fingers, “favourite colour?”

{Ever notice how writer lady constantly uses both American and British English spelling for stuff?}

[I have. She’s a rebel like that]

[*Shrug* Some things just sound like they should have a Z instead of an S in them]

[But she’ll never give up her U dammit! Colour, favourite, humour, motherfuckers! Sue her!]

[No, don’t do that. She’s broke]

[Alright then…fight her!]

[No, don’t do that either. She’s non-confrontational as fuck]

Wade snickered, “I bet you think you know the answer already, right?”

The younger man nodded, “I think I know you better than you think.”

“Well, if you think the answer’s red…you’re wrong.”
Peter’s face fell. He clearly had thought that.

“If it’s not red then what—”

“According to uncyclopedia, it’s octarine, which undoubtedly has its merits for the made-up colour of magic, but it’s actually uh…hazel,” he finished a little awkwardly, unable to look him in the eye.

The brunet felt his cheeks heat up at that confession and the implications that went with it. Slowly, he took a breath and forced himself to continue.

“Okay…what’s your—”

“Whoa, whoa, this game isn’t one-sided, Petey. Fair’s fair. My turn,” he jabbed a finger at him before stroking his chin and adopting the wizened old wizard expression as he thought of a decent question.

“Favourite comedian?”

“Robin Williams. Favourite song?”

Wade gasped, looking stricken, “that’s Sophie’s choice, right there. Downright evil. No way I can choose just one, but I can tell you the song that’s running through my head right now?”

Peter nodded for him to continue.

“Chickity China the Chinese chicken, you have a drumstick and your brain stops tickin’. Watchin X-Files with no lights on, we're dans la maison, I hope the Smoking Man's in this one. Like Harrison Ford I'm getting frantic, like Sting I'm tantric, like Snickers, guaranteed to satisfy. Like Kurosawa I make mad films, okay I don't make films, but if I did they'd have a samurai!” the mercenary sang rapidly, a teasing grin on his face.

The grad student grimaced, less than pleased to be subjected to such torture.
“Hey, not a word about The Barenaked Ladies, they’re a National Treasure,” Wade exclaimed, pointing an accusatory finger at him.

“Thank god I’m American,” Peter grumbled, taking another sip of wine.

“Oh yeah,” the Canadian snorted, “because you guys have such gems like O-Town and 98°.”

The American shook his head at him, leaning across the table and forcing him to catch his eye before saying defiantly, “one word: Nickelback.”

Wade cringed.

{Not Nickelback!}

{Our kryptonite!}

“Okay, okay, you got me there,” he surmised and before he could fully talk himself out of it, he asked a little attentively, “…when did you realize you liked guys?”

Peter’s lips separated slightly, clearly shocked at the turn in conversation. But he too was not one to back down from a challenge.

“In 7th grade,” he replied easily, tilting his head, his eyes shining with mischief, “when did you realize you liked me?”

{Oh, so that’s how he wants to play it, huh?}

{Bring it on, bug boy}

“Spider Man you, or Peter Parker you? Because those are two entirely different answers.”
A beat of silence passed between them.

“Both, I guess.”

Wade shifted in his seat, casting his mind back to all those years ago when he first came into contact with Spider Man. Quickly, he rifled through memories and the feelings attached to them.

“Spider Man…you had me at ‘you can go suck a fuck,’ he paused, his smile fond as they both remembered the very first time they laid eyes on each other, all barbs and nervous energy and awe and Donnie Darko quotes, “I remember thinking, now this is a guy that can appreciate a good joke and well-timed reference.”

Peter sat back in his chair, his eyes a little unfocused as he spoke, “I really didn’t know what to make of you at all. I mean, I had heard stuff…rumours mostly, but to have you suddenly there in front of me, wise-cracking and making me laugh? I…honestly that was the first time I had laughed in a long, long time. I thought about it for weeks afterwards.”

Wade gaped at him, stunned by his admission.

Peter, having come out of whatever temporary trance he had fallen into, blushed deeply at what he just said, before forcing himself to ask: “you really liked Spider Man for that long? Why didn’t you ever say anything…you know, seriously?”

The mercenary knew what he meant by that. He had laid it on thick around Spidey, sexual innuendos, shameless flirting, blatant come-ons, but never, had any of the quips ever come across as serious intentions. They were for fun, part of their banter, their witty back and forths that Spider Man pretended to just tolerate when he was actually flattered and a little tickled by, and Deadpool pretended to just say to try and make him uncomfortable when really all he actually wanted to do was let him know just how serious he really was.

He fought to put the explanation into words, “I mean, I thought you—you know, swung for team straight—”

[Haha. ‘Swung’]
“—so I didn’t really try anything with serious intent. Seemed like a lost cause.”

[Nothing worse than a lost cause]

{Do not give writer lady ‘Pride’ feels right now. She needs to concentrate and that movie already distracts her enough without you quoting heart-breaking moments from it!}

Slowly, Peter slid his hand across the table and rested it lightly on top of Wade’s. Nervously, the latter looked up and found himself lost in that hazel he so admired.

“And Peter Parker…? When did you start liking him?”

Now that was an altogether more complicated question.

“I…don’t know, really,” he breathed, maintaining eye contact, “it felt gradual but rapid too, you know? I—I think once I realized that you and Spidey were the same person, I understood how I felt was so similar to how I had been feeling about you for a long time. Just a different side of you. And seeing those two sides to you now, every day, it feels like a…blessing. Like I’m part of some secret club that gets to see into both sides of your world—” he broke off, swallowing deeply as he recognized that he was giving away far too much.

The ambiance had shifted around them. A tension, heavy but not grave, lay between them as both of their minds whirled a mile a minute, they each fighting to control their breathing. They had reached the point of no return, and they both knew it. It had been established that they both enjoyed a challenge. This felt like the start of many…

“I know what you mean,” Peter piped up, taking the plunge head-first, appearing as if he was going to look away from him but was unable or unwilling to, “I—I knew you were, well, you, this whole time but…you were a different side to you. I’ve always known that Wade Wilson was Deadpool, but I guess I failed to realize that Deadpool was also Wade Wilson,” he paused, eyebrows furrowed as he thought back over what he just said.

“What I mean is…Wade Wilson has an entire life outside of what Deadpool seems to be. A life where he is great at cooking and dancing and making people’s aunts laugh easily,” he gently
squeezed his hand, a far too tender expression on his face, “a life where he can’t fix sinks worth a
damn but tries his hardest anyway, a life where he makes someone feel lighter than they have in
years, a life where even just the thought of kissing him makes someone—”

Wade leapt across the table, swallowing the rest of Peter’s sentence with a kiss. Clenching his fists
around that luscious maroon shirt, he pulled the shorter man to his feet and walked him backwards,
stumbling over his own feet as his hands roamed over every inch of him he could reach.

“You’re…you’re that someone, right?” he gasped as he broke the kiss, his lips barely an inch away.

“Hell yeah,” Peter breathed against his mouth, leaning in further to pepper his jaw with tiny pecks,
slowly inching down his neck as Wade backed him against the wall housing the door leading down
into Sam’s Tacos.

“Déjà vu,” he smiled, stifling a gasp as Peter’s tongue lapped at his collar bone, “I gotta admit
Parker, suit or no suit, I really like having you against a wall like this…”

“Having me?” the younger man unglued his lips from his skin with a soft ‘pop’, his tone teasing as
he caught the merc’s wrist, yanking him around roughly until he had him pushed up against the wall,
his back colliding with it loudly, the brute force in which he was held there shocking and arousing
him simultaneously.

“You haven’t ‘had’ me anywhere, Wade,” Peter laughed, leaning in so that their lips were but a
hair’s breadth from touching, his eyes glinting with promise, “at least…not yet.”

[Holy Mary Mother of Fuck]

[Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen]

~*~

Turns out, walking down the streets of New York City with a semi as the object of your affection
teases you mercilessly, is no easy feat. But Wade Wilson did his utmost. It was if they were the best
kind of drunk, despite having drank barely a bottle of wine between them, their heads a pleasant hive
of fuzziness and their nerves singing a symphony of exhilaration. Their intoxication at the night and
each other grew more and more potent as they grew closer and closer to the Parker residence,
stopping every few seconds to grope each other in the shadows, mouths swollen and skin itching to be touched.

Wade was in the middle of sucking what was sure to be quite the impressive hickey into Peter’s neck when the latter suddenly detached himself from him and took a step back.

The merc’s lower lip jutted out like a sulking toddler at the loss of contact. The brunet tried and failed not to find that downright adorable.

“Wait…” he whispered into the darkness, trying to catch his breath.

Something flickered over the mercenary’s face at his words, a myriad of emotion – disappointment, fear, anguish, before he expertly slid his mask of indifference back in place.

“No hey,” Peter leapt to reassure him, his hand resting on the taller man’s chest, “I’m not—I really wanna do you—THIS,” he amended with a wince, “it’s just…let’s get inside first.”

A wave of relief passed over Wade’s face as he registered his words. Silently, Peter took his hand and dragged him down the street, deliberately not glancing in the direction of Rick Jackson’s house. Once they reached his front door, the Canadian lounged against it as the younger man fished out his keys and opened the door, ignoring the slight shake to his hands. Nerves were starting to settle into his bones now, but anticipation soon overrode it, a soothing balm.

Wade not-so-patiently waited for them to step inside and Peter to lock the door behind them before pouncing, tearing off his own coat and attacking Peter’s with equal fervour. The latter smiled into the kiss, giving him a hand to take off the offending garment, letting it fall to the floor, pooling at their feet.

[Aww yeah, better rename this place 21 Hump Street ‘cause we’re about to get freak-ay up in herrrre]

[Just call us Jenko, baby]

[Wait. Are we Channing Tatum? We’re Channing Tatum, right?]

[Always thought we were more of a Johnny Depp, but let’s roll with it]
[Does that make Petey, Schmidt? ‘Cause he sure as hell doesn’t look like Jonah Hill]

{Fuck it, the homoerotic subtext has finally become context, who the hell cares who’s who?!}

Steadily, the merc walked him backwards into the living room, slipping his tongue into his mouth as he pushed Peter up against the wall, crowding into him, kissing the smile that had yet to vacate his face. Slowly, he trailed his hands up his stomach, pulling at his shirt, his fingers brushing against flush skin. Peter nibbled on Wade’s bottom lip as one hand reached up to grasp at his face, the other trailing down his back, resting on his ass, giving it a firm squeeze.

Wade broke the kiss, gasping into Peter’s mouth, “you ever uh…do this before?” he asked before he could stop himself.

Peter glanced at him quizzically, a blush tingeing his cheeks, “have sex?”

{Petey may be blushing, but I don’t think he’s a blushing virgin}

[Someone that hot couldn’t possibly be]

Wade cleared his throat, his eyes darting over Peter’s shoulder, unable to look him in the eye as he clarified, “have sex with a guy.”

There was a slight pause, before a soft voice murmured into his shoulder, “I…went to college.”
The merc found his eyes once more.

“And fucking dudes was on your curriculum or…?”

“Wade,” the brunet whined, exasperated.

“What?” Deadpool laughed, “I didn’t go to college. For all I know you guys could have had a fucking and fellatio class.”

{Which Petey definitely got an A in}

[A+ even]

[With that mouth…it was an Easy A]

[Or an ‘Easy Lay’ – hey-o!]

[You’re an embarrassment]

“What…what I mean is…I fooled around with a guy. A…a couple of guys,” the younger man struggled to explain, tracing his fingers along the hard plains of the merc’s shoulder blades.

“At the same time?” the Canadian gaped, mouth falling slightly open.

Peter took that one second too long to answer.

“Oh my god!” Wade exclaimed, his breath bouncing off his check, “Peter Middle Name Parker! You
“Benjamin.”

“You little Benjamin? That’s a weird—”

“No, Benjamin…it’s my middle name,” Peter mumbled, biting his bottom lip, “seems…seems kinda important you know that now that we’re—”

“Foolin’ around? Mid-coitus? Doing the no-pants dance?”

“All of the above, I guess,” he shrugged, catching Wade’s eye again.

“Awesome,” the merc smirked, “now I know what full name to yell out later.”

With that, he leaned forward and captured his lips again, “you’re wearing…too much…clothes,” he murmured between kisses, gently but swiftly unbuttoning the buttons on the maroon shirt before pulling it off him, further messing up his wild hair and skewing his glasses.

The merc took a beat to drink in the delectable sight that was Peter Parker’s torso, all lines of lean but defined muscle covered with freckled skin, with a smattering of moles in places.

The brunet rolled his eyes and fixed his glasses, missing the look of adoration the other man threw him, reaching down to the hem of Wade’s shirt, his fingers resting lightly on his lower abdomen.

Slowly, he raised his gaze up to meet the Canadian’s, a silent question passing between them. With the slightest of nods, Wade gave him permission and braced himself. Despite having been naked in front of Peter before (albeit in a drastically different circumstance), it didn’t stop the bundle of nerves from forming in the pit of his stomach and rapidly spreading to the rest of his body like wildfire.

Peter knew that Wade was feeling less than confident about his body, so he made an effort to make it as obvious as possible just how much he wanted him. With a devious smirk and glint in his eye, he
ripped open Wade’s shirt, buttons flying everywhere as pushed it off his body, throwing it over his shoulder before raking his hands up his abs and resting on his pecs as he leaned in for another kiss. The merc gaped at him but followed his lead, kissing him back feverishly. With a groan, the younger man’s hands swept over every inch of tarnished skin he could get at before lowering again, resting on the merc’s waistband.

Wade gasped as Peter cupped his half-hard cock over his jeans, his lips separating from his as he tried to control his rapid intake of breath.

“Is that a gun in your pocket…or are you just happy to see me?” the grad student asked with a chuckle, his eyes sparkling brightly.

“Oh my god you are such a nerd,” Deadpool breathed, letting out a soft whine as Peter cupped him tighter.

“Well, you never know with you…you’re always pulling weapons outta…somewhere,” came the shrugged response as nimble fingers worked their way into his pants.

“Speaking of weapons…” he murmured just as his palm brushed against skin.

“Holy shit,” Wade gasped at the sensation and the terrible joke, his hips jerking forward.

Biting his lip, Peter eased the mercenary’s pants down further, gripping his cock a little tighter and giving it an experimental tug. When Wade’s head fell back, his eyes drifting closed, a choked noise escaping his throat, the younger man gave himself a mental pat on the back, laying a gentle kiss on his neck and sinking to his knees.
Wade’s eyes snapped open, glancing down at him, his expression puzzled.

“Pete—”

He took him into his mouth. The merc gasped, his knees buckling a little as Peter bobbed his head, taking down as much of him as his throat could handle.

“Oh…holy—f-fuck,” Wade babbled, his chest heaving with laboured breaths as he ran a large hand through Peter’s brunet tresses, gripping them tightly in his fist.

[Yep. Told ya. A fucking Plus]

“P-Pete…” he croaked as the younger man slowly licked a wet trail up his dick, stopping to lap at the head, no doubt already tasting the salty beginnings of pre-come on his tongue, his hand pumping the base with just the right amount of pressure.

A heat was unfurling low in the mercenary’s abdomen at Peter’s ministrations, like a bubbling pot of molten lava that threatened to boil over. Involuntarily, his grip on the brunet’s hair tightened as he fought to speak.

“P-Petey…you—you keep goin’ the way you’re goin’ and—and this is gonna be over a lot…a lot quicker than I want it to be,” he warned, gasping down at him, trying to keep his eyes open.
The sight of such a handsome bastard kneeling at his feet, staring up with those hazel eyes as he blew him proved to be too much for Wade’s already addled brain to handle. With an animalistic growl, he wrenched Peter up off his feet and shoved him back against the wall (he really was getting addicted to doing that), pressing flush against him with a biting kiss.

As his tongue licked at his bottom lip, a thrill surging in his spine as he tasted himself, his hands worked on opening Peter’s jeans, his left impatiently shoving itself into the black boxers. The younger man mewed as the merc’s palm closed around him, the friction maddening as it moved up and down, the sound of skin slapping against skin reverberating off the walls.

“W-Wade…don’t—don’t stop,” he gasped against the merc’s lips as he pulled him closer to him, hands squeezing his ass, his eyes rolling back as his head thumped against the wall, his knees sagging a little as his senses went into overdrive. Neither of them had been touched like this in so long, the pleasure of it was just on the cusp of unbearable.

“Don’t worry, Petey…I don’t plan on lettin’ go of you anything time soon,” the matter-of-fact tone was punctuated with a firm twist of his wrist.

Peter’s eyes danced around in his skull as he felt the embers of his impending orgasm beginning to spark in his gut.

“That—that sounds good but—we should…probably take this upstairs,” he gasped, pawing at Wade’s shoulder lazily.

“As you wish,” he smirked, slipping his hand out of his pants and gripping his hip (he wasn’t kidding about not letting him go) as they both kicked off their shoes.

“Come on,” the brunet murmured, squeezing his hand and leading the way out of the living room and up the stairs, they both laughing as they tripped on their half-undone pants.
Wade caught Peter around the waist to stop him from stumbling again on the last step, inadvertently pulling him back against the erection that still strained against his boxer briefs. The merc let out a groan as that pert ass dragged against him, the friction downright sinful. The younger man gave a short moan, tensing slightly before reaching behind him and grabbing Wade’s hip, pulling him even harder against him.

“Shit…” he ground out through clenched teeth before whirling around on the spot and pulling the taller man down, attacking his mouth with his own.

The Canadian happily complied, sheer exhilaration seeping from his pores at Peter’s enthusiasm as he pulled him into his bedroom and slammed the door behind them, breaking the kiss and stepping back, his chest heaving as he fought to catch his breath.

Wade stared at him as he wrenched down his pants and boxers and kicked them away, not once breaking eye-contact.

His throat tightened.

Spider Man was stark naked in front of him.

[Ew! Don’t think of Stark at a time like this!]

[It’s an expression, idiot]

He was a glorious sight. Slim but strong build, freckles and moles making tantalizing patterns like patchwork across his skin. Wade drank in every inch, his chocolate eyes raking down the treasure trail of fine, brunet hair, until he reached Peter’s dick in all its hardened glory.

Slowly, he bent to pull off his own pants and boxers, kicking them away.

He was stark naked in front of Spider Man.

And nobody was recoiling in horror.
In fact, Peter seemed to be admiring him in much the same way, if his wide eyes and gaping mouth were any indication.

It was better than any fantasy he had ever dreamt up.

A swell of emotion overcame him suddenly as he was hit, full force, with what was transpiring. It wasn’t a dream, it wasn’t some late-night fantasy that he beat off to and felt guilty about afterwards, it was a fully consensual, fully real occurrence. He was going to have sex with Spider Man, with Peter Benjamin Parker, sex that was not only fully consensual, but desired. For once, his boxes were completely and utterly silent…

Dragging his teeth over his bottom lip, the shorter man leaned up and pecked his lips, much gentler than ever before, barely more pressure than a butterfly’s fluttering wing. An odd sense of calm overcame Wade then, like this was what his mouth was originally made for, like a missing puzzle piece of himself had suddenly slotted into place, like he was now whole.

*Maybe this is what home feels like? Maybe it’s not a place, but a person…*

Peter turned them on the spot and pushed him backwards towards his bed. Wade sat down heavily as it hit the back of his knees, easing himself up the bed. He had barely a second to adjust to the new angle before the brunet straddled his hips, pushing him down onto his back. Stretching out his arm, the merc took hold of the black-rimmed glasses and removed them, desperately wanting to see those hazel orbs properly.

“There they are…” he murmured quietly as Peter caught his eye.

Gently, he took his glasses, their fingers brushing and leaned slightly to his right, depositing them on the bedside table before turning his attention back to the man underneath him, his eyes glinting in the soft moonlight. Slowly, he began to rock back and forth, his ass sweeping against Wade’s cock enticingly.

The Canadian let out a hiss at the contact, his head falling back against the pillows.

“You’re a fucking tease,” he breathed, huffing out a laugh, forcing his eyes to stay open. There was absolutely no way he was missing one second of naked Peter Parker straddling him.
“You’ve no idea,” came the playful reply as fingers started to lightly trail over his chest, weaving in and out of the scars and blemishes, completely unfazed by their ugliness.

Wade’s heart thumped wildly in his chest at the sheer tenderness of the touch, emotion continuing to flow within him. His breath hitched as Peter’s knuckles brushed lowly against his abdomen before his hand gripped his own erection. Gaping, the merc watched as the younger man stroked himself for a few seconds, his hazel eyes falling closed, his head tilting back in delight.

He could come just from this, just…watching this beautiful man bring himself to the brink of ecstasy, but it wasn’t to be as suddenly. Peter’s eyes snapped back open, his mouth curving into an amalgamation of a grin and a smirk, before licking his palm and lifting himself slightly off Wade and sliding lower, taking the merc’s dick in hand and jerking him off swiftly. His slightly dampened hand easily slid over the head, gathering the pearls of pre-come and using it to slicken his palm, dragging it down the shaft and pumping it steadily.

Meanwhile, Wade was trying to catch his breath, his hips jerking upwards, he completely compliant under Peter’s ministrations. Suddenly, a draft of cool air hit his skin. Frowning at the loss of contact, he lifted his head off the pillow just in time to see the other man again leaning up and across to his bedside table, rummaging through a drawer.

A spark of eagerness unfurled in his stomach as he caught sight of what lay in Peter’s hands when he sat back.

“Someone’s a boy scout,” he smirked as the brunet deposited a condom on the bed and uncapped a tube of lube and squeezed it into his palm.

“Always come prepared,” he winked before his slicked up hand gripped Wade’s cock, sliding it up and down roughly.

“F-Fuck, Peter,” the Canadian gasped up to the ceiling, his eyes rolling back into his head as Peter pumped him.

Heat was rising in his abdomen, higher and higher, his balls tightening—

“P-Peter, you—”
The brunet’s hand suddenly disappeared from him.

“Goddamit!” the merc exclaimed, glancing back down to find Peter chuckling, his abdominal muscles shaking as he sat on his legs.

“Sorry Wade,” he grinned, not looking very sorry at all, “but we can’t give you a happy ending before we really begin. That wouldn’t be very fair,” he retorted, slicking up his fingers once more and rising up on his knees, his right hand reaching behind him.

“Holy fuck,” Wade gaped, his brain short-circuiting at the sight of Peter fingering himself, stretching his hole.

A tormenting blush spread across Peter’s entire face and down his chest as he felt chocolate eyes on him, faltering slightly with nerves. It had been a long time since he did this with such a captivated audience…

Silently, as if sensing his anxiety, Wade reached up and clasped his jaw gently, brushing his lips against his, one hand resting on his hip as the other joined Peter’s at the cleft of his ass cheeks.

“Why don’t you…” he whispered against his lips, “let me?”

Hazel eyes searched his for a moment before he relinquished the lube, tilting his head. The mercenary made quick work of slicking up his fingers and hovered his hand over his ass, waiting. At Peter’s nod, he slowly slipped one finger in.

“You’re so…tight,” he mumbled into Peter’s neck, sucking on his collarbone as he swirled his finger, smiling as he heard a little gasp escape.

“You like that?” he asked needlessly, swiftly adding a second, a thrill thrumming through him as Peter growled loudly, pushing back against his hand.

“F-Fuck,” the younger man gasped, his hand clamping down on the merc’s free arm, throwing his head back as Wade curled his fingers within him.
“Wade I swear to god if you don’t fuck me right now—”

Peter broke off, his words morphing into a hiss as the mercenary added a third.

“As you wish,” Wade mumbled against his skin, gently slipping his fingers out snatching up the condom and tearing it open with his teeth, rolling it on quickly before gripping the brunet’s hips and lifting him up.

Silently, the two men gazed at each other before Peter nodded and Wade lowered him until the tip of his cock was resting against his ass. Biting his lip, the brunet reached behind himself and adjusted him at his entrance before lowering further.

Wade groaned loudly, falling back onto the pillows as the head of his cock was engulfed in heat. Peter leaned his hands on his pecs as he sheathed him completely, taking in every inch. The two shuddered, taking a moment to adjust as their bodies fully connected before the latter began to move, slowly riding him, his hips rocking back and forth in a hypnotic motion.

“P-Peter…” the Canadian gasped, forcing his eyes open to witness the marvel that was Peter Parker riding him as if his life depended on it.

The brunet merely groaned in response, his head lowered so much that it almost touched Wade’s chest before he leaned up, arching his back. The new angle drove the merc’s cock deeper into him and that’s when Wade lost it completely.

With a growl, he surged up and flipped Peter over onto his back, somehow managing to not lose contact. They bounced roughly against the mattress at the weight distribution, before settling, still joined. Heart beat ricocheting in his ears, Wade stared down at his bed-fellow, pleased to find his eyes open, shining as they stared up at him.

Wordlessly, Peter tilted his hips, widening his legs and winding them around Wade’s waist, heels pressing against the back of his thighs. The merc groaned as he was driven further into him.

“Wade…” came a whisper, bringing him back down to earth, “move.”
He didn’t need to be told twice. Immediately, he slid out a little before roughly thrusting back in. They let out twin cries of ecstasy in unison as he picked up the pace, fucking Peter rough and fast into the mattress, the headboard smacking loudly off the wall as they built up a rhythm, the brunet meeting Wade’s thrusts, his hands gripping his hips tightly.

A crescendo of pleasure was flowing throughout the mercenary, he completely submerged in the moment, experiencing complete sensory overload. All he could hear, see, taste, smell and feel, was Peter. It was like their first kiss only one thousand times more intense. At that memory, Wade was suddenly desperate to meet Peter’s gaze. Mid-thrust, he opened his eyes and growled, “Peter, look at me!”

Hazel orbs snapped open, staring widely up at him as Peter rolled his hips. As if reading his mind, he surged up the short distance clasped his lips with his, pushing his tongue into his mouth and exploring as he took one hand off his hip and clutched the back of his head, his undeniable strength pulling Wade impossibly closer to him.

It was then that Wade felt it, the tell-tale heat low in his abdomen that was steadily rising, building and building.

“Fuck…Peter…” he gasped between kisses, reaching down to stroke the brunet’s cock.

Peter’s breathing hitched, “shit Wade, I’m close.”

Head connecting with the pillow, he stared up at him, his hand falling on top of Wade’s, helping him jerk him in time with their thrusts.

“W-Wade…” he panted as the merc slammed into him, drawing his orgasm closer and closer to the surface, pulling his fist harder and harder against his cock until his balls tightened and—

“Wade!” he yelled as he came, spurts of come spilling onto his stomach and chest.

The mercenary kept pumping him, their eyes never wavering from each other, unspoken words flowing between them as his own orgasm continued to build and build and build—

(This…this isn’t like any fuck we’ve ever had)
Wade came, startled at his inner revelation, Peter’s name falling from his lips over and over as he collapsed onto his heaving chest.

For a few moments, all that could be heard was their mingled breaths as they lay there, wild heart beats trying in vain to slow.

Eventually, when the come had begun to dry on Peter’s stomach and threatened to glue them together, he patted Wade’s arm until he slid out of him, rolling onto his side, taking care to slip off the condom and tie it, throwing it into the trash can, settling on his back. Peter took those moments to snatch up someone’s boxers off the floor and hastily cleaned himself up, too blissed out to care about the grossness and figuring it was morning-Peter’s problem, before he too settled on his back.

A silence descended on them, one like no other they had ever shared, but definitely would like to again.

Turning on his side, Wade propped himself up on his elbow and drank in post-coital Peter in all his flushed glory, warmth spreading from the top of his head to the tips of his toes knowing that he was the one that caused it.

“Peter Benjamin Parker,” he breathed, eyes shining with mirth.

The brunet burst out laughing, the ice well and truly broken as he too turned on his side, meeting Wade’s gaze.

“That was…” he began only to trail off, a smile about his lips.
“It was,” the merc agreed, jaw practically aching from grinning so widely.

His hand moved almost on its own accord, brushing a stray tendril of brunet hair out of Peter’s face. The younger man blinked at him, biting his lip, surprised by the tenderness.

“So…” Wade began, a mischievous glint in his eye as he tilted his head at him, “you never did get around to telling me, Parker. Are you the big spoon or the little spoon?”

Here lies Cortexikid. Beloved daughter, friend and Spideypool fan.

{Cause of death – this long ass chapter}

[May she rest in pieces]

Seriously though…21,241 words. What the hell is wrong with me?

Where do I start?

That was a rhetorical question, Deadpool.

Yeah but—

Hey! Be nice to me! You and Peter finally banged! Practically ‘made love’, actually. You should be on your hands and knees—

Down, girl. I only do that shit for Petey.

Yeah, thanks to me!
'Bout time too. My balls were gettin’ so blue they coulda been in the Avatar Sequel.

[Or the Smurfs’]

[Those abominations didn’t deserve one movie, let alone two]

Can we get back to my balls, please?

No. No more balls. I’ve had enough for one chapter, thanks. Anyway, Happy Holidays everybody! I know you just read like a million and one words, but I’d really appreciate some feedback.

Reward her cramping fingers, readers!

Please and thank you! Manners, Wade. You catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.

Really? ‘Cause I usually just shoot at them.

So, real-talk, I actually planned for a lot more plot development to happen towards the end there, but then the Spideypool date happened and I thought you guys deserved to bask in that for a while…

*Happy sigh*

So yeah, lots of plot development next chapter as well as the morning after the night before – see sneak peek below! Also, shocker, but I don’t speak French. Here’s what Google Translate made Wade and Peter say: ‘je veux vraiment t'embrasser à nouveau’: I really want to kiss you again, ‘tu me dois un baiser’: you owe me a kiss, & ‘beau canard’: you handsome duck. French speakers, please let me know if Google done fucked up.

Also, go check out bayobayo. She’s an amazing artist and drew some really cool fanart for this fic :D
Okay, that’s enough, time to get back to me, ahem: Happy 12 Days of Deadpool, everybody!

*Rolls eyes* It’s really is the most wonderful time of the year.

Damn pan. Seriously though, 12 glorious days featuring moi, a sexy new Spideypool comic in the works, this pic of Tom Holland all ripped, AND a chapter almost as long as my dick? You guys are so spoiled!

Only the best for the best.

Geez. Someone’s layin’ it on thick.

But not as thick as your dick, amirite?

I dunno, ask Petey—hey-o!

You’re still an embarrassment.

Maybe. But I’m an embarrassment who just got laid so…I’ve made my peace with it.

Guess that’s the important thing. Anyway, see you guys in the New Year! Can you believe I’ve been writing this fic a year on January 3rd?

You’ll have to do somethin’ special for the anniversary.

Like what?

Spideypool sex, sex and more sex. Duh.
I probably should’ve seen that coming—

_Hah—_

Please, no more bad jokes. That can be my Christmas present.

*Okay, fine. Just one more: why does Santa go through the chimney?*

I don’t know, Deadpool. Why?

*Because Mrs. Claus said he’d never get in the back door!*

…I’m leaving you.

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

Wade’s hands snaked down the back of Peter’s thighs before he bent his knees and picked him up, cupping his ass on both sides. Peter let out a short laugh in surprise, his palms coming up to rest on the shower wall, either side of the merc’s head.

Hazel eyes met chocolate brown before their lips brushed, their tongues clashing, a low groan that could have come from both of them, reverberating in the small space as Wade thrust his hips upwards, his aching cock pressing against the cleft of Peter’s cheeks. The brunet’s breath burst from him with a shudder, his gaze heavy-lidded as he broke the kiss to mouth along the slope of the merc’s neck.

Wade squeezed Peter’s ass roughly, his breath hitching as teeth nibbled at his ear lobe, sucking tantalizingly. Turning on the spot, water droplets raining down on them, he slammed the younger man’s back against the wall with enough force that a crack shattered up the tiles. Neither of them noticed however as Wade pressed even closer to Peter, the latter’s erection trapped between them. With a wicked smirk, the mercenary took one hand from off that delectable ass and gripped Peter’s cock instead, it already dripping with pre-come.
“I’ve been fantasizing about this ever since I heard your little show in the shower that night,” he murmured, his laboured breaths bouncing off the younger man’s skin as his hand started to move up and down, achingly slow.

“If I…if I knew you were listening,” Peter gasped, his eyes rolling back into his head as Wade’s fingers gripped the base of his cock, giving it a little twist, “I woulda…woulda insisted you join me.”

The mercenary’s smirk grew wider as he leaned forward, capturing his bottom lip between his teeth, pulling at it.

“I’m here now, ain’t I?” he mumbled against his mouth as he released Peter’s lip, it now plush and swollen.

“You are,” the brunet replied, his voice still sounding a little awed, as if he couldn’t quite believe this was actually happening.

Leaning forward, he clenched his thighs even tighter around Wade’s waist as their foreheads rested against each other.

“You are…” he repeated.
Hi everybody, how—

_Hey there, George._

What?

_Oh. Sorry. It's just been so fucking long since you wrote anything, I mistook you for George R.R Martin. My bad._

Deadpoo—

_Grow a beard, gain 200 pounds and continue to do whatever the fuck you’ve been doing all this time instead of writing my goddamn morning-after with Petey and whadda ya know – dead ringer._

I—

_All ya need are some glasses and a captain hat and you’re good to go!_

You’re just gonna drag this out, aren’t you?

_Aww, what’s wrong, writer-lady? Don’t like being kept waiting? WELL NOW YOU KNOW HOW WE FEEL! *Old-Titantic-Lady voice* It’s been 84 years…_

Sigh.

_What? It has! In the time that you’ve been scratching your ass, we’ve lost Bowie, Rickman, the Leo/Oscar Meme, and our collective minds as America potentially faces a Trump-lead nation. So on that note…Happy New Year, losers!_

Cannot believe I’ve been writing this drivel for over a year…

_Uh, ex-squeeze me? My life is NOT drivel. It’s sunshine and rainbows and—_

Agonizing pain and unimaginable horror?

_[Don’t forget decrepit, delusional and depressing as fuck]_

_Correction – it WAS decrepit, delusional and depressing as fuck but NOW we’ve smooshed booties with Pete—_

Smooshed booties?

_[Is that what the kids are callin’ it?]_

_Can we just get on with the morning-after-the-night-before, please? Daddy needs some lovin’._


_But Momm—_

NO.
Not gonna lie, I’m a little turned on right now.

You have issues.

Yeah…comic issues!

No…mental issues.

Oh. Well. That’s a given.

307 Days In The Future…

It was suffocating. All encompassing. It was rage tightly wound yet slowly unfurling like a spool of thread. It was time passing like granules of sand in an hourglass, minutes into hours into days until all that remained was the embers of truth that he couldn’t run from. It stung, deep in the hollows of his chest, a fresh wave of pain released into his bloodstream at random moments. It felt endless, eternal, as if this was all he had ever and will ever know.

And yet, he knew, it hadn’t always been like this. Because he had been happy. Once. They had been happy. But that was over now. That warmth, that comfort that sheath him like a glove, that wrapped around him like the gentlest of hugs, was over now. But surely he could find it again? Hadn’t lost his only chance?

He felt like he had.

Peter Parker had become his home.

And he was homeless now.

Wade Winston Wilson.

Alone.

Again.
Present Day…

Soft flickers of morning sunlight shone through the crack in the drapes within Peter Parker’s childhood bedroom, basking its occupants in a faint glow. The man in question had blinked his hazel eyes open not five minutes before, met with the familiar sight of his ceiling, the gentle puffs of hot air bouncing off the nape of his neck having roused him.

Stretching his arms above his head, he basked in the gratifying ache of his body as his muscles expanded and contracted. He felt pleasantly satiated, his skin abuzz with ecstasy, it licking him from head to toe in an enchanting heat. Shifting a little, he was pleased to feel a familiar aching in certain places of his body that he hadn’t felt in a long time, it bringing back some very nice imagery of the night before.

A small smile graced his face as soft murmurings reached his somnolent ears, a gentle accompaniment to the otherwise slumbering sounds of the early morning.

“No…don’t…please…”

Peter frowned as his bleary brain registered the words, their panicked tone and laboured breathing.

Swiftly, he turned onto his side to face the man next to him, his eyebrows shooting up his forehead at the sight that greeted him.

Entangled in his bedsheets, lay Wade Wilson, his bare body rigid from head to toe, his entire 6’2” frame a taut mass of muscle, quivering under marred skin, the soft light of morning doing nothing to hide its sheer heinousness as he jerked back and forth in the bed like he was continuously touching a live wire, his movements spasmodic and erratic.

It was enough to burst any sleepy morning-after bubble the brunet had encased himself in.

Biting his lip, Peter inwardly battled with himself, weighing the pros and cons of waking the Canadian.

On the one hand, he would rouse him from whatever horror was plaguing him, but on the other,
Wade could startle and clock him into next week and Peter really didn’t feel like explaining away another shiner. His co-workers and classmates (judging from the murmurs that followed him) already thought he was part of some super-secret Fight Club.

Tyler Durden he was not.

“No…I—I can’t. D-Don’t!”

Peter bit his bottom lip as he rose up to lean on his elbow, right hand hovering over Wade’s chest. The desperation in the other man’s tone was clawing at his gut, digging in sharpened talons from the inside out. His hazel eyes grew more and more alert as they watched the heaving of muscle and taut, tarnished skin rise and fall on his bed.

The damage to Wade’s body was…extensive, to say the least. Even more so than he could have ever imagined. He had heard mutterings, half-baked theories and snippets of story over the years, of just what had happened to the mercenary. Conflicting information, he found, tended to be unreliable information, even if there were kernels of truth sprinkled in every now and again.

But now, having the evidence within inches of him, draped in the early-morning light was…indescribable. It was the first time he had been confronted with the harsh, devastating destruction that had befallen Wade, the physical manifestation of whatever horror that he had endured.

And it was…haunting. But not in the way that he imagined other people found Wade to be haunting. It wasn’t with disgust, or disturbance, or pity, that Peter trailed Wade’s body with ravening gaze, it was with concern, a yearning rising within him that he hadn’t felt in a long time. The desire to…protect. To ensure nothing like this could possibly happen again.

He almost snorted at his wandering thoughts. It was stupid, embarrassing really, to actually think that he could in some way stop Wade Fucking Wilson, motor-mouth extraordinaire, from getting into ridiculously violent situations, but his hammering heart didn’t seem to want to listen to reason as his treacherous orbs flickering over the planes of the merc’s face.

A myriad of emotions washed over him as he dwelled on the previous night and everything that had led up to it. Nervousness. Anticipation. Followed by Fear and then lastly, Elation. The words were inexplicably capitalized in his head, to cement their significance.
Last night had been…unlike anything he had experienced before. Loath he to admit it, for a number of years now, since Gwen’s passing, any and all entanglements had been grey, dull, a means to an end. But last night, that had been everything but. I was a burst of colour, vibrant, something that meant…something.

He just wasn’t really sure what yet.

But for once, he wasn’t worried. They had done the hard part (he hated that he could hear Wade snort at that double entendre in his head) everything that came now, was just the after. The morning-after. He was having a morning after with Wade Winston Wilson.

Or at least he would be, if he was actually awake.

Unable to look at the discomfort thrumming through Wade any longer, Peter let his hand fall lightly on the merc’s chest, barely brushing the coarse skin.

“Wade…Wade, wake up,” he murmured into his ear.

Chocolate orbs snapped open, the entire length of his body coiled like a rigid spring, ready to bounce.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay. It’s just me,” Peter reassured him, searching his eyes as he hovered over him, leaving his hand where it lay.

Blink.

Blink, blink.

He saw the exact moment comprehension dawned on the Canadian, it seeping into his gaze and filling his face until a small smile tugged at his lips.

“Looks like neither of us is the little spoon,” Wade croaked, clearing his throat as he fully turned to stare at Peter, his eyes still fogged, his voice deep and scratchy which did absolutely nothing to Peter’s nether regions whatsoever. Nope.
It also appeared that they were steadily ignoring the nightmare. Okay, then. Not like he couldn’t relate.

“Or we both are,” Peter replied, also ignoring the familiar heated stirrings in his abdomen.

The merc hummed thoughtfully, tilting his chin, “you know, I never understood the whole big spoon/little spoon thing anyway. They don’t fit. Two big spoons or two little spoons sure but, one of each? Not so much.”

“Spoil sport,” the brunet chuckled before something occurred to him, “you know, we never did finish our game of twenty questions…” he trailed off, leaning up on his elbow.

Wade mirrored him, eyes twinkling, “well, let’s up the ante then, Petey. Strip twenty questions!”

“Don’t we need to be wearing clothes for that?”

Chocolate eyes raked over Peter’s very bare chest appreciatively.

“Ooh, NAKED twenty questions!” he murmured with glee, “I like the way you think, baby boy.”

Peter stilled, gaze catching his again.
“What?” Wade asked, a flicker of something akin to concern passing over his face.

The brunet shrugged, ducking his head a little, “nothing. It’s just…you haven’t called me that since…in a long time, is all.”

He didn’t have to look up to know that Wade knew what he meant.

“Well, seems like now I can finally call you all the things I wanted to call Spidey. And I gotta tell ya Petey, I got lots,” Wade winked, counting on his fingers, “short-stack, flapjacks, cutie patootie, pouty-pants, baby doll, baby cakes, binky, boo bear, bug boy, cuddle bunch, cuddle cakes, doll face, fuzz butt, gum drop, hot lips, honey buns, hugs McGee, hun bun, jellybean, lamb face, love muffin, love buns, sweet cheeks, pancake, pooh bear, poopie, pookie, bobbykins, pup, puppy face, sexy pants, snuggle bug, soda pop, stud muffin, sugar lips, sweetie pie, tweety bird, tater tot, sweetgums, wonderboy, yum bum, puddin’ pop—”

“Oh my god, please stop.”

A chuckle rose up Peter’s chest as he shook his head, feeling the heat rise in his cheeks.

“Hugs McGee? Seriously?”

Wade snorted, “that’s the one you have a problem with? Not binky, or fuzz butt or poop—”

Peter pressed his lips to his in a chaste kiss.

[Nice!]

[Time for a POV-change methinks]

The merc tensed a little before relaxing into it, guttural groan swallowed by the brunet’s lips and tongue and teeth. Strong hands raked up to grip Wade’s bare shoulders, pushing him down onto his back, his head sinking into the pillow as Peter’s lips broke away, barely moving an inch from him, breath bouncing off his cheek.
Line furrowing his brow, Wade opened his eyes and was met with that same shade of hazel that had plagued his dreams for a while now, hovering above him, flickering back and forth. A wave of familiar unease washed over him, insecurity and anxiety greeting him like old friends returning from war. He felt exposed in the mid-morning light, those orbs inspecting him as if he were a specimen under a microscope, all laid bare, figuratively and literally.

He felt sick.

[Welp, it was nice while it lasted]

[Cue the neuroses!]

[I thought it was ‘cue the music?’]

[And I thought we weren’t gonna talk about the movie?]

[Hey! You’re the one who—]

“Hey…where’d you go?”

Wade’s gaze snapped back to meet Peter’s, which was still boring into him with unbearable scrutiny.

“I…uh…” he shook his head, unable to keep eye-contact as he gently pushed Peter back off him, sitting up.

The mercenary could feel the frown radiating from the other side of the bed as he slid out onto the floor, pulled the sheet around his waist and murmured over his shoulder: “let’s uh…get some breakfast. I’ll make pancakes.”

Suddenly, a pressure clasped around his wrist, firm but not constricting. Slowly, he turned and was met with a flickering hazel gaze, layered with several connotations shifting far too quickly for him to decipher.
“I could use a shower first…what about you?”

The merc stared at him.

Peter rolled his eyes, something fond crossing his features before he began leading Wade to the bathroom.

“Come on. Help me conserve water.”

~*~

Tap. Tap, tap, tap.

“Five more minutes, mom!”

Tap, tap, tap.

Tap, tap, tap.

Foggy Nelson groaned, turning onto his back, his face scrunched up in annoyance as he tried to remain blissfully in dream-land.

Tap! Tap! Tap! Tap!

Heaving a sigh, the lawyer reluctantly accepted defeat, allowing his azure eyes to open slowly, blinking blearily up at his ceiling as the tapping persisted. Grumbling to himself, he sat up in bed, throwing off the warm sheets and placing his feet onto the cold floor. Snatching up the sheet, he wrapped it around himself, barely suppressing a shudder as he stormed over to his bedroom window.

Knowing what would greet him as he threw open the drapes, Foggy already began what would be the first of many eye-rolls that day.

“You know, there are these marvellous inventions called ‘doors’, Matty. Ever heard of ‘em?” he groused at the man standing on his fire escape, knuckles still against his window, decked from head
to toe in a ridiculous red outfit.

“Are you wearing a cape?” Matt asked in lieu of replying, climbing adroitly through the window and down into Foggy’s bedroom.

“Bed-sheet,” Foggy waved his hand, “I figured I’d leave the superhero get-up to you, Beelzebub.”

Matt snorted, removing his cowl, revealing his terrible case of helmet-hair. Or, mask-hair. Whatever.

Foggy did not find it endearing. Not one bit.

“Coffee?”

Matt gestured at him to lead the way, depositing his mask onto Foggy’s bed and trudging behind him into his kitchen. No matter how many times he had reflected on it in the last few months, Franklin P. Nelson just couldn’t wrap his mind around the fact that this was his life now. His best friend, business partner, and ambiguous third something that he was unable or unwilling to name, was a kickass lawyer by day, and an ass-kicking vigilante by night.

As he reached his coffee maker, he watched Matt out of the corner of his eye as he perched himself at his breakfast bar like some over-sized, crimson bird, all windswept and sharp angles and devastatingly striking.

Clearing his throat, Foggy averted his gaze and busied himself with making coffee, “so…you hear back from Peter yet?”

Matt gave a one-shouldered shrug, or at least attempted to, it was kinda hard to tell with all the… leather. Or whatever.

“Left him a voice mail after leaving your office yesterday. Told him what you managed to dig up on Skyline Labs. He hasn’t called back yet.”

Foggy hummed, placing a steaming cup down in front of his friend and rummaging through his dishwasher for a clean bowl.
“Any luck tracking down the guys from the SUV that was casing the station?” he asked, pouring milk onto his cereal.

“Not yet,” Matt replied, jaw clenched in frustration, “no leads on Eddie James either,” he sighed.

A little line formed between his eyebrows as he tilted his head, “when did you start eating Apple Jacks again?”

Foggy’s eyes widened as his hand stilled, spoon paused in mid-air, an inch from his mouth.

“Uh…how long has it been since we lived together?”

Matt pursed his lips, shaking his head.

“If you could smell—”

“Yeah well, I can’t, buddy. So, I’m gonna enjoy my sugary, processed, faux-cinnamon-apple-goodness, okay?”

Matt’s frown deepened and as god as his witness, Foggy swore he even saw that bastard’s bottom lip jut out a little.

Now that was just playin’ dirty.

“Okay, okay,” he rolled his eyes, stepping further away, “enough of the wounded duck face. I’m done, I’m done,” he finished, dumping the rest of his cereal down the sink.

“You didn’t have to do that Fogs, I—”

The long-haired lawyer waved off his friend’s protest, “eh, shit’s bad for me anyway. My body is a temple, Matthew,” he smirked, patting his tummy, eyes raking over Matt as he slowly leaned forward
to pick up his cup of coffee.

“Clearly,” the brunet deadpanned, sitting ramrod straight, his arm oddly stiff, “you even fashioned yourself a cape to protect it.”

Foggy’s gaze narrowed.

“Don’t think your witticisms will distract me from whatever wound you’re obviously trying to hide from me, Murdock.”

Matt tensed even further.

“ Noticed that did you?”

Foggy snorted, “I’m not the one with the visual impairment, remember? That’s supposed to be you.”

He could tell that it was on the tip of his injured-friend’s tongue to remind Foggy, yet again, that he was still actually blind, so he cut him off before he could start, crossing the distance between them and attentively laying his palm against the top of Matt’s shoulder.

“What happened?” he asked quietly.

Matt’s eyes hovered somewhere around Foggy’s jaw as he supressed a wince, “got on the wrong end of a crowbar. Nothing I can’t handle.”

Foggy desperately wanted to ask if he really thought there was a right end of a crowbar, but instead a silence descended on them as the long-haired lawyer clearly raked in every inch of his friend for any other injuries he neglected to mention.

“Can you lift your arm? Is anything broken? Fractured? Is your limb still attached to—”

“I’m fine, Foggy.”
Foggy’s jaw tightened. This had been the dance they had been doing for a while now. An argument they had had so many times that he had stopped counting.

It was too early for this shit.

“I’ll get the First Aid Kit…” he sighed, turning on the spot and rummaging through the cabinet under the sink.

The line burrowed further into the bridge of Matt’s nose.

“Fogg—you don’t have to—it probably isn’t even—”

“Matthew Michael Murdock,” Foggy pointed an accusatory finger at him, “just what kinda nurse-in-training would I be if I let your ass bleed all over my IKEA furniture?”

“Nurse-in-training?”

“Hell yeah,” he responded, snatching up the kit and walking back, “Claire’s one step away from giving me Merit badges.”

This was how things had been, lately. Matt – injured and apologizing. Foggy – angry and hiding it. Usually with his own brand of humour. But at least this way, they were talking. Nothing was worse than them not talking. Matt had first-hand experience with that dread, that tension seeping into his veins, that despair building in his chest, and it was something he definitely did not want a repeat of. So, he usually went along with his best friend’s eccentricities. Today – Boy Scout Badges, tomorrow – who knew? He was just glad Foggy still gave him the time of day, let alone patched up his sorry ass after he let some bastard get the drop on him.

“You deserve all the badges, Foggy,” Matt played along, a small smile gracing his face, piercing his grimace.

“Damn straight,” he nodded, “First Aid, Lifesaving or Emergency Preparedness, I’m all over it.” he rambled, digging through the kit, “gotta be, now that my BFF is a back-flipping ninja with absolutely no self-preservation instinct.”
Matt snorted before wincing, a sharp pain shooting up his shoulder.

“See what I mean?” Foggy didn’t bother smothering his haughtiness as he made a vague gesture that Matt couldn’t quite catch, “come on, big guy. Off.”

A pause settled between them.

“What? You modest all of a sudden, Mr You-Could-Grate-Cheese-On-My-Abs?” his best friend asked, the roll of his eyes evident, the barely-there spike in his heartbeat forever lingering in the background of everything else…Foggy.

The brunet shook his head at him, barely tapering a wry grin as he lifted his arms to disrobe. Another wave of pain shot through him, a hiss escaping his lips.

“Hey—hey,” Matt felt hands lightly fall on him as puffs of air bounced off his cheek, the subtle scent of cinnamon, citrus, and something uniquely Foggy, wafting in the air, “let me help.”

Slowly, the long-haired lawyer pulled down the zipper of the crimson suit, exposing the hard planes of Matt’s chest that were horridly discoloured by purple and brown blotches, darkening bruises which spread all across his sternum and pecs.

“Jesus, Matt,” Foggy gasped, his heart rate ratcheting up to dangerous levels as his fingers lightly brushed over amethyst skin, “you sure it was a crowbar that hit you and not a bulldozer?”

“Nothing’s broken…I’ll just be a little…sore, the next few days,” the vigilante tried and failed to shrug off nonchalantly.

Underneath the darting pain, his skin tingled where Foggy’s palm lay, absentmindedly stroking his clavicle lightly with his thumb.

Matt heard the shift in his breathing a split second before he opened his mouth.
“Matty—”

“Foggy—”

“Karen, Karen, Karen…”

The two lawyers tensed as the disembodied voice of Matt’s phone interrupted whatever they were going to say. Throwing Foggy an apologetic smile, the brunet fumbled around one of his many new pockets for his phone, abruptly answering:

“Hi Karen, what’s—”

“What’s wrong?” Matt demanded, his knuckles whitening with worry as he gripped the phone tight, “is everything okay? Are you—”

“Someone broke into the office. The place is trashed. You guys gotta get here quick!”

~*~

Heavy breathing. Running. Echoes down an alley. They were gaining on her. She couldn’t see anything, everything around her was engulfed in this…darkness. Emptiness. As if the world was void of anything else, as if it had been swallowed and lay in the belly of a beast far more ferocious than anything she had ever seen. And still, she ran. As fast as her legs could carry her, until her heart hammered in her ears and her breath became ragged and desperate.

And still, they gained on her.

She could feel them, their presence, forever on her heels like a rabid dog, gaining and gaining and gaining until—
May Parker shot upright, hands clutched to her chest as her eyes snapped open, darting wildly around her. Pressing the back of her hand to her mouth, she forced down the wave of nausea that hit her like a freight train, her pulse beating so hard she could feel it in her throat, flowing all the way up into her temples, an ache building there, the pressure heavy and intense.

Taking several deep breaths, May fought to slow her raging heartbeat, her hazel eyes glancing to the figure sleeping less than a foot away from her. Rick. She had spent the night at his house. She remembered now. It had been such a weird couple of days and she thought she had finally gotten a reprieve. But no, no such luck.

What a surreal dream. One of many she had had lately.

Brow furrowed, she pulled her hand away from her mouth and wasn’t surprised to find her skin stained crimson. Reaching up, she wiped at her nose, a trail of blood smearing across her knuckles. Biting her lip, she stared down at her hand, transfixed, the blood having pooled in patches, the pattern—

“May? Are you okay?”

Distantly, she heard Rick calling her, his voice sounding very far away as if she was trying to listen to him with her head submerged under water. It was only when his hand landed on her shoulder that she was able to rouse herself, whipping around to stare at him.

“Wha—yes, I’m fine Rick, sorry. I—nosebleed,” she mumbled, before sliding out of bed and into the bathroom, snapping the door shut behind her.

Running her clean hand through her hair, she used the other to wipe at the mirror, staring deeply at her reflection. She looked…a little worse for wear. Her skin pale, sweaty, her eyes large, glassy, her damp hair glued to her forehead, it matted and tossed.

Shaking her head, May turned on the cold faucet and ran her hands under it, watching as the water, slightly-tinged-pink, swirled down the drain, before she brought her palms up, gathering a small pool and splashing it in her face.

Immediately, she felt rejuvenated, the water cooling her heated face, her wild heart now taming, little by little, the nightmare shrinking to the dark recesses of her mind.
She was clearly just coming down with something. She had just done a long shift and always felt more than a little run down after it, she was probably just working herself too hard.

She’d be fine in a few days.

Nothing to worry about…

~*~

Unsurprisingly, the promise of sex proved to be a good distraction. One that Wade Wilson found he was very fond of. Biting back a grin, he let himself be engulfed in the steam of the shower, squinting to help his eyes adjust, searching for Peter in the fog. He barely had time to catch his breath before he was unceremoniously shoved back against the wall, lips colliding with his own. This was exactly what he needed. Some cover, some semblance of…mask. The steam provided that. It kept that dread tethering around his periphery, at bay.

Good thing, too. His libido could only handle so much…

Almost on their own accord, Wade’s hands snaked down the back of Peter’s thighs before he bent his knees and picked him up, cupping his ass on both sides. Peter let out a short laugh in surprise, his palms coming up to rest on the shower wall, either side of the merc’s head.

Hazel eyes, gloriously unobstructed by glasses, met chocolate brown before their lips brushed, their tongues clashing, a low groan that could have come from both of them, reverberating in the small space as Wade thrust his hips upwards, his aching cock pressing against the cleft of Peter’s cheeks. The brunet’s breath burst from him with a shudder, his gaze heavy-lidded as he broke the kiss to mouth along the slope of the merc’s neck.

Wade squeezed Peter’s ass roughly, his breath hitching as teeth nibbled at his ear lobe, sucking tantalizingly. Turning on the spot, water droplets raining down on them, he slammed the younger man’s back against the wall with enough force that a crack shattered up the tiles. Neither of them noticed however as Wade pressed even closer to Peter, the latter’s erection trapped between them. With a wicked smirk, the mercenary took one hand from off that delectable ass and gripped Peter’s cock instead, it already dripping with pre-come.

“I’ve been fantasizing about this ever since I heard your little show in the shower that night,” he murmured, his laboured breaths bouncing off the younger man’s skin as his hand started to move up
and down, achingly slow.

“If I...if I knew you were listening,” Peter gasped, his eyes rolling back into his head as Wade fingers gripped the base of his cock, giving it a little twist, “I woulda...insisted you join me.”

The mercenary’s smirk grew wider as he leaned forward, capturing his bottom lip between his teeth, pulling at it.

“I’m here now, ain’t I?” he mumbled against his mouth as he released Peter’s lip, it now plush and swollen.

“You are,” the brunet replied, his voice still sounding a little awed, as if he couldn’t quite believe this was actually happening.

Leaning forward, he clenched his thighs even tighter around Wade’s waist as their foreheads rested against each other.

“You are...” he repeated.

Wade’s heart tightened in his chest, air trapped in his lungs, one breath suspended in his throat as those eyes continued to bore into him. An overwhelming wave of emotion flooded his system, from the top of his head down to the tips of his toes.

It was a lot.

It was too much.

And just like that, the dread came roaring back…

A frown marred Peter’s face as he searched Wade’s.

“Hey...you okay? I didn’t mean—”
Wade cut him off, his teeth and tongue lapping at the enticing space where Peter’s shoulder met his neck, not able to stand the slight tinge of nervousness in Peter’s tone, disliking the fact that he was making things awkward, that he just couldn’t stay out of his own damn head for five minutes to enjoy this. It had been everything he had wanted and more for over five years now and like always, his brain wanted to sabotage it, deface it, warp it beyond recognition.

Because Wade Winston Wilson didn’t deserve nice things.

{Yet, here we are}

[Sucking on Petey’s neck like it’s the center of a Tootsie Pop]

A moan escaped from deep in Peter’s throat as Wade continued his ministrations, one hand lifting from off the wall to cup the back of his head, pressing the merc further into his shoulder. As teeth nipped skin, Wade’s foot slipped out from under him, stumbling backwards slightly until his back collided with the glass of the shower door, shaking it dangerously close to shattering.

The two snorted with laughter, it echoing around the enclosed space.

“This was sexier in my head,” Wade admitted with a grimace.

“I’d say most things are,” Peter conceded, tapping Wade’s temple before untangling himself, his feet planting firmly on the floor before shrugging, “shower sex is over-rated anyway.”

“Hey,” the Canadian pouted, hands landing on the shorter man’s hips, “why don’t you put those arachnid acrobats to some use, Charlotte?”

“You know she dies at the end of the book, right?” Peter smirked at him, pressing his palms into his back, “and I’m pretty sure she didn’t use her ‘arachnid acrobats’ to get lucky in a shower.”

“Only pretty sure?” the Canadian asked all-innocent-like, “for all you know, baby boy, Charlotte coulda been a freak. Into some real messed up shit. Just ‘cause she’s voiced by Julia Roberts in the movie, does not mean she’s America’s Sweetheart.”
“I thought Sandra Bullock was America’s Sweetheart?”

They stared at one another, matching grins on their faces. Wade felt a little lighter, the familiar exchange, as dumb as it was, comforting to him, quieting the dark voices that plagued him.

[Hey! Fuck you! We’re still here]

[Not us, dumbass]

“You want acrobatics then, huh?” Peter asked, leaning up into Wade, “all right…how’s this?”

Wade watched intently as Peter backed away from him, reaching behind himself until his palms lay flat against the wall. With a smirk, the brunet began shifting up the wall, his heels entirely off shower floor, suspended several feet, stuck to the wall like glue.

The merc gaped at him.

“Do you usually climb the walls naked, MacNeil?”

“Only on special occasions, Karras,” Peter winked before wincing, “the tiles are cold.”

[A moment of silence for Petey’s chilly bubble-butt]

“Wanna come up?”

[Moment over]

“What?” he gawked up at him as the brunet just inclined his head, a shit-eating grin on his face.
“What’s wrong, Wade? Afraid of heights?” Peter asked, grin widening as he added pensively, “and I thought you liked ‘having me’ against a wall…”

Wade seemed to be doing his best impression of a goldfish before his brain finally came back online and he gestured wildly up at the wall-crawler, “you have got to be shitting me, Parker. You mean all this time we coulda been having mid-air-wall-sex and you didn’t tell me?! For shame, Bullock, for shame.”

Peter rolled his eyes before reaching down with one hand and grabbing Wade’s arm, pulling him up off his feet effortlessly. Ignoring his surprised (and very manly) yelp, he wrapped one arm around Wade’s waist, holding all of his weight as the pressed them together.

{Holy shit}

{This is so hot}

[I mean, we always knew Petey could bench press a hundred of the big guy but…damn]

Wade looked down between them, their hips pressed tightly together, before tilting his head backwards slightly, eyes falling on the shower head they were now a good few feet above.

“Awesome,” he breathed before turning back to Peter, a puzzled expression on his face.

“Wait…” he began, “do you have those tiny sticky hairs all over your body or just on your hands and feet? Do you have microscopic hairs all over that glorious ass of yours? Oh my god, you’ve got the secret ass of a Yeti, don’t you? Please say—”

Peter pressed his lips to Wade’s, figuring it was the quickest and best way to get him to shut the hell up. The latter smiled into the kiss as their tongues collided, battling for dominance—

[HA! There it is! The iconic fanfiction line! Pay up, bitch]
“There’s…nowhere to…put my…knees…” Wade whined in between kisses as he lifted up his dangling legs and tried to wedge them either side of Peter, against the wall.

But gravity just wasn’t on his side.

“Shit!” he exclaimed as he slipped, gripping Peter’s shoulders frantically.

The brunet in question burst out laughing, “oh fuck…Wade…you should see your face!”

The merc huffed at him, “well excuse me, Elmer’s. We can’t all be—EEEP!”

Peter’s laughter echoed around them as Wade slipped down another inch, a stricken expression on his face.

“Okay, first of all, calling me ‘Elmer’s’ is like calling The Hulk ‘The Jolly Green Giant.’ If anything, I’m Krazy Glue. Second, relax. I’m not gonna let you fall,” he smirked, loosening his grip just a little to fuck with him, “and third, what the hell was that noise? You sounded like a sheep fucking a dog’s chew toy.”

Wade glared up at him from his slightly-below-eye-level, “fuck you, Parker.”

“I thought you’d never ask.”
The merc gaped at him, a shiver flowing up his spine, either from the wolfish (and not a weird mix of adorkable and sexy, no sir) grin on Peter’s face or from the chill at being butt-naked several feet above the hot shower.

[Both]

{Definitely both}

Not one to disappoint, Wade leaned forward and sucked at an enticing spot beneath Peter’s earlobe, clasping his dick, dragging his dry palm down to its base. The merc smirked into the brunet’s neck as he heard his breath catch, still achingly hard under his hand. Tilting his head, Wade opened his hand up more, gripping his own cock and dragging it against Peter’s.

“Shit,” the wall-crawler gasped, breaking the kiss to tilt his head back against the wall, his eyes falling closed as the Canadian brushed his thumb over the head, rubbing in tantalizing, slow circles before pumping them both tightly in his fist, up and down, up and down.

Peter let out a loud groan that went straight to Wade’s dick, he feeling the vibrations travel down to where their hips met. Nipping at his shoulder, Wade shifted a little in Peter’s arms, licking his way down his chest and encircling his nipple, lapping and biting and sucking it into his mouth.

“Shit…Wade,” Peter gasped, thumping his head against the wall in frustration.

The merc sneered against his skin, scraping his teeth against the hardened nub as he clenched his fist tighter around his and Peter’s cocks, dragging his hand up and down, faster and faster and—

“Fuck!”

“Whoa—”

And that’s when Wade Wilson learned Newton’s third law of motion.

With a resounding thump, the merc landed down hard on the shower floor.
Shaking his head in shock and spraying water droplets everywhere, he barely had time to register what had happened before Peter was leaping from off the wall and kneeling down into his eye-line, rambling: “oh shit, Wade—I—I’m so sorry. I—when you were touching me I…I lost my grip and __”

A loud snort of laughter interrupted him.

“You little shit,” the Canadian chuckled as he fought to meet his eyes in the steam-filled space, “I’m showing you a good time and you just drop me like a hot patayta? Bad form, Parker. Bad form.”

Despite the laughter, the brunet didn’t seem reassured, his hands ghosting around Wade’s shoulders, his eyebrows drawn together, “are you okay? Can you—”

Wade waved him off, standing up slowly, a little stiff—

[In more ways than one]

[Not even a swift fall from a steep height can soften Wade Jr.]

but otherwise, unharmed.

“Don’t sweat it, baby boy. I’m indestructible. Like Stark’s ego. Or a Nokia 3310,” he grinned wryly.

Eyes flickering with something Wade couldn’t place, Peter took a step toward him, a little more attentive than before, “still…let me make it up to you.”

With that, he pressed himself into Wade, pushing him backwards, the shower head spraying them both thoroughly as Peter kept pushing, reaching behind the merc to slide the shower door open.

Steam billowed out and engulfed the entire room, following them like wisps of heated shadows as Wade tried to ask what he was doing, but Peter just surged even closer and captured his lips, continuing his pushing until he had him pressed into the sink.
“This seems like…the safer option,” he mumbled against his lips before turning them on the spot and hopping up onto the sink, wrapping his legs around Wade’s waist and pulling him close.

Wade stumbled a little before catching himself, damp hands gripping Peter’s sides, tracing his thumbs over the sharp dip of his hips, squeezing tightly.

Peter however, seemed a little distracted as he leaned to his left, pulling open a drawer and rifling through it before pulling back, throwing him a victorious grin.

Wade stared at what he held in his hand.

“Seriously? You keep lube and condoms in the communal bathroom. In the house. That you share with your aunt,” he deadpanned.

Heat coloured Peter’s cheeks, “Aunt May doesn’t use this bathroom. Much.”

Wade quirked a non-existent eyebrow, his gaze travelling back down to his hand, “how long have they been in there? Didn’t you move out like—”

Peter let out a frustrated groan, hauling the merc even closer to him, pressing the supplies into his hand, his demands clear.

Far be it from Wade Wilson to deny this man anything.

He watched intently as Peter (having snatched the condom out of his hand) ripped it open with his teeth and reached down to slap Wade’s hand out of the way. Eagerly, he rolled it onto Wade’s cock, offering a few strokes for good measure.

♪ Safe sex is great sex ♪

♪ Better wear a latex ♪
With slightly shaking hands, Wade twisted the cap off the lube, squeezing a generous amount out onto his palm before gripping himself, stroking up and down, his and Peter’s hand working in tandem. He let his eyes fall closed, hyper aware of those hazel orbs following his every move. Dread flared in his veins like a quickly struck match.

A clattering distracted him however, prompting him to open his eyes and investigate. His throat dried at the sight that met him.

Peter had reached behind him with his other hand to shove various bottles of lotions and cosmetics out of the way, most of them being swept haphazardly to the floor. Fervently, he whipped his head back around, nodding almost to himself before crossing his ankles around Wade, digging his heels harder into the back of his thighs, pulling him ever closer.

“Peter—” Wade broke off, glancing down, trying to convey his concerns almost telepathically.

Somehow, the brunet understood him anyway.

“Don’t worry,” he smirked, tilting his head at him, his cheeks slightly reddened, “I’m still pretty loose from last night.”

[Hot damn]

[*fans self*]

A burst of images from the previous night sprung to Wade’s mind like a particularly filthy film reel. From the biting kiss, to the fantastic blow-job, to Peter fingering himself and riding him like a mechanical bull, to Wade burying himself balls deep in his tight heat…it had been something else. Something he had never really let himself do any more than dream about.

But it wasn’t just the act itself that he dare not dream of, but the emotion that went with it. He hadn’t felt anything like the myriad of feelings that welled up inside him in…a very long time. It was the beginning of something, he knew it then and he knows it now. It was the embers of a prologue, the spark before a flame. And it terrified him.

Biting his lip, he tried to steady himself but his palms were sweaty—
[Knees weak, arms are heavy]

{Really?}

[There’s vomit on his sweater already, mom’s spaghetti]

[I hate you]

—and he couldn’t quite catch his breath.

“Hey…” a familiar voice pulled him from his reverie, a knuckle brushing his jaw.

Slowly, Wade forced himself to meet those hazel eyes, they no less intense than they had been in bed. But, it was the crinkled line in between Peter’s eyebrows that concerned him.

{Petey’s upset}

[Probably ‘cause he just dropped the big guy harder than Beyonce drops albums]

He couldn’t stand that he was the cause of that look marring Peter’s handsome face. Jaw clenching, he mentally shook himself. Gently, he leaned closer into him, fully encased between his legs as the steam wafted around them, licking at their damp skin.

Their lips brushed, Wade pushing a little harder, deepening the kiss, trailing his tongue along Peter’s bottom lip, one hand reaching up to clamp his fingers in his brunet tresses as the other reached down to position himself.

Peter broke the kiss with a gasp, breath bouncing off his lips as Wade pushed in, the tip of his cock engulfed in a tight heat. A soft hiss omitted from the younger man at the contact, but he merely pressed his heels even harder into Wade’s thighs. The merc’s forehead dropped onto Peter’s shoulder with a broken groan as he inched forward as far as he could, fully sheathing himself. Strong hands gripped his shoulders, squeezing just on the precipice of painful as he slowly slid out and plunged
back in, his hips building up a sturdy rhythm.

Wade tipped his head back, his gaze trailing all over Peter’s defined form, drinking in every visible inch of skin. There was something hypnotic, alluring, maddening about all that strength flowing through those veins, thrumming with an electric heat, encased in that tantalizingly lithe body. Brute force, capable of bench-pressing one hundred Wade Wilsons without ever breaking a sweat…

He shuddered.

The drag of Peter’s lips spreading into a smirk against his collarbone did not go unnoticed.

“Don’t—don’t be so smug,” Wade breathed as the brunet lapped at his neck, strong hands gripping his sides, driving him deeper into him.

Twin groans escaped them both at the change of angle.

“So…hot…” the merc gasped, his eyes catching on the damp hair stuck to Peter’s forehead.

The younger man hummed in agreement, but really, he couldn’t have known just how hot this actually was. He didn’t have the vantage point Wade Wilson had. He had a front row seat to The Peter Parker Experience in all its wondrous glory of damp hair, flushed skin, laboured breath, plush lips and quivering muscle.

He was something other-worldly.

The stuff dreams were made of.

Biting his lip, Wade watched as Peter fell back onto the mirror, rubbing up and down against it as the merc snapped his hips, sliding in and out of him with steady rhythm. Wondrous sounds met Wade’s ears, reverberating around their little microcosm of heat – the slap of skin meeting skin, the mingled groans, the gentle squeak as Peter was rocked back and forth against the mirror, wiping it free of condensation—

Wade froze, chest heaving, his eyes locked on the mirror.
Now he had a front row seat to The Wade Wilson Experience in all its monstrous glory, bald head, tarnished, scarred skin, utter carnage stretched over bone, dead dull-eyes that had seen far too much, all wrapped up in the grotesque bow that was his overall heinousness. What a sight he made.

He was something under-worldly.

The stuff nightmares were made of.

He felt the brunet lean back towards him, but he couldn’t move, rooted to the spot, his entire body rigid, his gaze unwavering.

“Wade? What’s wrong?” Peter murmured in confusion against his shoulder.

The Canadian started, snapping out of his transfixed reverie, dragging his eyes away from the mirror, his hands leaping off of Peter’s hips and clenching at his sides as he began to ramble:

“W-Was that your aunt? I—I think May’s home. We—we better—”

He broke off, words dying in his throat as he pulled out and away from Peter. Stumbling backwards, he frantically shook his head, trembling hands reaching down to rid himself of the condom, tying it and dropping it into the trash can.

He could feel two hazel orbs raking over him as he snatched up a towel and wrapped it around his waist.

Peter leapt down from the sink, running a hand through his hair, sounding baffled, “Wade…? What—I didn’t hear anything. I would’ve heard—”

“Better safe than sorry, huh?” the merc interjected, half turning but still avoiding his gaze as he waved a hand, “last thing we want is your aunt walking into the set of Brokeback Bathroom. I—I’ll go get breakfast ready.”
He ignored that persistent stare drilling a hole in his skull and forced himself to step out of the bathroom, into the bedroom to pick up his discarded boxers, slipping them on under the towel before snatching up the closest bit of fabric to him and walking out of the room without a backwards glance.

[Sigh]

[...it begins]

All because Peter Parker was a dream and Wade Wilson was a nightmare.

And never the twain shall meet…

~*~

He could sense it even before he reached the stairs, the inherent…wrongness. It lingered in the hallway like a foul stench wafting in the air. Matt tensed, nostrils flaring, the onslaught almost too much to bear. Beside him, Foggy halted, his hand hovering over Matt’s arm, it never quite making full contact, just like it had been doing ever since Foggy found out about his best friend’s abilities.

Matt would be a liar if he said he didn’t miss it.

“What is it? You getting something?”

[So what’s the deal with Daredevil season 2? We gonna reference that or…?]

[*wiggly hand gesture*]

[Ah. ‘Kay]

[Writer lady is too emotionally compromised and is still processing. So…no?]
She hates AUs, though

Okay one, she has warmed up to them in her old age. And two, this is a Deadpool fic. His life is a walking AU. Pretty much everything is fucked up and ret-conned in one way or another

True dat

“They’ve…they’ve been here,” the lawyer murmured almost to himself as he took the last few steps towards their office, “the guys from the SUV. Four of them. One drowns himself in Axe. It’s…” he trailed off, waving around the hallway, nose wrinkled, “everywhere.”

Fun fact: writer lady was originally gonna go with Old Spice

Except she fucked up and wrote ‘Old Space’

Which sounds like a magazine for retired astronauts

Or like, Captain Kirk’s go-to for date-night

“Yeah, even I can pick that up, buddy. Axe is anything but subtle. Just didn’t think anyone over the age of thirteen still wore it,” Foggy deadpanned as he reached out and pushed open the door to Nelson and Murdock: Attorneys At Law, revealing a distressed-looking Karen, worrying her lower lip with her thumb.

“Karen! Are you alright?” Matt called as they entered the office.

The blonde hurriedly crossed the room and clasped Matt’s arm before reaching out and grabbing Foggy’s with her other hand.

“Yeah, I’m fine. It’s just…the place is ransacked, Matt. I—everything’s trashed.”

The brunet heard Foggy squeeze Karen’s hand before crossing over to her desk and presumably inspecting the damage.
“Was anything taken?” he asked, knowing damn well that the only thing worth taking in the place was Strawberry Rhubarb Pie he was saving for lunch.

Karen made a vague gesture that Matt assumed was a shrug, “I’m not sure. As soon as I saw that the lock was broken on the door, I called you guys. I couldn’t hear anyone moving around so I came in and…” she trailed off as she threw up her arms, a heavy sigh escaping her.

“I’ll call Brett, go report it at the station, but the way things are going…” Foggy let his words hang, they holding different meanings to Matt and Karen, but no less true.

Matt nodded, tapping his cane out in front of him, making his way into his office, trying to clear his head and sort through the myriad of ambient noise when suddenly, he heard the distinct slamming of car doors from about three blocks away, the roar of an engine springing to life and the murmuring of voices. Four of them.

He knew he’d recognize the voices if he were to hear them again. Matt Murdock had a reputation of being thorough, and if that meant that he had to scan all of New York to find them again, then he would. There were four distinct voices in that SUV outside the police station where he and Peter had stood that night, each having local accents, so he was banking on them being somewhere in the city. He just didn’t think they’d be this close to home. And coming this way, it’d seem.

“On second thought,” he said quickly, turning on the spot and making his way back towards the front door, directing his tone at Foggy, “why don’t you and Karen go talk to Brett, Fog? I’ll wait here, I got some paper work that I should really get on top of and I doubt they ransacked my notes,” he smirked wryly, trying to convey as covertly as possible that he wanted Foggy to play along.

Thankfully, Franklin Percival Nelson was no idiot.

“Uh, yeah, sure bud. Good plan. We need that deposition for the Williams case pronto. Me and Karen will run down to the station and be back before you know it,” he smiled before offering his arm out to the blonde, “shall we, Miss Page?”

Karen nodded but waved off his arm, “I just gotta grab my purse.”

When she stepped away, Foggy took the opportunity to murmur under his breath: “Mr Axe Body Spray on the move?”
Matt subtly nodded, responding lowly “three blocks away, heading east.”

Foggy mumbled, his low tone a little impressed, “holy crap, you’re like a bloodhound. I should start callin’ you Hooch.”

“Hooch was a French Mastiff.”

He didn’t need sight to know what look his best friend just threw at him. He also didn’t bother informing him that it was his hearing that was key here, not his sense of smell.

“What?” he raised his eyebrows innocently, listening out as the SUV drew ever closer to them, “there were some movies I watched before the accident, Foggy.”

Karen was making her way back over to them just as Foggy murmured, unable to hide the concern in his otherwise forcefully-light tone, “whatever. Just as long as you don’t end up like him.”

Matt’s stomach clenched but he plastered a small smile onto his face, “wait…does that make you Tom Hanks in this scenario?”

The soft snort was audible only to him.

“And don’t you forget it, buddy.”

~*~

“The beer I had for breakfast was a bottle of Mad Dog, and my 20/20 vision was fifty percent off, you said punch-buggy red and punched me right in my left eye, I said don’t you mean pediddle and I lit his house on fire!”

Peter leaned against the doorway, watching as Wade danced around his kitchen, singing rapidly and off-key, frying pan in hand, swaying his hips back and forth to whatever music was playing in his head.
Biting his lip, the brunet took a step into the kitchen, weaving his way around the merc and plugging in the coffee maker.

“He came home on acid I was holding his shotgun, I was dressed like Tina Turner in Beyond Thunderdome, he said don’t shoot, I said I won’t, I love you, you’re my friend, I handed him my wig and shot myself in the head.”

Shaking his head, Peter tried to bask in the warmth had settled into his chest, battling the knot of tension that had formed since whatever the hell happened in the bathroom earlier. This was the Wade he liked seeing, the one that sang weird songs and made pancakes and was unknowingly sweet. It was a new kind of Wade, one Peter had never been privy to before but certainly was now. Truth be told, as mushy as he knew it sounded (which was why he would never, on pain of death, admit it out loud) he hoped moments like these would never end.

“Well, so much for that.

[Hey, you think Petey’s buying it?]

[Our little song and dance? Looks like it]

[You know what they say…fake it till you make it]

As Peter stood there, waiting for his coffee to brew, he couldn’t help but notice the line of tension in Wade’s shoulders, the slight stiffness that he carried like an aura as he moved about the kitchen, seemingly singing and dancing carelessly.

It was a damn good act. He’d give him that.

Swallowing the lump in his throat, Peter readied himself to confront Wade about earlier when his cell phone that lay abandoned on the kitchen table, caught his eye. Snatching it up, he knew he was
stalling, letting the anxiety fester in his chest like an open sore, but he just needed a few more minutes. Just a little while longer with the sizzle of the frying pan and Wade’s off-key humming and no potentially-devastating conversations.

When he had first awoken this morning, he had been embraced by a feeling he hadn’t felt in a very long time. The type of feeling that caused pleased smiles and light eyes, soft dreams and sweating palms. The one that made hearts race and breath quicken, stomachs flutter and cheeks redden. As he reflected on the night before, in those first waking moments, he was overcome by the feeling, letting himself be engulfed by it, it lining every inch of his spent body.

But that feeling was being steadily drained from him as the morning wore on. Instead, it was replaced by a spark of dread, anxiety crawling underneath his skin like a thousand tiny insects. What happened in the bathroom this morning had not helped one iota. Wade had pulled away from him, drawn into himself and retreated. And that hurt him. Worried him. Scared him…the trifecta of negative emotions. And he felt each one. They tag-teaming him over and over, and not in the fun way.

Wade had said that he forgave Peter, for everything, but maybe some things were truly unforgivable. The fire, the anger, the lies. Maybe Wade was realizing his mistake in the early-morning light of day and that’s why he stopped things. Maybe Peter had already fucked everything up before they could really begin…

Shaking his head to try and halt his dwindling thoughts, Peter poured himself some coffee and unlocked his phone, seeing he had one new voicemail. With a frown, he clicked into it, holding his cell up to his ear, a familiar voice trickling out:

“Hey Peter, it’s Matt. So, Foggy did a little digging for our not-case. Turns out, Skyline Labs has a pretty big benefactor – donates a sizable share to their ‘research department’ every year. This benefactor also happens to be the CEO of RCorp. Something tells me that’s not a coincidence. As for the other thing, I’m…on the look-out for Eddie. We’ll keep…working on leads here and call you when we got something. Keep your head down, Parker.”

“To replay message press 1, to delete message press 2—”

Peter stood with his phone held to his ear for several long seconds, his coffee forgotten as molten guilt pooled in his stomach.

“Hey, you okay?”
He almost snorted at those words. He was meant to be asking Wade if he was okay, not the other way around.

“I…” he trailed off as he turned to the other man, realizing he had no idea where he was going with that sentence.

*I'm on the look-out for Eddie…*

His mind was playing those words on a loop, over and over and over until they spiralled into nonsense.

“Peter what—”

“I should be out there.”

The merc took a moment to flip a pancake onto a plate before murmuring, “I assume you mean you should be out there looking for Eddie.”

Out of his peripheral version, he saw Peter nod curtly.

“I just…I can’t help but think about him. He’s my friend, Wade. And he’s missing. Presumably kidnapped, and I’m not out there. Instead I’m—”

“You’re not out there because people are tryin’ to kill you, Peter,” Wade cut across him, putting down the frying pan and picking up the plate, turning on the spot and finally meeting his gaze, his jaw clenched, his tone weighted with conviction.

“And—and I’d rather you here and…” he waved his hand at him in lieu of finishing the sentence, “than out there and target practice for some whack-job.”

[Talk about the the pot callin’ the kettle whack-job]
The brunet took a step forward and Wade had to force himself to hold his ground, hand tightly gripping the plate of pancakes. Clearing his throat, he lowered his eyes, catching instead on the floral pattern that lined the plate, finding it infinitely easier to look at in that moment.

Wade knew that Peter would suspect something was up with him. He hadn’t exactly handled things well earlier, so he was trying extra hard to appear normal, or rather, his version of normal, which was decidedly not normal at all. Not even a little bit.

So far, he was succeeding.

He knew it was stupid, but he had been caught off-guard. He felt wholly off-kilter, on edge, an unease settling into his chest and rapidly spreading to the rest of his body. He loath to think of it, but when he caught sight of himself in that mirror…he felt repulsed. That in of itself wasn’t anything unusual, but to see such a harrowing form looming over the perfection that was Peter Parker, that was new. He was suddenly hit with the unadulterated truth of what type of picture they made. And thanks to him, it wasn’t an attractive one.

It had felt…different in the daylight. Being intimate with another person. Under the cloak of darkness, he had had some comfort, almost anonymity. He hadn’t felt fully exposed even when stark naked in front of Peter. The lighting (or lack of) had been kind in shrouding the freak show that was every inch of is skin. But now…now it was morning. And the sun was a cruel bitch.

Shaking his head to try rid himself of those spiralling thoughts, Wade forced a wry smirk onto his face, “did I ever tell you about the worst pancakes I ever had? They were made by this giant tool at a diner in Saskatchewan. I mean, this guy was an absolute douche-canoe. Grade A cock waffle.”

He felt rather than saw Peter incline his head.
“As opposed to a Grade B cock waffle?” the younger man asked, his tone indecipherable.

“Exactly,” Wade nodded seriously, giving a half-shrug, “this guy was top-tier. There was no greater waffling cock than he.”

A silence descended on them.

[Maybe the big guy isn’t succeeding as much as he thinks]

“So,” Peter began, taking another step forward and tilting his head to try and catch Wade’s eye, an unreadable expression on his face, “are we gonna talk about it?”

[Maybe not]

“Talk about what?”

[Good call. Play dumb]

[Does he know how to play anything else?]

[The banjo?]

Teeth dragged against Peter’s lip, left hand running through his hair before he swallowed deeply and took a step back, eyes finally falling from Wade’s face and gluing to the floor.

“Look, Wade. It’s—it’s okay if you regret last night. I get it. We—we can go back to being just friends if you want, I understan—”

The merc’s head snapped up, “wait, what?”
But Peter kept rambling as if he hadn’t heard him, now pacing back and forth, “I mean, it’s a lot and we moved kinda fast and—”

“You think I regret sleeping with you?” Wade gaped, not believing what he was hearing.

That stopped Peter in his tracks, he whirling around, a frown marring his face, “you don’t?”

A snort escaped the merc, a bout of laughter bubbling up his throat, “you’ve gotta be kidding me. You’re fucking with me, right?”

Their eyes finally met.

Peter shrugged, biting his lip.

“This morning…I just thought that with everything that happened, me hiding my identity from you and…and everything that went down after the fire…I—I wouldn’t blame you if you did. And I want you to know that it’s okay. I don’t hold it against you or—mmmph!”

Wade silenced him with hard kiss, hand clutching his jaw.

“Shut your beautiful face, Harry Potter,” the merc whispered against of his mouth as he pulled back, quoting something he had said when he first met Peter.

“But—”

“How the hell could I regret something that I had been fantasizing about for nearly six years, Parker?”

The line between the brunet’s eyebrows deepened further.

“But this morning—”
“This morning I did what I always do. I fucked up. And I’m sorry,” Wade stepped back from him, turning on the spot, shoulders hunched.

He heard Peter step closer to him.

“Wade, what’s wrong? I—I thought we were…you know. Last night was…” he didn’t seem to know how to finish either of those sentences, yet the merc had an inkling what he was going to say.

He just couldn’t believe it.

“Last night was…something I never thought would actually happen,” he began, rubbing his head as he spoke with his back to Peter, “when I saw you all those years ago, standing on that roof, quoting Donnie Darko, all of what, nineteen? I knew. I—I don’t know how but…I had this feeling. That you would somehow impact my life. And I was right. For the next five years, all I wanted to do was impress you. Make you laugh. Find new and exciting ways to get you riled up. To get you to be your sassy self and tease me, banter with me. And it was fun. The most fun I’d had in…and longer than I can remember.”

The tension in the room rose several degrees.

“And then…” Wade paused, swallowing the lump in his throat, “and then you kissed me. And things changed forever.”

He felt Peter take another step toward him.

“Wade, I’m sorry if I—”

The merc whirled around, gaze hard, eyes flashing dangerously, “don’t. Don’t apologize. Jesus, Peter,” he ground out, frustration drowning his tone, “do I have to spell it out for you? Do you not get it yet?!?”

The brunet gaped at him, hazel eyes wide behind his glasses.

With an exasperated groan, Wade rolled his eyes, throwing up his hands, “I don’t know how many
ways I can say this,” he growled, “when you kissed me, first as Spidey, then as Peter, I thought all my fucking birthdays and Christmases had come at once. Because never, in all those years, not once, even with all my flirty words and gestures, did I dream you would ever like me back!”

He bit on those words, chest heaving at his admission as he stared down into the shorter man’s bright eyes.

All that could be heard in the kitchen was their mingled breaths, Wade’s ragged, Peter’s stunned. Seconds trickled into one minute, then two, as they continued to stare at one another, neither knowing how to continue. Eventually, the former heaved a sigh, offering a half-hearted shrug.

“I mean…it’s not like it makes any sorta sense,” he snorted, finally dragging his gaze away from those hazel orbs he wanted to drown in, and instead focussing on a spot above his right shoulder, “a guy like you actually diggin’ a guy like me. Makes about as much sense as bigoted business men with absolutely no experience in politics, running for president.”

He knew if he were to search Peter’s face right now, he’d find the beginnings of understanding spreading across it.

He resolutely stared over his shoulder.

“A guy like me?” the terse question punctuated the air a lot quicker than Wade thought it would.

He shrugged again, “yeah. A guy like you. All…you know, adorkably handsome and shit. Smart, funny and way outta my league.”

Another silence befell them then. One Wade knew was full of awkwardness and discomfort and worse of all, pity.

Jaw clenching, he squeezed his fists together, willing the crawling under his skin to cease, the insatiable desire to run, flee, abandon this conversation altogether before that pity could be voiced aloud flooding through every inch of his body.

“Wade…”
Suddenly, before his addled brain could register what was going on, the merc practically sprinted out of the room and up the stairs.

“Wade what—”

Peter was hot on his heels, but he didn’t care. He had to get out. He couldn’t do this. Couldn’t stand this. It was all falling apart, everything being snatched away from him again. He got one night of happiness, just one, more than he deserved really, and this was the moment. The moment he got let down easy. The moment Peter realized that he was right, that now in the harsh light of morning he knew that he had a point and that last night was a moment of pure insanity, a lapse in judgement, a mistake not to be repeated…

Wade couldn’t bare it.

Hurriedly, he scrambled throughout the room, trying to gather all of his belongings and wholly ignoring the figure at the door, staring at him silently.

“I—I’ll uh…get outta your hair. I’ve—I’ve overstayed my welcome anyway. Tell May that I’ll get that recipe to—” he broke off as the younger man stepped towards him, one hand reaching out to press against his chest as the other clutched his chin, dragging it down to force him to meet his gaze.

“Wade,” Peter began, his tone quiet and sincere, “do you really think I would have gone along with last night and initiated this morning if I didn’t like you back?” he paused, letting Wade’s chin go before heaving a sigh of his own and taking a step away from him, “you’re the one that ran out on me, remember? You’re the one that’s running from me now. So, shouldn’t I be the one who’s a little…insecure, here?”

[Oh]

[Petey’s got a point]
The mercenary struggled with words, they getting lodged in his throat as he opened and closed his mouth like a goldfish, his chocolate orbs unable to tear away from Peter as he began to pace back and forth much like he had in the kitchen, his fingers running through his brunet tresses.

“Maybe…Jesus, this is the last thing I wanted,” he murmured almost to himself, shaking his head, dragging his palm down his face.

[Oh no]

[We’ve made Petey feel insecure]

[How the fuck did that happen?!]

With a flourish, Peter turned on his heel, his hand swiping through the air like a karate chop as he nodded to himself, having inwardly decided something, “look, it’s like I said, Wade,” he began, not meeting the merc’s eye, “I…I like you. I’ve liked you for…awhile now. But if you’d prefer we forget about last night and this morning and whatever I thought was—” he waved his hand dismissively, “that’s fine. Just don’t think it’s for some bullshit reason like a ‘guy like me’ could never find a ‘guy like you’ attractive!”

Any silence that Wade ever thought was silence was completely and utterly eclipsed by the silence that followed those words.

[Has he gone deaf?]

[Well slap my ass and call me Sally]

[I think the big guy is having an aneurism]

[POV change?]
The brunet struggled to catch his breath after his outburst. He could feel the tell-tale heat spreading to his cheeks and down his neck, but he couldn’t find it in himself to care. That knot of tension, the tightly-wound ball of dread that he had let fester in his chest, had now burst and was leaking into every inch of his body. He had seen the warning signs, first in bed and then in the bathroom, but he had tried to tell himself that they weren’t as bad as he thought. That it was just some jitters, some the-morning-after-the-night-before nerves. But now…now he wasn’t so sure.

Wade didn’t think Peter liked him. Was attracted to him.

But he did. He was.

He had told him so.

And still, Wade said nothing. Did nothing.

Sure, he did say that he didn’t regret last night, but that wasn’t enough. It didn’t stop the hot embarrassment coiled with rejection and something that felt a lot like hurt, from licking at Peter’s insides. Biting his lip, he tried to force the feeling down, immediately going on the defensive, his baseline, anger, rearing its ugly head.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” he ground out in frustration, staring at the marvellous fish-out-of-water impression the merc was doing with a roll of his eyes, “it’s too early for this, Wade. So, shit or get off the pot, already.”

[Well, if that isn’t a call to arms, I don’t know what is]

[Ooh Rah]

Blink, blink, blink.

Slowly, the merc’s eyes fluttered, his brain finally coming back online.
Gaze lowered, he reached down to where his pants still lay on the floor and picked them up. He could feel those damn hazel eyes watching his every move, and if he looked closely, he knew he’d see a deflation in the younger man’s shoulders, a sigh escaping his lips as he thought that Wade was getting dressed to leave.

With fumbling fingers, brain racing a mile a minute as he tried not to overthink his next move, Wade pulled out his wallet, running a knuckle over the familiar leather before retrieving the worn, folded piece of paper from the very back. Slowly, he held it out for Peter to take.

Peter’s frown deepened but he took the piece of paper, which turned out to be a photograph, and stared down at it as it lay in his palm.

There, smiling up at him, was a handsome man with dark brown hair slightly shaven at the sides, stubbled jaw and chocolate eyes—

Peter’s head snapped up, catching those exact same eyes staring back at him.

Clearing his throat, Wade nodded at the picture, “now that guy…he’s the kinda guy I could see you liking. That Ryan Reynolds GQ Model motherfucker, he could go out with you and not be fucking scared shitless to hold your hand, or walk around a museum with you and not be followed by whispers and horrified stares…” he trailed off, jaw clenched tight as he punctuated the air with a pointed finger, “that guy could wear a fucking shirt with no hoodie and not worry about terrifying some kids.”

He took a step forward, eyes ablaze, “THAT guy could fuck you like there was no tomorrow and not freak out the morning after that you lost your damn mind or felt like you owed him pity sex,” Wade growled, closing the gap between them, glaring down at Peter, barely an inch between their faces as his voice dropped to a hiss, “THAT guy and THAT guy only, deserves a guy like you.”

Peter’s breath caught in his throat as he gaped up at him.

He was not the same man from the picture. Not by a long shot. And not just physically. Peter knew that. He may not have known the man in the picture, but he could tell that after everything that had happened to him, he was irrevocably changed. And this…this notion that he had, had birthed from that pain, anguish and despair from that moment forever immortalized by the flash of a camera to right now, standing in Peter’s childhood bedroom trying to convince him that he was unworthy of his attraction, of his affection, of his…
His eyes fell closed, relief flooding his system as the truth of it all dawned on him. Wade thought that Peter was out of his league, and Peter thought that Wade regretted them becoming more than friends. Turns out they were both wrong.

[And idiots]

[Miscommunication: every rom-com’s favourite cliché]

Wade’s name fell softly from Peter’s lips before he leaned up that last inch and kissed him gently, just once.

An electric shock shot up the merc’s spine as their lips met, more of a brush than anything.

“All I know,” the brunet began as he pulled back only an inch from him, his voice barely above a whisper, his gaze locked on Wade’s jaw, “is that I like…spending time with this guy. I don’t know Bryan Reynolds GQ model, or whatever. I know this guy. Right here,” he pressed a finger to his shoulder, “and I…I like him. And had a lot of fun with him last night and this morning, and would really, really like have more, in and outside the bedroom...”

Peter sighed, trailing off, reaching down and clasping Wade’s hand, pressing the photograph into his palm before his mind could dwell on it too much. He was already itching to know who was in the other half of it, but didn’t dare look.

[So, where is Vanessa?]

[Not dead, that’s for damn sure. Writer Lady will be pissed if they kill her off, even if they do give the big guy a boyfriend]

[Also, I thought we weren’t supposed to reference the movie]

[Looks like writer lady is breaking her own rules]
“You…you think that I’m not attracted to you. That I can’t be,” he continued, his voice growing louder as he forced himself to stare him straight in the eyes, those eyes that had remained unchanged, they still the very same as the man’s in the photograph.

Heat pooled low in Peter’s stomach as he found that comforted him.

“Well, I’m telling you, Wade Wilson, you could not be more wrong,” he murmured, dragging his hands up his arms and pressing them against the Canadian’s chest that was covered by an obscenely tight T-shirt.

The merc gasped as nimble fingers traced the fabric of the shirt, weaving tantalizing patterns.

“Is…is that right?” he breathed, a droplet of hope tinging his tone.

Peter nodded, gaze unwavering as he leaned even further, breath bouncing off the taller man's lips, “and if you let me…” he paused, tilting his head, an enigmatic grin on his face, “I can show you just how much.”

{Oh boy}

{Hubba hubba}

With that, the brunet dragged him down into a kiss, trailing his tongue along his bottom lip as his hands raked over the hard, muscular plains of Wade’s chest. It was when his hands reached his shoulders that realization hit.

“You’re wearing my T-shirt,” he mumbled in between kisses, reaching down to pull at the hem, hauling Wade closer to him, who snorted:

“Well Brando, you kinda tore mine. Your aunt’s gonna be finding shirt buttons all over the living room for the next—”
He cut him off with a biting kiss, licking into his mouth as he continued to pull, walking backwards until his knees his the edge of his bed.

With a bounce, Peter sat down heavily, looking up at Wade, his eyes flashing with mirth, mischief and something entirely more dangerous.

[Fuck]

[Let's hope so]

Wade’s heart hammered in his chest as he stared down at Peter. Peter who was looking at him in such a way he hadn’t been looked at in a long, long time, through heavy lids and fluttering lashes.

It was pure, unadulterated, want.

Holy shit.

Spider Man…Peter…wanted him.

[404 Error]

[Does not compute]

[Computer says what the fuck?!

“I’ve got to be dreamin’,” he breathed to himself.

A wry grin broke out on Peter’s face as he pulled Wade down on top of him, hand sliding to cup the back of his head.
Wade wedged his knees either side of Peter’s hips and braced his palms flat on the bed as he grinded against him, lips sliding along his, tongue licking into his mouth. Slowly, he lifted his hands from off the bed and weaved one in his hair as the other trailed along the strip of skin peeking out where his shirt had rode up.

Suppressing a shiver, the younger man deftly flipped them. The merc let out a surprised gasp as he suddenly found himself on his back with a lap-full of Peter staring down at him, eyes glinting mischievously behind his glasses.

“Nuh uh,” the brunet shook his head, batting his hands away, “I said I want to show you just what I think of you…” he cooed, leaning down and licking a strip along his jaw, “so…sit back, relax, and let me.”

Nimble fingers set to work, pulling at the hem of Wade’s (but actually Peter’s) T-shirt, slowing rolling it up his body. Without breaking eye-contact, the younger man dragged the merc towards him, nudging him to raise his arms to finally rid him of the offending garment.

Once his torso was revealed, the familiar clawing in the Canadian’s chest began, that breath-taking, constricting feeling that he felt whenever he was laid bare in front of another person. It was light in the bedroom. Curtains closed, but with streams of sunlight desperate to get through the thin material. There was nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide.

“Hey,” Peter murmured, reaching up and cradling the mercenary's head in his hands, forcing him to look him in the eye, “I can see those cogs turning. Clearly I’m not doing a good enough job at distracting you…”
With that, he pushed Wade back down, trailing his hands lightly up from the waistband of the merc’s pants, knuckles brushing against his abs before he leaned forward and captured his nipple between his teeth.

“Whoa!” Wade gasped, back arching, practically feeling Peter’s smirk against his skin before he sucked and lapped at the hardened nub.

Clearly, this was pay-back for Wade’s ministrations this morning.

“You’ve no…no idea,” Peter was muttering against his skin between kisses that were now lowering, trailing down his abs and halting at his waistband.

Those nimble fingers were at it again, unbuttoning and unzipping and pulling so that Wade soon lay in nothing but his boxers, pants pooling to the floor. Biting his lip, hazel eyes trailed over each and every inch of him, orbs as intense as ever. The Canadian tried not to squirm under his gaze that was flitting between pensive and ravenous.

His heart hammering a mile a minute against his ribcage, Wade felt more exposed than he had that morning, than last night, or in the last several years, in fact. And yet, the discomfort that usually tagged along, failed to rear its ugly head. Not after Peter’s words and Peter’s lips and Peter’s hands had done their utmost to abate all his negativity.

“Holy shit!” the merc hissed as the brunet’s sneaky hands reached out to cup him through his boxers while he was distracted.

Those long, slender fingers wrapped around his quickly hardening cock, giving two lazy tugs, his grin downright wolfish, before he yanked Wade’s boxers clear off.

“Hey! This isn’t fair,” Wade whined, gesturing up at the man straddling him, “you’re wearing more clothes than Sanath Bandara and I’m as naked as the day is long!”

“Sanath Bandara?” the brunet asked quizzically, head tilting to the side in a way that was not adorable at all.
“Guy who won broke the Guiness World Book Record for wearing the most—sweet and sour Jesus,” the merc broke off as Peter clasped his lips around his cock, tongue swirling around the head, his cheeks hollowed as he sucked. Hard.

[Petey’s gonna suck the big guy’s brain out through his dick]

[We should add ‘Henry Hoover’ to our growing list of nicknames]

[Do Americans have Henry Hoover?]

[Doesn’t matter. We’re Canadian]

[Do Canadians?]

[Are we seriously gonna argue about vacuum cleaners when—]

“Fuck, Peter!” Wade hissed, hips bucking as Peter took him further in until his dick hit the back of his throat.

The younger man hummed, Wade able to feel the vibration of it shoot straight up him.

[There is nothing straight about this situation]

Peter drew his lips away with a loud pop, glancing up at Wade with heavy-lidded eyes.

From this angle, Wade could see, plain as day, the large bulge in Peter’s sweatpants. His throat grew dry as the younger man caught his eye, noticed where the merc was staring and strategically placed a hand on himself, stroking his own cock through the material.

“Shit…” Wade’s breath caught in his throat as he watched Peter stand up from the bed and rid himself of his pants before climbing back on top of Wade, thighs spread wide over his hips, hand shoved down the front of his boxers, caressing himself.
The Canadian reached out to help him, pulling the fabric further down and exposing his tight fist clasped around his swollen, red dick that was slightly shorter and thinner than his own. But before his fingers could close around the head, Peter’s other hand shot out and stopped him, his face a little apologetic.

“No Wade I—” he unwound his hand from himself, his smile sheepish, “this isn’t supposed to be about me. It’s supposed to be about you.”

With that, he pushed Wade back down onto the pillows and kissed him soundly until he had to break for air, his breath ragged against the merc’s face.

“Wade I…can I…?”

His face was filled with a myriad of expressions that the Canadian was struggling to decipher.

“Can you what?” he whispered, almost afraid to raise his voice in fear of bursting the bubble of pleasure that they had encased themselves in.

The brunet lowered his head, teeth peeking out to bite on his lower lip.

“Nothing it’s—”

“Peter what—”

“I was just thinking—”

“About wha—”

“You could hear a pin drop in the following moments of utter silence.”
Peter’s face screwed up in a grimace, muttering, “uh, sorry I—I made things weird. Great. Good going, Parker,” he shook his head, unable to meet his eye, “sorry I—let’s just—”

He went to move down but Wade’s hand shot out and gripped his hip, eyes wide as he gasped:

“No I’m—I’m totally down for that, yeah. Uh huh. The real thing beats rubber every time. 10/10, would recommend.”

“You’re rambling.”

“Am I? Huh. Guess that’s what happens when the object of your affection wants to bone you into next week.”

The brunet levelled him with a stare, the edges of his lips curved slightly upwards.

“So you…” he trailed his hand down Wade’s arm, causing him to shiver a little, “like it both ways, huh? Good to know.”

He punctuated the end of that statement with a chaste kiss before leaning across to his bedside table. As he rummaged around, Wade basked in the excited twist of his abdomen, the familiar yet rare tingling sensation prickling through his bloodstream.

It had been a long time since he’d done…this.

But the thought that he could do this with Peter?

That was…something else entirely.

Warm honey pooled in the pit of his stomach as the brunet sat back, his still-clothed ass brushing up against Wade’s length as he deposited a condom down on the bed.
Trepidation rose up the merc’s chest as the younger man uncapped the lube and coated his fingers.

Peter, aware that he had an audience, threw him a soft smile before he leaned forward and kissed down his body, feather-light, until he reached his hip bone. Here, he nibbled a little before licking the same trail, his tongue a cool balm for his ministrations.

Wade gaped down at him, unable to comprehend that this Adonis of a man was lapping at his skin like parched man to water, trailing over the blemishes and ridges with a lustful expression, not one of repulsion.

[Seriously, though. What’s Petey’s damage?]

[Hit in the head?]

[Dropped as a baby?]

[Bitten by a radioactive spider? Oh, wait]

“You okay…?” Peter asked quietly as he moved down Wade’s body, nudging his legs open a little wider.

The merc merely nodded, not trusting himself to not let out the whine that wanted to claw its way out of his throat at the feel of Peter’s bare skin against his.

Seeing his gesture, the brunet nodded back, rising up on his knees and awkwardly removing his boxers, fighting to keep his balance.

Wade let out a short laugh which only grow louder at Peter’s faux-stern expression.

“You fly through the air like a damn acrobat, but trip over yourself during sex? Good to know.”

A gentle blush tinged the younger man’s cheeks, head lowering as he positioned himself at Wade’s entrance. Hazel eyes flickering upwards, he caught his gaze just as he gently started to tease him,
index finger slipping in an inch or so.

The merc bit back a gasp at the contact.

Okay, it had been a little longer than just a while. Years, in fact.

Peter, seemingly sensing this, dropped to a snail’s pace, his touch as light as he could make it.

That caused Wade’s heart to flutter wildly in his chest.

A choked groan escaped his throat as the brunet’s finger inched in that little deeper. Taking that as good sign, he grew a little bolder, adding a little more pressure. When Wade’s groan loudened, he then slowly added a second digit.

The Canadian let out a quiet hiss as fingers dragged in and out of him, stretching and widening.

The burn quickly subsided, being steadily replaced by pleasure rolling from his stomach in waves, basking him from head to toe as he wantonly clamped down on Peter’s fingers.

“P-Peter I…” he gasped, barely able to reach for his hair, grabbing a fistful and tugging.

“I want you to fuck me. Now.”

“Well, I wouldn’t want to keep the good sir waiting,” Peter, that dork, winked, slowly removing his fingers and inching back up the bed, snatching up the lube and throwing the condom down on Wade’s chest.

The merc watched with bated breath as he slicked himself up, giving himself a couple of strokes before tearing open the condom with his teeth and rolling it onto his already dripping cock.

Wade couldn’t help but notice the slight shake to Peter’s hands and before he could think it through, he reached out and clasped his dry fingers, squeezing them gently.
An overwhelmingly fond expression crossed the younger man’s face as he stared down at him.

Suddenly, the mercenary's chest was too tight, his lungs robbed of breath. Swallowing several times, he forced himself to keep eye-contact.

“We’re not gettin’ any younger, Parker,” he ground out, aiming for teasing yet it far too breathy for his liking.

Still, it did the trick. The brunet shook himself out of whatever reverie he had fallen into and let go of Wade’s hand, moving back down his body and positioning himself between his legs. Reaching down, he clasped his hips in his hands and took one final look up at the merc, his eyes racing with too many emotions to count.

Wordlessly, he asked the question.

Wordlessly, the response came.

And so, he gently pushed in, sheathing the tip of his cock in Wade’s impossibly tight heat.

“Fuck…” the older man gasped, head thumping back against the pillow, eyes staring widely up at the ceiling.

Peter inched in a little more, the drag impossibly slow, the contact maddening.

“Fuck…” Wade breathed again, sheets clenched strongly in his fists.

The brunet’s hands tightened on his hips as he leaned the last inch forward, completely burying himself balls deep in Wade.

“Fuck!”
“Goose,” Peter smirked, tilting down to capture his lips as he began to slowly slide out, only to snap his hips and plunge back in.

Wade groaned, partially for the bad joke, but mostly for the sensation of fullness that was beginning to overwhelm him. He needed—he needed—

“Move, Parker!”

Ever obliging, Peter gripped his hips, squeezing so tight he’d surely leave bruises as he built up a rhythm.

Wade’s eyes rolled back into his head as he was pounded into the mattress, the bed groaning under the strain, the headboard smacking loudly against the wall.

Swiftly, he felt the other man clasp his hands. Picking his head up off the pillow with difficulty, he watched as the younger man interlocked their fingers, pressing them back over his shoulders and into the sheets as he rocked deeper into him, rolling his hips.

It was slower than he was expecting, than it was this morning and last night. Peter moved with a calculated purpose, not feverish abandon like he had.

It was dizzying. Thrilling. Endearing.

Peter untangled one of his hands from Wade’s death grip to trail his fingers all over his body, starting at his face, tracing around his eyes and down his nose and around his jaw. His touch set the merc’s skin ablaze, counter-acting the pain that always lay beneath with a roaring thrill.

His breath hitched as fingers dipped into his collarbones, passing over every blotch and blemish with ease. Soon, lips followed the same path, smattering little kisses here and there until no inch of his upper body went untouched.

[Oh shit]

[We were wrong]
Wade thought what he experienced last night wasn’t fucking, but something else. Except this…this felt even more profound than last night, if the emotion welling up in his chest was any indication. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt like this. As if he wasn’t just another hole, another dick, but an entire person, capable of giving pleasure and receiving it.

But also, deserving of so much more. Able to offer so much more. And be given so much more…

Under those soft fingers and ravenous orbs, he felt…worshipped.

“Wade…” Peter gasped as he rolled his hips tantalizingly slowly, “I just…I want to make you feel good. Feel just how much I—”

He broke off with a choked groan, rutting against him, beginning to lose rhythm as he was overcome with sensation.

The merc reached up and took off his glasses, revealing those exasperatingly beautiful eyes, dropping them onto the bed before rising up to meet every thrust, hips bouncing up and down sluggishly, the friction downright maddening, his breath catching as Peter’s cock brushed his prostate. He squeezed his hand tightly, arching his back as he felt the tell-tale signs of his impending orgasm rising within him.

“Peter I…I’m close,” he gasped, reaching down with his free hand to jerk himself off, little ink blots dotting his vision as his prostate was hit again and again.

“I’m…I’m gonna…” the younger man panted, his forehead damp with sweat, tendrils of brunet hair matted there.
Suddenly, hips snapping wildly, he pulled out of Wade, tore off the condom and came all over his stomach, droplets squirting as far as his pecs.

“Fuck, Peter!” the merc yelled, overwhelmed at such a sight, coming with one last tug.

Ragged, rapid breaths reverberated around the room as Peter collapsed on top of Wade, his quivering arms unable to support himself any more, his forehead falling down to rest against the curve of the older man’s neck.

Wade brought his hands up to rest on Peter’s hips, squeezing him gently as he fought to catch his breath, his chest heaving.

His hearthammered against his ribcage as he started to come down from his euphoric high, breathing levelling out.

“Whoa…” he murmured against the top of the younger man’s head.

“Yeah…” came the exhausted reply.

The tension in the room was so thick you could cut it with a chainsaw. But it wasn’t bad tension, instead it was the good, the kind that promised only great things from that moment on.

[So…that happened]

[Totally did]

[Fuck me]

[I’d rather not]

Wade broke the silence first, unable to stop himself from singing quietly, small grin on his face, “have you ever had sex? I have, it felt great. It felt so good when I did it with my penis. Peter let me do it, it literally just happened. Having sex can make a nice man out of the meanest. Never guess
where I just came from, I had sex, if I had to describe the feeling, it was the best! When I had the sex, man my penis felt great—"

“Mine too,” Peter interjected with a laugh, his voice muffled as his lips moved against Wade’s neck.

The merc suppressed a shudder.

“Are you gonna get me a ‘congratulations on the sex’ cake?” he asked, a little embarrassed as his voice cracked a little, “please say yes.”

The brunet shifted a little against him, his tone clearer, his breath bouncing off his cheek “that all depends, are you gonna get me a ‘congratulations on the blow-job’ cake?”

Wade frowned, you’ve didn’t get a blow job.”

“Exactly.”

The Canadian laughed for a fraction before omitting a faux noise of indignation, “Peter Parker, are you saying that after some cunning-linguist you expect a cake too!? I am not your whore!”

The hero raised his head slightly, catching his eye, “okay, first of all, it’s cunnilingus, second, that’s when you go down on a woman, not a dude, and third you’re the one that—”

Wade took that opportunity to kiss him, open and filthy, tangling his fingers in his hair and dragging him closer, pressing their chests together.

Peter gave as good as he got, nibbling on his bottom lip before the merc broke the kiss, smirk spreading across his face as he glanced down between them, dragging a finger across his abdomen and holding it up, it coated in a glossy sheen.

“White, sticky, and all over my hands…” he tilted his head, his grin wolfish, “see, Parker? You’re totally Elmer’s.”
He remembered reading once that grief, in its infinite wisdom and unrelenting cruelty, was meant to help heal the wounded, a balm that settled over scars and nested scabs and lessened the unbearable sting of loss. He read that grief was the price we pay for love, it was a rollercoaster that goes up and down and side to side, a normal reaction and natural response to loss and something which fell on human beings like rain, not selecting good or evil, visiting the innocent and condemning those who have done no wrong.

But he had done wrong. Many wrongs, in fact.

Wrongs that he certainly could never come back from, all in the name of grief.

The same ugly, harsh, and maddening sorrow that grew within him since that day, festering in his chest as time droned on and on and on…

What was that old quote he had looked up during one of his bourbon sessions? “Excess of grief for the dead is madness; for it is injury to the living, and the dead know it not.”

But in the end, all of that was nothing but words, words he sought out in the dead of night as he sat drinking alone in his apartment, the glare of his laptop screen casting shadows along his face as the rich liquid burned down his throat like a blazing trail of fire.

Just words or no, he knew that madness and he were old friends now. Had been for quite a while. It is what his anguish offered in place of anger, a more frenetic but less violent alternative and he would have gladly laid in the bosom of madness for all of eternity if it had not been for one thing.

One person.

Peter Parker.

Everything came down to him, really.

It had taken him a long, long time to positively identify Spider Man’s alter ego. Time and energy and
money and blood. Not his own blood of course, but other people’s, those that had to be spared in the name of justice.

It all had been worth it, though.

He knew that now.

Now as he stood, looking into the mirror, not recognising the face staring back at him.

It was all worth it. Because Peter Parker was finally getting what was coming to him.

Turning on the spot, he glanced down to the man hunched in the corner, knees drawn up to his chin. With a sigh, he made his way over to him and hunkered down, trying to catch his eye.

But the other man’s eyes were too focussed on the .22 calibre pistol cradled in his hands.

With a smirk, Giovanni Blye lay a palm on Eddie James’ shoulder, squeezing roughly, his tone velvety smooth.

“Come on, Eddie. Time to get to work.”

This chapter is dedicated to the amazing zeldafire who is my resident cereal, glue, and all-things-American adviser. Without her invaluable help and guidance, this chapter would never have happened. Thanks so much, darlin’: D

Admittedly, when originally conceiving this chapter, there was a lot more exposition and plot-development featuring The Avengers etc. but I thought that you guys deserved a bit more Spideypool lovin’ before moving into the final act of the plot wrap-up, so—

Yeah, yeah, nobody cares, writer lady! We gonna talk about my movie, or what?

Spoilers, sweetie.

But I wanna talk about—

No.
But—

No buts.

**But I love butts. And everything butt-related!**

Clearly.

*Aww c’mon, writer-lady! Enough time has passed that anybody reading a Spideypool fic has most definitely seen the epicness that was my cinematic debut.*

Fine. Your five word review. Go.

*Ryan Is Sexy As Fuck.*

*[Until He Becomes Melted Grandpa]*

*[Or Slightly Burnt Pizza Face]*

*[Then Severely Burnt Pizza Face]*

*[Or—]*

Okay, okay, that’s enough. Wonderful reviews. You should’ve been critics.

*No but, real-talk. My movie kicked major ass! AND WE’RE GETTING A SEQUEL! FEATURING CABLE! WOO!*

And you may be getting a boyfriend.

*[Wonder if those things are mutually exclusive?]*

Too bad it probably won’t be Spidey, seen as he’s like twelve in the cinematic universe.

*[And even we’re not that creepy]*

*Will they ever let Petey hit puberty? *Sigh* What I’d give for some older Andrew Garfield kinda lovin’ all sexy-like and—*

For now, this fic will have to do.

**A poor man’s substitute.**

Beggars can’t be choosers.

*[Ooh! Tell them about the thing!]*

Oh, yeah. The playlist for this fic is now available on Spotify. It contains more songs than the Youtube one – not just the ones referenced in the fic, but also some songs that just remind me of this fic or Spideypool in general :D

Also, here’s the rest of the “I Just Had Sex” that TwistedCupid Deadpoolified.

OH! **AMAZING FANART** TOO! Go check them out! And…I think that’s it.
Finally. Thought we’d be here till Leo wins his next Oscar.

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

Wade stared at the Spider Man, then Daredevil, and back again.

“What we need is like…a codename. Something cool and sophisticated!” he snapped his fingers before tapping his chin thoughtfully, “what about…Team Crimson?”

[Nah]

“Team Maroon?”

[Lame]

“Team blood orange?”

[Pretentious]

“Team…Red?”

Matt leaned over towards Peter, confusion lacing his tone, “who is he talking to?”

The brunet folded his arms, shrugging, “you get used to it.”

~*~

Wade stared into the mirror, the image reflecting back at him taking his breath away.
There, right in front of him, stood Peter bent over the sink, strong hands quivering slightly as he fought to hold himself up, ecstasy washing over him as Wade pounded into him, over and over and over, their bodies rocking together in a wondrous rhythm.

“Mirror of Erised,” the merc breathed, more to himself as he clutched at Peter’s hips, pulling the shorter man back onto his cock with such startling force that he let out a surprised gasp, quickly followed by a deep groan, his head tipping backwards to rest on Wade’s shoulder.

“Okay,” he mumbled in confusion, “this is a really weird time to bring up Harry Potter.”

“It’s…it’s like the book says,” Wade scrambled to explain between thrusts, “you—you look into the mirror and you see what you most desire most and I—I see you. And me. But yesterday it was…a shock. Not hot me. Me now. Ryan Reynolds crossed with a Shar Pei, me. That’s what really freaked me out. But now…” he trailed off, eyes slipping closed as Peter reached up to stroke himself, once, twice.

“Now it’s not as hard to look at. Still...still hard. But not as much.”

He felt rather than heard Peter’s breathing change.

“Huh. We do make one hell of a picture,” he mused, affection lacing his tone.
Alright…let's have it. What's your excuse for updating late this time?

I got a job. Two, actually. But I'll try update quicker next time.

Please. There's a bigger chance of Marvel making Cap a Nazi than you updating again any time soon.

Well. You're not wrong.

He'd done it again, even though he had told himself he wouldn't. Promised himself he wouldn't. Over and over and over again until the words lost meaning. He had done it. He let himself get attached. Deeper and more tangible than ever before.

Basically, he was fucked. And not in the good way.

"You're staring."

Well, maybe a little in the good way.

A small smile graced Wade Wilson's face as he heard the groggy and muffled voice of Peter Parker waft from under a mountain of pillows to his left.

"Your Spidey-Senses tell you that?" the merc teased, shifting a little, propping himself up on his elbow, eyes falling on the pale, muscular back that was raising and falling with each subtle breath.

He mentally traced the smattering of moles that littered the brunet's skin like a cluster of constellations before reaching out and following that same path with his fingertips. Slowly, he felt Peter begin to move, muscles expanding and contracting as he flipped over onto his back, hazel gaze flickering in the dim sunlight.

"Our pancakes have probably gone cold," he remarked wryly.

Wade tilted his head, his digits now brushing Peter's collarbone.
"Worth it."

Peter stared up at him, breath catching as Wade's fingers trailed down his chest, his lips following soon after, licking across his pecs in a slow drag. The Canadian hid his smirk against Peter's skin as he inched lower and lower, slipping under the sheets, mouthing along the curve of his hip.

"Wade..." The younger man moaned, arching his back as Wade took him in one hand, the other clutching his hip.

"You were quick to point out that you've been sorely lacking in the blowjob—department. Thought I should rectify that," he spoke softly, his lips barely an inch from Peter's cock, his breath bouncing off his sensitive skin.

A shudder raked through Peter's entire body, a tingling sensation that started at the tips of his toes and travelled up to his temples as Wade took him in his mouth, encasing him in an enticing wet heat. The former fought to control his breathing, one fist clamped around the bedsheets as the other rested lightly on the back of the latter's head, struggling not to press him further down onto his cock, his hips involuntarily starting to thrust upwards as Wade swirled his tongue around the head, lapping up the beads of pre-come that pooled there.

"Ugh, Jesus..."

"Nope, still Wade," the merc murmured, grin lacing his tone as he came up for air, Peter's cock slipping from his mouth with a soft pop.

Heavy, half-lidded hazel eyes stared down at him, rosy lips no doubt trying their hardest to frown at him but instead twitching as if fighting a smile. Letting himself bask in the beauty that was a smiling Peter Parker, Wade licked down his shaft until his nose was buried in the curled tendrils of brunet hair that trailed down from his navel. Eagerly, he took his left hand off Peter's hip and jerked him off, his heart hammering at the sound of the younger man's breathing hitching, gasping as he was brought closer and closer to the edge of ecstasy.

Despite this being Wade's first time doing this with Peter, he seemed to somehow know just exactly how to slide his tongue to make Peter's knees quake, how deep he could swallow him until he started to shudder. Greedily, he hollowed out his cheeks and sucked as hard as he could, trying to commit each and every noise to memory, each new sensation, each touch, the salty tang, everything. He could hardly believe it, the fact that he could draw such a reaction, the groans, the shudders, from another person made his insides caramelise, a gooey heat spreading from the pit of his stomach.
Ignoring his own twitching cock, Wade let Peter fuck into his mouth, his hips snapping up and down in a disjointed rhythm as the younger man began to unravel, the merc’s name falling from his lips over and over and over before a frantic tapping drummed disjointedly into his shoulder, "Wade, I—I'm gonna—"

The older man grasped his hip, holding him in place as Peter shook and suddenly stillled, his entire body wound tight like a spring as his cock pulsed and he spilled into Wade's waiting mouth. The merc swallowed, the taste bitter on his tongue as he lapped up as much as he could before Peter sank back down onto the bed, his cock falling from Wade's lips, his chest heaving and flushed a rosy red.

Wade took those moments as Peter wound down to stroke himself, the wondrous sight beneath him and four or five brushes of frantic fingers enough before he too was spilling onto the sheets, arms quivering as they held up his weight. Wiping at the edge of his mouth, he buried his face into the brunet's neck.

Peter reached up and pulled him down closer onto his chest, still fighting to catch his breath.

"Fuck…” he hissed.

"That good, huh?” Wade chuckled, brushing his lips against his collarbone as the younger man caught his hand in his, squeezing gently.

"I think…” Peter began attentively, breath bouncing along the top of his head, orbs tracing "I think we need to track down the rest of the team."

"And they say romance is dead."

Wade chuckled a little more before shaking his head, his tone turning more serious than Peter had expected after sex, "you got a plan rollin' around in that big brain of yours?"

Peter nodded, still not quite ready to meet his gaze as he forced out, "I want you to come with me."

[Heh. Thought he just did?]
Wade stilled, his fingers catching on the younger man's knuckles.

"I don't know, pooh bear. I mean, when it comes to The Avengers, present company excluded, I'm kinda persona non grata."

Peter stared at him.

"What?" Wade squawked indignantly, "I know Latin! Draco Dormiens Nunquam Titillandus, bitch."

"Not sure 'bitch' is a Latin term," the brunet murmured drily, "and 'pooh bear'? Seriously?"

"What? I said I had a list. Only fair I get to whip 'em out every so often."

[That's not the only thing gettin' whipped out]

{Bow chicka wow wow}

"Does that mean that I can give you a nickname?" Peter asked with a tilt of his head.

Wade mirrored him, resting his forearm across his knees as he sat up, shrugging, "like what?"

"Pain in my ass?"

"I think last night you were a pain in mine," Wade winked lewdly as Peter groaned, shoving his face into the merc's shoulder.

"I hate you."

"You really don't."
"...I really don't."

A hush fell between them then, one of comfort and laziness as they each fought to wake their fatigued minds and bodies. They were both pleasantly warm, cocooned in sheets, their naked forms pressed together as they breathed in each other's air, gentle smiles gracing their faces. In that moment, nothing else mattered but that warmth, that touch, that breath all entwined together, firm but not constricting. It felt safe. It felt right. It felt like the start of something.

"Peter, I'm home!"

The two men shot up in the bed, barely having the time to exchange a horrified glance as footsteps thundered up the stairs.

"So tell me, how did the big date g—"

May Parker stopped in the doorway of her nephew's bedroom, eyes large and mouth agape. Slowly, a large shit—eating grin spread across her face as she drank in the sight before her. There, not twenty feet away, sat Peter Parker and Wade Wilson, naked from the waist up (as far as she could tell) and gaping at her as if she had suddenly grown an extra head. The blush tinging her nephew's cheeks and the flush rising up the Canadian's neck was just the icing on an already delightful cake.

"That good, huh?"

Peter groaned loudly before burying his head in his hands, unable to look at her any longer. Wade kept his head upright but stared doggedly at a spot over her left shoulder.

"Good morning, May," he croaked.

"It is a good morning, isn't it, Wade?" she asked, a glint in her gaze as she tilted her head at them.

Several seconds of silence passed where nobody made eye-contact.
"Okay then," May said suddenly, taking a few steps back out into the hallway, her hands held up in surrender. "I'll go start breakfast. You boys look like you worked up quite the appetite."

"Aunt May!" Peter exclaimed, but she was already turning on her heel, a cackle thrown over her shoulder as she marched down the stairs without a backwards glance.

Another beat of silence passed before the mercenary turned his head to glance at his bedfellow.

"Well...at least she didn't walk in mid-sucky-fucky."

Peter snatched up a pillow and shoved it over his face, letting out another loud groan of embarrassment. His answering "shut up, Wade" was more than a little muffled, but the merc smirked nonetheless.

~*~

It smelled like cigarettes and unwashed ass. Nicotine and faecal matter, to be precise. A winning combination for Matt Murdock's sensitive nose. Still, he had a job to do. And he'd smelled worse. Much worse. Barely suppressing a shudder, he fought down the memory of Foggy's great uncle Eustace with his fungal toe infection and his penchant for walking around barefoot and pressed on, further into what he surmised to be an abandoned factory of sorts where the four men from the SUV had pulled up and gone inside.

Quietly, he pressed himself against a wall that led out onto a balcony, the men standing directly beneath it, two of them passing a cigarette back and forth as another spoke loudly in a raspy voice:

"The boss is nuttier than squirrel shit."

Matt tilted his head to follow the man's tone as he walked around his cohorts, scuffing the toe of his steel-capped boots against the ground.

"I don't know what his beef with the Parker kid is, but I wouldn't wanna be him."

The other men hummed in agreement, seemingly not for the first time.
"The crazy bastard," the mouthy guy continued, sounding exasperated, "first he just wants the kid straight—up dead. Then, he decides roping that idiot cousin of his into it is a better plan."

Matt could almost feel the eye-roll.

"We ever find out who hired that whackadoo to off Groves?" another guy asked, stubbing out the cigarette with his shoe.

"My guess? Rickards."

"But isn't she all, you know, 'pod person'? How could she hire Deadpool to take him out?" a third guy piped up, his clothes rustling as he shifted from foot to foot.

"The doc's a wily bitch," the first guy responded, "I don't think he can control her as good."

[Whoa. Aren't we lucky these random guys are so mouthy?]

[Yup. It's almost like they're only here for exposition]

[Funny that]

The sudden rumbling of an engine rapidly approaching the warehouse caught Matt's attention. Alert, the four men stood to attention as a car entered through the steel door and came to a halt, tires crunching on the uneven ground. After a moment, Matt heard the distinct sound of a car door opening before slamming shut, another pair of footsteps joining the group.

A chorus of gruff voices mumbling "boss" sounded throughout the warehouse before falling deathly silent. The silence stretched for several minutes, the air punctuated with tension as a match was struck and a cigarette was put to a pair of lips, lungs inhaling deeply.

"So, Parker hired a couple of ambulance-chasers, did he?"
'Chatty Cathy' as Matt had now dubbed the first guy in his head, hummed in response, "yeah, boss. We saw them hangin' out outside the precinct. Tracked down their shit box of an office. Doesn't look like they have much more than some raspberry pie."

"So there were no files? No research? Nothing to say that they or Parker have any idea what's going down here?" the boss asked, his tone growing terser with each syllable.

"Nope."

Another short silence befell them before one last drag of a cigarette was taken before being unceremoniously dropped to the floor and stomped on.

"Good. Last thing I need is some Dirty Shirt sniffin' around."

With that, the boss took his leave, turning on his heel and getting back into his car. Matt readied himself to follow as Chatty Cathy called out:

"Wait, boss! What now?"

A low chuckle, not unlike the spluttering engine, rumbled from the boss' chest as he rapidly pulled out a pistol from his waistband behind his back and adroitly shot Chatty Cathy in the face.

Matt grimaced as he heard the body fall to the floor with a significant thump.

"Now Wilkins..." the boss spoke barely above a whisper, words aimed down at the corpse, grin lacing his tone, "is the Final Phase."

~*~

He was beginning to detest this little white room. It reminded him of something out of One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, McMurphy no doubt going to jump out at any moment yelling about putting balls in baskets. He could only imagine how Selena felt about it. He also couldn't help but wonder just how many Nurse Ratcheds were shuffling around the place.
Tony was beginning to lose track of time. Between the long silences and the bursts of information, it was hard to keep good time from when he went into the room, to when he came back out. He supposed it probably had something to do with Selena herself, she and he long-time colleagues, a woman he greatly admired and respected once upon a time, now sat before him a shell of her former self. He caught glimpses, though. Little flickers, scarce moments in between incoherent rambling and spaced-out silence where she was that woman again.

This was one such a moment.

"I told you I'd tell you about Gio," she piped up, inspecting the nails on her left hand with mild consideration.

"You did," Stark agreed drily, "over...let's see," he paused to glance at the watch he was not wearing, "fourteen hours ago. But before you could take me on a trip down memory lane, you passed out harder than me after a bottle of bourbon. So, wanna try again, Sleeping Beauty?"

A wrinkle formed in between Selena's slender eyebrows.

"I was out for fourteen hours?"

He could tell she was trying hard not to let the obvious concern seep into her tone. Slowly, he nodded, straightening his spine from where he was hunched over the back of a wooden chair, his arms dangling over it. A dull ache had settled in his lumbar vertebrae that preyed on his already fraying nerves. Danny Glovers' tired tone echoed in his head "I'm too old for this shit."

Well, he wasn't that old. But he was impatient.

"So, here's what I know: you and Blye were a regular ol' Bonnie and Clyde," he began, standing up from the chair and beginning to pace, "except instead of robbing banks, you psychologically tortured people into doing your bidding. But one day, a patient of yours escaped and people didn't take too kindly to that, so Blye was fired. Then, a few months ago, under Blye's control, you hire a guy to start surveying Peter Parker with the intent to have him assassinated, only you managed a change of heart and hired Deadpool to off the assassin before he could finish the job. That about right?"

Rickards stared at him for several long moments before offering him a slight nod.
"Which begs the question," Tony paused and leaned down into her space, his face barely an inch from hers, "and I swear to God Selena, if you don't give me a straight answer right now, I'll lock you in here and throw away the key..." His threat hung in the air before he took a final breath and finished: "why the hell does Blye want Parker killed?"

Jade eyes shimmered as teeth jutted out to gnaw on a plush lip.

"It's all my fault," she whispered, her voice barely above a whisper. If Tony had not been already standing so close to her, he would have missed it entirely. Silently, he waited for her to elaborate.

"It's my fault, not Peter's," she shook her head, "I was the one that told him to tell Robert about my father's company. The kids...they should have loved it. All the toys, merchandise..." She trailed off a little dreamily, her gaze growing distant.

Something clicked into place in Tony's mind, pulled from the deep recesses of his memory, slowly taking form, a lightbulb illuminating in his head.

He rapidly snapped his fingers in front of her face, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, Space Cadet, focus for me. Explain what the hell RCorp has to do wit—"

Stark was knocked off his feet by a heavy blow to the chest, forcing him to the floor. Jaw slack, he watched as Rickards climbed on top of him, unnaturally strong hands closing around his throat and squeezing so hard his eyes bugged out. Scrambling, he clutched at her hands, her face that was now contorted into something unrecognisable, her matted hair, any place he could reach as he fought for breath, little ink blots dotting the edge of his vision as he began to lose consciousness.

And then it was gone. The pressure around his throat, the weight on his chest lifted into the air away from him. Tony rolled onto his side, taking in a desperate gulp of air, coughing and spluttering as a familiar form hovered just a few feet away, strong grip around the loudly thrashing Selena.

"'Bout...time...gramps," he gasped at Steve Rogers before falling down onto his back and staring up at the too—white ceiling, blinking rapidly.
He took it back. He was definitely too old for this shit.

~*~

"I'm off to the store! Looks like we need more pancake mix," May Parker's smug tone called up the stairs, "you boys try and make yourselves half—decent. Won't be long!"

Peter let out another loud groan into the pillow over his face.

"She's gonna be unbearable after this."

Wade let out a snort, waving his hand dismissively, "ah let her have her fun. If she says anything, we can always bring up Rick."

Peter slowly lowered the pillow from his face, head tilted to regard the Canadian.

"How do you know about Rick?"

The merc looked away, a flush rising up his chest.

"I uh...I may have done some...reconnaissance."

"Reconnaissance."

Wade cleared his throat, rubbing his jaw, "uh, yeah. I saw her walking with some guy a few days ago and you know, had to make sure that he wasn't a complete douche-nozzle."

A complicated expression crossed Peter's face.

"So you were looking out for my Aunt May?"
The merc nodded, eyebrow quirked as if the answer were obvious, "of course. May is important to me."

The unsaid "and so are you" flitted between them.

That warmth that had settled into Peter’s chest what felt like eons ago blazed up, licking at his insides as if a blanket were being draped over him, keeping all the heat in, safe and secure. He allowed a soft smile to grace his face before he ever so slightly leaned forward and kissed Wade's jaw.

"My hero."

~*~

Bruce Banner raised his dictaphone to his face and clicked the button, speaking into it in a low tone.

"Patient Blye lapsed into an unresponsive state several days ago and is clearly experiencing distress, accelerated heart—rate, high temperature and raised blood—pressure. He has gone from thrashing erratically to a more subdued state."

He paused, staring down at the young man as if he suddenly expected him to spring awake. After several beats with no movement whatsoever, he clicked play again.

"As of yet, there is no change."

Gentle footsteps approached him, the gait now familiar.

"Good morning, Nurse Woodruffe," he murmured without glancing up.

"Good morning, Dr Banner. Have you gotten any rest?" Eliza asked, her Scottish tone tinged with loosely—concealed concern as she began changing Blye's I.V.
Bruce shrugged, "I can never really sleep in unfamiliar places," he paused, eyebrows furrowed before he added in a lower tone, "the big guy doesn't like it."

If Eliza was shocked or disturbed at the mentioning of Mr Tall, Green and Angry, she didn't give any indication. Instead, she went about fixing her patient's pillow, ensuring he was as comfortable as he could be, before taking a quick look at his chart.

"No change then," she stated rather than asked, wholly unsurprised.

"No change."

"And the others?"

Bruce took a glance over his shoulder, gaze trailing along the dozens and dozens of patients in the incredibly large ward, their forms motionless, as quiet as the dead.

"No change."

Nurse Woodruffe hummed, cerulean eyes steadily following one of her colleagues that stood at the far end of the ward, too distant to eavesdrop on their conversation, but she still didn't want to take any chances at being overheard. As subtly as possible, she took a few steps closer to Banner and leaned in, speaking out of the side of her mouth:

"Dr Hart has been acting strange."

Bruce didn't outwardly react.

"Strange how?"

Eliza inclined her head towards the bed, "like early—stages of that, strange."

They shared a quick glance.
"You think she's been under Blye's control?" Bruce asked, his eyes darting to the hospital attendant lurking not too far behind them.

"I think," the nurse responded in a low mumble, "we gotta alert someone just in case she gets like Charlie and tries to burn down this place or RCorp or some—"

Banner stumbled back as Eliza was pushed off her feet, smashing into him as a now awake Joe Blye barrelled into her, knocking them all to the floor. Trying to catch his breath, the scientist scrambled to get a hold of Blye from where he had positioned himself kneeling over Eliza, choking her with his bare hands.

The familiar spike rose in Bruce's chest as he fought to keep calm. Last thing anyone needed was the Big Guy joining the party.

[Hey, I thought pizza face was 'the big guy'?]

{Yeah well, Hulk's the bigger guy}

Suddenly, an alarm began blaring around them and the orderly who had been lurking around sprang forward, helping Banner reef Blye off of a rattled Eliza. Within less than a minute, half a dozen personnel burst through the double—doors and sprinted towards the scene. Bruce could merely watch as Blye was hoisted away by three pairs of strong arms, a syringe jabbed in his neck, his body going slack almost immediately.

He turned to Eliza, checking her over for any injuries. Once he found no more than what would surely become some bad bruising around her neck, he allowed himself to take another deep breath, closing his eyes.

"Are you okay?"

His eyes snapped open at the quiet question. There was no fear there, only concern.

"You're the one who just got choked out. I should be asking you that."
Before she could respond, a loud kerfuffle coming from outside the ward drew both of their attention. Raised voices emitted from behind the doors before they were unceremoniously thrown open, Dr Hart storming through, a murderous expression on her face.

"What the hell is going on here?!"

~*~

He hadn't ever seen a sight like it and that was saying something. In his forty—plus years (the 'plus' being his business) Tony Stark had bore witness to some of the most amazing, horrific, fascinating, disgusting, wondrous and horrendous sights on this Earth. Each and every one memorable in their own way. The first time he kissed the love of his life, the war-torn remains of Wakanda, the moment he was told of his parents' deaths...yet they were all wholly unlike anything that what had just transpired in that dreaded white room.

Selena had lunged at him, eyes wild like a frightened animal locked in a cage, all flailing limbs and bared teeth, the noises emitting from her truly inhuman. In those moments, the woman he had known had vanished completely, instead entirely replaced by a feral creature hell—bent on one goal – killing him with her bare hands. He did his best to defend himself without harming her, but he couldn't help clutching at his neck where he knew fresh bruises shaped like fingers would soon form.

"What was that?" Steve Rogers asked once he joined his teammate on the other side of the door.

"Hell if I know," Stark remarked with a shrug of his shoulders, trying for nonchalant but clearly shaken by the incident, "something I said must have...triggered something in her."

They both grimaced at the word 'trigger.' It wasn't either of their first times dealing with people under the influence of mind—control, but that didn't make it any less disturbing.

[Was that a reference to Civil War?]

[Wiggly hand-gesture]  

[Helpful. Thanks.]
Standing side-by-side, Tony and Steve watched through the small rectangular window as the hospital team sedated Rickards and placed her back in bed, strapping restraints around her wrists. An uncomfortable twinge fluttered in the former's stomach at the sight.

"It's getting worse," a familiar voice sounded behind them to the surprise of neither man.

Tony rolled his eyes so hard Steve was surprised they didn't get stuck like that.

Whirling around, Stark jabbed a pointed finger mid-air, his jaw clenched, eyes blazing, "Alright Fury, time to cut the crap. Why the hell did you call us all here? Away from Peter and into whatever the hell this is?"

The ex-director ran a hand over his head as he stared over their shoulders into Rickards' room.

"I haven't been here in a while. Hill called me in when she realised things weren't adding up," he began with an air of fatigue that sounded entirely foreign coming from him, "it's got outta hand. I need you to do what you do best – non-lethal action. I don't know who's involved and with this amount of civilians…” he trailed off, each man understanding the implications of his unfinished sentence.

[*Snort* Non-lethal action]

*Who does Fury think he's foolin'?*

Steve stepped forward, arms folded, "you're planning a coup? But isn't this facility—"

"It's been made clear to me that my presence here is in a guest capacity," Fury interjected, "during my…absence, changes were made around here that I never would have sanctioned."

"Like the hypnotic torture trails carried out by Giovanni Blye and Selena Rickards?" Tony mirrored Steve's stance, but his tone contained more barely restrained anger than his teammate's.
"Among other things," Fury replied enigmatically.

Stark let out a humourless chuckle, "right, because you'd never sanction anything as ugly as emotional and psychological torture, would you, Fury?"

His silence spoke volumes.

The billionaire took another step toward him, "tell me everything you know about what's going on with this place, Giovanni Blye and what it all has to do with Peter."

Nick Fury was not a man who took orders from Tony Stark. Hell, he never really took orders directly from The Council. But he knew a lost cause when he saw one. He knew when he called them in that The Avengers had a tendency to attract...trouble.

[Ha! No shit. Has he seen the movies?]

[Evil gods in New York, evil robots in Wakanda...]

[What's next? Evil Werewolves in London?]

[Coming to a theater near you, 2018]

"Parker can take care of himself. And I have it on good authority that that Canadian lunatic has appointed himself his personal body guard," Fury expertly dodged the question with a wave of his hand.

"Wade," Steve sighed.

A complicated expression crossed Tony's face as he seemingly weighed something in his mind before shaking his head, "I'd still feel better if we could contact Parker. He shouldn't be kept outta the loop."

Fury exchanged a glance with Rogers.
"Get Wilson on it."

[We assume he means Sam, right?]

[The day Fury willingly gets Wade Wilson on something is the day Sam Jackson stops saying 'mother—fucker']

Rogers nodded, taking a step away to call his friend and colleague. Tony took the opportunity to size Fury up, his head tilted in thought.

"Can't help but notice you've still told us next to nothing, Fury."

The ex-director levelled him with that dead one-eyed stare, "if you want to keep a secret, you must also hide it from yourself."

Tony scoffed, throwing up his hands, "seriously? You're just gonna quote George Orwell at me instead of—"

A blaring siren drowned out the rest of his rant. Tony, Steve and Fury all exchanged glances before high-tailing it after the half dozen or so people that were now beginning to emerge from random rooms and sprint down the corridor towards one of the wards. At the end of it, they were met with a furious Dr Hart.

"No can do, gentlemen," she folded her arms curtly, blocking their way, "this is an in-house matter and Dr Banner's presence is already—"

"Step aside, doctor," Rogers said loudly but politely in that infuriating way of his. It was enough to make Stark's blood boil.

"How come they got an alarm?" he snarled, beyond irked at this point, with everything from his neck being used as Rickards' personal stress ball to the cloak and dagger shit from Fury, "I didn't get an
alarm when Rickards went all WWE on me."

Hart was not impressed, "I don't have time for this, Stark," she yelled back before side-stepping him and bursting into the ward, shouting over the sirens: "what the hell is going on here?!"

Tony shoved his way in behind her, stopping dead in his tracks at the sight that met him.

The room was in complete disarray.

A total of five huge orderlies were securing an unconscious Joseph Blye, lifting him up and attempting to strap him down on the bed only to find that the restraints had been torn clear off and still hung around the patient's wrists. A nurse Stark vaguely recognised was standing next to Banner, palm pressed to her throat, her face a ghostly white while Banner exchanged a grim look with him and Steve in turn before addressing Dr Hart.

"Well doctor, it looks like one of your patients woke up," he deadpanned in that soft yet cutting way that only Bruce Banner could seem to do.

Hart's lips formed a thin line, her eyes narrowed, "I can see that, Dr Banner. It was my understanding that you were monitoring his sedation levels so—"

"It's my understanding that Joseph Blye is not actually my patient and I'm only here as a guest," Banner cut across her, his tone forged in steel, "something which you've made abundantly clear. Since we got here, you have barely approached these people, let alone examined them, checked their charts, you know, the things a doctor is actually supposed to do?"

"Banner..." Fury warned.

Bruce gave him a quick glance before holding up his hand, orbs blazing, "no. This is insane. This whole place is one giant torture chamber and I'm not gonna stand by and watch innocent people be subjected to whatever the hell this is! I get that this cloak and dagger routine comes naturally to you people, but when it comes to people's lives, people's health, I'll be damned if—"

"Remind me again how our activities here in any way fall under The Avengers'...jurisdiction?" Hart interjected airily, her tone flat and sarcastic around the last word.
"Uh, I don't know," Tony began, stepping forward and tilting his head at her, "how about since one of your patients went off the deep end, escaped, and proceeded to set fire to a building with over a thousand people inside, including school children and causing the death of their teacher?"

Hart's eyes bulged, mouth opening and closing as she fought to think of a response.

"Oh yeah," Stark nodded smugly, "we know all about that. Everything that went down at RCorp that da—"

A weight barrelled into him, cutting him off mid-sentence and knocking him to the floor.

"Oh for fuck—" he growled, clasping his hands around Dr Hart's wrists as she tried to clamp them around his throat, eyes wild, face contorted with unbridled rage.

Within seconds, the weight was lifted off of him as Hart was dragged away and held securely by Rogers who stared down at his colleague as he lay on the floor catching his breath.

"Guess it is true," he smirked as the shorter man pulled himself up from off the floor, "all the ladies love Tony Stark."

"Blow me...Rogers."

~*~

"Pancakes alá May!"

Wade grinned as a gigantic stack of fluffy pancakes was plopped down in front of him by an energetic May Parker.

"Awesome, thanks May! These look great," he remarked, clapping his hands and wasting no time drenching them in Canada's finest maple syrup. He could feel familiar hazel eyes watching his every move. Slowly, he raised his gaze and was met with the handsome yet grimacing face of Peter Parker.
who was focusing on the pancakes and their slow death of drowning by syrup.

"You're disgusting."

Wade hefted an obscene amount of pancake onto his fork and shoved it into his mouth, chewing loudly, "that's not what you said last night."

The reaction was instantaneous.

"Wade!" Peter hissed, scandalized, cheeks a fierce red as his eyes darted to his aunt who had their back to them, standing at the sink only a few feet away.

The merc merely winked and took another bite, tilting his head at him.

May, in a rare moment of compassion for her nephew's embarrassment, said nothing, but did a truly appalling job at hiding the ridiculously large grin that had spread across her face as she gathered up some bags and prepared to head upstairs and change.

"Be right back boys," she murmured, taking something from behind her back and handing it to Peter, "do your best to keep your clothes on your bodies and not in the living room."

With that, she turned on her heel and took her leave.

Meanwhile, Peter sat glued to the kitchen chair, staring down at the maroon shirt he now held in his hands.

"Aww, it matches your face," Wade grinned, shovelling another forkful in his face.

"I hate you."

"You really don't."
Slowly, Peter's orbs raised from the shirt to look at Wade, an indecipherable expression on his face.

"I really don't."

Wade bit his lip as that intense gaze was turned on him, feeling his own face heat up, it no doubt a closer shade to maroon too. Clearing his throat, he stood up, reaching out for their cups and turning towards the coffee maker, "refill?"

Peter made a sound of agreement, lips twitching in amusement.

As Wade busied himself with the coffee, Peter folded his shirt and left it on the table before also standing up and approaching the toaster, still in no mood for maple syrup with a dash of pancakes.

"What made you decide to go after them?" Wade asked quietly as they stood side by side.

Their previous conversation had been put on hold, but not forgotten. With a quick glance over his shoulder (his aunt had a knack for somehow being able to sneak up on him, spidey-senses be damned) he murmured, "Matt."

The merc turned slightly, catching his eye, prompting Peter to continue, "he sent me a voicemail. Something…something isn't adding up, Wade. Ever since we found out that Selena is Chenko, something has been gnawing at me. And—and this morning, it came to me. What felt…missing."

As he waited for an elaboration, the Canadian's gaze dropped to the younger man's clavicle that was peeking out from underneath his too-large t-shirt, his skin the sky, his moles the stars.

"Selena she…it was an off-the-cuff remark she made once. Something she said a million years ago that I just remembered," Peter sighed, his free hand dragging down his face, "Matt and Foggy did some digging and it turns out that Skyline Laboratories has a pretty big benefactor. The CEO of RCorp."

Molten dread pooled in Wade's gut at the mention of the company.

Biting his lip, Peter stepped closer to him, the back of their hands brushing, another sigh on his lips,
"Selena told me once, that her father was always pissed that she didn't follow him into the family business."

The merc’s mouth dropped open.

"Rickards' dad is the CEO of RCorp?"

The brunet nodded, "and the benefactor to a super—secret and super—shady research facility."

"With great power comes great coincidence," Wade murmured under his breath.

{Ooh old—school reference}

[Mama like]

"So the question is," Peter continued as if the merc hadn't spoken, "what the hell was Rickards Senior funding? And what the hell did he do to make someone wanna burn down his company?"

Wade nodded, an ominous feeling rising in his chest, "guess we better go find out."

A soft smile graced Peter's face at those words. Slowly, he reached forward and clasped Wade's fingers in his, squeezing gently. The Canadian drank in the sight of their entwined hands, a fluttering in his chest as he spoke barely above a whisper: "you're gross."

"That's not what you said last night."

They both chuckled, gazes meeting over steaming coffee and slightly-charred bread. They took that last step to each other, their lips brushing gently in a chaste kiss. Wade placed his free hand on Peter's hip and Peter wound his around Wade’s neck as he trailed his tongue across his bottom lip.

A throat loudly cleared from behind them, prompting them to spring apart, startled.
Wade didn't need to turn to know that May Parker's impish grin was directed their way as she retrieved her forgotten cell phone from off the table.

"I'm uh...gonna go take a shower," Peter mumbled, shoving a slice of toast in his mouth and picking up his coffee with a nod, completely ignoring the look of sheer panic Wade threw him at the prospect of being alone with his aunt after everything that went down this morning.

"Peter Benjamin Parker don't you dare—"

"Won't be long." Peter cut across Wade's muttered threat, his voice muffled as he chewed before darting up the stairs without a backwards glance.

A beat of silence enveloped the room.

"I've lost count how many times I've told that boy not to talk with his mouth full," May said after a moment, dropping her cell phone back onto the table before making her way over to where Wade still stood motionless beside his now lone coffee cup.

"You're good for him, you know."

Wade was abruptly spat out of his reverie, trying hard not to let the shock register on his face.

Wade failed.
"Me. Good for him," he repeated, dumbfounded, the words echoing loudly in his head as May rolled her eyes at him.

"Yes, Wade. Good for him," she nodded, leaning an elbow on the countertop, her eyes boring a hole into him as her face turned pensive, "now whether he lets you be good for him, that's a different story."

The merc bit his lip, chomping down the multitude of questions that had started to bubble up his throat. Thankfully, Aunt May seemed in compassionate mood and heaved a sigh, sliding her hand across the countertop and resting it lightly on his knuckles. Wade stared at it as if he had not seen such an appendage before, barely letting the woman's next words sink in.

"Before Peter met you, Wade, and I mean you in every sense of the word...his life was black and white," she began, her breathing changing slightly, "or should I say, blue and red."

Wade's mouth dropped open, his non-existent eyebrows shooting up in surprise, but May seemed unconcerned and instead tapped his knuckles with her fingers, gaze glued to them, her tone almost conversational, words quiet and practiced as if she had said them to herself over and over again, "it was...bad, after Ben. After Gwen. He thought—he thought he had to be someone else. Something else entirely and all I—all I wanted was my Peter. My sweet, smart, funny young man. But he was gone."

She looked up at Wade then, and despite not being biologically related, looked more like Peter than Wade had ever seen. Especially her eyes. Glistening, they shone with a light, a fire that took his breath away. There was a steel there, forged in flames and preserved in ice. It said everything that needed to be said, that one glance. Wade Wilson saw everything that May knew, that May endured, that May lost...

"You helped bring him back."

Wade's heart hammered in his chest as she leaned forward and clasped his shoulder gently, her voice softer than ever before, "and I don't think I can ever thank you enough. But I'm going to try..."

With that, she offered him one last smile, patting his shoulder and stepping away, snatching up her cell phone and shuffling up the stairs, a "help yourself to more pancakes, Wade," thrown over her shoulder.
The Canadian watched her retreat with an awestruck expression marring his face, a weight settling into his stomach, pulsating with a warmth that he had not felt in a very long time.

*I'm like a bird, I'll only fly away, I don't know where my soul is, I don't know where my home is, and baby all I need for you to know is, I'm like a bird...*

Wade fished his cell phone out of his pocket and grinned down at the caller I.D.

"Yo Sammy-O," he answered, pressing the phone to his ear with his shoulder so he could use both of his hands to butter his rapidly-cooling toast.

"Deadpool," the dry tone of Sam Wilson trickled down the line, "you still with Parker?"

The merc didn't even bother to ask how Sam knew he was with Peter in the first place, let alone that he knew that Wade knew that Parker and Spidey were one in the same.

*How does he know that we know?*

*I don't know, Phoebe*

"Maaaaaaybe," he sing-songed, "why? What does The Eagle want with him?"

"The Falcon."

"You sure you're sold on that name? The Eagle sounds more patriotic. Also, they're a killer band."

*Welcome to the Hotel California*

*What a lovely place*

[*Gasp* It's like The Eagles' version of Tahiti]
'Tahiti is magical. Not lovely'}

[Same diff]

"I'm sure, Deadpool. I'm sending you coordinates. Get your asses over here ASAP. Cap has a lead on whatever the hell is goin' on."

And with that, he hung up.

[Short and sweet]

[Just like Pete]

Wade lowered the phone from his face just as it pinged, alerting him of a new text message. Quickly, he opened it and stared.

Huh.

"Well, that's convenient."

~*~

"You're sure this is the right place?" Peter asked for the third time in five minutes.

"Yeah Peter, I'm sure," Wade responded for the third time in five minutes.

They regarded one another silently as they stood in the desolate parking lot thirty minutes after Sam Wilson's phone call.
"And he—" the brunet began pacing back and forth, sneakers scuffing along the gravelled ground, "he didn't elaborate? Say anything at all about—"

"I already told ya, Parker. He kept it briefer than Walter White's undies."

{That doesn't even make sense}

{I'm sorry, are you new here?}

A whirling noise, followed by a soft thump sounded behind them.

"Hey, kid."

The Canadian barely contained the eye—roll as he turned on the spot and was met by none other than Sam Wilson, clad in his full Falcon gear.

{You should never go full Falcon}

"Sam Wilson! My brother from another mother!" Wade exclaimed, despite not being the one addressed, clapping his hands together before leaning forward and continuing in a stage whisper, "seriously. I think we might have the same dad."

{Doubtful, Whitey McWhite.}

{Wilson is a common surname}

"You're a common surname!"

Sam stared at Wade, not blinking at his random outburst, before directing his gaze back to Peter, "how you holdin' up?"
The tone clearly indicated that he would be surprised if Peter said anything other than 'how the hell do ya think with this maniac?!

"I'm good," he replied instead, shrugging, "you know. Still alive."

Wade side-stepped Peter, peering around him and over Sam's shoulder, searching for something.

"Where's Cap's boyfriend? Summer Sailor, or whatever."

This time Sam did blink. Twice.

"Barnes is…resting. Not that it's any of your business, Wilson."

"Oh, but it is, Wilson," Wade tapped his nose, "the public have a right to know."

"Can we get back to the reason you called?" Peter interjected, glaring at the mercenary, recognising the potential for derailment of the conversation pretty damn quickly.

A small smirk spread across The Falcon's face, a sardonic chuckle bubbling up his throat.

"Since when have you two been knockin' boots?"

Peter's heart stopped.

Where he was frozen to the spot, as still as a statue, Wade was a flurry of movement, stumbling several steps back, hand on his chest, spluttering loudly, "that's disgusting. And wrong. I don't even get—why would— I've never had sex with anyone, anywhere. It's none of your—you have—the nerve, the audacity, Peter is my teammate, technically. And he is terrible, face—wise. And how—how—do I know, frankly, that you're not sleeping with him? Maybe you are. Maybe you're trying to throw me off? Hmm check and mate," he finished with a huff, folding his arms across his chest.

[Very convincing. 10/10]
Sam and Peter stared at him in total silence before the former turned away.

"Anyway...it's time we get goin'," he murmured, raising his hand in the air.

Wade stared at his retreating back, "is this gonna take long? It's just I have an Orange Is The New Black marathon planned and—"

The thundering whirl of propellers drowned out the rest of his sentence.

All three men looked straight up as a gigantic hellicarrier suddenly became visible above their heads, materialising in mid—air. Slowly, the belly of the aircraft began to open, lowering a walkway for them to ascend. Exchanging a brief glance, Wade and Peter followed Sam onto it and took a seat, strapping themselves in tightly as the door raised up, closing securely behind them.

They were in the air for approximately forty—seven seconds when Wade couldn't take it any longer:"alright Big Bird, tell us where we're going."

Sam stared at him from his seat opposite as Peter rolled his eyes.

"We're going to Skyline Labs."

The merc nodded vigorously, "cool. Cool, cool, cool. We were totally on our way to you guys anyway. Petey was gonna use his big-boy brain to go all Columbo and find out where The Avengers were at...or, you know. Call Stark and annoy him into telling."

He could see another eye roll from out of his peripheral vision which he determinedly ignored.

"Okay, okay. I was gonna call Stark and annoy him into telling," he amended with a wave of his hand.
Sam had nothing to say to that, merely keeping his gaze focused on Peter.

Wade, it was safe to say, did not like being ignored.

"Hey, hey Sammy, did you ever get that chick's number?"

The Falcon's head turned minutely.

{Bingo}

[We got him]

"What are you—"

"Look, I don't claim to be a paragon of heterosexuality, no matter what certain comic fans want to believe. But, I do know a beautiful woman when I see one."

[Panorama, baby!]

{Pansexual}

[Same diff]

"So, what are you waiting for Tweety Pie? Get her number, already!"

[Maybe Sammy doesn't swing that way?]

{He does have off—the—charts chemistry with Cap and Barnes}
"You wanna talk about my love-life, Deadpool? Really?" Sam asked, his tone flat as he glanced between Wade and Peter, eyebrow quirked, "nah. I think whatever the hell is goin' on between you two is way more interesting. Not that I need to know about anything. At all. Ever," he finished with what could have been the beginnings of a shudder.

He jerked his head towards Peter, "since when does he know who you are anyway? I thought you were keepin' that on the DL?"

The younger man shrugged, "it's kinda a long story."

"Well, it's kinda a long trip."

And so Peter launched into everything that had happened over the last few months, Wade chipping in with his own commentary every now and again – ranging from the relevant to the wholly inappropriate.

"So then this handsome son-of-a-gun," the merc clapped Peter on the shoulder, leaning into him slightly, "decided to lay one on me, right? I mean, I'm talkin', bumpin' and grindin' up against a wall Baby and Johnny 'cause I had the time of my life' kinda shit—"

"I did no such thing."

"You totally did!"

"Didn't."

"Did!"
"Aww," Sam interjected with a smirk, looking back and forth between them, "you two are just adorable."

The brunet glared at him.

That only made Sam's smirk grow even larger and more shit-eating.

[Gross]

[Now there's an image]

The Falcon opened his mouth to no doubt say something that would make Peter want to curl up into a ball and have the ground swallow him whole when a voice came over the radio: "Falcon, we are coming up on our destination. Stand by."

It was barely noticeable, but they had begun to descend.

Sooner than either man expected, the belly of the aircraft slowly opened, disconcerting in that it hardly made any noise at all, despite it being over a tonne of fortified steel.

With a bounce in his step, Sam led them off the hellicarrier and halted in front of what looked like a gigantic, pristine military base. Glancing around him, Peter couldn't help but notice something pretty significant that wasn't just the fact that despite the room being extortionately large, they were entirely alone, no other signs of life in sight.

"We're underground," he commented, the lack of windows and artificial light becoming evident almost immediately.

Sam nodded, "guess it isn't called a "Secret Research Facility" for nothin'," he shrugged before pressing a button on his suit, his mechanical wings springing outwards like a majestic aves ready to take its next flight.
"This is where I get the hell outta dodge," he turned on his heel, before holding up a finger and glancing over his shoulder at the two crimson—enthusiasts, "oh and good luck with...that," he waved in Wade's general direction before his wings expanded further and he soared into the air, up and out through a glass skylight in the facility's ceiling.

"Hey!" the mercenary yelled up after him, "I resent that! I'm a fucking delight!"

~*~

Tony Stark was pissed.

Steve Rogers was irked.

Thor Odinson was confused.

Natasha Romanoff was bored.

Clint Barton was hungry.

And Bruce Banner didn't know where to start.

After the incident with Dr Hart, he quickly pulled aside Steve and Tony (ignoring the ever-watchful eye of Fury) and asked them to gather the others and try find as secure of a place to talk as they could. That turned out to be a tiny lunch room practically in the basement of the building. Looking at each of his team-members one by one, all scrunched together along the rectangular table, he struggled to find the words, running a hand through his hair and clearing his throat.

"Uh...so Fury lied to us."

That seemed like a good place to start.

"Colour me shocked," Tony deadpanned, looking around him as if expecting a glass of scotch to materialise at any moment.
"Or at least he downplayed a bit. Omitted some truths. Whatever. Point is, this...this goes deeper than he led us to believe," Banner continued, his shoulders hunched, "there are dozens of people in this facility exhibiting symptoms of varying degrees. Blye is just the tip of the ice-berg."

"Now is this Joseph Blye the would-be assassin or Giovanni Blye the creepy hypnotist?" Tony asked with a wave of his hand, spinning in his chair, "it's getting hard to keep track."

[You're tellin' us]

"Both."

A silence descended on them.

"Tony," Bruce began after a moment, clasping his hands behind his back, "you said that Rickards told you Giovanni Blye faked his death. That he is the true mastermind behind all of this. He controlled Rickards - Chenko, into doing his bidding while he played puppet-master. Why?"

"To stay hidden," Natasha interjected, "it's easier to keep track of all the chest pieces if people think that you've been removed."

[Ugh. I wanna marry her]

[We did]

[Uh, nope. I think I'd remember if we became Mr Scarjo]

[Ryan Reynolds 'us. 'Not us us]

[Oh yeah. I always forget that]

"And involving his cousin?"
Here, Stark sat forward in his seat, "Rickards suggested some bad blood between them. Could be as simple as wanting to mess with him. No better way to do that than making him think he's seeing his cousin's decapitated noggin in a box."

[Whhhhhaaat's in the box?!]

[We already know, genius]

[No. We don't. Joe thought it was Gio's head, but now we know that that was only an hallucination brought on by being whammied. So, I ask again: whhhhaaat's in the box?!]

[Gwyneth Paltrow's head?]

[Nah. She's Pepper. She's safe. Whhhhaaat's in the—]

[If there even was a box]

[Ooh now someone's thinking outside the box. Ha! Get it? OUTSIDE THE—]

[I will cut you]

"We any closer to a motive? Why Giovanni is after Peter in the first place?" Steve asked Tony, folding his arms.

"Rickards has been crafty with avoiding talking much about motive. All we know is that he is going after Peter. It's unclear if it has anything to do with his Spider-Man activities or—"

"So he knows Peter's secret identity?" Clint asked, looking up from where he was staring into space.

[It's hard keeping track of who knows what]
Tony nodded, "Rickards too. But she doesn't think any of Blye's underlings do."

"Why has he not used this information to his advantage?" Thor enquired, his voice booming as he stood his ground beside Banner.

"I'd like to know the answer to that too."

The Avengers' gazes all shot up at the new voice. There, standing in the doorway not ten feet from them, was Peter Parker and Wade Wilson who gave a gentle wave and sheepish grin.

"Hey Earth's Mightiest. What's the haps?"

~*~

"Well, this is a goddamn bitch of an unsatisfactory situation."

Seven pairs of eyes landed on Wade Wilson as he took a seat in the window—less room, noisily opening up a bag of potato chips that he just got from the vending machine, propping his feet up on the table and leaning back in the chair.

"It usually is when someone's trying to kill you," Nat replied dryly before turning her attention to Peter, "I thought Tony told you to stay in New York?"

The brunet visibly bristled, "and I thought that we didn't keep secrets about our own team members from each other. Guess that's what thought did for me."

"Easy kid, don't get your panties in a bunch," Tony remarked with a dismissive wave, "we're in just as much dark as you. All we were told was Fury summoned us sans you for your own protection blah, blah—"
"How is the rest of my team leaving the city where I have a target on my back ‘protecting’ me?” Peter interjected, folding his arms, his gaze hardened.

Nobody had an answer for that.

"Well, I know you guys are the main act and I'm just the "featuring Timbaland" in all this hubbub,” Wade began, throwing down the potato chips, crossing one ankle over the other where they were propped up on the table and interlacing his fingers behind his hooded head, "but it seems to me like we all need to lay out what we know. Exchange information. Tit for tat."

[Haha. Tit']

"Remind me again why Jim Carrey's unattractive, less funny, younger brother is here?" Clint deadpanned.

Wade smacked a hand over his chest, tilting his body towards the archer, "I'm only slightly less funny than Jim Carrey? My my, Clint, colour me flattered!"

"I never said 'slightly','" Barton muttered with a roll of his eyes as Peter took a step forward, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Wade is helping me investigate what the hell is going on."

[In bed]

[What?]

[He's helping him investigate what the hell is going on in bed. Hint: sexiness]

[So, what? They're sex detectives?]

[Hell yeah! The Sex Detectives! Sounds like a TV show]
"With, you know..." Wade waved his hand, pausing for dramatic effect, "his little assassin problem."

"What. You following him around like a lost puppy? 'Cause that seems like a problem to me," Clint deadpanned, eyes passing between the two men with an air of suspicion.

"Ex-squeeze me," Wade squawked, "I'm a mercenary, not an assassin."

"Tomayto, tomahto."

Peter ignored them both, turning back to Steve and Tony, barely restraining an eye roll when he caught Wade sticking his tongue out at Barton in his peripheral vision, "Joe Blye is here, right?"

The former nodded, "he is. Bruce has been monitoring him."

Banner shuffled his feet, eyes cast downward, "it's not looking good."

Peter sighed, running a hand through his hair in frustration.

"Okay. Then let's start from the top. Lay out everything we know," he paused, casting a quick look around him, "is this place secure?"

Here, Tony threw him a wry grin and held up a tiny device in his hand that looked like one of those old—school Tomagotchis Peter had in fourth grade.

"I got it covered."
Turned out, stuffing eight people into a tiny room to talk about an already uncomfortable topic was not the easiest. And yet, they managed, each and every member keeping an eye out for any eavesdroppers, secure in the fact that most didn't have the sneaking abilities of Spider Man or Deadpool but not underestimating, either. God only knew what was walking the halls around them.

"Okay," Tony murmured, leaning over the table, palms pressed down on it, "so a few months ago, Stark Industries uncovered some LK90 vials. Rickards put you and Eddie James on it."

Peter nodded.

"Neither of you had any success in figuring out what it does, so you put it on the back burner."

"We had other cases."

Tony took a step back, beginning to pace, "then one night, a few months later, you're just sitting at your laptop when a hail of bullets rains into the apartment next to yours."

"Yeah."

"So, you go investigating and find a large pool of blood where your neighbour, Mr Haynes used to be."

"Deadpool killed him before he could kill me."

Wade smacked a proud palm on his chest, "I totally saved his life. Twice."

Steve leaned forward in his chair, eyes locked on Peter, "then another round of bullets start, that isn't Deadpool killing Haynes, but actually Joseph Blye trying to kill you because his cousin believed that Rickards, in a moment of clarity, hired somebody to off Haynes before he could off you."

Peter nodded again.
"That's when you found the bomb with Deadpool's insignia," Bruce piped up.

"A poor imitation of my insignia," the merc clarified with a wave of his hand, "but the bomb still went kabloomey in the alley, spraying me all over its walls like bad Banksy graffiti."

[So... just Banksy graffiti?]

{Philistine}

{Actually, we're Canadian}

{Philistine not Palestine, idiot}

Clint folded his arms, inclining his head at Peter, "Blye then tries to kill you again across the street from a coffee shop, dressed as Spider Man."

"Petey totally wears the suit better."

They all ignored that particular observation.

Natasha tapped her fingers against the table, "he then starts following Wilson, gets caught and tortured—"

"Only a little," Wade interrupted with a shrug.

"Before leading you both to the warehouse where Lucas Daniels doses him further, causing his symptoms now," Bruce finished, a crinkle between his eyebrows.

"Yep," Peter sighed.
"Eddie is then captured and Rickards accidentally outs herself as Chenko," Tony picks up, his pace gaining speed.

Steve watches his teammate for a second before addressing Peter, "we then bring her here while you and Wilson are...what?"

[Smooshing booties]

[Knockin' boots]

[Doin' the no-pants-dance]

[The horizontal tango]

[Bumping uglies]

"Trying to clear Spider Man's name from when Blye dressed up and got trigger happy," Wade said instead, leaning forward to rest his chin in his hand.

"Which you did."

"Which we did," they answered in unison.

"And that lead you to—"

"Realising that this all has something to do with the RCorp fire last year as its CEO, Rickards' dad, is a huge benefactor to this place," Peter sighed, weary from all the back and forth, his mouth turned down in a frown.

"The fire that was set by Charles Hanway," Bruce pointed a finger at them.
"Who was also patient at this place,” Natasha remarked drily.

"A favourite of one Giovanni Blye and his colleague Selena Rickards," Thor’s tone boomed from where he stood at the corner of the room.

"But is now very dead," Wade nodded, he and Peter exchanging a glance before the former murmured:

"So we came here before anyone else dies too."

[Jesus. Could this get any more convoluted?]

[Too much tell-y and not enough show-y]

[We're just sayin' it now so the readers won't have to]

[But probably will anyway]

[Writer lady deserves it]

"Okay. Then I guess that leaves just one last question..." Clint trailed off, his face pensive as he turned to Peter.

[Only one?]

[I have like, 9000]

"When the hell did Deadpool find out you're Spider Man?"
He hated this. Every part of it. The lying, the espionage, the murder. All of it. But it was his life, the only one he had ever known. The one his parents forced upon him back when he didn't have a choice. Now, though he could have stopped, he had gotten too comfortable. Too used to the violence. The threats. The death. It was second nature. But Robert...Robert was different. He rejected the life and all its shortcomings. He had made something of himself. Something calm and right and good. Something that Gio could never and would never achieve if he lived several lifetimes over.

But he was gone now. Extinguished like the flame of a candle. There one minute and the next...

Dead.

Gio had since lost count how many times he pleaded over and over again for it to be him instead. He was the one with no future, no light at the end of the tunnel, no life that was worth living. He was the one that was a black cloud looming overhead, fury and anguish pieced together by scraps of wounded soul — a patchwork person, mottled and never quite whole. If anyone had to have their life snuffed out too soon, it was him. Not his little brother. His one and only sibling that had shown him that despite their childhood, despite everything they had gone through, it was possible to make a difference, if only in some small way. It was enough. Not every mark left on the world was a bad one. And Robert had left his mark.

A soft groan sounded over Gio's shoulder, snapping him from his reverie. With one last glance at his sombre frown, he turned on the spot, flexing his fists at his sides.

"Eddie, my man, you gotta stop with all the whining. It's really unbecoming."

Another groan, louder this time, sounded from the other man before stilted words spat out:

"Fuck you."

Gio chuckled, running a palm through his matted hair.

"Still so feisty. I can see why Parker befriended you."
Eddie tensed at the familiar name, a wave of nausea overwhelming him, his stomach doing somersaults.

"What did you do to Mrs Parker?"

He forced himself to look up, to stare into those jade eyes that were so dark they were almost black.

A small smile graced Gio's face before he shrugged, "that's none of your concern, James. Huh. I always find it weird when people have a first name for their last name. Do you find it weird?"

His tone was almost conversational. The hilt lighter, as if he didn't have a .22 calibre pistol in his back pocket with every intention to use it.

His fingers twitched at his sides, his hands no longer fists but hanging loose as if he was part of a Mexican standoff in the Wild West.

"You gonna tell me what we're doin' here?" Eddie asked instead, eyeing the gun that the other man had plied him with, with distain, ignoring Blye's odd attempt at conversation.

When Gio opened his mouth, Eddie held up a hand, "no, no. Let me guess. 'All in good time, Mr James',' he mimicked badly, his sarcasm and scorn evident, "if you're not gonna tell me what the hell you want with me or where we are, then at least tell me what you've got against Peter Parker."

Blye tilted his head, seemingly considering his words.

"You want a monologue, huh? A neat and detailed account of what I'm doing and why?"

[Ooh...I think we have a self-aware villain on our hands]

[Ain't that convenient?]

Eddie's jaw clenched, "that would be nice, yeah. You seem like the kinda guy that loves listening to himself talk."
Gio laughed, a sharp and terrible sound that cut through the air like a knife.

"Where should I start then, Dr James?" he asked, adopting a hammy German accent, taking large strides back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back, "my shitty childhood? My troubled adolescence? Or the day I found out our friendly neighbourhood Spider Man was none other than our favourite little lab assistant, Peter Parker?"

Eddie's jaw dropped.

Blye guffawed before a faux-sympathetic expression crossed his features, an exaggerated pout jutting out his lower lip, "aww...did Eddie not know about his friend's extracurricular activities? I wouldn't feel too put out by it, kid. These vigilante types, they're not big sharers to anyone outside their little band of freaks."

The scientist's eyes darted around the room as he let this information sink in. Mentally, he catalogued every weird excuse his friend had ever given him for the random scrapes and bruises that appeared on his body, the various reasons why he was late and looked exhausted enough to have run several marathons the night before...and knew that what Blye was saying was true.

Peter Parker was Spider Man.

He wished he was more surprised than he actually felt.

"So all this..." he began slowly, gesturing around the room with one hand and worrying his lower lip with the other, "has to do with Spider Man? What...he wouldn't autograph your picture or something?"

Gio stopped dead, his entire body rigid before he turned on his heel and glowered down at Eddie, fire and fury in his gaze.
"No, Mr James. It isn't something as trivial as that," he paused and Eddie almost rolled his eyes at the
dramatics before the next words turned his blood cold: "...he killed my brother."

~*~

"So, you think this all comes down to the fire. Why would Blye want you dead for that?" Steve
asked, his tone wearily as he dragged a palm down his face.

Peter shrugged, throwing up his hands in frustration.

Wade tapped his chin, a pensive expression crossing his face, "well, in my experience, people want
people dead for usually one of three reasons: monetary gain, to get rid of a problem, or revenge."

{Or all of the above}

[Greedy bastards]

"No offence kid, but I can't see how somebody would benefit financially from your death," Stark
remarked with a wave of his hand, "so that just leaves option two or three."

Natasha frowned before piping up, "hey, wasn't there a casualty that day? I know a kid got injured,
but didn't a teacher also—"

"Robert Hennessy, yeah," Peter interjected, speaking that name for the first time since it happened, a
lump forming in his throat.

"Do we know if he has a connection with Blye?" the spy followed up, the cogs in her brain
beginning to turn.

Tony's jaw slackened as he came to a halt, turning to the team.

"Rickards mentioned a guy called Robert before she went all cuckoo. Said she told Gio to tell him to
bring the kids there because they'd enjoy the toys."
The room was plunged into silence.

Slowly, Wade slid his legs from off the table to plant them firmly on the floor, a frown etched onto his face, "well, good ol' fashioned revenge it is then."

Peter's heart hammered in his chest as he thought of the possibilities. Was this it? Had they finally figured out what all this was about? Did Giovanni blame him, as he did himself, for that teacher's death?

"What about the guy who set the fire? Hanway?" Natasha asked, looking at each of the team in turn, "we got a motive for him?"

Wade stared down at the table, hands clasped tightly together, "take it from me, Red. Hanway had his reasons, those bastards gettin' all inside his head and messin' him up like that? I mean, Ryan Reynolds went on a murder spree after a freaky—lab made him ugly, so I kinda get this guy's deal."

"There were kids in that building," Steve exclaimed, jaw clenched tightly.

The merc held up his hands in surrender, "hey, I'm not sayin' it was a good plan, I'm just sayin', revenge can make people a little...crazy."

An uncomfortable feeling swooped in Peter's stomach as he regarded the side of Wade's face, who was still intently staring down at the table, chocolate—hued eyes distant and unblinking.

"I need to talk to Rickards. Know once and for all," he dragged his gaze away from Wade and towards Tony, "can you get me in a room with her?"

~*~

Her heart jumped into her throat at the very sight of him. She knew this day was coming, had to be after all that had went down. However, it still didn't mean she was wholly prepared for when Peter Parker walked through the door, a complicated mix of emotions flitting across his face.
"Selena," he nodded, hazel orbs drinking in her position where she lay strapped to the bed, her arms and legs bound.

"Peter," she replied, trying not to let the humiliation and despair seep into her tone.

"I take it you know why I'm here," he continued, taking a seat as Tony Stark and another man wearing a hoodie entered the room and stood by the door.

"Giovanni Blye," she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper, "he wants you dead."

Peter folded his arms across his chest and leaned back in the chair, "he does. Why?"

Guilt washed over her entire body as she bit her bottom lip, "Robert. Gio—he blames you for what happened to him."

Peter's stomach lurched, nausea rising up his throat, it was something that they had all theorized, but still, hearing it confirmed only intensified his guilt.

"He blames me for his death."

Selena nodded, eyes bleary.

"And me. I was the one that suggested that Robert take the kids on a field trip to...my dad's company," she finished carefully, no doubt wanting to avoid triggering herself, "but instead of killing me, Gio—"

"Turned you into Chenko," Peter interjected, jaw clenched.

Selena nodded minutely.

"But it was Hanway who set the fire," Tony piped up, stepping forward, "he was the one who caused Robert's death because of all the fucked up shit that you and Blye did to him. Peter wasn't at fau—"
"Since when do psychotic murderers follow any kind of logic? Or accept blame for their actions?" Rickards cut across him, tone curt.

Wade raised his hand, bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet, "ooh! I know, I know! Almost never."

She stared at the merc for a moment as if only realising he was there before turning back to Peter.

"Back when we worked together, Gio mentioned his brother was an Elementary School teacher and was looking for somewhere to take his class on a field trip. I told him that I could get them into the company. Dad and I had been...estranged for a while and I knew he'd grant any whim I had if it meant I spoke to him again. So, I set it up. They—they were due to get the full tour of the building, the factory, the offices, the gift shop, everything, once I sat down to lunch with Dad. It was the only reason neither of us were in the building that day..." she trailed off, biting her lip.

After a moment, she heaved a sigh and continued, her voice shaky, "it—it was my fault. The kid that was injured, Robert's death...I couldn't handle the guilt over what happened so...I agreed to help Gio get revenge, at first. But it was when I started to lose time, wake up in unfamiliar places with no idea how I got there, I realized what he must have been doing to me. Invading my mind, making me do things against my will...so, I started keeping a journal of the things I could remember. Gio was getting more and more unpredictable at that point, none of his plans making sense, every decision made on a whim just to see what would happen...he was losing his mind."

Peter gaped, his mind reeling, one word stuck on repeat in his head: brother, brother, brother...

"Why didn't you just tell us?!" Tony exclaimed, eyes blazing, "we could have helped you!"

Selena unglued her eyes from Peter to regard her former boss, "he was watching my every move. Still could be. I had to conduct my research in secret, at the dead of night in the lab so he wouldn't realize what I was doing. He—he threatened people I care about..." she trailed off, eyes lingering on the closed door.

"Eliza," Stark guessed, remembering how she was adamant that the nurse not come within several feet of her room.

Selena nodded, "I don't know how he found out about us. We were always...discreet at work. I think—I think he must have pulled that from me too."
An uncomfortable sensation rose from the depths of Peter's stomach, not for the first time, at the mentioning of Blye's manipulation. Anger surged in his veins.

"How do I stop him?"

Rickards' gaze jumped back to him, startled.

"I—I don't know. He never filled me in on this part of his plan. All I know is that Mr James has something to do with it."

Peter forced down the acid bile that had risen up his throat, "okay. Then where can I find him?"

*He was a melon stealin', cop—a—feelin', daredevil fool*

Wade held up one hand in silent sorry as he shoved the other in his pocket to grab his phone and quickly turned on his heel, exiting the door, his voice wafting behind him: "you've got Deadpool. Talk to me, horny."

Selena stared after him for several moments before Peter cleared his throat, catching her attention.

"Selena," he murmured, his tone bordering on pleading as he leaned forward on his knees to catch her eye, "I know you want this madness to end. I know you never wanted it to go this far. So please...tell me where I can find Blye, so I can stop him before he hurts Eddie or anyone else."

The scientist held her protégé's gaze before slowly nodding.

"Okay. I—I think I know where you can start."

~*~

It was a cold evening, the clouds dark and foreboding as the sun fought and failed to break through
the gloom. Glimmers of rays shone here and there but it was a lost effort, the beginning of night proving to be a bitter one, baltic and biting at the skin like tiny pin—pricks.

"You're sure this is a good idea?"

"Nope. But we don't have any other choice."

Tony and Peter stared at one another as they stood outside Skyline Laboratories, both ignoring the huffs of impatience radiating from Wade as he shuffled back and forth several feet away.

"We could come with—"

"Fury needs you guys here. If this is as deep as Bruce seems to think it is, you could be looking at a revolt," the younger man interrupted, "there's well over two hundred people in this facility, Tony. It's gonna need you guys if it all goes to hell. You've already been attacked. Twice."

"Thanks for reminding me, kid," Stark responded, rubbing his neck, his tone dry as he cast a weary glance at the Canadian, "Bye's dangerous. You sure you and Looney Toons over there can—"

"We got this, Tin Man," the Canadian in question interjected, "you just worry your pretty little head about those people going all Jack Torrance, 'kay?"

Stark grimaced at the reference, it not conjuring a particularly pleasant image.

"We'll keep you posted," he nodded at them both, folding his arms, "be sure to do the same."

Peter mirrored him, "we will. You tell Fury I was here?"

The billionaire snorted, "like I need to tell that guy anything. He has that all-seeing eye of his. Probably lookin' at us right now."

That also didn't conjure a particularly pleasant image. He suppressed a shudder.
A tell-tale whirl sounded overhead a mere second before a large hellicarrier materialised into view above their heads.

"Guess your ride's here."

Wade gave them both some space by entering the aircraft first. Peter hung back, his hands in his pockets as Tony tilted his head at him, his face guarded.

"Be careful, kid. If you need us—"

"I know. Thanks."

With that, they exchanged one last nod and Peter followed Wade. He was almost all the way up the platform when he heard a shout from behind him:

"Oh and tell Murdock I said hi! And to get a better damn costume already, those horns are just embarrassing!"

~*~

Taking a breath, Peter stared at himself in the mirror, raking in every inch of himself that he could see. He looked the part but wasn't sure he felt it. Ever since the picture became clearer and he realised that it was That Night being dragged up again after he trying so hard for the last year to forget all about it, things had been hard to put into prospective. Giovanni Blye knew who he was. And that was dangerous. Yet, he hadn't divulged anything. Seemingly hadn't told anyone other than Rickards. He wasn't sure what sort of game he was playing, but it wasn't good. Wasn't something Peter was sure he could come away from unscathed. It went deeper, far deeper than any of them had imagined, from torture, to kidnap, to murder, to conspiracy...he couldn't help but feel as if he was a little out of his depth.

His team may have been handling the Skyline Laboratories angle but...that left him with Blye. With a man who was grieving and had focused said grief on Peter. The same grief that manifested in Peter as guilt. Something he already blamed himself for. Only to have that blame then come back to him tenfold when he realised all the pain and heartache Blye had put people through in order to get to him: Eddie, Selena and God only knew who else.
It was almost too much to bear.

"Stop it," a voice sounded a split second before a figure appeared behind him, decked all in red and black.

"Stop what?" he asked, watching as Wade pulled on his mask and came to a stop behind him, resting his gloved hands on Peter's shoulders.

"Beating yourself up," the merc clarified, "I know you've a guilt complex the size of The Grand Canyon, but Blye made his own choices. There are hundreds of different ways to grieve, trust me. Concocting a ridiculous plan just to fuck with people who actually had nothing to do with your brother's death is just one of the shittier ones."

"Wade I—" Peter's voice broke as he closed his eyes, his head hanging low, "I could have saved him. I could have done—"

"No."

Wade's tone left no room for argument, his hands tightening on the shorter man's shoulders, "if you're looking for someone to blame, blame me. I was the one that held you back. You said it yourself. I could have let you go, could have watched you get crushed like a bug under that beam, but I didn't. I'm selfish that way. So, if you wanna place the blame somewhere, go with your original thought."

Peter turned, nestled between his arms as he reached up and tugged off his mask, looking deep into his eyes, "I already told you it wasn't your fault. You...you saved my life that night. You got those kids out. You were the hero. I know that now. I just—I can't help but feel like—"

"There was nothing you could do, Peter," Wade murmured, his breath against his ear as he pressed their cheeks together, arms wrapping around to rest between his shoulder blades, "he had already died of smoke inhalation by the time we got there. It's a fucking miracle the kids hadn't."

Peter raised his head at those words, a crinkle forming between his eyebrows.
"Yeah, that is weird, isn't it? I mean, the kids should have succumbed first. And we never did find out how they were all knocked out in the first place. The other teacher, the woman, said that she just passed out, didn't even know that there was a fire before she woke back up...which means it couldn't have been from smoke inhalation..." he trailed off, his brain firing a mile a minute.

Wade tapped the side of his head, "what's going on in that big brain of yours, Petey?"

Hazel orbs met chocolate, "I think Charlie Hanway specifically targeted only Robert Hennessy. I think he did something to try and give the kids the best chance at surviving that he could."

Wade's face tinged with an uncomfortable expression.

"Guess that would only make Blye extra pissed."

"Guess so."

Peter bit his lip, psyching himself up for what he had to say next.

"Spit it out already, Parker," the Canadian sighed, showing his uncanny ability to sense something up with Peter even when he was trying his hardest not to show a shred of evidence on his face.

"Wade..." he began, eyes focused on the merc's chest, "my aunt...I need someone here to—"

"No," the taller man interrupted, bending his knees slightly to catch those hazel orbs, "any other time Petey, I'd be there for May. Guard her with my immortal life. But not this time. I'm going with you. All the way."

The brunet felt absolutely no surprise. Silently, he nodded, cogs in his mind working overtime for plan B.

Wade sighed, not particularly proud of himself, but unwilling to budge on the matter, "well, ready to go meet the crazy pants that wants you dead?"
Peter forced a smirk, hoping he looked more confident than he felt, "let's go."

~*~

"Mattatron! How the hell are ya?"

Peter rolled his eyes as Wade climbed down from off his back and approached Matt Murdock who was standing several feet from them on the rooftop, clad in his full Daredevil gear.

[You never go full Daredevil]

[That reference doesn't even make sense]

[I ask again: are you new here?]

"Deadpool," the lawyer-by-day-vigilante-by-night nodded at him, "Spider Man."

The three men regarded on another for a moment before the merc burst out in an excited squeal, "O.M.G. just look at us! All badass and shit! What we need is like…a codename. Something cool and sophisticated!" he snapped his fingers before tapping his chin thoughtfully, "what about…Team Crimson?"

[Nah]

"Team Maroon?"

[Lame]

"Team Blood Orange?"

[Pretentious]
"Team…Red?"

Matt leaned over towards Peter, confusion lacing his tone, "who is he talking to?"

The brunet folded his arms, shrugging, "you get used to it."

The merc ignored them however, skipping around in a circle and chanting, "Team Red…Team Red…Team Red…now that sounds like a mother—fucking franchise!"

{Or...you know, a moderately-successful comic book series}

[Same diff]

"I tracked your guy," Matt addressed Peter, jerking his thumb in the direction of the building directly behind them.

"He's okay. A little bruised and definitely drugged, but nothing life-threatening."

"What the shit!" Wade exclaimed, his tone tinged with awe, "you can sense that?"

Matt merely inclined his head, almost like how a dog would when it hears a particularly high-pitched noise.

"Blye is with him."

Trepidation rose in Peter's gut, travelling up to flutter in his chest.

"Thanks, Matt. You and Foggy have already done so much already, researching Skyline, finding Eddie and I know I have no right to—"
"What do you need, Peter?" the lawyer cut across him gently.

The arachnid chanced a glance at Deadpool before murmuring, "Rickards. She gave us an address. Blye's base of operations. Could you check it out? Make sure there's no more...surprises in store for us?"

The Devil of Hell's Kitchen nodded, giving a quick two-finger salute.

"And your aunt?"

Peter smiled softly, touched that the other man remembered, "she's staying at the Avenger Tower until all of this blows over."

"She's tight with Jarvis, it wasn't hard to convince her," Wade added before turning to the shorter man, "but seriously, we're not bringing Blinkin with us?"

"For God's sake, Wade. Would you knock it—"

"Foggy was right," Matt interrupted them, a slow smirk spreading across the small amount of his face that was visible, "you guys are definitely more like a married couple."

Both men stilled.

"Well, we are a couple."

"Wade!" Peter groaned, wanting nothing more than to drag his palm down his face but couldn't due to his mask.

[First world problems, amirite?]

"And we have an issue," the merc continued, waving a hand at Matt who shrugged.
"I'm not that kinda counsellor."

[Ooh! Matt made a funny!]

[Someone call the Press!]

"I just think we could use all the help we can get with The Avengers outta the picture," Wade sighed at Peter throwing his hands up in the air, "should we not get Mary Ingalls here to help us out?"

The shorter man regarded him for a moment, weighing his options.

"Blye has already proved he's a loose cannon with more than one thread of a plan. Who knows what else he has cooked up. We need someone to check out his place just to be sure there isn't anything else in the mix…" he trailed off, waving a hand at Matt, "I trust Daredevil to do his job."

[I thought his job was keeping criminals out of prison?]

Wade nodded, conceding that there was no point trying to argue the issue.

"You and me against the world it is then."

With that settled, Peter proceeded to catch Matt up on all the details he'd need as the lawyer in turn caught him up on all he had found out that day.

"He just shot the guy in the face?"

"Point blank."

"For asking a question?"

"Seems like it."
"Awesome," Wade deadpanned before turning on his heel and walking backwards across the roof, "we better get to it, then. Don't you got somewhere to be, Blind Al?"

{"Snort{*}}

[What? He was running outta blind fictional characters. She seemed like the obvious]

Matt looked towards Peter, "be careful, Parker. If you need me…” he left the offer hanging before racing backwards and somersaulting off the roof.

"Whoa. Sweet!" the mercenary gaped before collecting himself, "so brainiac, what's the plan here? You and I go in all Butch and Sundance and…what?"

"We get Eddie."

"Okay…and then wh—"

A thunderous boom interrupted him, the sheer force of it shaking the ground underneath the building they stood on like the beginnings of an earthquake, knocking him off his feet and barrelling him into Peter, who just about caught him before he hit the ground.

Gasping, the two vigilantes stared across at the building opposite them that was now lighting the night sky with smouldering flames. Heart in his throat, Peter raced toward it only for Wade to catch his arm and pull him back, breathing into his ear, "Peter, look."

The smoke had begun to clear at the side of the building and it was now obvious that the flames were very strategically placed, they spelling out in gigantic words:

Come and get me, Spider Man. I'm waiting…

[Hey! What gives? I thought we were promised a super-sexy-mirror-fuck last chapter? Where's
Sigh. You knew this was coming. There had to be exposition at some point, guys. As much as I would like to just write Spideypool smut all day, some things had to be postponed to further the plot. There will be more soon, promise.

Fuckin’ better. There's only like 5 chapters left. I wanna get in as much Spideypool sexytimes as I can.

The BJ wasn't enough?

A BJ is an appetiser at best, writer lady. Anal is the main course. Everybody knows that.

You're gross.

And you're a cock tease. These are the crosses we bear.

Anyway… as always, my Tumblr is [here](#) and the Spotify playlist for this fic is [here](#).

And writer lady's self—respect is nowhere in sight after all that shameless plugging.

Blow me, Wade.

*Nope. No can do, senorita. This mouth belongs to Petey now.*

I wonder if he'll sew it shut?

*He wouldn't dare.*

A girl can dream.
Who are you, Arya Stark? A girl can fuck off.

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

"Come on, Peter. Say something…say anything!"

[*Gasp* He said the thing]
Hey guys, I’m so—

You have some fucking nerve.

I know, Deadpool. I’m so sorr—

Save it. I don’t even know who you are anymore.

Oh come—

Seriously, what’s your name again? Crabbykid? I mean, I know I’ve made jokes about you taking three years to update but dayum, writer lady. You’re really goin’ for gold, aren’t ya?

Wade I—

Just what the hell was so goddamn important for a fucking YEAR that you had to abandon me, Peter, your incredible readers, me, Aunt May, me, The Avengers, ME—

I was getting my Master’s Degree!

Oh well ex-cuuuuuuse me, Ms Fancy-Pants-Think-I’m-So—

Peter is also getting his Master’s Degree, don’t forget.

Yeah, because Peter’s awesome.

And I’m not?

No. You suck ass.

I thought that was your thing?

It would be if you actually got around to actually writing it, fuck wad.

Well, as lovely as this has been…wanna catch people up?

Hmm…let’s see. Trump’s SCROTUS—

POTUS.

Same diff. Hugh Jackman hung up his Wolverine claws, the Babadook is the new gay icon, Ryan Reynolds fulfilled my dream of sticking his tongue down Andrew Garfield’s throat, and that’s what you missed on Glee.

I kinda meant catch people up on what’s going on in the story?

Shit, I’m not doing your job for ya, writer lady. Not my fault you’re the slowest writer in history. You just want me to remind YOU BECAUSE IT’S BEEN 17 FUCKING YEARS—
Wade…

_Ugh, fine! Me and Petey made sweet and tender love, then harder and rougher, then—_

I kinda meant plot-wise, Wade?

_Who gives a shit about plot? We all know why we’re really here._

But—

_Yeah, butt. Dick too._

Jesus.

_Actually, you know, what? Don’t even sweat it about the 350-day absence._

Whoa. Really? I thought—

_You’ve left me for some dumb Netflix show, I get it._

Great. Here we go.

_I mean, sure, why wouldn’t you go write fic for Stranger Things? It’s new and flashy and everything I used to be…_

Wade.

_I’m the tired, chubby wife and it’s the fresh, sexy mistress with an ass that just won’t quit._

Speaking of, if you guys wanna read my Stranger Things fic—

_Are you serious?! YOU COME INTO MY HOUSE—_

306 Days In The Future…

He was beginning to lose consciousness. The pain ripping through him like hot knives through butter.

"Peter...Peter! Stay with me!"

His ears were full of cotton balls, they had to be. Everything just sounded so...distant. Like a horn through a fog, a splutter through water, a scream through a storm. Everything was just so far away from here.

Here was anger. Here was sadness. Here was pain.
He didn't want to be here anymore.

"Peter! Don't you dare close your eyes! Come on! Say something...say anything!"

~*~

Joseph Blye had never been particularly book-smart, didn't excel in academics in any subject at all, really. But he was good with his hands and had wicked aim. His father was a man that didn't care for academia, both he and his brother, Giovanni Sr. also men who were good with their bare, weathered hands, strong and unyielding. This served them well in their line of business over the years, they both pleased with each of their sons, the cousins, Gio Jr and Joseph - men with good, strong hands like their fathers before them.

Robert was different. He excelled in academia, in nearly every subject he took, which was a lot. Math, English, Science, History, Geography, you name it, Rob was at least good at it, if not great. Ever since he was a child, he would have his nose buried in some book as his brother and cousin played cops and robbers, reading about Gulliver's Travels as the other boys planned elaborate fictional heists.

So, it didn't come to much of a surprise to Joe when Robert told him he wanted to be an Elementary School teacher and was denouncing himself from the family, adopting his mother's maiden name - Hennessy, and moving to Brooklyn. Personally, Joe didn't give a shit what Robert did. They were close, sure, but not in the way that he could tell his older cousin what he thought of his life-choices. Gio on the other hand, he took it hard. He and Robert were close as kids, but gradually drifted as the former took up the family business and the latter shied away from it.

The older sibling naturally wanted to take care of his little brother, make sure he didn't make any damaging mistakes, but had to concede that despite missing him, Robert was better off out of the way, out of trouble. Out of the life that most Blyes were thrust into. Joe knew that this meant that Gio Jr got the brunt of Gio Sr's anger, his disappointment, his contempt. From the day Rob left, it had begun to tear the Blyes apart, a rip in the fabric of their family that would never be repaired.

It only got worse after he died.

Joe remembered the day he got the call. It was his aunt, voice shrill and broken as she tried to explain that there had been a fire and they couldn't find Robert. Joe nodded frantically and tried to soothe her as he raced to his aunt and uncle's home, only his right arm in his shirt sleeve, his left flapping in the
wind behind him. It had been both a chaotic few hours (he'll never forget the hammering of his heartbeat in his ears) and a pensive few hours, each and every member of the Blye family's faces etched with worry as they wore the floor down with their pacing.

It was 5:30pm when the phone finally rang.

Ina Blye stared at it wide-eyed for several long moments before Gio Sr snatched it up and barked: "what?!"

Joe remembered how he tried to catch Gio Jr's eyes then, but those jade orbs were too busy being locked on Joe's uncle, Gio's father as his face gradually drained of all colour, his fist turning purple as he gripped the phone tighter and tighter.

It was an eternity before Blye Sr finally spoke.

"No...no, I—I can come identify him."

Joe's blood ran an icy cold, pumping through his veins like a broken faucet that had burst inside him as he stared at his uncle to his cousin and back again, mouth agape.

A noise, something unlike anything he had ever heard before, sounded to his left. Whipping around, he realised it had come from Gio Jr and was still emitting from him as if he had no control over it. It was awful, animalistic and raw, ripped from his throat where it had crawled its way up from deep in his chest.

It was what devastation sounded like.

Pain.

Anguish.

Grief.
All rolled into that one unforgettable sound that Joe still heard in his dreams to this day. It was what he was hearing now as he fought to wake up, scratching desperately at the recesses of his brain to try and force himself into consciousness. His thoughts shoved to the periphery of his mind, mentally screaming from the side-lines as he was forced to do things out of his control time and time again like a puppet on strings, he tried to cut himself free, break from this stasis he had fallen into.

No, he had been put into.

This was something that had been done to him. He knew that much.

How had that happened again?

"...Blye? Mr Blye, can you hear me?"

Huh. That was new.

A voice, muffled and distant and unfamiliar was calling out to him as a blinding light began to shine right in front of his eyes, a dancing orb bouncing back and forth. He reached out with his hand to bat it away, but found that he had no hands, no limbs, no body at all. He was merely...there. Wherever there was.

"Mr Blye...Joseph...can you hear me?"

The light was getting brighter and brighter, burning into his retinas as he squinted, struggling to see through the shine. With no tangible arms to speak of, he could do nothing to shield his face as the unyielding light grew stronger and stronger. Just as it became unbearable, he finally managed to close his eyes. The light still shone through his lids however, the voice taking on a hardened edge:

"Joseph! Joe! You need to wake up now."

There was that voice again. Still unfamiliar, still annoying. Why couldn't it leave him alone?

He didn't like being in this place, this nothingness, but didn't like the idea of what may await for him when he awoke from here either.
"Joe!"

Well, look like he didn't have much of a choice in the matter. With an inward groan, Joe felt himself being slowly dragged to consciousness as if a large tarp was being pulled from off his slumbering mind. Bit by bit, feeling came back to him, first in his toes, then in his fingers, spreading rapidly down his arms and up his legs, across his waist and up his chest. His skin was singing with sensation, a burst of goose bumps covering every inch of his skin right up to his hairline as he began to register sound. An incessant and steady beep. An odd scratching. Short even breaths that weren't his...

His eyes slid open, bouncing around in his skull for a moment before he managed to focus. There, inches from his face was a deep brown, so rich it was almost black, no, they were almost black. Two of them. Eyes. Unfamiliar eyes.

"Welcome back."

That voice, it was the same as what he heard in his dream, not-dream, whatever.

"W-Where..."

Holy shit his throat was on fire.

Spluttering, Joe tried to sit up as a round of harsh coughs clawed up his throat but found that he was glued to the spot, his arms bound to his sides. The pair of eyes, which belonged to a man that actually looked vaguely familiar, narrowed, before he produced a glass of water, so beautiful Joe almost wept at the sight, a long straw sticking out of it, tilted down towards his lips. Ravenously, Joe surged forward as much as he could, clasping his teeth around the straw and gulping down the liquid, the coldness of it a soothing balm for his raw throat.

After several moments of frenzied gulps, Joe finally let the straw fall from his lips, gasping for air.

"You good?" the now-kind-of-recognizable man asked, eyes lowering a little to catch his gaze.

Joe nodded, still not quite ready to talk.
The man took a step back, placing the now-empty glass on the bedside table and glancing down at a clipboard in his hands, pen flying across the page.

Well, there was the source of the scratching.

After what could have been a minute, an hour, or several days to the disorientated Joe, the man looked up from his notes and offered him a small yet grim smile.

"Mr Blye, my name is Bruce Banner."

Oh yeah. Definitely familiar.

"I'm here to talk to you about your cousin."

An icy dagger pierced Joe's heart at those words. Biting his bottom lip, he took one or two more steadying breaths and forced out, his raw tone barely above a whisper:

"I got a big family. You gotta be more specific."

He really didn't, though. Joe knew the second the words left Banner's mouth which cousin he was talking about.

It could only be Gio.

It was always Gio.

And Joe had a feeling that he may be a little less dead that previously thought.

Call it a hunch.
Foggy Nelson was an all-out pacifist. He was a lover, not a fighter. He was a man of words, a man of negotiation, a man who believed in arguing points verbally, a sharp tongue his sword. But that didn’t mean he couldn’t kick ass when he needed to.

Case in point:

“I hate you, Matty. So fucking much,” the aforementioned lawyer gasped, candlestick held high over his head as he stared down at the very crumpled, very unconscious man sprawled on the floor.

“Nah,” Matt Murdock waved his hand dismissively, taking off his Daredevil mask to grin at his best friend, “you love me.”

Needless to say, breaking into a shady basement, clubbing a burly man over the head and stopping an attempted murder wasn’t how either of them expected to spend their evening.

Well, not how Foggy expected to anyway.

“Dude, I just killed a man Clue-style. I fucking hate you.”

“Relax Professor Plum, he’s not dead. Just knocked out.”

“Just knocked—” Foggy threw up his arms in exasperation, glancing around them, searching desperately for someone to commiserate with him for his fucked up situation and even more fucked up BFF, “just knocked out his says. Oh, well, that’s just fine then. Just another Sunday night kickin’ back with beers and unconscious men laying at our feet. Where’s the Cheetos? Is there a game on?”

Matt shook his head as if he was actually the one who was exasperated and instead bent down to sling Gio Blye’s henchman over his shoulder.

“You were the one who followed me here, Foggy.”
The lawyer scoffed, a high-pitched noise emitting from his throat, “you leave me a voicemail telling me that Parker’s whacko ex-boss gave him the address of an even wackier attempted-murderer and you actually expect me to stay put? Write some depositions? Work on my tan?”

[Is it obvious that writer lady has absolutely no idea what lawyers actually do?]

{Only thing more obvious is her complete and absolute failure at gaining pretty much any type of stable career}

[Whoa. Too real, man. Too real]

“This is what I do, Foggy. I’m not gonna—”

“Yeah, yeah,” Foggy interrupted with a sigh, “let’s shelve that worn argument for when we’re not standing in a building that may go boom at any moment, ‘kay?”

He had a point. Giovanni Blye was not a careless man. Matt could hardly be surprised that this entire place was pretty much a walking booby-trap.

[Haha he said—]

[Don’t. Joke’s already been done]

[Why you gotta do me like that?]

Upon arriving and sensing Foggy from several blocks away, Matt managed to stop him just before he stepped right onto a trip-wire as he approached the derelict house’s porch. As he concentrated, he could sense various death-traps set up around the place, each one more intricate and elaborate than the first.

Giovanni Blye was one smart man.

And 1000% bat-shit crazy.
Matt moved around Blye’s home-lab, shuffling papers in exasperation before shoving them into his friend’s hands, his fingers brushing the back of his hands.

“Foggy, you’re my best friend and I’ll be damned if I’m not gonna do everything in my power to keep you saf—”

“I get it, I get it. You Tarzan, me Jane.”

Matt’s jaw clenched as he tightened his hold on Foggy’s hands.

“Dammit, Foggy! This isn’t about Daredevil. This isn’t about my ‘hero complex’ or ‘death wish’ or whatever you’re callin’ it this week! This is about you and me. It’s…it’s always been about you and me. Can’t you see that?”

Foggy’s heart ricocheted off his ribcage in a timely rhythm, his pulse, despite it’s speed, forever a lulling balm to Matt’s fraying nerves.

Time stood still.

“Matt—”

“Can’t you see how much you—how much I—”

“Matty, as much as I’d love to have this discussion right now, I really think we need to get the hell outta here.”

Matt let out a breath, his own heart beating a mile a minute as he reflected on his own words, not even entirely sure where that last sentence was going.

[Lying liar who lies]
Foggy’s heart-rate spiked even further as Matt steeled to ask him:

“Why?”

His best friend’s breath hitched a little as he shuffled the papers that were gripped tightly between them.

“Because, Matt. If I’m reading these right? There are people who are in a hell of a lot of danger…”

Natasha Romanoff was so done with this shit.

112% done.

And to top it all off, she missed Tony getting choked out. Twice.

Talk about the straw that broke the camel’s back.

“Aww come on, Nat. I’m sure Tony will piss off someone else sooner or later. And when he does, I’ll make sure to get a polaroid for you to hang on your wall,” Clint Barton smirked as they stalked the halls of Skyline Laboratories.

“I’ll hold you to that,” she grumbled under her breath, pulling back the slide on her pistol.

{Polaroid? Really?}

{Clint is such an old man}
“Tony thinks that the trigger word is RCorp,” Nat murmured under her breath as she and Clint turned a corner, heading towards a large ward.

“I’ll do my best to not let that really specific word slip out,” her partner deadpanned as they entered the ward and looked around.

It was near silent, deathly so. Rows of beds were laid out in front of them, each housing a comatose patient of various demographics – men, women and some as young as teenagers. Clint took the lead, Nat covering him as they made their way between the beds, checking for any sign of movement. Yet, nothing seemed disturbed. Heart monitors beeped, indicating life, but the bodies themselves were…still. Too still to be natural.

Natasha’s gaze lingered across the many sleeping figures, young and old, her eyes catching on a young girl who couldn’t be more than fourteen. She was small – short and petite in a way that suggested that she would not reach the average height for women in America, with red hair that lay limp atop her shoulders. She was ghostly pale, so much so that her freckles looked translucent—

“Uh…Nat?”

Romanoff’s head snapped around to Barton who had gone stock-still in front of her, staring at
something she couldn’t see.

“You might wanna take a look at this.”

Her guard well and truly up at the tone of his voice, she cautiously approached him, looking over his shoulder, her eyes falling on a large cylindrical object sitting ominously on the ward floor. The assassin and the archer watched wide-eyed as a little compartment of the cylinder opened and a long spike protruded from it, spraying something in their direction.

“Well,” Clint murmured as the spray particles rose into the air and dispersed about the room, over the patients’ beds, “that can’t be good.”

~*~

RCorp’s new headquarters really didn’t seem much different to its predecessor that Peter and Wade had ventured into the year before. Save for the molten heat, smoke and flames, it was pretty much identical. But, like most empty buildings, at night it gave off an ambiance that was downright creepy.

“I feel like we’re in the first five minutes of Are You Afraid of the Dark,” Wade mumbled as they made their way down the vacant corridor, their shadows bouncing off the dim casting of moonlight.

“I loved that show,” Peter replied, his eyes ever-watchful, ears ever-listening for anything out of the ordinary.

“What can I say, Petey. Canada births the best.”

“Canada birthed you?”

“Like a proud mama heifer.”

Peter could see the door to the basement up ahead of them. He suppressed a shudder as memories started to assault him. He shook his head, once, twice, to try and rid himself of the image of Robert Hennessy’s pale and unmoving hand that he just couldn’t reach—
Fingers delicately clasped his. With a start, he looked down to find Wade’s gloved-hand winding
around his own, squeezing gently. Slowly, he raised his head, not for the first time that night wishing
that he could properly see Wade’s eyes from behind the red and black mask.

“You’re not alone, Peter,” Wade spoke softly and with more sincerity than Peter could ever
remember him having, “we’re in this together.”

♫ We’re all in this together♫

{Don’t ruin this with a High School Musical reference. Just, don’t}

“He’s gotta be down there, right?”

Wade turned his head to where Peter gestured.

“If I was a wackadoo supervillain, that’s where I’d be.”

‘If’ he says

“It is where Henn—his brother died,” Peter conceded before taking a deep breath.

Wade squeezed his hand again, “after you, baby boy. I got your back.”

~*~

Peter Parker had the softest hair known to man. Well, known to Wade Wilson, anyway. To him, it
was a fact, and there was nothing he liked more than raking his fingers through it. Well, maybe there
was one thing he liked more…

Wade stared into the mirror, the image reflecting back at him taking his breath away.

There, right in front of him, stood Peter bent over the sink, strong arms quivering slightly as he
fought to hold himself up, ecstasy washing over him as Wade pounded into him, over and over and
over, their bodies rocking together in a wondrous rhythm, Peter’s hair clenched in Wade’s fist tightly.

“Mirror of Erised,” the merc breathed, more to himself as he clutched at Peter’s hip with his free hand, pulling the shorter man back onto his cock with such startling force that he let out a surprised gasp, quickly followed by a deep groan, his head tipping backwards to rest on Wade’s shoulder, exposing his throat.

“Okay,” he mumbled in confusion, “this is a really weird time to bring up Harry Potter.”

“It’s…it’s like the book says,” Wade scrambled to explain between thrusts, peppers his neck with kisses, “you—you look into the mirror and you see what you most desire most and I—I see you. And me. Not hot me. Me now. Ryan Reynolds crossed with a Shar Pei, me. That’s what really freaked me out when we first did this. But now…” he trailed off, eyes slipping closed as Peter reached up to stroke himself, once, twice.

“Now it’s not as hard to look at. Still...still hard. But not as much.”

He felt rather than heard Peter’s breathing change.

“Huh. We do make one hell of a picture,” he mused, affection lacing his tone.

“Wade?”

“Did you say something, Pete?” he asked, lapping at the shorter man’s jugular.

“No.”

“WADE!”

“Are you sure? I could have sworn—”

“WADE! WAKE UP!”
He jumped, eyes bursting open. With laboured breath, he drank in his surroundings in confusion. He wasn’t in Peter’s bathroom anymore, not in Peter anymore…where—

“You awake?” a familiar voice asked.

His eyes snapped to Peter who was suspended several feet above him, slung up on what appeared to be a meat hook, hands and legs bound.

“What happened?” Wade grumbled, letting out a pained groan from his place on the ground, where he was chained by large and heavy (even for him) shackles.

“Something whammied us just as we got to the basement door, I think,” Peter murmured, sounding a little more than groggy, still affected by whatever happened to them, certainly more so than the merc was.

“Ugh,” he blanched, “my insides wanna become my outsides. What the hell—”

“Welcome to the party, boys,” an unfamiliar voice called out, interrupting him, “sorry to interrupt whatever nice dream you were having Wade but, we have business to attend to…”

The two masked heroes tilted their heads at one another as the voice rang out in the darkness.

“Sure thing ominous voice, let’s get to it,” the mercenary replied with false cheer, “wanna do us a favour and step into the light? Or better yet, off a bridge?”

The voice let out a chuckle, “and there’s that famous Deadpool wit I’ve heard so much about. You really do not disappoint, Mr Wilson.”

With that, the sound of footsteps reached their ears before finally, a tall, dark-haired man was revealed in the dim moonlight, standing several feet in front of them.

“Lemme guess, Giovanni Blye?”
Blye let out another laugh, “got it in one.”

“I thought you’d been decapitated?” Peter piped up for the first time, dragging Blye’s attention away from Wade and onto him.

The smile from Gio’s face vanished, morphing into an expressionless mass as he took several steps forward, his jade eyes boring a hole into Peter before he reached up and pulled the mask of his face, leaning in close to him.

“You’ve thought a lot of wrong things, Mr Parker. That’s just one of the reasons you’re here tonight…”

Peter stared him down, refusing to even blink.

“Why don’t we skip the big-bad-villain speech and get to whatever your endgame is, Blye. I don’t have time for theatrics.”

That brought a smirk to Blye’s lips.

Wade’s blood ran cold at the sight, an uncomfortable feeling flowing up his spine.

[Uh oh. His spidey senses are tingling]

[Huh. And here I thought that only happened when he was turned on]

Turning on his heel, Gio called back over his shoulder, “you may not have time, Peter…”

He paused, leaning down to flip some sort of switch.

Suddenly, the room was flooded with a harsh artificial light, something akin to a hospital hallway. Wade’s jaw dropped open at what it revealed. There, not twenty feet away from them, lay over a
dozen children, sprawled out on the ground, none of them moving, their eyes closed.

“…but they have less.”

Wade could see Peter struggling to get out of his binds but his movements were slow, sluggish. It was also probably the reason he had failed to react to something else that stood in the room that was all Wade could look at now. His gaze glued to it, ice seeping into his bloodstream at the sight.

A large, broken beam, identical to the one that had hindered them from saving Robert Hennessy one year ago creaked threateningly. But it was the singular, upturned hand that was peeking out from behind it that nearly stopped Wade’s heart dead.

“EDDIE!” Peter roared.

The scene was so uncanny Wade felt as if his (and surely Peter’s) nightmare had come to live in front of their very eyes. It was practically identical to the one they had walked in to all those months ago, down to the most minute detail. Well, all but one…

[Hoe, don’t jinx it!]

[Sigh. Too late]

Blye’s face broke out into a large, gleaming smile.

“What do ya say, boys?” he asked in a conversational tone as he retrieved a lighter from his pocket and flicked it, sparking its flame to life, “who wants a do-over?”

So, um… *waves* hi everybody. Long time, no see. I know, my bad. Between jobs and grad school and moving house and illness and thesis-writing and losing 75% of my hard drive, things just kinda got in the way for me. But dear god, how I still love this story. And I WILL finish it. It just may take me another while. Hopefully not another year, though. I just want to take this time out to sincerely thank each and every one of you for your patience and particularly the people who reached out in support with your kind words and cheer-leading. It has meant the absolute world to me. As someone who has wanted to be a writer since I was six years old, to know that people enjoy my work is the best compliment of—

Okay, okay, enough of the sappy shit. Give ‘em the teaser already.
Well, uh, actually, I kinda wanted to talk about my project, you know, the one where I’m trying to write my own original book that has a similar humour to this, with LGBT+ themes and fun new characters and—

Yeah, nobody cares about that, writer lady. Give us the goods.

Sigh. Fine. But no porn. You’re being super pissy so fuck you, you can wait.

What evs, thanks to you, I’m an ol’ pro at that now. See you guys in like, 17-24 months!

17-24 months? What are you, a white suburban mom?

Yeah, and you’re the neglectful husband. Fuck you and your mistress, Harold. Me and the twins, Hashtag and Legend-Horoscope are leaving!

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

“You’re my rock,” Wade smiled, serene and unnerving, “my paper, hell, my scissors too.”

Peter’s heart hammered in his chest, his eyes darting from Wade to Gio and back again.

“And you terrify me.”

No, this couldn’t happen.

This wasn’t happening.

Gio took a step forward, eyes locked on Wade.

“Okay now, Wilson. Pick up your gun,” he motioned, his movements practised.

Wade complied, picking up the gun from off the floor and holding it limply at his side.

“Good,” Blye grinned so wide nearly all his top teeth were visible as he turned around to face Peter, “now, be a good mercenary and shoot your boyfriend.”
Deadpool's Inferno

Chapter Notes

Warning: In light of recent events, I wanted to warn that there is description of a scene where young children are held at gun-point and forced off their school-bus. No children are harmed, however.

Welp, I did it! I finished Grad school and submitted my 23,572 word thesis. Phew! I’m graduating with honours in a few weeks, who woulda thunk it?

Not me, that’s for damn sure. Can we get back to this shit-show now? You’ve been writing it what, 7 years?

3 years, 2 months and 6 days.

Close enough.

Well, I’ve been busy with life-stuff, God.

Not God. Wade. Geez you’ve been procrastinating so long, you’ve forgotten the protagonist’s name.

Harr harr.

Only reason you’re even bothering to update now is ‘cause you were snowed in for a week and were going crazy Jack-Nicholson-in-The-Shining-style.

Maybe so. Just be glad I was, asshole, or you would have been waiting another six months. Anyway, in between job-searching—

Ha! Good luck with that, “arts graduate.”

I’m working on finishing my fics as well as my original book. So, if you’re a fan of my humour—

Excuse me, “your” humour?

My bad. If you’re a fan of “Deadpool’s” humour—

Uh, why the quotation marks? It IS my humour.

Could you stop interrupting me?

Could you stop shamelessly self-promoting?

ANYWAY, if you’re a fan of the humour, mine or Deadpool’s, keep an eye out for my original work as well as the TV analysis book I’m publishing very soon. I’ll be posting updates on my personal Tumblr.
You done?

Yes.

Finally. Let’s get this show on the road before you get distracted by your own reflection or whatever it is that stops you from finishing this fucking story.

You really think “life-stuff” means being distracted by my own reflection?

Hey, I get it, writer-lady. Someone’s gotta love that ugly mug, might as well be you.

~*~

303 Days In The Future…

He remembered his life before. Barely, and in fragments. But he remembered. He could picture it, could almost feel what it had felt like to be so sure of himself, so certain of his place in the world. It had been fucked up, he would never deny that. But it was his, for a while. His life, warts and all, his own myriad of moments to live on his own terms.

Wade didn’t know Peter then. And he was almost glad for it.

Sure, he may have been a prettier, HD version of himself at peak hotness and badassery, but it wasn’t real. He wasn’t real. Not really. He didn’t feel like anything he felt now, his chest ripped opened like a chasm and spilling every emotion he could ever imagine at Peter Parker’s feet. Laid bare in a way that exposed every heightened nerve, every twitch, every twisting feeling that threatened to choke him to un-death.

He had felt pain then, too. Loss so strong that it almost ended him. But didn’t, because Wade Wilson never got a reprieve. Never got a break. Not even then.

And especially not now.

“Peter…” he whispered, voice torn and frayed as if a tiger’s claws caught at his throat.

But he couldn’t hear him. Would never hear him again.
Because Peter Parker was dead. And it was all his fault…

~*_~

His Aunt May, from the time he was nine years old, maintained that there were people that were meant to be in your life, one way or another. She reassured him every single night, when he first came to live with her and Uncle Ben, that from the day he was born, they were always going to be there for him, in whatever way he needed, for as long as he wanted them.

But it wasn’t just them, she said. As he grew, and made friends, first Harry, then Gwen, May was steadfast in her belief that people came in and out of your life, yes, but there were some that were more permanent than others. This was especially hard for Peter to accept after he began to lose people, first his Uncle Ben, then Harry (to an extent), then Gwen. He’d admit that it made him angry, bitter, and unwilling to form any more bonds for fear of losing anyone else from his life.

It was a lonely existence. But a safe one.

So, he went through college without ever really making proper friends. Sure, he was friendly with a lot of people, had study groups and went to a couple of parties (it was college after all), but for the most part, he managed to evade a friendship of any real substance, any real lasting potential.

Until he met Eddie.

He was twenty-two years old when he first laid eyes on the guy he would eventually call his new best friend. He had been working on his application for Stark Industries, on his fifth cup of coffee as he practically pulled his hair out at a table in Jitters when a boisterous voice broke through his internal panic:

“No way, dude! Is that the chemical composition for Adamantium?!!”

Peter’s head bolted up from where it had been rested flat against the table, his gaze locking on a tall, smiling guy wearing a white lab-coat.

“Uh…yeah,” he murmured as the stranger excitedly bounced on the balls of his feet, trying to peer around him to the dozens of manila folders stacked up in a haphazard pile.
“Holy shit, holy shit,” the stranger continued, dark eyes lit up, an expression crossing his face that suggested that he wanted nothing more than to rifle animatedly through those folders.

“Do you work at Stark Industries?” he asked in lieu of what Peter suspected would be a frantic yet thorough search through his private research files.

“Uh—”

The other man sheepishly gestured at the empty chair beside Peter, “…can I?”

Peter barely gave a half nod before the stranger dragged out the chair with a sharp scrape and a wince, holding out his hand for Peter to shake.

“I’m an intern at Stark Industries right now. You never know, we might end up working together some day! I’m Eddie, by the way, Eddie James.”

Peter stared down at the hand and back up to the gleaming gaze before shrugging and clasping the hand, shaking it firmly, “I’m Peter. Peter Parker.”

And that, as they say, was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. One filled with laughter and snark and the occasional explosive experiment. And that was before they started officially working together…

“What do ya say, boys? Who wants a do-over?”

A burst of flame snapped Peter out of his reverie, dosing him with a feel of icy-cold dread, caught in a nightmare that was the worst case of déjà vu he had ever experienced, as he forced his gaze away from that outstretched hand and watched in horror as the fire trailed along a line of gasoline, effectively trapping he, Wade and the kids in a giant circle.

_Fuck. Shit. Fuck._
Wade didn’t know why he didn’t register the smell of gasoline when he first woke up. But now that he did, all he could think about as he followed the trail of fire was that catchy as fuck song. How did it go again?

“Watch out, you might get what you’re after. Cool babies, strange but not a stranger. I’m an or-di-nar-ry guy—”

“That’s not helpful, Wade,” Peter called out, interrupting his rendition of the Talking Heads classic.

“Sorry, babe,” Wade winced as he frantically looked at the children surrounding them, “I sing when I’m nervous.”

“Must be nervous 24/7, then”

“Woulnd’t “Ring of Fire” by Johnny Cash be more appropriate?”

“Now is not the time, asshole!”

“Did you see where Blye went?”

“That’s a negative, handsome,” the merc responded, stare glued to where Gio had just been standing, at the starting point of the fire that had begun to spread even further throughout the room.

“We gotta get the kids outta here.”
“Working on it…mother—fucker!” Wade yelled as he wrenched the shackles that bound him clean off the floor, bolts hanging uselessly from them before stumbling over to Peter.

“No, I got this,” the brunet halted him in his tracks, “whatever he dosed us with, it’s…wearing off. I-I can get outta this. You focus on the kids.”

Wade nodded, crossing over to the nearest child and leaning down to take her pulse.

“Pulse is strong,” he remarked, relief flooding his system before quickly checking on the others, “they’re all good. It’s…it’s like they’re just asleep.”

Peter didn’t appear to be listening, however. Once ripping himself free of his chains and landing on his feet, his attention was back glued to Eddie’s outstretched hand from where it lay beneath the beam.

An unease settled in Wade’s gut as he followed his gaze, “Peter…we—we gotta get the kids—”

“Spiderman! Deadpool!”

[The cavalry has arrived]

[Oh, thank fuck]

~*~

“I attacked you?”

Tony heaved a sigh, craning his neck and rolling his shoulders, wincing at the loud cracking that sounded throughout the cell.

“Yeah, Selena. You went all Regan MacNeil on me when I said the name of your father’s business.”

Rickards inclined her head, her brow furrowed, “RCor—”
“Don’t,” Stark held up his hand, fingers poised on the wristwatch he stole from Fury’s desk, “I don’t know if you can trigger yourself by saying the word and I’d rather not have to use the mini-taser in this watch. No matter how cool it would be.”

[Huh, looks like Fury has access to Harry Hart’s wardrobe]

[Well, Sam Jackson did play Valentine]

[I smell a Kingsman/Marvel crossover!]

[Colin Firth kicking ass with Chris Evans? Sign me the fuck up]

[#ShipIt]

The scientist stared at the watch for several seconds before reluctantly nodding, her attention drawn to the small stack of papers that lay next to her on the bed.

“You found my notes?”

Tony hummed, taking a seat opposite her, “my associate, Sam Wilson, found those in a hidden compartment in your office wall, lodged between the pages of an Agatha Christie novel. Very Hercule Poirot of you.”

Selena snorted, “I never pegged you one for detective stories, Stark.”

The billionaire chuckled, resting his arms on his knees, “what’s not to like? Poirot, Fletcher, Monk, Holmes—I love me a good mystery.”

[Ha! It’s funny ‘cause Downey played—]

[Yeah, yeah. No shit, Sherlock]
Tony leaned forward in his chair, catching his former colleague’s gaze and holding it, “speaking of mysteries, I think I cracked yours.”

Rickards merely raised her eyebrows, waiting for him to continue.

“If I’m right,” Tony continued with his usual air of confidence that assured there was no possible way he was wrong, “you’re working on a serum to counteract the effects of LK90.”

Selena blinked, unsurprised.

“I am. I have been. Whenever I could—break away from Blye’s control.”

Stark sat back in his seat, Cheshire grin spreading across his face as he folded his arms.

“Dr Banner and I have been looking into it too,” he paused, staring down at his cuticles where they
rested on his bicep, he badly needed a manicure.

“He’s been working closely with a nurse that seems to have a lot of insight,” he continued, looking back up at her, “Eliza Woodruffe? Boy, her name just keeps popping up, doesn’t it?”

Rickards shifted a little on the bed, biting her bottom lip.

“Cut the shit, Tony. I’ll do whatever you want. I need this to be over just as badly as you do.”

If possible, his smile grew even bigger.

“Now those are the words I’m glad to—”

*RED ALERT! RED ALERT! RED ALERT!* 

Both scientists leapt out of their seats as a robotic voice began to blare the alarm throughout the facility, the room plunging into darkness, before a red light began flashing ominously overhead.

Stark let out another sigh, “well, that can’t be good.”

*[Hey! Tony’s stealing Clint’s lines]*

*[Or writer lady is being repetitive]*

*[Both?]*

*[Both.]*

*[Ha! See what we did there?]*
“It’s definitely not good,” Selena conceded, clearly understanding what was happening as she wearily glanced around her. “You gotta get to my old lab, Stark. And do exactly as I say.”

[Huh. Stark’s not the best at taking orders]

[Well he better learn. Fast]

~*~

Franklin P. Nelson had thought that over the course of his thirty years on planet Earth, he had experienced his fair share of crazy. And that was before all of the Daredevil bullshit bled into the nooks and crannies of his very own brand of organised-chaos. He was a fast-talker, a risk-taker and occasionally, a petty-law breaker, all before Matthew M. Murdock waltzed into their dorm-room with his quiet grin and bad haircut. Not that he could talk, really. Foggy would never forget just the look he was rockin’ that day (and for four solid years, if he was being honest). Stoner-chic. Arguably, not his best. At least Matt had blindness as an explanation for his grooming faux-paus. Foggy had no such excuse.

“You okay back there, Fog?”

Oh, right. Crazy. The type of which Foggy had never known in his three decades. Turned out, in their many years of friendship, he had never gotten a piggy-back ride off his blind best friend as he parkoured them over buildings at an alarming rate. What the hell had his life become?

“Y-yeah, bud. I’m good,” he stuttered as Matt landed a particularly impressive jump that only barely jostled him physically but startled the fuck out of him mentally nonetheless.

“Don’t think I’ve ever heard you be this quiet,” Matt remarked offhandedly, conversationally, as if lugging his two-hundred-plus-pound friend around on his back was no burden on him at all.

“Yeah, well, don’t wanna be a distraction when you’re...” Foggy’s stomach gave a heavy swoop as Matt took another leap of a tall ledge, “…doin’ your thing.”

His best friend chuckled as they landed on the opposite building, a strange orange glow coming into view through the twilight.
“That’s the thing, Fog,” he murmured, tapping the back of Foggy’s hand gently as he crouched down to let him off his back, whirling around to face him, “you’ve always been a kind of distraction for me.”

A beat of silence passed through their intermingling breaths.

“A good distraction, though. The best.”

No, scratch that. This crazy beat the hell out of any crazy that Foggy thought he had ever experienced. The air was electric. Charged with something that he couldn’t quite pinpoint. Or maybe he could. But didn’t want to. Couldn’t. Not now. Because damn it, that building was on fire, wasn’t it?

“Uh—Matty?”

“Yeah, I know. Looks like we’re a little late to the party.”

Foggy scrambled over the roof ledge, peering across at the new RCorp building, the faint orange glow now beginning to smoulder but a legible scrawl still visible through the smoke.

“Come and get me, Spider Man. I’m waiting,” he read the flaming cursive note aloud, an awful sense of foreboding creeping in under his skin.

“We should—should we—I don’t know. Call the fire department, or something? Matt, I—those plans, I think there could be, no, there are people in there! You can hear their heartbeats, right? Peter’s and Wade’s?”

He felt rather than saw Matt nod as they stood next to each other, shoulders brushing softly.

“And at least a dozen others’ too.”

The foreboding was outright panic now.
“Okay, okay,” Foggy nodded frantically, turning to look at Matt, “so what’s the plan? We get in there and—”

“You’re staying here.”

“Like hell I—”

“Foggy, this is not up for debate,” Matt cut across him sharply, “I’m going in to help Peter and Wade. You’re gonna stay here where it’s safe. I—I can’t help them when I’m worried about—”

“Right, because I’m a distraction.”

Matt let out a breath of frustration and it made Foggy snap to his senses. He was being unreasonable, he knew. Now was not the time.

“Alright, alright, just…be careful okay? I still think we need the fire depart—”

“If it gets outta hand, sure. Call them. I just don’t want to escalate the situation. Blye is nuts, unpredictable, and the less people involved, the better.”

Matt was gearing up to go and as usual, Foggy found himself encapsulated as Matthew Murdock began to dissolve and Daredevil seeped out through his pores and formed a second skin. One similar to his usual one but not quite. Not in the ways that mattered to Foggy. This person was coarser, angrier, fought more with fists than with words, but no less his best friend. The process was still… something else.

“Just—be careful, Murdock,” he mumbled, punching Matt’s shoulder lightly that ended in him resting a palm against his pulse-point, which appeared to be elevated. Weird, must be the adrenaline.

“Always am, Fog.”

“Liar.”
And with that, he parkoured away from Foggy, away from safety and towards a madman in a burning building.

Now that was a crazy Franklin P. Nelson knew all too well.

The same kind of crazy as being in love with your best friend for over a decade.

Goddamnit.

~*_~

For all intents and purposes, Joseph Blye seemed to have taken the news that his dead, decapitated cousin was still very much alive, possessing a head and excused of a litany of crimes, including murder and attempted murder, remarkably well.

Bruce Banner had given Joe the abridged version of what he knew to be the truth. Gio’s hairbrained revenge-scheme, his duplicitous intent towards Joe, disclosing the bare minimum needed for the younger cousin to understand exactly what landed him in Skyline Laboratories with his mind shrouded in a murky fog.

“Yeah, that…that sounds like Gio.”

Banner briefly met Nurse Eliza’s eye over his clipboard before nodding.

Joe watched this exchange before elaborating, “He—he changed after Robbie died. We aren’t… close, really. Not anymore but, he really isolated himself after what happened. He couldn’t— wouldn’t ever talk about it. He was ignoring calls from his mom and pops. So, yeah…goin’ all crazy revenge plan to fuck up some kid? Sounds like something he’d do.”

Bruce cleared his throat as Eliza busied herself with checking his vital signs, they ever aware of the thrum of tension lining Joe’s entire body.

“You have any idea what his end-game is?”
Joe scoffed, throwing up his hands, “Dude, I just told you. We aren’t close, haven’t been for years. I—I was as surprised as anyone that he recommended me for the—although now I get it. He was setting me up all along. Wanted me around to help sell his death and shit. He—he threw me to the wolves, man. So, fuck that guy. Whatever he has planned? I hope it blows up right in his fucking—”

**RED ALERT! RED ALERT! RED ALERT!**

Bruce and Eliza tensed, glancing around them as a crimson light suddenly shrouded the room, basking them in an eerie glow as an ominous voice called out over the P.A. system. Joe heaved a sigh, rolling his eyes as he stared up at the ceiling.

“Typical Gio, man. He always did a flare for the dramatic.”

~*~

Had anyone told May Parker even twelve short months ago that she would be spending the night playing chess with a super-computer in the luxury living room of Avenger Tower, she would have scoffed and recommended the best mental-health specialist she knew. And yet, that was exactly where she found herself now, staring out the giant, rectangular windows down over the glistening New York City skyline. The lights clinging together like the stars up above, glittering brightly as if winking at her. The sight took her breath away. It was almost tranquil but May lived in New York long enough to know that looks were deceiving.

Just like she knew that somewhere down there, in all the hustle and bustle that was actual city-life, her Peter was doing god knows what. Heaving a worried sigh and clutching her small glass of wine in one hand, she snatched up the remote with the other, pointing it at the humongous flat-screen TV adorning one of the walls and clicking aimlessly through the channels.

“A cold night where—”

“—he is going to put himself—”
“—at serious risk of—

“—death by gunshot wound. In breaking news, an estimated twelve children and their teacher were abducted earlier today by a gunman who forced his way onto their bus, wounding the driver. The whereabouts of the bus and its passengers is currently unknown, but the police are…”

A surge of dread flowed through May’s entire body as she stared at the screen in horror. There, in 82-inch, high definition, was footage of several young children being forced off of their school-bus, their little arms raised over their heads. Her heart lurched in her chest at the sight, they reminding her so much of Peter when he was their age.

Suddenly, she knew exactly what her nephew was doing.

“Hang in there, kids,” she murmured softly to herself, a quiet confidence beginning to sooth her fraying nerves, “help is coming.”

She watched for a beat or two more before raising her voice, desperately needing the distraction, “what do you say to a re-match, Jarvis? I promise I won’t go too hard on you this time.”

“You’re on, Mrs Parker.”

~*~

For Matt, he lived in a world on fire. But here, tonight, he knew that Wade and Peter did too. A literal one, hot and intense. He could feel the flames as he approached the basement, could hear the pair yelling back and forth to each other, could count the sluggish beats of dozens of pulses as he shouldered open the heavy door.
“Spiderman! Deadpool!”

It was worse than he could have ever imagined. He had read about what had happened at RCorp the year before; how children had been whammied and almost died of smoke inhalation while their teacher succumbed to it. But hearing about it and experiencing it were two entirely different things. Just over a dozen little bodies lined the floor of the basement, piled next to each other like forgotten trash, their limbs sprawled all over each other, some with their backpacks still attached to them, some with coats and bits and pieces of accessories that fourth graders are known to have clutched in their hands or at their feet.

Each and every one wholly unaware of the smoke and heat engulfing them.

They had to get them out. Now.

“Daredevil!” Peter and Wade exclaimed in unison, their relief palpable.

“There’s a window,” Deadpool shouted over to Matt, arms laden with two children, “I’ll smash it out. You grab more kids.”

The three of them got to work, Wade breaking the glass and pulling his large frame through as Matt and Peter carefully lifted kids up for him to take. Time seemed to stand still as they quickly but carefully hoisted small bodies up and out into the chilly night air.
“Come on, lil guy, I gotcha,” the merc murmured as he gently deposited a small boy onto the grass next to his schoolmates.

A heady, groaning sound just about registered in the back of Wade’s mind as he lifted child after child through the window, the smoke billowing out in dark tufts all around, shrouding them like an ominous tarp. It was his sheer focus on this task that caused him to overlook the fact that Peter was suddenly nowhere to be seen. It was Matt that alerted him to his absence:

“Spiderman! Where are you—”

Wade’s head shot up just in time to see Peter sprinting towards the beam, dodging the flames left and right.

“PETER!”

{Oh no}

{Goddamnit, Parker!}

~*~

RED ALERT! RED ALERT! RED ALERT!

It was like that scene in The Breakfast Club where they were all running down the corridor, sliding on the floor and nearly crashing into each other when they see Principal Vernon before high-tailing it
in the other direction. Except, you know, instead of Molly Ringwald and Charlie Sheen’s brother, it was a nurse, the God of Thunder, a thawed 90-year-old super-model-lookin’ soldier and a man that occasionally turned into The Jolly Green Giant’s angrier cousin.

“What’s going on?” Cap asked his colleagues as they righted themselves, grimacing at the loud siren.

“It’s a red alert,” Thor replied with the air of someone who thought he was being informative.

“Yes,” Cap conceded with more patience than Bruce could ever muster for their golden-haired friend, “but what is the red alert for?”

Bruce tilted his head, looking over Steve’s shoulder.

“I’m taking a wild guess here, Cap, but I’d say it has something to do with...that.”

The soldier turned on his heel, the frown marring his forehead quickly morphing into wide-eyed shock as he saw Nat and Clint bounding toward them, several dozen men, women and children chasing after them with the fervour of extras from The Walking Dead.

“RUN!”
He ignored Wade’s yell, drops of sweat rolling down his neck from inside his suit as he dodged the blazing fire as it climbed higher and higher, thick ropes of black smoke wafting against the low ceiling. Oddly, he couldn’t help but be reminded of Dementors from Harry Potter, the way in which the smoke billowed like the fraying capes of the soul-suckers.

[Uh…is Petey okay?]

[Think smoke inhalation and panic may be getting to him]

Shaking his head to try and clear his rambling thoughts, Peter forged ahead, safe in the notion that Deadpool and Daredevil had the kids, were in the middle of rescuing them. He could hear sirens in the distance, steadily nearing RCorp, the children would be fine. His friend however, may not be.

So, he ran. As fast as he could.

Eddie. He had to get to Eddie.

A hand! There it was! He could see it again, right behind the beam, still outstretched, covered in dirt and soot, but undeniably his best friend’s. Hazel eyes anxiously scanned every inch of the scene, looking for his way in. Then he spotted it, there was a space, a sliver really, barely larger than the width of a small child, but Peter could fit through, he would have to.

He could take the weight of the beam, it didn’t look as structurally unsound as the last one, the fire
hadn’t had as much time to do as much damage. All he had to do was swing himself over the worst of the blaze and squeeze underneath, bear the brunt of the pressure of a two-thousand-pound beam for a few moments and he’d be home free, on the other side with Eddie within reach.

Easy peasy lemon squeezy.

[More like difficult difficult lemon difficult]

[Ooh that reminds me, we gotta re-watch In The Loop]

[Oh, I see. When I suggest rad songs, it’s ‘now’s not the time, asshole.’ But you can make mental notes for our next Netflix sesh?]

Peter sprung into action, completely disregarding the boxes’ A+ comedy—

[Because he can’t hear us, maybe?]

[Shame. We’re hilarious]

—and his own personal safety as he shot out a web, pulling hard and swinging himself deftly over the flames, the heat stinging his back for a split second before he landed just at the foot of the beam. The exertion had him gasping for breath, swallowing a lungful of smoke and coughing into the crook of his elbow, but he was there, could see Eddie’s hand, almost touch it. All he had to do was quickly and carefully, squeeze himself through the gap without jostling the beam too much, then he could check Eddie’s pulse and it would be fine. He would be fine. They could put all this behind them, all
he had to do was—

{So... is it just me or is this plan fucking bonkers?}

▷ Some people think I'm bonkers, but I just think I'm free. Man, I'm just livin' my life, there's nothin' crazy about me ▷

Peter scrambled forward, throwing himself to the floor and crawling—

[Don't make a spider joke, don't make a spider joke, don't make a spider joke]

—toward the gap, making himself as small as he could, sucking in a deep breath and holding it as he started to pull himself through. The pressure was almost unbearable, the beam groaning above him as it pressed him into the ground, resisting his movement, knocking the breath from his lungs—

[So, is this meant to sound explicitly sexual or am I just reading into things?]

[Stop interrupting! Petey is being heroic!]

[But writer lady is making it sound like he's being dicked down! It's not my fault that—]
—as several thousand pounds of weight bore down on his spine. Sweat broke out on his forehead, dampening his hair and brow as he pushed up against it, giving himself just enough space to fit underneath it and drag himself out. The beam began to shudder, the vibration rocking the ground, but Peter persevered, mere inches from reaching Eddie, his scratched and soot-marred face now in his line of vision.

With one more push of his foot against the concrete, Peter propelled himself out from under the beam, chest heaving as he gasped in desperate breaths, heart hammering as the beam shifted slightly, it scraping against the wall with a deafening screech.

But it still stood.

Thus, so did Peter, with a little difficulty. Wincing at the sudden shooting pain in his left leg (he hadn’t felt whatever injury he had sustained under the beam), he hobbled over the last few feet to his friend and dropped to his knees, reaching out to clutch his wrist, checking for his pulse.

“Eddie…hey, hey can you hear me? Eddie!”

His friend remained unresponsive as Peter frantically searched for his heart-beat, first in his wrist, then in his neck.

After several agonising seconds, he finally found it. Thready and weak, but there.
His relief was overwhelming. His eyes stinging from more than the heat of the flames.

Peter was not a religious man but, thank god. Thank every deity that may or may not be out there.

He hadn’t lost another person, a friend, someone he cared about. He hadn’t failed this time, he managed to get to him in time, he did what he should have done a year ago, he—

He was being stabbed.

Peter clutched at his neck as pain shot through him, his eyes swimming as his head suddenly felt a tonne weight. Ink blots dotted at the edge of his vision as he blinked rapidly, crumpling forward, clutching at Eddie as he sank further and further into darkness.

Collapsing onto his back, he stared up at the low ceiling, it illuminated in a heady orange as the fire rose higher. He fought the pull of sleep, desperate to keep his wits, get up and get his friend out of here, but he was losing the battle. It only took seeing the jade glare of Giovanni Blye hovering above him, his mouth wide in the type of grin that meant nothing good, for him to accept that.

Darkness swallowed him.

~*~

RED ALERT! RED ALERT! RED ALER—
A gunshot rang out, shattering the P.A. system in several pieces, they raining to the floor.

“Nat!”

“Thank you!”

“It’s still going off in the other rooms, though.”

“You wanna take your chances with the angry mob out there, Banner?” Natasha Romanoff asked as they all hauled themselves into a storage closet, barely getting the door closed as dozens of hands scrambled to grab them.

Bruce was in no position to reply. Literally. His face was too pressed into Thor’s chest for him to make any coherent noise above a muffled protest. It was a tight squeeze – an archer, ex-assassin, super-soldier, scientist, god and registered nurse all squashed like sardines into a room hardly larger than Dum-E’s sleep station.

[You know, in any other situation, this would be kinky as fuck]

[Yeah. The murderous mob is a bit of cock deflator]

“You know anything about why the patients are acting like they’ve escaped from the set of The Evil Dead?” Natasha directed at Eliza as she, Clint and Steve pressed their bodies up against the door that
was beginning to shudder from the clawing and thumping of the raging crowd outside.

Eliza eyed the door wearily, “A red alert means that an airborne agent has been released. Dr Hart and Gio would use them as part of their controlled experiments. They’re usually a fast-acting drug that causes the patient to have an adverse reaction like—like rage, so Gio could then try and gain control. It’s probably a raw strain of LK90.”

“You said ‘airborne.’ As in…” Natasha trailed off, her eyes now trained on the vent above their heads.

Eliza slowly nodded.

“Any way to counter-act it?” Clint asked as the door gave quite a large lurch, startling even Steve.

The nurse blanched, “I-I don’t know, sorry. I was never privy to anything like that.”

“These people are civilians, they aren’t in control of their actions, so keeping them safe is paramount,” Cap spoke up over the thumping of dozens of fists hitting the hardwood, “we need to find a way to carefully incapacitate them.”

Eliza nodded vigorously, her eyes alight with an idea, “if we can just get to Selena’s—Dr Rickard’s old lab, she has a device that—”

A silence rang out in the storage closet. A silence that each inhabitant only now noticed was far too abrupt, considering mere moments ago they were barricading themselves from a horde of loud, possessed patients. Exchanging confused and suspicious glances with each of her colleagues, Natasha eventually shrugged in her patented ‘fuck it’ manner, reaching forward and turning the handle, pulling the door open a crack.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Tony Stark beamed at his friend and colleague, apparently completely unfazed that he was surrounded by bodies lining the corridor all around him as he threw her (and the team looking on with bafflement over her shoulder) a small wave with one hand and brandishing what appeared to be a megaphone-like contraption in the other.

“Come on, guys. Now’s not the time for Seven Minutes In Heaven.”

With that, he turned on his heel, carefully stepping over a short, middle-aged man and practically skipping down the hall, calling behind him, “time to get to—”

A crazed patient leapt out at him, gearing up to bounce when suddenly, Tony took aim with the device in his hand and squeezed the trigger. A burst of vibration shot from the device, knocking the patient off their feet and rendering them unconscious.

Clearing his throat, Tony brushed some imaginary dust off his sleeve before turning to look over his shoulder, ever the drama queen.
Nick Fury was not amused.

Frankly, he had enough of this shit to last him a life-time.

He was technically dead. Therefore, retired. Really, he shouldn’t have to be dealing with this bullshit. And yet, here he was, squatting behind a desk at a secret government facility, surrounded by crazed sick people, wondering how the hell he was to defend himself without snapping the necks of innocent civilians. He had managed to knock out a couple of them before they crowded him into an office, cutting him off from Hill and forcing him to retreat and hide lest he be forced to take a more lethal approach to protect himself.

Leave it to Tony Stark and his merry band of idiots to remind him just how 100% done he was with all of it.

“Need some help, Nicky?”

Speak of the devil and he shall appear.

“Where the hell have you been, Stark?!” Fury growled up at him, jaw clenching at the twinkle in Tony’s eye that was no doubt brought on by the ex-director’s current position on the floor, “all these motherfuck—”
Tony shut Nick up by shoving what looked like a jacked-up megaphone into his hands.

“Aim and point.”

With that, he threw Fury a smarmy wink, leaping up off the floor and aiming his own device at the nearest patient.

With a frown, Nick slowly stood up, glancing around, noticing that the rest of the team had arrived and were doing much of the same, trying their hardest not to harm the patients, merely side-stepping their attacks and using evasive techniques to incapacitate their attackers before shooting them with some sort of vibrational blast.

Huh.

“Fury! Watch out!” Maria Hill yelled as she pivoted and shot at a pasty teenage boy, the blast knocking him off his feet but leaving him otherwise unharmed.

From the corner of his eye, Nick saw the large woman approach him, but before she could clutch at him, he raised the gun-megaphone-whatever and squeezed the trigger.

She shot backwards, the force knocking her to the ground, eyes rolling in her head before she stilled, unconscious.
“Hot damn.”

But there were just too many of them. Even with the devices, the Avengers, Hill, and a woman who looked like one of the nurses, they were vastly outnumbered. Every time one patient was stopped, another popped up, enraged and animalistic, racing down the hallway towards them. And judging by the sheer commotion, this was happening on more than the floor they were currently on. It was affecting the whole building, every patient no doubt awoken from their slumber and spurred into an inexplicable rage that could not be reasoned with.

“There’s too many of them!” Rogers voiced Fury’s exact thoughts as he aimed at a young girl, no older than eleven years old, grimacing as she crumpled to the floor.

“Fear not, Stevie my boy,” Stark yelled back, an almost manic hilt to his tone as he double-tapped twin brothers as they tried to advance on him, “I’ve got a plan!”

Yep. Nick Fury was definitely not amused.

~*~

“Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey…”

Wade?
It was cold. Breezy. Had he left the window open?

“Come on, Peter. We’re on a clock here…”

His skull felt like it was splitting in two. His forehead was wet and sticky. His limbs felt as if they were weighed down with anvils and his throat was dry, rough, as if he had swallowed shards of glass. In short, he had had similar hangovers after one of Tony’s impromptu ‘team-bonding’ soirees, just without the underlined sense of foreboding.

“Tick, tock, Parker. I won’t wait all day.”

That voice. The source of the dread lining Peter’s veins.

That wasn’t Wade.

“Where…where am I?” he croaked as he attempted to open his heavy-lidded eyes, realising with a lurch of nausea that he was mask-less.

“You’re at the site of your failure, Peter. Well…as close as I could get you anyway,” Giovanni Blye replied flippantly just as Peter managed to open his eyes a crack, enough to see Blye’s vague outline as he paced back and forth a few feet from him.

“What—what did you do to me?” he asked, breathing heavily as he tried to sit up from where he lay
sprawled on the concrete that he now realised was the rooftop of the RCorp building.

Blye shrugged nonchalantly, “oh, I just dosed you with a little serum I’ve been working on. Basically, I roofied you to like, super-hero levels. Should keep your annoying powers at bay for a bit.”

Ah. That would explain why he felt like he’d been hit by a freight train.

Swallowing around what felt like the entire Sahara desert in his throat, Peter ground out the question he had been asking himself for what felt like forever, “what do you want from me?”

Gio rolled his eyes, throwing up his hands. That was when Peter caught the glint of something out of the corner of his eye – a gun was nestled in his grip, now aiming squarely down at the crumpled form of Eddie who lay several feet to his left.

“I suppose this is where I launch into my evil plan and tie everything up in a neat bow for you? Lay out my intentions before your boyfriend sweeps in here to try save the day?”

[There’s that pesky self-awareness again]

[It’s not as fun when he does it]

Peter remained silent, hoping that if he didn’t interrupt that Gio would do precisely that.
Blye must have seen something in his face as he merely heaved a sigh and leaned against the ledge of the rooftop, “fine. Have it your way.”

He reached into his pocket, taking out a cigarette and lighting it.

“I gotta admit,” he began, lips curling around the smoke, "when this all first started, I did just want you straight-up dead. But no, Selena had to intervene, stop dear old ‘Mr Haynes’ from killing you by hiring that lunatic to cap him first. That forced me to get a little bit more…creative, unpredictable. Which is more my style anyway, if I’m being honest. But really, watching you suffer as you were attacked from both aspects of your life, Spider Man and Peter Parker, I have to say, it was a lot more satisfying than a bullet to your head…”

Peter shifted into a sitting position, his back and legs aching as he leaned against the building wall, his head still swimming like a whirlpool as he fought back nausea.

“How…how did you find out who I was?” he asked, his voice fainter than he would have liked.

Blye snorted, “it wasn’t all that hard, really. Tony Stark is in the limelight so much, so I started with him. Noticed that a kid hung around him a lot. Sweet-talked one of the assistants to tell me who he was meeting for lunch at Avenger Tower, things like that. Saw a pattern beginning to emerge. A thread. So, I hired someone to pull on it. Pretend to be your neighbour, take your picture, find out your comings and goings. Luckily a grad student is easily distracted or you probably woulda caught on a lot sooner.”

Blye gave a guffaw, stepping away from the ledge and walking towards Peter with the grace of a cat who had caught the canary, “but the icing on the cake was you and your neighbourly ways, you just
can’t help yourself, can you? You see someone in need and you just have to help them.”

Distain seeped into his tone which told Peter that Giovanni Blye had probably never felt the urge to help anybody out with little to no reward for doing so.

Blye scratched his chin with the butt of the gun, continuing almost conversationally, “You remember when Mr Guggenheim was spring cleaning? How he had several, large boxes that he couldn’t possibly lift by himself? Well see, it's funny. Apparently, you could lift them quite easily, and when he nearly dropped a very expensive looking vase, you had some hella impressive reflexes that saved the day. It really doesn’t take a genius to put it all together, Parker.”

{Well damn}

{Petey’s gotta work on his incognito skills}

{He’s almost as bad as Tom Holland}

“And,” Blye shrugged as almost an afterthought, “if by some chance I was wrong…who the hell cares if some nobody grad student living in a shit-box apartment, bites it? But I ended up getting all the confirmation I needed once Wade Fuckin’ Wilson showed up, anyway.”

With that, Blye stubbed out the cigarette on the wall above his head, bending down to Peter’s level, an edge seeping in to his words, “well, now that we’re all caught up. Let’s get down to why we’re really here. How I’ve won and you’ve lost.”
Peter scrambled for something to keep him talking, just long enough so he could regain his strength and overpower him. Shifting against the wall, he took a steadying breath:

“You—you haven’t won. Deadpool and Daredevil got the kids out. Eddie is alive. You lost, B—”

Blye let out a harsh burst of laughter, throwing his head back with a manic glee.

“See, that was your mistake last time too, Peter. And why you’ve failed again now…” he stood back up, tilting his head in faux-contemplation, “did you ever stop to think how weird it was that the kids were unattended? They’re elementary school age, Parker. Think about it.”

A surge of dread rose from the pit of Peter’s stomach, bile coating his throat.

“Oh, no. Please, no.

“YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE TEACHER!”

Blye’s roar sounded inhuman but in actuality, was probably the most human thing Peter had would ever hear. It was raw, jagged, drenched in anguish, grief, anger and bitterness – the embodiment of devastation.

“Did you think about him at all, Peter?” Gio was pacing again now, brandishing the gun as he did so, “did you spare a thought for my brother, Robert, that you just left to die in a burning building? Did you lie awake at night, thinking about how you failed to do the very thing you set out to do when you donned that stupid spandex?!”

Peter had known for a while now that this all came down to the fire a year ago. Was happening
because he couldn’t save Robert Hennessy (né Blye), but hearing it said so plainly, in a tone so broken, so furious that he could almost feel it wafting towards him in waves, really settled sharply in his gut.

“I—” he swallowed the lump in his throat as emotion welled up in him, trying his best to meet Gio’s gaze, “I’m sorry. I tried to get to him, I did, but—”

“You know, Charlie, he was thorough sonofabitch,” Blye cut across him as if he didn’t hear him, “he set fires in the basement, level zero. Then floor nine, thirteen, twenty-four and forty-seven. 09132447. That was his number, see. When people first come to Skyline, they get a number. Makes things less…personal that way. Which is probably why it was so easy for me to cap him in the head.”

He turned on his heel, sweeping back over to Eddie and bending down toward him.

“Eddie here, reminds me of him in a way. Pity. He would have made a very interesting subject.”

He looked over his shoulder at Peter, a faraway look to him as he lifted something from his suit pocket. Peter’s blood ran cold as it was revealed to be a giant syringe filled with a strange, faintly yellow liquid.

Blye edged it towards Eddie’s neck—

“NO! Please—”

“Drop the syringe, discount-Rick-Sanchez, or I’ll blow your fucking head off!”

Peter gaped as an inexplicably mask-less Deadpool burst through the roof-door, gun pointed squarely at Blye’s head.

Gio paused, syringe and gun still in his grasp, but a smile slowly spreading across his face.

“Wade Wilson. About damn time. Welcome to the party, pal.”
“Spider Man,” Wade turned his attention to Peter, “you okay?”

Peter knew that to an outsider, neither Wade’s face or voice gave anything away. But he knew him well enough now to know raw fear had overtaken the mercenary.

“Yeah I’m—okay.”

Gio looked between the two men before rolling his eyes, “this is touching and all guys, really. I’ve had a blast watching whatever fucked-up shit is goin’ down with you two, but it ends here.”

With a speed neither of the vigilantes were expecting, Blye leapt forward, jabbing Deadpool in the neck with the syringe. Wade stumbled back, squawking with indignation at being caught off-guard, clutching at his wound.

“Wade!” Peter exclaimed, scrambling to get up.

“Don’t you fucking move, or I swear to god, I’ll shoot Eddie in the head before you can blink,” Blye hissed, gun back pointed firmly at the unconscious scientist.

That stopped Peter in his tracks, his gaze flickering between Eddie and Wade and back again.

“Now that I have both of your attentions,” Blye continued, slowly rising from his crouch, left hand outstretched to expose a silver ring that glinted oddly in the low light. He began waving his hand back and forth slowly, drawing a pattern mid-air.

Wade stared at the ring, then at Gio and back again before sighing, “God, you really are the yeast infection in humanity’s otherwise supple vagina, you know that, right?”
Blye tilted his head, unfazed as he continued to move his hand in a repetitive formation, “been thinking up that insult for a while now, or…?”

“Nah. I originally crafted it for Tony Stark but, for obvious reasons,” Wade waved in Gio’s direction, “I made amendments.”

“I’m flattered.”

[Uh…what’s happening?]

[No clue]

“Go to Peter, Wade. Give him a peck on the cheek.”

Blye’s voice was quiet, but commanding.

Deadpool snorted, a loud chuckle escaping his lips.

“Get your rocks off some other way, perv. I’m not gonna—”

Peter watched the exchange with bated breath, dread rising from the depths of his stomach as Wade cut off suddenly, his face slowly morphing from his usual snarky-wit to something blanker, almost like a chalkboard slowly being erased.

The glint of the ring was almost blinding now.

His steps were heavy as he made his way towards Peter, bending down on one knee, his gun clattering to the ground.

“Wade what—”
The press of his kiss was hard against the edge of his mouth, just shy of his lips.

Everything about it felt off.

Wrong.

Nausea churned in Peter’s stomach as he forcefully pushed Wade away from him, grip firm on his shoulder.

Blye chuckled, circling them, his gaze heavy in Peter’s peripheral vision.

“Now Wade,” he murmured, the smirk in his tone palpable, “tell him something true.”

He turned to Peter, his haunting eyes staring straight through him.

“Peter…” Wade smiled, serene and unnerving, everything about his demeanour odd and unnatural, “you’re my rock. My paper. Hell, my scissors too.”

Peter’s heart hammered in his chest, his gaze darting from Wade to Gio and back again.

“And you terrify me.”

No, this couldn’t happen.

This wasn’t happening.

Gio took a step forward, utterly engrossed in them, a disconcerting smile spreading across his face.

“Okay now, Wade. Pick up your gun,” he motioned, his movements practised.
Wade complied, picking up the gun from off the ground and holding it limply at his side.

“Great,” Blye grinned so wide nearly all his top teeth were visible as he stared right at Peter, “now, be a good mercenary and shoot your boyfriend.”

Tony really wished he had his suit right now.

And he put in more cardio at the gym.

Not that he’d ever admit that to Rhodey. Ever.

“Nothin’ quite like running away from an angry mob,” Clint Barton laughed as they sprinted down the corridor of Skyline Laboratories, dozens of crazed patients hot on their heels.

“You…sound like you’re…enjoying this,” Tony gasped as they turned a corner.

“Meh,” the archer gave a one-shouldered shrug, “beats game-night at the tower.”

Stark almost got whip-lash when he halted so suddenly.

“You take that back. My game nights are—”

“Not really the time, Tony,” Steve cut across him as he fought off five patients, “hurry up and get to the security hub, already.”

He didn’t need telling twice. Side-stepping a particularly ferocious teenage girl, Tony sprinted the last few paces to the office, entering the code that Rickards assured him would still work.

“090393,” he whispered, bouncing on the balls of his feet as he waited for the greenlight.
“Stark! Watch out!”

Being body-slammed for the umpteenth time in like three days, was not fun in the slightest. Tony could personally attest to that. Groaning as his head smacked against the floor, he stared up at the three-hundred-pound twenty-something and never felt as much satisfaction at squeezing a trigger in his life.

The blast was almost deafening but did the trick. Catching his breath, Stark sat up, patting the big guy that now lay crumpled in a giant heap on the shoulder, shakily standing up and pushing open the now unlocked security door.

The room was lined with dozens of monitors, just like Selena said.

Clearing his throat, Tony’s eyes caught on what he was looking for and he stumbled forward, pressing the button on the P.A. system, shoving his face close to the microphone.

“Okay guys, hang on. I got it. Ahem.”

He cleared his throat again before clearly uttering the two short words Selena told him to say into the microphone:

“Robert Blye.”

He waited one beat.

Two.

Nine.

Twelve.

Fourtee—
Slowly, the door of the security hub creaked opened, revealing a dishevelled but smiling Bruce Banner.

“It’s alright, Tony. It worked. They’ve all snapped out of it.”

Stark let out a breath, sagging against the desk, the coiled tension in his shoulders seeping out of him like air from a balloon.

“Let me guess,” Bruce murmured, coming to stand next to him, shoulder to shoulder, “you’re too old for this shit?”

Tony caught his eye, smile small and weary, “got it in one.”

Peter Parker never thought he’d ever know what it felt like to have Wade Wilson point a gun in his face with the intent to pull the trigger.

So far, he wasn’t a fan.

“Wade…Wade,” he called, his frantic stare alternating between the gun and the mercenary’s familiar brown eyes that had an odd glaze to them, “put the gun down.”

He did not put the gun down.

But he didn’t shoot him either. So that was something.

Instead, he shook his head, as if trying to rid himself of an invisible marionette string attached to his skull.

“Please put the gun down, Wade,” Peter implored quietly, his breath hitching, “you don’t want to
hurt me.”

Wade didn’t appear to be able to hear him, however. His usually warm gaze, so often alight with mirth, now dulled, unfocused, fogged over. It unsettled Peter more than any gun at his temple ever would.

“Oh, but he does, Peter,” Gio laughed, “out of all the people I’ve done this to, he is probably the one that most wants to hurt you. It’s part of him. He’s good at it, he likes it. Don’t you, Deadpool?”

Peter kept his eyes on Wade, whose gaze remained unwavering but still disconnected, as if he were peering at him through a veil.

“Fight it, Wade,” he spoke clearly, steadfastly, willing whatever the hell Blye had dosed him with to hurry up and wear off, “you’re strong. You can do it.”

Gio let out another chuckle, clearly enjoying the silent struggle the mercenary was suffering through.

“Damn, you are strong, Wilson. Stronger than I gave you credit for,” he smirked, leaning forward so much that his mouth was right against his ear, “maybe something simpler first…get you on board. Give your boyfriend a kiss goodbye. I’m not a monster. I’ll allow it.”

There was no protest from Wade this time as he instantly edged closer and pressed his lips to Peter’s grimacing mouth, the kiss too hard and cold and everything they weren’t. Still, if this was the end, Peter tried to savour it all the same, ignoring Blye’s stare that bore into the side of his face, blocking out everything but the feel of Wade’s lips against his. With as much strength as he could muster, about as much as an ailing kitten, he clutched the back of his neck, pouring everything of himself into the kiss, hoping beyond hope that somewhere in the recesses of Wade’s brain, he understood. That he would understand what Peter couldn’t bring himself to say to him.

“This isn’t your fault. I don’t blame you. I lov—

The kiss broke. Their mingled breaths dancing together as their lips drew further and further away from one another. Their eyes met for what Peter knew could be the last time. Wade cradled his jaw in his hand, their stare unbreakable. Something unspoken passing between them.

“Good,” the smile in Blye’s tone was intense, “now shoot—”
A shot rang out.

The sound of blood splatter hit the concrete.

Peter’s heart lurched.

“GODDAMNIT!”

“Oh relax, Deandra. You’ll live.”

[Psyc!]

[Annnnnnnnd we’re back!]

[You any idea how hard it is for us to stay quiet that long?!

[We couldn’t let the readers in on the double-cross. Ruins the plot]

[Sure. ‘Plot.’]

Peter gaped at Wade, eyes wide as they still focussed on him, utterly confused as the merc had not taken his gaze or hand off of him, yet somehow, Giovanni Blye now lay at their feet, clutching his bullet-ridden leg that was the source of the crimson staining the concrete. It took him a moment, but Peter eventually pieced together what had happened, once he realised that Wade’s other hand was folded across himself, clutching the literal smoking gun.

“Wait Wade,” the brunet began, his brow furrowed, “are you—”

“Sorry for the theatrics, baby boy,” he cut across him, smile sheepish, “had to make it look convincing. Can’t believe that dumbass actually thought he could control all of,” he waved with a flourish around his head, “this.”
Sometimes it pays to be bonkers. You’re automatically brainwash-proof

♪ And all I care about is sex and violence. A heavy bass line is my kind of silence. Everybody says that I got to get a grip. But I let sanity give me the slip ♪

Peter let out a sigh of relief, ignoring the groans of pain from Blye as he pushed himself shakily off the wall, attempting to stand up as his blood ran cold, remembering: “Wade! The teacher! The kids’ teacher, where—”

“Daredevil got him,” the Canadian reassured him quietly, pushing him gently back. “the kids are safe, the firefighters are here, Beharie is on her way to pick up this piece of trash, so all we gotta do is get Eddie safely to the paramedics,” he paused, his eyes, that now a familiar warmth to them, grew concerned, “you with me, Spider Man?”

“Always.”

Gay!

That the type of quality content the readers missed out on for a whole twelve-hundred words?

You know it

Wade carefully helped Peter to his feet, keeping a steadying arm around him, before reaching down to drag Blye out of the way.

“Wait!” Gio’s blood-stained hands shot up defensively, “don’t turn me in! I’ll do anything. I—I have a lab. Serums. I can work miracles, I swear. I-I can fix you!”

Wade stared down at him, face blanker than when Peter thought he had been brain-washed, “Thanks, Chris Martin, but I’ve heard that lie before.”

~*~

Shonda Beharie was a patient woman. She wholly subscribed to the notion that all good things came
to those who wait. Which happened to suit her career in homicide investigation as more often than not, apprehending a killer was more than a weekend deal. Case in point: the murder of Charlie Hanway and his murderer, Giovanni Blye. Who looked like he could be having a better day.

“One murderer, attempted murderer, arsonist and torturer all wrapped up in a bow. Happy Birthday, Detective,” Beharie read aloud as she and her partner looked down on Blye, who was bleeding profusely from a bullet-wound in his leg, looking quite put-out where he sat tied to a telephone poll, a hand-written note sat on his chest and large red and black bow stuck to his forehead.

“Where did he get the bow?” Cassidy wondered, scanning the sidewalk as if Deadpool (perhaps still dressed as Spider Man) would rock up to them to answer his question at any moment.

“How did he know it was my birthday?” Beharie asked the more pressing question as she stepped aside to let the paramedics work on Blye’s leg.

Cassidy turned to her, shrugging, “lucky guess?”

Beharie looked back, a familiar sensation that she was being watched, washing over her.

“Yeah,” she smirked, peering around her before taking a deep breath to begin reciting the Miranda rights to finally bring a killer to justice, “guess so.”

Deadpool and Spider Man watched from their hiding spot as Giovanni was handcuffed to a stretcher, the detective diligently reading him his rights before following him to the ambulance. Not too far ahead, an unconscious Eddie James was being loaded into another ambulance, wholly unaware that he was actually being transported to the Avengers’ personal medical team to be cared for, overseen by the vigilant eye of his best friend, of course.

Relief washing over him in a large wave at the thought, Peter swayed on his feet a little, Wade’s hand shooting out to steady him.

“Hey—you okay? I really think the doc at Avenger Tower should look—”

“No, no. I’m good, Wade. Really,” Peter cut across him, “I just…I’m gonna go get my Aunt May and take her home. Give Tony a call, fill him in. Then go to bed. It’s late.”
He paused, reaching up to clasp the hand resting on his shoulder as the last of the fire’s flames were extinguished. Wade watched his movements, a small smile on his face as their fingers entwined, squeezing gently.

“It’s over,” he said simply, feeling as if it were the end of an era.

They found out who was trying to kill Peter Parker.

And learned so, so much more.

“Yeah,” Peter agreed, an odd hilt to his tone as he avoided eye-contact, “it’s over.”

[Uh oh]

[Petey pie doesn’t sound so convinced]

[Well...there is two chapters left, so]

He stared straight ahead, a small figure in the distance catching his eye. It was one of the little boys they had rescued, now awake and gesturing animatedly to a paramedic who was treating him. But it was what was on his face that was of particular note. Peter would know that shade of red and black anywhere.

Turning back to his companion, he looked up at Wade with a tilted head, “did you give a kid your mask?”

The mercenary threw him a sheepish smile, shrugging, “he woke up just as Matt and I got the last of the kids out. He—was scared. Didn’t want me leaving him. But I had to go to you, so I—I gave him my mask. Told him he’d be safe with it, to look after it for me and that help was coming soon. It seemed to…calm him.”

A surge of warmth spread throughout Peter’s chest, but he did his best to keep his face impassive,
merely nodding and switching the subject to their other vigilante friend.

“Matt and Foggy get away okay?” he asked as they ascended the building beside them, he a little more sluggish than usual due to still being a little under the influence of whatever messed up shit Blye injected him with.

Wade snorted as he pulled Peter up to the ledge where they had stashed their civilian clothes.

“Foggy was a bit green around the gills,” he smirked as they changed, “think he was a rooftop-piggyback-virgin before tonight.”

The brunet gave a small chuckle as he buttoned up his jeans, “remind me to stop by their office. Thank them properly.”

Wade nodded slowly, waiting one beat, then two, before finally asking him the question that had been plaguing him since they safely left RCorp.

“So…what now?”

Peter looked up, meeting those chocolate eyes that had come to mean so much to him.

He smiled.

Whew! Holy plot-development, writer lady! This means we’re nearly done, right? Me and Petey get to go to bone-town forever and ever?

Nearly.

What?! What do you mean, ‘nearly’? What more is there? The bad guy has been found, everything’s been tied up in a nice, neat bow—

More or less.

Ugh. Can you be any more vague? *Sigh* Any point in hoping this monstrosity finishes before my epic sequel comes out?

You know what they say, Wade. Stranger things have—
Nope! No! You are not pimping out your other fucking fic!

Uh, I wasn’t ‘pimping out’ anything, Deadpool. It’s a well-known saying. Promise.

Yeah, yeah, I’m all-too-familiar with your promises now, Writer Lady. Cut the crap. You saw my amazing teaser, Bob Rossing it up all over this hizzle. Then my badass trailer with the sexy and suave Cable being all fuck-me-Daddy-hot. I demand that you get your fucking shit together and finish this happy ending-style before I’m forced to make arbitrary and nonsensical commentary on my own fucking movie like some discount Tommy Wiseau at a Disaster Artist panel!

Did you actually just compare yourself to Tommy Wiseau? Did…did that actually just happen?

I don’t know anymore, man. I’m tired. Can’t me and Petey just have our wine, dine and 69 moment in the sun? Haven’t we been through enough already?

2 more chapters, Wade. Then that’s it. I swear.

The mouse overlord owns my ass now so I gotta watch what I say. But I swear to fuck, writer lady, if you don’t finish this by the end of the year of our lord 2018, I’m gonna—

Yeah, yeah. Threat received. So…you’re officially Disney’s bitch now. Happy you’re joining the House of Mouse?

Fuckin’ ecstatic. Went out and got myself Mickey ears to celebrate and everything.

They suit you.

Blow me.

That’s not very Disney-friendly.

My Tumblr

Say Anything Spotify Playlist

NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:

- Wade Wilson was 100%, unequivocally, an ass man.

Like, no doubt about it. He liked a perky peach. Delectable derriere. A gorgeous gluteus maximus.

But damn. There were times where a guy just had to admire the often-times overlooked but no-less sexy deltoid muscles.
[Those are shoulders for those of us that don’t speak nerd]

And Christ, did Peter Benjamin Parker have some sexy shoulders.
Hey guys! How’s—

**BACK, FOUL DEMON!**

Uh…what?

**BE GONE, WITCH!**

Wade, what the—did you just try spray me with holy water?

*I’m not takin’ any chances with you, writer lady. Who knows what else you’re capable of.*

What do you mean ‘what else’? What have I supposedly—oh. Ohhhhhhh. This is about that scene in Deadpool 2, isn’t it?

**Fuck yeah it is! I mean, I don’t believe in coincidences so—**

So, I must be what…psychic? A witch? Demon? Satan’s Little Helper?

*All of the above? Fucked if I know. All I DO know, is that in Deadpool 2 I’m paying homage to the man John Cusack himself in Say Anything and uh…what’s the name of this fic again? What movie were you thinking of when you titled it? Huh? HUH?!*

Okay, okay. I admit, it’s one hell of a—

**Do not. Say. Coincidence.**

—Parallelism.

*Parallelism? Are you kidding me?*

Fuck man, I don’t know. There aren’t many synonyms for ‘coincidence.’

*So, you can predict the future but not come up with another word for something? Huh. So much for that fancy Master’s Degree you wasted a year of your life on.*

~*~

“I don’t care if Monday’s blue, Tuesday’s grey and Wednesday too, Thursday I don’t care about you, it’s Friday, I’m in—”

*[It’s Sunday]*
“—Didn’t peg you as a Cure fan.”

The words were murmured into the space between Wade’s neck and shoulder.

“Oh yeah,” the merc mumbled in response, “I love me some guyliner and angst. Was practically my signature brand in the ‘90s.”

His tone was low as they sat on the subway, huddled and jaded, looking smaller than any guys tipping (or exceeding) six feet tall had any business being.

Peter shifted a little, his lips brushing Wade’s skin as he heaved a sigh, “well, I wouldn’t know about that, old man. I was like in diapers when that song came out.”

“Fuck you, Parker.”

“Sounds fun but gonna have to take a rain check,” Peter smirked as their finally caught each other’s eye, “I’ve had one helluva day.” He punctuated the end of his sentence with a poor attempt at stifling his yawn.
Wade marginally registered an older woman giving them the stink-eye from across the carriage as he drew the shorter man into a side-hug, resting his chin on top of his matted brunet hair.

“Soft, tender love-making it is then,” he smiled, throwing the scandalised woman a wink, “the fucking can wait.”

He knew that if Peter had had the energy, he would have surely paid for that comment, but as it stood, the arachnid was barely in shape to stay upright, let alone admonish him. Whatever Blye had given him had pretty much left his system, but he was still groggy and weary from everything nonetheless.

“You gonna let one of Stark’s team look you over at the tower?” Wade asked into his hair, already knowing the answer.

“I’m fine, Wade.”

“I know you’re fine, Petey-Pie. Ain’t no one sexier. But medically, you could do with a once-over.”

Peter chuckled into Wade’s shoulder, his breath bouncing against his collar bone, “all right, I’ll get checked out if it stops you from worrying, Aunt May.”

The merc let that comparison slide. He didn’t care if he sounded like a concerned loved-one, because right now, that was exactly what he was. He could admit that, if only internally, so he didn’t push the issue. Seeing Peter squeeze himself under that beam and disappear…his heart was in his throat even now, just thinking about it. The sight had stolen his breath, robbed him of any semblance of calm he may have been projecting as he and Matt worked tirelessly to get all the kids out.

But they were safe now. The kids. The teacher. Eddie. Peter. Giovanni Blye had not succeeded in permanently harming any of them, at least not physically. But Wade didn’t need to be one graham cracker short of a s’more to know how friable the human mind could prove to be.

“…ade? Wade? This is our stop.”

He allowed Peter’s soft tone to shake him from his reverie, a small smile gracing his face as their
gazes met again.

They were safe. Everyone was safe.

They could rest.

For now.

/*Dramatic pause*/

[DUN DUN DUN!!!!!]

~*_~

He couldn’t explain it, really. The feeling he got when he hugged his Aunt May. It was warmth, safety and contentedness all wrapped up in the weight of her arms around his shoulders. Ever since he was a kid, whenever he scraped his knee, or Flash called him names, or school stressed him out, one hug from May had all that negative energy seeping out of him like a deflating balloon.

Tonight, was no different.

Peter’s shoulders sagged as he heaved a sigh, wrapping his arms around the smaller woman, fighting down the well of emotion that had been clawing up his throat since he set foot in Avenger Tower. He could feel Wade’s gaze boring a hole into his back, watching them both intently from his position in the doorway.

“Wade Wilson, you come here too,” May spoke up, pinning him with a pointed look over Peter’s shoulder, “come on.”

She lifted a hand off her nephew’s back to gesture at the Canadian, coaxing him over to them. Sheepishly, Wade did as he was told and barely managed to contain his squeal of surprise when the older woman pulled him into their embrace with a shocking strength. Wade could feel Peter’s snort of amusement when he rested his chin on top of his head, bringing his arms around the Parkers and squeezing tight. He hid a smile into Peter’s brunet tresses as both Peter and May extracted an arm
each to loop around Wade’s back, closing their circle tightly.

They stood like that for several seconds. Minutes. Maybe hours. Wade wasn’t sure, all he knew was that he wanted to bottle the warm, gooey feeling that had taken up residence in his chest and hold onto it for as long as he could. He could feel a very slight tremor wrack Peter’s body as he took a breath and didn’t have to meet his gaze to know what the younger man was feeling.

Relief.

Sorrow.

Acceptance.

“So sorry to interrupt,” a charming British voice broke through their quiet moment, “but the taxi to bring you all back to Mrs Parker’s residence has arrived.”

May chuckled, giving Wade and Peter one last squeeze before letting the boys go and stepping back, “how many times do I have to tell you to call me May, Jarvis?”

Wade took this opportunity to side-glance his friend? Lover? Flover?—who was still a little pale and frazzled, despite getting the all-clear from Stark’s people only twenty minutes before. Hazel eyes met his and he took a deep breath before throwing him a small smile.

There was still a lot to do. A lot to discuss and decompress and analyse.

But not tonight.

~*~

SECRET LABORATORY EXPOSED AFTER RCORP FIRE!

In the wake of the fire that broke out at the RCorp building three weeks ago, a secret government facility known as ‘Skyline Laboratories’ has been discovered. It has come to light that RCorp’s founder, Walter Rickards, heavily funded a program at Skyline that engaged in human experimentation and unethical research practices. The connection that the recent fire at RCorp and the fire at their prior address a year previously has also been linked to not only Skyline Laboratories,
but to the murder of one of its patients, Charles Hanway. Giovanni Blye (of Brooklyn Blye’s Furniture Emporium) has been implicated in Hanway’s murder and the recent arson at RCorp and is currently being questioned at New York’s 12th Precinct. As for the laboratories, the facility has since been shut down and its remaining patients undergoing treatment at Stark Industries. When questioned about the progress of the patients, founder Tony Stark had this to say: …continued on page 4

“You look like a sexy librarian.”

Wade Wilson glanced up from The Daily Bugle, his reading glasses slipping slightly down the bridge of his nose as he tilted his head at his companion.

“I never knew you had glasses fetish, Parker.”

Peter Parker chuckled from his side of the bed, mashing his head further into his pillow as he studied Wade’s profile. The sun was beginning to stream into his room through a crack in the drapes, basking them in a soft morning glow as Wade sat propped up, pages sprawled across his lap, his bare chest on full display.

The brunet made a show of raking his eyes tantalisingly slowly across Wade’s exposed skin before cheekily meeting his eye, “not just a glasses fetish, Wilson.”

The merc barely suppressed a snort, “don’t I know it. Weirdo.”

[Oooh is Petey into kinky stuff?]

[It’s always the quiet ones]

[Big guy’s hit the jackpot!]

A soft smile spread across Wade’s face as Peter leaned up, brushing his lips lightly against his.

“Good morning.”
“Great morning.”

Peter pulled back, a hum vibrating in the back of his throat as he gripped Wade’s bicep, tilting his head, a pensive look on his face.

“We *could* make it a fantastic morning…”

Wade quirked a non-existent eyebrow, “oh? And how ever would we do that?”

~*~

He was drowning.

A deep, dark surge of pressure was weighing him down.

He couldn’t breathe.

Couldn’t see.

Couldn’t hear.

He just…was.

He just existed in this space – this ink-blot wasteland of nothingness.

Wholly alone but ever aware of his own struggling breaths as he fought the invisible binds that bound him.

Until, a wisp of…something.

Light, smoke, he didn’t know. Didn’t care. All he knew was that it was better than this agonising
He grabbed it with both hands, marvelling as it spread up his arms and down his chest until he was covered, basked in its glow.

“—ames? Mr James, can you hear me?”

Wade Wilson was 100%, unequivocally, an ass man.

Like, no doubt about it. He liked a perky peach. Delectable derriere. A gorgeous gluteus maximus.

But damn. There were times where a guy just had to admire the often-times overlooked, but no-less sexy deltoid muscles.

[Those are shoulders for those of us that don’t speak nerd]

Christ, did Peter Benjamin Parker have some sexy shoulders.

And Wade would know. He had quite the view from where he currently had him bent over the bathroom sink, pounding into him with fearless abandon.

“Fuck, Wade!”

Watching the muscles strain against their combined weight, the Canadian marvelled not for the first time at the sheer strength thrumming through every inch of Peter.

[Snort]

[So many jokes, so little time]
“Got-gotta say, Parker. You do have…the best…ideas…” Wade gasped as he watched the slide of his cock, hard and throbbing, disappear into Peter, “this is…a fantastic morning.”

Peter threw him a smug smirk over one over his sexy, sexy shoulders, releasing a short groan, “told ya.”

Wade knew what the other man was doing, of course. Contrary to popular belief, the merc was far from stupid. He just played the fool sometimes. It helped if people underestimated him and who was more underestimated than the village idiot? Or in Wade’s case, the city idiot. He knew Peter didn’t think him dim, though. Was aware that Peter probably knew that he had figured it out, but was keeping quiet lest he get called on it.

That fucking mirror would be the end of him.

He kept catching his own eye in its reflection as he thrust into Peter, over and over and over. The sight was…breath-taking. Unlike last time however, the tightness that Wade had felt in his chest, like his heart was the prey that a boa constrictor enjoyed choking the life out of, was barely there. It was now less of a boa’s grip and more of an apathetic worm’s, really. Present, but almost not.

It probably helped that Wade may have mentioned the little dream he had had when Blye whammied the two of them at RCorp. It seemed Peter was working on recreating that dream, arching his back and reaching behind him to pull Wade in by the neck, so that his chest was flush against him, their faces almost side-by-side.

Chocolate eyes met hazel in the mirror.

“Gorgeous,” Peter breathed, throwing him a wink.

[Omg is it just hot in herre, Nelly, circa 2002, or is the big guy’s face actually on fire?]

[Aww, he’s blushing. How cute.]

[Very loose definition of ‘cute’ ya got there]
“Shut up, Parker,” Wade murmured into Peter’s neck, breaking his gaze away from their heaving bodies and latching onto the tantalising skin, sucking and biting an impressive hickey into it.

“Oh, Stark is definitely gonna see that,” the brunet chuckled when after a few moments, Wade’s lips pulled off his neck with a loud pop.

“Good. I want the world to see my handy-work.”

Peter leaned back to press a kiss against the edge of Wade’s jaw, “and here I thought you’d settle for just a handy.”

“I’ll take whatever you give me, baby boy,” the merc smiled, once again ensnared by the picture the two of them made in the mirror, the breath knocked from his lungs for what felt like the millionth time.

What a fantastic morning, indeed.

~*~

“I swear, if one more thing goes wrong this morning, I’m gonna lose my shit.”

Steve Rogers levelled his friend with a stare, “I thought this was you losing your shit?”

[Huh. Someone clearly hasn’t seen—]

[Nope! Don’t you dare even think about that!]

“I take it Eddie hasn’t woken up yet?” Natasha Romanoff asked as she entered the large briefing room in Avenger Tower, taking note of her friends’ stiff postures and the tension between them.

[There’s always tension between them]

[Hence the fanfiction]

[And fanart]

[And RDJ and Evans making heart-eyes at each other every five seconds]

“The last attempt didn’t work either,” Stark filled her in with a wave of his hand, “and I really can’t take another day of Parker’s kicked puppy face.”

Steve took a step forward, catching his gaze, “you and Bruce are doing all you can. Peter, the team and Rickards too. God knows what Blye did to him, and I can’t say he’ll be the same when he wakes up, but…he will wake up, Tony. Take it from me.”

Tony stared up at his friend, heaving a sigh before nodding. He hated feeling like this. Antsy, on edge, just…waiting for something to happen. It was maddening. Attempt after attempt after attempt had failed in the last three weeks to wake his employee from the coma he had slipped into, and with every passing hour he remained unconscious, it got harder and harder to bear.

His family had finally arrived back from their travels and were currently hauled up in one of the many guest rooms that adorned the tower, getting a few hours of sleep. They barely left the observation room in the lab at Stark Industries apart from that, however. They stood watch, vigil, over their son, their brother, at the large window that overlooked James’s quarantined room as dozens of hospital staff roamed in and out, day after day.

Peter often stood with them, when he wasn’t assisting with the battery of tests that were undertaken on his friend. He spoke to them, clearly familiar with the family, tried to reassure them, joke with them, but it all fell flat in comparison to the young man’s genuine interactions. He felt an overwhelming guilt, that was clear to anyone that glanced at him. He blamed himself for what happened to his friend, his colleague. And interacting with Eddie’s parents and sister only heightened that to a level where at the end of each day, Peter was hallowed out, a husk of himself.
Thank god for Wade Wilson.

Those were words Tony Stark never thought he’d think.

Paradoxically, Wade was the one keeping Peter sane. Accompanying him every time he came to see Eddie, waiting for however long it took as Peter spoke to the family and ran tests and consulted with his boss and colleagues before accompanying him back home, doing his best to keep his spirits up, in whatever way he could.

Unfortunately for Tony and the majority of Stark Industries’ employees, that meant by being as ‘helpful’ as possible. This entailed cooking over a hundred pancakes for the cafeteria’s lunch, nearly burning the kitchen to the ground in the process, dressing up as a clown Patch-Adams-style and rollerblading through the hallways, and, not that Tony would ever admit this if his life depended on it, doing a hilarious impression of him to everyone and anyone that happened to walk by.

It was quirky, funny and at times, downright nuts. Just like the merc himself. But it worked. Tony saw the improvement in Peter’s mood. How he was getting a little more positive, despite the failures so far. He hadn’t lost his hope that his friend would awaken. In fact, he had only grown more and more determined as the days wore on.

But that didn’t mean he didn’t give Tony the puppy-dog eyes at every given opportunity and would no doubt do precisely that when he came in this afternoon.

Hence Tony’s foul mood this Tuesday morning.

He hoped Peter’s morning was going better.

At that thought, he braced himself for his journey back to James’s room, where Bruce and a house-arrested Selena Rickards were waiting for their eleventh attempt at rising the young man from his deep sleep, but before he could step around Steve, Banner came bounding into the room, panting heavily.

“Bruce what—”

“He’s awake, Tony!”
Huh. Guess this morning was looking up.

~*~

Peter pulled at the collar of his shirt for the dozenth time.

“Keep tryin’ Petey Pie,” Wade smirked, stepping around him with a twirl, “but that love bite ain’t goin’ nowhere.”

The younger man tried his best to scowl as he let his collar drop, knowing well that the crimson mark was in plain sight, the material doing absolutely nothing to mask it, but he could feel the edges of his mouth turning up as he remembered just what, and who, caused the hickey in the first place.

“I think you have a neck fetish,” he said instead of a proper reprimand, abandoning his clothes and instead focusing on the wild mop that was his hair.

“Oh, I definitely do. Hundred-percent,” Wade nodded, coming up behind Peter and running his hands through his brunet locks, messing it up further, leaning down to breathe in his ear, “and a hair fetish,” he nibbled at his earlobe, “earlobe fetish,” before coming to rest his lips on his cheek, blowing a raspberry onto his skin with a loud smack.

“WADE! GROSS!”

The mercenary was too busy laughing however, doubled over and clutching at his stomach, tears stinging his eyes.

“I had…I had my tongue in your ass like…twenty minutes ago, and you think that’s gross?” he gasped between laughs as Peter wiped at his damp cheek, eyebrows crinkled in disgust.

He wasn’t genuinely grossed out, considering the wealth of bodily fluids the two had shared over the last few weeks, but Wade’s reaction to him was downright adorable and he’d do anything to keep that smile on his face. Even if it meant playing the foil.
“Shut up asshole, my aunt and Rick will be here any second!” he scolded, swatting at him before nervously looking over his shoulder.

He knew that they were still a block away, but it got another snort of laughter out of Wade as he no doubt tried to force down the inevitable “you didn’t shut your asshole twenty minutes ago” joke, so Peter figured it was a win.

“Hey,” the Canadian spoke up suddenly, taking a step towards him and gripping his hips, pulling him in to meet his gaze, “you nervous about meeting Rick?”

It was scary how well Wade could read him.

He raised his eyes to meet the warm ones he had become so acquainted with, “a little. I mean, I’ve known Rick a while now. He’s been our neighbour for a few years but—this time I’ll be meeting him as…”

He trailed off with a wave of his hand.

“Your aunt’s boyfriend,” Wade finished a little sheepishly, squeezing his hips.

Peter nodded slowly, breaking eye-contact as he fidgeted with a loose thread on Wade’s shirt.

“But it’s okay,” he murmured, sounding a million miles away, “I mean, Aunt May already met my boyfriend so I figure it’s only fair that I meet hers.”

He felt Wade’s entire body tense under his fingertips, his form as solid as if Medusa herself had caught his gaze. It was then Peter reflected on his words and his heart stopped beating.

Fuck. You’ve done it now, Parker.

“Uh—I mean—you know, it’s uh—”

“Boyfriend?”
A million thoughts and emotions were strung between those two syllables. The tone giving so much away and yet he couldn’t pick out a single, tangible thing that gave him any indication what Wade’s actual reaction was to hearing that word.

Peter floundered, his mind racing a mile a minute but his mouth unable to make a sound. He couldn’t look at Wade, his eyes glued to where his fingers had frozen over the loose thread. He hadn’t intended on having this conversation, not now, but he knew that if he didn’t talk about this, he was risking everything.

And he had been through too much to do that.

They both had.

Dragging his eyes up Wade’s clavicle, neck, then face, to finally land back on that gaze that never failed to make his heart flutter, he unstuck his tongue from the roof of his mouth and mumbled, “uh... yeah. Boyfriend. If uh... if that’s okay with you?”

_and they say romance is dead. A-fucking-plus, dipshit._

_Wow. Petey’s inner monologue is nearly as cruel as us_

_Ha, yeah. Now all he needs is another voice thrown in the mix and he’s all set_

A deafening silence followed Peter’s meek question, where which he hatched several escape plans, some feasible, some that would require not only fancy footwork, speed and agility that even he may not have been capable of, and at least one that would no doubt result in Wade collapsing on the floor from second-hand embarrassment. When he saw the beginnings of a small smile on the Canadian’s face however, those plans evaporated into thin air.

“That’s more than okay, Parker,” Wade murmured, dark eyes twinkling as he moved a hand up from Peter’s hip to run through his hair.

A wave of relief flooded Peter veins, a short sigh escaping his lips as he closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of the merc’s fingers against his scalp.
That was easier than he feared. Everything with Wade seemed to be.

“So, boyfriend,” Wade began, a hefty emphasis on the b-word, clearly aiming for levity but the soft expression on his face giving him away, “you want some coffee?”

At the brunet’s nod, Wade gave his hip one last squeeze before turning on his heel and starting up the coffee maker. Thing was, caffeine-addiction aside, if he was honest, he really just needed a moment to compose himself.

Peter Parker’s boyfriend.

Wow.

Who woulda thunk it.

[Definitely not us, that’s for damn sure]

“Is that the French roast, I smell?” a familiar voice called as the front-door creaked open a few minutes later, prompting the merc to snort and reply, “you said the best, May. So, I put on the best.”

He could hear Peter stand up from the table behind him, feet shuffling nervously as he waited for his aunt and her companion to enter the kitchen. He decided to stay where he was, leaning over the frying pan as butter sizzled quietly, melting like pools of golden pearls against the heat.

“Pancakes? I hope you didn’t go to too much trouble on my account,” a deep timbre entered the conversation, accompanied by steady footsteps and an almost imperceptible shift in atmosphere.

“Nah, it’s no trouble,” Peter’s warm tone responded, “Wade loves any given opportunity to show off.”

Before the merc could let his indignation be known, his boyfriend (god, he loved thinking that) continued: “I’m really glad you could join us, Rick.”
The weight behind his words did not go unnoticed by anyone in the room.

“I’m really glad to be here, Peter.”

The sincerity in those words was just as heavy.

With that, Wade took his cue, whipping around, spatula in hand, pointing it at the older man, “you’re about to be even more glad when you get your mouth around this Canadian goodness.”

A beat of silence swept the room.

“Oh! Uh, no, ha, I-I meant the homemade maple syrup.” the merc hastily explained, gesturing behind him to the pan and pointedly ignoring the smirks both Parkers were throwing his way, “not—not uh, anything else…Peter, any time you wanna jump in here—”

“Oh no, you’re doing great, Wade,” the brunet replied smoothly, holding up his hands and taking a step back.

[That treacherous, traitoring traitor]

Rick, it seemed, was taking this all in his stride, and with only a cursory half-glance at May, held out his hand for Wade to shake, “nice to meet ya, Wade. I’m sure my American mouth will love your Canadian goodness.”

[Oooooh. He’s a keeper]

~*~

He needed a better filing system. Not that he would ever admit that to Foggy Nelson of all people. Matt Murdock didn’t need sight and a snarky partner to know that his office looked like a bomb made up of paper and stationary had exploded in the vicinity, but that was the price of thorough research and snagging the mother of all clients.
Selena Rickards was a fascinating case. One that would no doubt either make or break a career. In the three weeks since the RCorp fire, Nelson and Murdock: Attorneys at Law had not only been up to their collective eyes in strategy and legal manoeuvres, but also found themselves ensnared in a morality conundrum as they tried to prevent a trial by media before they ever entered a courtroom. While certainly not as condemnable as clients of other defence teams, Selena Rickards was not a cut-and-dry innocent either. She straddled duel realities – a victim of Giovanni Blye’s abhorrent plan, mind-controlled into carrying out horrendous deeds, yet, for a time, also worked in a facility that experimented in much the same vein on patients of all ages.

The media was awash with frenzied opinions once Rickards had been granted bail and took up residence with the Avengers, some positive but a lot negative in their views. Matt himself knew her to be actively working on an antidote for all those dosed with LK90 and was well-versed in her attempts to make things right, so when he got the call from Peter about he and Foggy representing her at trial, it wasn’t too hard of a decision. Her heartbeat spoke volumes. Her very own purveyor of truth that eradicated any and all of the remaining doubts that the lawyer may have had.

“Jesus, Matty. Did a Staples projectile vomit in here or…?”

Matt turned towards his office door, where he knew his best friend was standing, surveying his office with what was no doubt a mixture of awe and distain.

“I may have gotten…carried away with research,” he admitted with a sheepish grin, “once Selena gave me access to Skyline’s records it was kinda like tumbling down a rabbit hole.”

Foggy snorted, “that’s one way to put it, buddy.”

He shuffled closer to Matt, holding something out to him, it brushing against his fingertips, “for now though,” he began with a smile in his tone, “time to take a break and enjoy the fruits of our labour.”

Matt’s nose crinkled in a way that was not at all adorable, “is that…champagne?”

“Yup. Courtesy of Peter and Wade for our, and I quote, ‘intellect, valour and general badassery.’”

He slipped a small card lined with circular bumps into Matt’s palm and low and behold, it said precisely that. What caught his attention however, was the P.S. near the bottom:
P.S.: Tony is getting more insistent that you meet with him. He has extended an invitation to you at Avenger Tower tonight. Wade and I will be there too, so, you know, moral support or whatever. Think about it. –Peter.

The sound of a cork being popped tore Matt away from the note.

“That’s eleven-thirty in the morning.”

His best friend let out his patented snort, “Matty. Matt. Matthew. What do I always say in times like these?”

A wry grin forced its way onto Matt’s face, “that it’s happy hour somewhere?”

“Exactly.”

He took a swig from the bottle and held it out, still, even now, careful to brush it against Matt’s fingers. The gesture absolutely did not cause a swooping sensation in Matt’s stomach.

“Spoken like a true alcoholic.”

His words were slightly undercut by the fact that he had already pressed the bottle to his lips, taking a gulp. Matt could feel Foggy staring at him as his Adam’s apple bobbed, his tongue pleasantly surprised by the sweet taste. His gaze burned hotter than any inferno his world on fire greeted him with.

“I take it we still have no clients today,” he murmured as he lowered the bottle, passing it back to Foggy who left it down on his desk with a soft clunk.

“Too swamped with Rickards to take on anything else, so, no. Just us today. You’re stuck with me, amigo.”

There were worse fates. Not a lot better ones, though. That Matt knew for sure.
They were just two avocados trying to make it in the big city. He would happily be stuck with Foggy for as long as he’d have him.

“Good,” Matt forced himself to nod, ignoring just how vow-like his thoughts had turned as he passed the card like a poker-chip between his fingers, “so…you always wanted to meet Thor, right?”

~*~

She stood on her tip-toes, ever aware of the rocky foundation that the rickety step-ladder provided her. She was so close, the tips of her latex gloves brushing against the manila folder. She rose a half-inch higher, her calf-muscles straining as she thanked her two whole months of ballet classes for this feat.

Just one. More. Inch. And—

A sharp rapping of knuckles against wood made her jump, bonking her head against the cabinet with a loud thump.

“Mother-fuc—”

“Huh. And here I thought you were outta the closet.”

Selena Rickards froze mid-expletive. That voice, she hadn’t heard it in so long. Its Scottish lilt still washed over her like waves, even after all this time.

“What are you doing here, Eliza?” she asked the filing cabinet in lieu of turning around and descending the ladder where she felt the presence of five-feet of quiet rage radiating her way.

“Thought I’d make the first move, seen as you’re so determined to avoid me.”

That rage was quickly getting louder.

“I’m not avoid you, El. I’m—”
“Dr. Banner asked for your assistance,” the nurse cut across her briskly, “so don’t make the mistake in thinking that this happy reunion was in any way my idea. I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time when he needed someone to fetch you. That’s all.”

With that, Selena heard her turn on her heel and power-walk away, as was her form. God, she even missed the way she walked, like a bullet in the chamber of a gun about to be fired.

“Eddie James is awake, by the way. So, you might wanna get a move on with that magic potion of yours.”

Those words brought her musing to a screeching halt, record scratch and all. Without thinking, Selena practically jumped from the ladder and stumbled (the fancy house-arrest ankle bracelet was clunky as hell) over to Eliza who was now the one speaking with her back turned.

“Banner needs you ASAP—”

“The new job suits you,” the scientist cut across her, the words bursting from her without consent, “I always knew you’d be a good fit here.”

She watched as Eliza’s shoulders stiffened minutely before her mass of amber hair swayed with a curt nod. With that, she walked away from the filing closet, the conversation and Selena. Not for the first time. Probably not the last either, now that they were officially working under the same roof again.

But Dr Rickards couldn’t dwell on that right now.

Because Eddie James was awake.

And she, Stark, Peter and a hell of a lot of other people—needed answers.

~*~
It was on his fifth mouthful of pancake and Wade’s third joke that Peter’s cell phone rang. With an
apologetic smile, he quietly left the table, chewing animatedly as he rose the phone to his ear—

“‘El-lo?’”

“Parker?”

Peter hurriedly swallowed the last of the Wade’s Canadian goodness, trying not to cough, “s-sorry
yeah, hi Tony. What’s up?”

There was something in the silence that followed his question that told him all he needed to know.
He tried not to get his hopes up, even as an excited thrill bolted through him.

“Is it Eddie? Is there any—”

“He’s awake.”

Any elation that Peter should have felt in that moment was lodged between his overwhelming sense
of dread and the sound of Tony’s voice.

Something was wrong.

“He’s awake,” he began, hating that his voice was barely above a murmur as he forced out the
question he feared the answer to, “that’s…good. Right?”

The pause was too long.

So long in fact, that Wade had time to leave the kitchen table and join Peter out in the hallway,
catching his eye and mouthing, “what’s up?”

Peter stared at his boyfriend, ice running through his veins as he waited for Tony to answer him.
“Just—just get here ASAP, kid.”

He couldn’t remember a dial tone ever feeling so unnerving.

Natasha Romanoff wasn’t thankful for a lot in her life, but anything she was thankful for, nearly always came down to one thing. One person.

Clint Barton.

A piece of paper slid across the table towards her, her partner offering her a shrug and half-grin, “I mean, it’s not a polaroid, but it’s the thought that counts, right?”

She glanced down at the paper, realising that it was a screencap of grainy CCTV footage that showed a very familiar figure being tackled to the ground by a robust man in hospital garb.

“Please tell me you have copies.”

Clint chuckled, “paper and video. What do you think I am, Romanoff? An amateur?”

Nat snorted, her gaze zeroing in on Tony’s aghast face peeking out from underneath a chubby armpit, “and who exactly did you have to bribe to get these?”

Barton tapped his nose, eyes twinkling mischievously as he finished his search, making his way towards the giant bookshelf in the corner of the room.

“So, the kid woke up?” he asked, his finger skimming along the book-spines, leaving a trail of cleared-dust in its wake.

Nat nodded, folding the piece of paper and shoving it in her back pocket for safe-keeping, “about a half-hour ago. Never seen Banner move so fast in my life,” she paused, nose wrinkling as she examined a beaker with a green sludge sloshing around in it.
“The egg-heads were all riled up about it, so I nominated us to check this place out,” she shrugged, putting the beaker back down, carefully.

You never knew what was what in these secret labs.

Ever since they were made aware of it, Peter filling them in on what Daredevil and his unnamed associate had found, Stark’s minions had descended on the place like ravenous flies, examining every inch of Blye’s home-lab, once it was cleared of all explosives and other assorted boobytraps.

Nat knew that while a bunch of nerds may have understood the experiments, the scientific ambiance of the place, she and Clint understood something else entirely – the criminal mind. So, she thought it could do with a once-over.

“And what exactly is it we’re looking for?” Clint asked offhandedly as he thumbed through the books with about as much enthusiasm as Tony had for his monthly audit.

A soft click rang throughout the room.

Clint frowned down at the book he had just begun moving off the shelf, only to notice that the shelf itself had shifted several inches away from the wall, revealing a sliver of light from behind it.

“Something like that,” Nat replied evenly, making her way over to stand beside her partner.

Fucking secret passageways. Was Blye reading ‘Crime for Dummies’ or something? She was beginning to understand criminals less and less these days.

She met Clint’s gaze, he nodding slightly just before she reached out and slowly opened the bookshelf further.

They were awash with unnatural light, the small, hidden-room a sterile, almost blinding white.

The completely empty hidden-room.
“Huh.”

That noise stood in place of what was no doubt a dozen questions her partner wanted the answers to.

“No way this secret room was always empty, so…” Nat muttered, glancing around at the vacant shelves, an unease settling in her gut as she asked the most pertinent question, “where the hell is everything?”

~*~

Peter took a deep breath, staring at the door, urging his hand to reach out and push it open.

His hand stayed limp at his side.

A pressure landed on his shoulder, squeezing gently.

“You can do it, Pete,” Wade murmured warmly from where he stood behind him, “I’ll be right out here if ya need me.”

Peter smiled softly despite himself, appreciation for Wade Wilson and everything that came with him flowing through his veins like warm honey.

“Thanks Wade,” he replied quietly, reaching up and squeezing the fingers on his shoulder briefly before forcing himself through the door, letting it close softly behind him.

It was a hospital room. Or rather, it was made up to look like a hospital room. Complete with white walls, beeping machines and a sterile, cold ambiance.

He hated it.

What he didn’t hate however, was his best friend, Eddie James, awake and upright in the solitary bed, watching him with interest.
“Hey Eddie,” he smiled, crossing the room in three quick strides.

Eddie flinched at the sudden movement, causing Peter to halt dead in his tracks, holding his hands up, adopting a passive stance.

“You’re all right, man. It’s just me. Peter.”

Eddie continued to stare at him as if he had never seen him before, his dark gaze like a heavy weight, a stone sinking further and further into the depths of his stomach.

“Pete…?”

At his friend’s croaky noise, Peter was on the move again, edging closer to the bed, just more slowly this time. Eddie made no move to stop him and merely kept his inquisitive eyes on every movement he made, following as he pulled out the chair and dropped himself lightly into it.

“You want some water?” Peter asked, gesturing at the jug on the tray in front of them, trying not to shift uncomfortably under the unrelenting stare.

Eddie shook his head, tilting it as he forced out, “I want you to tell me…” he trailed off, clearing his throat.

Peter waited with bated breath, swallowing down the nerves tingling from his spine when those dark eyes met his again.

“I want you to tell me how the hell you get that lard ass of yours into that suit.”

Peter’s brows furrowed, the words ringing in his ears.

“What?”
A short laugh echoed in the near-empty, not-quite-hospital room.

“Don’t play dumb with me, man. Don’t worry, I can keep a secret…Spider Man.”

Peter’s heart lurched in his chest. Tony’s ominous tone made so much more sense now.

“How…?”

The words died in his throat as Eddie’s smirk only grew bigger and smugger.

“I may not remember much about what happened to me, Parker. But I do remember that lil nugget of info.”

Peter saw his opportunity for distraction and he took it.

“What exactly do you remember?”

Eddie threw him a look that told him he knew what he was doing, and their conversation was far from over, but after a beat, he heaved a sigh and shrugged.

“It’s like I told Mr Stark, I don’t remember a whole lot. All I can remember is taking my trash out through the alleyway beside my apartment and being…I don’t know, jumped? Stabbed in the neck with something? Whatever. Next thing I know, I’m hauled up in some room, handcuffed. I—I don’t…everything goes a little fuzzy after that.”

Peter’s heart sank. He had feared as much.

Blye only allowed Eddie to remember what he wanted him to remember.

Shit.
“Sorry, Pete,” his friend mumbled, clearly frustrated, “I wish I could—”

“Don’t be sorry, Ed. I’m just—I’m just so glad you’re okay,” Peter leaned forward, gently resting his palm on his forearm.

Eddie nodded, clenching and unclenching the sheet in his fists as he asked quietly, no longer meeting his gaze, “…am I? Okay?”

Peter had no idea how to begin answering that. He knew first hand how violating it felt, having Blye manipulate him, drug him. But Eddie…Eddie had had it so much worse. He couldn’t begin to imagine how he must be feeling after everything that had happened to him. Even if he couldn’t remember all of it.

“You will be, Eddie,” he gave the only answer he could without feeling like a liar.

His friend gave another nod, his hands relaxing a little as he forced his eyes back up to Peter.

“Okay, good. You done stalling yet?”

Peter heaved a sigh, realising it was futile to hope that he’d drop it. He had been friends with Eddie James long enough now to know better.

“All right. What do you want to know?”

It was if a button had been pressed somewhere in the young scientist, the floodgates opening, questions upon questions tumbling from his lips with a fervour that Peter failed to keep up with.

“How did you become Spider Man? Experiment gone wrong? What other powers do you have? Who else knows who you are? Am I the only one? How did you get to know the Avengers? Do they know your real name? Seriously man, how do you fit into that suit?...”

Peter smiled, his friend’s excited tone washing over him like a soothing balm.
Eddie James was back.

~*~

“Hmm…someone’s a fan of Dirk Gently.”

“What?”

Wade brandished the megaphone-gun-contraption at Tony, pointing at the opposite wall with a shrug, “Dirk Gently? Season 2? Nobody?”

The Avengers remained silent, none of them catching his eye. Wade threw up his hands and guffawed, “look, I know technically it’s meant to be like 2016 timeline-wise, but it’s not my fault that ___”

A tentative knock cut him off mid-rant.

[Rude]

[But probably for the best]

[Yeah. The big guy is worse than President Orangeface McBabyhands when he gets goin’]

Wade leapt to the door before Tony could move a muscle, flinging it open to reveal three figures standing in the hallway, one with his hand still poised to knock.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t The Three Musketeers.”

Peter rolled his eyes at him, gesturing to his two companions, one bouncing excitedly on the balls of his feet as the other stood stock-still, head tilted at an angle.

“Holy shit, holy shit,” Foggy Nelson mumbled under his breath, not quite quietly enough as Wade stepped aside, and Peter led them into the large conference room adorned with glass windows,
chrome furnishings and eight pairs of expectant eyes.

Matt shifted slightly, he and Peter unconsciously flanking Foggy who was busy gaping around himself, trying (and failing) to be subtle about it.

Tony took one look at them, his eyebrow quirked, gaze locking onto Peter with an unreadable expression on his face.

“Parker,” he nodded, “you get bitten by a giant mosquito or something?”

Peter’s face had caught fire. It must have. That was the only explanation for the sheer wave of heat that enflamed his cheeks as he pulled at his shirt collar for the dozenth time that day. Wade was busy studying the floor, carefully avoiding his incredibly pointed glare.

{Don’t gloat. Don’t gloat. Don’t you dare gloat}

“Something like that,” the brunet replied through gritted teeth, trying his best to ignore the over half a dozen smug faces directed his way as he waved a hand at the lawyers, “uh, this is—”

“Nelson and Murdock: Attorneys at Law. I’ve heard a lot about you,” Tony cut across him, he finally taking the first to step forward, holding his hand out for Foggy to take.

“All—all good things, I hope,” he replied, clearing his throat but shaking Stark’s hand firmly.

Wade snorted, “oh please, he’s been practically wooing Murdock for months now. ‘Good’ doesn’t cover it.”

“You’ll be the death of me, Wilson,” Tony muttered as he moved to shake Matt’s hand.

“You keep saying that, and yet I see no coffin. Quit bluffing, T-Bear.”

A wry grin spread across Matt’s face at this exchange, his shoulders loosening somewhat as he clasped Stark’s fingers, tightly.
“I changed my number three times in the last two months, Stark,” he remarked sardonically, “you really don’t know when to give up, do you?”

Tony flashed his patented grin, “well, you’re here aren’t you?”

“Ooh, he’s got ya there, bub,” Wade chuckled at Matt as he threw an arm around Foggy’s shoulders and led him over to the tall, blond man who was playfully poking Bruce Banner in the ribs, wholly unperturbed by the scientist smacking his hands away.

“Knock it—knock it off, Thor, I swear—”


Two baby-blue eyes raked up the blond lawyer before a dazzlingly white smile spread across a ridiculously handsome face.

[Ugh, I’ve such a heart boner for Chris Hemsworth]

[You and the rest of the Marvel cast]

[Ha! That makes it sound like writer lady is a part of the Marvel cast]

[How do you know she isn’t? How do you know she’s even who she says she is?]

[…Tom Holland is that you?]

[You know he would be all about fanfiction]

[He’s practically a real-life Ben Wyatt so no duh]
“The human defender. I have heard much about you from Dr. Rickards,” he beamed, clutching Foggy’s hand and shaking it so vigorously that it rocked his entire body.

For probably the first time ever, Franklin P. Nelson was at a loss for words. His mouth opened and closed several times, like a fish out of water, but sound had lodged somewhere deep in his oesophagus and was refusing to budge. Almost like a mirage, Matt Murdock appeared at his partner’s side, hand outstretched.

“Matt Murdock. Foggy’s partner.”

Wade caught Peter’s eye over Matt’s head, barely concealing his grin.

“Easy, boy,” the Canadian murmured at his ear, “tall, blond and handsome here is no threat to Fogsworth.”

Thor, his nonchalant attitude never slipping despite this definitely-audible exchange, took Matt’s hand in high spirits but was noticeably less vigorous with his shake. If Peter had to guess why, he would say it had less to do with Thor pulling punches and more to do with Matt’s undeniable strength working in tandem with his desire to save face.

“It is an honour, human-defender, Matthew Murdock.”

“I think that’s the nicest thing anyone has ever said to a defence attorney,” Foggy finally piped up with a surprised and somewhat undignified snort, crimson colouring his cheeks.

Tony, the rest of the Avengers, Peter and Wade looked on as the ice was broken, Thor and Matt shaking their hands firmly before letting them drop, the former snatching up his vanilla latte from the conference table, taking a mighty sip and the latter turning back towards the group. He and Foggy shook everyone else’s hands before an austere look crossing Matt’s face as he asked:
“So, how has Selena been?”

From there, the ambiance was considerably more pleasant, (Matt and Foggy joining them all around the large conference table, steaming coffee cups in hand) save for the sordid recapping of the events that brought them all together in the first place.

“Blye is refusing visitors, but I’m pulling strings to keep up to date with the case,” Wade informed them, slurping on the smoothie he nabbed from the cafeteria.

“Pestering Detective Beharie within an inch of her life is not ‘pulling strings,’ Wade,” Steve admonished not unkindly, but loud enough to hear over the merc’s energetic sucking—

[Ha!]

—of his straw.

“Potato, potahto,” he waved his hand dismissively, leaning back in the conference chair, his shoulder brushing off Peter’s, “regardless, the detective loves me and has absolutely not threatened me with a trip to Guantanamo if I call her mother again.”

Peter barely retrained an eye-roll, knowing for a fact that that had 100% happened. On multiple occasions over the last three weeks.

“Beharie and Cassidy are running lead on the case, but it is a joint taskforce,” Matt piped up head tilted downwards as if he were speaking to his coffee, “the FBI are muscling their way in too. Won’t be long before they take over and Blye is moved to a different facility.”

Peter’s gut lurched at that, nausea rising from the depths of his stomach.

“If he’s moved—”

“He won’t be,” Tony cut across him, “the feds aren’t getting him, kid. He stays in New York.”
Peter had a feeling that there was something more to what Tony was saying, but he couldn’t quite put his finger on it. The conviction in his tone was convince enough however that his nerves were somewhat abated for now. Eddie was still struggling to remember anything about what happened, was set up with a therapist and number of specialists that deal in memory to help him, but for now they were still in the dark about a lot of things.

“On that note,” Tony regarded Matt, “a word, counsellor?”

An almost imperceptible rising of the lawyer’s eyebrows was all that the rest of the group were privy to as both parties stood up from the table and exited the room, the weight of Foggy’s gaze following them particularly notable. There was something on his face that told Peter that he knew exactly just what Tony and Matt were discussing but he didn’t press. He had a fair idea himself.

“Hey, Fogmeister,” Wade snapped his fingers, startling Foggy from where his eyes had glued to the spot Matt had just vacated, “wanna see something cool?”

Peter didn’t bother smothering his laugh as he watched his two friends float around in the zero-gravity chamber, doing somersaults and cartwheels and bashing into each other good-naturedly. The sheer, unadulterated glee on Foggy’s face was contagious, it pulling at each of the Avenger’s heartstrings as they all watched from the observation deck.

“He’s good at this,” Natasha piped up, her arms folded as she came to stand beside Peter.

“Oh yeah, Foggy’s a natural,” he replied sarcastically as he watched the lawyer bump off each and every available surface (including Wade) for the umpteenth time.

The ex-assassin shook her head, levelling him with a knowing look.

“I meant Wade, Parker,” she paused as if she regretted ever opening her mouth in the first place, but persevered regardless, “he’s…good with people. Making them feel better. He’s been helping you. Right?”

Peter traced Wade’s movements as he effortlessly glided through the air, looking the most graceful that he had ever seen him. He had clearly been practicing, no doubt sneaking down here when Peter went to work over the last three weeks. A smile tugged at his cheeks as he watched Wade and Foggy spin each other around as if engaging in an elaborate mid-air dance routine.
“He has,” he murmured, barely loud enough for her to hear, “he has helped me so much. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to thank him enough.”

Natasha nodded, profile its same stoic frame as always, but just that little less rigid, as if Peter’s words had unfurled something in her.

“You’re good for him too, you know,” she remarked offhandedly, “alike in some ways and different in others. The best teams are ones that complement each other.”

[Psssh! We compliment Petey all the time! Just this morning, the big guy practically worshipped his ass with his mout—]

[—ComPLEment. Not ComPLiment. Idiot. We’ve been over this.]

Peter wasn’t sure what he had done to warrant such high praise from Natasha Romanoff of all people, but he wasn’t one to look a gift horse in the mouth. He really wanted to return her words in the shape of her and Clint Barton’s dynamic and what that could possibly mean, but he also wasn’t one to push his luck. He valued his limbs too much.

“Thanks, Nat.”

It was during her nod of acknowledgement that Tony swanned back into the room, Matt at his side, an unreadable expression on his face.

“Someone care to tell me what Wilson is doing in the zero-gravity chamber?”

Peter slipped on his best mask of innocence as he lightly replied, “looks like he’s floating, Mr Stark.”

[He’s such a little shit]

[I know. I love it]
Tony didn’t give him the satisfaction of exasperation, just a mere rolling of his eyes. Still, better than nothing.

“Well get him outta there. Mr Murdock and I have an announcement.”

[OMG, when’s the wedding?!

[Don’t think Stark is Matty’s type]

[Yeah. And he wouldn’t cheat on The Fog Man]

“Fogs was just finding his flow,” Wade called as he re-entered the room five minutes later, an air of impatience in his stride as he regarded Tony and Matt, “this announcement better be ‘blow your dick off’ good or I swear I—”

“I’m Daredevil.”

A hush fell upon the room at Matt’s deadpan delivery and even more inscrutable expression.

Peter carefully gauged the rest of the Avengers’ varied reactions, they ranging from shocked—Bruce, to indifferent—Clint, to…bored? He never could tell with Nat.

After a beat or two, Wade gave an overly loud gasp, clutching his chest and stumbling back, knocking against him, “oh me oh my, Mr Murdock. I had no idea!”

Why he was exclaiming like a Southern Belle was anybody’s guess, but one thing was for certain—no one was buying it.

“Yeah, yeah, save the theatrics, Reba,” Stark waved him off, “Mr Murdock and I have just been coming to an arrangement regarding…any future—”

“Team-Ups! Oh my god, it’s happening,” Wade clapped his hands excitedly, practically vibrating with excitement.
“—Collaborations,” Tony finished his sentence as if he had never been interrupted by the physical embodiment of a hyperactive five-year-old let loose in a candy store.


Peter elbowed Wade lightly in the side, raising his eyebrows pointedly.

{That’s code for ‘shut the fuck up’}

[Aww. Petey’s eyebrows say the sweetest things]

“Any-way,” Stark continued slowly, “in an official capacity, Selena is being represented by Nelson and Murdock. Better for everyone if she’s backed by a small practice and not—”

“Your army of chiselers?” Steve cut across with an air of practice, as if this particular topic was sore and well-trodden between them.

“—But in an unofficial capacity,” Tony pressed, steel gaze raking over Rogers for a moment before falling away, “should we need assistance from the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen, or vice versa…our services are mutually available.”

“What about the Boysenberry Badass?” Wade murmured, leaning into Foggy, “his services also available, or…?”

Foggy shoved him playfully, moving him barely an inch, but Wade rubbed his shoulder woundedly nonetheless.

“Well, that settles it then,” he smiled gleefully after a moment, clapping his hands again, “we’re officially tag-teaming.”

Eight sets of eyes stared at him, along with Murdock’s signature head-tilt.
“Uh, you know, in the work way, not the sex way.”

A chorus of relieved sighs met those words and the Canadian tried his damndest not to be offended.

“Hey! You guys wish you could tag-team me—”

Peter clapped his hand over his mouth, grimacing as Wade nipped at it playfully, “good talk, guys. See ya tomorrow!”

With that, he dragged the merc from the room, the lawyers hot on their heels.

“This is the beginning of something beautiful, guys,” Wade called over his shoulder as he wrenched his mouth free from under Peter’s grasp, “trust me. Team Avenger and Team Defender—the—the Afenders—god, I’m a genius,” he muttered to himself, snapping his fingers before finishing with a flourish, “working in symbiotic cohesion with a sprinkling of Deadpool? We’ll be unstoppable!”

Peter hid his smirk in the back of Wade’s neck as he continued to push him down the corridor. He couldn’t help but let his optimism and excitement wash over him in waves. After everything they had all been through in recent months, he was right to be hopeful. It seemed things were finally beginning to look up. They had done all they could to get here. Now, it was all just a matter of letting time do the rest…

~*~

It always started the same way. Dark hallways and hushed voices that he couldn’t follow. The walls closing in on him, edging ever closer, tighter and tighter to him until he was lodged between them, trapped on all sides. Forced to wait. Wait for the laughter. The steely blue eyes. The sting of the serum. The rolling of painful waves crashing over every inch of him, burning him from the inside out until he ceased breathing. His heartbeat slowing, skipping, stop—

Wade shot up, gasping for air, his chest heaving as his shaking hands clawed at his throat.

“Hey, hey shh…it’s okay. You’re okay.”
His heart continued to pound in his chest, the cacophony of panic and fear ratcheting higher and higher. A gentle pressure trailed the back of his neck, the brush of fingertips along his pulse point provoking goose bumps on his flesh.

“You’re okay, Wade. Just breathe.”

He couldn’t breathe. He was being suffocated, locked in a glass coffin of his own making, leering eyes scrutinizing him. Eyes that haunted him, blue and piercing worse than the sensation of a million needle pricks to every inch of his—

A flash of hazel swam in front of him, replacing the steely blue with a warmth he felt every time they were directed at him. Like melted honey pooling over a shard of jagged ice.

“Hey, come back to me, Wade. I’m here.”

They weren’t always like this. The bad nights. Sometimes, he just startled awake, felt Peter beside him, and settled right back down. But other times…it was like this. It was quiet coaxing and careful touches and frantic, laboured breaths that he couldn’t quite control. He could feel the sweat on his brow, the tremble to his lips as his fingers gripped the bedsheets, eyebrows furrowing as he realised that somehow Peter managed to vacate the bed and kneel on the floor next to him, all without him noticing.

Definitely one of those bad nights, then.

Callused fingers gently caressed his cheek, cajoling him into raising his gaze, meeting those eyes that always pulled him from the depths, back to the surface, to reality.

“It’s me, Wade,” Peter whispered into the space between them, “it’s Peter. You’re safe.”

They both knew that in their line of work, the concept of being ‘safe’ was constantly in flux. But here, in moments like these, it was as concrete as Wade had ever felt. And coming from a man who was pretty much indestructible as it was, that meant a hell of a lot. The vice around his heart lessened more and more with each shaky breath, each sweep of Peter’s thumb against his neck until slowly, the tightness eased, and he took his first, properly deep breath.

“That’s it,” Peter mumbled, placing something into Wade’s hand, “take a drink.”
The water slid down his oesophagus like molasses, his parched throat aching at the contact as he fought not to choke on it. He must have been screaming in his sleep again, the burn a familiar friend to him now, a constant companion on these nights. Still, it kept him grounded if anything. Reminded him how very…awake he was. How much he wasn’t locked in a glass box, the coffin Wade Wilson died and Deadpool was born in, all those years ago.

“T-Thanks,” he croaked as he drained the glass of every last drop, despite his stomach rolling in protest.

Peter took the glass and set it on his bedside table before leaning back and placing a tentative hand on his shoulder, squeezing gently. They sat in silence for a few minutes, time passing in between the space of their bodies like nothing at all, like moments such as these weren’t on the same plane of existence as the rest of the world. Time tended to move like that during their mutual episodes, all the other needed being a period to catch their breath, to re-orientate themselves into their realities.

So, Wade took that time. Focussed on his breaths and Peter’s eyes and the way they glistened brightly against the moonlight. He looked ethereal like this, otherworldly in a way that never failed to amaze and astound him. Halfway between a fantasy and Wade’s future, in his sweatpants, with bare-chest and ruffled bedhead. Like a dream nearly within his grasp. That was when he would kiss him. Right between the flash of realisation and acceptance, where they hung on the precipice of what could be. That was when Wade leaned in and brushed his lips against Peter’s as if it was the last thing he would ever do. Peter, for his part, always kissed back. Often with grace, sometimes with fervour, but never without a sigh of contentment.

He did not disappoint tonight. Six whole months after the Blye debacle, he moved into a new apartment (less of a shit box and more of an up-scale broom-closet due to his raise) and Wade maybe-sort-of moved in with him. Temporarily. Off and on, but mostly on. A five days out of seven, kinda deal. The details weren’t important, what was were the sleeping arrangements and for the most part, they were awesome. More than what Wade could have ever hoped for.

Until the nightmares started back up. Not that they had ever really stopped for any long period of time. Turned out though, Peter had his own demons to deal with and was no stranger to terrors and insomnia and everything in-between. They figuratively, and quite literally, made good bedfellows.

“Peter,” Wade murmured against his lips as he gently pulled him to his feet, climbing out of bed and pushing them both towards the large loveseat that Aunt May insisted on shoving in the already cramped bedroom.

Wade was never happier for its presence however, as it afforded him opportunities such as this—
lightly pushing Peter down into it and climbing into his lap, pinning him with a knee each side of his hips.

“Mmph!” the brunet exclaimed in surprise but didn’t dislodge them, merely burying his hands tighter into the back of Wade’s t-shirt, gripping the fabric with whitened knuckles.

“What…what do you need, Wade?” he gasped between kisses, one hand sneaking under his shirt to draw circles into the skin that lay underneath.

Wade moaned at the contact, every one of his senses heightened, as they were wont to do after those types of nightmares.

“I need…I—I need to feel…you. Not the pain. The goddamn fear. Just—you,” he panted against Peter’s neck, latching on to his earlobe and nibbling just this side of rough.

Peter wasted no time in granting that wish. Deft fingers skirted gingerly across Wade’s back before pulling the t-shirt up and off him, throwing it across the room. With practiced ease, he roamed the planes of the merc’s muscles with his lips, teeth, hands, marking every inch of exposed skin with his touch. Wade’s breath hitched for an entirely different reason as those hands stopped just shy of the waistband of his boxers, his knuckles brushing the ridged skin just above his bellybutton.

His dick had certainly taken interest in the proceedings—

[Snort]

[And writer-lady thinks she’s an ‘emotive story-teller’]

—blood and adrenaline rushing to his core, heating him from the inside out, droplets of sweat beginning to form on his forehead.

With a pleased smirk, Peter caught his eye, silently asking for permission. At Wade’s animated nod, he slipped his hand beneath the band, grasping Wade’s half-hard cock with a loose fist—

[Not an Iron Fist then?]
—thumb brushing the head lightly. Wade broke their kiss to hiss against his lips, hips rocking with more fervour now, grinding down into his lap, seeking more friction. Peter tightened his grip while bringing his other hand up to his mouth, tongue lapping at his palm sloppily before sliding it down Wade’s cock, agonisingly slowly.

“Oh! Shit,” Wade exclaimed, jerking so violently at the contact that Peter had to quickly take one hand of his cock to clutch at his hip to stop him from tumbling backwards off the chair.

“I got you,” he murmured, chuckling a little as he picked up the pace, his thumb gathering pre-come, helping to slicken the slide of skin against skin.

It grew quiet between them, the only sounds being Wade’s broken babbling as Peter twisted his wrist just right, he losing himself to the sensation.

“Oh fu—Pete—just like…just like that,” he gasped, hands clamped tightly on the brunet’s bare shoulders, watching with divine pleasure as the strong muscles beneath his palms shifted with every jerk, thanking every deity, not for the first time, that most nights Peter slept shirtless.

“Need…need…” he tried to force words out, but his mind was too clouded with the welcoming buzz of desire, so with shaking hands, he pulled at the drawstrings of Peter’s grey sweatpants, right above the hard outline of his cock and damp spot that was beginning to form through the material, hoping he’d get the message.

If the smirk he felt against the nape of his neck was anything to go by—message received. Dragging himself away from sucking at Wade’s pulse point, Peter scrambled to undo the knot. Once free, Wade wasted no time plunging his hand down his pants, pleasantly surprised to find that Peter had decided to go commando tonight.

“Opted for…easy access, I see,” he teased lightly, although the effect was somewhat hindered by the awe underlined in his tone as he gripped Peter tight.

His only response was Peter rising up slightly, allowing Wade the space to pull his pants down to pool under the back of his thighs, just enough room to expose his erection, it lining up perfectly with his own. No matter how many times they had done this in the last six months, (and that had been a
lot), Wade never quite got used to how good it felt, to feel Peter’s skin against his own.

It was transcendent.

He let out a loud groan as Peter’s fingers gave another squeeze, before opening his fist up wider to take himself in, his cock sliding against Wade’s roughly, that little bit too dry to be on the right side of pleasurable yet. Wade made himself useful and licked at his own palm, enclosing the space not covered by Peter’s fist and matching his rhythm.

The duelling sensations were almost overwhelming, snatching a moan from the brunet, his head falling down onto Wade’s shoulder, a shudder wracking his body. Together, they pumped their fists up and down, their fingers tangling together, their combined pressure exactly right.

Wade could feel his orgasm rising from the base of his spine, the familiar pull of his abdomen as if Peter had an invisible string connecting directly to his hand. He sunk his teeth into the tantalising flesh just above Peter’s collarbone, whimpering as hot breath wafted into his ear:

“Come for me, Wade. Come on, let go…”

His vision whited out as his entire body tensed like a plucked string, spurts of come panting their fingers, both of their cocks and wholly ruining Peter’s sweatpants. It took only three more thirsts into their joined fists before Peter was coming too, his damp forehead buried in Wade’s neck, soft gasps mumbled into his skin.

“H-Holy shit.”

“Hgggh.”

[ERR_BRAIN_DISCONNECTED]

[Running Wade’s Networks Diagnostics]

Their lips met clumsily, bumping off one another like moths to a flame, more presses than kisses, really, a swapping of air.
“You—” Peter broke away, tilting his head back to regard him with those wide, hazel eyes that never failed to bloom a warmth in his stomach, “you doing okay?”

Wade nodded, leaning back in to pepper his jaw and cheek with a flurry of pecks. He took another deep breath, eyes falling closed as he waited for his heartbeat to slow. The warmth continued to blossom around his entire body, burying into his soul, it having a name, something which he quietly had been acknowledging to himself for a while now. Those three little words.

He should say them. He would say them. One day soon.

“I am now.” He said instead.

And he was. For the most part. He was not cured, would never be cured, but he was doing okay. Was doing better ever since Peter Parker walked into his life. Or should he say, he walked into his. And he would continue to do better, in every way he could, for however long he could.

They would get better.

They would be okay.

Together.

~*~

He heard the footsteps before he saw the shadow loom over him, plunging him into an artificial darkness. It had been a long, long time since he had seen any face outside of his prison guards, psychiatrist and the detectives overseeing his crimes, so it was a welcome change to a mundane routine.

It almost brought a smile to his face.

But there wasn’t time for that.
Now was his time to die.

~*~

121 Days In The Future...

He would not get better.

He would never be okay again.

He was alone.

For the record—I’m not Tom Holland or in any way affiliated with him.

That’s exactly what Tom Holland would say, though.

Wade.

Fine. You’re a broke graduate struggling to find a job. That’s soooo much sexier.

Fuck you. I wrote a book. That’s something.

Pfft. Sure ya did.

No, no, really. I did. You can—

Nope. No. Not happening.

What?

You are not leaving me for some other bullshit story. Again. I don’t care if it’s your ‘original shit’ this time. You’re not abandoning me on the last chapter of this shit show to—

It’s finished, Deadpool. Like, already published. So, I won’t be ‘abandoning’ anyone. The last chapter of this ‘shit show’ as you so lovingly call it, will be finished too. Cool your jets.

Don’t tell me to—

And besides, it’s nonfiction. My Master’s Thesis. So, don’t worry, I’m not replacing you or anything. If that’s what you were worried about.

Ha. Ha. I wasn’t worried. Can’t wait to see the back of you, writer lady.
Well, I do have a great ass.

*You’re group of pandas.*

What?

*A embarrassment.*

Oh well, that’s a given. I still use the phrase ‘hazel orbs’ in 2018, so…

*A self-roast? Really?*

Like Sunday dinner, baby.

*Oh my god, please stop.*

Fine. Dick. Anyway, if anyone is interested, let me know. Thanks!

*You done?*

Yeah. Oh wait—no. Actually…just in case any non-Europeans are unaware, there is a pretty serious copyright law that could be passed in September and could prohibit Europeans such as myself from posting things like fanfiction/fanart etc. More details about it can be found [here](#). Anyway, it could prevent me from posting any further fanfiction (and my current fanfiction could be deleted) so if this fic just disappears one day, that is probably why. It’s sad and unfair and I really hope it won’t be as harsh as it seems like it will be, but only time will tell. So, yeah. Just so ya know.

*Wow. Bummer. Not exactly a nice note to end on, writer lady.*

Welp, them’s the breaks Wade my friend. Wanna tell us a joke to cheer us all up?

*Hmm. What did the banana say to the vibrator?*

I don’t know. What did the banana say to the vibrator?

*“Why are YOU shaking? She’s gonna eat me!”*

Wonderful. On that note, here’s the final chapter teaser:

**NEXT CHAPTER TEASER:**

“Jesus, Wade!” Peter bounded over to him in one swoop, his whole body coiled with tension, “are you okay?”

Wade stared down at the hole where his left arm used to be, watching as blood gushed to the floor like a grotesque waterfall.

“‘Tis but a flesh wound.”
“You have no arms, Deadpool,” Captain America remarked drily, appearing to stifle his grimace with the back of his hand.

“They’ll grow back.”

“Pretty sure that’s not how the Monty Python skit goes,” Peter sighed with a put-upon roll of his eyes, “did you really have to chop off your own arms?”

Wade shrugged with a tilt of his head, “it was either that or risk Matt’s purty face getting ripped off, Parker. Pretty sure that wouldn’t grow back.”

Works inspired by this one: [Changes](#) by [JustGail](#)  

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